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**Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE**

**English Language and Literature**

**Advanced**

**Paper 2: Varieties in Language and Literature**

**Tuesday 20 June 2017 – Morning**

**SOURCE BOOKLET**

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## SECTION A: Unseen Prose Non-fiction Texts

### Society and the Individual

#### Text A

In this article first published in the Daily Telegraph, Nick Page writes about men's experience of being middle-aged.

Something strange happens to men in middle age. Not all men. Many sail serenely through it with no issues at all. That's fine. I'm very pleased for them. For the rest of us, middle age is a more turbulent sea. The German term for mid-life crisis is Torschlusspanik – "shut-door panic". And lots of men in their 40s and 50s feel that the door has closed. 5 10

The ageing process doesn't help. Aches and pains used to disappear quickly, now they hang around for months. Hair no longer grows on the head, and you can't stop it growing out of your ears. You can't sit down, stand up or pick up any object without emitting a grunt. But it's not the age, it's the anxiety – those dark nights of the soul, staring at the ceiling, pondering the ultimate question of middle age: "Is that it?" 15

The ubiquity of these feelings is why David Nobbs, who died last week, was able to create such an enduring character in Reggie Perrin, the corporate man trapped in a meaningless life. "One day I'll die," 20

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says Reggie, during a seminar on instant puddings, “and on my grave it will say: ‘Here lies Reginald Iolanthe Perrin. He didn’t know the names of the trees and the flowers, but he knew the rhubarb crumble sales figures for Schleswig-Holstein’.” 25

Reggie, of course, faked his own death to break free, only to find his new life wasn’t any better. Other men make less drastic attempts to escape. Some take up the triathlon and wear unfeasibly tight Lycra. “I want to prove that I can still do it,” said a marathon-running friend. “I’m fitter than guys half my age.” 30

Some change their appearance. The jeans grow tighter than their Lycra. A tattoo appears. Then there’s the sports car because they think buying something will cure their sadness. But they end up just as unhappy, only at a higher speed. 35

When the shut-door panic hits, we all look for ways out. Me? At the age of 54, I built a shed. Well, I say “built”. I turned the rickety structure in the garden of the house I share with my wife and three daughters into a place where I could work. As a writer, this was my Porsche. All the great writers had sheds: Dylan Thomas, Roald Dahl, George Bernard Shaw. But more than that, I wanted a place where I could process all the stuff I was going through. 40 45

The book that emerged I called The Dark Night of the Shed – a book that turned out to be an exploration of men, mid-life, spirituality and sheds. 50

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The first recorded use of the phrase “middle age” is in William Langland’s poem, *Piers Plowman*. Written in 1400, it tells of a man who falls asleep and dreams of a quest to find the purpose of life. At one point he meets Imagination, who advises him to “make amends in middle age before your strength fails”. What could be more mid-life than this? It’s about changing and finding a purpose. And it begins with a long nap. 55 60

In Arthur Miller’s *Death Of A Salesman*, Willy Loman’s son, Biff, cries out at his funeral: “He had the wrong dreams... He never knew who he was.” (Miller wrote that play in a shed, which he had built.) Many of us have the wrong dreams. We don’t need a new Porsche, we need a new purpose. 65

As I rebuilt my shed, I came to the conclusion that the problems of middle age are spiritual. I realise we live in a time when spirituality is as unfashionable as flared jeans. But sod that. I’m middle-aged. I’m allowed to be unfashionable. 70

## GLOSSARY

Reggie Perrin – the hero of a popular comic novel, later adapted for BBC television.

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## Love and Loss

### Text B

In this letter, dated 11 June 1852, the American poet Emily Dickinson (1830–1886) writes to an old school friend, Susan Gilbert.

I have but one thought, Susie, this afternoon of  
 June, and that of you, and I have one prayer, only; 5  
 dear Susie, that is for you. That you and I in hand as  
 we e'en do in heart, might ramble away as children,  
 among the woods and fields, and forget these many  
 years, and these sorrowing cares, and each become  
 a child again – I would it were so, Susie, and when I 10  
 look around me and find myself alone, I sigh for you  
 again; little sigh, and vain sigh, which will not bring  
 you home.

I need you more and more, and the great world grows  
 wider, and dear ones fewer and fewer, every day that 15  
 you stay away – I miss my biggest heart; my own  
 goes wandering round, and calls for Susie – Friends  
 are too dear to sunder, Oh they are far too few, and  
 how soon they will go away where you and I cannot  
 find them, dont let us forget these things, for their 20  
 remembrance now will save us many an anguish  
 when it is too late to love them! Susie, forgive me  
 Darling, for every word I say – my heart is full of you,

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(Turn over)

none other than you is in my thoughts, yet when  
 I seek to say to you something not for the world, 25  
 words fail me. If you were here – and Oh that you  
 were, my Susie, we need not talk at all, our eyes  
 would whisper for us, and your hand fast in mine, we  
 would not ask for language – I try to bring you nearer,  
 I chase the weeks away till they are quite departed, 30  
 and fancy you have come, and I am on my way  
 through the green lane to meet you, and my heart  
 goes scampering so, that I have much ado to bring  
 it back again, and learn it to be patient, till that dear  
 Susie comes. Three weeks – they can't last always, 35  
 for surely they must go with their little brothers and  
 sisters to their long home in the west!

I shall grow more and more impatient until that dear  
 day comes, for till now, I have only mourned for you;  
 now I begin to hope for you. 40

Dear Susie, I have tried hard to think what you would  
 love, of something I might send you – I at last saw  
 my little Violets, they begged me to let them go,  
 so here they are – and with them as Instructor, a  
 bit of knightly grass, who also begged the favor to 45  
 accompany them – they are but small, Susie, and I  
 fear not fragrant now, but they will speak to you of  
 warm hearts at home, and of something faithful which  
 “never slumbers nor sleeps” – Keep them 'neath your  
 pillow, Susie, they will make you dream of blue-skies, 50

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(Turn over)

and home, and the “blessed countrie”! You and I will have an hour with “Edward” and “Ellen Middleton”, sometime when you get home – we must find out if some things contained therein are true, and if they are, what you and me are coming to!

55

Now, farewell, Susie, and Vinnie sends her love, and mother her’s, and I add a kiss, shyly, lest there is somebody there! Dont let them see, will you Susie?

Emilie –

## GLOSSARY

“Never slumbers nor sleeps” – a quotation from Psalm 121 in the Bible.

“Edward” and “Ellen Middleton” – characters in a popular melodramatic novel of the 1840s.

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## Encounters

### Text C

In 1889, Rudyard Kipling travelled from India to the United States. The trip was especially memorable for an encounter with his literary hero, the American novelist Mark Twain. The edited extract here is taken from Kipling's report of the interview, published in the Allahabad Pioneer, an English language newspaper published in India. 5

Morning revealed Elmira, whose streets were desolated by railway tracks, and whose suburbs were given up to the manufacture of door-sashes and window-frames. It was surrounded by pleasant, fat, little hills, rimmed with timber and topped with cultivation. 10

A friendly policeman volunteered the news that he had seen Twain or "some one very like him" driving a buggy the day before. This gave me a delightful sense of nearness. Fancy living in a town where you could see the author of Tom Sawyer, or "some one very like him," jolting over the pavements in a buggy! 15

"He lives out yonder at East Hill," said the policeman; "three miles from here." 20

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Then the chase began – in a hired hack, up an awful hill, where sunflowers blossomed by the roadside, and crops waved, and Harper’s Magazine cows stood in eligible and commanding attitudes knee-deep in clover, all ready to be transferred to photogravure. The great man must have been persecuted by outsiders aforetime, and fled up the hill for refuge. 25

Decidedly this remote place was an ideal one for work, if a man could work among these soft airs and the murmur of the long-eared crops. 30

Appeared suddenly a lady used to dealing with rampageous outsiders. “Mr. Clemens has just walked downtown. He is at his brother-in-law’s house.”

Then he was within shouting distance, after all, and the chase had not been in vain. With speed I fled, and the driver, skidding the wheel and swearing audibly, arrived at the bottom of that hill without accidents. It was in the pause that followed between ringing the brother-in-law’s bell and getting an answer that it occurred to me for the first time Mark Twain might possibly have other engagements than the entertainment of escaped lunatics from India, be they never so full of admiration. And in another man’s house – anyhow, what had I come to do or say? Suppose the drawing-room should be full of people, – suppose a baby were sick, how was I to explain that I only wanted to shake hands with him? 35 40 45

Then things happened somewhat in this order. A big, darkened drawing-room; a huge chair; a man with eyes, a mane of grizzled hair, a brown mustache covering a mouth as delicate as a woman's, a strong, square hand shaking mine, and the slowest, calmest, levellest voice in all the world saying:— 50

“Well, you think you owe me something, and you’ve come to tell me so. That’s what I call squaring a debt handsomely.” 55

“Piff!” from a cob-pipe (I always said that a Missouri meerschaum was the best smoking in the world), and, behold! Mark Twain had curled himself up in the big armchair, and I was smoking reverently, as befits one in the presence of his superior. 60

The thing that struck me first was that he was an elderly man; yet, after a minute's thought, I perceived that it was otherwise, and in five minutes, the eyes looking at me, I saw that the grey hair was an accident of the most trivial. He was quite young. I was shaking his hand. I was smoking his cigar, and I was hearing him talk – this man I had learned to love and admire fourteen thousand miles away. 65 70

Reading his books, I had striven to get an idea of his personality, and all my preconceived notions were wrong and beneath the reality. Blessed is the man

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who finds no disillusion when he is brought face to face with a revered writer. That was a moment to be remembered; the landing of a twelve-pound salmon was nothing to it. I had hooked Mark Twain, and he was treating me as though under certain circumstances I might be an equal.

75

## **GLOSSARY**

**Elmira – a town in New York State.**

**photogravure – a form of photographic reproduction.**

**Mr Clemens – Samuel Clemens, the real name of the author whose books were published under the pen-name Mark Twain.**

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## Crossing Boundaries

### Text D

In this extract from her memoir *Object Lessons: The Life of the Woman and the Poet in Our Time*, published in 1996, Eavan Boland recalls her experience of moving from Dublin to London in 1950, when she was six years old.

5

Almost everything about this house was different from the one we had left behind. That had been family sized, with a flight of stone steps and a garden edging out into fields. There had been glasshouses and a raggy brown-and-white terrier called Jimmy. There had been lilac and roses along a stone wall. Nothing about it had the closed-in feel of this street. But that had been the house of a life in Ireland, of an Irishman and his wife and five children. And now my father had gone, all at once, it seemed, from being an Irish civil servant to being an ambassador in London. The life had changed. The house had changed.

10

15

I knew I was somewhere else. I knew there was something momentous – and for me alone – in the meaning of the big staircase, with its gilded iron fretwork and its polished balustrade; in the formal carpets, with the emblems of the four provinces of Ireland on them: the harp for Leinster, the red hand

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for Ulster, the dog and shield for the other two. I knew  
 that the meaning was not good. But what was bad 25  
 and what was good? Bad, it seemed, was dropping  
 soft toys and metal cars down the stairwell. Bad  
 was making noise and tricking with the fire hoses  
 on every floor. Good was being invisible: spending  
 hours in the sparse playroom on the top floor, with a 30  
 blank television and the balcony which overlooked  
 a dark, closed-in courtyard.

We turned the armchairs on their side there, day after  
 day, and called them horses, and rode them away  
 from this strange house with fog outside the window 35  
 and a fiction of home in the carpets on the floor.

Exile is not simple. There are Irish emigrant songs  
 which make it sound so; they speak of green shores  
 and farewells. ... In most cases those songs were  
 composed in settled and hard-pressed communities 40  
 of Irishmen and women – most of them in the  
 New World – to reassure them that they still had  
 noble roots as they branched out in a daylight which  
 was often sordid and dispossessed.

I wanted simplicity. I craved it. At school I would learn 45  
 Thomas Hood's poem: "I remember, I remember /  
 The house where I was born." But as time went on,  
 I didn't. Such memory as I had was constantly being  
 confused and disrupted by gossip and homily, by the

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brisk and contingent talk of adults. “Stop that. Settle 50  
down. Go to sleep now.”

The city I came to offered no simplicity either. The  
rooms to the east of the house looked out on gardens  
and railings. But the vista was almost always, that 55  
first winter anyway, of a yellow fog. If the windows  
were open, it drifted smokily at the sill. If the doors  
were open and you went into the street, you entered  
a muddled and frightening mime. Passersby were  
gagged in white handkerchiefs. The lights of buses  
loomed up suddenly. All I knew of the country was 60  
this city; all I knew of this city was its fog.

The first winter passed. In the conventional  
interpretation of exile I should, child as I was, have  
missed my home and my country. I should have  
entered the lift and regret of an emigrant ballad and 65  
remembered the Dublin hills, say, and the way they  
look before rain: heathery and too near. Instead  
I stared out the window at the convent school I  
attended in North London. It was March, my first one  
in England. A swell of grass, a sort of hummock, ran 70  
the length of the window and beyond. It had been  
planted with crocuses, purple, white, yellow. I may  
not have seen them before; I had certainly never  
seen so many. There and then I appropriated the  
English spring. 75

## **SOURCE INFORMATION**

**Text A:** taken from The Irish Independent, 16 August 2015; the article was first published in The Daily Telegraph, 14 August 2015.

**Text B:** taken from The Letters of Emily Dickinson, edited by Thomas H. Johnson (Harvard University Press, 1986), pages 111–12.

**Text C:** taken from The Mark Twain Anthology: Great Writers on His Life and Works, (The Library of America, 2010), pages 66–77, reproduced online at [https://loa-shared.s3.amazonaws.com/static/pdf/Kipling\\_Interview\\_Twain.pdf](https://loa-shared.s3.amazonaws.com/static/pdf/Kipling_Interview_Twain.pdf)

**Text D:** taken from Eavan Boland, Object Lessons: The Life of the Woman and the Poet in Our Time (Vintage, 1996), pages 36–38.

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