

Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Tuesday 4 June 2019

Morning (Time: 2 hours 30 minutes)

Paper Reference **9EL0/02**

English Language and Literature

Advanced

Paper 2: Varieties in Language and Literature

Source Booklet

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SECTION A: Unseen Prose Non-fiction Texts

Theme: Society and the Individual

Text A

In this extract from the opening chapter of *Love is Not Enough: The Smart Woman's Guide to Making (and Keeping) Money* (2008), Merryn Somerset Webb recalls her attitude to money and relationships in her younger years.

For most of my twenties, when I thought about my future, I imagined all sorts of delightful things. Country houses and sunshine, long weekends by the Italian Lakes, Christmas in the Caribbean, happy children riding brand-new bicycles, lazy mornings drinking coffee in cafés and sparkling-glassed conservatories, a wardrobe full of high-heeled shoes and cashmere jerseys, sports cars and speedboats. But the one thing I never thought about was the path from my current life to this new one.

How was this splendid future lifestyle to be financed? Would I inherit a few million from a distant relative? Win the lottery? Suddenly see my good career change to a great one as I started and quickly sold a fabulous small business or was promoted so far so fast that my salary and million-pound bonuses would take care of it? Or was I perhaps hoping for another kind of facilitator of the future? I think that a part of me — despite a strongly feminist upbringing — couldn't help but assume that my fantasies would be paid for by someone else. By my very own Prince Charming. My truth is that deep down, despite love of my own career and pride in my financial independence, I long thought of the day when I would meet the man I intended to stay with forever, the one who would be the father of my children, as the day most of my problems would end. Not only would my emotional burdens be shared but I would no longer have to worry about pensions, the housing ladder, savings, the stock market, bills and the like. I'd keep working and earning of course, but my Prince Charming would take all those boring things off my plate and chuck in a shopping allowance as a bonus. Yes, as far as I was concerned money was a man thing.

So I didn't really worry about it that much. I made good money and did the bare minimum to look after it — I tried to keep out of debt, made sure I saved a little money and got the cheapest mortgage I could find when I bought my flat — but long-term planning? None. In my twenties I earned a generous salary at an investment bank. But when I resigned at 29 I had almost nothing to show for it (except for many, many pairs of shoes, long-term sleep deprivation and a heroic tolerance for alcohol). Sound familiar?

Prince Charming may well turn up — many, maybe most, of us find real love in our lives in the end — but when he does he probably won't be quite what you had in mind. Your PC could be poor himself. He could be a high earner who is useless with money. He could be only a short-term PC — you could leave him or he could leave you. Let's not forget that nearly 50% of UK marriages end in divorce. Either way you can't rely on either his arrival or his long-term support. Love is a wonderful thing but rare is the woman who finds that it comes with a full cheque book.

Face it: you aren't going to win the lottery and the lottery of love is never going to pay out to your full satisfaction. You've got to look after yourself.

Can we possibly live a reasonable lifestyle and still save enough so that we aren't living off dog food in our old age? The answer is that we can do so if we take control of our money rather than letting it control us. That means understanding it, talking about it and making it work for us.

Theme: Love and Loss

Text B

In this extract from his memoir, *Pour Me: A Life* (2015), A. A. Gill recounts the arrival of his first child.

I remember exactly where I was when I learnt I was going to be a father for the first time, and exactly what I felt — a stupefied disbelief, a numb terror. I was plainly, genetically unequipped to parent anyone; I had made such a patently bad job of looking after myself, I couldn't be trusted with children. When I learnt I was going to be a father I was lying on a mattress in my mother's flat with Lily the dog, who couldn't get upstairs any more and was inclemently incontinent. I spent the next eight months in a state of underground terror. My panic was like the French Resistance, it pretended to be just normal worry during the day and then would become full-on panic at night, blowing up resolve, silently strangling intentions, sowing the propaganda of doubt. I lay awake thinking of all the things I could do for a child and all the things that could go wrong. I didn't say any of this out loud, because obviously Amber had to worry about all this stuff that I worried about, whilst also being pregnant ... and with the added worry that she had me as a partner. The one thing I never doubted was that she would be a good mother, and 24 years later there's not a single day when she hasn't been.

I didn't go to the hospital when Flora was born. I got a call early in the morning from a midwife to tell me that I should get on a bus. By the time I got there everything would be finished. I was told to wait in a corridor with another pacing man, and then a door opened a few inches and an Irish accent said, 'Give it a couple of minutes while we make Mum presentable, and here's your daughter,' and this swaddled child, eyes closed, with a look of deep thought, was put into my arms. I'd never held a new baby before. She fitted naturally and comfortably into the crook of my arm, like the missing piece of a puzzle. I stared at the small pink face and my head filled with a grace, a golden blessing. I've never before been conscious of falling in love in real time as it happened — love is something you recognise in retrospect, the thing that grows, that is painful and uncomfortable and unstoppable. It comes from other things. But this, this was nature and nurture all together. I knew absolutely with perfect clarity that I would love this little girl all my life without hesitation or question. I also knew that it would all be all right — the worries, the projected calamities — they would all be all right. We would manage. Better than that, we would flourish.

I went to church, St Mary Abbot's, and I sat at the back. There was no one else there and I read the Collect for that week. 'God for whom we watch and wait, you sent John the Baptist to prepare the way of your son, give us courage to speak the truth, to hunger for justice and to suffer for the cause of right.' The Evangelist that lives in the wilderness on wild honey, who's half mad, who points the insistent finger in Grünewald's *Crucifixion* — 'It is not me, it is he who comes after.' So Flora's second name was chosen. Evangeline.

I said that the hinge of my life was before and after drink and drugs. The second chance. But there is another fold. Deeper and more profound, before and after my children. The birth of Flora changed everything.

Glossary

the Collect – a short prayer used in Christian worship

The Evangelist – a reference to John the Baptist

Grünwald's Crucifixion – a sixteenth-century painting by Matthias Grünwald, depicting John the Baptist pointing at the crucified Jesus

Theme: Encounters

Text C

Beatrice Grimshaw recounts her first experience of diving in her 1910 travel book, *The New New Guinea*. As the passage begins, she is being helped into a metal diving suit.

They lifted my feet for me and put them down singly on the ladder. They helped me a step or two down into the water. They took that horrible lead necklace and laid it gently, almost caressingly, round my copper and iron neck. And then they said 'Good-bye,' and put the glass window in, and screwed down the coffin—I mean the helmet. Their faces were faint through the glass, but they smiled and signalled (for I could hear no longer), and I knew that they were asking 'Are you ready?'

It is at this point that the novice usually clutches hold of the rail and insists on being taken back. It was at this point that my fiction broke up, and I realised that I was extremely afraid. The sober truth, I think, is that a woman always is afraid of doing dangerous things. The cold courage of the male is not in any woman who ever was born. We take our risks with a shrinking brute irrevocably chained to our side, dragging it wherever we go.

The brute disliked that dive. It hated the plunge to the bottom—scarcely thirty feet, but it might have been a thousand—that followed when I carefully slid those gigantic boots off the ladder. It was disgusted when I landed—as all beginners do—on my head, and had to struggle to get right. It told me that my hands were bare and that sharks could nip them off, and that I had no knife as a diver should have, and that there might be 'something' in every black cavern of the dead coral over which I found myself walking. But it got interested in the surroundings by and by and forgot to nag ...

It is a strange sensation this 'walking alone in the depths of the sea,' and one that I think no one could describe adequately. To get away from the laws of gravity as you have known them all your life is in itself a somewhat disorganising experience. All that weight of lead and iron that you bore so painfully up on deck barely suffices down here to keep you on the ground. You walk with strange, soft, striding steps; your arms and legs obey your will, but slowly and after consideration. Everything is muffled—your movements, your breath, your sight, your hearing. You do not feel awake; you are not sure that you are alive. You are conscious that your nose and ears are hurting you, and that your lungs do not feel as they ought, but it seems somebody else's pain rather than yours. Fish swim past you, green and grey in the green water. You realise with something of a shock that they are not afraid of you. You stretch out a hand to grasp them, and they avoid it quietly and without haste. You look ahead through the darkling water for the swoop and rush and horrible scythe-shaped tail of the monster that you fear, but there is no sign of it ... Still—you have been down some minutes now, and honour is amply satisfied. It would be very pleasant to see the light of day again. You stoop down, slowly and 'disposedly,' as one moves under water, and gather up a bit of weed and a fragment of coral for a souvenir; and then you pull the cord.

No sensation of movement follows, and for a moment your heart stands still. Has the tender forgotten to tend after all? ... But in another second you notice that the air bubbles are rushing in a long stream past the windows of your prison, and you realise that you must be going although you do not feel it. ... The rungs of the ladder appear, glide downwards, vanish. The light suddenly brightens—you are up!

Glossary

the tender – the man who looks after the diving equipment

Theme: Crossing Boundaries

Text D

In September 1846, the poet Elizabeth Barrett left the family home in which she had been confined due to serious illness, to elope with fellow poet Robert Browning. Her parents did not approve of the marriage. In this letter, she writes to an old friend for the first time since leaving England for Italy via France.

Pisa. Novr 19

My dearest Mr Boyd I do not know whether you have expected to hear from me, but certainly I expected to write to you long before this. Silent or speaking however, I have borne with me a constant remembrance of & gratitude for your sympathy & goodness to me,—and in looking back through all these thick vapours of dreamland to the friends whom I best love in England, your name stands among the very first. Indeed I seem to be living in a dream—life is so different to me from what it ever was. Can it be possible, I think to myself, that creatures on this side the grave, can be so happy? I am very happy, very strangely happy, in every possible respect except in the anger left behind where I do not like to think of it—but here, the constant companionship & tenderness of the best & most gifted of human beings, has transfigured life to me. No woman was happier in her choice—no woman. And after above two months of uninterrupted intercourse, there is still more & more cause for thankfulness, .. & more & more affection on his side. He loves me better everyday, he says .. & indeed I believe. Thank God for me that He should let me be so happy and “smile a little, before I go hence to be no more seen.” If the world ended for me at this moment, I may now say the grace of life with satisfied lips, having tasted so much of its sweetness. It was worth the endurance & even the survival of all my trials, to have lived these last two months—so much do I thank God for them. My health improves still, too.

We saw Nôtre Dame in Paris, & the wonderful cathedral at Bourges, where the painted glass window (of which the secret is lost) tortures the sun into giving out solemn & glorious oracles. We had a delightful journey through Provence, in the very steps of the Troubadours, to Marseilles—and made a pilgrimage from Avignon, to the fountain of Vaucluse where Petrarch lives still, through the strong memory of the great scholar & poet. The fountain, shut up in everlasting walls of rock, is full of beauty .. the little river flashing from it like a green singing-bird,—& we sat upon stones, in the middle of the water till Flush dashed through it to look for me. As to Pisa, it is a majestic, silent city, built of marble & backed by the purple mountains. We like it very much, & have rooms in an ancient college built by Vasari, & close to the gorgeous Duomo, the Campo Santo, & Leaning Tower. I am able to walk out every day through the mildness of the climate, & to sit in the sun to watch the lizards—and the other morning Robert caught me a gigantic grasshopper, exactly like Anacreon's. For the rest, we see nobody, but read & write & talk & never are tired of those three things. Sometimes too, we talk of you, and I teach my husband my affection for you, which cannot be a difficult lesson—Do think of us together as of two persons who have reason to love you gratefully. For me, the last sympathy you gave me, did not touch me least, of all you have given me in the course of my life— May God bless you my dearest friend— Shall I have a word from you sometimes? Say how you are. I am

your grateful & most affectionate

Elibet—

GLOSSARY

oracles – a message or prophecy from the gods

Troubadours – medieval poets, many of whom travelled around the courts of the European nobility

Petrarch – a fourteenth-century Italian poet

Flush - the name of Elizabeth's pet dog

Anacreon – an ancient Greek poet

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Source information

Text A: taken from Merryn Somerset Webb, *Love is Not Enough: The Smart Woman's Guide to Making (and Keeping) Money* (Harper Perennial, 2008)

Text B: taken from A. A. Gill, *Pour Me: A Life* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 2015)

Text C: taken from Beatrice Grimshaw, *The New New Guinea* (Hutchinson, 1910)

Text D: taken from *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, posted online at: <http://digitalcollections.baylor.edu/cdm/ref/collection/ab-letters/id/24257/>

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