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**Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE**

Time 2 hours 30 minutes

Paper reference **9ELO/02**

**English Language and Literature**

**Advanced**

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

**You must have:**  
 Prescribed texts (clean copies)  
 Source Booklet (enclosed)

Total Marks

## Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer **one** question in Section A on your chosen theme and **one** question in Section B on your chosen texts. You **must** choose the **same theme** in both sections.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided  
– *there may be more space than you need.*
- In your answers to Section B, you must **not** use texts that you have studied for coursework.

## Information

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets  
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*

## Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

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#### Unseen Prose Non-fiction Texts

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## SECTION A: Unseen Prose Non-fiction Texts

### Society and the Individual

#### Text A

***Dara McAnulty's Diary of a Young Naturalist was published in 2020. Beginning from just before his 15th birthday in March 2019, through to February 2020, the diary records the changing seasons and its author's increasing prominence as an environmental campaigner. This extract comprises two entries from the diary.***

#### **Friday, 12 October**

A young boy of about six is playing in the forest, enjoying the fallen russet leaves crunch beneath his feet. A breeze is blowing gently, and while he rummages he finds a conker.

The boy pushes it from its spiked casing, holds it up, and the conker shines. A tiny globe of red-tinted light. The boy's mum notices, glances up from her phone, and now she's charging in and snatching the conker. 'Dirty,' she proclaims and hurls it away.

The boy is crestfallen. A light goes out.

As I watch, anger surges inside. I think about all these tiny wrongdoings, everywhere in every season, the tiniest crimes. The things grown-ups do without thinking. The messages they send angrily into the world. The consequences ricochet through time, morph, grow, shapeshift. What's so wrong with a conker?

I breathe and rise from the bench where I was watching the thrushes in the trees. I go into the pile of leaves myself to start searching, and it doesn't take long to find one, round, swollen, so perfect. The mum is back on her phone, engrossed by the glow of a milk-white screen. When I hold up the conker to the light, the little boy comes over and his eyes dare to shine a little. I pass it to him.

'Put it into your pocket,' I say. 'It's called a conker. It's the seed of that horse chestnut tree.'

In the nick of time, the boy puts the conker in his coat pocket as his mum calls over that it's time to go. I hope it gets to stay with him, if not in his pocket then in his memory. I honestly cannot comprehend where this comes from, this fear, this disconnect. Such a beautiful world, of which we are a part, is so disregarded. I think back to the meetings I've had with local politicians, their empty words and praise. I don't want praise anymore, I want action.

There's a girl on Twitter called Greta Thunberg (we've been following each other for a while now), who's been leaving school to sit in front of the Swedish parliament to strike for action on climate. She's a bit older than me but has been getting huge amounts of media attention and coverage. It's amazing, energising and exciting. It feels brilliant but frightening. I've always thought my education was my only hope of making a concerted difference to the future, my future and the planet's. My parents are not connected or rich or clued-up, and I feel so disconnected from other ways in which I can make changes, beyond what I'm doing already. Perhaps this is not enough. Perhaps there is another way...

#### **Saturday, 13 October**

Are we wrong to assume that our ancestors had a stronger connection to nature? They were more reliant on the fields, that's for sure. There were no supermarkets. But

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if we were so connected in the past, what went wrong? Why did our ancestors let this happen? Was it the supermarkets? The massive corporations? The vested interests and hidden agendas? I feel the need to be brave but am unsure how I can be. The world is so confusing most of the time. The noise, the images, the insane demands. All clamouring, always clamouring. Shouting above it all seems impossible. Should we all be content with changing a little corner of our world? Showing one kid a conker isn't going to change economics or the fossil-fuel industry or the other abuses of the planet's resources. This churning in me, it's got to go somewhere.

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## Love and Loss

### Text B

***This passage is an edited version of Belinda McKeon's tribute, titled For Seamus, to the Northern Irish poet Seamus Heaney. It was written and published immediately following the announcement of Heaney's death in August 2013.***

Impossible.

And yet, of course, not impossible. Of course, too possible, too much the reality of what we would always have to face one day, one morning stumbling upon radio tributes, answering the phone to the have you heard?, to the gut-punch, to the heart-bolt: he is gone.

Our laureate. As though that could ever be a word which could get at the marvel of him. There is, probably, no single word for the marvel of him. Only perhaps his name, alive today on countless lips, uttered with sadness and fondness and gratitude and disbelief; sparking and flaring across countless status updates, countless tweets, in countless slow nods and headshakes in shops and schools and kitchens and hallways and forecourts and farmyards. I know of a wedding in Wicklow today where his will be the name on the air as the guests wait for the bride to arrive; of a gathering in Rathowen this weekend where his poems will be read aloud in hushed pubs; of a music festival in Stradbally where lines studied at school will be traded like—well, like the kinds of things that are more usually traded at music festivals. (And he would be in the middle of them if he could, marvelling at Björk and St. Vincent and David Byrne, with a sage word about My Bloody Valentine lyrics, with a wink and a buck-up for the young lads from the Strypes.)

He was loved. Beloved. Whether he was met with as a name on a page, or as a voice from a podium, or as a cherished friend or fellow artist, Seamus Heaney moved into the lives of those who encountered him and he made a difference that will matter forevermore. The difference, for many, was the poetry itself. The difference is in those lines of his, the way they come to mind at moments of worry, or of beauty, or of heartache and of sorrow; today they come to mind like prayers learned in childhood – his lines, so many of them, rushing in as breath is caught, as mind reels and whirls. On Facebook all morning lines of his poetry have been appearing like cut flowers laid at a gable wall, the poems and the lines that have been, for so many people, talismans, carried close to the heart.

Like so many, I have precious memories of him. For a few years, I ran a poetry festival in Dublin, which mainly involved writing to great poets and asking them to come and read from their work. Not a week after I started the job, it was communicated to me by a third party that if I needed help reaching anyone, or with any other aspect of the festival, Seamus Heaney would be delighted to help in any way that he could, but only if I wanted his help; he did not wish to impose. By reply, I wrote a fairly formal letter—keeping my lines straight, my grammar careful—and posted it from New York; then worried that I had not put enough postage on the envelope, and wrote another letter and posted that one. The reply came in a text message from the man himself, wry and funny and vivid with generosity, and making the point, above all: I'm here. I text. I'm nothing if not approachable. It's no big deal.

Everywhere he went, he was known; everywhere he went, he was approached for a handshake, or an autograph, or a hello. For a long time, until a stroke in 2006 necessitated a slight easing-off of public appearances, he shook every hand, signed

every title page, smiled for every unsteady camera, listened to every story of common acquaintance, or of attempted poetry, or of moments found and recognized and treasured in his lines.

Oh, Seamus. Thank you: a thousand thank yous. And codladh sámh.

### **Glossary**

laureate – a person who is highly honoured for their work.

Wicklow, Rathowen, Stradbally – places in the Republic of Ireland.

codladh sámh – in Irish, literally, 'sleep well'. The English equivalent is 'Rest in Peace'.

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## Encounters

### Text C

***This article, by the American singer and dancer Madonna, was published in Harper's Bazaar, an upmarket fashion and lifestyle magazine, in 1994. She recounts her first meeting with Martha Graham (1894–1991), at whose notoriously strict dance school she had trained in the late 1970s.***

It's a difficult technique to learn. It's physically brutal and there is no room for slouches. I was up to all these challenges. I was learning something new every day. I was on my way. At one time in my life I had fantasized about being a nun, and this was the closest I was ever going to get to convent life. But I wanted to meet the mother superior, the woman responsible for all this. I had heard that she was in the building a lot and that she sat in on classes from time to time. I don't know if she was checking up on the teaching staff or scouting for talent, but she never came into any of my classes. I guess she hadn't been made aware of my potential. In any case, she stayed pretty hidden. I had heard she was vain about growing old. Maybe she was really busy, or really shy, or both. But her presence was always felt, which only added to her mystique and to my longing to meet her. I knew she was still very active in the company, creating new works and resurrecting old ones, but she had a serious Garbo vibe about her and seemed like she really wanted to be left alone.

Not with me around! I was determined to run into her, and when I did I was gonna be fearless and nonchalant. I would befriend her and get her to confess all the secrets of her soul. I took too many classes and lingered too long afterward in the hallways. I found every excuse to go to the offices and chat with the administration. Then one day it happened. Of course, not when I expected it. I was in the middle of the 11:00 A.M. class. I had had too much coffee to drink and I needed to pee more than anything, so I violated the cardinal rule and left in the middle of class with my bladder at a bursting point. I heaved open the heavy door to the hallway, stepped outside the classroom, and there she was, right in front of me, staring into my face. Okay, not exactly in front of me, but my appearance must have taken her by surprise: No one ever left the tomblike classrooms until classes were over!

She stopped dead in her tracks to see who the violator was. I was paralyzed. She was part Norma Desmond in *Sunset Boulevard*. The rest of her was a cross between a Kabuki dancer and the nun I was obsessed with in the fifth grade, Sister Kathleen Thomas. In any case, I was overwhelmed, and all my plans to disarm her and win her over were swallowed up by my fear of a presence I'd never encountered before.

She didn't say a word. She just looked at me with what I thought was interest but was probably only disapproval. Her hair was pulled back severely, displaying a pale face made up like a porcelain doll. Her chin jutted out with arrogance and her eyes were like shiny brown immovable marbles. She was small and big at the same time. I waited for words to come out of my mouth; I waited for daggers to fly out of her eyes. I ignored the aching in my lower abdomen. I forgot that I had a big mouth and that I wasn't afraid of anyone. This was my first true encounter with a goddess. A warrior. A survivor. Before I could clear my throat, she was gone. Flicking her long skirt with her arthritic hands, she disappeared into some secret room and closed the door. I was left shaking in my leotard, partly because I still had to go to the bathroom but mostly because I had encountered such an exquisite creature. I was truly dumbfounded.

### Glossary

*Garbo* – Greta Garbo, a famously reclusive actress

*Sunset Boulevard* – a film from the 1950s in which the character Norma Desmond, an ageing film star, murders a young script writer

*Kabuki* – a Japanese classical dance, performed only by men

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## Crossing Boundaries

### Text D

***This extract, written by Yomi Adegoke, is taken from the introductory chapter to her book, Slay In Your Lane: The Black Girl Bible (co-authored with Elizabeth Uviebinené, 2018). The book is a series of interviews with prominent Black British women, with its stated intention being to advise young black women on how to succeed while celebrating their identities.***

Being black and British, people know our parents are from somewhere else before we even open our mouths. Or if not our parents, our grandparents. Or great grandparents. We are tattooed with our otherness. We are hypervisible in predominantly white spaces, but somehow, we often remain unseen. Growing up, I felt keenly the dearth of visible black British women in the stories our society consumed and it made me feel all sorts of things. It made me feel as if I was invisible, too. It made me feel frustrated. It made me feel annoyed, upset and, most of all, restless. Restless, because I knew (or at least hoped) that when I was old enough, I'd one day be a part of changing things.

I attempted to do something about it when I turned 21, breathlessly starting up a publication aimed at young black girls in the UK. *Birthday Magazine* was the primordial goop from which *Slay In Your Lane* was indirectly spawned. Its aims were similar: to outline the black female experience as well as excellence, and offer equal amounts of realism and optimism. It was a small-scale attempt to uplift; its distribution was local and the team was small, but its impact was larger than I expected. *Slay In Your Lane* was the next logical step that I didn't see coming, but Elizabeth did, animated by the very frustration, annoyance and restlessness that my younger self had felt.

Now, at 26, the same sense of restlessness has begun to set in, but this time it is without the anger, or even the upset. The current overriding emotion I feel is unbounded hopefulness, because black British women in 2018 are well past making waves – we're currently creating something of a tsunami. From authors to politicians, to entrepreneurs to artists, black women in the UK continue to thrive against all odds and well outside of the world's expectations. Women who look and talk like me, grew up in similar places to me, are shaping almost every societal sector, from the bottom and, finally, from all the way up at the top. All a younger Yomi would've wished for was the ability to learn from them; an older Yomi wishes for pretty much exactly the same thing.

If white women fear the glass ceiling, black women fear a seemingly impenetrable glasshouse. We're blockaded from all sides and there is little to no literature on offer to advise us as to how we're supposed to push on. So much is currently happening on an individual level to combat this, and it's of paramount importance that it is recorded, noted and passed on.

We're not here to tell you that if you simply go for gold, put your mind to it and believe, that you can will yourself out of systemic racism. But what we *are* saying is that there is much empowerment and inspiration to be gained from the many women who have jumped over the very hurdles that you too will find yourself up against. There are practical ways to aid you to win, and admitting that there will be difficulties and challenges along the way doesn't mean submitting to defeat. It means coming to battle armed and prepared.

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**SECTION A****Unseen Prose Non-fiction Texts**

**Answer ONE question on your chosen theme. Write your answer in the space provided.**

**EITHER**

**Theme: Society and the Individual****Read Text A on pages 3–4.**

- 1** Critically evaluate how Dara McAnulty presents the attitudes of individuals and society towards the natural world.

In your answer you must comment on linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 1 = 20 marks)**

**OR**

**Theme: Love and Loss****Read Text B on pages 5–6.**

- 2** Critically evaluate how Belinda McKeon pays tribute to Seamus Heaney.

In your answer you must comment on linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 2 = 20 marks)**

**OR**

**Theme: Encounters****Read Text C on pages 7–8.**

- 3** Critically evaluate how Madonna communicates her experience of her first encounter with Martha Graham.

In your answer you must comment on linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 3 = 20 marks)**

**OR**

**Theme: Crossing Boundaries****Read Text D on page 9.**

- 4** Critically evaluate how Yomi Adegoke addresses the challenges faced by Black British women.

In your answer you must comment on linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 4 = 20 marks)**

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number: **Question 1** ☒ **Question 2** ☒

**Question 3** ☒ **Question 4** ☒

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**TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS**



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## SECTION B

### Prose Fiction and other Genres

Answer ONE question on your chosen theme.

**EITHER**

#### Theme: Society and the Individual

Answer this question with reference to the TWO texts that you have studied from the list below.  
Begin your answer on page 22.

#### Anchor texts

*The Great Gatsby*, F Scott Fitzgerald

*Great Expectations*, Charles Dickens

#### Other texts

*The Bone People*, Keri Hulme

*Othello*, William Shakespeare

*A Raisin in the Sun*, Lorraine Hansberry

*The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*, Geoffrey Chaucer

*The Whitsun Weddings*, Philip Larkin

- 5** Evaluate the effectiveness of the methods used by the writers of your **two** studied texts to present societies in which inequality has a significant effect on individuals.

In your answer you must consider the use of linguistic and literary features, connections across texts and relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 5 = 30 marks)

**OR**

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**Theme: Love and Loss**

**Answer this question with reference to the TWO texts that you have studied from the list below.  
Begin your answer on page 22.**

**Anchor texts**

*A Single Man*, Christopher Isherwood

*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, Thomas Hardy

**Other texts**

*Enduring Love*, Ian McEwan

*Much Ado About Nothing*, William Shakespeare

*Betrayal*, Harold Pinter

*Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow

*Sylvia Plath Selected Poems*, Sylvia Plath

- 6** Evaluate the effectiveness of the methods used by the writers of your **two** studied texts to present surprising developments in relationships.

In your answer you must consider the use of linguistic and literary features, connections across texts and relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 6 = 30 marks)**

**OR**

**Theme: Encounters**

**Answer this question with reference to the TWO texts that you have studied from the list below.  
Begin your answer on page 22.**

**Anchor texts**

*A Room with a View*, E M Forster

*Wuthering Heights*, Emily Brontë

**Other texts**

*The Bloody Chamber*, Angela Carter

*Hamlet*, William Shakespeare

*Rock 'N' Roll*, Tom Stoppard

*The Waste Land and Other Poems*, T S Eliot

*The New Penguin Book of Romantic Poetry*, editor J Wordsworth

- 7** Evaluate the effectiveness of the methods used by the writers of your **two** studied texts to present encounters in which the status of the participants proves significant.

In your answer you must consider the use of linguistic and literary features, connections across texts and relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 7 = 30 marks)**

**OR**

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**Theme: Crossing Boundaries**

**Answer this question with reference to the TWO texts that you have studied from the list below.  
Begin your answer on page 22.**

**Anchor texts**

*Wide Sargasso Sea*, Jean Rhys

*Dracula*, Bram Stoker

**Other texts**

*The Lowland*, Jhumpa Lahiri

*Twelfth Night*, William Shakespeare

*Oleanna*, David Mamet

*Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress, and Other Poems*, Christina Rossetti

*North*, Seamus Heaney

- 8** Evaluate the effectiveness of the methods used by the writers of your **two** studied texts to present boundary crossings that have moral or ethical implications.

In your answer you must consider the use of linguistic and literary features, connections across texts and relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 8 = 30 marks)**

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number:    **Question 5**   ☐                      **Question 6**   ☐  
   **Question 7**   ☐                      **Question 8**   ☐

**Please write the name of your two studied texts below:**

Text 1:

Text 2:



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**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 30 MARKS**  
**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 50 MARKS**

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Text A: from 'Diary of a Young Naturalist', Dara McNulty, Ebury Press, 2021

Text B: <https://www.theparisreview.org/blog/2013/12/27/for-seamus>

Text C: Madonna, *Harper's Bazaar*, 01/05/1994

Text D: taken from *Slay In Your Lane: The Black Girl Bible* (4th Estate, 2018)