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Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

English Language and Literature
Advanced
Paper 1: Voices in Speech and Writing

Monday 18 May 2020 – Morning

Time: 2 hours 30 minutes plus your additional time allowance

SOURCE BOOKLET

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SECTION A: VOICES IN 20TH AND 21ST CENTURY TEXTS**TEXT A**

This is the diary entry of Nina Grant, one of seven readers of The Guardian newspaper who documented their day-to-day experiences of living with disability in the UK. These entries were then published in the online version of the newspaper in November 2017.

STARES, GLARES AND INTERNET DATING: THE HARSH REALITIES OF LIFE WITH A DISABILITY

Nina Grant, 31

Nina lives in London. She has Ehlers-Danlos syndromes and is a wheelchair user.

28 August

I went to join some friends in King's Cross for coffee. The tube station I have to use isn't actually my nearest station but my nearest accessible one. This means first taking a bus (assuming I can access the bus at all), then going back on myself once on the tube, passing through my actual nearest station five minutes later. It takes me on average half an hour longer to reach a destination than it would someone who isn't a wheelchair user – and that's assuming the station lift isn't broken. Only "around a quarter" (according to Transport for London) of London underground stations are wheelchair accessible.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

3 September

My partner surprised me yesterday with a book I'd pointed out earlier in the week in the window of a charity shop. A lovely gesture, but he wouldn't have had to buy the book for me at all if the shop did not have a large step into its entrance, which blocks wheelchair users from entering. This seems to be a frequent problem in my local area with independent shops and businesses. When a new coffee shop opened in town I asked them if they had a ramp – and if not, would they consider getting one? The answer was no, but I would be welcome to enjoy my coffee in the enclosed yard at the front. In November. (Not to mention next to a busy road, with no access to a toilet.)

I find it galling that businesses don't consider that wheelchair users might want to use their services, or consider our patronage worth less than the cost of a cheap folding ramp. The scarcity of access also makes social occasions a bit of a minefield. Every invitation tends to require calling or emailing the venue to find out about accessibility, then usually having to explain to the host why I can't come.

8 September

Today a woman with a buggy moved off the bus for me ("I'm the next stop anyway") so I could board in my powerchair. When I had settled into position, I found

(continued on the next page)

myself facing an accusing set of faces who had just seen what looked like a young person with their own motorised vehicle force a mother and her child off the bus. It's hard to describe the feeling of being scrutinised by multiple strangers at once, but I can hazard a guess as to what they were thinking: "She's too young to be in that contraption"; "... sense of entitlement ..."; "I just saw her leg move! She's obviously faking!" As a wheelchair user, I feel like bus journeys are often a lesson in learning to ignore others' facial expressions. Everyone else gets to sit in rows, seeing only the backs of their fellow passengers' heads. But wheelchair users, who sit facing backwards, have to studiously avoid the stares, glares and outright gawps (and the occasional comments about "good parking").

22 September

Today I noticed that the automatic door button at my local bank branch was not working, just as it hadn't been some months before. I had to time my entrance and exit so other customers could hold the door. This got me thinking about how the wider population views things like that access button, needed by disabled people to manage independently and with dignity. Most of these objects or services are frequently neglected, derided or misappropriated in a manner that wouldn't happen if they were needed by everyone.

(continued on the next page)

GLOSSARY

Ehlers–Danlos syndromes (EDS): a group of genetic connective tissue disorders characterised primarily by joint hypermobility affecting both large and small joints, which may lead to recurrent joint dislocations.

TEXT B

This is an article from the 'i' newspaper by Ian Birrell, the former deputy editor of The Independent newspaper. He is a columnist, foreign correspondent, campaigner and co-founder of Africa Express.

NOTHING TO CELEBRATE FOR THE DISABLED

They were clearing up the confetti, nursing hangovers and disappearing on honeymoons yesterday after the first batch of gay marriages in Britain. It was a remarkable moment as the contented couples celebrated their unions with the traditional kiss. Within my lifetime, homosexuality has been first legalised, then embraced into everyday normality.

The ceremonies mark a milestone in the bumpy march towards tolerance and equality. We should rejoice at the speed with which people who were once jailed, mocked and used as a political football have taken their correct place at the heart of society. Politicians of all hues deserve praise for displaying courage in confronting the misanthropes who sought to stop lesbian and gay people from enjoying rights that the rest take for granted.

Problems remain with homophobic bullying in schools and bigotry abroad. But the reforms show how quickly attitudes can change. We have seen a similar rapid shift in attitudes on gender and race, for all the hurdles that still exist for both women and ethnic minorities.

Yet, amid all the discussion of diversity and self-congratulatory talk of tolerance, one minority remains stuck in the shadows of society. Indeed, many members would argue that their life is getting worse, with hostility growing.

These are people with disabilities, a group growing fast in our ageing society. Not only are people with disabilities far less likely to be in work despite being the most loyal employees, but almost two-thirds of those who develop a disability have lost their job within two years. Reported hate crime is rising, with stories of awful abuse commonplace. You can multiply all these damning statistics – the terrible stories of routine harassment – for people with learning difficulties. Just imagine the rightful outcry if this was happening to people because of their gender, sexuality or skin colour.

So why is this happening in the wake of the Paralympics, with all that optimistic talk of transforming attitudes?

One reason is the lack of social and workplace interaction, such a crucial motor in changing attitudes. So instead of invitations to drinks after work and weekend dinner parties, there is befuddled British embarrassment at best, coldness at worst, towards people with disabilities. As a consequence comes a failure to understand their hopes, fears and desires.

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Then there is the lack of political power – one more legacy of the poverty and woeful support endured by many disabled people. Digital technology has helped, but the idea of seeking a seat in Parliament is a joke for people who struggle to obtain a seat on the bus. At the last general election, more than two-thirds of polling stations had significant barriers to accessibility.

It is great to see Britain become more tolerant. But, with more spending cuts looming, are we content to leave one minority locked out of society as second-class citizens? Just as with gay and lesbian people, disabled people want only the same rights as everyone else.

And remember that only one in six people with disabilities was born with them; one day this minority might include you, whatever your colour, gender or sexuality.

SECTION B: DRAMA TEXTS

All My Sons, ARTHUR MILLER

CHRIS (turns to his mother): What do you mean, you packed her bag? How dare you pack her bag?

MOTHER Chris...

CHRIS How dare you pack her bag?

MOTHER She doesn't belong here.

CHRIS Then I don't belong here.

MOTHER She's Larry's girl.

CHRIS And I'm his brother and he's dead, and I'm marrying his girl.

MOTHER Never, never in this world!

KELLER You lost your mind?

MOTHER You have nothing to say!

KELLER (cruelly): I got plenty to say. Three and a half years you been talking like a maniac-

(continued on the next page)

MOTHER (She smashes him across the face):
Nothing. You have nothing to say.

Now I say. He's coming back, and everybody
has got to wait.

CHRIS Mother, Mother...

MOTHER Wait, wait...

CHRIS How long? How long?

MOTHER (rolling out of her): Till he comes; forever and
ever till he comes!

CHRIS (as an ultimatum): Mother, I'm going ahead
with it.

MOTHER Chris, I've never said no to you in my life, now
I say no!

CHRIS You'll never let him go till I do it.

MOTHER I'll never let him go and you'll never let him
go...!

CHRIS I've let him go. I've let him go a long...

MOTHER (with no less force, but turning from him):
Then let your father go.

(continued on the next page)

(Pause. CHRIS stands transfixed.)

KELLER She's out of her mind.

MOTHER Altogether! (To CHRIS, but not facing them)
Your brother's alive, darling, because if he's
dead, your father killed him. Do you understand
me now? As long as you live, that boy is alive.
God does not let a son be killed by his father.
Now you see, don't you? Now you see. (Beyond
control, she hurries up and into the house.)

KELLER (CHRIS has not moved. He speaks insinuatingly,
questioningly): She's out of her mind.

CHRIS (a broken whisper): Then...you did it?

KELLER (the beginning of plea in his voice): He never
flew a P-40-

CHRIS (struck. Deadly): But the others.

KELLER (insistently): She's out of her mind. (He takes a
step towards CHRIS, pleadingly.)

CHRIS (unyieldingly): Dad...you did it?

(continued on the next page)

KELLER He never flew a P-40, what's the matter with you?

CHRIS (still asking, and saying): Then you did it. To the others.

(Both hold their voices down.)

KELLER (afraid of him, his deadly insistence.): What's the matter with you? What the hell is the matter with you?

CHRIS (quietly, incredibly): How could you do that? How?

KELLER What's the matter with you!

CHRIS Dad ... Dad, you killed twenty-one men!

KELLER What, killed?

CHRIS You killed them, you murdered them.

From Act Two pp.67–69

A Streetcar Named Desire, TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

BLANCHE We are French by extraction. Our first American ancestors were French Huguenots.

MITCH You are Stella's sister, are you not?

BLANCHE Yes, Stella is my precious little sister. I call her little in spite of the fact she's somewhat older than I. Just slightly. Less than a year. Will you do something for me?

MITCH Sure. What?

BLANCHE I bought this adorable little coloured paper lantern at a Chinese shop on Bourbon. Put it over the light bulb! Will you, please?

MITCH Be glad to.

BLANCHE I can't stand a naked light-bulb, any more than I can a rude remark or a vulgar action.

MITCH (adjusting the lantern): I guess we strike you as being a pretty rough bunch.

BLANCHE I'm very adaptable – to circumstances.

MITCH Well, that's a good thing to be. You are visiting Stanley and Stella?

(continued on the next page)

BLANCHE Stella hasn't been so well lately, and I came down to help her for a while. She's very run down.

MITCH You're not – ?

BLANCHE Married? No, no. I'm an old maid school-teacher!

MITCH You may teach school but you're certainly not an old maid.

BLANCHE Thank you, sir! I appreciate your gallantry!

MITCH So you are in the teaching profession?

BLANCHE Yes. Ah, yes ...

MITCH Grade school or high school or –

STANLEY (bellowing) Mitch!

MITCH Coming!

BLANCHE Gracious, what lung-power! ... I teach high school. In Laurel.

MITCH What do you teach? What subject?

BLANCHE Guess!

(continued on the next page)

MITCH I bet you teach art or music. (**BLANCHE** laughs delicately.) Of course I could be wrong. You might teach arithmetic.

BLANCHE Never arithmetic, sir; never arithmetic! (With a laugh) I don't even know my multiplication tables! No, I have the misfortune of being an English instructor. I attempt to instil a bunch of bobby-soxers and drug-store Romeos with reverence for Hawthorne and Whitman and Poe!

MITCH I guess that some of them are more interested in other things.

BLANCHE How very right you are! Their literary heritage is not what most of them treasure above all else! But they're sweet things! And in the spring, it's touching to notice them making their first discovery of love! As if nobody had ever known it before!

(The bathroom door opens and **STELLA** comes out.
BLANCHE continues to talk to **MITCH**.)

Oh! Have you finished? Wait – I'll turn on the radio.

(continued on the next page)

(She turns the knobs on the radio and it begins to play 'Wien, Wien nur du allein'. **BLANCHE** waltzes to the music with romantic gestures. **MITCH** is delighted and moves in awkward imitation like a dancing bear.)

From Scene III pp. 34–35

Elmina's Kitchen, KWAME KWEI-ARMAH

(... There's a kicking garage video playing. ASHLEY starts 'chatting' with the tune. He's looking at the reflection of himself while he dances and chats.)

ASHLEY Hold the mic while I flex, I'm a lyrical architect
with the number-one set. Player haters get
bang so what if dey get a back han' or else
man will get jiggy, hear what! Man a pack him
nine milli.

DIGGER (finishes his food and gets up to leave.)

ASHLEY Digger!

DIGGER Yow!

ASHLEY Could I speak to you about som'um?

DIGGER I'm busy.

ASHLEY You don't look busy!

DIGGER Looks can be deceiving.

ASHLEY I know you don't like me ...

DIGGER (doesn't answer)

(continued on the next page)

ASHLEY But that's all good, cos you don't have to like people to do business wid dem, right?

DIGGER I don't buy stolen phones.

ASHLEY Very funny, but I ain't no pussy street punk.

DIGGER Ah so?

ASHLEY Ah so. No disrespect, this shit (the restaurant) is all good for my dad, but me, I wanna do big tings with my life, bredrin. But mans needs a little leg-up.

DIGGER Really?

ASHLEY (Looks around to check that ANASTASIA is not about to enter. She is not.) I was kinda wondering if mans could run wid you? Give you little back-up and dat?

DIGGER Wha appen' you ears dem beat up? I don't deal wid boys.

ASHLEY (flash of temper) I ain't no fucking boy.

(continued on the next page)

DIGGER (moves like the wind towards **ASHLEY** and punches him full in the face. **ASHLEY** hits the deck, blood flowing from his mouth.)

What did you say to me?

Beat.

ASHLEY (whispers) I ain't no boy.

DIGGER No! Did you use a Viking expletive when talking to me?

ASHLEY (is confused.)

(staying on the ground) No ... Yes...What's dat?

DIGGER (cool) And you wanna be a bad man? Go back to school, youth, and learn. You can't just walk into dis bad man t'ing, you gotta learn the whole science of it. You step into that arena and you better be able to dance wid death til it mek you dizzy. You need to have thought about, have played wid and have learnt all of the possible terrible and torturous ways that death could arrive. And then ask yourself are you ready to do that and more to someone that you know. Have you done that, youth?

(continued on the next page)

ASHLEY (wiping the blood away from his mouth and finding his balls) I stepped to you, haven't I?

DIGGER Seen.

From Act One, Scene Two, pp. 29–30

Equus, PETER SHAFFER

DYSART ...Because he's ready to abreact.

HESTHER Abreact?

DYSART Live it all again. He won't be able to deny it after that, because he'll have shown me. Not just told me – but acted it out in front of me.

HESTHER Can you get him to do that?

DYSART I think so. He's nearly done it already. Under all that glowering, he trusts me. Do you realise that?

HESTHER (warmly) I'm sure he does.

DYSART Poor bloody fool.

HESTHER Don't start that again.

Pause.

DYSART (quietly) Can you think of anything worse one can do to anybody than take away their worship?

HESTHER Worship?

DYSART Yes, that word again!

(continued on the next page)

HESTHER Aren't you being a little extreme?

DYSART Extremity's the point.

HESTHER Worship isn't destructive, Martin. I know that.

DYSART I don't. I only know it's the core of his life. What else has he got? Think about him. He can hardly read. He knows no physics or engineering to make the world real for him. No paintings to show how others have enjoyed it. No music except television jingles. No history except tales from a desperate mother. No friends. Not one kid to give him a joke, or make him know himself more moderately. He's a modern citizen for whom society doesn't exist. He lives **one hour** every three weeks – howling in a mist. And after the service kneels to a slave who stands over him obviously and unthrowably his master. With my body I thee worship!... Many men have less vital relationships with their wives.

Pause.

HESTHER All the same, they don't usually blind their wives, do they?

(continued on the next page)

DYSART Oh, come on!

HESTHER Well, do they?

DYSART (sarcastically) You mean he's dangerous?
A violent, dangerous madman who's going
to run round the country doing it again and
again?

HESTHER I mean he's in pain, Martin. He's been in pain
for most of his life. That much, at least, you
know.

DYSART Possibly.

HESTHER Possibly?! ... That cut-off little figure you just
described must have been in pain for years.

DYSART (doggedly) Possibly.

HESTHER And you can take it away.

DYSART Still – possibly.

HESTHER Then that's enough. That simply has to be
enough for you, surely?

DYSART No!

HESTHER Why not?

(continued on the next page)

DYSART **Because it's his.**

HESTHER **I don't understand.**

DYSART **His pain. His own. He made it.**

From Act Two, Scene twenty-five pp. 65–66

The History Boys, ALAN BENNETT

POSNER

I sat in the room most of the time or trailed around the streets. I can see why they make a fuss about it. Every college is like a stately home; my parents would love it. There was a question on the Holocaust. And I did play it down.

They asked me about it at the interview. Praised what they called my sense of detachment.

Said it was the foundation of writing history.

I think I did well.

(The boys erupt onto the stage.)

HEADMASTER

Splendid news! Posner a scholarship, Dakin an exhibition and places for everyone else. It's more than one could ever have hoped for. Irwin, you are to be congratulated, a remarkable achievement. And you too, Dorothy, of course, who laid the foundations.

MRS LINTOTT

Not Rudge, Headmaster.

(continued on the next page)

HEADMASTER Not Rudge? Oh dear.

IRWIN He has said nothing. The others have all had letters.

HEADMASTER It was always an outside chance. I felt we were indulging him by allowing him to enter at all. That college must think we're fools. A pity. It would have been good to have a clean sweep.

Ah, Rudge.

You ... you haven't heard from Oxford?

RUDGE No, sir.

MRS LINTOTT Perhaps you'll hear tomorrow.

RUDGE Why should I? They told me when I was there.

IRWIN I'm sorry.

RUDGE What for? I got in.

IRWIN How come?

(continued on the next page)

RUDGE How come they told me or how come they took a thick sod like me?

I had family connections.

HEADMASTER Somebody in your family went to Christ Church?

RUDGE In a manner of speaking.

My dad. Before he got married he was a college servant there. This old parson guy was just sitting there for most of the interview, suddenly said was I related to Bill Rudge who'd been a scout on staircase 7 in the 1950s. So I said he was my dad and they said I was just the kind of candidate they were looking for, college servant's son, now an undergraduate, evidence of how far they had come, wheel come full circle and that.

Mind you, I did all the other stuff like Stalin was a sweetie and Wilfred Owen was a wuss. They said I was plainly someone who thought for himself and just what the college rugger team needed.

From Act Two pp. 96–98

Turn over

Top Girls, CARYL CHURCHILL

GRISELDA I do think – I do wonder – it would have been nicer if Walter hadn't had to.

ISABELLA Why should I? Why should I?

MARLENE Of course not.

NIJO I hit him with a stick.

JOAN certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
noctes atque dies niti praestante labore
ad summas emergere opes retumque potiri.
O miseras / hominum mentis, I pectora caeca!*

ISABELLA Oh miseras!

NIJO *Pectora caeca.

JOAN qualibus in tenebris vitae quantisque periclis
degitur hoc aevi quodcumquest! / nonne videre
nil aliud sibi naturam latrare, nisi utqui
corpore seiunctus dolor absit, mente fruatur.

JOAN (subsides.)

GRET We come into hell through a big mouth. Hell's
black and red. / It's like the village where I come
from. There's a river and

MARLENE (to JOAN) Shut up, pet.

ISABELLA Listen, she's been to hell.

GRET a bridge and houses. There's places on fire like when the soldiers come. There's a big devil sat on a roof with a big hole in his arse and he's scooping stuff out of it with a big ladle and it's falling down on us, and it's money, so a lot of the women stop and get some. But most of us is fighting the devils. There's lots of little devils, our size, and we get them down all right and give them a beating. There's lots of funny creatures round your feet, you don't like to look, like rats and lizards, and nasty things, a bum with a face, and fish with legs, and faces on things that don't have faces on. But they don't hurt, you just keep going. Well we'd had the worst, you see, we'd had the Spanish. We'd all had family killed. My big son die on a wheel. Birds eat him. My baby, a soldier run her through with a sword. I'd had enough, I was mad, I hate the bastards. I come out my front door that morning and shout till my neighbours come out and I said, 'Come on, we're going where the evil come from and pay the bastards out.' And they all come out just as they was / from baking or washing in their

(continued on the next page)

NIJO All the ladies come.

GRET aprons, and we push down the street and the ground opens up and we go through a big mouth into a street just like ours but in hell. I've got a sword in my hand from somewhere and I fill a basket with gold cups they drink out of down there. You just keep running on and fighting / you didn't stop for nothing. Oh we give them devils such a beating.

NIJO Take that, take that.

JOAN Something something something mortisque timores tum vacuum pectus – damn.

Quod si ridicula –

Something something on and on and on and something splendorem pupureai.

From Act One, pp. 30–31

Translations, BRIAN FRIEL

BRIDGET ... Is Manus about?

OWEN Manus is gone.

BRIDGET Gone where?

OWEN He's left - gone away.

DOALTY Where to?

OWEN He doesn't know. Mayo, maybe.

DOALTY What's on in Mayo?

OWEN (to BRIDGET): Did you see George and Maire Chatach leave the dance last night?

BRIDGET We did. Didn't we, Doalty?

OWEN Did you see Manus following them out?

BRIDGET I didn't see him going out but I saw him coming in by himself later.

OWEN Did George and Maire come back to the dance?

BRIDGET No.

OWEN Did you see them again?

(continued on the next page)

BRIDGET He left her home. We passed them going up the back road – didn't we, Doalty?

OWEN And Manus stayed till the end of the dance?

DOALTY We know nothing. What are you asking us for?

OWEN Because Lancey'll question me when he hears Manus's gone. (back to BRIDGET) That's the way George went home? By the back road? That's where you saw him?

BRIDGET Leave me alone, Owen. I know nothing about Yolland. If you want to know about Yolland, ask the Donnelly twins.

(Silence. DOALTY moves over to the window.)

(to SARAH): He's a powerful fiddler, O'Shea, isn't he? He told our Seamus he'll come back for a night at Hallowe'en.

(OWEN goes to DOALTY who looks resolutely out the window.)

OWEN What's this about the Donnellys? (Pause.) Were they about last night?

DOALTY Didn't see them if they were. (Begins whistling through his teeth.)

(continued on the next page)

OWEN George is a friend of mine.

DOALTY So.

OWEN I want to know what's happened to him.

DOALTY Couldn't tell you.

OWEN What have the Donnelly twins to do with it?
(Pause.) Doalty!

DOALTY I know nothing, Owen – nothing at all – I swear to God. All I know is this: on my way to the dance I saw their boat beached at Port. It wasn't there on my way home, after I left Bridget. And that's all I know. As God's my judge. The half-dozen times I met him I didn't know a word he said to me; but he seemed a right enough sort... (with sudden excessive interest in the scene outside) Cripes, they're crawling all over the place! Cripes, there's millions of them! Cripes, they're levelling the whole land!

From Act 3, pp. 74–76

SOURCE INFORMATION

SECTION A

TEXT A: taken from <https://www.theguardian.com/inequality/2017/nov/15/stares-glares-internet-dating-the-harsh-realities-of-life-with-a-disability-diaries>

TEXT B: taken from Edexcel Anthology

SECTION B: extracts from prescribed editions

All My Sons	Arthur Miller, Penguin Classics, 2000
A Streetcar Named Desire	Tennessee Williams, Penguin Classics, 2009
Elmina's Kitchen	Kwame Kwei-Armah, Methuen Drama, 2003
Equus	Peter Shaffer, Longman, 1993
The History Boys	Alan Bennett, Faber & Faber, 2004
Top Girls	Caryl Churchill, Methuen Drama, 2008
Translations	Brian Friel, Faber & Faber, 1981

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