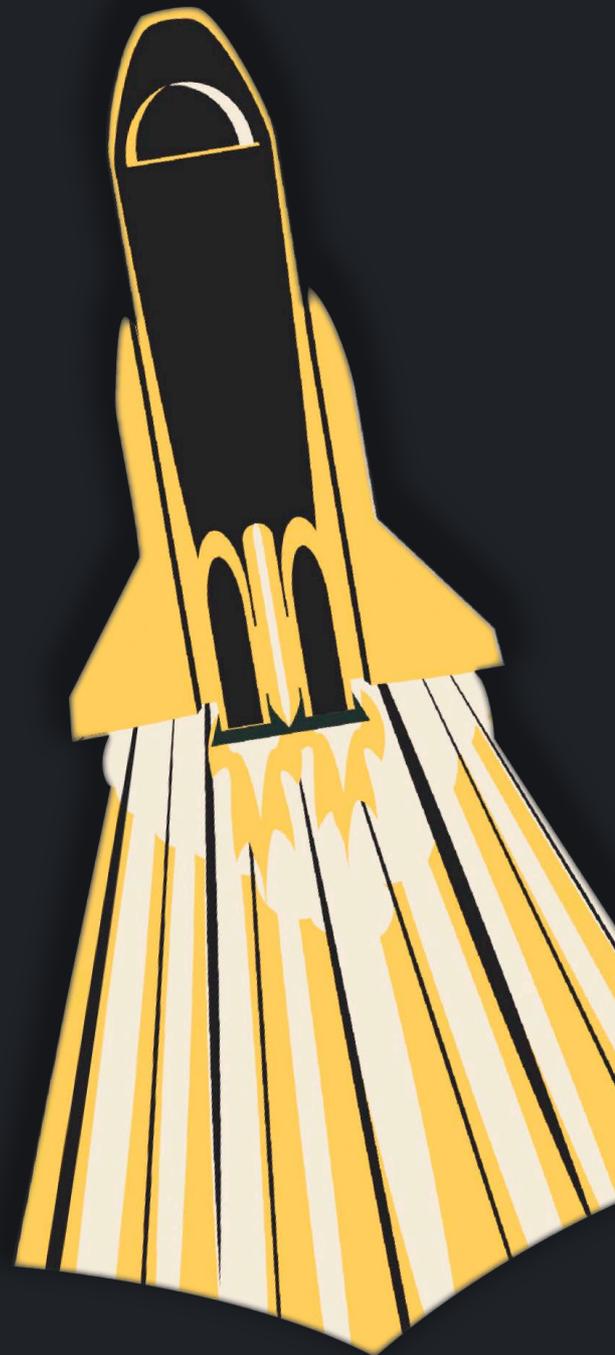


GCSE (9–1) English Language 2.0

Anthology of Unseen
Texts – Paper 2

Issue 4





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Introduction

The purpose of this anthology is to help you prepare for Paper 2 of the Pearson Edexcel Level 1/Level 2 GCSE (9-1) in English Language 2.0.

The anthology contains eight topic pairs that include two extracts from a variety of 20th-century and 21st-century fiction and literary non-fiction texts and 2 single texts.

All extract pairs are all between approximately 800–900 words in length to reflect the length of the extract in each examination and have a short introduction to put the extract into context.

The texts in this anthology are provided to complement your current teaching materials and to guide your text choices for preparation for the examination.

These texts will NOT appear in the examination.

Topic 1: Families and separation

Text 1 – 20th-century literary non-fiction

This is a letter written by a young Hungarian boy, Andrew Forbat in 1939 to his parents. He was evacuated from London to a small town in Wiltshire with his brother during the Second World War.

28 October 1939

Dear Mum and Dad,

5 Thank you very much for your letter and the money we received this morning. I am afraid I was rather disappointed that I could not see you this weekend. It was a very good chance that I missed. As a matter of fact, at first I wanted to come, thinking that you wanted me to come only you dare not say no. I feel just the same about visiting you, as you describe in your letter to me. All last night, the night before and before that I was thinking of home, how nice it would be to be home – even though for a short while - and how I should like to see you again. I was seeing it all in front of me, and I nearly thought myself to be at home as I saw you all before my eyes. I did not forget anybody. I even saw little Tiggy under the bed cover meowing when I touched her. I saw you two, Granny, Mariska, Bene, the whole house, a good Hungarian meal & I felt myself at home I hope I can come for Christmas with Johnny and spend a happy week together. [...]

15 I was writing to you before about the club we have formed at school. It is on Mondays and Wednesdays for seniors from 6.30 to 8 p.m. For Juniors it is on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 6 to 7 p.m.. There we play cards, draughts, chess. We can read, or write letters. It is supposed to be an evening activity so that we should not be too bored in the long winter nights. We have also got a library in school and I took out some 'Tales of Tolstoy'.

20 When you come next month I hope you will come on Sunday 26th November. I think you can arrange with Mrs. Shaw (I understand she hires the bus for November) that the bus should come on Johnny's birthday.

25 The violin will come useful now as we shall try to organise the school orchestra. As I am the only one here who can play the violin decently, I shall probably be asked TO GIVE LESSONS to the others. Band practices will be carried on, on Monday nights from 6 – 7.[...]

30 *continued in Hungarian* I think that it would be good to write a little in Hungarian, otherwise I shall forget a lot. I think that we are rarely alone, so that we are speaking Hungarian then. I don't mind that and I am glad if you write to me in Hungarian. I would very much like to see you all and to speak with you. I have thought of telephoning you but I hear that it costs 4 / 6d to telephone and there is no telephone in our house, so you can't telephone me either. Today I am writing a few more letters to those in the house. So I won't write any more to you today.

A million kisses from Andrew



Text 2 – 21st-century fiction

In this extract from a novel, Katniss is on the train being taken away to another District. She is thinking about her mother, her sister Prim and their dog, Buttercup and how they are coping without her.

For a while I stand staring out of the train window, wishing I could open it again, but unsure of what would happen at such high speed. In the distance, I see the lights of another district. Seven? Ten? I don't know. I think about the people in their houses, settling in for bed. I imagine my home, with its shutters drawn tight. What are they doing
5 now, my mother and Prim? Were they able to eat supper? The fish stew and the strawberries? Or did it lie untouched on their plates? Did they watch the recap of the day's events on the battered old TV that sits on the table against the wall? Surely, there were more tears. Is my mother holding up, being strong for Prim? Or has she already started to slip away, leaving the weight of the world on my sister's fragile shoulders?

10 Prim will undoubtedly sleep with my mother tonight. The thought of that scruffy old Buttercup posting himself on the bed to watch over Prim comforts me. If she cries, he will nose his way into her arms and curl up there until she calms down and falls asleep. I'm so glad I didn't drown him.

15 Imagining my home makes me ache with loneliness. This day has been endless. Could Gale and I have been eating blackberries only this morning? It seems like a lifetime ago. Like a long dream that deteriorated into a nightmare. Maybe, if I go to sleep, I will wake up back in District 12, where I belong.

20 Probably the drawers hold any number of nightgowns, but I just strip off my shirt and trousers and climb into bed in my underwear. The sheets are made of soft, silky fabric. A thick, fluffy quilt gives immediate warmth.

If I'm going to cry, now is the time to do it. By morning, I'll be able to wash the damage done by the tears from my face. But no tears come. I'm too tired or too numb to cry. The only thing I feel is a desire to be somewhere else. So I let the train rock me into oblivion.



Source information

Text 1: *Evacuee Boys: Letters of a Family Separated by War*, John E Forbat, History Press, 2012

Text 2: *The Hunger Games* by Suzanne Collins. Copyright © 2010 by Suzanne Collins. Reprinted by permission of Scholastic Inc.

Ideas for questions

Text 1

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
1(AO1)	In paragraph 2, identify one of the activities the narrator does on weeknights.
2 (AO2)	In paragraph 1, how does the writer use language to describe his feelings.

Text 2

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
3 (AO1)	In paragraph 4, identify one feature which shows that Katniss's surroundings are comfortable.
4 (AO2)	How does the writer use language and structure to interest and engage the reader?

Both texts

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
5 (AO1)	In the extract, both the narrators are experiencing uncertainty. Give three similarities of the experiences they share.
6 (AO3)	Compare the writers' ideas and perspectives about leaving home.



Topic 2: Memories of important places

Text 1 – 20th-century fiction

In this extract from a novel, the narrator is remembering a dream she had about Manderley, an old stately home where she used to live.

5 Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me I stood by the iron gate leading to the drive, and for a while I could not enter, for the way was barred to me. There was a padlock and a chain upon the gate. I called in my dream to the lodge-keeper, and had no answer, and peering closer through the rusted spokes of the gate I saw that the lodge was uninhabited.

10 No smoke came from the chimney, and the little lattice windows gaped forlorn. Then, like all dreamers, I was possessed of a sudden with supernatural powers and passed like a spirit through the barrier before me. The drive wound away in front of me, twisting and turning as it had always done, but as I advanced I was aware that a change had come upon it; it was narrow and unkept, not the drive that we had known. At first I was puzzled and did not understand, and it was only when I bent my head to avoid the low swinging branch of a tree that I realized what had happened. Nature had come into her own again and, little by little, in her stealthy, insidious¹ way had encroached upon the drive with long, tenacious² fingers. The woods, always a menace even in the past, had triumphed in the end. They crowded, dark and uncontrolled, to the borders of the drive. The beeches with white, naked limbs leant close to one another, their branches intermingled in a strange embrace, making a vault above my head like the archway of a church. And there were other trees as well, trees that I did not recognize, squat oaks and tortured elms that straggled cheek by jowl with the beeches, and had thrust themselves out of the quiet earth, along with monster shrubs and plants, none of which I remembered.

20 The drive was a ribbon now, a thread of its former self, with gravel surface gone, and choked with grass and moss. The trees had thrown out low branches, making an impediment to progress; the gnarled roots looked like skeleton claws. Scattered here and again amongst this jungle growth I would recognize shrubs that had been landmarks in our time, things of culture and grace, hydrangeas³ whose blue heads had been famous. No hand had checked their progress, and they had gone native now, rearing to monster height without a bloom, black and ugly as the nameless parasites that grew beside them.

Glossary

¹Insidious – moving slowly with harmful effects.

²Tenacious – determined.

³Hydrangeas – common garden plants with large blue flowers.

Text 2 – 21st-century literary non-fiction

In this extract from a memoir, Isabel returns to her childhood home in Shanghai (a city in China) with her daughter, Claire.

Shanghai, 2008

The house is solid and dignified, its high gable radiating creamy yellow under a luminous Shanghai sky. We've been standing here awhile, my daughter and I, arms linked, oblivious to the honking of impatient drivers as we gaze at the home I left behind sixty years ago. I follow the tilt of Claire's head to the second floor, where our eyes rest on a russet-framed window. Something isn't right. Despite the building's freshly painted walls, the glass is caked with grime, as if unwashed for decades.

Dust whirls, stirring memories long forgotten, now reawakened in the whoosh of Shanghai traffic.

The last image of my childhood haunts me: my grandmother rooted like a statue at that window, her unflinching stare following my every move as I prepared to leave. At eighteen, I was going to Hong Kong on my very first holiday. The sunbeams slanted through the lattice fence, bathing the garden in that mellow morning light that softened the edges of everything before it grew unbearably hot. The servants were lined up outside the front door to watch my father send me off. He clasped my shoulders with familiar affection, but his expression was solemn as he surveyed me through round spectacles. "Be careful, Third Daughter. We'll all be thinking of you."

Feeling glamorous and grown up, I clutched my new pink valise and climbed onto the weathered seat of the pedicab¹ that had ferried me to school every morning.

I kept peering back, inhaling the sweet traces of night-blooming jasmine. The house became smaller and smaller, my grandmother standing stock-still at her bedroom window. Some-how I knew she would not move for a long time: not when I'd turned off our little lane, not even after the pedicab picked up speed on the wide avenues of the International Settlement.

I wondered why she was so fixated on my departure, when I was going to be away only a few weeks.

Claire interrupts my reverie. "Does the house look different from what you remember?"

"Everything looks so much smaller...somehow sad."

"Mom, I know this is not easy for you. We don't have to go inside if you don't want to."

I pull my cardigan tightly around me. "It's okay. We've come this far."

Glossary

¹ pedicab – a small, pedalled vehicle often used as a taxi in China.



Source information

Text 1: *Rebecca*, Daphne Du Maurier, Hachette Book Group

Text 2: *Remembering Shanghai: A Memoir of Socialites, Scholars and Scoundrels*, Isabel Sun Chao and Claire Chao, Smashwords Edition (2018)

Ideas for questions

Text 1

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
1 (AO1)	In paragraph two, identify one thing the narrator does.
2 (AO2)	In paragraph 3, how does the writer use language to describe the condition of driveway up to the house?

Text 2

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
3 (AO1)	In paragraph 1, identify one way the narrator shows she is nervous about seeing the house again.
4 (AO2)	How does the writer use language and structure to interest and engage the reader?

Both texts

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
5 (AO1)	In the extracts, two narrators are going back to a place they once lived. Give three similarities between these places.
6 (AO3)	Compare the writers' ideas and perspectives about remembering the past.

Topic 3: Living with wild animals

Text 1 – 21st-century fiction

In this extract from a novel, the narrator is explaining how he interacts with Richard Parker, the Bengal Tiger he has been travelling with.

One day, I was on a walk in the forest. I was walking vigorously, caught up in my own thoughts. I passed a tree – and practically ran into Richard Parker. Both of us were startled. He hissed and reared up on his hind legs, towering over me, his great paws ready to swat me down. I stood frozen to the spot, paralysed with fear and shock. He dropped
5 back on all fours and moved away. When he was gone three, four paces, he turned and reared up again, growling this time. I continued to stand like a statue. He went another few paces and repeated the threat a third time. Satisfied that I was not a menace, he ambled off. As soon as I had caught my breath and stopped trembling, I brought the whistle to my mouth and started running after him. He was already gone a good distance, but he was
10 still within sight. My running was powerful. He turned, saw me, crouched – and then bolted. I blew into the whistle as hard as I could, wishing that its sound would travel as far and wide as the cry of a lonely tiger.

That night, as he was resting two feet beneath me, I came to the conclusion that I had to step into the circus ring again.

15 The major difficulty in training animals is that they operate either by instinct or by rote¹. Therefore, imprinting in an animal’s mind the artificial connection that if it does a certain action, say, roll over, it will get a treat can be achieved only by mind-numbing repetition. It is a slow process that depends as much on luck as on hard work, all the more so when the animal is an adult. I blew into my whistle till my lungs hurt. I pounded my
20 chest till it was covered with bruises. I shouted “Hep! Hep!” – my tiger-language command to say “Do” – thousands of times. I tossed hundreds of meerkat morsels at him that I would gladly have eaten myself.

25 The training of tigers is no easy feat. They are considerably less flexible in their mental make-up than other animals that are commonly trained in circuses and zoos – sea lions and chimpanzees for example. But I don’t want to talk too much credit for what I managed to do with Richard Parker. My good fortune, the fortune which saved my life, was that he was not only a young adult, but a pliable young adult, an omega² animal. I was afraid that conditions on the island might play against me, that with such an abundance of
30 food and water and so much space he might become relaxed and confident, less open to my influence. But he remained tense. I knew him well enough to sense it.

Glossary

¹ rote – constant repetition.

² omega – an animal who chooses not to be powerful.



Text 2 – 20th-century literary non-fiction

In this extract from her autobiography, the naturalist, Jane Goodall, talks about her experiences with chimpanzees. At the start of this extract, her colleague has just explained that one of the chimpanzees has come into their camp.

5 This was fantastic news. For months the chimps had been running off when they saw me – now, one had actually visited my camp! Perhaps he would come again. The next day I waited, in case he did. What a luxury to lie in until 7:00AM. As the hours went by I began to fear that the chimp wouldn't come. But finally, at about four in the afternoon, I heard a rustling in the undergrowth opposite my tent and a black shape appeared on the other side of the clearing.

10 I recognised him at once. It was the handsome male with the dense white beard. I had already named him David Graybeard. Quite calmly he climbed into the palm and feasted on its nuts. And then he helped himself to the bananas I had set out for him. There were ripe palm nuts on that tree for another five days and David Graybeard visited three more times and got lots of bananas. A month later, when another palm tree in camp bore ripe fruit, David again visited us. And on one of those occasions he actually took a banana from my hand. I could hardly believe it!

15 From that time on things got easier for me. Sometimes when I met David Greybeard out in the forest, he would come up to see if I had a banana hidden in my pocket. The other chimps stared with amazement. Obviously I wasn't as dangerous as they had thought. Gradually, they allowed me to move closer and closer.

20 It was David Graybeard who provide me with my most exciting observation. One morning, near the Peak, I came upon him squatting on a termite mound. As I watched, he picked a blade of grass, poked it into the tunnel in the mound, and then withdrew it. The grass was covered with termites all clinging on with their jaws. He picked them off with his lips and scrunched them up. Then he fished for more. When his piece of grass got bent, he dropped it, picked up a little twig, stripped the leaves off it, and used that.

25 I was really thrilled. David had uses objects as tools! He had also changed a twig into something more suitable for fishing termites. He had actually made a tool. Before this observation, scientists had thought only humans could make tools. Later, I would learn that chimpanzees use more objects as tools than any creature except for us.



Source information

Text 1: *Life of Pi*, Yann Martel, Canongate 2003

Text 2: 'My life with the Chimpanzees', Jane Goodall, Aladdin paperbacks (imprint of Simon & Schuster) 1st Edition

Ideas for questions

Text 1

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
1 (AO1)	In paragraph one, identify one thing the tiger, Richard Parker, does when he sees the narrator.
2 (AO2)	In paragraph 4, how does the writer use language to describe how the narrator trained the tiger?

Text 2

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
3 (AO1)	In paragraph 3, identify one way the chimpanzees show that they have started to trust the narrator.
4 (AO2)	How does the writer use language and structure to interest and engage the reader?

Both texts

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
5 (AO1)	In the extracts, there is a relationship between the animals and humans. Give three similarities that these relationships share.
6 (AO3)	Compare the writers' ideas and perspectives about their lives with wild animals.



Topic 4: University

Text 1 – 21st-century literary non-fiction

In this extract from her autobiography, the Vice President of the United States of America, Kamala Harris, talks about Howard University and her experiences as a student at the university.

I had always heard stories about what a wonderful place Howard University was, especially from Aunt Chris, who had gone there. Howard is an institution with an extraordinary legacy, one that has endured and thrived since its founding, two years after the Civil War. It endured when the doors of higher education were largely closed to black students. It endured when segregation and discrimination were the law of the land. It endured when few recognised the potential and capacity of young black men and women to be leaders. Generations of students had been nurtured and edified at Howard, equipped with the confidence to aim high and the tools to make the climb. I wanted to be one of them – and in the fall of 1982, I moved into Eton Towers, my first college dorm.

I'll always remember walking into Cramton Auditorium for my freshman orientation. The room was packed. I stood in the back, looked around, and thought, "This is heaven!" There were hundreds of people, and everyone looked like me. Some were children of Howard alumni; others were the first in their families to go to college. Some had been in predominantly black schools their whole lives; others had long been one of only a few people of color in the classroom or their neighbourhood. Some came from cities, some from rural communities, and some from African countries, the Caribbean, and throughout the African diaspora.

As was the case with most Howard students, my favourite place to hang out was an area we called the Yard, a grass-covered space the size of a city block, right smack in the heart of the campus. On any given day, you could stand in the middle of the Yard and see, on your right, young dancers practising their steps or musicians playing instruments. Look to your left and there were briefcase-toting students strolling out of the business school, and medical students in their white coats, heading back to the lab. Groups of students might be in a circle of laughter, or locked in deep discussion. A columnist for *The Hilltop*, the school newspaper, with the star of the football team. A gospel choir singer with the president of the math club.

That was the beauty of Howard. Every signal told students that we could be anything – that we were young, gifted and black, and we shouldn't let anything get in the way of our success. The campus was a place where you didn't have to be confined to the box of another person's choosing. At Howard, you could come as you were and leave as the person you aspired to be. There were no false choices.

Text 2 – 20th-century fiction

In this extract from a novel, the narrator describes his experience of applying to Hampden College and his own feelings when he arrived at the college.

I hit on Hampden [College] by a trick of fate. One night, during a long Thanksgiving holiday of rainy weather, canned cranberries, ball games droning from the television, I went to my room after a fight with my parents (I cannot remember this particular fight, only that we always fought about money and school) and was tearing through my closet trying to find
5 my coat when out it flew: a brochure for Hampden College, Hampden, Vermont.

[...] I don't know why it was in my closet. I suppose I saved it because it was so pretty. Senior year, I had spent dozens of hours studying the photographs as though if I stared at them long enough and longingly enough, I would, by some sort of osmosis¹, be transported into their clear, pure silence. [...]

10 Hampden College, Hampden, Vermont. Established 1895. (This alone was a fact to cause wonder; nothing I knew of in Plano had been established much before 1962.). Student body, five hundred. Co-ed². Progressive. Specialising in the liberal arts³. Highly selective. [...]

15 Even today I do not fully understand the chain of events that brought me to Hampden. Sympathetic professors wrote letters; exceptions of various sorts were made in my case. And less than a year after I'd sat down in my little room and impulsively filled out the questionnaire, I was getting off the bus in Hampden with two suitcases and fifty dollars in my pocket.

20 I had never been east of Santa Fe, never north of Portland, and – when I stepped off the bus after a long anxious night that had begun somewhere in Illinois – it was six o'clock in the morning, and the sun was rising over the mountains, and birches, and impossibly green meadows; and to me, dazed with night and no sleep and three days on the highway, it was like a country from a dream.

25 The dormitories weren't even dorms – or at any rate not like the dorms I knew, with cinderblock⁴ walls and depressing, yellowish, light – but with white clapboard house with green shutters, set back from the Commons in groves of maple and ash. [...]

Those first days before classes started I spent alone in my whitewashed room, in the bright meadows of Hampden. And I was happy in those first days as really I'd never been before, roaming like a sleepwalker, stunned and drunk with beauty.

Glossary

¹osmosis – process of gradual or unconscious understanding of ideas, knowledge, etc.

²Co-ed – mixed sex school

³ liberal arts – subjects such as literature and history

⁴cinderblock – hollow rectangular building block made of cement and coal cinders.



Source information

Text 1: 'The Truths We Hold: An American Journey', Kamala Harris, Vintage 2019

Text 2: 'The Secret History', Donna Tartt, Little Brown 1992

Ideas for questions

Text 1

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
1 (AO1)	In paragraph one, identify one feature the writer mentions about Howard University.
2 (AO2)	In paragraph 3, how does the writer use language to describe the Yard at Howard University?

Text 2

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
3 (AO1)	In paragraphs 3 and 4, identify one way the narrator shows that it is difficult to get a place at Hampden College.
4 (AO2)	How does the writer use language and structure to interest and engage the reader?

Both texts

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
5 (AO1)	In the extracts, there are descriptions of universities/colleges Give three similarities that these universities/colleges share.
6 (AO3)	Compare the writers' ideas and perspectives about their experiences at university/college.

Topic 4: Names

NB: these two texts are both from the 21st century but do cover Fiction and Literary non-fiction. Although the examination texts will always be from the 20th and 21st century, these two texts can still be used in the classroom to help engage students and gain confidence across the Assessment Objectives.

Text 1 – 21st-century literary non-fiction

In this extract from her memoir, Nadiya Hussain, who is a British Bangladeshi TV chef, baker, author and television presenter discusses her name and names in her family.

Nadiya Begum on my birth certificate. Born at seven pounds and ten ounces, that was what made me a bouncy baby girl. That is good going. The name Nadiya was an idea my dad's Russian friend had. I never met the Russian friend; my dad had acquaintances, people he would hang out with, but no actual friends that stood the test of time. Neither did
 5 the Russian guy, whoever he was, wherever Dad met him, wherever he was going. Thanks for the name. Although I am slightly dubious: my sister, the one born the year before me, is called Sadiya. So somebody, whether this elusive Russian guy or someone else, somebody rhymed our names. Easy enough, I suppose. Those rhyming names made us instant pairs. There are two more where we came from, but that's for another chapter.

10 When my big sister was pregnant with her first and we were researching names it was the first time I even considered finding out the meaning of my name.

What does Nadiya mean? In France, it means hope. In Spain, it means hope too. In Russian, it means hope again. I'm liking where this is going; everyone wants to be hope. I want to be hope. It does not last. In Arabic, it means moist, tender and delicate. What am I,
 15 a roast chicken dinner? Funny though, at seventeen. All the jokes! In Swahili, Nadiya means caller. That the Nadiya I want to be, the call for hope. What with the Arabic meaning I did not have a hope in hell. So I am sticking to the first and last meanings and getting rid of the yucky filling of the bad name. Now it is a good name filling-less sandwich.

20 Nadiya: I like that. I like it a lot. Thanks, never-seen-before-Russian 'friend' with the ability to rhyme like a primary school kid. Thanks a bunch.

Surnames are a whole other issue for me, growing up. My dad is an Ali. My mum is a Begum. My sisters, all Begums; my brothers Hussains. I think I only really noticed the difference between our names when I was learning to read. I started seeing my parents' names on the post; that's when I longed for us all to have the same surname, my mum
 25 included. The people I grew up around, all extended family, just like me, just like us, had a variety of names in their families and that felt, actually, like our normal, whatever that was. But I for one was not having it; I could not understand and so to me, even at the tender age of five, I did not like it, not at all, not one tiny bit. I wanted surnames that matched, like English families did on the television.



Text 2 – 21st-century fiction

In this extract from a novel, the narrator, Aomame, is in a taxi and thinking about the origins of her unusual name and some of the problems it has caused her.

The taxi's radio was tuned to a classical FM broadcast. Janacek's *Sinfonietta* – probably not the ideal music to hear in a taxi caught in traffic. [...] Aomame settled into the broad back seat, closed her eyes, and listened to the music. [...]

5 “Aomame” was her real name. Her grandfather on her father's side came from
some little mountain town or village in Fukushima Prefecture, where there were
supposedly a number of people who bore the name, written with exactly the same
characters as the word for “green peas” and pronounced with the same four syllables, “Ah-
oh-mah-meh.” She had never been to the place, however. Her father had cut his ties with
10 his family before her birth, just as her mother had done with her own family, so she had
never met any of her grandparents. She didn't travel much, but on those rare occasions
when she stayed in an unfamiliar city or town, she would always open the hotel's phone
book to see if there were any Aomames in the area. She had never found a single one,
and whenever she tried and failed, she felt like a lonely castaway on the open sea.

15 Telling people her name was always a bother. As soon as the name left her lips, the
other person looked puzzled or confused.

“Miss Aomame?”

“Yes. Just like ‘green peas.’”

20 Employers required her to have business cards printed, which only made things
worse. People would stare at the card as if she had thrust a letter at them bearing bad
news. When she announced her name on the telephone, she would often hear
suppressed laughter. In waiting rooms at the doctor's or at public offices, people would
look up at the sound of her name, curious to see what someone called “Green Peas” could
look like.

25 Some people would get the name of the plant wrong and call her “Edamame” or
“Soramame,” whereupon she would gently correct them: “No, I'm not soybeans or fava
beans, just green peas. Pretty close, though. Aomame.” How many times in her thirty
years had she heard the same remarks, the same feeble jokes about her name? *My life
might have been totally different if I hadn't been born with this name. If I had had an
ordinary name like Sato or Tanaka or Suzuki, I could have lived a slightly more relaxed life
30 or looked at people with somewhat more forgiving eyes. Perhaps.*

Eyes closed, Aomame listened to the music, allowing the lovely unison of the
brasses to sink into her brain.



Source information

Text 1: *Finding My Voice: A Memoir*, Nadiya Hussain, Headline 2019

Text 2: 'IQ84: Books 1 and 2', Haruki Murakami, Harvill Secker, 2010

Ideas for questions

Text 1

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
1 (AO1)	In paragraph three, identify one meaning of the name 'Nadiya'.
2 (AO2)	In paragraph 5, how does the writer use language to describe how she felt about her family's surnames?

Text 2

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
3 (AO1)	In paragraph 4, identify one way Aomame knows people find her name unusual.
4 (AO2)	How does the writer use language and structure to interest and engage the reader?

Both texts

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
5 (AO1)	In the extracts, the narrators are discussing their memories about their first names. Give three similarities their memories about their first names share.
6 (AO3)	Compare the writers' ideas and perspectives about names and what they mean.

Topic 5: Fairness and Representation

Text 1 – 21st-century literary non-fiction

In this extract from their manifesto the actor, comedian, singer, television presenter and writer, Lenny Henry, and former the Chair of the Royal Television Society's Diversity Committee, Marcus Ryder, discuss how recent efforts to diversify the media have not been successful and why they are simply not enough.

Anyway, they [Walter and Alex – the publishers] both thought it was ‘good timing’ for a book on diversity. After a brief while discussing the book’s possible content, they asked me the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question all publishers ask a prospective author: ‘Who is the target audience for this book?’

5 My answer was simple: ‘Everyone.’

Walter and Alex looked at each other and smiled, which told me that they’ve heard people say this before and they just didn’t believe it. They kindly explained to me, the way a patient parent explains to an excited child, that no book appeals to everyone. Not even Julia Donaldson appeals to everyone. (I love *The Gruffalo*. I want to go down to the deep dark wood. Talking mice for life, yo.)

And then came the line that almost felt like a physical punch in the stomach.

15 ‘This is a book about diversity, so, by definition, this is a book about a minority of people.’ I conceded that they were right, the book might not appeal to everyone—maybe that was an oversell—but it definitely wasn’t about ‘a minority’. Let me explain how we answered their question and subsequently further explain how that answer changes the way we should all think about diversity. It all has to do with a retired white woman who most people would not think of when talking about diversity.

20 Her name is Susie Symes and she is a woman on a mission. Susie loves facts and figures. More specifically, she loves to correct lazy thinking and wrong assumptions by using data and statistics. [...]

One of the pieces of lazy thinking she loves to squish is the idea that diversity is a minority issue. In fact, she says it is a majority issue. When we think about diversity, she explains, we invariably think about marginalised, disadvantaged groups. But answer these questions and see if they apply to you.

- 25
- Do you often feel excluded from society?
 - Do you ever feel like you are living in the ‘wrong’ part of the country to really have your voice heard?
 - Do you ever feel you are the ‘wrong’ colour to call yourself British with the same confidence as someone else?
- 30
- Are you gay or lesbian? Are you routinely made to feel wrong because you are seen to love the ‘wrong’ person?
 - Would you describe yourself as ‘typical’ or ‘normal’?



- Are you simply just the 'wrong' gender to get paid equally, pursue the career you want or have an equal chance of getting the top jobs?

35 If you answer yes to any of these questions, according to Susie, you are in the majority. [...] Susie has crunched the numbers and proved that people who are counted as diverse, which we think of as a minority, are, in fact, the majority.



Text 2 – 20th-century fiction

In this extract at the end of the novel, the narrator (Scout) and her brother, Jem are angry about the decision of the jury to convict Tom Robinson, a black man who has been wrongly accused. Scout describes the conversation she had with her father, Atticus Finch, the white lawyer who defended Tom Robinson about how the justice system is unfair. ‘

He wasn’t guilty in the first place and they said he was.’

‘If you had been on that jury, son, and eleven other boys like you, Tom would be a free man,’ said Atticus. ‘So far nothing in your life has interfered with your reasoning process. Those are twelve reasonable men in everyday life, Tom’s jury, but you saw
5 something come between them and reason. You saw the same thing that night in front of the jail. When that crew went away, they didn’t go as reasonable men, they went because we were there. There’s something in our world that makes men lose their heads—they couldn’t be fair if they tried. In our courts, when it’s a white man’s word against a black man’s, the white man always wins. They’re ugly, but those are the facts of life.’

‘Doesn’t make it right,’ said Jem stolidly. He beat his fist softly on his knee. ‘You can’t
10 just convict a man on evidence like that—you can’t.’ ‘You couldn’t, but they could and did. The older you grow the more of it you’ll see. The one place where a man ought to get a square deal is in a court-room, be he any colour of the rainbow, but people have a way of carrying their resentments right into a jury box. As you grow older, you’ll see white men
15 cheat black men every day of your life, but let me tell you something and don’t you forget it—whenever a white man does that to a black man, no matter who he is, how rich he is, or how fine a family he comes from, that white man is trash.’

Atticus was speaking so quietly his last word crashed on our ears. I looked up, and his face was vehement¹. ‘There’s nothing more sickening to me than a low-grade white
20 man who’ll take advantage of a Negro’s² ignorance. Don’t fool yourselves—it’s all adding up, and one of these days we’re going to pay the bill for it. I hope it’s not in you children’s time.’

Jem was scratching his head. Suddenly his eyes widened. ‘Atticus,’ he said, ‘why
25 don’t people like us and Miss Maudie ever sit on juries? You never see anybody from Maycomb on a jury—they all come from out in the woods.’

Atticus leaned back in his rocking chair. For some reason he looked pleased with Jem. ‘I was wondering when that’d occur to you,’ he said. ‘There are lots of reasons. For one thing, Miss Maudie can’t serve on a jury because she’s a woman.’

‘You mean women in Alabama can’t—?’ I was indignant. ‘I do. I guess it’s to protect
30 our frail ladies from sordid cases like Tom’s. Besides,’ Atticus grinned, ‘I doubt if we’d ever get a complete case tried—the ladies’d be interrupting to ask questions.’

Jem and I laughed. Miss Maudie on a jury would be impressive.

Glossary

¹ said with passion and intensity.

²a historical term used to refer to black people.



Source information

Text 1: 'Access All Areas: The Diversity Manifesto for TV and Beyond', Lenny Henry and Marcus Ryder, Bloomsbury 2021

Text 2: 'To Kill a Mockingbird', Harper Lee, Arrow Books

Ideas for questions

Text 1

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
1 (AO1)	In paragraph 3, identify one thing Walter and Alex do.
2 (AO2)	In paragraph 7, how does the writer use language to describe diversity?

Text 2

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
3 (AO1)	In paragraph 3, identify one place Atticus feels that everyone should be treated equally.
4 (AO2)	How does the writer use language and structure to interest and engage the reader?

Both texts

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
5 (AO1)	In the extracts, the narrators are discussing examples of injustice. Give three similarities these examples of injustice share.
6 (AO3)	Compare the writers' ideas and perspectives about inequality and diversity.

Topic 6: Windrush Generation/ finding a new home

NB: these two texts are both from the 21st century but do cover Fiction and Literary non-fiction. Although the examination texts will always be from the 20th and 21st century, these two texts can still be used in the classroom to help engage students and gain confidence across the Assessment Objectives.

Text 1 – 21st-century literary non-fiction

This extract is from a collection of stories from the men, women and children of the 'Windrush Generation' – a wave of migration from the West Indies in response to the British government's appeal to help rebuild the country after the Second World War. Here the photographer Charlie Phillips, who came to London as a young teenager in 1956, after growing up in Jamaica with his grandparents, remembers finding a home.

Story of Charlie Phillips

I will always remember sharing a room with three strangers. A man used to actually meet people at the station, or if they didn't have somewhere to go, because sometimes the boat train came in late, or due to the weather, or some people had to go to Slough, Staines and Birmingham, and if nobody came to meet them, they'd always come to the house, to find out if the people were staying there. They would pay five shillings a night or something like that, until friends and family come to meet them. In that time there was a guy called Barry Baker, and he used to meet a lot of people. He was the man that met my father and got them somewhere to live. Three of us stayed in the single room that night. It had a double bed and three of us had to share the bed. I always remember that night. Three complete strangers, we slept top and foot down. My parents were in another premises entirely. A double room wasn't vacant at the time. It was not until a couple of days later, when they managed to shift into a basement double room, where all the families slept. We used to have a communal kitchen. This man used to own houses. His name was Leopold. He came over here after the war. He was a policeman and was in the RAF, and he happened to stay after the war. He knew these people coming over, and because of the racism, he knew we wouldn't get places to rent, because it was at the time of 'no Irish, no dogs, no blacks'. So we had to sort out what we could, ourselves. And the English used to say, 'Oh ... there's 30 of them in that house!' and some houses had two shifts. So, a group who did the night work would have to sleep in the day, to sleep in the bed, and the same thing at night for the second shift who worked during the day.

There was a lot of slumming, but at least he gave people a roof over their heads. Because no other landlords were willing, and if you didn't pay your rent, you were out. But, if you were happy to slum... We moved around four times before we got somewhere permanent. And I remember when getting a new room, we would carry out rituals. We would get some rum or some whisky and squeeze into the four corners of the room. Then we would light a green candle, get a book, a Bible and a silver tuppence. Because it was alleged that the houses were haunted, after the war.

Text 2 – 21st-century fiction

In this extract, Hortense has travelled to England from Jamaica to meet up with her husband, Gilbert who moved there after the war to get work. Hortense has just arrived at his house and is greeted by an Englishwoman.

I hear Gilbert dragging at my trunk. We both stood listening to him huffing and puffing like a broken steam train.

Then he ran through the door, saying, ‘Hortense, what you have in that trunk – your mother?’ [...]

5 He broke into a laugh, which I remembered. [...]. I was still smiling when he started to rub his hands and say ‘Well, I hope you have guava and mango and rum and – ‘

I hope you’re not bringing anything into the house that will smell?’ the Englishwoman interrupted.

10 This question erased the smile from my face. Turning to her I said, ‘I have only brought what I – ‘

But Gilbert caught my elbow. ‘Come, Hortense,’ he said, as if the woman had not uttered a word. ‘Come, let me show you around’. [...]

15 We went into the room. Gilbert rushed to pull a blanket over the unmade bed. Still warm I was sure. It was obvious to me he had just got out of it. I could smell gas. Gilbert waved his arms around as if showing me a lovely view. ‘This is the room’, he said.

All I saw was dark brown walls. A broken chair that rested one uneven leg on the Holy Bible. A window with a torn curtain and Gilbert’s suit hanging from a rail on the wall.

‘Well’, I said, ‘show me the rest, then, Gilbert’. The man just stared. ‘Show me the rest, nah. I am tired from the long journey’. He scratched his head.

20 Gilbert spoke so softly I could hardly hear. He said, ‘But this is it’.

‘I am sorry?’ I said.

‘This is it, Hortense. This is the room I am living’.

25 Three steps would take me to one side of this room. Four steps could take me to another. There was a sink in the corner, a rusty tap stuck from the wall above it. There was a table with two chairs – one with its back broken – pushed up against the bed. [...]

‘Just this?’ I had to sit on the bed. My legs gave way. There was no bounce underneath me as I fell. ‘Just this?’. This is where you are living? Just this?’.

‘Yes, this is it’. He swung his arms around again, like it was a room in a palace.

‘Just this? Just this? You bring me all this way for just this?’

30 The man sucked his teeth and flashed angry eyes in my face. ‘What do you expect, woman? Yes, just this! What you expect? Everyone live like this. There has been a war. Houses bombed. I know plenty of people live worse than this. What you want?’



Source information

Text 1: *Voices of the Windrush Generation: The real story told by the people themselves*, David Matthews, Blink Publishing 2018.

Text 2: 'Small Island', Andrea Levy, Headline 2004

Ideas for questions

Text 1

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
1 (AO1)	In paragraph 1, identify one reason why people might need to be met at the train station.
2 (AO2)	In paragraph 2, how does the writer use language to describe where he lived with his family?

Text 2

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
3 (AO1)	In paragraph 7, identify one feature of the room which shows it has not been looked after.
4 (AO2)	How does the writer use language and structure to interest and engage the reader?

Both texts

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
5 (AO1)	In the extracts, the narrators are describing their experiences of moving to a new country Give three similarities these experiences share.
6 (AO3)	Compare the writers' ideas and perspectives about their lives in England.

Topic 7: Martin Luther Kings and His Teachings

Text 1 – 21st-century fiction

In this extract from a novel, Justyce McAllister, a black African American 17-year-old, has been arrested and held in prison by the police. When he is released, he writes a letter to Martin Luther King to express his confusion about what has happened and what he has learnt from the experience

August 25

DEAR MARTIN (AKA DR. KING),

5 First and foremost, please know I mean you no disrespect with the whole “Martin” thing. I studied you and your teachings for a project in tenth grade, so it feels most natural to interact with you as a homie. Hope you don’t mind that. Quick intro: My name is Justyce McAllister. I’m a 17-year-old high school senior and full-scholarship student at Braselton Preparatory Academy in Atlanta, Georgia. [...]

Sadly, during the wee hours of this morning, literally none of that mattered.

10 Long story short, I tried to do a good deed and wound up on the ground in handcuffs. And despite the fact that my ex-girl was visibly drunk [...]I apparently looked so menacing in my prep school hoodie, the cop who cuffed me called for backup. [...]

By the time they finally let me go, the sun was coming up. It’d been hours, Martin. [...]

15 Frankly, I’m not real sure what to feel. Never thought I’d be in this kind of situation. There was this kid, Shemar Carson . . . black dude, my age, shot and killed in Nevada by this white cop back in June. The details are hazy since there weren’t any witnesses, but what’s clear is this cop shot an unarmed kid. Four times. Even fishier, according to the medical examiners, there was a two-hour gap between the estimated time of death and when the cop called it in.

20 Before the incident last night, I hadn’t really thought much about it. [...]

All I can think now is “How different would things have gone had I not been a black guy?” I know initially the cop could only go by what he saw (which probably did seem a little sketchy), but I’ve never had my character challenged like that before.

25 Last night changed me. I don’t wanna walk around all p*****d off and looking for problems, but I know I can’t continue to pretend nothing’s wrong. Yeah, there are no more “colored”¹ water fountains, and it’s supposed to be illegal to discriminate, but if I can be forced to sit on the concrete in too-tight cuffs when I’ve done nothing wrong, it’s clear there’s an issue. That things aren’t as equal as folks say they are.

30 I need to pay more attention, Martin. Start really seeing stuff and writing it down. Figure out what to do with it. That’s why I’m writing to you. You faced way worse shi—I mean stuff than sitting in handcuffs for a few hours, but you stuck to your guns . . . Well, your lack thereof, actually.



I wanna try to live like you. Do what you would do. See where it gets me.
My wrist is killing me, so I have to stop writing now, but thanks for hearing me out.

35

Sincerely,
Justyce McAllister

Glossary

¹ colored – a popular term of the time used to describe members of the BAME community.



Text 2 – 20th-century literary non-fiction

In this extract from a speech given by Martin Luther King in 1955, he discusses how now is the time for black people to protest peacefully against the prejudice they experience every day.

There comes a time that people get tired. We are here this evening to say to those who have mistreated us so long that we are tired—tired of being segregated and humiliated; tired of being kicked about by the brutal feet of oppression.

5 There comes a time my friends when people get tired of being plunged across the abyss of humiliation, when they experience the bleakness of nagging despair. There comes a time when people get tired of being pushed out of the glimmering sunlight of last July and left standing amid the piercing chill of an Alpine November.

10 We had no alternative but to protest. For many years, we have shown amazing patience. We have sometimes given our white brothers the feeling that we liked the way we were being treated. But we come here tonight to be saved from that patience that makes us patient with anything less than freedom and justice.

One of the great glories of democracy is the right to protest for right. [...]

15 Our method will be that of persuasion, not coercion. We will only say to the people, 'Let your conscience be your guide.' Our actions must be guided by the deepest principles of our Christian faith. Love must be our regulating ideal. Once again we must hear the words of Jesus echoing across the centuries ('Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you'). If we fail to do this our protest will end up as a meaningless drama on the stage of history, and its memory will be shrouded with the ugly garments of shame. In spite of the mistreatment that we have confronted we must
20 not become bitter, and end up by hating our white brothers. As Booker T. Washington said, 'Let no man pull you so low as to make you hate him.'

25 We are not wrong in what we are doing. If we are wrong, the Supreme Court of this nation is wrong. If we are wrong, the Constitution of the United States is wrong. If we are wrong, God Almighty is wrong. If we are wrong, Jesus of Nazareth was merely a Utopian¹ dreamer who never came down to earth.

If you will protest courageously, and yet with dignity and Christian love, when the history books are written in future generations, the historians will have to pause and say, 'There lived a great people—a black people—who injected new meaning and dignity into the veins of civilization.' This is our challenge and our overwhelming responsibility.

Glossary

¹ Utopian – aiming for a state in which everything is perfect; ideal.



Source information

Text 1: 'Dear Martin ', Nic Stone , Simon and Schuster 2018

Text 2: "There comes a time when people get tired' (1955). Taken from: The Penguin book of Modern Speeches', Martin Luther King, edited by Brian MacArthur, Penguin 1992

Ideas for questions

Text 1

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
1 (AO1)	In paragraph 1, identify one feature of Justyce's life.
2 (AO2)	In paragraph 5, how does the writer use language to describe the shooting of Shemar Carson.

Text 2

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
3 (AO1)	In paragraph 5, identify one reason why Martin Luther King is against violent protest.
4 (AO2)	How does the writer use language and structure to interest and engage the reader?

Both texts

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
5 (AO1)	In the extracts, the speakers discuss the reasons why black people feel they are being treated unfairly. Give three similarities these reasons share.
6 (AO3)	Compare the writers' ideas and perspectives about prejudice.

Topic 8: Public Transport experiences

Text 1 – 20th-century literary non-fiction

In this extract from her autobiography, Rosa Parks, the African American activist, discusses how she fought against discrimination and segregation on the bus.

When I got off from work that evening of December 1, I went to Court Square as usual to catch the Cleveland Avenue bus home. [...]

5 I saw a vacant seat in the middle section of the bus and took it. I didn't even question why there was a vacant seat even though there were quite a few people standing in the back. If I had thought about it at all, I would probably have figured maybe someone saw me get on and did not take the seat but left it vacant for me. There was a man sitting next to the window and two women across the aisle.

10 The next stop was the Empire Theater, and some whites got on. They filled up the white seats, and one man was left standing. The driver looked back and noticed the man standing. Then he looked back at us. He said "Let me have those front seats" because they were the front seats of the black section. Didn't anybody move. We just sat right where we were, the four of us. Then he spoke a second time. "Y'all better make it light on yourselves and let me have those seats".

15 The man in the window next to me stood up and I moved to let him pass by me, and then I looked across the aisle and saw that the two women were also standing. I moved over to the window seat. I could not see how standing up was going to "make it light" for me. The more we gave in and complied, the worse they treated us. [...]

20 The driver of the bus saw me still sitting there, and he asked was I going to stand up. I said, "No". He said, "Well, I'm going to have you arrested". Then I said "You may do that". [...]

25 Eventually two policemen came. They got on the bus and one of them asked me why I didn't stand up. I asked him "why do you all push us around?". He said to me, and I quote him exactly, "I don't know, but the law is the law and you're under arrest". One policeman picked up my purse and the second one picked up my shopping bag and escorted me to the squad car. In the squad car, they returned my personal belongings to me. They did not put their hands on me or force me into the car.

As they were driving me to the city desk, at the City Hall, near Court Street, one of them asked me again. "Why didn't you stand up when the driver spoke to you". I didn't answer. I remained silent all the way to City Hall.

Text 2 – 21st-century fiction

In this extract from a novel, Jasmine, who feels self-conscious and constantly reminded about her weight, is harassed on public transport in New York.

Jasmine

If I had a superpower it would be to make myself invisible.

Not so I could eavesdrop on people’s conversations to see if they were talking about me—although that would be pretty cool. I would use it only in moments when being seen causes me to feel like nothing. Like right now. Everywhere I turn, I am reminded that something is wrong with me. Today, it’s the posters plastered on the dingy tile walls of the subway station at 135th and St. Nicholas. I’m heading uptown from Harlem to get to school, and this is not what I want to see first thing in the morning.

DID YOU KNOW?

Overweight children may not outlive their parents.

DID YOU KNOW?

BIG kids become BIGGER adults.

DID YOU KNOW?

It’s not about being big boned.

It’s about eating big meals.

FIGHT THE WAR AGAINST CHILDHOOD OBESITY.

War?

America is at war with me?

I try not to look at the posters, but it’s hard not to, since the print is so big and the chubby kids in the pictures look so sad and helpless. [...]

The train pulls in, more crowded than I expected. I squeeze myself into the jam-packed car. The door closes just as I bump into a man who is trying to keep his balance by holding on to the silver pole that is covered with sweaty hands of all colors and sizes. The train jerks forward, and I grab on to the man’s arm so I don’t fall. “Sorry,” I say. “No worries.” He steps back as much as he can to make room for me and moves his hand an inch up the pole. I hold on. Then he looks me up and down, leans forward, and says, “I like ’em big.”

I really, *really* wish I was invisible.

I refuse to look at him. [...]

The train chugs along, stops at 175th Street. I wish I could get off here, but the walk is too long. I can feel sweat seeping through my clothes.

The man keeps talking. Maybe to me, maybe to himself. “I sure do like ’em big.”

An elderly woman sitting in front of us clears her throat, loud. I look at her—she eyes me to move to the other side of the train. “There’s a seat over there,” she says, pointing. I



- 35 can barely squeeze my big body through the maze of people standing. I make my way to the seat, wondering the whole time why this woman told me to move instead of telling that man to shut up



Source information

Text 1: 'Rosa Parks: My Story', Rosa Parks and Jim Haskins, Dial Books 1992

Text 2: *Watch Us Rise*, Renee Watson and Ellen Hagan, Bloomsbury 2019

Ideas for questions

Text 1

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
1 (AO1)	In paragraph 3, identify one thing Rosa Parks notices on her journey.
2 (AO2)	In paragraph 5, how does the writer use language to describe what happened to her when she was arrested.

Text 2

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
3 (AO1)	In paragraph 2, identify one reason why childhood obesity might be dangerous.
4 (AO2)	How does the writer use language and structure to interest and engage the reader?

Both texts

Question number and AO	Possible areas/ideas to include
5 (AO1)	In the extracts, the speakers discuss a journey. Give three similarities these journeys share.
6 (AO3)	Compare the writers' ideas and perspectives about prejudice.



Single Texts

Text 1 – 20th-century fiction

In this extract from a novel, Winston Smith has been imprisoned by the people who run the country called 'The Party'.

5 He was in a high-ceilinged windowless cell with walls of glittering white porcelain. Concealed lamps flooded it with cold light, and there was a low steady humming sound which he supposed had something to do with the air supply. A bench, or shelf, just wide enough to sit on ran round the wall, broken only by the door and, at the end opposite the door, a lavatory pan with no wooden seat. There were four telescreens, one in each wall.

10 There was a dull aching in his belly. It has been there ever since they had bundled him into the closed van and driven him away. But he was also hungry, with a gnawing, unwholesome kind of hunger. It might be twenty-four hours since he had eaten, it might be thirty-six. He still did not know, probably never would know, whether it had been morning or evening when they arrested him. Since he was arrested he had not been fed.

15 He sat as still as he could on the narrow bench, with his hands crossed on his knee. He has already learned to sit still. If you made unexpected movements they yelled at you from the telescreen. But the craving for food was growing upon him. What he longed for above all was a piece of bread. He had an idea that there were a few breadcrumbs in the pocket of his overalls. It was even possible – he thought this because from time to time something seemed to tickle his leg – that there might be a sizeable bit of crust there. In the end the temptation to find out overcame his fear; he slipped a hand into his pocket.

20 'Smith!' yelled a voice from the telescreen. '6079 Smith W!' 'Hands out of pockets in the cells!'

25 He sat still again, his hands crossed on his knee. Before being brought here he had been taken to another place which must have been an ordinary prison or a temporary lock-up used by the patrols. He did not know how long he had been there; some hours at any rate; with no clocks and no daylight it was hard to gauge the time. It was a noisy, evil smelling place. They had put him in a cell similar to the one he was now in, but filthily dirty and at all times crowded by ten or fifteen people. The majority of them were common criminals, but there were a few political prisoners among them. He had sat silent against the wall, jostled by dirty bodies, too preoccupied by fear and the pain in his belly to take much interest in his surroundings, but still noticing the astonishing difference in demeanour between the Party prisoners and the others. The Party prisoners were always
30 silent and terrified, but the ordinary criminals seemed to care nothing for anybody.

Source information

1984, George Orwell, Sanage Publishing House, 2020

Text 2 – 20th-century fiction

In this extract from a novel, the narrator who is in a prison called Shawshank, talks about the first time he met a new prisoner called Andy Dufresne

I have enough killing on my mind to last me a lifetime. Yeah, I'm a regular Neiman-Marcus¹. And so when Andy Dufresne came to me in 1949 and asked if I could smuggle [a poster of] Rita Hayworth into the prison for him, I said it would be no problem at all. And it wasn't.

5 When Andy came to Shawshank in 1948, he was thirty years old. He was a short, neat little man with sandy hair and small, clever hands. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles. His fingernails were always clipped, and they were always clean.

10 That's a funny thing to remember about a man, I suppose, but it seems to sum Andy up for me. He always looked as if he should have been wearing a tie. On the outside he had been a vice-president in the trust department of a large Portland bank. Good work for a man as young as he was, especially when you consider how conservative most banks are . . . and you have to multiply that conservatism by ten when you get up into New England, where folks don't like to trust a man with their money unless he's bald, limping, and constantly plucking at his pants to get his truss around straight. Andy was in for murdering his wife and her lover.

15 As I believe I have said, everyone in prison is an innocent man. Oh, they read that scripture the way those holy rollers² on TV read the Book of Revelation. They were the victims of judges with hearts of stone and balls to match, or incompetent lawyers, or police frame-ups, or bad luck. They read the scripture, but you can see a different scripture in their faces. Most cons are a low sort, no good to themselves or anyone else, and their worst luck was that their mothers carried them to term.

25 In all my years at Shawshank, there have been less than ten men whom I believed when they told me they were innocent. Andy Dufresne was one of them, although I only became convinced of his innocence over a period of years. If I had been on the jury that heard his case in Portland Superior Court over six stormy weeks in 1947-48, I would have voted to convict, too

Glossary

¹ Neiman Marcus – An American department store.

² Holy Rollers – A member of an evangelical Christian group.

Source information

RITA HAYWORTH AND SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION by Stephen King. Copyright © 1982 by Stephen King. Reprinted with the permission of Scribner, a division of Simon & Schuster, Inc. All rights reserved



Text 3 – 20th-century fiction

In this extract from a novel, Frodo and Sam are talking about their adventures in Middle Earth and how others might view their lives in the future.

'I don't like anything here at all', said Frodo, 'step or stone, breath or bone. Earth, air and water all seem to be accursed. But so our path is laid'.

5 'Yes, that's so,' said Sam. 'And we shouldn't be here at all, if we'd known more about it before we started. But I suppose it's often that way. The brave things in the old tales and songs, Mr. Frodo: adventures, as I used to call them. I used to think that they were things the wonderful folk of the stories went out and looked for, because they wanted them, because they were exciting and life was a bit dull, a kind of a sport, as you might say. But that's not the way of it with the tales that really mattered, or the ones that stay in the mind. Folk seem to have been just landed in them, usually – their paths were laid that way, as you put it. But I expect they had lots of chances, like us, of turning back, only they didn't. And if they had, we shouldn't know, because they'd have been forgotten. We hear about those as just went on – and not all to a good end, mind you; at least not to what folk inside a story and not outside it call a good end. But those aren't always the best tales to hear, though they may be the best tales to get landed in! I wonder what sort of a tale we've
10
15 fallen into?

'I wonder,' said Frodo. 'But I don't know. And that's the way of a real tale. Take any one that you're fond of. You may know, or guess, what kind of a tale it is, happy-ending or sad-ending, but the people in it don't know. And you don't want them to.'

20 'No, sir, of course not. And why, sir, I never thought of that before! Why, to think of it, we're in the same tale still! It's going on. Don't the great tales never end? '

'No, they never end as tales,' said Frodo. 'But the people in them come, and go when their part's ended. Our part will end later – or sooner.'

25 'And then we can have some rest and some sleep,' said Sam. He laughed grimly. 'And I mean just that, Mr. Frodo. I mean plain ordinary rest, and sleep, and waking up to a morning's work in the garden. I'm afraid that's all I'm hoping for all the time. All the big important plans are not for my sort. Still, I wonder if we shall ever be put into songs or tales. We're in one, of course; but I mean: put into words, you know, told by the fireside, or read out of a great big book with red and black letters, years and years afterwards.'

Source information

'The Two Towers (The Lord of the Rings, Book 2)', J. R. R. Tolkien, HarperCollins Publishers, ebook new edition 20 Apr 2009



Text 4 – 20th-century fiction

In this extract from a novel, Clarice Starling, an FBI agent, has been asked to go to meet Dr Hannibal Lecter, a convicted serial killer, and interview him in his prison cell.

The corridor was about thirty yards long, with cells on both sides. Some were padded cells with an observation window, long and narrow like an archery slit, in the centre of the door. Others were standard prison cells, with a wall of bars opening on the corridor. Clarice Starling was aware of figures in the cells, but she tried not to look at them. [...]

- 5 The lights were on in the last cell. She moved toward the left side of the corridor to see into it as she approached, knowing her heels announced her.

Dr Lecter's cell is well beyond the others, facing only a closet across the corridor, and it is unique, in other ways. The front is a wall of bars, but within the bars, at a distance greater than the human reach, is a second barrier, a stout nylon net stretched from floor to ceiling and wall to wall. Behind the net, Starling could see a table bolted to the floor and piled high with softcover books and papers, and a straight chair, also fastened down.

10 Dr Hannibal Lecter himself reclined on his bunk, perusing the Italian edition of *Vogue*. He held the loose pages in his right hand and put them beside him one by one with his left. Dr Lecter had six fingers on his left hand.

15 Clarice Starling stopped a little distance from the bars, about the length of a small foyer. "Dr Lecter". Her voice sounded all right to her.

He looked up from his reading.

For a steep second she thought his gaze hummed, but it was only her blood she heard.

20 "My name is Clarice Starling. May I talk with you?". Courtesy was implicit in her distance and her tone.

Dr Lecter considered, his finger pressed against his pursed lips. Then he rose in his own time and came forward smoothly in his cage, stopping short of the nylon web without looking at it, as though he chose the distance.

25 She could see that he was small, sleek; in his hands and arms she saw wiry strength like her own.

"Good morning", he said, as though he had answered the door. His cultured voice has a slight metallic rasp beneath it, possibly from disuse.

Dr Lecter's eyes are maroon and they reflect the light in pinpoints of red. Sometimes the points of light seem to fly like sparks to his center. His eyes held Starling whole.

30 She came a measured distance closer to the bars. The hair on her forearms rose and pressed against her sleeves.

"Doctor, we have a hard problem in psychological profiling. I want to ask you for your help".

Source information

'The Silence of the Lambs', Thomas Harris, Arrow Books 2018



20th-century fiction

In this extract from a novel, Dr Kay Scarpetta and Detective Marino are investigating a case at a prison which has been emptied. They arrive and meet the guards, Mr Roberts and Helen Grimes.

A powerfully built young man dressed in Department of Corrections blues appeared down the corridor and headed our way. He peered at us through bars, his face attractive but hard, with a strong jaw and cold gray eyes. A dark red mustache hid an upper lip that I suspected could turn cruel.

5 Marino introduced us, “Yeah, my name’s Roberts and I’m here to give you the royal tour.” Keys jingled against iron as he opened the heavy gates. The clang of doors shutting behind us echoed off walls. “I’m afraid we got to search you first. If you’ll step over there, ma’am”.

10 He began running a scanner over Marino as another barred door opened and “Helen” emerged from the Communication Center. Her close-cropped hair was mannishly styled and dyed-shoe-polish-black, her eyes intense when they briefly met mine. The name tag pinned on a formidable breast read “Grimes”.

“Your bag,” she ordered.

15 I handed over my medical bag. She rifled through it, then roughly turned me this way and that as she subjected me to a salvo of probes and pats with the scanner and her hands. Then she brusquely nodded that I checked out okay as she returned to her lair of cinder block¹ and iron.

20 Marino and I followed Roberts past bars and more bars, through a series of doors that he unlocked and relocked, the air cold and ringing with the dull chimes of unfriendly metal. He asked us nothing about ourselves and made no references that I would call remotely friendly. His preoccupation seemed to be his role, which this afternoon was tour guide or guard dog, I wasn’t sure which.

25 A right turn and we entered the first cell block, a huge drafty space of green cinder block and broken windows, with four tiers of cells rising to a false roof topped by coils of barbed wire. Sloppily piled along the middle of the brown tile floor were dozens of narrow, plastic-covered mattresses, and scattered about were brooms, mops, and ratty red barber chairs. Leather tennis shoes, blue jeans and other odd personal effects littered high windowsills, and left inside many of the cells were televisions, books, and footlockers².

30 More doors were unlocked, and we found ourselves outside in the yard, a square of browning grass surrounded by ugly cell blocks. There were no trees. Guard towers rose from each corner of the wall, the men inside wearing heavy coats and holding rifles. We moved quickly and in silence as sleet stung our cheeks. Down several steps, we turned into another opening leading to an iron door more massive than any of the others I had seen.

35 “The east basement”, Roberts said, inserting a key in the lock. “The place where no one wants to be”.



Glossary

¹ cinder block – hollow rectangular building block made of cement and coal cinders.

² footlockers – small trunks or storage chests.

Source information: 'Cruel and Unusual', Patricia Cornwell, Hachette (1993)



20th-century fiction

In this extract from a novel, the narrator is starting her new job as a researcher for a beer company.

There is something intimidating about a row of closed doors if you know you have to go up and knock on them about ask what amounts to a favour. I straightened my dress and my shoulders and assumed what I hope was an official but friendly expression, and walked as far as the next block practising it before I had worked up resolution enough to begin. At the
5 end of the block I could see what looked like a fairly new apartment-building. I made it my goal: it would be cool inside, and might supply me with any missing interviews.

I rang the first doorbell. Someone scrutinised me briefly through the white semi-transparent curtains of the front window; then the door was opened by a sharp-featured
10 woman in a print apron with a bib. Her face had not a vestige of makeup on it, not even lipstick, and she was wearing those black shoes with laces and thick heels that make me think of the word 'orthopaedic' and that I associate with the bargain-basements of department stores.

'Good morning, I represent Seymore Surveys', I said, smiling falsely. 'We're doing a little survey and I wondered if your husband would be kind enough to answer a few
15 questions for me?'

'You selling anything?' she asked, glancing at my papers and pencil.

'Oh no! We have nothing to do with selling. We're a market research company, we merely ask questions. It helps improve the products', I added lamely. I didn't think I was
20 going to find what I was looking for.

'What's it about?' she asked, the corners of her mouth tightening with suspicion.

'Well, actually it's about beer', I said in a tinsel-bright voice, trying to make the work sound as skim-milk-like as possible.

Her face changed expression. She was going to refuse, I thought. But she
25 hesitated, then stepped aside and said in a voice that reminded me of cold oatmeal porridge, 'Come in'.

I stood in the spotless tiled hallway, inhaling the smell of furniture-polish and bleach, while she disappeared through a door farther on, closing it behind her. There was a murmured conversation; then the door opened again and a tall man with grey hair and a
30 severe frown came through it, followed by the woman. The man wore a black coat even though the day was so war

Source information: 'The Edible Woman', Margaret Atwood, Little, Brown Book Group/Virago, Digital Original 2012



20th-century literary non-fiction

In this extract from his autobiography, Gareth Thomas, the Welsh International rugby player, explains how he felt before and after he came out as gay and how he feels it is important to tell the truth about yourself.

Even today, I can still feel the fear. That will never leave me. Rejection is a silent terror. Guilt has the consistency of superglue. When you lie, if you have a modicum¹ of decency, you have to convince yourself you have a justification for doing so. Speaking to others who have come out, I've been amazed by how many of us created a parallel world, dark and
5 forbidding. It evolves in your imagination as an evil, dangerous place. It is homophobic. You construct an imaginary world in which you are an outcast, where your family will refuse to accept you for who you are. The horror of such a prospect gives you the reason to lie.

The compulsion to protect your secret, at all costs, is addictive. It is a very personal
10 process, and untruths become your ally. I had lied constantly, for longer than I cared to remember. I had lied about stupid things: if someone asked me what I'd done the night before, for instance, I'd tell them I'd been roaring drunk at the local, when in reality I had slobbered out in front of the telly. I can't explain or excuse that; I just did it. It was as if lying was so crucial to me it became a muscle to be exercised in case I needed it. Usually I did
15 it to please other people, and make life easier. It helped me to avoid confrontation or discomfort. In many other cases it was an unthinking reflex action without logic or substance. It also allowed me to avoid answering questions that were too close to the bone.

I realise I have a duty to tell the truth, because the truth is universal, and
20 exceptionally powerful. I've been stopped on the street across the world, from Sunderland to San Francisco. They are chance encounters, accidents of fate, but they follow a similar narrative. Strangers make the most of the coincidence to share their stories of how my example helped them, their families or their friends to have a better life.

Or even to have a life at all.

25 During these conversations, there is a real sense of connection, on a human level. At the risk of sounding trite², I'm humbled by such fleeting relationships. They make me wonder how many others are out there, too shy to take the initiative and make that contact. I'm nothing special, but it seems I am thought of as a special case. Perhaps that is because, as a rugby player, I've challenged the stereotypical perceptions of a gay man.

Glossary

¹ modicum – a small amount

² trite – lacking freshness/dull

Source information: 'Proud: My Autobiography', Gareth Thomas, Ebury Publishing 2014