**English Language Paper 2
Contextual Sources**

**General Exam Guidance:**

1. Read through both sources and the questions very carefully to make sure that you fully understand them.
2. Answer every question.
3. Make sure that you are demonstrating the correct skills to get the most marks in each question.
4. Check timings carefully. You get 1hr 45m which seems like a long time but it will go by very quickly. Use the amount of marks as a guide for how long to spend.
5. Use all available time. If you are ‘finished’ go back and improve your responses – make sure that you get every last mark.

**Question Guidance:**

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
|  | What to do  | Skill (AO) | Mark | Timing |
|  | First read through the questions and both sources carefully. | - | - | 10m |
| 1. | This is a simple true or false statement question. Make sure that you reread the section it tells you to very carefully and then indicate which statements are true. Select four of them. If you are not sure then select four that you are most confident about anyway because you might get it right. Do not do more than four. | AO1 – identify. | 4 | 5m |
| 2. | This is a summary question which asks you to synthesise (bring together) information from both texts. Keep this simple and to the point. You should make inferences and judgements about the similarities or differences between the texts. | AO1 - synthesise | 8 | 10m |
| 3.  | This is an analysis question that requires you to focus upon language choices. It specifies a part of one of the texts so make sure that you only use references from that section – draw a box next to it to keep you focussed. Analyse things like imagery, vocabulary choices, simile, metaphor, personification, etc.  | AO2 – language analysis. | 12 | 15 |
| 4.  | This is comparative question and it is incredibly important to use lots of skills in this one. Although it is only assessing AO3 which is comparison, this question requires you to show all of the skills. This means that you need to identify, analyse and evaluate the effects of similar and different features in both texts. It is the hardest question and you should spend the most time on it. Remember, you can use some of the same ideas and points from questions 2 and 3 if they fit.  | AO3 – comparison  | 16 | 20 |
| 5. | This is a different section because it is a piece of creative writing. The examiner will give you a specific task and you have to write a response. This will be things like write a letter or a newspaper article or a speech. You must make sure that you demonstrate your best and most accurate writing in this section. You are assessed on your ability to structure ideas clearly and imaginatively and also on SPAG. It is worth a huge 40 marks so you MUST spend a significant chunk of time on it and give yourself time to improve your work. | AO5 – content and organisation and AO6 – SPAG. | 40 | 45 (5m planning, 35m writing & 5m improving). |

**Healthcare:**

**Source A:**

*Harry Leslie Smith, a 91 year old war veteran, delivered this speech to the Labour Party Conference in Manchester in 2014.* [*https://labourlist.org/2014/09/the-91-year-old-whose-speech-lit-up-labour-conference/*](https://labourlist.org/2014/09/the-91-year-old-whose-speech-lit-up-labour-conference/)

“I came into this world in the rough and ready year of 1923. I am from Barnsley and I can tell you that my childhood, like so many others from that era, was not an episode from Downton Abbey.

Instead, it was a barbarous time. It was a bleak time. It was an uncivilized time because public healthcare didn’t exist.

Back then hospitals, doctors and medicine were for the privileged few because they were run for profit rather than as a vital state service that keeps a nation’s citizens fit and healthy.

My memories stretch back almost a hundred years, and if I close my eyes, I can smell the poverty that oozed from the dusky tenement streets of my boyhood.

I can taste on my lips the bread and drippings I was served for my tea. I can remember extreme hunger, and my parent’s undying love for me. I can still feel my mum and dad’s desperation as they tried to keep our family safe and healthy in the slum we called home.

Poor mum and dad. No matter how hard they tried to protect me and my sisters, the cards were stacked against them because common diseases controlled our neighbourhoods and snuffed out life like a cold breath on a warm candle flame.

I still remember hearing while I played as a child on my street the anguished cries that floated from a window on my boyhood street. They were the screams from a woman dying from cancer who couldn’t afford morphine to ease her passage from this life.

No one in our community was safe from poor health, sickness and disease. In our home, TB came for my oldest sister, Marion, who was the apple of my dad’s eye. Her sickness and his inability to pay for medicine broke his heart.

Tuberculosis tortured my sister and left her an invalid that had to be restrained with ropes tied to her bed. My parents did everything in their power to keep Marion alive and comfortable but they just didn’t have the dosh to get her to the best clinics, doctors or medicines.

Instead she wasted away before our eyes until my mother could no longer handle her care and she was dispatched to our workhouse infirmary where she died 87 years ago. Mum and dad couldn’t afford to bury their darling daughter. So like the rest of our country’s indigent[[1]](#footnote-1), she was dumped nameless into a pauper’s[[2]](#footnote-2) pit.

My family’s story isn’t unique. Rampant poverty and no health care were the norm for the Britain of my youth. That injustice galvanized my generation to become, after the Second World War, the tide that raised all boats.

In 1945, at the age of 22, still in the RAF after a long hard Great Depression and a savage and brutal war, I voted for the first time.

Election Day 1945 was one of the proudest days in my life. I felt that I was finally getting a chance to grab destiny by the shirt collar and that is why I voted for Labour and for the creation of the NHS.

Today my heart is with all of those people from my generation who didn’t make it past childhood, didn’t get an education, didn’t grow as individuals, didn’t marry, didn’t raise a family and didn’t enjoy the fruits of retirement. They died needlessly and too early. But my heart is also with the people of the present, who are struggling once more to make ends meet, and whose futures I fear for.

Today, we must be vigilant. We must be vocal. We must demand that the NHS will always remain an institution for the people and by the people. We must never ever let the NHS free from our grasp because if we do your future will be my past. So I want to say loudly and clearly: Mr Cameron[[3]](#footnote-3), keep your mitts off my NHS.”

**Source B:**

*Drooping Buds was an article describing a visit to the then newly founded Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. The work was co-written by Henry Morley and Charles Dickens and first published in Dickens’ own weekly magazine Household Words on Saturday, 3 April 1852. After publication, Drooping Buds was reprinted as a promotional pamphlet by the hospital. This is an edited version where some of the article has been cut, the ellipsis (…) indicates where there are cuts.*

IN Paris, Berlin, Turin, Frankfort, Brussels, and Munich; in Hamburgh, St. Petersburgh, Moscow, Vienna, Prague, Pesth, Copenhagen, Stuttgard, Grätz, Brünn, Lemberg, and Constantinople[[4]](#footnote-4); there are hospitals for sick children. There was not one in all England until the other day.

No hospital for sick children! Does the public know what is implied in this? Those little graves two or three feet long, which are so plentiful in our churchyards and our cemeteries—to which, from home, in absence from the pleasures of society, the thoughts of many a young mother sadly wander—does the public know that we dig too many of them? Of this great city of London—which, until a few weeks ago, contained no hospital wherein to treat and study the diseases of children—more than a third of the whole population perishes in infancy and childhood. Twenty-four in a hundred die, during the two first years of life; and, during the next eight years, eleven die out of the remaining seventy-six.

Our children perish out of our homes: not because there is in them an inherent dangerous sickness, but because there is, in respect of their tender lives, a want of sanitary discipline and a want of medical knowledge. What should we say of a rose-tree in which one bud out of every three dropped to the soil dead? We should not say that this was natural to roses; neither is it natural to men and women that they should see the glaze of death upon so many of the bright eyes that come to laugh and love among them—or that they should kiss so many little lips grown cold and still. The vice is external. We fail to prevent disease; and, in the case of children, to a much more lamentable extent than is well known, we fail to cure it.

Think of it again. Of all the coffins that are made in London, more than one in every three is made for a little child: a child that has not yet two figures to its age. Although science has advanced, although vaccination has been discovered and brought into general use, although medical knowledge is tenfold greater than it was fifty years ago, we still do not gain more than a diminution[[5]](#footnote-5) of two per cent. in the terrible mortality among our children.

…

The want of a Child’s Hospital in London is supplied. The Hospital for Sick Children, lately established and now open, is situated in Great Ormond Street, Queen Square.

…

A sick child is a contradiction of ideas, like a cold summer. But to quench the summer in a child’s heart is, thank God! not easy. If we do not make a frost with wintry discipline, if we will use soft looks and gentle words; though such an hospital be full of sick and ailing bodies, the light, loving spirits of the children will fill its wards with pleasant sounds, contrasting happily with the complainings that abound among our sick adults. Suffer these little ones to come to such a Christian House, and forbid them not! They will not easily forget it. Around the gates of the Child’s Hospital at Frankfort, hangs a crowd of children who have been discharged, lying in wait to pounce with a loving word upon any of those who tended them when sick. They send little petitions in to the hospital authorities to be allowed, as a special favour, to come into the garden again, to play. A child’s heart is soon touched by gentle people; and a Child’s Hospital in London, through which there should pass yearly eight hundred children of the poor, would help to diffuse a kind of health that is not usually got out of apothecaries’ bottles[[6]](#footnote-6).

…

Is it too much to believe that the little beds in the great house will never be suffered to remain empty, while there are little shapes of pain and unrest to lie down in them; or that the wilderness in the garden will be taught to bloom with recovered infant health? Who that knows how sweet a part of home the children are—who that knows how ill our hearts can spare one child to Death, far less the dreadful and reproachful thought of one in three—can doubt the end of this so sorely needed enterprise! Its way to the general sympathy and aid, lies through one of the broadest doors into the general heart; and that heart is a great and tender one, and will receive it.

**Healthcare Questions:**

Question 1:

Read again the first part of Source A from lines 1 to 12. Choose four statements below which are true.

• Shade the circles in the boxes of the ones that you think are true.

• Choose a maximum of four statements.

• If you make an error cross out the whole box.

• If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

1. Harry Smith was born in 1923.
2. Harry Smith says he is over 100 years old.
3. Harry Smith felt like his parents didn’t try to help him.
4. Harry Smith is from Barnsley.
5. There were barbarians in his childhood.
6. He watched Downton Abbey as a child.
7. Public healthcare did not exist when Harry Smith was growing up.
8. Harry Smith can still remember the extreme hunger he suffered as a child.

Question 2:

You need to refer to Source A and Source B for this question.
The writers in Source A and Source B talk about the different experiences of poor sick children.
Use details from both sources to write a summary of what you understand about the differences about the experience of poor sick children. [8 marks]

Question 3:

You now need to refer only to Source A from lines 19 to 26. How does the writer use language to describe the experience of the death of his sister, Marion? [12 marks]

Question 4:

For this question, you need to refer to the whole of Source A, together with the whole of Source B. Compare how the writers convey their different perspectives and feelings about healthcare.

In your answer, you could:

• compare their different perspectives and feelings

• compare the methods the writers use to convey their different perspectives and feelings

• support your response with references to both texts. [16 marks]

**Section B: Writing**

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

Question 5:

‘If you can afford better healthcare for you and your family, you should be able to pay for the best doctors and nurses.’

Write a letter to the editor of a newspaper in which you argue your point of view in response to this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy) [40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

**War:**

Source A:

*This is a letter written by J.B. Priestley to his parents whilst he was a soldier during WW1.*

In the trenches

1/1/16

My Dear Parents,

I am writing this on the evening of the first day of the new year. We came into the trenches (an emergency call) the day before yesterday, but we are in the reserve trenches, not the firing line. I am writing this in my dugout (about two feet high and five feet long) by the miserable light of a guttering, little bit of candle. Soon it will go out, and then (for its only 5.30 and a wild night) come the long, long dark hours until ‘stand to’ in the morning.

Last night, old year’s night, was a nightmare evening. At 1 o’clock, the troops in the front line made two bomb attacks on the German front line, and we’d to support them. For an hour, it was literally hell upon earth. I had to spend most of the time crouched in the mud by the side of a machine gun. It was going nearly all the time, and the noise nearly stunned me, then the sickly smell of cordite, and the dense masses of steam from the water cooler didn’t improve matters. Both our artillery and theirs were going for all they were worth, and they lit up the sky. You could see some of the shells going through the air, swift, red streaks. Then an incessant stream of bullets from both sides, bombs, trench mortars, making a hellish din, and the sky lit up with a mad medley of shells, searchlights, star lights, the green and red rockets (used for signalling purposes); just about an hour of hell, and that was our introduction to the year of 1916!

This morning I learned that we lost about 80 men and several officers, so that it cost us pretty dearly. I enjoyed the parcel hugely, and the pudding was splendid! Please thank Mrs What’s-her-name for her kind gift. It is very comfortable. I’m afraid that you would hardly recognise me if you saw me now. It is three days since I had a shave, and two since I had a wash. I’m a mask of mud. My hair is matted, and I resemble an Australian beachcomber.

This is morning of Jan. 2nd. We go into the firing line this afternoon for four days. By the way, if you can get hold of any old paperbacked sixpenny novels (such as Jacobs, Stanley Weyman – light stuff) please send some in your next parcel. No magazines; there’s not enough reading matter and the quality is bad. Only old copies, you know, don’t buy new ones.

I saw a tin the other day, labelled Mackintosh’s Chocolate Toffee de Luxe. It sounds so weird that I’d like some if you can procure any, please!

Yours affectionately,

Jack P.

Source B:

*On 25 October 1854, Lord Cardigan led the charge of the Light Brigade against the Russians in the Battle of Balaclava in the Crimea. The order to attack the gun positions arose due to a miscommunicated message somewhere along the chain of command. Although the attack was successful it was widely seen as coming at a terrible cost with many of the soldiers dying. This is a newspaper article from November 1854 that reports on the charge.*

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT CAVALRY BRIGADE.

The charge of the Light Brigade of Cavalry on the batteries of the enemy, some 30 guns strong, though brilliantly and bravely done, was the most disastrous in its consequences to that gallant and devoted band, for it seems that out of 700 who went into the fray only 130 answered their roll when it was over; and it appears to have been done under a misapprehension of an order from the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Cardigan pointed out to his superior officer the immense difficulty of charging a battery, flanked by another, into a sort of *cul de sac*, with the hills lined with Rifles and guns; but receiving the positive order to charge, at it he and his splendid brigade went, and as they approached within a few hundred yards of the big battery a shell burst close to him and struck Captain Nolan in the chest which caused the poor fellow to scream awfully, and his horse turned and galloped to the rear, where his gallant but impetuous rider was found lying dead. The Light Brigade still kept sweeping on till they were right in front of them, when a 32-pounder went off within two feet of Lord Cardigan’s horse, quite lifting him off the ground, but he got in among them, and was, where he always will be when it comes to the point, in the first rank. It seems they rode right through the guns and turned, after killing the men who were serving them. His Lordship’s extra aide-de-camp[[7]](#footnote-7), it is supposed, was wounded and taken prisoner, for he has not since been heard of. Mr Wombwell, of the 17th Lancers, had a most extraordinary escape, showing a monstrous deal of pluck[[8]](#footnote-8). His horse was — it is said two were — shot under him, and he was taken prisoner, but while being marched off he saw an opportunity, mounted a Russian’s horse, and galloped back, rejoining some of his brigade who had reformed, and charging again without a sword or pistol. Mr. Cook, of the 11th, also had a regular run for his life of a mile and a half, pursued by the Russian cavalry, to avoid whom he ran under range of the guns of one of their batteries, and finally escaped. Major Clarke, of the Grays, in addition to a bad cut in the neck, had his horse’s tail almost cut off by a sabre cut; and I hear the gallant Adjutant[[9]](#footnote-9) Miller an unusually powerful man, did extraordinary execution when he got to close quarters with them.

THE MELEE.

However, there was no hesitation; down our fellows went at the gallop, through a fire in front and on both flanks, which emptied our saddles and knocked over our horses by scores. I do not think that one man flinched in the whole brigade, though every one allows that so hot a fire was hardly ever seen. We went right on, cut down the gunners at their guns, (the Russians worked their guns till we were within ten yards of them) went on still, broke a line of cavalry in rear of the guns, and drove it back on the third line. But here our bolt was shot; the Russians formed four deep, and our thin and broken ranks and blown horses could not attempt to break through them, particularly as the Russian cavalry had got round our flanks, and were prepared to charge our rear (with fresh men.) We broke back through them, however, and then had to run the gauntlet through the cross-fire of artillery and Minié rifles[[10]](#footnote-10) back to our own lines, with their cavalry hanging on our flank. The heavy brigade, which made a good charge of its own in the morning, covered our coming out of action and lost some men from the artillery.

**War Questions:**

**Question 1:**

Read again the first part of Source A from lines 1 to 10.

Choose four statements below which are true.

* Shade the circles in the boxes of the ones that you think are true.
* Choose a maximum of four statements.
* If you make an error cross out the whole box.
* If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

1. This letter is addressed to his parents.
2. Priestley is pleased about it being New Year.
3. He is using a torch to write the letter by.
4. They are in the firing line.
5. They have plenty of room in the dugouts.
6. Priestley is writing this letter about 5.30 in the morning.
7. He was in the reserve trenches writing this letter.
8. The letter was written on New Year’s Day.

**Question 2:**

You need to refer to Source A and Source B for this question.
Both sources describe the similar dangers of gunfire.
Use details from both sources to write a summary of what you understand about the similar dangers of gunfire. [8 marks]

**Question 3:**

You now need to refer only to Source A from lines 10-20.
How does the writer use language to describe his experience of the bomb attacks? [12 marks]

**Question 4:**

For this question, you need to refer to the whole of Source A, together with the whole of Source B.
Compare how the writers convey their perspectives on war.
In your answer, you could:

* compare their perspectives on the battles described
* compare the methods the writers use to convey their perspectives
* support your response with references to both texts. [16 marks]

**Section B: Writing**

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

**Question 5:**

‘War is unnecessary, too many people die due to bad decisions and a careless attitude to human life.’

Write a letter to the Minister for Defence arguing your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy) [40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

**Honouring**

Source A:

*This edited obituary was written by Martin Wainwright and published in ‘The Guardian’ newspaper shortly after J.B. Priestley’s death in 1984.*

**JB Priestley, grand old grumbler, dies at 89**

***16 August 1984: His canon of more than a 100 plays and books guarantees him a lasting place in 20th century English literature***

‘They’ve been too long about giving me it,’ growled JB Priestley, when he joined the ranks of the Order of Merit - never more than 24 strong - after Benjamin Britten’s death. ‘There’ll be another vacancy very soon.’ He was wrong. It was not until Tuesday this week, nearly seven years later, that the Grand Old Tyke[[11]](#footnote-11) of English letters died peacefully at home, one month short of his 90th birthday.

Apart from the Order of Merit and the freedom of his native Bradford, John Boynton Priestley spurned major honours, among them a knighthood and a half-hour attempt by Harold Wilson to persuade him to become a peer. But his canon of more than a 100 plays and books guarantees him a lasting place in 20th century English literature.

He will be remembered, too, for his wartime radio broadcasts, which are among the finest material in the national sound archive. He was uncharacteristically modest about them; but they doubled the fame he had won with his best-selling novel, The Good Companions. Published in 1929 and never out of print since, the success of the book transformed Priestley’s standing from a noted but not widely read critic, a respectful friend of Arnold Bennett, H G Wells and George Bernard Shaw, to a literary lion in his own right. A long and prolific stream of publications followed which continued, at the rate of roughly one a year and amid his own grumblings of ‘I write too much’ until the late 1970s.

Priestley was the son of a Bradford schoolmaster and was educated in the city before enlisting as a private in the Duke of Wellington’s regiment on the outbreak of war in 1914. He was buried by a mortar bomb explosion and wounded three times, but survived five years in France and graduated in English literature from Trinity Hall, Cambridge after the war.

He dallied[[12]](#footnote-12) briefly with his native city’s staple industry but his head was too full of stories and plots and he confessed to being ‘the worst clerk in the history of the wool trade.’ He acknowledged the powerful influence of Bradford and the West Riding on his writing but his relationship with the place was famously touchy. He was rejected for the freedom of the city once and when he finally won it he noted: ‘I got nothing concrete out of it at all, not even a free ride on the buses.’ On another occasion, when the local council was enthusiastically demolishing the city centre, he told a civic lunch: ‘I may not have put anything up in Bradford but at least I can say I’ve never pulled anything down.’

Through newspaper articles and political platforms - usually Labour or Liberal, although he joined neither party - he developed a reputation for truculence[[13]](#footnote-13) which he encouraged. ‘I have always been a grumbler,’ he said. ‘I am designed for the part - sagging face, weighty underlip, rumbling, resonant voice. Money couldn’t buy a better grumbling outfit.’ In later years his face, which he compared accurately to a ‘potato with eyebrows,’ could be seen at a variety of odd ceremonies whose quirkiness he enjoyed.

He was married three times. His first wife died of cancer. His second divorced him. His third, the archeologist Jacquetta Hawkes, joined him on the early Aldermaston marches and encouraged his support for the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. After trying to settle in various parts of the South, including the Isle of Wight where he ventured unsuccessfully into farming on 2,000 acres, Priestley found Kissing Tree House, half Georgian, half Regency, in beautiful countryside near Stratford-upon-Avon, where he died. He leaves his widow and a son and four daughters from his previous marriages.

Source B:

*This is an edited obituary for the writer Charles Dickens published in ‘The Times’ newspaper shortly after his death in 1870:*

(Obituary Notice, Saturday, June 11, 1870.)

The mere announcement that Charles Dickens is dead repeats the common sentence passed on all humanity. Death has once again demanded its own, and a claim which all men must sooner or later meet. We forget how many mortals breathe their last in every minute according to the calculations of statistical authorities. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and Thursday, the 9th day of June, 1870, will be an evil day in the memories of all who can appreciate true genius and admire its matchless works. We have had greater writers both in poetry and prose, but they were not of our day and generation. For us just now this loss is our greatest. It would have been great at any time from the moment when he turned with aversion from the drudgery of a solicitor's office, amid the forebodings of his friends, and thenceforward rose in the clear light of literature, until he soared in the sunshine of success far above all his fellows. There are minds of such jealous fibre that the very merits of an author, his mightiest gifts and his most special talents, only serve as food on which to nourish their prejudices. Such are they who, while forced to admit the wit, humour, and power of Charles Dickens, always added, "but he was vulgar." Yes, in one sense he was vulgar; he delighted in sketching the characters not of dukes and duchesses, but of the poor and lowly. He had listened to their wants and sorrows, seen them in their alleys and garrets, had learnt their accents and dialect by heart, and then, with a truth and liveliness all his own, he photographed them in his immortal works. In that sense alone was Charles Dickens "vulgar." He was of the people, and lived among them. His was not the close atmosphere of a saloon or of a forcing house. In the open air of the streets, and woods, and fields, he lived and had his being, and so he came into closer union with common men, and caught with an intuitive force and fulness of feature every detail of their daily life. His creations have become naturalized, so to speak, among all classes of the community, and are familiar to every man, high or low. How many fine gentlemen and ladies, who never saw Pickwick or Sam Weller in the flesh, have laughed at their portraits by Charles Dickens. How many have been heartbroken at the sufferings of Oliver, been indignant at the brutality of Bill Sykes, wept over the fallen Nancy's cruel fate, and even sympathized with the terrible agony of Fagin in the condemned cell, who but for Charles Dickens would never have known that such sorrows and crimes, such cruel wrongs, and such intensity of feeling existed in those lower depths of London life, far above which, like the golden gods of Epicurus[[14]](#footnote-14), they lived in careless ease till this great apostle of the people touched their hearts and taught them that those inferior beings had hearts and souls of their own, and could be objects of sympathy as well as victims of neglect.

…

His great characters have struck fast root in the hearts of his countrymen, for this, above all other reasons, that they are natural—natural both relatively to the writer who created them and to the station in life in which they are supposed to live. Like the giant who revived as soon as he touched his mother earth, Charles Dickens was never so strong as when he threw himself back on the native soil of the social class among which he had been born and bred, whose virtues, faults, and foibles[[15]](#footnote-15) he could portray with a truth and vigour denied to any other man. That he was eminently successful may be proved by his works. He is gone, indeed, but they remain behind and will long speak for him. Every day will only add to the universal feeling that he wrote not for this age alone, but for all time, and that this generation, in losing sight of him, will hardly look upon his like again.

**Honouring Questions:**

**Question 1:**

Read again the first part of Source A from lines 1 to 13.

Choose four statements below which are true.

* Shade the circles in the boxes of the ones that you think are true.
* Choose a maximum of four statements.
* If you make an error cross out the whole box.
* If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

1. Priestley was awarded the ‘Order of Merit’.
2. He was a knight and a peer.
3. He died in WW2.
4. Priestley died on a Tuesday.
5. He was over 90 years old.
6. He generally rejected honours.
7. He wrote over 100 plays and books.
8. The writer shows that he dislikes Priestley.

**Question 2:**

You need to refer to Source A and Source B for this question.
Both sources describe books and texts produced by writers.
Use details from both sources to write a summary of what you understand about the different books and texts produced by these writers. [8 marks]

**Question 3:**

You now need to refer only to Source B from lines 33 to 41.
How does the writer use language to describe the writing of Charles Dickens? [12 marks]

**Question 4:**

For this question, you need to refer to the whole of Source A, together with the whole of Source B.
Compare how the writers convey their different perspectives on these writers.
In your answer, you could:

* compare their different perspectives on these writers
* compare the methods the writers use to convey their perspectives
* support your response with references to both texts. [16 marks]

**Section B: Writing**

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

**Question 5:**

‘Celebrities, politicians and sports personalities come and go but it is the works of great writers that are truly remembered over generations.’

Write an article for a newspaper in which you explain your point of view on this statement.
(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy) [40 marks]
You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

**Suffrage**:

**Source A:**

*This extract, from Emmeline Pankhurst’s autobiography: Suffragette, details a protest by the women in the Suffragette movement attempting to get to the House of Commons.*

I presided over the women's meeting, which was marked with a fervency[[16]](#footnote-16) and a determination of spirit at that time altogether unprecedented[[17]](#footnote-17). A resolution expressing indignation that woman suffrage[[18]](#footnote-18) should have been omitted[[19]](#footnote-19) from the King's speech, and calling upon the House of Commons to give immediate facilities to such a measure, was moved and carried. A motion to send the resolution[[20]](#footnote-20) from the hall to the Prime Minister was also carried. The slogan, "Rise up, women," was cried from the platform, the answering shout coming back as from one woman, "Now!" With copies of the resolution in their hands, the chosen deputation[[21]](#footnote-21) hurried forth into the February dusk, ready for Parliament or prison, as the fates decreed.

Fate did not leave them very long in doubt. The Government, it appeared, had decided that not again should their sacred halls of Parliament be desecrated[[22]](#footnote-22) by women asking for the vote, and orders had been given that would henceforth prevent women from reaching even the outer precincts of the House of Commons. So when our deputation of women arrived in the neighbourhood of Westminster Abbey they found themselves opposed by a solid line of police, who, at a sharp order from their chief, began to stride through and through the ranks of the procession, trying to turn the women back. Bravely the women rallied and pressed forward a little farther. Suddenly a body of mounted police came riding up at a smart trot, and for the next five hours or more, a struggle, quite indescribable for brutality and ruthlessness, went on.

The horsemen rode directly into the procession, scattering the women right and left. But still the women would not turn back. Again and again they returned, only to fly again and again from the merciless hoofs. Some of the women left the streets for the pavements, but even there the horsemen pursued them, pressing them so close to walls and railings that they were obliged to retreat temporarily to avoid being crushed. Other strategists took refuge in doorways, but they were dragged out by the foot police and were thrown directly in front of the horses. Still the women fought to reach the House of Commons with their resolution. They fought until their clothes were torn, their bodies bruised, and the last ounce of their strength exhausted. Fifteen of them did actually fight their way through those hundreds on hundreds of police, foot and mounted, as far as the Strangers' Lobby of the House. Here they attempted to hold a meeting, and were arrested. Outside, many more women were taken into custody. It was ten o'clock before the last arrest was made, and the square cleared of the crowds. After that the mounted men continued to guard the approaches to the House of Commons until the House rose at midnight.

**Source B:**

*This is an edited extract from the middle and end of an article titled ‘The New Aspect of the Woman Question’ by Sarah Grand. It was published in The North American Review originally in 1894. The whole article sets out her views on what was to become known as the idea of the ‘New Woman’. This was an idea about women towards the end of the Victorian era which rejected traditional stereotypes about femininity.*

Women were awaking from their long apathy, and, as they awoke, like healthy hungry children unable to articulate, they began to whimper for they knew not what. They might have been easily satisfied at that time had not society, like an ill-conditioned and ignorant nurse, instead of finding out what they lacked, shaken them and beaten them and stormed at them until what was once a little wail became convulsive shrieks and roused up the whole human househould. Then man, disturbed by the uproar, came upstairs all anger and irritation, and, without waiting to learn what was the matter, added his own old theories to the din, but, finding they did not act rapidly, formed new ones, and made an in tolerable nuisance of himself with his opinions and advice. He was in the state of one who cannot comprehend because he has no faculty[[23]](#footnote-23) to perceive the thing in question, and that is why he was so positive. The dimmest perception that you may be mistaken will save you from making an ass of yourself.

We must look upon man's mistakes, however, with some leniency, because we are not blameless in the matter ourselves. We have allowed him to arrange the whole social system and manage or mismanage it all these ages without ever seriously examining his work with a view to considering whether his abilities and his motives were sufficiently good to qualify him for the task. We have listened without a smile to his preachments, about our place in life and all we are good for, on the text that "there is no understanding a woman." We have endured most poignant misery for his sins, and screened him when we should have exposed him and had him punished. We have allowed him to exact all things of us, and have been content to accept the little he grudgingly gave us in return. We have meekly bowed our heads when he called us bad names instead of demanding proofs of the superiority which alone would give him a right to do so. We have listened much edified[[24]](#footnote-24) to man's sermons on the subject of virtue, and have acquiesced uncomplainingly in the convenient arrangement by which this quality has come to be altogether practised for him by us vicariously. We have seen him set up Christ as an example for all men to follow, which argues his belief in the possibility of doing so, and have not only allowed his weakness and hypocrisy in the matter to pass without comment, but, until lately, have not even seen the humor of his pretensions when contrasted with his practices nor held him up to that wholesome ridicule which is a stimulating corrective. Man deprived us of all proper education, and then jeered at us because we had no knowledge […]; and finally, after having had his own way until he lost his head completely, he set himself up as a sort of a god and required us to worship him, and, to our eternal shame be it said, we did so.

…

[Men] have been seeing reflections of themselves lately which did not flatter them, but their conceit survives, and they cling confidently to the delusion that they are truly all that is admirable, and it is the mirror that is in fault. Mirrors may be either a distorting or a flattering medium, but women do not care to see life any longer in a glass darkly. Let there be light. We suffer in the first shock of it. We shriek in horror at what we discover when it is turned on that which was hidden away in dark corners; but the first principle of good housekeeping is to have no dark corners, and as we recover ourselves we go to work with a will to sweep them out. It is for us to set the human household in order, to see to it that all is clean and sweet and comfortable for the men who are fit to help us to make home in it. We are bound to raise the dust while we are at work, but only those who are in it will suffer any inconvenience from it, and the self-sufficing and self-supporting are not afraid. For the rest it will be all benefits. The Woman Question is the Marriage Question, as shall be shown hereafter.

**Suffrage Questions:**

**Question 1:**

Read again the first part of Source A from lines 1 to 10.

Choose four statements below which are true.

* Shade the circles in the boxes of the ones that you think are true.
* Choose a maximum of four statements.
* If you make an error cross out the whole box.
* If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out

then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

1. The women’s meeting had a determined atmosphere.
2. The meeting was mainly about coming up with slogans.
3. Women were angry that the King’s speech had not mentioned women’s suffrage.
4. There was a general sense that the women were uncertain and did not know what to do.
5. The group decided to send a message to the Prime Minister to include women’s suffrage.
6. Many of the women were crying and in tears.
7. Emmeline Pankhurst was not at the meeting.
8. Women were aware that they might end up in prison for their actions.

**Question 2:**

You need to refer to Source A and Source B for this question.
The experiences of women are presented differently.
Use details from both sources to write a summary of the different experiences of women in Source A and in Source B. [8 marks]

Question 3:

You now need to refer only to Source A from lines 15 to 30.
How does the writer use language to describe the clash between the police and the women? [12 marks]

**Question 4:**

For this question, you need to refer to the whole of Source A, together with the whole of Source B.
Compare how the writers convey their different perspectives and feelings about the treatment of women. In your answer, you could:

* compare their different perspectives and feelings
* compare the methods the writers use to convey their different perspectives and feelings
* support your response with references to both texts. [16 marks]

**Section B: Writing**

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

**Question 5:**

‘Although it is less obvious than it has been in the past, women today still face struggles against sexist attitudes in society.’

Write an article for a broadsheet newspaper in which you argue for or against this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

1. Indigent: poor [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. Pauper: very poor [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. Mr Cameron: the leader of the Conservative party. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. Paris, Berlin, etc.: all well-known cities in countries around the world. [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. Diminution: reduction [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
6. Apothecaries’ bottles: medicine bottles [↑](#footnote-ref-6)
7. Aide-de-camp: a military officer – often acts as an assistant. [↑](#footnote-ref-7)
8. Pluck: courage [↑](#footnote-ref-8)
9. Adjutant: a military officer – who acts as an administrative assistant to a senior officer. [↑](#footnote-ref-9)
10. Minié rifles: a gun used by infantry. [↑](#footnote-ref-10)
11. Tyke – either a mischievous child or a coarse old man. [↑](#footnote-ref-11)
12. Dallied – had a casual interaction with. [↑](#footnote-ref-12)
13. Truculence – hostility and irritated bitterness [↑](#footnote-ref-13)
14. Epicurus: a Greek philosopher who argued that, whilst the Gods exist, they have no involvement in human matters. [↑](#footnote-ref-14)
15. Foibles: minor mistakes [↑](#footnote-ref-15)
16. Fervency – extremely desired [↑](#footnote-ref-16)
17. Unprecedented – never happened before [↑](#footnote-ref-17)
18. Suffrage – (women’s) right to vote [↑](#footnote-ref-18)
19. Omitted – left out [↑](#footnote-ref-19)
20. Resolution – formal decision [↑](#footnote-ref-20)
21. Deputation – organised or ordered group carrying out a mission [↑](#footnote-ref-21)
22. Desecrated – made unholy, ruined or spoilt [↑](#footnote-ref-22)
23. Faculty: ability [↑](#footnote-ref-23)
24. Edified: enlightened or made aware of [↑](#footnote-ref-24)