

Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

English Language

Advanced

Paper 1: Language Variation

Sample assessment materials for first teaching
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Source booklet

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Do not return this source booklet with the question paper.

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SECTION A: Individual Variation

Text A

This text is from a personal blog by a woman in her twenties. She references the children's book *The Very Hungry Caterpillar* by Eric Carle.

The screenshot shows a personal blog page. At the top left, the title 'The Very Hungry Cirettapillar' is displayed in a large, bold, black font. Below the title is the subtitle 'The stories of a 20-something calamity with a blog-worth of ideas.' To the right of the title is a search bar with the word 'SEARCH' and a 'GO' button. Below the subtitle are three navigation links: 'Home', 'Dear Ciretta-pillar', and 'About Me'. The main content area features a large, stylized illustration of a caterpillar with the text 'THE VERY HUNGRY CIRETTA-PILLAR' written in a hand-drawn font. Below the illustration is the heading 'About : The very hungry Cirettapillar. ©'. The main text of the 'About' section is as follows:

My name is Ciretta and I am usually eating something. Having Italian in my blood means I have an emotional connection with food that cannot be easily replaced; I attempt to channel this unhealthy energy into writing.

If someone asks me to tell them something interesting about myself I usually just blurt out that moose have very poor vision. Despite seeming like I have a lot to say for myself I usually find talking about me rather tasking and awkward. Sure, you'll almost definitely hear all about my opinion on something else, but let's leave Ciretta as a whimsical mystery who may or may not have been concocted inside your own head. A big aspiration of mine is to be able to make a decision without a packet of salami and my poncho for comfort and reassurance.

My favourite things are my Xbox, notebooks and surprisingly: food. My blog is purely for pleasure and all constructive criticism is welcome. I feel like I've just finished one of those worksheets at primary school that ask you all about your favourite things and what you want to do when you grow up, (writer, psychologist or archaeologist) so I'm going to do some grown up things now like Photoshop my face onto The Arbiter.*

Also please don't refer to this About Me section as some kind of indication of my quality of writing. Ever.

On the right side of the page, there are two sections of 'posts fresh from the cocoon':

- POSTS FRESH FROM THE COCOON**
 - Can everyone stop breathing so loudly, I'm hanging.
 - Let's talk about Mental Health
 - Getting the love-life balance (no answers, only questions!)
 - vi. The "Angry One"
 - Storing nuts for the winter: sensible or senseless?
 - A story of a Someone called Something
 - "Why, she wouldn't even harm a fly/spider.."
 - "Women are said to never say what they mean and men never mean what they say."
 - Those Tesco Value knock-off custard creams.
 - Someone will accidentally read this and spicy bananas will become a thing.
- SINCE HATCHING FROM MY EGG I'VE HAD A REMARKABLE ...**
 - 3,405 people stop by. How many more before I complete my metamorphosis and become a beautiful butterfly?
- WHAT'S A "CIRETTA"?**
 - I'm Ciretta. Questioning the weird name? I'm half Italian which means I have an emotional connection with food that cannot be easily replaced. I attempt to channel this unhealthy energy into writing, otherwise you'll probably find me eating a cheeseburger.

*The Arbiter is a character in the computer game Halo.

Text B

This text is the opening of the autobiography of radio broadcaster and DJ, John Peel, whose real name was John Ravenscroft. He died in 2004.

SHEILA AND I are babysitting today and our grandson, Archie, isn't happy. He doesn't like the tomato, yam and basil mixture his mother, Alexandra, our daughter, sent over with him this morning. I'm not sure I would either. He also seems unenthusiastic about the harness that secures him in place in his highchair. I'm with him most of the way on that one too. Do I really remember the pressure, the chafing, even the smell of the various harnesses that held the infant John Robert Parker Ravenscroft in place? There was, I know for a fact, a brown leather lead that Nanny used when she took me walking and I can remember the smell, even the taste, of that. It may have had bells on it.

I was born, I have always told people, at the age of four in a woodcutter's cottage in the Black Forest, but the disappointing truth is that I was born in Heswall Cottage Hospital a few days before the outbreak of the Second World War. The Cottage Hospital is a private home now and the family living there has been in touch with me twice. Once when the father sent me a brick from a wall they had removed, and more recently when I was playing Chibuku in Liverpool – it's a club, not a board game – and his sons invited me to stay in the building in which I was born. If we hadn't already been booked into the Racquets Club and I hadn't recognised that a lot of red wine would have to be taken to get me through the night, I'd have accepted too. You'd be amazed at the number of people who've suggested some sort of link between my birth and the outbreak of war. 'So it was your fault,' they've chortled, but I've never laughed – any more than I have at the people who have greeted me in more recent years with the words, 'D'yer ken John Peel, then?' Several of these are buried in shallow graves on B roads off the A505. The police have confessed themselves baffled.

Naturally I don't remember much about the war. Father was away, eyeball to eyeball with the Germans in North Africa. Mother was in her bedroom. Sometimes I'd be carried to the air-raid shelter at the top of the garden, out of the French windows from the sitting-room, across the crazy paving and up the former tennis court we called the Big Lawn. Later, I would be joined by Francis Houghton Leslie Ravenscroft; conceived, it was explained to me years later, in London, when Father was halfway home on leave. On the big blue radio in the air-raid shelter we heard, without understanding what it meant, of the war in Europe. Somehow, though, we understood that the words on the radio were linked to the aircraft-recognition books we were shown from time to time, with the barrage balloon that came down in the field across the road, with the strange powdered foods we ate and with the fact that Father wasn't there. Father, I decided, probably didn't exist at all, remaining, for the first six years of my life, a figure as remote and improbable as the characters in *The Blue Fairy Book*, less real to me than Dame Washalot, Moonface and the other folk of Enid Blyton's *Faraway Tree*.

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SECTION B BEGINS ON THE NEXT PAGE.

SECTION B: Variation over Time

In each of these texts an actor raises issues publicly about the state of the theatres during the period in which the address was given.

Text C

This text is from a pamphlet printed in 1643 in which an anonymous actor complains to Phoebus (the classical god of poetry and music) about a law that banned the performance of stage plays in London. The government regarded theatres as centres of sin and corruption.

The Actors Remonstrance or Complaint, for the Silencing of their Profession, and banishment from their severall PLAY-HOUSES.

Oppressed with many calamities, and languishing to death under the burthen of a long and (for ought wee know) an everlasting restraint, we the Comedians, Tragedians and Actors of all sorts and sizes belonging to the famous private and publike Houses within the City of London the Suburbs thereof, to you great Phoebus, and you sacred Sisters, the sole Patronesses of our distressed Calling, doe we in all humility present this our humble and lamentable complaint, by whose intercession* to those powers who confined us to silence, wee hope to be restored to our pristine honour and employment.

First, it is not unknowne to all the audience that have frequented the private Houses of Black-Friers, the Cock-Pit and Salisbury Court, without austerity, wee have purged our Stages from all obscene and scurrilous jests; such as might either be guilty of corrupting the manners, or defaming the persons of any men of note in the City or Kingdome; that we have endeavoured, as much as in us lies, to instruct one another in the true and genuine Art of acting, to repress bawling and railing*, formerly in great request, and for to suite our language and action to the more gentile and naturall garbe* of the times; ... and to our praise be it spoken, we were for the most part very well reformed, few of us keeping, or being rather kept by our Mistresses, betooke ourselves wholly to our wives, observing the matrimoniall vow of chastity; yet for all these conformities and reformatiions, wee were by authority (to which wee in all humility submit) restrained from the practice of our Profession; that Profession which had before maintained us in comely and convenient Equipage*; some of us by it meerely being inabled to keep Horses (though not Whores) is now condemned to a perpetuall, at least a very long temporary silence, and wee left to live upon our shifts*, or the expence of our former gettings*, to the great impoverishment and utter undoing of ourselves, wives, children, and dependants; besides which, is of all other our extremest grievance, that Playes being put downe under the name of publike recreations; other publike recreations of farre more harmfull consequence permitted, still to stand in status quo prius*, namely, that Nurse of barbarisme and beastlinesse, the Bear-Garden, whereupon there usuall dayes those Demy-Monster, are baited by bandogs*, ... boystrous Butchers, cutting Coblers, hard-handed Masons and the like, ... Pick-pockets, which in an age are not heard of any of our Houses, repairing thither, and other disturbers of the publike peace, which dare not be seen in our civill and well-governed Theatre, where none use to come but the best of the Nobility and Gentry.

Glossary

**intersession – pleading on behalf of*

**bawling and railing – a type of theatre that involved shouting and arguing*

**garbe – manner, behaviour*

**Equipage – standard of living*

**live upon our shifts – make do*

**gettings – income*

**status quo prius – Latin phrase meaning ‘as previously’*

**bandogs – dogs chained up because of their ferocity*

Text D

This text is a draft of a speech from the My Theatre Matters! campaign created to encourage audiences up and down the country to support their local theatres. It is intended that local theatres give the speech to audiences at the end of performances when the curtain is down. The document was accessed on their website in 2014.



CURTAIN SPEECH

Thank you so much for your applause. Please may I detain you for just a minute or two more.

It is unusual for an actor to address their audience in this way, but I am doing it because, like you I hope, I value this theatre and I value the theatres like it up and down the country.

You have paid a significant amount of your hard-earned money to see the show tonight – and I hope you think it was worth it – but theatres like this can't survive on ticket sales alone. This theatre, like most, is supported out of your taxes and couldn't put on plays like the one you have just seen without that support. For this play to break even without a grant tickets prices would probably have to at least double – in the West End it is no longer unusual to pay £80 for a seat. In fact, without public investment this theatre would probably not survive at all.

This is starting to sound like a charity appeal – and it isn't. As tax payers you are already doing your bit to help keep our theatres vibrant. But I am going to ask for your help in another way.

Grants for this theatre and others like it are under pressure. We are living in hard times and there are some who think, perhaps understandably, that going to the theatre should be a luxury and that we can no longer afford to give grants to theatres.

I don't believe that, and I hope you don't. Theatre is my living, but it is also my love. We in this country have a centuries old tradition of theatre and I want it to survive the current short-term financial difficulties.

Not only is theatre part of our community, but it brings people into the town making the centre of town a better place and boosting local businesses.

If you love theatre and want it to continue to thrive, please add your name to the My Theatre Matters! campaign. There is a page in your programme and postcards and posters in the foyer giving you all the information you need. And there's a dedicated website at mytheatrematters.com if you want to find out more.

By adding your name you will help demonstrate that we do support grants for theatres, even in these hard times, and want our theatres to go on entertaining us, our children and our grandchildren into the future.

Thanks for listening and for your patience.

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Source information

Text A: © Ciretta Paone-Hoyland – taken from <http://ciretta.wordpress.com/>

Text B: © John Peel and Sheila Ravenscroft Corgi Books (2006) – taken from *Margrave Of The Marshes* by John Ravenscroft (John Peel), Alexandra Ravenscroft, Florence Ravenscroft, Sheila Ravenscroft, Thomas Ravenscroft, William Ravenscroft (Corgi, New edition – 3 July 2006)

Text C: full text can be found at www.luminarium.org/renascence-editions/actors1.html

Text D: © Mytheatrematters – taken from www.mytheatrematters.com/resources

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