



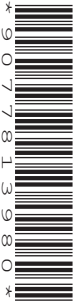
Oxford Cambridge and RSA

Monday 16 May 2022 – Morning

AS Level English Language and Literature (EMC)

H074/01 Non-fiction written and spoken texts

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes



You must have:

- the OCR 12-page Answer Booklet

INSTRUCTIONS

- Use black ink.
- Write your answer to each question in the Answer Booklet. The question number must be clearly shown.
- Fill in the boxes on the front of the Answer Booklet.
- Answer the question in Section A and **one** question in Section B.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is **50**.
- The marks for each question are shown in brackets [].
- This document has **8** pages.

ADVICE

- Read each question carefully before you start your answer.

SECTION A – Reading spoken and written non-fiction

Read the **two** text extracts from your anthology and **answer the question**.

You are advised to spend approximately 50 minutes on this section.

Text A is an 'About' page from Sophie Arthur's 2018 blog entitled *Soph Talks Science*.

Text B is a letter from Isabella Lucy Bird to her sister written in 1879.

1 Compare the ways in which the writers use language to convey meaning.

In your answer you should consider:

- context
- mode and genre
- purpose and audience.

[30]

Text A



Just me talking about science!

Hi! I'm Soph! I live in Southampton, UK. I am a sports enthusiast with a forever desire to be travelling and snapping cities when I'm not in the lab finishing up my PhD in stem cell biology! I am in the final few months of my PhD where my research is looking into understanding how metabolism and low oxygen keeps stem cells pluripotent with the future aim of having better stem cells to make heart cells, or liver cells, or skin cells for example out of for use in future medicine.

Welcome to my little corner of the internet where I share insights into life as a scientist and tips for surviving all stages of a PhD – all the things I wanted to know before starting my PhD journey. I also love to showcase different scientists and their stories, particularly women in STEM, to show to the world that being a scientist is not just one thing; an old man in a white coat spending forever hunched over a lab bench! My blog started out as a small creative outlet for me to experiment with my love of writing, but it has since turned into something much more exciting than I could have ever imagined and I absolutely LOVE IT!

Although I spend most of my time kitted out in my lab coat – *which is not white but blue or yellow!* – researching pluripotent stem cells, I am incredibly passionate about taking science out of the lab and to the people that matter – YOU!

I truly believe in the power of science to inspire, educate and entertain, and I follow the motto:

'SCIENCE IS NOT FINISHED UNTIL IT IS COMMUNICATED'

I'm incredibly passionate about teaching and inspiring people to get involved in science or at least understand a bit more about what they read in the media so *you* the public can make informed opinions of your own. I think that scientists often neglect the importance of engaging with the public and communicating their research clearly and concisely, so I would LOVE this blog to showcase science, scientists and to spread public awareness on stem cell research and much, much more!

2018 for me is all about finishing my PhD & becoming Dr Soph, planning my wedding to my best friend, making that transition from PhD student to full time science career, and upping my scicomm game on social media and my blog – starting with some actual scicomm events, internships and finding a photographer buddy to help me! I hope you will enjoy sharing this journey with me and watch me navigate this wonderful world as a scientist, STEMInist & science communicator – all delivered with a side helping of science!

If you're interested in being featured in my blog, want to collaborate, there's a topic you want me to tackle or just want to discuss science, sporty or travel related things, please just get in **contact** with me on social media or my email is sophtalkscience@gmail.com! I would love to hear from you.

S.
x

Text B

LETTER II

CHEYENNE, WYOMING, September 7.

As night came on the cold intensified, and the stove in the parlor attracted every one. A San Francisco lady, much "got up" in paint, emerald green velvet, Brussels lace, and diamonds, rattled continuously for the amusement of the company, giving descriptions of persons and scenes in a racy Western twang, without the slightest scruple as to what she said. In a few years Tahoe will be inundated in summer with similar vulgarity, owing to its easiness of access. I sustained the reputation which our country-women bear in America by looking a "perfect guy"; and feeling that I was a salient point for the speaker's next sally, I was relieved when the landlady, a ladylike Englishwoman, asked me to join herself and her family in the bar-room, where we had much talk about the neighborhood and its wild beasts, especially bears. The forest is full of them, but they seem never to attack people unless when wounded, or much aggravated by dogs, or a shebear thinks you are going to molest her young.

I dreamt of bears so vividly that I woke with a furry death hug at my throat, but feeling quite refreshed. When I mounted my horse after breakfast the sun was high and the air so keen and intoxicating that, giving the animal his head, I galloped up and down hill, feeling completely tireless. Truly, that air is the elixir of life. I had a glorious ride back to Truckee. The road was not as solitary as the day before. In a deep part of the forest the horse snorted and reared, and I saw a cinnamon-colored bear with two cubs cross the track ahead of me. I tried to keep the horse quiet that the mother might acquit me of any designs upon her lolling children, but I was glad when the ungainly, long-haired party crossed the river. Then I met a team, the driver of which stopped and said he was glad that I had not gone to Cornelian Bay, it was such a bad trail, and hoped I had enjoyed Tahoe. The driver of another team stopped and asked if I had seen any bears. Then a man heavily armed, a hunter probably, asked me if I were the English tourist who had "happened on" a "Grizzly" yesterday. Then I saw a lumberer taking his dinner on a rock in the river, who "touched his hat" and brought me a draught of ice-cold water, which I could hardly drink owing to the fractiousness of the horse, and gathered me some mountain pinks, which I admired. I mention these little incidents to indicate the habit of respectful courtesy to women which prevails in that region. These men might have been excused for speaking in a somewhat free-and-easy tone to a lady riding alone, and in an unwonted fashion. Womanly dignity and manly respect for women are the salt of society in this wild West.

My horse was so excitable that I avoided the center of Truckee, and skulked through a collection of Chinamen's shanties to the stable, where a prodigious roan horse, standing seventeen hands high, was produced for my ride to the Donner Lake. I asked the owner, who was as interested in my enjoying myself as a West Highlander might have been, if there were not ruffians about who might make an evening ride dangerous. A story was current of a man having ridden through Truckee two evenings before with a chopped-up human body in a sack behind the saddle, and hosts of stories of ruffianism are located there, rightly or wrongly. This man said, "There's a bad breed of ruffians, but the ugliest among them all won't touch you. There's nothing Western folk admire so much as pluck in a woman." I had to get on a barrel before I could reach the stirrup, and when I was mounted my feet only came half-way down the horse's sides. I felt like a fly on him. The road at first lay through a valley without a river, but some swampishness nourished some rank swamp grass, the first GREEN grass I have seen in America; and the pines, with their red stems, looked beautiful rising out of it. I hurried along, and came upon the Donner Lake quite suddenly, to be completely smitten by its beauty. It is only about three miles long by one and a half broad, and lies hidden away among mountains, with no dwellings on its shores but some deserted lumberers' cabins.[1] Its loneliness pleased me well. I did not see man, beast, or bird from the time I left Truckee till I returned.

I. L. B.

[1] Visitors can now be accommodated at a tolerable mountain hotel.

SECTION B – Writing non-fiction

Answer **one** question from Section B.

You are advised to spend about 40 minutes on this section.

Either

2 Write a letter to a family member describing a journey. **[20]**

Or

3 Write the 'About' page for a blog. Your aim is to share your passion for a subject or hobby. **[20]**

Or

4 A radio station is looking for contributions for a series of podcasts entitled, 'First Impressions Away From Home'. Write the opening of a script for this collection describing your first impressions of a country or place that you have visited. **[20]**

END OF QUESTION PAPER

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