Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname	Other names

Centre Number | Candidate Number

Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Monday 15 May 2023

Morning (Time: 1 hour 30 minutes)

Paper reference **8EL0/01**

English Language and Literature

Advanced Subsidiary

PAPER 1: Voices in Speech and Writing

You must have:
Source Booklet (enclosed)

Total Marks

Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer the question in Section A and the question in Section B.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
  – *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
  – *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ▶

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Answer BOTH questions.

SECTION A

Creation of Voice

Read Text A on pages 3–4 of the source booklet before answering Question 1 in the space below.

1 Using information provided in Text A, write an extract from the screenplay for an educational film aimed at secondary school pupils. The screenplay about life in the trenches should dramatise the events in Neyland's account. You may use any appropriate screenplay and cinematic conventions to present the story to your audience.

You may develop points included in Text A but you must draw only on the factual information in the text.

You should:

- develop the content of your screenplay extract in a way that is appropriate for a film
- craft your screenplay extract appropriately to the given context
- write to engage your audience.

(20)

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(Total for Question 1 = 20 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS

SECTION B

Comparing Voices

Read Text B on pages 5–6 and Text C on pages 7–8 of the source booklet before answering Question 2 in the space below.

2 Compare how the writers in Text B and Text C craft voices to convey attitudes and ideas.

You must consider:

- the use of linguistic and literary features
- the influence of audience and purpose
- the contexts of the texts.

(30)

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(Total for Question 2 = 30 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 30 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 50 MARKS

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Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

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English Language and Literature

Advanced Subsidiary

PAPER 1: Voices in Speech and Writing

Source Booklet

Do not return this Booklet with the question paper.

Turn over ▶

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CONTENTS

SECTION A

Creation of Voice

Text A

This is an extract from a memoir written by sapper B. Neyland, who served from September 1916 to December 1919 in the Royal Engineers (Signals), Wireless Section.

At the age of eighteen I crossed to France early in 1917, a sapper in the Royal Engineers Wireless Section. We operators had only a vague idea of our likely duties, for the Wireless Section was only then becoming of use in the trenches.

I was sent via St. Pol to Arras, and with a fellow-operator was led into the trenches at Roclincourt. There I first experienced the bursting of a shell near me, and I laughed at the frightened manner in which our guide flung himself down when the shell fell about thirty yards away. It was not long before I took to flinging myself down on such occasions.

When our guide led me into a trench filled waist deep with muddy water, I could not believe he was serious – and I hesitated – I was wearing brand-new riding-breeches, puttees, and boots. However, I waded in, and it was seventeen days before my boots touched dry soil again.

We were left in a muddy dug-out at Roclincourt with an officer and his batman, waiting for the attack. We spent our time experimenting with a small British Field set – the Trench set – and we still had no idea of our purpose.

Then, on April 5th, we were called into Arras where a R.E. officer "put us wise". The attack was to be made within the next few days, the infantry waves were to advance under cover of a formidable barrage, and each wave was to be provided with a wireless station. The Roclincourt station was to go over with the first infantry wave.

The Roclincourt station! That was Hewitt and I and an officer! Four infantrymen were to assist us in carrying our weighty apparatus, the set, accumulators, dry cells, coils of wire, earth mats, ropes, and other details.

We returned to Roclincourt and sent many practice messages to our Directing Station at Arras. That night one of our aerial masts was shattered and we were instructed to erect another. We had no reserve mast, but, fortunately, we found a large crucifix nearby.

"That's it," said the officer. "Hewitt, climb up there and attach the aerial as high as possible."

Hewitt clambered up over the figure of Christ just as a German machine gun swept the line, the Verey lights revealing Hewitt distinctly. He soon fell into a depth of slime, frightened, but unhurt. It was our first experience of enemy machine-gun fire.

"You try," the officer pointed to me.

It is an eerie sensation to climb over an effigy of Jesus, to dig your feet into any parts of the figure offering foothold, to hold on to the outstretched arms, and breathe on to the downcast face, to fix a rope somewhere on the Cross and to hear the German machine gun tat-tatting all around.

Failing to secure the rope, I slid down and we returned to the dug-out with our officer extremely annoyed. Early the next morning we secured the aerial to the ruins of a building. On April 7th our officer laid a plan of the German sector opposite us on the table, and he detailed our instructions.

At a particular tree-stump far over in the enemy's Blue Line we were to erect a station as rapidly as possible and transmit any messages handed in by the officers engaged in the attack.

I felt intensely relieved that I was to be given an opportunity of doing something useful, and of feeling that at last I was to play a real part in the Great War. I found that Hewitt, too, experienced this sense of relief.

SECTION B

Comparing Voices

Text B

This is an edited extract from an article in the online edition of The Guardian newspaper from October 2015. The article is written by the popular British food writer and television cook Nigella Lawson, who is looking back at the best (and worst) meals of her life, starting with her childhood in the 1960s.

My Life in Food

I had quite the wrong start for a future food-obsessive: I absolutely loathed eating as a child. Or perhaps more accurately, it was mealtimes I hated. And there weren't, then, occasions for eating outside mealtimes – or at least not in my home.

It was a curiously divergent upbringing, foodwise.

My mother had quite a different take on table manners. She considered it a slight to the cook (ie, her) not to start to eat once your food was in front of you: no waiting for everyone to begin before you started. And conversation should never be interrupted by the tiresome asking for peas or potatoes: "Don't ask, stretch!" she would hiss.

Her food was different from the food at my friends' houses. She and my aunts had had an Italian au pair when they were growing up, and though spag bol had begun to make a showing in the traditional English culinary canon, she cooked spaghetti aglio e olio, even if the olive oil came from Timothy Whites, the high-street chemist.

But chiefly what I remember eating was chicken: roast chicken with butter smeared under its skin, a lemon half squeezed and then chucked into its cavity, or – the central food of my childhood – cooked with wine and water and vegetables on the hob, with rice on the side. With this, my mother would make her own version of hollandaise, adding saffron strands to the yolks, and a ladleful of the chicken broth with the butter.

Different rules held sway at my grandparents' homes. At my paternal grandparents', you could tell what day it was by what they served. I wish I could remember the exact timetable now, but that memory is swamped by the exciting fact that they had puddings and cakes and sweets – child-seducing delicacies that never found their way onto my mother's table. A special drawer below the drinks cabinet held tins of what used to be called car sweets, boiled cubes dusted with glucose, and stale Penguin bars.

My maternal grandmother's cooking was held slightly in scorn by my mother, who herself cooked instinctively and well. For my granny cooked from recipes, torn out of magazines and full of whim and fancy. She went through a period of cooking nasi goreng; chicken salad had fruit in it and grapefruits were grilled and served as a starter.

But if I was taught how to cook by my mother – from about six, I would be put on a wonky wooden chair by the New World gas range, stirring butter into egg yolks to make hollandaise – I loved cooking with my grandmother. What's more, I loved eating what I cooked with her. On Fridays, we'd go to the butcher, buy some brains and go back to make some brown butter and capers to cook them in. She indulged my love of spinach: sometimes, for a special treat, I'd be allowed a big buttery bowl of it, just by itself, maybe with a mug of hot chocolate on the side, for lunch. So if I began the 60s (I was born at the very beginning of 1960) as a grudging eater, I ended it an idiosyncratic one.

Glossary

aglio e olio – a traditional Italian pasta dish with garlic and oil

hollandaise – a French sauce made with eggs, butter and lemon juice

nasi goreng – an Indonesian fried rice dish

Text C

This is an extract from Mom & Me & Mom, an autobiography by the African-American author, poet, dancer, actress and singer, Maya Angelou.

By the time I was twenty-two, I was living in San Francisco. I had a five-year- old son, two jobs, and two rented rooms, with cooking privileges down the hall. My landlady, Mrs. Jefferson, was kind and grandmotherly. She was a ready babysitter and insisted on providing dinner for her tenants. Her ways were so tender and her personality so sweet that no one was mean enough to discourage her disastrous culinary exploits. Spaghetti at her table, which was offered at least three times a week, was a mysterious red, white, and brown concoction. We would occasionally encounter an unidentifiable piece of meat hidden among the pasta. There was no money in my budget for restaurant food, so I and my son, Guy, were always loyal, if often unhappy, diners at Chez Jefferson.

My mother had moved into another large Victorian house, on Fulton Street, which she again filled with Gothic, heavily carved furniture. The upholstery on the sofa and occasional chairs was red-wine-colored mohair. Oriental rugs were placed throughout the house. She had a live-in employee, Poppa, who cleaned the house and sometimes filled in as cook helper.

Mother picked up Guy twice a week and took him to her house, where she fed him peaches and cream and hot dogs, but I only went to Fulton Street once a month and at an agreed-upon time.

She understood and encouraged my self-reliance and I looked forward eagerly to our standing appointment. On the occasion, she would cook one of my favorite dishes. One lunch date stands out in my mind. I call it Vivian's Red Rice Day.

When I arrived at the Fulton Street house my mother was dressed beautifully. Her makeup was perfect and she wore good jewelry. After we embraced, I washed my hands and we walked through her formal, dark dining room and into the large, bright kitchen.

Much of lunch was already on the kitchen table.

Vivian Baxter was very serious about her delicious meals.

On that long-ago Red Rice Day, my mother had offered me a crispy, dry-roasted capon, no dressing or gravy, and a simple lettuce salad, no tomatoes or cucumbers. A wide-mouthed bowl covered with a platter sat next to her plate.

She fervently blessed the food with a brief prayer and put her left hand on the platter and her right on the bowl. She turned the dishes over and gently loosened the bowl from its contents and revealed a tall mound of glistening red rice (my favorite food in the entire world) decorated with finely minced parsley and green stalks of scallions.

The chicken and salad do not feature so prominently in my tastebuds' memory, but each grain of red rice is emblazoned on the surface of my tongue forever.

"Gluttonous" and "greedy" negatively describe the hearty eater offered the seduction of her favorite food.

Two large portions of rice sated my appetite, but the deliciousness of the dish made me long for a larger stomach so that I could eat two more helpings.

My mother had plans for the rest of her afternoon, so she gathered her wraps and we left the house together.

We reached the middle of the block and were enveloped in the stinging acid aroma of vinegar from the pickle factory on the corner of Fillmore and Fulton streets. I had walked ahead. My mother stopped me and said, "Baby."

I walked back to her.

"Baby, I've been thinking and now I am sure. You are the greatest woman I've ever met."

I looked down at the pretty little woman, with her perfect makeup and diamond earrings, and a silver fox scarf. She was admired by most people in San Francisco's black community and even some whites liked and respected her.

She continued. "You are very kind and very intelligent and those elements are not always found together. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Dr. Mary McLeod Bethune, and my mother—yes, you belong in that category. Here, give me a kiss."

She kissed me on the lips and turned and jaywalked across the street to her beige and brown Pontiac. I pulled myself together and walked down to Fillmore Street. I crossed there and waited for the number 22 streetcar.

My policy of independence would not allow me to accept money or even a ride from my mother, but I welcomed her and her wisdom. Now I thought of what she had said. I thought, "Suppose she is right? She's very intelligent and often said she didn't fear anyone enough to lie. Suppose I really am going to become somebody. Imagine."

At that moment, when I could still taste the red rice, I decided the time had come to stop my dangerous habits like smoking, drinking, and cursing. Imagine. I might really become somebody. Someday.

Source information

Text A: 'Memoirs & Diaries - A Wireless Operator', B Neyland, Mammoth (Constable and Robinson) 1997

Text B: 'My Life in Food', Nigella Lawson, Guardian News & Media Limited

Text C: 'Mom and Me and Mom', Maya Angelou, Virago, Little Brown Group, 2014