

# AQA GCSE English Language

## SET B

**Paper 1** Explorations in creative reading and writing

**Paper 2** Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

### Insert

**Paper 1 (page 2):**

- **Source text — 20th Century fiction**

An extract from the novel *The Scarlet Plague* by Jack London.

**Paper 2 (pages 3-4):**

- **Source A — 21st Century non-fiction**

A newspaper article containing two reviews of the 2012 London Olympics opening ceremony.

- **Source B — 19th Century literary non-fiction**

A diary entry by Queen Victoria.

#### *Acknowledgements*

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(Princess Beatrice's copies)*

## Paper 1 Source text — 20th Century fiction

This extract is from the opening of a novel by Jack London. It was published in 1912, but is set in the year 2073 after a plague has wiped out most of humanity. In this section, an old man and a boy are travelling through a forest.

### *The Scarlet Plague*

The way led along upon what had once been the embankment of a railroad. But no train had run upon it for many years. The forest on either side swelled up the slopes of the embankment and crested across it in a green wave of trees and bushes. The trail was as narrow as a man's body, and was no more than a wild-animal runway.

5 Occasionally, a piece of rusty iron, showing through the forest-mold, advertised that the rail and the ties\* still remained. In one place, a ten-inch tree, bursting through at a connection, had lifted the end of a rail clearly into view. The tie had evidently followed the rail, held to it by the spike long enough for its bed to be filled with gravel and rotten leaves, so that now the crumbling, rotten timber thrust itself up at a curious slant. Old as the road was, it was manifest that it had been of the mono-rail type.

10 An old man and a boy travelled along this runway. They moved slowly, for the old man was very old, a touch of palsy\*\* made his movements tremulous, and he leaned heavily upon his staff. A rude skull-cap of goatskin protected his head from the sun. From beneath this fell a scant fringe of stained and dirty-white hair. A visor, ingeniously made from a large leaf, shielded his eyes, and from under this he peered at the way of his feet on the trail. His beard, which should have been snow-white but which showed the same weather-wear and camp-stain as his hair, fell nearly to his waist in a great tangled mass. About his chest and shoulders hung a single, mangy  
15 garment of goatskin. His arms and legs, withered and skinny, betokened extreme age, as well as did their sunburn and scars and scratches betoken long years of exposure to the elements.

The boy, who led the way, checking the eagerness of his muscles to the slow progress of the elder, likewise wore a single garment — a ragged-edged piece of bearskin, with a hole in the middle through which he had thrust his head. He could not have been more than twelve years old.

20 Tucked coquettishly over one ear was the freshly severed tail of a pig. In one hand he carried a medium-sized bow and an arrow. On his back was a quiverful of arrows. From a sheath hanging about his neck on a thong, projected the battered handle of a hunting knife. He was as brown as a berry, and walked softly, with almost a catlike tread. In marked contrast with his sunburned skin were his eyes — blue, deep blue, but keen and sharp as a pair of gimlets\*\*\*. They seemed to bore into all about him in a way that was habitual. As he went along he  
25 smelled things, as well, his distended, quivering nostrils carrying to his brain an endless series of messages from the outside world. Also, his hearing was acute, and had been so trained that it operated automatically. Without conscious effort, he heard all the slight sounds in the apparent quiet — heard, and differentiated, and classified these sounds — whether they were of the wind rustling the leaves, of the humming of bees and gnats, of the distant rumble of the sea that drifted to him only in lulls, or of the gopher, just under his foot, shoving a pouchful  
30 of earth into the entrance of his hole.

Suddenly he became alertly tense. Sound, sight, and odor had given him a simultaneous warning. His hand went back to the old man, touching him, and the pair stood still. Ahead, at one side of the top of the embankment, arose a crackling sound, and the boy's gaze was fixed on the tops of the agitated bushes. Then a large bear, a grizzly, crashed into view, and likewise stopped abruptly, at sight of the humans. He did not like them, and  
35 growled querulously. Slowly the boy fitted the arrow to the bow, and slowly he pulled the bowstring taut. But he never removed his eyes from the bear. The old man peered from under his green leaf at the danger, and stood as quietly as the boy. For a few seconds this mutual scrutinizing went on; then, the bear betraying a growing irritability, the boy, with a movement of his head, indicated that the old man must step aside from the trail and go down the embankment. The boy followed, going backward, still holding the bow taut and ready. They waited till  
40 a crashing among the bushes from the opposite side of the embankment told them the bear had gone on.

### Glossary

\* ties — the wooden planks that the rail is attached to

\*\* palsy — a term for medical conditions that can cause some body parts to shake

\*\*\* gimlets — sharp tools used for boring holes

In the article below, the journalist Miranda Sawyer and the singer Emmy the Great review the opening ceremony of the 2012 London Olympics for a broadsheet newspaper. The ceremony was directed by Danny Boyle, a well-known film maker.

## London 2012: Opening ceremony — reviews

### Miranda Sawyer: A collective vision

Horny-handed men of toil doing a Stand and Deliver\* formation dance. Hundreds of NHS nurses combining to assist the birth of a giant glowing baby. Those amazing butterfly bicycles.

It seems daft to pick out individual elements of this great and glorious pageant — though James Bond's helicopter ride with the Queen was a proper "whoop whoop" moment — as Danny Boyle's vision was a deliberately collective one. He chose to celebrate what we can achieve together. When he picked out single people — Isambard Kingdom Brunel, Tim Berners-Lee, Mr Bean — it was to highlight what they gave to us all. Berners-Lee's words on the openness of the web, flashed around the stadium in letters the size of skyscrapers, was what this event was about. This Is For Everyone.

At times I was reminded of the Green Fields at Glastonbury\*\* at 5am — the drums, the people, the benevolent united madness — and Danny Boyle's come-one-come-all attitude is very post-rave\*\*\*. It extended right through to the lighting of the flame by seven young athletes and the petals of that flame, one for each competing country, coming together to form one enormous torch. A proper goosebumps moment, but just one among many.

The music section, though it sounded great, was the least successful visually, as a house flashing with images of Hugh Grant bibbling, of Renton\*\*\*\* running, just didn't seem all that thrilling after we'd had an enormous Voldemort growing before our very eyes. And there were a few weird omissions — no Oasis? Stone Roses? Primal Scream? Adele? — though, to be honest, they might have been in there but just whizzed past. To see Dizzee Rascal belt out Bonkers really did make me proud. That wouldn't have happened anywhere else.

The only bit that failed was good old Sir Paul McCartney: not because he's bad, but because he seems to have been singing Hey Jude in a stadium for the past five years. It felt slightly hackneyed, something we've seen before, and nothing else — absolutely nothing else — about this ceremony was anything other than original.

It was terrific, spectacular, moving, wonderful. Oh, the joy of people! It made me cry.

### Emmy the Great: It made me addicted to patriotism

Like many Londoners, I've spent the last six months making an Olympic sport of complaining about the Olympics. Complaining, I felt, is what we do best, along with being cynical, unwelcoming to visitors, and a bit moany about traffic. All the bloody adverts! Giving directions to tourists! Those awful mascots. Danny Boyle was going to have to come at me with a wrecking ball to break down the barriers of uninterest that I had erected. And in a way he did. In fact, it's really hard writing this without the excessive use of capitals. I don't think I've ever felt quite such a bewildering mixture of true excitement and national pride over things I never really had an opinion on before, like Harry Potter, or Mr Bean, who had me weeping with laughter. During the runup I was aware that there are things about England that I am proud of. Not sport, really, but culture, and the NHS. To see this reflected on the screen during the opening ceremony actually blew my mind. I thought the NHS scene was incredibly brave, and I loved how much pop music featured. Whenever I travel, I am always aware of how our rich culture of great rock'n'roll affects people's opinion of us abroad.

I feel like Boyle got the tone right every step of the way. It was knowing, but sincere, dark and hilarious, like we are. And it was everything I needed to get excited about the next few weeks. By the end of the night, I was so addicted to patriotism I started cheering for countries that I'd visited, or that I'd once met someone from. It felt amazing.

I think all the medals should be melted down and made into one giant medal for Danny Boyle. They should just make him king of something. I feel like Kenneth Branagh in the industrial revolution scene right now, looking upon Britain with satisfaction and pride. Go team!

### Glossary

- \* Stand and Deliver — a 1981 song by the band Adam and the Ants
- \*\* Glastonbury — a pop-music festival that takes place in Somerset in the summer
- \*\*\* post-rave — influenced by rave music and culture (a type of electronic music played at energetic dance parties in the late 1980s and 1990s)
- \*\*\*\* Renton — the main character in the film *Trainspotting*

## Paper 2, Source B — 19th Century literary non-fiction

This is a diary entry by Queen Victoria. In it, she describes attending the opening of the 1851 Great Exhibition, an exhibition of cultural and industrial items from around the world, jointly organised by her husband, Prince Albert.

This day is one of the greatest and most glorious days of our lives, with which, to my pride and joy the name of my dearly beloved Albert is for ever associated! It is a day which makes my heart swell with thankfulness.

5 The Park presented a wonderful spectacle, crowds streaming through it, — carriages and troops passing, quite like the Coronation Day, and for me, the same anxiety. The day was bright, and all bustle and excitement. At half past 11, the whole procession, in 9 state carriages, was set in motion. The Green Park and Hyde Park were one mass of densely crowded human beings, in the highest good humour and most enthusiastic. I never saw Hyde Park look as it did, being filled with crowds as far as the eye could reach. A little rain fell, just as we started, but before we neared the Crystal Palace\*, the sun shone and gleamed upon the gigantic edifice, upon which the flags of every nation were flying. We drove up Rotten Row and got out of our carriages at the entrance in that side. The glimpse through the iron gates of the Transept\*\*, the waving palms and flowers, the myriads of people filling the galleries and seats around, together with the flourish of trumpets, as we entered the building, gave a sensation I shall never forget, and I felt much moved. In a few seconds we proceeded, Albert leading me; having Vicky at his hand, and Bertie\*\*\* holding mine. The sight as we came to the centre where the steps and chair (on which I did not sit) was placed, facing the beautiful crystal fountain was magic and impressive. The tremendous cheering, the joy expressed in every face, the vastness of the building, with all its decorations and exhibits, the sound of the organ (with 200 instruments and 600 voices, which seemed nothing), and my beloved Husband the creator of this great “Peace Festival”, inviting the industry and art of all nations of the earth, all this, was indeed moving, and a day to live forever. God bless my dearest Albert, and my dear Country which has shown itself so great today. One felt so grateful to the great God, whose blessing seemed to pervade the whole great undertaking.

25 The Procession of great length began which was beautifully arranged, the prescribed order, being exactly adhered to. The Nave\*\*\*\* was full of people, which had not been intended and deafening cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, continued the whole time of our long walk from one end of the building, to the other. Every face, was bright and smiling, and many even, had tears in their eyes. One could of course see nothing, but what was high up in the Nave, and nothing in the Courts. The organs were but little heard, but the Military Band, at one end, had a very fine effect as we passed along. We returned to our place and Albert told Lord Breadalbane to declare the Exhibition to be opened, which he did in a loud voice saying “Her Majesty Commands me to declare the Exhibition opened”, when there was a flourish of trumpets, followed by immense cheering. We then made our bow, and left. Everyone was astounded and delighted.

30 The return was equally satisfactory, — the crowd most enthusiastic and perfect order kept. We reached the Palace at 20 minutes past 1 and went out on the balcony, being loudly cheered. That we felt happy and thankful, — I need not say, — proud of all that had passed and of my beloved one’s success. I was more impressed by the scene I had witnessed than words can say. Dearest Albert’s name is for ever immortalised and the absurd reports of dangers of every kind and sort, set about by a set of people, are silenced. It is therefore doubly satisfactory that all should have gone off so well, and without the slightest accident or mishap. Phipps and Colonel Seymour\*\*\*\*\* spoke to me with such pride and joy, at my beloved one’s success and vindication, after so much opposition and such difficulties, which no one, but he with his good temper, patience, firmness and energy could have achieved. Without these qualities his high position alone, could not have carried him through.

### Glossary

- \* Crystal Palace — the glass building specially built to house the Great Exhibition
- \*\* Transept — the shorter arms of a cross-shaped building
- \*\*\* Vicky and Bertie — Queen Victoria and Prince Albert’s two eldest children
- \*\*\*\* Nave — the main part of a building (usually a church)
- \*\*\*\*\* Phipps and Colonel Seymour — soldiers and courtiers who served Queen Victoria and Prince Albert