Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Monday 11 May 2020

Morning (Time: 1 hour 30 minutes) | Paper Reference **8EN0/01**

English Language

Advanced Subsidiary
Paper 1: Language: Context and Identity

Source Booklet
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SECTION A

Language and Context

Text A

Text A is from the website of The Royal Exchange Theatre, Manchester. It refers to a stage adaptation of Mary Shelley's novel, **Frankenstein***, shown at the theatre in 2018.*

THIS GRIPPING ADAPTATION OF FRANKENSTEIN BY CELEBRATED PLAYWRIGHT APRIL DE ANGELIS MARKS 200 YEARS SINCE THE PUBLICATION OF MARY SHELLEY'S FAMOUS GOTHIC HORROR.

"WHAT CAN STOP THE DETERMINED HEART AND RESOLVED WILL OF MAN?"

Trapped in a mountain of ice, Captain Walton's ambition to conquer the North Pole stalls in its tracks. Out on the frozen wastes something stirs…wretched and barely alive, Victor Frankenstein is dragged on board.

In his fever he recounts a tale of a young scientist, a man with soaring ambition, a tall tale of monstrous creation. In the horror of the story the ice breaks and the ship creaks to life, but is there one last chapter in this bloody account?

Directed by Associate Artistic Director Matthew Xia (WISH LIST, INTO THE WOODS), with Shane Zaza (HAPPY VALLEY, ROAD at Royal Court) playing Victor Frankenstein.

AGE GUIDANCE: 14+. Frankenstein is a dark psychological thriller which contains violence, including on-stage depictions of murder, gore and dismembered body parts.

PLEASE NOTE: This production contains strobe lighting.

Text B

Text B is a transcription of a podcast, Science Friday, which broadcasts news and features related to science. This extract is about a book chosen for a regular feature called 'Sci-Fri Book Club'.

Key

Christie = Interviewee

Ira = Programme presenter

(.) = micropause

Christie: so er Frankenstein (.) you might be wondering why we picked this (.) er well the timing is actually very good it is a nice round anniversary for the publication (.) of Mary Shelley's novel Frankenstein (.) she wrote it (.) er eighteen sixteen when she was eighteen years old one rainy summer at Lake Geneva (.) and it was published on January first of eighteen eighteen (.) so two hundred years old and still looking great

Ira: so wha (.) but okay (.) so it's the two hundredth anniversary there's got to be a science reason why we're reading this

Christie: sure well as you might remember from the story it involves re-animating a corpse with (.) er at least we are seeing in the movies (.) lightning (.) er this was about the time that er Luigi Galvani and Alessandro Volta were fighting about why (.) er if you ran electricity through a frog leg it twitched (.) a dead frog leg (.) er they had a big fight about this in the late seventeen hundreds er (.) long story short er we got to re-animating a monster with some lightning bolts

Glossary

Luigi Galvini and Alessandro Volta were 18th century Italian scientists who pioneered the study of electricity

Text C

Text C is an extract from an article on AI (artificial intelligence) written for online magazine AI Trends *dated 15 March 2018.*

Frankenstein and AI Self-Driving Cars

Mankind creates a monster.

Monster runs amok and kills.

Mankind is threatened or overtaken.

This is a typical plot found in popular movies such as Terminator and The Matrix. We see over and again science fiction stories that warn us about overstepping human bounds. We are repeatedly warned that we might someday bring about our own destruction. Scary. Worrisome. Could it happen? We don't know, but it sure seems like a possibility.

Another similar story is celebrating its bicentennial this year. In 1818, Mary Shelley brought us the now famous and perhaps infamous "Frankenstein; or the Modern Prometheus."

Frankenstein as a story and a theme has become a pervasive aspect in our contemporary culture. Besides being standard reading required for most school children, and besides being a popular costume for Halloween, and besides appearing in a myriad of other forums including TV, films, online, and the like, we also have grown accustomed to using "Frankenstein" as a means of signaling that we as humans might be overstepping our bounds.

SECTION B

Language and Identity

Text D

Text D is part of an article from 2017 called **Speak Out for Hull** *by poet Vicky Foster in* **Transactions of the Yorkshire Dialect Society.**

Having a Hull accent has always been a complicated business for me. For a lot of my life it's been something I tried to hide – at times like answering the phone or going to a job interview. I was probably being interviewed by someone else who was doing their best to hide their Hull accent too, but I did it anyway. It was what you did. If you heard it on the radio or the telly, you'd sneer and say "Oh God, it sounds awful when you hear it, doesn't it?". You'd say this in your Hull accent. I remember once visiting a theme park as a kid and sitting next to a girl from even further up North than me. She told me she loved my accent and I thought she was joking. It turned out that she wasn't, but I couldn't process that – it was an alien concept to me.

Conversely, amongst family, our Hull accents were amplified. We'd punctuate them with Hull words that outsiders wouldn't know. Words like "mafting", "twagging", "croggy" and "tenfoot". We'd take delight in these words, in the pushing or dragging of the vowels that made them up. They were ours, and in this setting, we were proud of them. We used them to recount tales of stubbornness, of underdogs and of telling people what's what; the vocalisation and sharing of a pride that other people couldn't understand. The tale of Beverley Gate was one such example of this – repeated many times in my house after Sunday dinner; raising us up as ancestors of the man who stood at the gate, told Charles 1 in his broad, flat vowels that "Neeer, he wasn't coming in", and changed the course of British history. And then the phone would ring, and one of my parents, or my Granny, or my Nanna, would answer it, in that other voice that wasn't really theirs; like putting their work clothes back on.

With my friends as a teenager was where my accent really came into its own – we'd accentuate all the bits our parents or teachers tried to check during the day. It felt rebellious and defiant. It felt like shouting from the rooftops. "This is me, whether you like it or not." We'd let it ring across the streets of East Hull, through the parks, on the back of buses – loving the headshakes and tutting of passers-by. But these days passed quickly and when my children were born I found myself using my other voice more and more – enunciating words in something halfway between my natural state and how I thought I should probably sound now that I was supposed to be a responsible adult.

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