

# AQA Sample Paper: GCSE English Language

## Paper 2: Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

**Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes**

- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 80.
- There are 40 marks for Section A and 40 marks for Section B.
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.
- You will be assessed on the quality of your reading in Section A.
- You will be assessed on the quality of your writing in Section B.

You are advised to spend about 15 minutes reading through the **Source** and **all five questions** you have to answer. You should make sure you leave sufficient time to check your answers.

## Source A: 21<sup>st</sup> century nonfiction

Extract from *I Am Malala*, a memoir by Malala Yousafzai.

1 When I close my eyes, I can see my bedroom. The bed is unmade, my fluffy blanket in a heap,  
2 because I've rushed out for school, late for an exam. My school timetable is open on my desk to a  
3 page dated 9 October, 2012. And my school uniform – my white *shalwar* and blue *kamiz* – is on a  
4 peg on the wall, waiting for me.

5 I can hear the kids playing cricket in the alley behind our home. I can hear the hum of the bazaar  
6 not far away. And if I listen very closely I can hear Safina, my friend next door, tapping on the wall  
7 we share so she can tell me a secret.

8 I smell rice cooking as my mother works in the kitchen. I hear my little brothers fighting over the  
9 remote – the TV switching between *WWE Smackdown* and cartoons. Soon, I'll hear my father's  
10 deep voice as he calls out my nickname. '*Jani*,' he'll say, which is Persian for 'dear one', 'how was  
11 the school running today?' He was asking how things were at the Khushal School for Girls, which  
12 he founded and I attended, but I always took the opportunity to answer the question literally.

13 '*Aha*,' I'd joke, 'the school is walking not running!' This was my way of telling him I thought things  
14 could be better.

15 I left that beloved home in Pakistan one morning – planning to dive back under the covers as soon  
16 as school was over – and ended up a world away.

17 Some people say it is too dangerous to go back there now. That I'll never be able to return. And  
18 so, from time to time, I go there in my mind.

19 But now another family lives in that home, another girl sleeps in that bedroom – while I am  
20 thousands of miles away. I don't care much about the other things in my room but I do worry  
21 about the school trophies on my bookcase. I even dream about them sometimes. There's a  
22 runner's-up award from the first speaking contest I ever entered. And more than forty-five golden  
23 cups and medals for being first in my class for exams, debates and competitions. To someone else,  
24 they might seem mere trinkets made of plastic. To someone else, they may simply look like prizes  
25 for good grades. But to me, they are reminders of the life I loved and the girl I was – before I left  
26 home that fateful day.

27 When I open my eyes, I am in my new bedroom. It is in a sturdy brick house in a damp and chilly  
28 place called Birmingham, England. Here there is water running from every tap, hot or cold as you  
29 like. No need to carry canisters of gas from the market to heat the water. Here there are large  
30 rooms with shiny wood floors, filled with large furniture and a large, large TV.

31 There is hardly a sound in this calm, leafy suburb. No children laughing and yelling. No women  
32 downstairs chopping vegetables and gossiping with my mother. No men smoking cigarettes and  
33 debating politics. Sometimes, though, even with these thick walls between us, I can hear someone  
34 in my family crying for home. But then my father will burst through the front door, his voice  
35 booming. '*Jani!*' he'll say. 'How was school today?'

36 Now there's no play on words. He's not asking about the school he runs and that I attend. But  
37 there's a note of worry in his voice, as if he fears I won't be there to reply. Because it was not so  
38 long ago that I was nearly killed – simply because I was speaking out about my right to go to  
39 school.

## Source B: 19<sup>th</sup> century literary nonfiction

Extract from Margaret Oliphant's autobiography.

1 I remember nothing of Wallyford, where I was born, but opened my eyes to life, so far as I  
2 remember, in the village of Lasswade, where we lived in a little house, I think, on the road to  
3 Dalkeith. I recollect the wintry road ending to my consciousness in a slight ascent with big ash  
4 trees forming a sort of arch; underneath which I fancy was a toll-bar, the way into the world  
5 appropriately barred by that turnpike\*. But no, that was not the way into the world, for the world  
6 was Edinburgh, the coach for which, I am almost sure, went the other way through the village and  
7 over the bridge to the left hand, starting from somewhere close to Mr Todd the baker's shop, of  
8 which I have a faint and kind recollection. It was by that way that Frank came home on Saturday  
9 nights, to spend Sunday at home, walking out from Edinburgh (about six miles) to walk in again on  
10 Monday in the dark winter mornings. I recollect nothing about the summer mornings when he set  
11 out on that walk, but remember vividly like a picture the Monday mornings in winter; the fire  
12 burning cheerfully and candles on the breakfast table, all dark but with a subtle sense of morning,  
13 though it seemed a kind of dissipation\* to be up so long before the day. I can see myself, a small  
14 creature seated on a stool by the fire, toasting a cake of dough which was brought for me by the  
15 baker with the prematurely early rolls, which were for Frank. (This dough was the special feature  
16 of the morning to me, and I suppose I had it only on these occasions.) And my mother, who never  
17 seemed to sit down in the strange, little, warm, bright picture, but to hover about the table  
18 pouring out tea, supplying everything he wanted to her boy (how proud, how fond of him! – her  
19 eyes liquid and bright with love as she hovered about); and Frank, the dearest of companions so  
20 long – then long separated, almost alienated, brought back again at the end to my care. How  
21 bright he was then, how good always to me, how fond of his little sister! – impatient by moments,  
22 good always. And he was a kind of god to me – *my Frank*, as I always called him. I remember once  
23 weeping bitterly over a man singing in the street, a buttoned-up, shabby-genteel man, whom, on  
24 being questioned why I cried, I acknowledged I thought like my Frank. That was when he was  
25 absent, and my mother's anxiety reflected in a child's mind went, I suppose, the length of fancying  
26 that Frank too might have to sing in the street. (He would have come off very badly in that case,  
27 for he did not know one tune from another, much less could he sing a note!)

### \*Glossary

turnpike = a toll gate (a barrier across a road where drivers or pedestrians must pay to go further)

dissipation = waste of energy

## Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

**Q1.** Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 18**.

Choose **four** statements below which are true.

**[4 marks]**

- A. Malala finds it difficult to remember what her bedroom looks like.
- B. Malala had a blue and white school uniform.
- C. Malala's bedroom shares a wall with her neighbour's house.
- D. Malala's sister is called Safina.
- E. There was a market near Malala's home.
- F. Malala's father was the headmaster of the Khushal School for Girls.
- G. Malala always speaks seriously to her father.
- H. Malala no longer lives in her childhood home.

**Q2.** You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

Use details from **both** sources. Write a summary of the differences between Malala's home in Birmingham and Oliphant's home in Lasswade.

**[8 marks]**

**Q3.** You now need to refer to **Source B only**.

How does Oliphant use language to show how much she loved her brother?

**[12 marks]**

**Q4.** You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

Compare how the two writers convey their different memories of their childhood home.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different memories
- compare the methods they use to convey their memories
- support your ideas with references to both texts

**[16 marks]**

## **Section B: Writing**

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

**Q5.** 'Your identity has nothing to do with the town or country or continent you come from. Being British, European, Asian or African makes no difference to who you are.'

Write an online article aimed at teenagers, giving your thoughts in response to this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy)

**[40 marks]**