
AQA GCSE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2: Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

SET C

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 19th Century non-fiction

Kate Frye's Diary

An entry taken from Kate Frye's Diary on 25th December 1897

Source B: 21st Century literary non-fiction

A Moran Family Christmas

An newspaper article from *The Times* newspaper published in 2016

Source A

Source A is a diary entry written by Kate Frye on Christmas Day 1897. The writer gives an account of how she and her family celebrated Christmas.

Agnes and I were called at a quarter to seven and got up and went to early service at St Mark's Church. There were not many people. It was bitterly cold and very foggy. We didn't have breakfast till about 9.30 as Mother and Daddie were late. Norman was down before we got in and Emi soon after but Stella of course had her breakfast in bed and had a fire to get up by.

Mother, Emi and I walked to Wooburn Church for morning service – Agnes would have liked to go with us but went for a walk to Maidenhead with Stella and Norman – they were to see Mrs Quare and came back to lunch in a fly.

We met Katie just as we were going in Church so she made us go up to Aunt Agnes' pew as only she, Aunt Agnes and Constance came to Church. I did enjoy the service – it was so bright and I think the Vicar is so nice.

It was quite like old times and I felt we must be staying with them – especially as we walked up the hill with them after Church. It was simply lovely up there – no fog and perfect sunshine – quite thawing the frost on the trees it was so hot.

We saw Southard and Gilbert, who has not been at all well – then Aunt Anne came in – we had already met her on her way to Chapel. Then after a chat and inspection of everyone's presents we came away home. Met Mrs Southard & Henry and Lola and her maid walking up the Hill. They had just got back from Marlow where they drive to church.

We had a quiet afternoon round the fire in the Morning Room – can't let anyone in the Drawing Room as the Tree is there. I slipped off after tea to finish it all off. We have got up fair fun and excitement over it – and made them all curious. We were all very merry at dinner – except Daddie who is still seedy¹ – although we had no Turkey. Had a pair of our own fowls² killed as they have not arrived – I don't like Christmas dinner without Turkeys – but we had the Pudding, mince pies and crackers alright. Then came the Christmas Tree which was a huge success and we all went quite mad.

We had the servants in at the beginning and gave them their presents – Pratt has had a splendid knife off it. We played all the musical instruments and with all the toys. Then after we had carted our things away we went in the Morning Room again in the warm. Daddie went to his room and went early to bed – he has given the servants each a present of money. We had snap dragon³ later on but I got most fearfully tired and was glad to go to bed. We all went off about 11.30.



¹ Unwell

² Birds

³ A game played in the dark that involves putting raisins in a bowl of brandy, setting it on fire and plucking out the raisins without getting burnt

Turn over for Source B

Source B

This is an article published in The Times newspaper in 2016. The writer, Caitlin Moran, details a typical Christmas Day in her house.

5 The inflatable mattresses. The inflatable-mattress puncture-repair kit. The Tetris-ing of inflatable mattresses in a room too small. The skanky duvets hidden in new duvet covers. The bad pillow. The Big Pans brought out of the basement. The requisitioning of the drum stool, the rocking chair and the camp chairs around the dining table. Some people will have to use chopsticks – the waste-disposal unit has claimed the majority of the spoons. Champagne tastes just as good from a mug. You don't need a side plate if the table's relatively clean.

10 The fridge too full. The turkey put on the patio, with a cardboard box on top, weighed down with bricks, to deter foxes – like a naked high-security prisoner. The fairy lights strung across the hallway ceiling – low enough to work as an LED noose around the throats of the big boys when they walk in. Boys who are suddenly 6ft 3in and who can pick you up and move you out of the way, even as you hysterically squawk, "You can't pick me up! Put me down! I'm 20 years older than you! I used to change your nappies!"

15 The buffet, proudly laid out on the side. You know it will all be gone by 6pm, and someone will make a fuss about putting on their coat and going round the corner to the shop to buy more beer. You have 84 cans of beer.

20 They start to arrive – familiar faces with new haircuts and coats. From Sheffield, from Brighton, from that place just outside Oxford you can't remember the name of, because they've moved so many times and you're getting too old to remember all these things.

25 Your head is filling up. Your house is filling up – each person making an entrance like a famous sitcom character, coming into the room to audience applause and the expectation of a great opening line. They all have great opening lines: "Can you believe someone left this sombrero in a skip?" "The man next to me on the Megabus had a live rabbit, in a basket." "I thought it was snowing, then I realised the wind had ruffled my dandruff."

The potato-peeling. The same conversation, every year: "I prefer them with the skins on. More fibre." Nine other people shouting, "MASH MUST NOT HAVE SKINS IN!"

30 The bins already full, those without mortgages, or children, crushing more bottles and cans down into it, like gonzo gunslingers; those with greater domestic awareness tutting and pointedly taking the bags out to the kerb.

35 The fight over the stereo – *Hark! The Herald Angels Sing* replaced by Kanye West; Kanye replaced by Slade. The breakaway group in the toilet upstairs, wrapping presents at the last minute while crouched by the toilet, while someone else sits in the bath going, "Could you wrap mine, too? I just don't have *the knack*."

40 The present-giving. The decades-long in-jokes referenced by another wind-up plastic nun or framed picture of a child sulking on a beach in 1986. The sudden, tearful heart swell – a battered electric guitar being passed on from uncle to teenage niece: "You're 13 now, so it's time you learnt to play the opening chords to *Enter Sandman* by Metallica. This guitar is called 'The Rock Beast'. It is powerful. Use it wisely."

The guitar not being used wisely, as 12 adults all take it in turns to play *Enter Sandman*, badly.

- 45 The pictures taken, the iPhones wielded – the older ones producing blurred snaps, the teenagers perfectly posed pictures that are filtered, captioned and put on Instagram in less than a minute. The teenagers bitching at each other while the elders look on, port in hand, going, “Remember when we used to bitch at each other like that?”

We don’t bitch at each other like that now. We all tell our therapists, then go for a walk. Shall we go for a walk now? It’s raining. And *Elf* is a workable walk substitute, if you shout out the best lines loud enough.

- 50 The fire lit; the duvets on the sofa. A room that’s just 14 heads, now – like Charlie Bucket’s grandparents, sailing comments like paper planes across the room. “It’s been a good year.” “You’re better off without him.” “Would cherry Coke and sherry ... work?” “I wonder ... what will 2017 be like?”

- 55 Like this. One cosy mass with 14 heads – not the same, but the same, really. Patching each other up when we start to deflate. All Tetris-ed into a single surname. Dirty, battered, still useable duvets, hidden under the new covers of 2017.

End of sources



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