

## PAPER 2 MINI MOCK: GENDER

*Source A: A transcript of Emma Watson's speech to the UN in 2014 beginning the HeForShe Campaign.*

Men, I would like to take this opportunity to extend your formal invitation. Gender equality is your issue, too. Because to date, I've seen my father's role as a parent being valued less by society, despite my need of his presence as a child, as much as my mother's. I've seen young men suffering from mental illness, unable to ask for help for fear it would make them less of a man. In fact, in the UK, suicide is the biggest killer of men between 20 to 49, eclipsing road accidents, cancer and coronary heart disease. I've seen men made fragile and insecure by a distorted sense of what constitutes male success. Men don't have the benefits of equality, either.

We don't often talk about men being imprisoned by gender stereotypes, but I can see that they are, and that when they are free, things will change for women as a natural consequence. If men don't have to be aggressive in order to be accepted, women won't feel compelled to be submissive. If men don't have to control, women won't have to be controlled.

Both men and women should feel free to be sensitive. Both men and women should feel free to be strong. It is time that we all perceive gender on a spectrum, instead of two sets of opposing ideals. If we stop defining each other by what we are not, and start defining ourselves by who we are, we can all be freer, and this is what HeForShe is about. It's about freedom.

I want men to take up this mantle so that their daughters, sisters, and mothers can be free from prejudice, but also so that their sons have permission to be vulnerable and human too, reclaim those parts of themselves they abandoned, and in doing so, be a more true and complete version of themselves.

In my nervousness for this speech and in my moments of doubt I've told myself firmly: If not me, who? If not now, when? If you have similar doubts when opportunities are presented to you I hope that those words will be helpful, because the reality is that if we do nothing it will take 75 years, or for me to be nearly a hundred, before women can expect to be paid the same as men, for the same work. 15.5 million girls will be married in the next 16 years as children. And at current rates it won't be until 2086 before all rural African girls can have a secondary education.

*Source B: The following article from Punch, titled 'The Best Sewing Machine' is from 1859.*

The very best Sewing-Machine a man can have is a Wife. It is one that requires but a kind word to set it in motion, rarely gets out of repair, makes but little noise, is seldom the cause of dust, and, once in motion, will go on uninterruptedly for hours, without the slightest trimming, or the smallest personal supervision being necessary. It will make shirts, darn stockings, sew on buttons, mark pocket handkerchiefs, cut out pinafores, and manufacture children's frocks out of any old thing you may give it; and this it will do behind your back just as well as before your face. In fact, you may leave the house for days, and it will go on working just the same. If it does get out of order a little, from being overworked, it mends itself by being left alone for a short time, after which it returns to its sewing with greater vigour than ever.

Of course, sewing machines vary a great deal. Some are much quicker than others. It depends in a vast measure upon the particular pattern you select. If you are fortunate in picking out the choicest pattern of a Wife—one, for instance, that sings whilst working, and seems to be never so happy as when the husband's linen is in hand—the Sewing Machine may be pronounced perfect of its kind; so much so, that there is no make-shift in the world that can possibly replace it, either for love or money. In short, no gentleman's establishment is complete without one of these Sewing Machines in the house!

### QUESTIONS

**Q1 - 4 MARKS - 5 MINUTES**

Using source A shade the boxes of the four true statements.

A woman's role as a parent is less valued than a man's role.

HeForShe is about giving freedom back to women only.

Watson wants men to support the HeforShe campaign.

Watson sees gender as two sets of opposing stereotypes.

Suicide is the biggest killer of men between 20 and 49.

Watson believes that men don't have equality, either.

15.5 million women will be married in the next 16 years.

Watson feels both genders should be free to be sensitive.

**Q2 - 8 MARKS - 10 MINUTES**

Write a summary of the differences between the women described in each source.

**Q3 - 12 MARKS - 15 MINUTES**

In source A how does Emma Watson use language to persuade her audience?

**Q4 - 16 MARKS - 20 MINUTES**

Compare how the writers convey their attitudes to gender.

## PAPER 2 MINI MOCK: CRIME

*Source A: The following letter was published in The Times on March 5<sup>th</sup>, 1850.*

Sir, - As The Times is always open for the insertion of any remarks likely to caution the unwary or to put the unsuspecting on their guard against the numerous thefts and robberies committed daily in the streets of London, I am induced to ask you to insert a case which happened on Saturday last, and which I trust may serve as a warning to those of your lady readers who still carry purses in their pockets.

A young lady (and, as the police reports add,) of very prepossessing appearance, a relation of the narrator's, was walking between 12 and 1 o'clock with another young lady, a friend of hers, in Albany-street, where she resides, when she was accosted by a boy about 11 years of age, who asked her in the most beseeching tones "to buy a few oranges of a poor orphan who hadn't a bit of bread to eat." She told him to go away, but he kept alongside, imploring assistance, and making some cutting remarks about "the ingratitude of the world in general and of young ladies in particular." As his manner became very troublesome the lady threatened to give him in charge of a policeman, and looked down every area to find one; but there was not one even there, and the boy kept up his sweet discourse and slight pushes alternately (the latter with the basket on which he carried his oranges), until the lady reached her own door-step. It then occurred to her that in the boy's ardour to sell his oranges he might have taken her purse; her friend thought so too. A trembling hand was inserted into the pocket; the purse was gone, and so was the lady's happiness. She flew after the thief, who, knowing young ladies were not made for running, coolly deposited his basket on a door-step a little way off and ran away whistling. This brave young lady ran also, shouting "Stop thief! stop thief!" (but then young ladies are not made for shouting, God forbid!) and she looked in the fond hope that a policeman might be found. But no such luck, the culprit got safely off with the purse and its contents; and no kind passer by tried to help the young lady, who was thus shamefully duped and robbed. Ladies, young and old, never carry your purses in your pockets; beware of canting beggars, and beggars of all sorts, that infest the streets; and, above all, keep a watchful eye about you and give the widest possible berth to

THE ORANGE BOY

*Source B: An article from The Sun in 2016, 'OLE-VER TWIST: Modern day Fagin who forced gang of migrant child pickpockets to steal from Brit tourists is arrested in Spain'*

A MODERN-day 'Fagin' who forced a gang of child pickpockets to steal from British tourists in Spain has been arrested. Cops say the gang leader, named locally as Hasim Sejdic, 44, sent out an army of workers every morning to find victims like the Charles Dickens character in Oliver Twist. Nine girls living in slum-like conditions were discovered during a raid on one of the properties used by the gang. Bosnian Sejdic was one of 16 people held in Barcelona during an operation involving local police in the Catalan capital, Spanish National Police and Europe. Officers believe the Fagin figure's area of operations extended across Spain as well as the south of France.

A spokesman for Spain's National Police said: "The 16 people held in Barcelona are suspected of forcing women that came from Bosnia, including several minors, to work as pickpockets in Spanish tourist areas and on public transport. The organisation, composed of different family groups, traded the youngsters, exchanging them and transferring them to different cities for around 5,000 euros. In one of the searches in Barcelona nine minors who weren't being schooled were found living in awful conditions."

A statement from the force added: "They were taught how to steal from victims and smuggled into Spain with fake ID. The clan based principally in Barcelona was organised around the figure of a patriarch who directed operations in the whole of Spain and the south of France. Underneath the patriarch, a perfectly structured organisation existed with female and male lieutenants."

### Q1 - 4 MARKS - 5 MINUTES

Using source B shade the boxes of the four true statements.

The crimes took place in Bosnia.	
Nine children were found living in awful conditions	
The gang leader was called Fagin.	
The children were smuggled into Spain illegally.	
Both men and women worked in the organisation.	
Each child had to steal 5,000 euros a day.	
The people are being held in the south of France.	
The children were taught how to commit the crimes.	

### Q2 - 8 MARKS - 10 MINUTES

Write a summary of the differences between the people committing the crimes in each source.

### Q3 - 12 MARKS - 15 MINUTES

In source A how does the writer use language to describe the incident?

### Q4 - 16 MARKS - 20 MINUTES

Compare how the writers convey their attitudes to crime in each source.

## PAPER 2 MINI MOCK: BARS

*Source A: Charles Dickens writes about a 'Gin-Shop' in Sketches from Boz written in 1835.*

The hum of many voices issues from that splendid gin-shop which forms the commencement of the two streets opposite; and the gay building with the fantastically ornamented parapet, the illuminated clock, the plate-glass windows surrounded by stucco rosettes, and its profusion of gas-lights in richly-gilt burners, is perfectly dazzling when contrasted with the darkness and dirt we have just left.

The interior is even gayer than the exterior. A bar of French-polished mahogany, elegantly carved, extends the whole width of the place; and there are two side-aisles of great casks, painted green and gold, enclosed within a light brass rail, and bearing such inscriptions, as "Old Tom, 549"; "Young Tom, 360"; "Samson, 1421"--the figures agreeing, we presume, with "gallons," understand. Beyond the bar is a lofty and spacious saloon, full of the same enticing vessels, with a gallery running round it, equally well furnished. On the counter, in addition to the usual spirit apparatus, are two or three little baskets of cakes and biscuits, which are carefully secured at top with wicker-work, to prevent their contents being unlawfully abstracted. Behind it, are two showily-dressed damsels with large necklaces, dispensing the spirits and "compounds." They are assisted by the ostensible proprietor of the concern, a stout, coarse fellow in a fur cap, put on very much on one side to give him a knowing air, and to display his sandy whiskers to the best advantage.

The young fellow in a brown coat and bright buttons, who, ushering in his two companions, and walking up to the bar in as careless a manner as if he had been used to green and gold ornaments all his life, winks at one of the young ladies with singular coolness, and calls for a 'kervorten and a three-out- glass,' just as if the place were his own. 'Gin for you, sir?' says the young lady when she has drawn it: carefully looking every way but the right one, to show that the wink had no effect upon her. 'For me, Mary, my dear,' replies the gentleman in brown. 'My name an't Mary as it happens,' says the young girl, rather relaxing as she delivers the change. 'Well, if it an't, it ought to be,' responds the irresistible one; 'all the Marys as ever I see, was handsome gals.'

*Source B: A review in The Telegraph by Orla Pentelow in 2018, titled 'The Coral Room Bar'.*

You'd be forgiven for thinking, when entering the newly renovated Coral Room bar at the Bloomsbury London, that you had walked into something out of a Wes Anderson film set. The new all-day dining restaurant and bar - once a simple lobby in the Sir Edward Lutyens-designed Grade II-listed building - is a cavernous, coral-coloured 2,100sq ft double-height space at the front of the hotel. Designer Martin Brudnizki has kept the original panelled walls, spruced up with the vivid colour which gives the space its moniker, but what really catches the eye is the central bar. A Calacatta marble counter atop a glossy wooden front with antique-style mirroring and brass hardware provides a grand backdrop around which everything else is. The overall effect is an impressive, genuinely beautiful room, that is simultaneously reminiscent of 1920s decadence and Miami art deco. It manages to be design-conscious, luxurious and yet inviting at the same time. I followed a glass of British fizz with one of the bar's signature cocktails. Staff did well to help us with recommendations, offering suggestions based on our spirits of choice, and assuring us that anything not found on the pink-hued menu can be rustled up behind that magic marble bar. A food menu of small plates and light bites works as a tapas-style evening meal. Breakfast options such as garden pea and feta smash on sourdough toast and rainbow acai bowls make the Coral Room just as suitable for morning meetings, and the bar also caters to teetotal clientele thanks to a small menu of Seedlip's non-alcoholic spirits.

**Q1 - 4 MARKS - 5 MINUTES**

Using source B shade the boxes of the four true statements.

The bar used to be a Wes Anderson film set.

The bar is a huge room, both wide and high.

The designer decided to paint the panelled walls.

The reviewer is not impressed by the look of the bar.

The bar reminds the reviewer of the 1920s and Miami art.

The reviewer chooses to drink a cocktail first.

The bar is not suitable for morning meetings.

The menu offers small plates and light meals.

**Q2 - 8 MARKS - 10 MINUTES**

Write a summary of the differences between the atmosphere in each bar.

**Q3 - 12 MARKS - 15 MINUTES**

In source A how does the writer use language to describe the 'Gin-Shop' he visits?

**Q4- 16 MARKS - 20 MINUTES**

Compare how the writers convey their attitudes to each bar and the people that work there.

## PAPER 2 MINI MOCK: THE LIFE OF A PRISONER

*Source A: In 1836 Charles Dickens imagines the life of a prisoner in Sketches by Boz.*

We entered the first cell. It was a stone dungeon, eight feet long by six wide, with a bench at the upper end, under which were a common rug, a bible, and prayer-book. An iron candlestick was fixed into the wall at the side; and a small high window in the back admitted as much air and light as could struggle in between a double row of heavy, crossed iron bars. It contained no other furniture of any description. Conceive the situation of a man, spending his last night on earth in this cell. Hours have glided by, and still he sits upon the same stone bench with folded arms, heedless alike of the fast decreasing time before him, and the urgent entreaties of the good man at his side. The feeble light is wasting gradually, and the deathlike stillness of the street without, broken only by the rumbling of some passing vehicle which echoes mournfully through the empty yards, warns him that the night is waning fast away. The deep bell of St. Paul's strikes - one! He heard it; it has roused him. Seven hours left! He paces the narrow limits of his cell with rapid strides, cold drops of terror starting on his forehead, and every muscle of his frame quivering with agony. Seven hours! He suffers himself to be led to his seat, mechanically takes the bible which is placed in his hand, and tries to read and listen. No: his thoughts will wander. The book is torn and soiled by use - and like the book he read his lessons in, at school, just forty years ago! He has never bestowed a thought upon it, perhaps, since he left it as a child: and yet the place, the time, the room - nay, the very boys he played with, crowd as vividly before him as if they were scenes of yesterday; and some forgotten phrase, some childish word, rings in his ears like the echo of one uttered but a minute since. He falls upon his knees and clasps his hands to pray. Hush! what sound was that? He starts upon his feet. It cannot be two yet. Hark! Two quarters have struck; - the third - the fourth. It is! Six hours left. Tell him not of repentance! Six hours' repentance for eight times six years of guilt and sin! He buries his face in his hands, and throws himself on the bench.

*Source B: Michael Romero writes about his American prison experience in 2012.*

We are confined to one cellblock and not allowed in any other. From our cellblock we can go to the yard, the mess hall, or our job. Movements are allowed hourly during a ten-minute period. Many of us spend our free time in the yard, which is a precious place indeed. In the yard, we have handball courts, tennis courts, weights, basketball, volleyball, a running track, green grass, and miles and miles of blue sky and fresh air. It's the place where we play, shaking off the dust, disease, and gloom of the cage. A man with an afternoon job may come to spend his mornings on the yard, afternoons at work, and his evenings studying in his cell. This routine is as certain to him as the years he must do. Back in the cellblock, some of us remove our running shoes and go back to bed, sleeping all day and tossing and turning all night. Others sit in the stuffy cellblock and watch the rays of sunshine filtering through the iron security screens on the windows. Taking away the yard spoils our routine and unbalances our body clocks. Tempers begin to go bad; we snap at each other like too many rats crammed into a cardboard box; hating becomes second nature. No matter how we approach the issue intellectually, it doesn't dampen the rage we acquire from being packed in gloomy cages while there is blue sky and sunshine just beyond the wall. We have to share this place down to our germs. If one gets the flu, we all get it. When our routines are disrupted, chaos is once again among us. The future seems fragmented, uncertain. A strange type of resolve takes hold among the convicts; should our keepers choose to deal in pain, chaos, and destruction, we will try to give them a good game. After all, we invented it.

**Q1 - 4 MARKS - 5 MINUTES**

Using source B shade the boxes of the four true statements.

The prisoners are not allowed out of their cellblock.	
They have the chance to play volleyball or basketball.	
Some people work the mornings in prison.	
If they work in the morning they can't go to the yard.	
The prisoners often get a good night's sleep.	
The prisoners always have access to the yard.	
The prisoners get angry when they have to stay indoors.	
The yard is very important to the prisoners.	

**Q2 - 8 MARKS - 10 MINUTES**

Write a summary of the differences between the facilities and environment in each prison.

**Q3 - 12 MARKS - 15 MINUTES**

In source B how does the writer use language to describe being confined in a prison?

**Q4 - 16 MARKS - 20 MINUTES**

Compare how the writers convey their attitudes to prison and the prisoners within them.

## PAPER 2 MINI MOCK: GENDER

*Source A: An article from The Morning Chronicle from 1849 titled 'Cholera District'*

We then journeyed on to London-street, down which the tidal ditch continues its course. In No. 1 of this street the cholera first appeared seventeen years ago, and spread up it with fearful virulence; but this year it appeared at the opposite end, and ran down it with like severity. As we passed along the reeking banks of the sewer the sun shone upon a narrow slip of the water. In the bright light it appeared the colour of strong green tea, and positively looked as solid as black marble in the shadow - indeed it was more like watery mud than muddy water; and yet we were assured this was the only water the wretched inhabitants had to drink. As we gazed in horror at it, we saw drains and sewers emptying their filthy contents into it; we saw a whole tier of doorless privies in the open road, common to men and women, built over it; we heard bucket after bucket of filth splash into it, and the limbs of the vagrant boys bathing in it seemed, by pure force of contrast, white as Parian marble. And yet, as we stood doubting the fearful statement, we saw a little child, from one of the galleries opposite, lower a tin can with a rope to fill a large bucket that stood beside her. In each of the balconies that hung over the stream the self-same tub was to be seen in which the inhabitants put the mucky liquid to stand, so that they may, after it has rested for a day or two, skim the fluid from the solid particles of filth, pollution, and disease. As the little thing dangled her tin cup as gently as possible into the stream, a bucket of night-soil was poured down from the next gallery.

In this wretched place we were taken to a house where an infant lay dead of the cholera. We asked if they really did drink the water? The answer was, "They were obliged to drink the ditch, without they could beg a pailfull or thieve a pailfull of water. But have you spoken to your landlord about having it laid on for you?" "Yes, sir; and he says he'll do it, and do it, but we know him better than to believe him." "Why, sir," cried another woman, who had shot out from an adjoining room, "he won't even give us a little whitewash, though we tell him we'll willingly do the work ourselves: and look here, sir," she added, "all the tiles have fallen off, and the rain pours in wholesale."

*Source B: Nashon Tado reports on Cholera for the Norwegian Refugee Council in 2018.*

Violence has forced thousands of Congolese to seek safety in neighbouring Uganda, with overcrowded refugee camps there putting pressure on hygiene and sanitation facilities, increasing the risk of deadly cholera outbreaks. Violence in the Democratic Republic of the Congo (DR Congo) has forced nearly 44,000 people to cross Uganda's south-west border out of the country so far this year. This has put pressure on sanitation facilities in refugee settlements, and has led to deadly cholera outbreaks. With hundreds of people arriving in Uganda every day, aid organisations are striving to prevent the disease from spreading across the settlements. Our teams work around the clock building hygiene and sanitation facilities to help alleviate and prevent the suffering of these displaced people. Désiré is among the thousands who has been forced to adapt to a new life in Maratatu settlement in south-west Uganda. "There are people everywhere in the settlement. It's a big risk in terms of the spreading of cholera. Something should be done to ease the congestion," he says. Those who have made it to Uganda now face this new life-threatening situation. Désiré worries about the conditions he and his fellow arrivals face in the packed settlement as a threat to public health: "With so many people crowded in one location, the risk of spreading of contagious diseases such as cholera is very high, and many people can be severely affected within a short time." Meanwhile, hygiene and sanitation facilities in Kagoma transit centre, where newly arrived refugees are registered, also struggle to bear the brunt of overcrowding.

**Q1 - 4 MARKS - 5 MINUTES**

Using source B shade the boxes of the four true statements.

The refugees are seeking safety from Uganda.	
44,000 refugees have crossed the border this year.	
The refugees have brought cholera with them.	
The refugee camps are becoming overcrowded.	
Désiré believes the refugee camps should be helped.	
The cholera outbreaks can kill people in the camp.	
The volunteers are doing nothing to improve hygiene.	
They have left their home country to seek new jobs.	

**Q2 - 8 MARKS - 10 MINUTES**

Write a summary of the differences between the people described in each source.

**Q3 - 12 MARKS - 15 MINUTES**

In source A how does the writer use language to describe his surroundings?

**Q4- 16 MARKS - 20 MINUTES**

Compare how the writers convey their attitudes to disease and sanitation in each source.

