

**AQA** 

**GCSE**

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

**Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and  
perspectives**

**8700/2**

**Insert**

**[Turn over]**

**The two sources that follow are:**

**SOURCE A: 21st Century non-fiction**

**‘How can my son be a year old already?’ by Stuart Heritage**

**A newspaper article from ‘The Guardian’ newspaper published in 2016.**

**SOURCE B: 19th Century literary non-fiction**

**‘Boy Lost’**

**An extract from a Victorian newspaper in which a mother writes about her son.**

**PLEASE TURN THE PAGE OVER TO SEE THE SOURCES**

**BLANK PAGE**

**[Turn over]**

## SOURCE A

**This is an article published in The Guardian newspaper in 2016. The writer, Stuart Heritage, explores how he feels now that his son is a year old.**

**How can my son be a year old already? He's growing up fast, leaving milestones in his wake – and tiny parts of me along with them**



**A picture shows a birthday cake, covered in white icing with a candle on top in the shape of the number one.**

**1 My son turned one last week. The  
day marked the end of what has been  
both the longest and shortest year of  
my life. From the instant he was  
5 born, it's felt as if my son has always  
been part of this family. I don't mean  
that in an obnoxious, heart-eyed,  
this-was-always-meant-to-be way. I  
simply mean that I haven't slept for a  
10 year and I don't really know how time  
works any more. Whole years have  
passed in some of the afternoons  
I've spent with him lately. Entire  
galaxies have been born and thrived  
15 and withered and died in the time it's  
taken him to eat a mouthful of  
porridge.**

**How is he one already? First he was  
born, and then I blinked, and now in  
20 his place is a little boy who can walk  
and has teeth and knows how to**

**[Turn over]**

switch off the television at precisely the most important moment of anything I ever try to watch. It's not  
25 exactly the most unprecedented development in all of human history – child gradually gets older – but it's the first time I've seen it close up. It's  
29 honestly quite hard to grasp.

30 A year ago, he was a sleepy ball of scrunched-up flesh, but is now determinedly his own person. I can see everyone in him – me, my wife, my parents – yet he's already  
35 separate from all of us. He's giddy and silly. He's a show-off, albeit one who's irrationally terrified of my dad. He loves running up to people and waiting for them to twang his lips like  
40 a ruler on a table. When he gets tired and barks gibberish in the middle of the room, he throws his entire body into it, like he's trying to shove the noise up a hill.

**45 With every tiny development – every  
new step he takes, every new tooth  
and sound and reaction that comes  
along to ambush us – we’re  
confronted with a slightly different  
50 child.**

**Photos of him taken in the summer  
seem like dispatches from a million  
years ago. Photos of him taken last  
week seem like a different boy. He’s  
55 blasting ahead as far as he can. He’s  
leaving milestone after milestone in  
his wake and tiny parts of me along  
58 with them.**

**He’ll never again be the tiny baby  
60 who nestled in the crook of my arm,  
sucking on my little finger in the  
middle of the night while his mum  
slept. Nor will he be the baby amazed  
by the taste and texture of solid food.**

**[Turn over]**

**65** Soon enough he'll stop being the  
baby who totters over and rests his  
head on my shoulder whenever he  
gets tired, or laughs uncontrollably  
whenever I say the word 'teeth' for  
**70** reasons I don't think I'll ever work out.

But I've had a year of this and it's ok.  
He's never going to stop changing,  
and I don't want him to. This sadness,  
this constant sense of loss, of time  
**75** slipping just beyond your grasp, is an  
important part of this process. He  
won't realise this, of course. He's got  
years of unbroken progress ahead of  
him, where everything will always be  
**80** new and he'll keep obliviously  
brushing away all of the silly old fools  
who tell him how much he's grown.

One day it'll creep up on him. Years of  
his life will pass in a moment and he  
**85** won't be able to understand where  
they've gone.



**But it's ok. You can't hoard time. You just have to make the most of what you have.**

**[Turn over]**

**SOURCE B**

**This is an extract from a Victorian newspaper article of the 1800s. The writer explores how she feels now that her son has grown up.**

**‘Boy Lost’**

**He had black eyes, with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black and almost curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers  
5 buttoned on, had a habit of whistling, and liked to ask questions. He was accompanied by a small black dog.**

**It is a long while now since he disappeared.**

**10 I have a very pleasant house and  
much company. My guests say, ‘Ah,  
it is pleasant to be here! Everything  
has such an orderly, put-away look –  
nothing about under foot, no dirt!’**

**15 But my eyes are aching for the sight  
of cut paper upon the floor; of  
tumbled-down card-houses; of  
wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-  
guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops**

**20 and go-carts. I want to see crumbs  
on the carpet, and paste spilt on the  
kitchen table. I want to see the chairs  
and tables turned the wrong way  
about; yet these things used to fret**

**25 me once.**

**They say, ‘How quiet you are here;  
ah, one here may be at peace.’ But  
my ears are aching for the pattering  
of little feet; for a hearty shout, a**

**[Turn over]**

**30 shrill whistle, for the crack of little  
whips, for the noise of drums and tin  
trumpets; yet these things made me  
nervous once.**

**They say – ‘Ah, you are not tied at  
35 home. How delightful to be always at  
liberty for concerts, lectures, and  
parties! No responsibilities for you.’  
But I want responsibilities; I want to  
listen for the school bell of  
40 mornings; to give the last hasty  
wash and brush, and then to watch  
from the window nimble feet  
bounding away to school. I want to  
replace lost buttons and obliterate  
45 mud stains, fruit stains, treacle  
stains, and paints of all colours. I  
want to be sitting by a little crib of  
evenings, when weary little feet are  
at rest, and prattling voices are  
50 hushed, that mothers may sing their  
lullabies. They don’t know their  
happiness then – those mothers.**

**I didn't. All these things I called responsibilities once.**

**55 A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I, has thick black whiskers, and wears a frock coat, billowy shirt, and cravat. He has just come from college. He calls**  
**60 me mother, but I am rather unwilling to own him. He stoutly declares that he is my boy, and says he will prove it. He brings me his little boat to show the red stripe on the sail, and**  
**65 the name on the stern – 'Lucy Lowe' – our neighbour's little girl who, because of her long curls, and pretty round face, was the chosen favourite of my little boy. How the red comes**  
**70 to his face when he shows me the name on the boat!**

**[Turn over]**

And I see it all as plain as if it were  
written in a book. My little boy is lost,  
and my big boy will soon be. I wish  
75 he were still a little boy in a long  
white night gown, lying in his crib,  
with me sitting by, holding his hand  
in mine, pushing the curls back from  
his forehead, watching his eyelids  
80 droop, and listening to his deep  
breathing. If I only had my little boy  
again, how patient I would be! How  
much I would bear, and how little I  
would fret and scold! I can never  
85 have him back again; but there are  
still many mothers who haven't yet  
lost their little boys. I wonder if they  
know they are living their very best  
days; that now is the time to really  
90 enjoy their children!

I think if I had been more to my little  
boy I might now be more to my  
grown up one.

**END OF SOURCES**

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