

General Certificate of Education
June 2006
Advanced Level Examination



**ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
(SPECIFICATION B)**

NTB6/PM

Pre-release material for Unit 6: Critical Approaches

**To be issued to candidates on or after Tuesday 13 June 2006
for examination on Tuesday 20 June 2006 1.30 pm to 4.00 pm**

Instructions

- On receipt of this material, you are advised to check carefully that the booklet is complete and that no pages are missing or illegible. There should be 16 pages. If you experience any problems you should consult your teacher.
- You should use the time between receiving this material and the examination to familiarise yourself with its contents.
- You are permitted to make **brief** annotations on the preliminary material. Such annotations should amount to no more than cross references and/or the glossing of individual words or phrases. Highlighting and underlining are permitted. Annotations going beyond individual words or phrases, or amounting to *aides-memoire* or notes towards the planning of essays are not permitted. Insertion of pages, loose sheets, 'Post-its' or any other form of notes or additional material is **not** permitted. You are not permitted to bring any additional written material with you into the examination.
- Your teacher is **not** permitted to discuss the pre-release material with you before the examination.
- **Bring the material with you to the examination on 20 June. You will be required to answer all questions in the examination.**

Anthology of Texts: June 2006

Extracts from:

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|---------|--|---------------------------|
| Text 1: | <i>Waiting for Godot</i> , Samuel Beckett | 1955 (Drama) |
| Text 2: | ‘Walkabout’, from <i>Aboriginal Mythology: An A–Z</i> ,
by Mudrooroo Nyoongah | 1994 (Text book) |
| Text 3: | ‘Haji’, from the <i>New Encyclopaedia Britannica</i> | 1994 (Encyclopaedia) |
| Text 4: | ‘The right to roam...’
‘Peak District, 24 April 1932’, Dave Renton
from the <i>Socialist Review</i> | 1999 (Journalism article) |
| Text 5: | <i>A272 An Ode to a Road</i> , Pieter Boogaart
from the publisher’s website | 2004 (Book synopsis) |
| Text 6: | ‘Traveling the Long Road to Freedom,
One Step at a Time’, Donovan Webster
from <i>Smithsonian</i> magazine | 1996 (Journalism) |
| Text 7: | <i>The Grapes of Wrath</i> , John Steinbeck | 1939 (Prose fiction) |

TEXT 1

An extract from Act 2, *Waiting for Godot*, by Samuel Beckett

ESTRAGON: Ah! [*Silence.*] He didn't come?

VLADIMIR: No.

ESTRAGON: And now it's too late.

VLADIMIR: Yes, now it's night.

ESTRAGON: And if we dropped him? [*Pause.*] If we
dropped him?

VLADIMIR: He'd punish us. [*Silence. He looks at the
tree.*] Everything's dead but the tree.

ESTRAGON: [*Looking at the tree.*] What is it?

VLADIMIR: It's the tree.

ESTRAGON: Yes, but what kind?

VLADIMIR: I don't know. A willow.

[ESTRAGON *draws* VLADIMIR *towards the tree. They
stand motionless before it. Silence.*]

ESTRAGON: Why don't we hang ourselves?

VLADIMIR: With what?

ESTRAGON: You haven't got a bit of rope?

VLADIMIR: No.

ESTRAGON: Then we can't.

[*Silence.*]

VLADIMIR: Let's go.

ESTRAGON: Wait, there's my belt.

VLADIMIR: It's too short.

ESTRAGON: You could hang on to my legs.

VLADIMIR: And who'd hang on to mine?

ESTRAGON: True.

VLADIMIR: Show all the same. [ESTRAGON *loosens the
cord that holds up his trousers which, much too big
for him, fall about his ankles. They look at the cord.*]
It might do at a pinch. But is it strong enough?

ESTRAGON: We'll soon see. Here.

[*They each take an end of the cord and pull. It
breaks. They almost fall.*]

VLADIMIR: Not worth a curse.

[*Silence.*]

ESTRAGON: You say we have to come back tomorrow?

VLADIMIR: Yes.

ESTRAGON: Then we can bring a good bit of rope.

VLADIMIR: Yes.

[*Silence.*]

ESTRAGON: Didi.

VLADIMIR: Yes.

ESTRAGON: I can't go on like this.

VLADIMIR: That's what you think.

ESTRAGON: If we parted? That might be better for us.

Turn over ►

VLADIMIR: We'll hang ourselves tomorrow. [*Pause.*]
Unless Godot comes.
ESTRAGON: And if he comes?
VLADIMIR: We'll be saved.
[VLADIMIR *takes off his hat* [Lucky's¹], *peers inside it, feels about inside it, shakes it, knocks on the crown, puts it on again.*]
ESTRAGON: Well? Shall we go?
VLADIMIR: Pull on your trousers.
ESTRAGON: What?
VLADIMIR: Pull on your trousers.
ESTRAGON: You want me to pull off my trousers?
VLADIMIR: Pull ON your trousers.
ESTRAGON: [*Realizing his trousers are down.*] True.
[*He pulls up his trousers.*]
VLADIMIR: Well? Shall we go?
ESTRAGON: Yes, let's go.
[*They do not move.*]

CURTAIN

¹ A character in the play

TEXT 2

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TEXT 3

The entry for 'Hajj' from the *New Encyclopaedia Britannica*

hajj, also spelled HADJDJ, or HADJ, in Islām, the pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca in Saudi Arabia, which every adult Muslim of either sex must make at least once in his or her lifetime. The hajj is the fifth of the fundamental Muslim practices and institutions known as the Five Pillars of Islām. The pilgrimage rite begins on the 7th day of Dhū al-Hijjah (the last month of the Islāmic year) and ends on the 12th day.

The hajj is incumbent on every Muslim who is physically and financially able to make the pilgrimage, but only if his absence will not place hardships on his family. A person may perform the hajj by proxy, appointing a relative or friend going on the pilgrimage to "stand in" for him or her.

The pattern of pilgrimage rites was established by the Prophet Muhammad, but variations have arisen in it, and the stringent formal itinerary is not strictly adhered to by the mass of pilgrims, who frequently visit the various Meccan sites out of their proper order.

When the pilgrim is about 6 miles (10 km) from Mecca, he enters the state of holiness and purity known as ihram (*q.v.*) and dons the ihram garments, consisting of two white seamless sheets that are wrapped around the body. The pilgrim cuts neither his hair nor his nails until the pilgrimage rite is over. He enters Mecca and walks seven times around the sacred shrine called the Ka'bah, in the Great Mosque, kisses or touches the Black Stone (Hajar al-Aswad) in the Ka'bah, prays twice in the direction of the Maqām Ibrāhīm and the Ka'bah, and runs seven times between the minor prominences of

Mount Safā and Mount Marwah. On the 7th of Dhū al-Hijjah the pilgrim is reminded of his duties. At the second stage of the ritual, which takes place between the 8th and the 12th days of the month, the pilgrim visits the holy places outside Mecca – Jabal ar-Rahmah, Muzdalifah, Minā – and sacrifices an animal in commemoration of Abraham’s sacrifice. The pilgrim’s head is then usually shaved, and, after throwing seven stones at each of the three pillars at Minā on three successive days (the pillars exemplify various devils), he returns to Mecca to perform the farewell *tawāf*, or circling, of the Ka‘bah before leaving the city.

About 2,000,000 persons perform the hajj each year, and the rite serves as a unifying force in Islām by bringing followers of diverse background together in religious celebration. Once a believer has made the pilgrimage he may add the title *hājji* to his name.

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TEXT 6

Extract from the beginning of ‘Traveling the Long Road to Freedom, One Step at a Time’,
by Donovan Webster, from *Smithsonian* magazine.

Through a dark midnight drizzle, Anthony Cohen is on the run. Like a slave escaped from a plantation in the antebellum South – only 150 years later – Cohen is testing his fate on the Underground Railroad. He has now spent 700 miles and six weeks engaged in hook-or-crook transport, moving fast and light, retracing a route once used by runaway slaves as they sought refuge in Canada.

As it was for his predecessors, Cohen’s trip has been difficult. “I’ll go by foot, boat, train, horse, buggy, any historically accurate way I can hitch a ride,” he’s fond of telling listeners. “I even had myself shipped by train in a tiny box – from Philadelphia to New York City. A slave named Henry (Box) Brown did that in 1848. He had himself mailed from Richmond to Philadelphia. Man, for me, that part of the trip was terrible.”

Right now, though, Cohen is traveling by every escaped slave’s most standard means: his feet. In tonight’s case, he’s hoofing a rainy towpath along the Erie Canal in western New York State. He’s exhausted and behind schedule. He’s a little discouraged, too, though he’s trying not to show it. Earlier tonight, he’d been buoyed by the prospect of making the nearly 40-mile trip to his next stop by boat, but departure time came and went – and he never heard from the captain.

So with more than 80 miles still stretching between him and Canada, and only three days to get there, Cohen must rely on himself to make up the difference. “It happens like that sometimes,” he’s saying between runner’s gasps. “Promises get broken. You end up walking all night instead of taking a boat, where you could have rested. Can’t let it get you down, though. You just put the miles you need to cover out of your mind – and you go until you get there.”

This particular leg’s duration, he knows, stretches 37 miles. It will keep him at a dogtrot until past sunrise. All night long, the sound of his footfalls will move across fields, swamps and suburban backyards; often he’ll come close enough to houses to see what’s on TV inside. There are few lights. Fortunately, the towpath is an easily followed conduit to the Niagara River and Canada beyond, just as it was for fugitive slaves.

And just as it was for escaped slaves, snarling dogs will chase Cohen. Mosquitoes devil him constantly. Frogs and crickets serenade his toil. At the end of this night, in the sleepy canal town of Middleport, New York, he’s been assured he’ll find a safe house. When he reaches it, the owners will give him food, plus a few blessed hours of sleep in an almost hidden back room. The next day, after an early dinner, he’ll depart again, moving farther up the towpath toward Canada.

“At times like this,” the 32-year-old historian says between breaths, “I try to think of the escaped slaves coming North. They wouldn’t have quit. They had no choice. Most had never been off the plantation. Everything they knew – food, shelter, clothing – had always been provided. Then they were on the run: in unknown country, hunted, not knowing who to trust. Their only hope was a promise from the last safe house that a house up the road – perhaps a yellow one, with a quilt hanging on the line outside as a signal – would take slaves in. They had to avoid the slave-catchers. They were absolutely alone. Nobody would do this if they didn’t have to.”

Turn over ►

Cohen stops to catch his breath. Gravel crunches beneath his feet. A startled heron squawks and takes to the sky, its departure pushing rings across the dark canal's rain-soaked surface. "You can only understand history so much from reading a book," he says a minute later, raising his pace once more. "Sometimes, to grasp the deeper 'whys' of things, you have to give yourself a new perspective. That's why I'm doing this."

To today's Americans, the Underground Railroad – a network of roads, rivers, conveyances and safe houses that guided an estimated 30,000–100,000 escaped slaves toward freedom between the 1830s and the end of the Civil War – remains perhaps our least-known roadway. Lacking the Oregon Trail's aura of pioneer gumption, the tragedy of the Trail of Tears or the eight-cylinder razzle of Route 66, the Underground Railroad has always been more associated with slaves and abolitionists than with fixed routes or solid locations.

TEXT 7

From Chapter 12, *The Grapes of Wrath*, by John Steinbeck.

Highway 66 is the main migrant road. 66 – the long concrete path across the country, waving gently up and down on the map, from the Mississippi to Bakersfield – over the red lands and the gray lands, twisting up into the mountains, crossing the Divide and down into the bright and terrible desert, and across the desert to the mountains again, and into the rich California valleys.

66 is the path of a people in flight, refugees from dust and shrinking land, from the thunder of tractors and shrinking ownership, from the desert's slow northward invasion, from the twisting winds that howl up out of Texas, from the floods that bring no richness to the land and steal what little richness is there. From all of these the people are in flight, and they come into 66 from the tributary side roads, from the wagon tracks and the rutted country roads. 66 is the mother road, the road of flight.

Clarksville and Ozark and Van Buren and Fort Smith on 64, and there's an end of Arkansas. And all the roads into Oklahoma City, 66 down from Tulsa, 270 up from McAlester. 81 from Wichita Falls south, from Enid north. Edmond, McLoud, Purcell. 66 out of Oklahoma City; El Reno and Clinton, going west on 66. Hydro, Elk City, and Texola; and there's an end to Oklahoma. 66 across the Panhandle of Texas. Shamrock and McLean, Conway and Amarillo, the yellow. Wildorado and Vega and Boise, and there's an end of Texas. Tukumcari and Santa Rosa and into the New Mexican mountains to Albuquerque, where the road comes down from Santa Fe. Then down the gorged Rio Grande to Los Lunas and west again on 66 to Gallup, and there's the border of New Mexico.

And now the high mountains. Holbrook and Winslow and Flagstaff in the high mountains of Arizona. Then the great plateau rolling like a ground swell. Ashfork and Kingman and stone mountains again, where water must be hauled and sold. Then out of the broken sun-rotted mountains of Arizona to the Colorado, with green reeds on its banks, and that's the end of Arizona. There's California just over the river, and a pretty town to start it. Needles, on the river. But the river is a stranger in this place. Up from Needles and over a burned range, and there's the desert. And 66 goes on over the terrible desert, where the distance shimmers and the black center mountains hang unbearably in the distance. At last there's Barstow, and more desert until at last the mountains rise up again, the good mountains, and 66 winds through them. Then suddenly a pass, and below the beautiful valley, below orchards and vineyards and little houses, and in the distance a city. And, oh, my God, it's over.

The people in flight streamed out on 66, sometimes a single car, sometimes a little caravan. All day they rolled slowly along the road, and at night they stopped near water. In the day ancient leaky radiators sent up columns of steam, loose connecting rods hammered and pounded. And the men driving the trucks and the overloaded cars listened apprehensively. How far between towns? It is a terror between towns. If something breaks – well, if something breaks we camp right here while Jim walks to town and gets a part and walks back and – how much food we got?

Listen to the motor. Listen to the wheels. Listen with your ears and with your hands on the steering wheel; listen with the palm of your hand on the gear-shift lever; listen with your feet on the floor boards. Listen to the pounding old jalopy with all your senses; for a change of tone, a variation of rhythm may mean – a week here? That rattle – that's tappets. Don't hurt a bit. Tappets can rattle till Jesus comes again without no harm. But that thudding as the car moves along – can't hear that – just

Turn over ►

kind of feel it. Maybe oil isn't gettin' someplace. Maybe a bearing's startin' to go. Jesus, if it's a bearing, what'll we do? Money's goin' fast.

And why's the son-of-a-bitch heat up so hot today? This ain't no climb. Le's look. God Almighty, the fan belt's gone! Here, make a belt outa this little piece a rope. Le's see how long – there. I'll splice the ends. Now take her slow – slow, till we can get to a town. That rope belt won't last long.

'F we can on'y get to California where the oranges grow before this here ol' jug blows up. 'F we on'y can.

END OF PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL

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