

This paper is intended to allow you to demonstrate the literary and linguistic skills and knowledge that you have acquired during the course.

This unit assesses AO1, AO2ii, AO3ii and AO5.

Answer EITHER Question 1 OR Question 2.

Either:

Question 1

Read Texts A, B and C on pages 2, 3 and 4 of the insert.

Texts A, B, and C are all accounts of significant events.

Text A is an entry from the private journals of Queen Victoria which describes her wedding. The journals were originally handwritten.

Text B is the playwright Harold Pinter's response to the news that he had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 2005 which appeared on *The Guardian* newspaper's website.

Text C is a description of the funeral of Princess Diana in 1997 from the diaries of Deborah Bull, a dancer at Covent Garden Ballet, published in 1998.

Read **Texts A, B and C** carefully and then write a critical analysis of them.

You should compare and contrast their stylistic features, commenting briefly on the attitudes and values of the writers.

Your answer should make clear your knowledge of literary and linguistic approaches.

(Total 50 marks)

Q1



Or:

Question 2

Read Texts D, E and F on pages 6, 7 and 8 of the insert.

Texts D, E, and F all concern challenging or dangerous situations.

Text D is an extract from a letter written by the poet Thomas Gray to his mother in 1739, which gives an account of a journey over the Alps.

Text E is an edited article from a website celebrating the achievement of the athlete Jesse Owens who won four gold medals at the Berlin Olympic Games of 1936.

Text F is an edited extract from Elena Vladimirovna's 2004 account of motorbiking through Chernobyl, taken from her Internet Diaries. A nuclear reactor exploded in Chernobyl in 1986 causing widespread contamination.

Read **Texts D, E and F** carefully and then write a critical analysis of them.

You should compare and contrast their stylistic features, commenting briefly on the attitudes and values of the writers.

Your answer should make clear your knowledge of literary and linguistic approaches.

Q2

(Total 50 marks)

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Assessment Objectives for Unit 6 (6386): Genre Studies:

- AO1** communicate clearly the knowledge, understanding and insights gained from the combined study of literary and linguistic study, using appropriate terminology and accurate written expression
- AO2ii** respond with knowledge and understanding to texts of different types and from different periods, exploring and commenting on relationships and comparisons between them
- AO3ii** use and evaluate different literary and linguistic approaches to the analytic study of written and spoken language, showing how these approaches inform their readings
- AO5** identify and consider the ways attitudes and values are created and conveyed in speech and writing.



Paper Reference(s)

6386/01

Edexcel GCE

English Language and Literature

Advanced

Unit 6

Genre Studies

Thursday 19 June 2008 – Afternoon

Insert for use with Questions 1 and 2.

**Do not return the insert with the
question paper.**

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TEXTS A, B AND C ARE FOR USE WITH QUESTION 1.

TEXT A

Journal

10 February 1840

Got up at ¹i/4 to 9 well, and having slept well; and breakfasted at i/4 past 9. Mamma came before and brought me a Nosegay of orange flowers. My dearest kindest Lehzen gave me a dear little ring ... had my hair dressed and the wreath of orange flowers put on. Saw Albert for the last time, alone as my Bridegroom.

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Saw Uncle, and Ernest, whom dearest Albert brought up. At ²i/2 p. 12 I set off, dearest Albert having gone before. I wore a white satin gown with a very deep flounce of Honiton lace, imitation of old. I wore my Turkish diamond necklace and earrings, and Albert's beautiful sapphire brooch. Mamma and the Duchess of Sutherland went in the carriage with me. I never saw such crowds of people as there were in the Park, and they cheered most enthusiastically. When I arrived at St James's, I went into the dressing-room where my 12 young Train-bearers were, dressed all in white with white roses, which had a beautiful effect. Here I waited a little till dearest Albert's procession had moved into the Chapel. I then went with my Train-bearers and my ladies into the Throne-room, where the Procession formed; the Procession looked beautiful going downstairs.

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The Flourish of Trumpets ceased as I entered the Chapel, and the organ began to play, which had a beautiful effect. At the Altar, to my right, stood Albert.

The Ceremony was very imposing, and fine and simple. Dearest Albert repeated everything very distinctly. I felt so happy when the ring was put on, and by Albert. As soon as the Ceremony was over, the Procession returned as it came, with the exception that my beloved Albert led me out ...

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As soon as we arrived [at Windsor] we went to our rooms; my large dressing room is our sitting room; the 3 little blue rooms are his After looking about our rooms for a little while, I went and changed my gown, and then came back to his small sitting room where dearest Albert was sitting and playing; he had put on his Windsor coat; he took me on his knee, and kissed me and was so dear and kind. We had our dinner in our sitting room; but I had such a sick headache that I could eat nothing, and was obliged to lie down in the middle blue room for the remainder of the evening, on the sofa, but, ill or not, I have never, never spent such an evening He called me names of tenderness, I have never yet heard used to me before ... was bliss beyond belief!

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Oh! this was the happiest day of my life! – May God help me to do my duty as I ought and be worthy of such blessings.

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Glossary

¹ i/4 quarter

² i/2 half

TEXT B

‘They said you’ve a call from the Nobel Committee. I said, why?’

Harold Pinter in his own words

Friday, October 14, 2005

The Guardian

“I heard the news of the prize at 20 to 12 this morning, only 20 minutes before the official announcement. It had never occurred to me that I was a contender. They called me and said you’re going to receive a call from the chairman of the Nobel committee and I think I said ‘Why?’ The chairman said ‘You’ve won the Nobel Prize for Literature.’ I was speechless and remained so for another couple of minutes. But I was very moved by this even though I hadn’t really taken it in. Why they’ve given me this prize I don’t know. I hadn’t seen the citation then. But I suspected that they must have taken my political activities into consideration since my political engagement is very much part of my work. It’s interwoven into many of my plays. But I will find out more when I go to Stockholm in December. I’m told I am required to make a 45-minute speech which is the longest speech I will have ever made. Of course, I intend to say whatever it is I think. I may well address the state of the world. I’ll be interested myself to find out how I’m going to articulate the whole thing.

I’ve been through the most extraordinary five days. I went to Dublin for the festival of my work last Thursday. I had the most wonderful weekend. The Gate Theatre did me proud. I was very stirred and affected by the whole damn thing

The invasion has already started. All my friends have been communicating all day long. On the other hand some journalists have behaved appallingly. They’ve been ringing on the door insisting on entrance. They don’t like it if you don’t respond like a chimpanzee. But I’m not a chimpanzee and I don’t ever intend to be a ****ing chimpanzee. Not that I’ve anything against chimpanzees.

In health terms I’m on the mend. I’m on heavy medication for a very mysterious skin condition that is extremely rare and has chosen me out of millions to come to rest in my mouth. And it has been extremely unpleasant for the last three months. I also feel a bit weak, but I seem to possess a tougher fibre than I had imagined.

When it comes to my work and life I suppose the personal and political are connected. But only up to a point. When my wife, Antonia, is pouring my cranberry juice in the morning I don’t regard that as a political act. Nor am I thinking politically at the time, though I do have *The Guardian* to my left hand and the cranberry juice to my right. But Antonia’s act of passing the cranberry juice to me is an act of married love. I should say that, without her, I couldn’t have coped over the last few years. I’m a very lucky man in every respect.”

Harold Pinter was talking to Michael Billington.

TEXT C

The Funeral of Princess Diana: 1997

The morning of Diana's funeral, and my friend David and I joined several thousand people in Hyde Park to watch her cortège pass by. It has been the most extraordinary occasion, the most comprehensive and controlled display of public grief I am ever likely to witness. It was a bright and sparkling day, and the simplicity of the horse-drawn gun carriage contrasted sharply with the glamour of Diana's life. But I am sensing a mood here in the country which I find unsettling, a mood which verges on anarchy. I hope 'the people' have thought about where this will take them; the funeral demonstrated the need for formality and tradition to hold us together in times of tragedy, and yet I'm strongly aware of a potentially destructive element in the emotions on display. Charles, Earl Spencer, Diana's brother, brought the house down at Westminster Abbey with his bold and emotional condemnation of the gross intrusions which plagued his sister's life, in particular her difficult relationship with the media and the Royal Family. As much as I admire him for saying so eloquently what he did, I cannot help feeling that this is not a time for division, unless his intention was revenge and the downfall of the monarchy.

If those were his aims, he did very well indeed. If not, then he only achieved personal catharsis, and a familial defence of Diana and her sons. There was something ancestral, almost Shakespearean about it. The 'people' applauded as one, and I know what the headlines will be in the morning. The broadsheets will ask serious questions about the future of the monarchy. The tabloids will probably herald the arrival on the scene of the people's choice of a new King Charles – except this one will be a Spencer, not a Windsor.

TEXTS D, E AND F ARE FOR USE WITH QUESTION 2.

TEXT D

73. Gray to Mrs Gray

Turin, Nov. 7, N.S. 1739

I am this night arrived here, and have just set down to rest me after eight days tiresome journey: For the first three we had the same road we before past through to go to Geneva; the fourth we turned out of it, and for that day and the next travelled rather among than upon the Alps; the way commonly running through a deep valley by the side of the river Arc, which works itself a passage, with great difficulty and a mighty noise, among vast quantities of rocks, that have rolled down from the mountain tops. The winter was so far advanced, as in great measure to spoil the beauty of the prospect, however, there was still somewhat fine remaining amidst the savageness and horror of the place: The sixth we began to go up several of these mountains; and as we were passing one, met with an odd accident enough: Mr Walpole had a little fat black spaniel that he was very fond of, which he sometimes used to set down, and let it run by the chaise side. We were at that time in a very rough road, not two yards broad at most; on one side was a great wood of pines, and on the other a vast precipice; it was noon-day, and the sun shone bright, when all of a sudden, from the wood-side, (which was as steep upwards, as the other part was downwards) out rushed a great wolf, came close to the head of the horses, seized the dog by the throat, and rushed up the hill again with him in his mouth. This was done in less than a quarter of a minute; we all saw it, and yet the servants had not time to draw their pistols, or do anything to save the dog. If he had not been there, and the creature had thought fit to lay hold of one of the horses; chaise, and we, and all must inevitably have tumbled about fifty fathoms, perpendicular down the precipice. The seventh we came to Lanebourg, the last town in Savoy; it lies at the foot of the famous mount Cenis, which is so situated as to allow no room for any way but over the very top of it. Here the chaise was forced to be pulled to pieces, and the baggage and that to be carried by mules: We ourselves were wrapped up in our furs, and seated upon a sort of matted chair without legs, which is carried upon poles in the manner of a bier, and so begun to ascend by the help of eight men. It was six miles to the top, where a plain opens itself about as many more in breadth, covered perpetually with very deep snow, and in the midst of that a great lake of unfathomable depth, from whence a river takes its rise, and tumbles over monstrous rocks quite down the other side of the mountain. The descent is six miles more, but infinitely more steep than going up; and the men here perfectly fly down with you, stepping from stone to stone with incredible swiftness in places where none but they could go three paces without falling. The immensity of the precipices, the roaring of the river and torrents that run into it, the huge craggs covered with ice and snow, and the clouds below you and about you, are objects it is impossible to conceive without seeing them; and though we had heard many strange descriptions of the scene, none of them at all came up to it.

TEXT E

Owens pierced a myth

By Larry Schwartz

ESPN.com

For most athletes, Jesse Owens' performance one spring afternoon in 1935 would be the accomplishment of a lifetime. In 45 minutes, he established three world records and tied another. But that was merely an appetizer for Owens. In one week in the summer of 1936, on the sacred soil of the Fatherland, the master athlete humiliated the master race.

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Owens' story is one of a high-profile sports star making a statement that transcended athletics, spilling over into the world of global politics.

Berlin, on the verge of World War II, was bristling with Nazism, red and black swastikas flying everywhere. Brown-shirted Storm Troopers goose-stepped while Adolf Hitler postured, harangued, threatened. A montage of evil was played over the chillingly familiar Nazi anthem: 'Deutschland Uber Alles'.

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This was the background for the 1936 Olympics. When Owens finished competing, the African-American son of a sharecropper and the grandson of slaves had single-handedly crushed Hitler's myth of Aryan supremacy.

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He gave four virtuoso performances, winning gold medals in the 100- and 200-meter dashes, the long jump and on America's 4×100 relay team. Score it: Owens 4, Hitler 0.

A remarkably even-keeled and magnanimous human being, Owens never rubbed it in. Just as sure as he knew Fascism was evil, he also knew his own country had a ways to go too in improving life for African-Americans.

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'When I came back to my native country, after all the stories about Hitler, I couldn't ride the front of the bus,' Owens said. 'I had to go to the back door. I couldn't live where I wanted. I wasn't invited to shake hands with Hitler, but I wasn't invited to the White House to shake hands with the President either.'

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Owens wasn't complaining. That wasn't his style. He believed it was his job 'to try to make things better.'

In Germany, the Nazis portrayed African-Americans as inferior and ridiculed the United States for relying on 'black auxiliaries'. But the German people felt otherwise. Crowds of 110,000 cheered him in Berlin's glittering Olympic Stadium and his autograph or picture was sought as he walked the streets. In a 1950 Associated Press poll, he was voted the greatest track and field star for the first half of the century.

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Four years later, a street in Berlin was renamed in his honor. A decade after his death, President Bush posthumously awarded Owens the Congressional Medal of Honor. Bush called his victories in Berlin 'an unrivalled athletic triumph, but more than that, a triumph for all humanity.'

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TEXT F

ADVENTURES IN THE DEAD ZONE

Elena loves motorbikes and the freedom of the open road. Her quest for the ultimate deserted highway has taken her to one of the most dangerous places on Earth – the contaminated region around Chernobyl. Her weblog charts an extraordinary journey.

My name is Elena. I have a motorcycle and the freedom to ride it wherever curiosity and the speed demon take me. I have ridden all my life and owned many different bikes. I ended my search for a perfect bike with a big Kawasaki Ninja that is as fast as a bullet and comfortable for long trips.

I travel a lot, and one of my favourite destinations is through the so-called Chernobyl ‘dead zone’, which is 130 km from my home. Why my favourite? Because one can take long rides without encountering a single car or living soul. The people have gone now and nature is reasserting itself in blooming plants, woods and rippling lakes. 5

In places where roads have not been travelled by trucks and army vehicles, they are in the same conditions they were 20 years ago – except for an occasional blade of grass that discovered a crack to spring through. They may stay this way until they can be opened to normal traffic again – a few centuries from now. 10

To begin a journey into the dead zone, you must learn a little something about radiation. The device we use for measuring radiation levels is called a dosimeter. If you flick it on in Kiev, it will measure about 12-16 microroentgens per hour. One thousand microroentgens equal one milliroentgen and 1,000 milliroentgens equal one roentgen. So one roentgen is 100,000 times the average radiation of a typical city. A dose of 500 roentgens within 5 hours is fatal to humans. Interestingly, it takes about two-and-a-half times that dosage to kill a chicken and more than one hundred times that to kill a cockroach. 15

This sort of radiation level cannot be found in Chernobyl now. In the first days after the explosion, some places around the reactor were emitting 3,000-30,000 roentgens per hour. The firemen who were sent to put out the reactor fire were fried on the spot by gamma radiation. The remains of the reactor were entombed within an enormous steel and concrete sarcophagus, so it is now relatively safe to travel to the area—as long as you do not step off the road. Radiation at the edge of the road is twice as high. If you step one metre off the road it is four or five times higher. Radiation sits on the soil, on the grass, in apples and mushrooms. It is not retained by asphalt, which makes rides through this area possible. 20 25

I always go for rides alone, because I do not want anyone to raise dust in front of me. I have never had problems with the dosimeter guys, who man the checkpoints. They are the experts, and if they find radiation on your vehicle, they give it a chemical shower, and this eats your bike. 30

Radiation will stay in the Chernobyl area for the next 48,000 years, but humans may begin repopulating the area in about 600 years. The experts predict that, by then, the most dangerous elements will have disappeared – or been sufficiently diluted into the rest of the world’s air, soil and water.

In the Ukrainian language, Chernobyl is the name of a grass, wormwood. This word scares people here. Maybe part of the reason for that among religious people is because the Bible mentions wormwood in the Book of Revelation – which foretells the end of the world. 35