	Write your name here			
Surname	Other nar	nes		
Edexcel GCE	Centre Number	Candidate Number		
English Language and Literature Advanced Unit 3: Varieties in Language and Literature				
	Language and Li	terature		
Wednesday 27 January 20		Paper Reference		
	010 – Morning			

Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer the question in Section A and **one** question from Section B.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
 - there may be more space than you need.

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 100.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
 - use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.
- Quality of written communication will be taken into account in the marking of your answers. Quality of written communication includes clarity of expression, the structure and presentation of ideas and grammar, punctuation and spelling.

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Keep an eye on the time.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.





Answer TWO questions, the question from Section A and ONE question from Section B.

You must answer on the same topic in each section.

SECTION A: UNPREPARED PROSE

1 Read the text in the Source Booklet which accompanies your topic title.

Write a critical analysis of the text you have read.

You should analyse how effectively the writer's or speaker's choices of structure, form and language convey attitudes, values and ideas in the writing.

In your response you should demonstrate your knowledge and understanding of literary and linguistic concepts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 30)

(Total for Question 1 = 40 marks)















SECTION B: PREPARED DRAMA OR POETRY

Answer ONE question from this section.

In Section B, your answer must include detailed reference to one pair of texts.

2 A Sense of Place

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present places being affected by change.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment upon and evaluate the contribution made by the contextual factors to your understanding of your chosen texts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 10, AO3 = 40)

(Total for Question 2 = 60 marks)

3 The Individual in Society

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present the individual as being threatened by a hostile world.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment upon and evaluate the contribution made by the contextual factors to your understanding of your chosen texts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 10, AO3 = 40)

(Total for Question 3 = 60 marks)

4 Love and Loss

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present the idea that love may not last for ever.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment upon and evaluate the contribution made by the contextual factors to your understanding of your chosen texts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 10, AO3 = 40)

(Total for Question 4 = 60 marks)



5 Family Relationships

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts show that relationships are affected by past events.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment upon and evaluate the contribution made by the contextual factors to your understanding of your chosen texts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 10, AO3 = 40)

(Total for Question 5 = 60 marks)

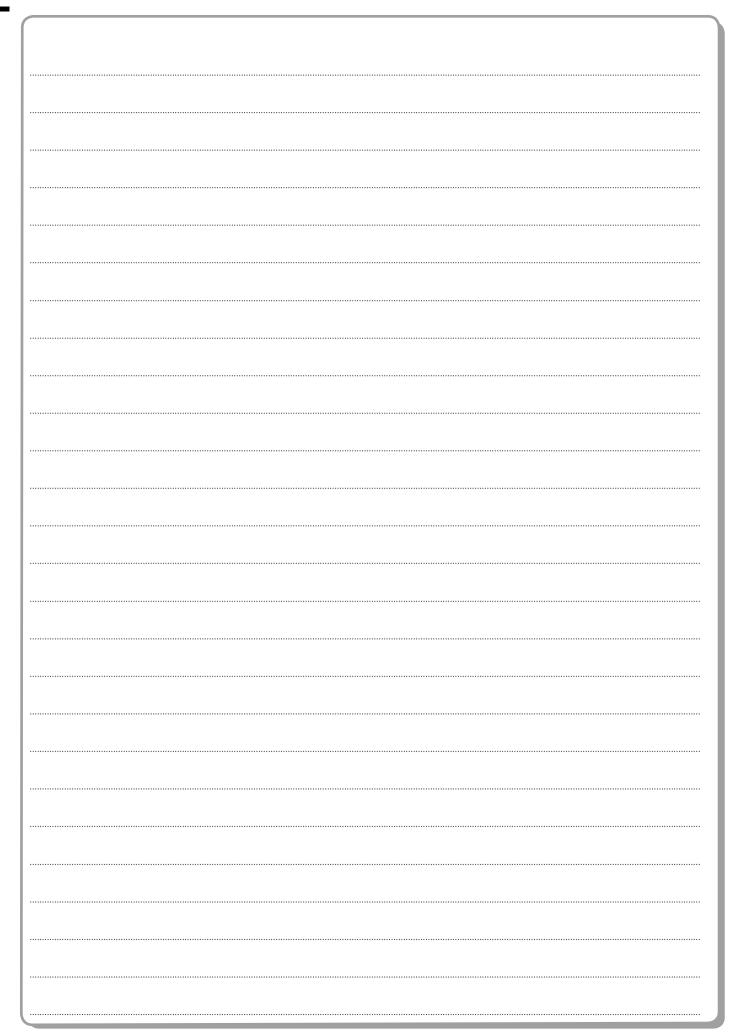
mind, put a line through the box \(\omega \) and then indicate your new question with a cross \(\omega \). Chosen question number: Question 2 Question 3 Question 4 Question 5 Question 5

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ⋈. If you change your



















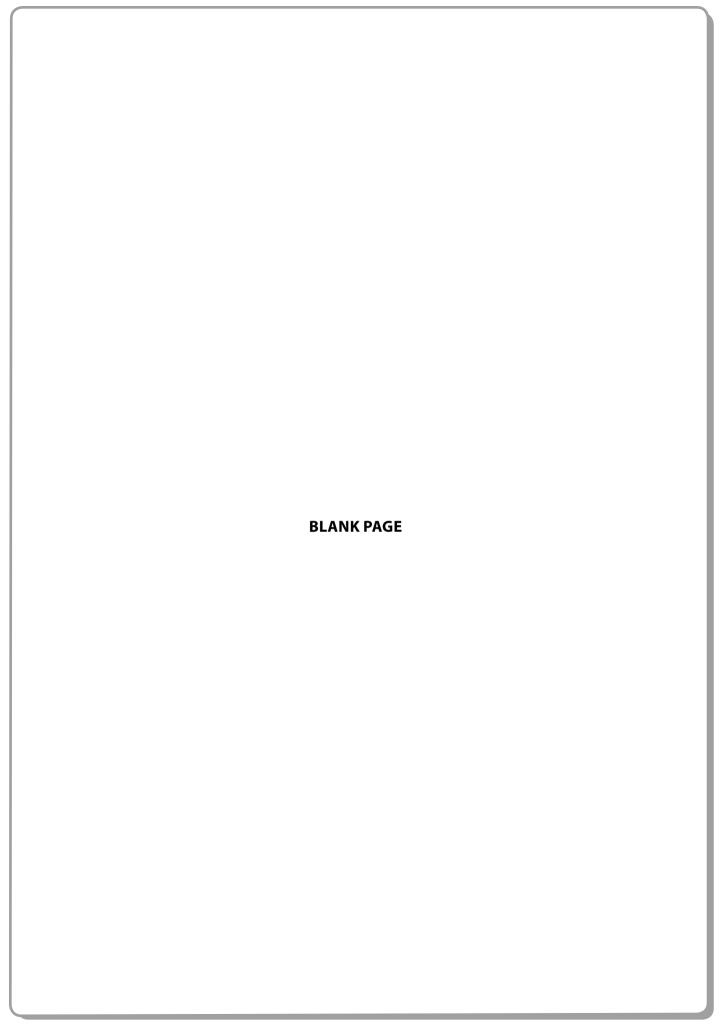


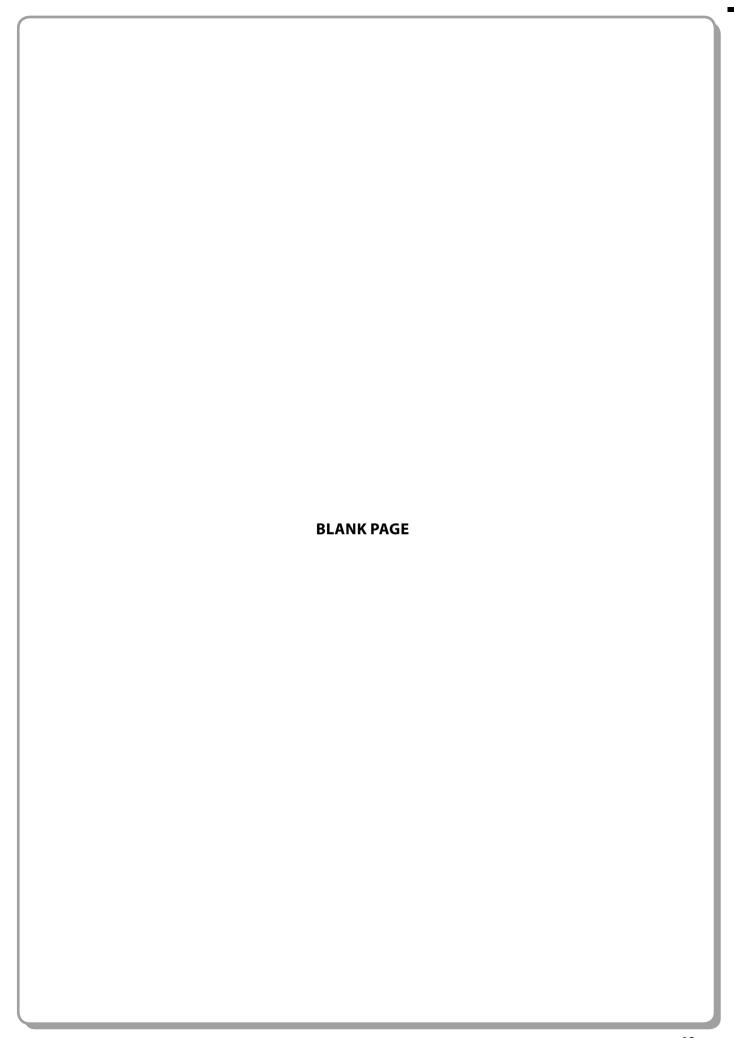




TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 60 MARKS TOTAL FOR PAPER = 100 MARKS	







Unit 6EL03/01 focuses on the Assessment Objectives AO1, AO2 and AO3 listed below:

Assessment Objectives		AO%
AO1	Select and apply relevant concepts and approaches from integrated linguistic and literary study, using appropriate terminology and accurate, coherent written expression	20
AO2	Demonstrate detailed critical understanding in analysing the ways in which structure, form and language shape meanings in a range of spoken and written texts	40
AO3	Use integrated approaches to explore relationships between texts, analysing and evaluating the significance of contextual factors in their production and reception	40



Edexcel GCE

English Language and Literature

Advanced

Unit 3: Varieties in Language and Literature

Wednesday 27 January 2010 - Morning

Paper Reference

Source Booklet

6EL03/01

Do not return this Source Booklet with the question paper.

Turn over ▶

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SECTION A: UNPREPARED PROSE

Materials for Question 1

A SENSE OF PLACE

A column by the comedian, Mark Steel, which appeared in The Independent newspaper, in June 2004.

Britons still believe in their natural superiority.

We still sing about ruling the waves in a way that no other European nation does.

The tragedy of being English is that 50 years after surrendering the empire, there is still a strong urge to believe in the idea that accompanied it of our natural superiority. We still sing about ruling the waves in a way no other European nation does, and when we don't win a football tournament we feel the natural order has been disturbed. One consequence is that whenever we lose, some people decide to trash the place. For some fans who watch the matches in the pub, the tradition is to destroy some symbol of the opposing country, for example a BMW if we're beaten by Germany.

None of this would matter if it was confined to football. But it's part of the same attitude that means our biggest-selling newspaper could announce yesterday in bold letters "We are everything Europe isn't. Why else would everyone want to migrate here?"

That's right. Because no English people could abide the thought of buying a house in France or Spain, whereas any European couple with a bit of spare cash is desperate to buy their dream second house in Margate. Then they send postcards to their friends to boast about their glorious lifestyle, starting with: "You simply won't believe how wonderful the transport system is here! We often get the 8.17 to Cannon Street just for the stunning scenery! Luckily it always gets stuck for 25 minutes just outside Lewisham, giving us an excellent view of a scrap metal yard that has to be seen to be believed!"

Then the Europeans who are lucky enough to migrate here must infuriate their jealous friends by saying: "And it's SO cheap. With the money we got for our apartment overlooking Barcelona we were able to buy a bin liner stuffed with newspapers in a doorway up the Charing Cross Road."

To take another example, no one from Kent ever bothers nipping to France for anything, whereas the French are queuing up day and night to come to Dover to pick up expensive fags and beer, and petrol at prices that over there simply aren't available. Take take take, that's all Europe does. We've never bothered with their peculiarities such as pizzas and kebabs, whereas you can hardly move in Rome or Paris for fishfinger-houses and tinned peaches take-aways.

How long does this desperate clinging to an obsolete empire go on? Do the inhabitants of Carthage still expect to win every international elephant-racing context? Does the *Sparta Gazette and Advertiser* tell its readers "Our brave boys defeated the Persians in the fourth century BC so we don't have to listen to EU bureaucrats telling us our olives are too oval!"

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The further into history our empire recedes, the more some people want to make up for it 35 by making ridiculous claims for our greatness. Politicians regularly claim we have the finest tourist attractions in the world, the finest beaches in the world, the most vibrant economy in the world, reaching further and further from reality. There is a section of society that would like schoolbooks to contain information such as "England is the biggest, most colourful and most soluble country in the world". "Our national symbol comes from the lions that inhabited parts of Surrey, until Winston 40 Churchill used his steely prowess to tame them one by one and use them to win the battle of Hastings." And "At one time the planet Earth was ruled by dinosaurs. Except in England, where heroic tribesmen fought them on the beaches, driving back every last dinosaur in a battle we still remember as D-day." Here, in this frustrated view of the world lies the explanation for the rise of the UK 45 Independence Party. Its followers are unable to accept that Britain no longer dominates in the way they were brought up to believe it does. Like a child, they refuse to believe anything can be their fault, or the fault of the English. If something's wrong, Europe must have made it wrong. If 50 our team loses it must be because the wrong team was picked or the other side cheated, or we were plaqued with bad luck but never mind because we're sure to get revenge in the final. But just in case, tonight keep your cuckoo clocks, penknives and Jewish gold somewhere safe. From The Independent, June 2004 55

THE INDIVIDUAL IN SOCIETY

This is a diary account written about the execution of William Corder, convicted of murdering his lover.

Still the same dreadful weather. I read before breakfast in the newspapers an ample and particular account of the execution of the horrible murderer, Corder. It occupied nearly two sides of the paper, that is, including his trial and remarks upon it. There needs not any other proof of the deplorable state of depraved feelings to which this country has gradually arrived through the instruction of novelists and fantasists, than this document.

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I have before remarked (in my Journal) the eager curiosity with which people of all kinds and classes flocked to the barn in which the corpse of the unhappy woman had been interred, and that these pilgrims to the shrine and novelty took away portions of the barn floor as reliques! but the acme of depraved feelings was exemplified on the day of the execution, when the detestable wretch was launched into eternity. No less than 10,000 persons assembled on the plain surrounding the gallows: there well-dressed and delicate females exposed themselves to the rude jostling of the mob, and all the horrid language which generally is uttered by base and unfeeling men on the occasion, in order to witness the death of a fellow creature. These females pressed even to the foot of the gallows to witness his mental pangs and his bodily torments, which in all probability were very violent, for the executioner held by and pulled down the legs of the wretched sufferer for two minutes in order that his convulsive pangs might be shortened. Yet, notwithstanding this, even when ten minutes had elapsed the limbs were still convulsed.

The worst part of the recital is yet to come. So eager were the populace to retain some memorial of the transaction, and of the executed murderer, whose end ought to have

excited the utmost horror and detestation, that they vied with each other in purchasing the cord with which he was hanged at a guinea an inch, and even the Sheriff took home in his carriage the pistols and sword [with which the murder was supposed to have been perpetrated], and declared he would not part with them for 100 guineas: there had been a guarrel as to the right of possession between the keeper of the prison and one

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I have read nothing nor heard nothing of late which has so completely disgusted me as this horrid narrative.

deprayes the understanding, taking the sole possession of the vulgar mind.

of the constables – doubtless occasioned by the expectation of gain. Surely all these are indications of a dereliction of all sober sense and feeling, and an overruling folly which

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The Reverend John Skinner 14th August 1828

The Faber Book of Diaries

LOVE AND LOSS

This is a letter written by the American novelist Edith Wharton to her husband.

The Mount Monday July 24, 1911

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Dear Teddy,

I am much obliged to you for writing to H. Edgar that you will resign the trust; & I wish to repeat here that I asked you to do so, after having tried every other expedient to distract you from your endless worrying about money, in the hope that, once you were relieved of a duty you were not well enough to discharge, you would cease to worry about it.

I wish you had taken my request in the spirit in which I made it to you three months ago, giving you the reasons I have just named. Instead of this, on your arrival here, you met me with a scene of such violent and unjustified abuse that, as you know, my first impulse was to leave you at once.

You implored me not to do this, & I agreed to stay on here for the next few weeks, provided such scenes were not repeated, & to join you here again next summer. You then asked to come to Paris in March & stay with me there till our return. I agreed to this also, & I furthermore offered, of my own accord, to give you back the full management of this place & of the household, & to deposit a sum of money in the bank here in your name for that purpose.

As this was what you have always attached more importance to than anything else, I hoped you would be satisfied, & that I should be spared the recurrence of scenes which made a peaceful & dignified life impossible between us; & you gave me your promise to that effect.

Regardless of this, the scenes have been renewed more than once in the last week. – Finally, the day before yesterday, you came to me, asked me to forgive you, said that you were perfectly happy in the arrangement proposed, & renewed your promise to control your nerves & your temper.

Within two hours from this you had reopened the question of the trust, accusing me of seeking to humiliate & wound you by my request, abusing me for my treatment of you during the last few years, & saying that, rather than live with me here or elsewhere after you had resigned the trust, you preferred an immediate break.

You had said this many times before, & I had disregarded it, hoping that on your return here, & with the resumption of your old interests & occupations, you would regain a normal view of life.

But your behaviour since your return has done nothing to encourage this hope, & as nothing I have done seems to satisfy you for more than a few hours, I now think it is best to accede to your often repeated suggestions that we should live apart.

I am sorry indeed, but I have done all I can to help your recovery & make you contented, & am tired out, & unwilling to go through any more scenes like those of the last fortnight.

I have written this to Billy, as I wish him to know that I have done all I could.

Yrs.

E.W. 40

H. Edgar will deposit \$500 a month in your Boston bank, beginning with this month.

The Letters of Edith Wharton

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FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

This is a newspaper article written by the American novelist Stefan Merrill Block.

In the parking lot outside the New Hampshire Veterans Home, my mother clutches my arm and squeezes. She hasn't seen her uncle Ralph in 30 years, but the large steel letters on the front of the building bluntly suggest what she should expect: "Life Enhancement for the Memory Impaired." My mum does not need to tell me that she has changed her mind and wants to turn back. Only the inertia of the moment – of a plan being enacted, of my father and I leading the way – carries her into the building.

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Inside, old eyes, leeched of pigment, scrutinise nothing. Old eyes set in old faces as expressionless and indistinguishable as a nursery of sleeping babies. If you lose your concentration in rooms like this, stupor can catch as simply as a yawn. Three minutes in this stultifying building and the soft, dull texture of its daily life settles over us and smoothes. As my parents and I tread linoleum down the tranquil, humming corridors, I only think of sunshine and a pond and glass and ammonia. I think of Muzak and cool air and the smell of coffee and hamburgers. I think of flowers and teddy bears and seascapes. I don't think that I'm about to meet my great uncle, before he dies.

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After minutes of walking these corridors, we finally reach the unit that houses the most severe cases. The hallway opens to a central dining area, where a team of sanguine young nurses navigate a grid of nine square tables, around which the residents sit, many bound to their wheelchairs, their heads flung back, their jaws agape.

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In the room's far corner, my mum spots her uncle Ralph, transformed not only by the decades, but also by a devastating neurological condition. Somehow she maintains her enthusiastic sunniness as she gestures towards him. Ralph slouches before us, sunken in an oversized business suit, his eyes vacantly cheery, his skin peach and purple behind a gauzy translucent layer, like rotting fruit wrapped in gossamer. We pull chairs up to his table and sit. In front of him, I deposit the gift we bought in town, a box of chocolate brownies. Ralph turns to me, shrugs tentatively, as if reading my expression to determine whether a shrug is appropriate. I nod, and Ralph says, "Some fellas came in here and they didn't say anything and then they spoke and they just say 'ooolalalalaoooolalalaoooo'."

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Ralph's madcap expression seems to suggest this bit of silliness is for our benefit and so the three of us laugh for an awkward moment, waiting for it to pass, but it doesn't.

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I've never met Uncle Ralph, but I'm well-acquainted with his shadow. When our extended family assembles every summer at Echo Cottage, a house on Lake Winnipesaukee in New Hampshire that Ralph's parents (my great-grandparents) bought in 1920, either my mum or one of her sisters inevitably raises the question of Ralph – a topic that quickly disintegrates into shrugs and regretful silences. All I really knew of Ralph as a child were those moribund conversations and a photograph of him as a grinning, cherub-faced toddler, which sits in the bedroom at Echo Cottage that we still call "Uncle Ralph's room". When I was a kid, I would ask my mum for more details, but the mention of his name rarely did more than elicit a sigh – a sigh of a specific tone, which I know to mean, "What a sad lesson in failure."

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From The Guardian, Family supplement, 19th April 2008

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