



**GCE AS/A level**

1151/01

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

**LG1: Introduction to the Language  
of Texts**

A.M. MONDAY, 10 January 2011

2½ hours

#### **ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

In addition to this examination paper, you will need a 12 page answer book.

#### **INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Use black ink or black ball-point pen.

Answer **both** questions:   for Section A and   for Section B.

Write your answers in the separate answer book provided, following the instructions on the front of the answer book.

#### **INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

Question   carries **40 marks**, and Question   carries **20 marks**.

You should divide your time accordingly.

In this unit you will be assessed on your ability to:

- select and apply a range of linguistic methods, to communicate relevant knowledge using appropriate terminology and coherent, accurate written expression (AO1);
- demonstrate understanding of a range of concepts and issues related to the construction and analysis of meanings in spoken and written language, using knowledge of linguistic approaches (AO2);
- analyse and evaluate the influence of contextual factors on the production and reception of spoken and written language, showing knowledge of the key constituents of language (AO3).

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

**SECTION A****The Language of Texts**

**This Section counts for 40 marks, and you should devote an appropriate proportion of your time to it.**

The following two texts were written by soldiers of the First World War.

**Text A** is from *The BEF Times*, a newspaper written by and for British soldiers to amuse and entertain one another while fighting the First World War. Tanks were first used successfully in battle in 1917.

**Text B** is a letter written by Wilfred Owen to his mother in 1917. He was an officer in the British Army and a poet.

Question

**Analyse the use of language in these texts.**

In your answer you should:

- consider carefully the audience and purpose of each text;
- explore how the writers create their impressions of the war and how this reflects the purpose of each text;
- include some consideration of similarities and/or differences between the texts.

**(40 Marks)**

TEXT A: (from *The BEF Times*)

**HOW THE TANKS WENT OVER**  
BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT  
**Mr. TEECH BOMAS**

5 In the grey and purple light of a September morn they went over. Like great prehistoric monsters they leapt and skipped with joy when the signal came. It was my great fortune to be a passenger on one of them. How can I clearly relate what happened? All is one chaotic mingling of joy and noise. No fear! How could one fear anything on the belly of a perambulating peripatetic progolodymythorus. Wonderful, epic, on we went, whilst twice a minute the 17in. gun on the roof barked out its message of defiance. At last we were fairly in amongst the Huns. They were round us in millions and in millions they died. Every 10 wag of our creature's tail threw a bomb with deadly precision, and the mad, muddied, murderers melted. How to describe the joy with which our men joined the procession until at last we had a train of men ten miles long? Our creature then became in festive mood and, jumping two villages, came to rest in a crump-hole. After surveying the surrounding country from there we started rounding up the prisoners. Then with a wag of our tail (which accounted for 20 Huns) and some flaps of our fins on we went. With a 15 triumphant snort we went through Bapaume pushing over the church in a playful moment and then steering a course for home, feeling that our perspiring panting proglodomyte had thoroughly enjoyed its run over the disgruntled, discomfited, disembowelled earth. And so to rest in its lair ready for the morrow and what that morrow might hold. I must get back to the battle.

TEECH BOMAS

**TEXT B:** (a letter written by Wilfred Owen to his mother in January 1917)

Tues: 16 January 1917

[2<sup>nd</sup> Manchester Regt., B.E.F.]

My own sweet Mother,

I am sorry you have had about 5 days letterless. I hope you had my two letters 'posted' since you wrote your last, which I received tonight. I am bitterly disappointed that I never got one of yours.

I can see no excuse for deceiving you about these last 4 days. I have suffered seventh hell.

I have not been at the front.

I have been in front of it.

I held an advanced post, that is, a 'dug-out' in the middle of No Man's Land.

We had a march of 3 miles over shelled road and then nearly 3 along a flooded trench. After that we came to where the trenches had been blown flat out and had to go over the top. It was of course dark, too dark, and the ground was not mud, not sloppy mud, but an octopus of sucking clay, 3, 4 and 5 feet deep, relieved only by craters full of water. Men have been known to drown in them. Many stuck in the mud & only got on by leaving their waders, equipment, and in some cases their clothes.

High explosives were dropping all around, and machine guns spluttered every few minutes. But it was so dark that even the German flares did not reveal us.

Three quarters dead, I mean each of us  $\frac{3}{4}$  dead, we reached the dug-out, and relieved the wretches therein. I then had to go forth and find another dug-out for a still more advanced post where I left 18 bombers. I was responsible for other posts on the left but there was a junior officer in charge.

My dug-out held 25 men tight packed. Water filled it to a depth of 1 or 2 feet, leaving say 4 feet of air.

One entrance had been blown in & blocked.

So far, the other remained.

The Germans knew we were staying there and decided we shouldn't.

Those 50 hours were the agony of my happy life.

Every ten minutes on Sunday afternoon seemed an hour.

I nearly broke down and let myself drown in the water that was now slowly rising over my knees.

Towards 6 o'clock, when, I suppose, you would be going to church, the shelling grew less intense and less accurate: so that I was mercifully helped to do my duty and crawl, wade, climb and flounder over No Man's Land to visit my other post. It took me half an hour to move about 150 yards.

I was chiefly annoyed by our own machine guns from behind. The seeng-seeng-seeng of bullets reminded me of Mary's canary. On the whole I can support the canary better.

In the Platoon on my left the sentries over the dug-out were blown to nothing. One of these poor fellows was my first servant whom I rejected. If I had kept him he would have lived, for servants don't do Sentry Duty. I kept my own sentries half way down the stairs during the more terrific bombardment. In spite of this one lad was blown down and, I am afraid, blinded.

This was my only casualty.

The officer of the left Platoon has come out completely prostrated and is in hospital.

I am now as well, I suppose, as ever.

I allow myself to tell you all these things because I am never going back to this awful post. It is the worst the Manchesters have ever held; and we are going back for a rest.

I heard that the officer who relieved me left his 3 Lewis Guns behind when he came out. (He had only 24 hours in). He will be court martialled.

In conclusion, I must say that if there is any power whom the Soldiery execrate<sup>1</sup> more than another it is that of our distinguished countryman.

Don't pass round these sheets but have portions typed for Leslie etc. My previous letter to you has just been returned. It will be too heavy to include in this.

Your very own Wilfred x

<sup>1</sup>execrate: to loathe; to detest.

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**SECTION B****Language Focus**

**This Section counts for 20 marks, and you should devote an appropriate proportion of your time to it.**

The following text is a review from *the music fix* website of a live performance by the American band **30 Seconds to Mars** in February 2010.

Question

**Analyse and discuss the use of language in this text to convey the attitudes of the writer to the band and the performance.**

You should consider in your answer:

- how the language choices reveal the attitudes of the writer to the concert and, particularly, the lead singer, Jared Leto;
- how the style of this text is typical of review writing.

**(20 Marks)**

## 30 Seconds To Mars

Cardiff International Arena - 21st February 2010

5 February 2010 in Cardiff and everything is miserable, cold and grey so what better cure for the quiet city blues than the injection of some Californian sunshine and Hollywood style courtesy of **Street Drum Corps** and **30 Seconds To Mars**. Contrary to popular rumour the Drum Corps turn out not to be a majorette troupe from Hounslow but rather a bunch of tribal proto-punks who play a variety of makeshift percussion instruments and prove to be the perfect warm-up act; whipping the crowd up into a state of near hysteria when vocalist Bobby Alt leaps off stage to join the kids in the moshpit. We'll undoubtedly hear more from them in the UK before too long.

10 Tonight is all about the epic majesty of **30 Seconds To Mars** though and they don't disappoint the thousands who've turned out to see Jared and the band in the flesh. As you might expect from an acclaimed movie star Leto is a master of theatrics and from the moment the curtain falls and the band appear in a blaze of light his magnetic charm is inescapable. Sporting a new Strummer style Mohawk he thrills the crowd with his relentless energy, throwing himself about the stage eager to commune with every last person in the audience. The majestic sweep of the performance combines the ambition of U2 with the darker elements of Depeche Mode with early highlights including the frenetic 'Night of The Hunter' and the dystopian nightmare vision of future single 'This is War' which, in a surreal turn of events, is accompanied by a hailstorm of giant bouncy balls upon the rabid crowd. The appearance of the balls appears to set off Leto's playful side as he leads the crowd in a chorus of 'Happy Birthday' to a crew member before doing his rockstar duty and screaming *Hello motherf\*\*\*ing Wales – not to be confused with England* which, of course, sends the kids into raptures and allows him to indulge his pantomime fantasies and do the whole left side/right side bit. Someone should do a scientific analysis of the results of these things, I'm putting my money on the right side being loudest.

25 Midway through the set the band disappears and the stage morphs into a giant pulsating mass of red fog which proves to be so mesmerising that nobody notices that Jared Leto has reappeared up in one of the boxes at the back of the arena. That is until a single spot picks him out as he serenades Cardiff with acoustic versions of 'Echelon' and 'A Modern Myth', which puncture any lingering hints of bombast. *Does anyone have any requests?* he foolishly enquires. **JUMP!** comes the inevitable response. *I'm stupid but not that stupid* he grins as he heads back down to ground level. It proves to be another set-up though as the band re-appear not on stage but at the mixing desk from where they perform a riotous 'Buddha For Mary' clad in giant Welsh flags. From then on, they just can't lose with this crowd and the climax of the set, featuring the guys from **SCD** strafing the audience with giant spotlights plus a magnificent rendition of 'Stranger In A Strange Land' is nothing less than a jubilant, triumphal parade the likes of which have rarely been seen outside of imperial Rome. They came, they saw, they conquered.

**Steve Burnett**