

General Certificate of Education
January 2005
Advanced Level Examination



**ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
(SPECIFICATION A)
Unit 6 Language in Context**

NTA6

Tuesday 1 February 2005 9.00 am to 11.30 am

In addition to this paper you will require:
a 12-page answer book.

Time allowed: 2 hours 30 minutes

Instructions

- Use blue or black ink or ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The *Examining Body* for this paper is AQA. The *Paper Reference* is NTA6.
- Answer **both** questions.

Information

- The maximum mark for this paper is 200.
- Question 1 carries 150 marks and Question 2 carries 50 marks.
- You will be assessed on your ability to use an appropriate form and style of writing, to organise relevant information clearly and coherently, and to use specialist vocabulary, where appropriate. The degree of legibility of your handwriting and the level of accuracy of your spelling, punctuation and grammar will also be taken into account.

Advice

- You should spend 1 hour 45 minutes answering Question 1, and 45 minutes answering Question 2.

Answer **both** questions.

1

Read the three texts printed on the following pages. The subject of mining links these texts.

Text A is a poem.

Text B is an extract from a non-fiction text.

Text C is a transcript of part of a conversation.

Compare all three texts, exploring how the experiences concerning mining are conveyed to the intended audiences.

In your analysis you should consider the following:

- the writer's or speaker's choice of vocabulary, grammar and style
- the ways in which attitudes and values are conveyed to the intended audiences
- any other aspects which you consider important in your reading of these texts.

2

What approaches have you used in analysing and comparing these texts and how have these approaches helped you to appreciate them?

END OF QUESTIONS

Text A

Norman Nicholson wrote this poem about Cleator Moor mine, near the coast in Cumbria, the poet's home county. It was a productive mine until the 1920's recession, when it closed, but it was reopened shortly before World War Two, to supply armament factories.

Cleator Moor

From one shaft at Cleator Moor
They mined for coal and iron ore.
This harvest below ground could show
Black and red currants on one tree.

In furnaces they burnt the coal,
The ore was smelted into steel,
And railway lines from end to end
Corseted the bulging land.

Pylons sprouted on the fells,
Stakes were driven in like nails,
And the ploughed fields of Devonshire
Were sliced with the steel of Cleator Moor.

The land waxed fat and greedy too,
It would not share the fruits it grew,
And coal and ore, as sloe and plum,
Lay black and red for jamming time.

The pylons rusted on the fells,
The gutters leaked beside the walls,
And women searched the ebb-tide tracks
For knobs of coal or broken sticks.

But now the pits are wick¹ with men,
Digging like dogs dig for a bone:
For food and life *we* dig the earth –
In Cleator Moor they dig for death.

Every waggon of cold coal
Is fire to drive a turbine wheel;
Every knuckle of soft ore
A bullet in a soldier's ear.

The miner at the rockface stands,
With his segged² and bleeding hands
Heaps on his head the fiery coal,
And feels the iron in his soul.

¹ Crammed

² Calloused

Text B

The following text is taken from George Orwell's The Road to Wigan Pier, an account of coal mining in the North West of England in 1937.

At the start to walk stooping is rather a joke, but it is a joke that soon wears off. I am handicapped by being exceptionally tall, but when the roof falls to four feet or less it is a tough job for anybody except a dwarf or a child. You not only have to bend double, you have also got to keep your head up all the while so as to see the beams and girders and dodge them when they come. You have, therefore, a constant crick in the neck, but this is nothing to the pain in your knees and thighs. After half a mile it becomes (I am not exaggerating) an unbearable agony. You begin to wonder whether you will ever get to the end – still more, how on earth you are going to get back. Your pace grows slower and slower. You come to a stretch of a couple of hundred yards where it is all exceptionally low and you have to work yourself along in a squatting position. Then suddenly the roof opens out to a mysterious height – scene of an old fall of rock, probably – and for twenty whole yards you can stand upright. The relief is overwhelming. But after this there is another low stretch of a hundred yards and then a succession of beams which you have to crawl under. You go down on all fours; even this is a relief after the squatting business. But when you come to the end of the beams and try to get up again, you find that your knees have temporarily struck work and refuse to lift you. You call a halt, ignominiously, and say that you would like to rest for a minute or two. Your guide (a miner) is sympathetic. He knows that your muscles are not the same as his. ‘Only another four hundred yards,’ he says encouragingly; you feel that he might as well say another four hundred miles. But finally you do somehow creep as far as the coal face. You have gone a mile and taken the best part of an hour; a miner would do it in not much more than twenty minutes. Having got there, you have to sprawl in the coal dust and get your strength back for several minutes before you can even watch the work in progress with any kind of intelligence.

Coming back is worse than going, not only because you are already tired out but because the journey back to the shaft is slightly uphill. You get through the low places at the speed of a tortoise, and you have no shame now about calling a halt when your knees give way. Even the lamp you are carrying becomes a nuisance and probably when you stumble you drop it; whereupon, if it is a Davy lamp, it goes out. Ducking the beams becomes more and more of an effort, and sometimes you forget to duck. You try walking head down as the miners do, and then you bang your backbone. Even the miners bang their backbones fairly often. This is the reason why in very hot mines, where it is necessary to go about half naked, most of the miners have what they call ‘buttons down the back’ – that is, a permanent scab on each vertebra.

Text C

This is part of an exchange between two adults. N works in Boulby Potash mine in Cleveland; I has been instructed to find out what N's job entails.

Key

(.)	micropause
(1.0)	pause in seconds
::	elongation of sound
<u>underlining</u>	emphasis on a particular word

- I: what sort of er job do er you do down there (3.0)
- N: erm (.) well (.) I've bin there two an' a half years now (1.0) erm (1.0) ma main job is installin' an' salvagin' belts (.) conveyer belts (1.0) for the ore (3.0)
- I: from where they dig it out
- N: yeah (2.0)
- I: an' what are the conditions like down there (1.0)
- N: er:::m (1.0) well (1.0) Boulby (.) it's (3.0) now the deepest mine in Europe (2.0) an' it's (1.5) red hot (.) an' I work basically at the face (2.0)
- I: what sort o' temperatures are you (*tails off*)
- N: yer talking (1.0) forty degrees (.) which is quite hot (1.0) yer supposed to er drink (1.0) a litre of water an hour when yer workin' on the face (1.0) erm (.) most of my (1.0) jobs (1.0) are actually on the face (.) though I'm not a miner itself (.) I like work on the (.) districts
- I: districts
- N: it's such a big mine they have five or six (.) areas (.) where they do the minin' (.) which are called er (.) districts (1.0)
- I: how big a mine is it
- N: well (1.0) at its deepest it's a mile down (.) and erm (2.0) it goes (1.0) seven or eight mile north (.) an' the same south (2.0) it's a fair old journey from the sort o' (.) bottom of the shaft (.) to where you work (1.0) it can take you half an' hour
- I: how do they get you out there
- N: in Transit vans (.) on roadways (1.0) the roadways are sort of eight metres by four metres (.) so it's quite a big space really (3.0) oh yeah anyway (.) you have salt districts (.) an' potash districts (1.0) the salt (1.0) is normally underneath the potash (.) salt's harder than potash (1.0) they go underneath the potash through the salt (1.0) an' then they mine up around an' into the potash (1.0) so yer main roads are salt (.) an' yer districts are potash (1.0) because once yer get so far in yer potash crumbles in (.) but the salt is so hard (.) it stays there longer (1.0) an' it doesn't matter where yer work it's uncomfortable (2.0) er:::m (1.0) like I said (.) yer need to drink (.) when yer workin' (.) yer need to drink a litre of water an hour (.) because yer sweat

Turn over ►

that much out (.) so you're all sweaty an' (.) it's dry (.) it's dusty (3.0) yer have to come outta the hot areas after an hour or so (.) yer supposed to come out an' er (1.0) take a rest (3.0) an' of course it's dark (.) on the districts it's normally just a hat lamp (.) in the central areas where they have workshops an' stores it's light (.) but once yer out on the districts (1.0) it's lamps really (1.0)

I: so how safe is it (.) as a place to work

N: er::m (.) same as anywhere else (4.0) there are lots of strict rules an' regulations that have to be followed (1.0) monitorin' work has to be done all the time (.) yer can hear the roof crackin' (.) an' it does come in sometimes (.) normally where yer workin' (1.0) an' the areas where yer minin' are safe supported (1.0) yer normally have (.) when yer on potash yer have four roadways (1.0) the two outer ones are designed to come in (.) cos of the stress of the two working roads (.) yer second road is yer belt (.) where the ore goes down (.) an' the other one is yer access road (.) the access road is normally more comfortable (.) they pump air through (.) the access road (.) the belt road is yer return (.) where the bad air comes back (.) the access road isn't too bad (.) but the belt road is really dusty (.)

I: that's where you work

N: yeah (.) but it's not as dangerous as down a coalmine (.) it's relatively clean (.) an' yer don't get the fleck (.) which gives yer the bad chest (.) an' can kill yer

END OF TEXTS

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Text A: poem 'Cleator Moor', from *Selected Poems* by Norman Nicholson. Published by Faber and Faber, 1966.

Text B: *Inside the Whale* (Copyright, George Orwell, 1933). By permission of Bill Hamilton as the Literary Executor of the Estate of the late Sonia Brownell Orwell and Martin Secker and Warburg Ltd.

Text C: a transcript of a conversation between two adults.

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