

Write your name here

Surname

Other names

**Pearson**  
**Edexcel GCE**

Centre Number

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Candidate Number

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**English Language and Literature**  
**Advanced**  
**Unit 3: Varieties in Language and Literature**

Tuesday 3 June 2014 – Morning  
**Time: 2 hours 45 minutes**

Paper Reference

**6EL03/01**

**You must have:**

Source Booklet (enclosed)  
Set texts (clean copies only)

Total Marks

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### 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.

Turn over ►

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**PEARSON**

**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)**

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**TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 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 the contrast between public and private situations.

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)**

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### 3 The Individual in Society

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present individuals being affected by the conflict between appearance and reality.

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)**

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#### 4 Love and Loss

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present the restrictive elements in relationships.

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)**

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#### 5 Family Relationships

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present different interactions within families.

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)**

---



Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ~~☒~~ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number:

Question 2

Question 3

Question 4

Question 5

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



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

<b>Assessment Objectives</b>	<b>AO%</b>
<b>AO1</b> Select and apply relevant concepts and approaches from integrated linguistic and literary study, using appropriate terminology and accurate, coherent written expression	20
<b>AO2</b> 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
<b>AO3</b> Use integrated approaches to explore relationships between texts, analysing and evaluating the significance of contextual factors in their production and reception	40





**Pearson Edexcel GCE**

**English Language and Literature**

**Advanced**

**Unit 3: Varieties in Language and Literature**

Tuesday 3 June 2014 – Morning

**Source Booklet**

Paper Reference

**6EL03/01**

**Do not return this Source Booklet with the question paper.**

*Turn over* ►

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**PEARSON**

**SECTION A: UNPREPARED PROSE**

**Materials for Question 1**

**A SENSE OF PLACE**

*A blog entry by Laura, an American writer, posted during her tour of Europe.*

**L’Americaine**

A travel blog for late bloomers, lazy bones, and people who get distracted by butterflies.

Tuesday, April 28, 2009

**To Climb Stuff**

When a city has nothing to attract tourists but its beauty, its back roads and cafes, it will ask that you do what its citizens have been doing since wooden-wheeled carts were the preferred method of transport. It will recommend that you climb its bell tower. Or its triumphal arch. Or its highest peak. Or to a little park that sits on a cliff. Or what little remains of its once-glorious ramparts. Or the lantern of its cathedral. 5

Climbing stuff is the classic tourist activity. Google Maps has taken away some of the joy, perhaps, has made it a little harder to fork over your 15 kuna to the guy at the ticket table. (“I can look this up at home,” you think, a little more begrudging each time.) But you do it, maybe to say you did it and maybe because you know that the climbing of a bell tower – all 400 steps; they usually tell you how many on a placard somewhere – has created an economy in a town where there were once only farmers, soldiers, and a single nobleman who spent most of the year at his vacation castle on the coast. 10 15

In Split, Croatia, the bell tower of St. Duje rises up out of the city center, poking a hole through and rising high above a patchwork of red tile roofs. It is connected to the cathedral, of course, but this cathedral began its life as the tomb of the emperor Diocletian, became a Christian church, and then ended up as a tourist trap. Such is the cycle for many structures in Europe. 20

I wanted to climb it because I always climb things, because I am one of those people who still likes a good vista view. And because sometimes, the view sparks something. A memory of somewhere else. A somber meditation on the smallness and preciousness of us all. The thoughts and feelings that, centuries earlier, were only experienced by a lone bell ringer, a poorly-paid caretaker, or an abbot. And sometimes the view sparks something else. 25

The climb to the top of the bell tower at St. Duje requires that you navigate two flights of steep stone steps on the bottom levels that give way to the basically hollow tower. From there, the only thing supporting you is a rickety iron staircase that coils to the top. The tower is perforated on every side by tall windows without glass, and you can see the open space between each step. The Arc de Triomphe cradles you on the way up in dark, closed stairways, so the height is imperceptible until you reach the top. You are whisked halfway up St. Peter’s in an elevator. Other climbs offer stern warnings in four languages, railings with comfort grips. But this? 30

My friend Ola stops after the second set of stairs. We have reached the bells, a fat half-dozen of them rigged up on posts, wheels, and wires. 35

"I think I'm going to wait here," she says.

"I think... I'm going to keep going."

I am not afraid of heights. One of my favorite places on earth is the plain but peaceful cafe at the top of the Tour Montparnasse with its streaming sun, its best-in-the-city view of the Eiffel Tower. But I have a creeping issue or two with open spaces, and I've known it since I was a teenager. I was in the front row of the top balcony at Radio City Music Hall and I intermittently felt like I was dying for the better part of three hours while the Rockettes high-kicked away.

40

The bell tower doesn't trigger my heights thing. But it sure triggers my open space thing. But I go. I don't know why I go, because no one gives you prizes, stamps your Passport of Life Experience, for defying your own fear. But mostly I think, "Eh. It can't be that bad."

45

It's that bad.

The view at the top is breathtaking, the red patches of roof against the blue Adriatic against the green offshore islands against the white stone city walls. It reels around me in a blur. I tip my head up once to see the beams in the lantern, just once, and its weirdly grounding. There is a roof. You will not fly off the surface. You will not fall into the abyss. The roof will stop you.

50

I snap a few pictures, hoping that my camera will remember what my brain won't. I descend, quickly, one foot in front of the other. By the time I reach the pavement below, Ola is smiling and I'm shaking like a leaf.

And maybe it's a lesson, the things that cities whisper to you when you've gotten too smart, ascended too many stairs. Just because you can look it up doesn't mean it's ordinary. Others have gone before you, have paid the price of admission, but your terror could be wholly new, wholly different. And you never know until to [sic] you climb.

55

## THE INDIVIDUAL IN SOCIETY

*An extract from an obituary, published in The Economist magazine in August 2012.*

### Neil Armstrong

Astronauts do not like to be called heroes. Their standard riposte to such accusations is to point out that it requires the efforts of hundreds of thousands of backroom engineers, mathematicians and technicians to make space flight possible. They are right, too: at the height of its pomp, in 1966, NASA was spending about 4.4% of the American government's entire budget, employing something like 400,000 workers among the agency and its contractors. 5

But it never works. For Neil Armstrong, who commanded Apollo 11, the mission that landed men on the moon on July 20th 1969, the struggle against heroism seemed particularly futile. The achievement of his crew, relayed live on television, held the entire planet spellbound. On their return to Earth, the astronauts were mobbed. Presidents, prime ministers and kings jostled to be seen with them. Schools, buildings and roads were named after them. Medals were showered upon them. A whirlwind post-flight tour took them to 25 countries in 35 days. 10

As the first man to walk on another world, Armstrong received the lion's share of the adulation. All the while, he quietly insisted that the popular image of the hard-charging astronaut braving mortal danger the way other men might brave a trip to the dentist was exaggerated. "For heaven's sake, I loathe danger," he told one interviewer before his fateful flight. Done properly, he opined, spaceflight ought to be no more dangerous than mixing a milkshake. 15

Indeed, the popular image of the "right stuff" possessed by the astronaut corps—the bravery, the competitiveness, the swaggering machismo—was never the full story. The symbol of the test-pilot school at Edwards Air Force Base in the Mojave Desert, where Armstrong spent years testing military jets, is a slide rule over a stylised fighter jet. In an address to America's National Press Club in 2000, Armstrong offered the following self-portrait: "I am, and ever will be, a white-socks, pocket-protector, nerdy engineer, born under the second law of thermodynamics, steeped in steam tables, in love with free-body diagrams, transformed by Laplace and propelled by compressible flow." 20 25

He had an engineer's reserve, mixed with a natural shyness. Even among the other astronauts, not renowned for their excitability, Armstrong was known as the "Ice Commander". Mike Collins, one of Armstrong's crew-mates on the historic moon mission, liked his commander but mused that "Neil never transmits anything but the surface layer, and that only sparingly." In one famous incident, Armstrong lost control of an unwieldy contraption nicknamed the "Flying Bedstead" that was designed to help astronauts train for the lunar landing. Ejecting only seconds before his craft hit the ground and exploded, Armstrong dusted himself off and coolly went back to his office for the rest of the day, presumably to finish up some paperwork. 30

That unflappability served him well during the lunar landing. The original landing area turned out to be full of large boulders, and so Armstrong had to take control from his spacecraft's primitive computer and skim across the lunar surface by hand, looking for somewhere suitable to set down. By the time he found his spot, there was only 25 seconds of fuel left in the tanks. 35

It served him well back on Earth, too. The astronauts knew from the experiences of their predecessors on the Mercury and Gemini flights that their trip would transform them into celebrities. But theirs was the biggest achievement yet, and none were prepared for the 40

adulation that awaited them. Puzzlingly for the pragmatic spacemen, their trip to the moon seemed to have elevated them to the status of oracles, and people pressed them for their thoughts on everything from religion to the future of the human species and the chances for world peace.

45

Unlike some of his fellow astronauts (two of whom became senators), Armstrong chose a comparatively quiet retirement, teaching engineering at the University of Cincinnati. He returned to NASA twice, both times to serve on boards of enquiry, the first into the near-disaster of Apollo 13, and the second into the disintegration of the space shuttle *Challenger* in 1986. He spent his final years on his farm in rural Ohio, flying gliders in his spare time (it was, said the supposedly emotionless engineer, the closest humans could come to being birds).

50

Glossary: Laplace – a physics term used to explain the solving of certain equations.

## LOVE AND LOSS

A letter from the poet John Keats to his fiancée, Fanny Brawne: May (?)1820.

Tuesday Morn –

My dearest Girl,

I wrote a Letter for you yesterday expecting to have seen your mother. I shall be selfish enough to send it though I know it may give you a little pain, because I wish you to see how unhappy I am for love of you, and endeavour as much as I can to entice you to give up your whole heart to me whose whole existence hangs upon you. You could not step or move an eyelid but it would shoot to my heart – I am greedy of you – Do not think of any thing but me. Do not live as if I was not existing – Do not forget me – But have I any right to say you forget me? Perhaps you think of me all day. Have I any right to wish you to be unhappy for me? You would forgive me for wishing it, if you knew the extreme passion I have that you should love me – and for you to love me as I do you, you must think of no one but me, much less write that sentence. Yesterday and this morning I have been haunted with a sweet vision – I have seen you the whole time in your shepherdess dress. How my senses have ached at it! How my heart has been devoted to it! How my eyes have been full of Tears at it! I think a real Love is enough to occupy the widest heart – Your going to town alone, when I heard of it was a shock to me – yet I expected it – *promise me you will not for some time, till I get better.* Promise me this and fill the paper full of the most endearing names [for names]. If you cannot do so with good will, do my Love tell me – say what you think – confess if your heart is too much fasten'd on the world. Perhaps then I may see you at a greater distance, I may not be able to appropriate you so closely to myself. Were you to loose a favorite bird from the cage, how would your eyes ache after it as long as it was in sight; when out of sight you would recover a little. Perhaps if you would, if so it is, confess to me how many things are necessary to you besides me, I might be happier, by being less tantaliz'd. Well may you exclaim, how selfish, how cruel, not to let me enjoy my youth! to wish me to be unhappy! You must be so if you love me – upon my Soul I can be contented with nothing else. If you could really what is call'd enjoy yourself at a Party – if you can smile in people's faces, and wish them to admire you now, you never have nor ever will love me – I see life in nothing but the certainty of your Love – convince me of it my sweetest. If I am not somehow convinc'd I shall die of agony. If we love we must not live as other men and women do – I cannot brook the wolfsbane of fashion and foppery and tattle. You must be mine to die upon the rack if I want you. I do not pretend to say I have more feeling than my fellows – but I wish you seriously to look over my letters kind and unkind and consider whether the Person who wrote them can be able to endure much longer the agonies and uncertainties which you are so peculiarly made to create – My recovery of bodily health will be of no benefit to me if you are not all mine when I am well. For god's sake save me – or tell me my passion is of too awful a nature for you. Again God bless you

J.K.

No – my sweet Fanny – I am wrong. I do not want you to be unhappy – and yet I do, I must while there is so sweet a Beauty – my loveliest my darling! Good bye! I kiss you – O the torments!

Glossary: wolfsbane – a type of plant used to create a deadly poison.

## FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

*An extract from a travel book, written by the comedian Sanjeev Bhaskar, published in 2007.*

### Looking for India

Where I grew up, my family home in a west London suburb was hardly salubrious. My parents, sister and I lived in a small terraced maisonette above a launderette. No, it wasn't my beautiful launderette. It was my father's, and it wasn't especially beautiful either.

We had no central heating, making do with a couple of gas fires and a paraffin heater to stave off those arctic winters of the 1960s. A water tank with the capacity of about a pint served our washing and bathing needs and our windows were the wrong size for that new fad, double-glazing. My Dad improvised by nailing thick polythene sheets to the inside of the windows to thwart the convectional currents of cold air that would pass through the windows like evil spectres. 5 10

Our flat had no garden and my summers were spent staring out of the window at the main road and devouring as many books as my dog-eared library card would allow. To top it all, we were directly under one of the main flight paths in to Heathrow Airport, which meant that even casual conversation contained a cliffhanger every few minutes: 'You know, Auntie Manju deserves a slap ... [Plane] ... up meal for giving Mr Ram a servicing ... [Plane] ... contract for all his shag ... [Plane] ... pile carpets, 'cos it's a right bugger ... [Plane] to clean.' 15

Was there a silver lining to living in this dark, dank cloud? Well, perhaps a couple. Next door was a fish 'n' chip shop run by Auntie Phyllis and Uncle Gordon, who were warm, funny and regularly provided me with my hourly fix of chips. When the weather turned nasty, our whole family would decamp to the living room for a couple of weeks, which was as close as we ever came to a camping holiday. And we were perfectly placed for getting to and from the airport, of course. 20

My mother filled much of my childhood with stories about her childhood. Tales of my relatives which all took place in exotic locations in India. I heard about floods and earthquakes, cobras and leopards. Trapping fire flies in jars and munching on raw sugar cane. Travelling by steam trains and riding in rickshaws. Maharajas and mahouts. A series of saturated, Kodachrome snapshots of my mother's past. 25

For all her lurid memories, in the background were the shadows of Partition. This was the violent and bloody separation of Old India which took place in 1947 – cleaving the British Empire's most precious jewel and marking the birth of the conjoined twins of Pakistan and modern India. 30

The stories always became sparse at this point, fading to a whisper and then finally to silent introspection.

My father worked shifts at a local factory. This meant he was on a constant cycle of changing work times: 6 a.m. till 2 p.m., 2 p.m. till 10 p.m. and 10 p.m. till 6 a.m. This was six days a week and, in between, he was running the launderette too. The fact that my father survived this occupational assault, and indeed prospered, is an achievement that I now hold in my highest regard, but as a child I viewed with naïve derision. 35

This was primarily because my sister and I had to learn to remain mute during different parts of the day when he was resting. This enforced semi-monastic existence ill-prepared me for the sensual onslaught that visiting India would bring. It also meant that I heard little from my father about his childhood, save for the hardship that came to him after his father died just before Partition – from what I understand were health problems brought about by an excessive work ethic. 40

Though my father's childhood stories were rare to my ears, even they subsided when the subject of Partition came up, at which point he would either go to work, bed or silently disappear behind a newspaper. All I know about Partition from both my parents was that it was horrendous, that the family somehow survived, and that my father's family lost everything and came to Delhi as refugees. 45

Saturday night in west London was the Indian social night. A merry band of my parents and their friends would congregate in someone's house on a rota basis. This was the surrogate extended family that all of these NRIs (Non Resident Indians) seemed to have hankered for. 50

Inevitably all of them had little family in the UK and so the weekend was the smash-and-grab opportunity for them to get their *desi* familial fix before returning to the not-altogether-warm welcome of daily English life. 55

Spices, herbs and fruit from Mother India were not readily available (a curry being something that came out of a packet to which you added boiling water – and, by enforcement of some diabolical by-law, had to contain sultanas) and so food from 'home' was understandably precious.

A guest always revealed a mango or some okra in a very dramatic fashion, like a Victorian illusionist, punctuated by the audience's 'Oohs' and 'Ahs', culminating in the gentle thud of someone fainting. To this day I still sense an endorphin rush around exotic fruit. 60

Glossary: *Maharaja*: a Hindu prince or king in India.  
*mahout*: a person who tends an elephant.  
*desi*: a slang term for the peoples and cultures of India.

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