

Write your name here

Surname

Other names

Centre Number

Candidate Number

**Edexcel GCE**

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

Wednesday 26 January 2011 – Morning  
**Time: 2 hours 45 minutes**

Paper Reference  
**6EL03/01**

**You must have:**

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



Total Marks

### 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 ►

N37486A

©2011 Edexcel Limited.

1/1/1/1/1/



**edexcel**   
advancing learning, changing lives

**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)**

---



Lined writing area with horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice sheet with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



Lined writing area with horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice sheet with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



Lined writing area with horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice sheet with 25 horizontal dotted lines.





Blank writing area with horizontal dotted lines.

**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 powerful influences that places can have on individuals.

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 ways in which social pressures can affect an individual's mental stability.

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 individuals who are motivated by selfishness.

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 present family values that are in conflict with society's expectations.

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

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing answers.



Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.





Lined writing area with horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice area with 20 horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice area with 20 horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice area with 20 horizontal dotted lines.

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



**BLANK PAGE**



**BLANK PAGE**



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





**Edexcel GCE**

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

Wednesday 26 January 2011 – Morning  
**Source Booklet**

Paper Reference  
**6EL03/01**

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

*Turn over* ►

**N37486A**

©2011 Edexcel Limited.

1/1/1/1/1/



**edexcel**   
advancing learning, changing lives

## SECTION A: UNPREPARED PROSE

### Materials for Question 1

#### A SENSE OF PLACE

*In this extract, from her 1954 book, 'The Surprise of Cremona', writer Edith Templeton describes a visit to Parma Cathedral, Italy.*

And now to the cathedral. I fortify myself with another glance into the guide-book. The guide-book calls it 'impressive'. The word 'impressive' is always a bad sign. It means that the guide-book writer has scraped the bottom of the barrel, for want of other words. An impression can be good or bad; so it lets him off nicely.

As soon as I enter the cathedral square I get a shock of revulsion. Talk of functional. I did not know that the twelfth century could produce anything quite so beastly. 5

This is what must have happened, I think, as I gaze at the inordinately high front rising in a stepped-up outline, reminiscent of the stepped-up gables of the old warehouses on the Trave in Lübeck. The citizens of Parma thought they must have a cathedral because all the other towns had one, too. The architect they commissioned for the work did not believe in God in the way most people believed in God at the time. I imagine he thought of God as a sort of mathematical formula, in the manner of early Greek philosophers, like: 'God has the shape of a spiral, winding higher and higher but always returning upon itself'; or: 'God is his own prisoner' or: 'the essence of God is geometry'. Anyway, something utterly cheerless like that. 10

Besides, he was not really interested in God at all. Also, he had no time for saints and angels. He would have much rather built a factory, but there was no demand for factories in those days. So he got down to it and made a design straight up and narrow and coming to a point at the top, the plainest pattern he could think of. At the time it was fashionable to have little arched colonnades strung like galleries round the walls, supporting exactly nothing. So he stuck those on, saying, 'Thank you for nothing', and framed the stepped-up top with them as well, till it ends in a point. It was also fashionable in those days to put stone lions in front of the portal, guarding the steps leading inside, and, therefore, he shoved in a couple of lions, and very bad-tempered beasts they are, too, and constipated-looking. Thus the Parmesans did not get a cathedral but a factory for praying, a storehouse for absolutions, and a distribution centre for the spreading of the glory of God. 15 20 25

I step inside – I might just as well. But how beautiful it is. Every inch of wall is covered with paintings, and the ribs of the vault are banded thickly in gilt. In the cupola above the choir there are frescoes by Correggio and I stand there like the ox in front of the gate. They look wonderful. That is to say, they make you feel as though you were asked: 'Would you like some of this cake?' and you would reply: 'I'd love a slice. It looks wonderful.' In other words, the Correggio paintings look wonderfully promising, and I am sure that they would look wonderful if I could see them properly.... 30

For a while I fight against the crick in my neck and gaze into Correggio's exceedingly pleasant heaven, sky-pink, sky-blue, and clouded white, with cherubs strewing flowers in all directions. It is a rendering of the Assumption, and seems deliciously lively. 35

On the high altar there is a row of Baroque candlesticks, gigantic and wrought of silver, resting on scrolled three-legged supports. It is a sight which would warm the heart of any Mayfair interior decorator. It is a pleasant surprise to see them just for once in their proper place and being used for what they were meant to be used, instead of seeing them deprived of their lily-white tapers, wired for electricity, over-hatted with a lampshade, and shedding light on a stock-broker's evenings. 40

## THE INDIVIDUAL IN SOCIETY

*In this extract from a newspaper article, the Chinese writer, Ma Jian recalls his memories of the Tiananmen Square massacre twenty years ago.*

I left Beijing in 1987, shortly before my books were banned there, but have returned continually. In 1989, I was on Tiananmen Square with the students, living in their makeshift tents and joining their jubilant singing of the Internationale. In the two decades since, each time that I have gone back, visions from those days seem to return with increasing persistence.

During the Beijing Olympics last August, I took my now five-year-old son to the square. On our journey there, our movements were observed by the CCTV cameras in the lift of our apartment block and outside the front gate of our compound, by the listening devices in our taxi, by the armed police who lined the streets and by the security guards who frisked us before finally allowing us on to Tiananmen. We emerged from the underpass and stepped on to the square. Apart from the crowds of policemen, the plain-clothes officers (instantly identifiable by their dark sunglasses and striped Airtex shirts) and the gaudy flower displays, the concrete-paved square, the size of nine football fields, was almost deserted. 5 10

In spring 1989, the square had been taken over by Beijing students and civilians who were mounting the largest peaceful protest in history. They were pressing for dialogue with their Communist leaders, and ultimately for freedom and democracy. The packed square became the city's pulsing heart; the police had vanished. This was a benevolent form of anarchy – noble, joyous, and surprisingly orderly. 15

My son ran to the spot where 20 years ago the students had erected a huge polystyrene replica of the Statue of Liberty. He looked northwards to Tiananmen Gate, the entrance to the Forbidden City where China's emperors used to live. In 1949, Mao stood on the gate and declared the founding of the People's Republic. Now the gate's blood-red walls were covered in scaffolding and green gauze. At politically sensitive times these walls are invariably covered for "important repair work", ensuring that the public won't get near enough to daub them with subversive slogans. The only bit of the gate that tourists could now photograph was the portrait of Chairman Mao over the central arch. 20 25

My son stared up at the tyrant's pink, pudgy face and asked me who he was.

"Mao Zedong," I replied.

"Is he dead now?" he said, sweat dripping down his cheeks.

"He died years ago, his body is lying in that big building over there," I explained, pointing to the grey, concrete mausoleum behind us. My son turned round and ran off towards an ice-cream stall, and I thought of how, in 1989, I too had run across the square in the sweltering heat, with a bag of ice-lollies in my backpack, which I then handed out to my writer-friends who had marched to the square from the Lu Xun Writers' Academy, calling for freedom of expression and an end to government corruption. I gave them the victory sign as they paraded past. More than a million people were on the square that day. The sky was just as blue then, but instead of the scent of flowers and green turf, the air was filled with the sour smell of sweat, rotting refuse and exuberant cries of protest. 30 35

As my son peered into the vendor's ice box, I glanced at the bridge over the Jinshui moat that skirts Tiananmen Gate. It was now lined with police. They were there to prevent the suicide jumps of anti-government petitioners. Five years ago, a Beijinger named Ye Guoqiang had attempted just such a fatal jump as a protest against his recent and forceful eviction from his home in order to make way for an Olympic Games construction project. He was sentenced to two years in prison for embarrassing the state. "If you want to kill yourself," the judge told him, "at least do it in the privacy of your own home, not beneath the Chairman's nose." Citizens can allow themselves to be shot dead by the army below Mao's portrait, but not to commit suicide there. 40 45

## LOVE AND LOSS

*An obituary, from 'The Economist' magazine, describing the life of former First Lady, Claudia Alta (Lady Bird) Johnson, wife of US President Lyndon B Johnson.*

November 22nd 1963 started in drizzle, but soon turned bright. The sun shone on Dallas, the breeze was light, and Lady Bird Johnson enjoyed the drive in the open limousine, even when the Secret Service man thrust her husband down to the floor, even when the car screeched so violently round the corner by the hospital that she feared they would be flung out of it. Looking towards the first limousine, she saw what looked like "a drift of pink blossom" on the back seat. It was Jackie Kennedy lying across her dying husband. 5

Mrs Johnson saw beauty even at that moment, when her life turned upside down. It was instinctive; she could not help it. Her lonely, motherless childhood had been made bearable by roaming the pinewoods, fields and bayous round Karnack in east Texas, delighting in magnolia blooms and the first spring daffodils and the touch of Spanish moss against her face. She found beauty, too, in a marriage to Lyndon Baines Johnson that seemed to friends, at least for its first 20 years, to be a sojourn in hell. 10

She knew he was a handful at first sight: lanky and good-looking, impossibly full of himself and his political ambitions, bossing her about from the first date onwards, rushing her so precipitately into marriage in November 1934 that they had neither a proper ring nor flowers. But he gave her "a queer sort of moth-and-flame feeling" so she followed. The orders continued to bring him breakfast in bed, to have a hot meal ready whenever he and his congressional cronies came home, to serve him seconds instantly ("Bird, bring me another piece of pie!"). A snap of his fingers, and she would run across the room. A public dressing down for her dowdiness and shyness ("Bird, why can't you look nice, like Connie here?"), and she would take it on the chin. Her unwavering smile would make the house beautiful. Her steadiness would calm Lyndon down. And it was love and orderliness, rather than subservience, that made her lay out his clothes each morning with his pen, filled up, in one suit pocket and his cigarette lighter, filled up, in another, and the cufflinks in the shirt-cuffs, and the shoes shined. 20

She applied the same sense of grace and neatness to America. Long before it was fashionable, she encouraged Americans to care for the place they lived in. From 1938 onwards, as Lyndon rose from congressman to senator to vice-president to president, she fretted about the junkyards and billboards that lined the highways between Texas and Washington DC, vowing to replace them with bluebonnets and pink morning primroses. Driving through Washington itself, she imagined the weed-filled parks and triangles filled with dogwoods, azaleas, tulips and chrysanthemums, red oaks rising on Connecticut Avenue, crape myrtles throwing shade over F Street. As first lady, starting in 1964, she filled the city with flowers. 25

It seemed to some a lightweight occupation, especially at a time when her husband was being sucked into the slough of Vietnam. But Mrs Johnson had the solid core of a determined southern liberal. She had brought her own money to the marriage (money enough to give her, at 16, a Buick to drive to school and an unlimited charge account at Neiman Marcus), and used it both to bankroll Lyndon's first run for Congress and to buy a low-power radio station, KTBC, which made the family a telecoms fortune. The mouse, ignored at her own parties, would note the books people mentioned and go away and read them herself. For months at a time, when Lyndon was on navy service or felled in 1955 with a heart attack, she ran his office. During the 1964 campaign she found the strength to make speeches and train tours through the South in the cause of civil rights. In the White House, as her husband battled with demons of drink, heart disease, depression and the war, she became indispensable to him. 40

## FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

*An extract from an autobiography written in 2008.*

It was thrilling to know things about my elders. I collected the family stories, especially the ones that came with a whiff of scandal – an unplanned pregnancy, marital problems and general gossip. Most of the information was inconsequential, but I knew when one of my aunts had been having an affair, and that another found ways to buy herself extra clothes by fiddling her housekeeping allowance. If I found out something that I thought was quite secret then I would hoard it, squirrelling it away in my memory until I could verify or amplify the facts. And, that knowledge brought with it power. 5

Granny featured in many of Mum's stories. I felt it was part of her charm that she was a prodigious snob, even though her life in Newcastle, County Down, was as small-town as you could get. However, Grandpop's army record, and his position as a Colonel in the Home Guard during the War, and later as a local policeman, gave Granny a certain standing in the local community. She also had a deep belief in keeping up appearances, and much effort was put into maintaining her small-town respectability in the whirl of Newcastle society. Grandpop was a member of the Royal County Down Golf Club, and she was a regular at the Bridge Club that met in the Slieve Donard Hotel. 10 15

Granny had high hopes that her daughters would marry well, and expended great effort in raising their expectations. At one time she tried to get a local aristocrat interested in marrying one of the trio. The Northern Irish gentry has always been thin on the ground, but in Newcastle there was a local landowner named Lord St John. 'He was at least forty,' Mum said, 'when Granny had the idea that he might like to marry me, or Viv, or even Constance who was only about fourteen at the time.' 20

After months of cultivating Lord St John, Granny managed to get him to agree to come to her own modest house one Sunday afternoon for tea. The three girls were instructed to put on their smartest dresses and to be on their best behaviour. Grandpop was not appraised of the plan, because Granny had hoped that he would be at the Golf Club that afternoon. Notwithstanding his military career, Grandpop was a farmer's son and entirely without airs and graces, most unlikely to impress Lord St John with his breeding. 25

As they sat at the table taking tea and scones served off the best crockery, Grandpop, who was outside gardening, shambled past the window. To Granny's horror, he was wearing an old hat with holes in the brim, a collarless shirt full of holes and trousers held up with a piece of brown string. 'Who's that?' enquired Lord St John. 30

'Oh, that's just the gardener,' Granny rejoined calmly, shooting a steely glare at the three girls. Shortly afterwards, the gardener came into the house and joined the rest of the family for tea. Greedily taking a swig from the dainty bone-china, he spat it back into the cup with a grimace: 35

'Aaagh! Mona, what's this muck?' To impress Lord St John, Granny had served Earl Grey, rather than the customary strong Irish blend. Granny tried to maintain her composure, but then Grandpop lifted his plate and inspected it carefully before commenting, 'I've never seen this crockery before, where did it come from?' 40

Grandpop's two unguarded remarks became catch-phrases in the family, but Granny harboured a grudge that he had let her down in front of Lord St John. But for him, she might have married one of the girls into the landed gentry. At the bridge club, Granny would make friends with elderly women, hoping that they might remember her in their wills. She referred to this habit as 'cultivating', but so far as anyone knew, it never paid off. 40

**BLANK PAGE**

**BLANK PAGE**

**BLANK PAGE**

Every effort has been made to contact the copyright holders where possible. In some cases, every effort to contact copyright holders has been unsuccessful and Edexcel will be happy to rectify any omissions of acknowledgement at the first opportunity.