

Write your name here

Surname

Other names

Centre Number

Candidate Number

Edexcel GCE

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

Wednesday 25 January 2012 – Afternoon
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.

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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 places that are affected by influences from the past.

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's need to be understood by society.

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 love as a potentially life-changing experience.

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 the nature of communication within family 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 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:

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



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Source Booklet

Paper Reference

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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

An extract taken from Bill Bryson's childhood memoir, *The Life and Times of The Thunderbolt Kid*, published in 2007.

But then most things in Des Moines in the 1950s were the best of their type. We had the smoothest, most mouth-pleasing banana cream pie at the Toddle House and I'm told the same could be said of the cheesecake at Johnny and Kay's, though my father was much too ill-at-ease with quality, and far too careful with his money, ever to take us to that outpost of fine dining on Fleur Drive. We had the most vividly delicious neon-coloured ice creams at Reed's, a parlour cool opulence near Ashworth Swimming Pool (itself the handsomest, most elegant public swimming pool in the world, with the slimmest, tannest female lifeguards) in Greenwood Park (best tennis courts, most decorous lagoon, comeliest drives). Driving home from Ashworth Pool through Greenwood Park, under a flying canopy of green leaves, nicely basted in chlorine and knowing that you would shortly be plunging your face into three gooey scoops of Reed's ice cream is the finest feeling of well-being a person can have. 5 10

We had the tastiest baked goods at Barbara's Bake Shoppe, the meatiest, most face-smearing ribs and crispiest fried chicken at a restaurant called the Country Gentleman, the best junk food at a drive-in called George the Chilli King. (And the best farts afterwards; a George's chilli burger was gone in minutes, but the farts, it was said, went on for ever.) We had our own department stores, restaurants, clothing stores, supermarkets, drug stores, florists, hardware stores, movie theatres, hamburger joints, you name it – every one of them the best of its kind. 15

Well, actually, who could say if they were the best of their kind? To know that, you'd have to visit thousands of other towns and cities across the nation and taste all their ice cream and chocolate pie and so on because every place was different then. That was the glory of living in a world that was still largely free of global chains. Every community was special and nowhere was like everywhere else. If our commercial enterprises in Des Moines weren't the best, they were at least ours. At the very least, they all had things about them that made them interesting and different. (And they were the best.) 20

Dahl's, our neighbourhood supermarket, had a feature of inspired brilliance called the Kiddie Corral. This was a snug enclosure, built in the style of a cowboy corral and filled with comic books, where moms could park their kids while they shopped. Comics were produced in massive numbers in America in the 1950's – one billion of them in 1953 alone – and most of them ended up in the Kiddie Corral. It was *filled* with comic books. To enter the Kiddie Corral you climbed on to the top rail and dove in, then swam to the centre. You didn't care how long your mom took shopping because you had an infinite supply of comics to occupy you. I believe there were kids who lived in the Kiddie Corral. Sometimes when searching for the latest issue of *Rubber Man*, you would find a child buried under a foot or so of comics fast asleep or perhaps just enjoying their lovely papery smell. No institution has ever done a more thoughtful thing for children. Whoever dreamed up the Kiddie Corral is unquestionably in heaven now; he should have won a Nobel prize. 25 30 35

Dahl's had one other feature that was much admired. When your groceries were bagged (or 'sacked' in Iowa) and paid for, you didn't take them to your car with you, as in more mundane supermarkets, but rather you turned them over to a friendly man in a white apron who gave you a plastic card with a number on it and placed the groceries on a special sloping conveyor 40

belt that carried them into the bowels of the earth and through a flap into a mysterious dark tunnel. You then collected your car and drove to a small brick building at the edge of the parking lot, a hundred or so feet away, where your groceries, nicely shaken and looking positively refreshed from their subterranean adventure, reappeared a minute or two later and were placed in your car by another helpful man in a white apron who took back the plastic card and wished you a happy day. It wasn't a particularly efficient system – there was often a line of cars at the little brick building if truth be told, and the juddering tunnel ride didn't really do anything except dangerously overexcite all carbonated beverages for at least two hours afterwards – but everyone loved and admired it anyway.

45

THE INDIVIDUAL IN SOCIETY

This is a speech by the American educator and civil rights leader, Mary McLeod Bethune, broadcasting on US radio in November 1939.

WHAT DOES AMERICAN DEMOCRACY MEAN TO ME?

DEMOCRACY IS for me, and for 12 million black Americans, a goal towards which our nation is marching. It is a dream and an ideal in whose ultimate realization we have a deep and abiding faith. For me, it is based on Christianity, in which we confidently entrust our destiny as a people. Under God's guidance in this great democracy, we are rising out of the darkness of slavery into the light of freedom. Here my race has been afforded (the) opportunity to advance from a people 80 percent illiterate to a people 80 percent literate; from abject poverty to the ownership and operation of a million farms and 750,000 homes; from total disfranchisement to participation in government; from the status of ¹chattels to recognized contributors to the American culture. 5

As we have been extended a *measure* of democracy, we have brought to the nation rich gifts. We have helped to build America with our labour, strengthened it with our faith and enriched it with our song. We have given you Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Booker T. Washington, Marian Anderson and George Washington Carver. But even these are only the first fruits of a rich harvest, which will be reaped when new and wider fields are opened to us. 10

The democratic doors of equal opportunity have not been opened wide to Negroes. In the Deep South, Negro youth is offered only one-fifteenth of the educational opportunity of the average American child. The great masses of Negro workers are depressed and unprotected in the lowest levels of agriculture and domestic service, while the black workers in industry are barred from certain unions and generally assigned to the more laborious and poorly paid work. Their housing and living conditions are sordid and unhealthy. They live too often in terror of the lynch mob; are deprived too often of the Constitutional right of ²suffrage; and are humiliated too often by the denial of civil liberties. We do not believe that justice and common decency will allow these conditions to continue. 15
20

Our faith in visions of fundamental change as mutual respect and understanding between our races come in the path of spiritual awakening. Certainly there have been times when we may have delayed this mutual understanding by being slow to assume a fuller share of our national responsibility because of the denial of full equality. And yet, we have always been loyal when the ideals of American democracy have been attacked. We have given our *blood* in its defense ... We have fought for the democratic principles of equality under the law, equality of opportunity, equality at the ballot box, for the guarantees of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We have fought to preserve one nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that *all* men are created equal. Yes, we have fought for America with all her imperfections, not so much for what she is, but for what we *know* she can be. 25
30

Perhaps the greatest battle is before us, the fight for a new America: fearless, free, united, morally re-armed, in which 12 million Negroes, shoulder to shoulder with their fellow Americans, will strive that this nation under God will have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, for the people and by the people shall not perish from the earth. This dream, this idea, this aspiration, *this* is what American democracy means to me. (Applause.)

¹Chattels – Possessions

²Suffrage – Right to Vote

LOVE AND LOSS

This is an extract from a feature article which appeared in the Arts section of *The Independent Newspaper*, in February 2009.

WE'RE ALL HEROINE ADDICTS NOW ...

When times are tough, what better solace than an uplifting tale where love conquers all? Cheryl Cole has been signed up to write steamy novels, and even 'literary' works are being pressed into service. Katy Guest reports on the boom in romantic fiction.

Holly is a virgin waitress with unruly red hair and an upsettingly large bottom. Her life changes for ever after one searing glance from the playboy Prince Casper, which scorches her body like the hottest flame (in *The Prince's Waitress Wife*, the first in a new series of Mills & Boon rugby romances launched this month in association with the Rugby Football Union.) 5

Viva is an inexperienced chaperone, in search of the India of her childhood and ghosts from the past. This lovely heroine meets a gorgeous hero, with tragically increasing sight loss (in Julia Gregson's *East of the Sun*, which this week won the Romantic Novelists' Association prize). 10

Adam Kellas is on a journey from the mountains of Afghanistan to the elegant dinner-tables of north London, in search of that elusive thing called "love" (in the first capture by a male author of the Le Prince Maurice Prize for literary love stories, James Meek's *We Are Now Beginning Our Descent*). 15

Three literary lovers; three very different kinds of fiction. And apparently, we need stories like this more than ever.

The Romantic Novelists' Association (RNA) gave its 49th Romantic Novel of the year award on Tuesday to a book which, according to the chair-woman, Catherine Jones, "made me cry". The Judges praised the "three remarkable women at the centre (of the novel), each with different flaws, strengths and voices. The novel engages the reader from the first page and never lets go, following their various fortunes until it reaches its truly satisfying ending." 20

Gregson said she was "completely flabbergasted" by the win. She had no idea that she had written a romantic novel, she says, until she was shortlisted. "I had to analyse what my idea of romance was. Some of the things that happen to my girls are quite unromantic, really. But it's definitely a love story." 25

A "satisfying" ending, according to the RNA, is as fundamental a component of romantic fiction as a strong love story at its heart. Unlike Mills & Boon, the ending doesn't necessarily have to be happy. And, unlike the more literary Le Prince Maurice Prize, which distinguishes itself from "romantic fiction", the RNA revels in the definition. 30

But "satisfactory" is a good word to describe the health of the romantic fiction market now. According to the latest figures from Book Marketing Limited, it is worth £118m a year and climbing – an increase of 43 per cent from 2003 to 2007. Mills & Boon sells three books every second, bucking the trend in general fiction (and general everything) sales as the recession kicks in. 35

In a terrible piece of news for struggling authors, the Girls Aloud popstrel Cheryl Cole has signed a £5m deal to write romantic novels ("She hadn't previously thought of writing, but she's come around to the idea," said a source at the evidently stalkerish Harper-Collins), while Jane Austen's novels have been repackaged by Headline in girly covers. Even Chris Ryan, the former SAS man and lad-lit hero, has had a nom de plume sex change and written *The Fisherman's Daughter* as Molly Jackson – a rare example of a man taking a female pseudonym in order to be taken more seriously as a novelist. 40

It's not the first time that an interest in escapist romantic fiction has coincided with depressing times – even more fundamentally depressing than the annual arrival of Valentine's Day, that is. Mills & Boon was a general publisher, specialising in sports and crafts, when it launched in 1908. It started to focus on romance when it became clear that the public needed a lift during the Depression of the 1930s. During the Second World War, when paper was rationed, it received a rare pardon; the Publishers Association intervened and the Ministry of Supplies made an exception for Mills & Boon, so important was it to maintain the morale of women who were working for the war effort. 45 50

Linda Blair, a clinical psychologist and the author of *Straight Talking*, believes all this is perfectly understandable. First of all, why do people read anything to escape?" she asks. "Everyone keeps predicting the end of books... but reading is a private thing. It engages the visual sense as well as the word sense and therefore both sides of the brain. It takes you over entirely in a way that television and other things don't." That's no bad thing when banks are crashing, the Government is prevaricating, and the price of a Mills & Boon book is only £2.99. 55

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

This is an extract from an autobiography by the writer, J.G. Ballard, published in 2008.

My mother was born in West Bromwich, near Birmingham, in 1905, and died aged 93 in Claygate, Surrey, in 1999. Her parents, Archibald and Sarah Johnstone, were lifelong teachers of music. During the year that I lived with them, after my mother and sister returned to Shanghai in 1947, two practice pianos were going all day as a series of pupils came and went. When I first met them, in early 1946, after landing in Southampton, they were both in their late sixties, and seemed to be living relics of the Victorian world. With their rigid, intolerant minds, they never relaxed, hating the post-war Labour government, uninterested in my sister or myself, and barely interested in my mother and her wartime experiences in a Japanese camp. Life was intensely narrow for them, living in a large, three-storey house where the rooms were always dark, filled with heavy, uncomfortable furniture and interior doors with stained-glass panels. Food rationing was in force, but everything seemed to be rationed, the air we breathed, hope of a better world, and the brief glimpses of the sun. Even as a boy I wondered how my mother and her sister, both lively and strong-willed women, had ever managed to bloom as teenage girls. 5 10

Yet in later years my mother told me that her father had been something of a rebel in his younger days, and before his marriage had scandalised his family by giving up his musical training and forming a band, which played at dances and weddings. I met him at the worst time, when England was exhausted by the war. There had been heavy bombing in the Birmingham area, and I suspect that they felt my mother's years in 'Lunghua were a holiday by comparison. The war had made them mean, as it made a lot of the English mean. I think they distrusted me on sight. When my grandmother, a small ungenerous woman, first showed me the single bathroom in this large, gloomy house I blotted my copybook for ever by asking: 'Is this my bathroom?' 15 20

After her death my grandfather went through a remarkable transformation that seems to have begun as he walked away from the funeral. He immediately sold the house and its furniture, and set off with two suitcases for the south coast of England, where he lived in a series of hotels, entirely self-sufficient, moving on if he disliked the menu and facilities. He was living in a Bournemouth hotel when he died at 97. In his last years he would sometimes faint in supermarkets and shops. One manageress, assuming he was dead, rang my mother with the sad news, and was shocked out of her skin when my grandfather, his heart rested, suddenly lifted his head and spoke to her. 25 30

She and my father met at a holiday hotel in the Lake District, one of the hydros which were very popular with young people in the 1920's. After their marriage, in the later 1920's, when my father had joined the Calico Printers Association, they lived briefly in a rented house in the Manchester area, and sailed for Shanghai in 1929. 35

My parents never spoke about their reasons for leaving England, and it never occurred to me to ask them. Whether or not they were fully aware of what faced them, they were taking huge risks, not least with their health in a remote, poverty-stricken country long before the era of antibiotics. Cholera, smallpox and typhoid were rife in Shanghai. The piped water was boiled and then stored in the refrigerator in old gin bottles – but all dishes were washed in water straight from the tap. Both my sister and I caught amoebic dysentery and were severely ill. Shanghai was a large and violent city of criminal gangs and murderous political factions. My mother was a 25-year-old newly married woman who had never been out of England, except for a honeymoon trip to Paris. Shanghai was five weeks away by P&O boat. 40

There was no air link, and the only direct contact with England was by cable. I imagine that my father, always determined and optimistic, convinced my mother that England would take years to climb out of the recession, and that far more interesting possibilities waited for them on the other side of the world.

¹Langhua – a Japanese internment camp.

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