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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

Wednesday 15 June 2016 – Morning
Time: 2 hours 45 minutes

Paper Reference

6EL03/01

You must have:

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

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 of ideas and grammar, punctuation and spelling.

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- 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 that 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)

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(Total for Question 1 = 40 marks)

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 prompt conflicting feelings.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment on 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 individuals who struggle to find fulfilment in the world in which they live.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment on 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 obstacles in the path to love.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment on 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 relationships affected by the consequences of communication breakdown.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment on 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)



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Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross . 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



Pearson Edexcel GCE

English Language and Literature

Advanced

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Source Booklet

Paper Reference

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Do not return this Source Booklet with the question paper.

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PEARSON

SECTION A: UNPREPARED PROSE

Materials for Question 1

A SENSE OF PLACE

In this edited extract from his book *The People's Songs: The Story of Modern Britain in 50 Records*, the broadcaster and journalist Stuart Maconie recalls how political and economic problems in Coventry shaped *Ghost Town*, a 1981 hit song by The Specials.

The Locarno Ballroom, Coventry, an airy modernist tower of glass and steel, was one of the most striking buildings of the new Coventry that arose after the city's destruction by bombing during the Second World War. The Locarno was built during the city's post-war boom, a boom that rolled on four wheels and on names like Jaguar, Triumph, Hillman, Humber, Talbot and Commer. Coventry was Britain's Motor City, its Detroit, and its huge, well-paid workforce reaped the benefits of the town's wealth in new houses, a go-ahead football club run by Jimmy Hill, an Olympic-sized swimming pool, Britain's first pedestrianised shopping precinct, theatres, galleries, and clubs like the Locarno, where through the swinging sixties and into the seventies you could have seen everyone from Brian Poole and his Tremeloes to Pink Floyd... By 1981, though, Coventry was taking a battering again – not from the Luftwaffe this time but from the chill wind of economic blight that saw its manufacturing base collapse, its car plants close and its golden age of prosperity end in rocketing unemployment and urban decay.

Coventry's plight was mirrored in cities all across the Midlands and the North, from Liverpool to Newcastle, from Birmingham to Leeds. But Coventry's dark ages of the early 1980s are remembered differently from those of those other beleaguered cities, not so much in newsreels of riots and petrol bombs as in the eerie singalong strains of a very unlikely chart topper.

'This town is coming like a Ghost Town,' sang the town's most famous musical sons, The Specials, 'All the clubs have been closed down.' RIP the Locarno, opened 1960, closed 1981, and commemorated in British pop's strangest and most sombre number one, which managed to dampen the party spirits when *Top of the Pops* celebrated its 900th edition. As its mournful sounds died away, veteran pop presenter David Jensen said, 'Oh, dear, that wasn't very cheery, was it?'

Ghost Town is like a fairground ride through a nightmare, a fractured and fragmented slideshow of images from an urban hell played out to the lush but demented strains of a Dario Argento horror movie. For a tantalisingly brief moment there is a ray of sunshine, a flicker of light in the form of a nostalgic reverie when Terry Hall takes the lead vocal and remembers the peace and prosperity of boom-town Coventry. But this is shattered within seconds, and we are back, zombie-like, on a trip through the darkened underpasses of a deserted, strip-lit city.

Even the recording of *Ghost Town* was appropriate to the era and the surroundings. Bassist Horace Panter is still proud of the fact that 'it was recorded in the small basement of a row of terrace houses in Leamington. It was around the time bands were going to Montserrat to record albums in ninety-six-track studios. The Specials went to a little town in the Midlands and recorded on eight-track.'

In Coventry that spring, an Asian teenager was murdered in a racist attack. In the ensuing violence between skinheads and Asian youths, eighty people were arrested. On the day of *Ghost Town's* release, The Specials announced they would play a benefit concert for racial unity. The National Front said they would march through the city on the same day.

This was the Britain that *Ghost Town* was born into: violent, depressed, riven with political strife; a country under siege.

Ghost Town soundtracked this Britain to eerie perfection. It managed to be both edgy and beautiful, urban and spectral. It was also starkly, mesmerisingly different from the shiny synthesiser pop prevalent in the charts of the day, and soon made its way to number one. It stayed there for three weeks and became the harbinger of a summer of flames and broken glass, a summer of violence and destruction as... riots broke out across Britain. *Ghost Town's* timing was both perfect and terrible... a record that reflected its era, like a cracked and distorted hall of mirrors reflecting a country on the brink of collapse.

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Glossary

Montserrat – an island in the Caribbean

Harbinger – anything that foreshadows a future event; omen; sign

THE INDIVIDUAL IN SOCIETY

In this article for *Being Human*, a website dedicated to popularising the psychological sciences, Lindsay Starke investigates the science behind our response to ‘cliffhanger’ endings on TV shows.

My name is Lindsay, and I’m a recovering *Downton Abbey* junkie. A few months back, I pulled up the first episode on Netflix because of a recommendation from a trusted friend. Two foggy days later, I was wrapping up the final episode of the second season at 3 AM with an idiotic, mentally exhausted grin on my face, and the irrepressible desire to quote the Dowager Countess. Has this ever happened to you? 5

I never sit down and watch traditional TV, yet sometimes I will watch seven or eight episodes of a series I like in a single, drawn-out evening. Now that entire seasons, or even full series, of TV programs are readily available online, it’s easy to fuel this obsession. And obsessive TV watching doesn’t seem to discriminate; in fact, most of the people I know seem to have had at least one show provoke such a response in them. This almost addictive drive can get in the way of socializing, chores, and sometimes work (with a few of us going so far as to call in sick in order to get more watching hours in outside the office). 10

Why do we go on TV show benders? Well, for one, the way that TV writers structure episodes is guaranteed to keep you pushing the button. Think about how frequently an episode of your favorite show leaves off on a cliffhanger, even one you can reasonably expect (like the outbreak of World War One during the run of *Downton Abbey*). Or consider how frequently something seems to simmer just below the surface, waiting to explode (like, say, the untimely and scandalous demise of a Turkish diplomat). Do you find yourself wondering what might possibly happen to the characters, even sharing speculations with the other junkies in your life? This is, in part, because your brain is a bit of a prediction machine. 15 20

We humans evolved an ability to unconsciously model a number of complex future scenarios in our brains in order to generate predictions about the likelihood of each. When we get a prediction right, we are rewarded with a small hit of dopamine, one of the brain’s pleasure chemicals. After all, correctly predicting the future for our ancestors might have meant everything from successfully planning a hunt to figuring out how best to approach a potential mate. The love of predicting correctly goes so deep that scientists at University of California San Diego have even found that, on an unconscious level, we actually enjoy spoilers and loathe surprise endings. Millennia of evolution have left our brains positively craving confirmation of our predictions. 25 30

For us, it means you press play on the following episode, just to see what happens next, leaving you prey to the next hook. “Just one more episode,” you think. “Then I’ll go to bed/get dressed/leave for work/pay my bills.” It stops being about the TV show itself and your enjoyment of it; you just want that dopamine hit.

Of course, this phenomenon isn’t just limited to TV shows. Who among us hasn’t stayed up to the wee hours in order to finish a book? Great fiction, in any form, is inherently addictive, joyfully commandeering our brains for a few hours (or a few days). If it doesn’t cost you your relationship, your job, or your health, there’s nothing wrong with indulging the urge for that mental cookie from time to time. *Downton Abbey* might be returning to network television in January of next year, but I think I’ll wait for Netflix and a rainy weekend. My prediction machine could use it. 35 40

Glossary

Netflix – a provider of on-demand internet media streaming

LOVE AND LOSS

In this edited extract from *The Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave. Written by Himself* (1845), Douglass recalls how, in 1834–35, he led a secret Sunday School for slaves, and explains the love he felt for his students.

It was understood, among all who came, that there must be as little display about it as possible. It was necessary to keep our religious masters at St. Michael's unacquainted with the fact, that, instead of spending the Sabbath in wrestling, boxing, and drinking whisky, we were trying to learn how to read the will of God; for they had much rather see us engaged in those degrading sports, than to see us behaving like intellectual, moral, and accountable beings. My blood boils as I think of the bloody manner in which Messrs. Wright Fairbanks and Garrison West, both class-leaders, in connection with many others, rushed in upon us with sticks and stones, and broke up our virtuous little Sabbath school, at St. Michael's – all calling themselves Christians! humble followers of the Lord Jesus Christ! But I am again digressing. 5 10

I held my Sabbath school at the house of a free colored man, whose name I deem it imprudent to mention; for should it be known, it might embarrass him greatly, though the crime of holding the school was committed ten years ago. I had at one time over forty scholars, and those of the right sort, ardently desiring to learn. They were of all ages, though mostly men and women. I look back to those Sundays with an amount of pleasure not to be expressed. They were great days to my soul. The work of instructing my dear fellow-slaves was the sweetest engagement with which I was ever blessed. We loved each other, and to leave them at the close of the Sabbath was a severe cross indeed. When I think that these precious souls are to-day shut up in the prison-house of slavery, my feelings overcome me, and I am almost ready to ask, "Does a righteous God govern the universe? and for what does he hold the thunders in his right hand, if not to smite the oppressor, and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the spoiler?" These dear souls came not to Sabbath school because it was popular to do so, nor did I teach them because it was reputable to be thus engaged. Every moment they spent in that school, they were liable to be taken up, and given thirty-nine lashes. They came because they wished to learn. Their minds had been starved by their cruel masters. They had been shut up in mental darkness. 15 20 25

The year passed off smoothly. It seemed only about half as long as the year which preceded it. I went through it without receiving a single blow. I will give Mr. Freeland the credit of being the best master I ever had, *till I became my own master*. For the ease with which I passed the year, I was, however, somewhat indebted to the society of my fellow-slaves. They were noble souls; they not only possessed loving hearts, but brave ones. We were linked and interlinked with each other. I loved them with a love stronger than any thing I have experienced since. It is sometimes said that we slaves do not love and confide in each other. In answer to this assertion, I can say, I never loved any or confided in any people more than my fellow-slaves, and especially those with whom I lived at Mr. Freeland's. I believe we would have died for each other. We never undertook to do any thing, of any importance, without a mutual consultation. We never moved separately. We were one; and as much so by our tempers and dispositions, as by the mutual hardships to which we were necessarily subjected by our condition as slaves. 30 35 40

Glossary

St. Michael's – a small town in Maryland in the USA

Mr. Freeland – the slave-master of Frederick Douglass in 1834–35

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

In this extract from *Memoir*, his 2005 autobiography, Irish novelist John McGahern (1934–2006) recalls family life with his younger siblings in the house, which is attached to the police barracks, where they lived with their father in the years following their mother’s death in 1944.

Young as we were, we were soon forming our own defences and adapting to the harsher laws of the world. We were very close together in years, and drew closer. Natural rivalries were suppressed. They couldn’t be afforded. All our energies were concentrated on surviving under our father. If any of us went to him with a complaint against another, or even tried to curry favour, they were ostracized. When there was a bad beating and the storm had died, we’d gather round whoever was beaten to comfort and affirm its unfairness, and it lessened our misery and gave strength to our anger. We learned to read his moods and to send out warnings in an instant so that we could vanish or take some defence, such as the simulated appearance of abject misery. This was instinctive and perfected over time, and while it did not protect us from his worst excesses, it did much to soften and make them tolerable. Above all, it prevented him from charming us when he was in his good moods, since we knew it would only leave us more vulnerable to the next attack, which was never far away. This gathering into a single band formed gradually over a number of years.

In the years immediately after our mother’s death we were in disarray. We had no defence against the sudden rages, the beatings, the punishments, the constant scolding. Many of us started to walk in our sleep. I woke and fell in the shallows beside the tarred boat one night, another time on the stairs, but Rosaleen was by far the worst: she was sleepwalking everywhere within the house, and going into the dayroom at night to startle the barrack orderly in his bed, where it could not be concealed. She was beaten and warned, but that only made it worse. She feels that it was as much a delayed reaction to our mother’s death as it was to the brutality of the house. My father eventually had to send for Dr Vesey. She was diagnosed to be suffering a trauma, and was sent to Roscommon Hospital where she was ordered complete rest. She was two months in hospital. Whether he had been warned or given a fright, he never beat her physically again, but he continued to scold her at every turn. She was probably the most intelligent and sensitive of the girls, and this went very hard on her, but she didn’t sleep-walk again. We were learning never to trust any of his moods and to deal with them as they came. Eventually, he stood more isolated than we were within his own barracks and family.

As the bonds between us strengthened, they were given expression in impromptu concerts when we felt the coast was clear. We were mastering our master.

‘O God, O God, O God,’ Monica would play on her imaginary piano. ‘What did I do to deserve such a cross? I’ll put you into a bag like Toby. I’ll sail you out under the arches of Cootehall Bridge. I’ll have peace at last.’

‘God, O God,’ Rosaleen took up on the drums. ‘I’ll send you to the orphanage. The priests and nuns will soon bring you to your senses. God, O God, O God, have pity on me and grant me patience.’

‘God, O God, O God,’ I played on the trumpet. ‘I must – I must have committed some great crime in a former life – (indeed you must have) – to have been saddled with such a pack. God succour me and save me. (He won’t.) O God, O God, O God. What did I do to deserve such a cross?’

Once and once only did we find him standing in the room while we improvised and played. We would have scattered like chaff, but found ourselves nailed to the floor.

'What's going on?' he roared when he recovered from his amazement.

'We're only fooling and play-acting,' I said.

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'We were only coddling, Daddy,' Monica added.

'Is there no work to be done in this house? Did I not say before I left that the carrots had to be weeded and thinned? I'll soon teach you all a lesson. O God, O God, What did I do to deserve such a crowd? What did I do to walk into such a life?'

Glossary

Barrack orderly – low-ranking police officer who was on duty in the barracks through the night

Coddling – joking

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Sources taken/adapted from:

The People's Songs: A Modern History of Britain in 50 Records, Stuart Maconie, Ebury Press, an imprint of Random House

<http://www.beinghuman.org/article/im-addicted-downton-abbey>

<https://www.gutenberg.org/files/23/23-h/23-h.htm>

Memoir, John McGahern, Faber and Faber

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