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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 14 June 2017 – 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.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

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(Total for Question 1 = 40 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 40 MARKS



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SECTION B: PREPARED DRAMA OR POETRY

Answer ONE question from this section.

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 have strong associations with the past.

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 the influence that social expectations can have on the behaviour of individuals.

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 experiences of love and loss that prompt extreme emotional reactions.

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 relationships in which problems are caused by differences in age or maturity.

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)



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



Pearson Edexcel GCE

English Language and Literature

Advanced

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SECTION A: UNPREPARED PROSE

Materials for Question 1

A SENSE OF PLACE

In this article published in the 'Life and Style' section of the Saturday edition of the *Guardian*, the novelist Kevin Barry describes his feelings on settling into his new home in the remote West of Ireland.

I took the upstairs landing for my workspace and faced the desk away from the view. But every few minutes I would creep up on the window. Just water, and cattle, and wooded hills rising into mist ... The lake makes the most of what light there is and refracts it; and the light has a peculiar intensity, a luminescence. Quickly, as we settled, I began to feel an unaccustomed creep of contentment.

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Happiness, for me, has tended to be retrospective. I'm generally moaning and grizzling at the time, but as soon as I leave a place I become nostalgic for it. And in the Barracks, as I cooled my heels, I grew almost pathologically wistful for the cities and flats and houses I had lived in. If they were full of grey ennui at the time, their colours came through in memory.

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Even a bleak time in east London becomes, with perspective, a kind of oikish idyll. I can smile now on recalling the close shave I had with a double-decker bus when I left a Jamaican shebeen in a tower block at seven in the morning and, in something of a reduced condition, attempted to cross Leytonstone High Road on all fours. You would imagine it difficult to be nostalgic for Leytonstone, but there you go.

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And I can remember with great fondness the evil long-stay motel I beached up in on State Street, Santa Barbara – a premises occupied almost exclusively by eerily suntanned alcoholics. A Mexican dwarf used to sell crack and crystal meth from a pick-up truck in the parking lot, and she'd throw me a jaunty wink each day as I passed by, and I'd return it in kind – strange, the lovely poignancy the years have given to that flirtation.

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Random sounds and feelings come forth from the backways of time: the clicking of the dominoes in Liverpool as the old dudes gambled and smoked heroically in the Chinatown social clubs; the malevolent wind that lifts from the port of Leith to assault Edinburgh's New Town and leaves you with a face on like a skinned haggis. I remember the strange modernist mansion in the woods outside Ithaca, in upstate New York, where we rented the basement after the elderly owner had died, but she seemingly lingered. In the small hours of the night there would be a shuffling upstairs and the lights would come on. We had a groundhog in the garden. I'd go outside for a fag – pale-faced after a night of ghosts – and the groundhog and I used to sit and eyeball each other. I've since quit smoking, but whenever I imagine those luxurious tars and resins, I see a groundhog.

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Such memories are stirred each day as I cycle the Sligo countryside. After a sullen morning at the desk, and then the Harold Lloyd slapstick of my attempts at DIY, I pedal through the drizzle and the quiet. The effort required for the steep gradients of the hills releases endorphins and these cause a giddiness. As I ratchet up the gears, I make up nonsense songs and sing them aloud. There are farmers in the vicinity who may believe me not to be the full shilling.

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I remember being peeled from the walls of questionable nightclubs in Cork. I remember the slow months in a room the size of a cupboard in Barcelona – I'd make toast without getting out of bed.

I remember being a kid in Limerick, a serial truant, lying low around the back lanes and side streets, and that chill of excitement when you learn the hidden town.

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But if I cycle a little faster, the past gives way to the moment, and the moment has its own romances. It would take a heart of stone not to imagine a music for the place names I pass by: Templehouse Lake, the Plain of Moytura, Ballindoon Abbey, the Caves of Keash.

The names have melody and are themselves a song.

45

A life, however, must be written in the present tense. And when night falls, I can walk out into the darkness now where the reed fields give on to the lake and there is nothing to be heard but the breeze in the reeds.

Kevin Barry's new novel is City of Bohane (published by Jonathan Cape).

Glossary

ennui – a feeling of extreme weariness and discontent resulting from boredom

oikish idyll – an uncultured but beautiful experience

shebeen – an unlicensed premises where alcohol can be bought and consumed

Harold Lloyd – a film star of the 1930s, famous for his physical comedy and clowning

THE INDIVIDUAL IN SOCIETY

In this essay published in 2013 in *Overland*, an Australian literary magazine, Alison Croggon recounts her experience of being without a home.

I have been homeless twice, both times with small children. Both times I had nowhere to live for more than a month, and was offered a roof by friends. Because I had somewhere to go, it didn't occur to me to think of myself as one of the 'homeless'. I was just me, in trouble.

Watching a documentary on homelessness many years later, I realised that I had indeed been 'homeless'. I felt a physical shock, as I have every time my life has suddenly fitted into a category. There is a violence in being named, as if suddenly your own experience transforms its nature. 5

It can be deeply disorientating when, in the midst of misfortune, you find your life categorised in official language. At its worst, it can be as if that category – 'homeless single mother', say – becomes the whole of who you are, the primary description that blots out all others. You can become an object in your own eyes. You can begin to know yourself in ways that then determine who you become, not only to others but also to yourself. 10

I was not homeless; I was temporarily without a home. 15

A name is a spell. If someone names you, it can be a collar that fits over you, and it can lead you into a different reality, one in which you might disappear. Every witch knows this.

My first experience of homelessness came suddenly. I was in bed fighting a severe bout of gastric flu when two policemen knocked on my door and informed me that I had to get out so they could change the locks. I was so stunned that I laughed. My rent was late. There were lots of reasons for this, but the main one was that I was supporting and caring for three people: my baby, my toddler and my mentally ill sister. There wasn't enough money and the bills built up, and I couldn't earn enough to pay them. 20

I had to get all my stuff out the following day. I found a pair of Chilean removalists in the phone book – brothers, I think – who observed that I had a lot of books. On hearing that I was a writer, they asked me if I had heard of Pablo Neruda. Yes. Yes, I had. I loved Pablo Neruda. I pulled out one of my books and showed them. They smiled, and quoted his poems in Spanish. 25

It took so long to pack everything that by the time we finished, it was too late to leave my furniture at the storage depot. My Chilean friends offered their garage. A month or so later, when I had found a house, they turned up smiling and installed me into my new life. They charged me very little for the storage, because they knew I had almost no money. It never occurred to me not to trust them. 30

Life – every life – is complex. My life was full of children and poetry and desire and discovery and failure and pain and moments of such astonishing plenitude that I had to stop and catch my breath. There was beauty and hardship, and they were wound inextricably together. I knew then that it was not for someone else to name my experience. It was not for another person to take away the agency of my choices and mischoices, nor to erase the dignity of my struggle. I wasn't a 'bad mother', I wasn't a 'whore', I wasn't a 'muse', I wasn't a 'victim'. I wasn't any of the names that were given to me. I was me. 35
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It is useful to recognise one's own situation as part of a larger reality. It is important to know the larger social and economic patterns that influence our individual situations, if there is to be any hope of understanding how to deal with them. What is dispiriting is how those broader categorisations can be used to blur the particularities of experience and to make people invisible. 45

I discovered that there is a great difference between adjectives and nouns. An adjective is partial and arguable; a noun claims a whole reality. It is well to be wary of names.

I had my own name and my own story, and I wrote it down for myself, late at night when the children were asleep. I was luckier than many. I was a witch, and I knew what names can do. 50

Glossary

plenitude – an abundance or excess

LOVE AND LOSS

In this article, published in 2000, the literary editor Diana Athill looks back on her close friendship with the novelist Jean Rhys (1890–1979).

'I don't understand why you were all so fond of her.'

A friend said that to me about Jean Rhys, and I understand why she said it. So much emphasis has been put on Jean's inability to cope with the practicalities, such as filling a hot-water bottle or turning on a shower; on her disastrous muddles in more important matters such as marriage and the handling of her books once they were written; on her paranoia and her drinking. And her own assessment of her attitude to other people was that she saw them 'as trees walking'.

5

It was her childlike disposition that made her the extraordinary novelist she was – but in life it did often cause pain to her and those closest to her, and gave a good deal of trouble to many other people, including me.

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I feel a fraud when described as 'Jean Rhys's editor', because in her writing she was such a perfectionist that she needed no editing. But she did need a nanny.

It was a task much less onerous than I expected it to be. Jean loved her daughter, Maryvonne Moerman, very much; but she was no better at motherhood than she was at filling hot-water bottles, so when she hinted that she might move to Rotterdam, where the Moermans lived, Maryvonne panicked. She came to London, took me to lunch, and told me that although she would continue to visit her mother, and could be called on in any emergency, she most definitely could not have her in Holland: 'It would be the end of my marriage.' So it was me, she said firmly, who would have to look after Jean.

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As it turned out, my part of the job was easy in the end. Francis Wyndham, who had introduced me to Jean's work, was able to help her in many ways. Sonia Orwell was to do an enormous amount for her, and gradually the whole 'support team' expanded to include many other people who were drawn to Jean by their admiration of her work, some of whom were prepared to go to great lengths for her. None of us was unaware of how difficult she could be – and all of us were very fond of her. So my friend's question set me thinking.

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If you came upon Jean unexpectedly she was always sunk in her chair, gazing into space with a deeply sad expression. Her face would light up as she turned towards you, exclaiming: 'Oh darling – there you are!' as though she had given you up (she probably had – she expected to be let down).

30

On bad days her talk could be querulous, but usually it was charming, seemed unreserved and intimate, although the field in which she was unreserved was narrow, partly because of an old-fashioned sense of decorum and partly because there were things in her past which she wanted to wipe out. She said that she had no sense of humour, but her enjoyment of the absurd was great, and she was the only person I ever knew who'd laugh till she cried. One thing she found very funny was when a critic attempted to impose a women's movement interpretation on her books: 'Women's Lib – me!' she'd say.

35

The most fascinating thing about Jean was how consistently she was her stubborn, beleaguered, central self. People, particularly women, are so often modified by other people such as a spouse, a child, a parent, an interesting stranger, a boring old friend, becoming a little (or sometimes a lot) different according to their company. Jean was always Jean, as a cat is always a cat: a being with an essence too strong to be altered by

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anything but its own emotions, such as fear or anger. Just as one gets positive pleasure from watching a wild creature being itself, so I always got pleasure from watching Jean being Jean. 45

And, of course – this was by far the most important element in people’s affection for Jean – the more one realised her frailties and inefficiencies, the more one marvelled at her steely strength as a writer.

It is impossible to describe briefly the burdens inflicted on her by poverty, loneliness and the strain of living with a very ill man during the many years when she struggled with her greatest novel, *Wide Sargasso Sea*. It is no exaggeration to say that it nearly killed her: her heart went into failure on the day she was supposed to hand the book over to me, and it was two years before she recovered enough to add the two or three little finishing touches without which she would not let us publish it. It remains a mystery how someone so ill-equipped for life, upon whom life had visited such tribulations, could force herself to hang on, whatever the battering she was taking, to the artists at the centre of herself. 50 55

It is not really at all surprising that one was fond – that one loved – Jean Rhys.

Glossary

querulous – full of complaints

Women’s Lib – the women’s liberation movement, a loose alliance of feminist organisations and thinkers that emerged in the late 1960s

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

In this edited extract from a letter, dated December 1803, the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge is asking Matthew Coates to use his family connections to obtain accommodation for him on the island of Madeira, where he hoped to recover from his addictions to alcohol and drugs.

... after many sore struggles of mind from reluctance to quit my children for so long a time, I have arranged my affairs fully and finally, and hope to set sail for Madeira in the first vessel that clears out from Liverpool for that place. Robert Southey, who lives with us, informed me that Mrs. Matthew Coates had a near relative (a brother, I believe) in that island. I need not say that it would be a great comfort to me to be introduced to him by a letter from you or Mrs. Coates, entreating him to put me in a way of living as cheaply as possible. I have no appetites, passions, or vanities which lead to expense; it is now absolute habit to me, indeed, to consider my eating and drinking as a course of medicine. In books only am I intemperate – they have been both bane and blessing to me. For the last three years I have not read less than eight hours a day whenever I have been well enough to be out of bed, or even to sit up in it. Quiet, therefore, a comfortable bed and bedroom, and still better than that, the comfort of kind faces, English tongues, and English hearts now and then, – this is the sum total of my wants, as it is a thing which I *need*. I am wondrously calmed down since you knew me – chiefly perhaps by unremitting disease, and somewhat, I would fain hope, by reflection and self-discipline. 5 10 15

Mrs. Coleridge desires me to remember her with respectful regards to Mrs. Coates, and to enquire into the history of your little family. I have three children, *Hartley*, seven years old, *Derwent*, three years, and *Sara*, one year on the 23rd of this month. *Hartley* is considered a genius by Wordsworth and Southey; indeed by every one who has seen much of him. But what is of much more consequence and much less doubtful, he has the sweetest temper and most awakened moral feelings of any child I ever saw. He is very backward in his book-learning, cannot write at all, and a very lame reader. We have never been anxious about it, taking it for granted that loving me, and seeing how I love books, he would come to it of his own accord, and so it has proved, for in the last month he has made more progress than in all his former life. Having learnt everything almost from the mouths of people whom he loves, he has connected with his words and notions a passion and a feeling which would appear strange to those who had seen no children but such as had been taught almost everything in books. *Derwent* is a large, fat, beautiful child, quite the *pride* of the village, as *Hartley* is the *darling*. Southey says wickedly that ‘all *Hartley*’s guts are in his brains, and all *Derwent*’s brains are in his guts.’ Verily the constitutional differences in the children are great indeed. Our girl is a darling little thing, with large blue eyes, a quiet creature that, as I have often said, seems to bask in a sunshine as mild as moonlight, of her own happiness. Oh! bless them! Next to the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton, *they* are the three books from which I have learned the most, and the most important and with the greatest delight. 20 25 30 35

I have been thus prolix about me and mine purposely, to induce you to tell me something of yourself and yours.

Believe me, I have never ceased to think of you with respect and a sort of yearning. You were the first man from whom I heard that article of my faith enunciated which is the nearest to my heart – the pure fountain of all my moral and religious feelings and comforts. 40

I remain, my dear sir, with unfeigned esteem and with good wishes, ever yours,

STC

Glossary

Robert Southey – Coleridge's brother-in-law, and a close friend of Matthew Coates

intemperate – lacking self-control

Wordsworth – William Wordsworth, Coleridge's closest friend

prolix – writing that gives excessive detail

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Sources taken/adapted from:

Kevin Barry, 'Once Upon a Life', *Guardian*, 10 April 2011
<http://www.theguardian.com/lifeandstyle/2011/apr/10/1>

Alison Croggon, 'On Being Homeless', *Overland*, Winter 2013
<https://overland.org.au/previous-issues/issue-211/feature-alison-croggon/>

Diana Athill, 'For the Love of Jean', *Guardian*, 16 September 2000
<http://www.theguardian.com/books/2000/sep/16/classics>

The Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge Volume I, edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge (London, 1895)
downloaded from http://www.gutenberg.org/files/44553/44553-h/44553-h.htm#Page_441;
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