

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

Friday 1 June 2012 – Afternoon

Time: 2 hours 45 minutes



Paper Reference

6EL03/01

You must have:

Source Booklet (enclosed)
Set text (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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P 4 0 0 5 3 R A 0 1 2 4

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 associated with fear.

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 an individual's search for purpose in the world in which they find themselves.

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 relationships that inevitably end in disappointment.

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 restrictive effect that the family 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 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



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

SENSE OF PLACE

An extract from an account by the journalist, A. A. Gill, describing his visit to the African Continent.

Tanzania, January 1998

The Serengeti: under the lowering anvil nimbus, electric storms stutter on the horizon. The shimmering burnt-orange African sun plummets, a hot wind sways the social weavers' intricately constructed nests in the whistling thorn. The heavy air vibrates with the cooing of doves and the creaking-gate single note of the tropical boubou. High above, a pair of bateleur eagles catching a lazy late thermal precariously balance like their eponymous tigh trope walkers. And over the undulating dry surf of grassland the game teems.

5

It teems and it teems. It teems from left to right and from right to left. It teems up and it teems down and it teems round and round until you are dizzy with teeming. Will this damn teeming never stop? The Serengeti game is divided into two teams: those that eat and those that are eaten. It is one enormous game of Kiss-chase with biting. If you only know Africa from the television, then this is the Africa you know. This is Attenborough country. The gnarly buzzcut acacias, the purple sky, the oily, pustulant sun that slides across the horizon, truncating the evening into twenty minutes of the most exotically beautiful light on earth.

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The Serengeti stretches from northern Tanzania across the border into Kenya. This is where the annual migration of wildebeest takes place. Animals following the rains, pulling all the mint-sauce teams behind them. Wildebeest are God's extras. Individually, they are odd, humpy creatures with long, mournful faces that seem to be continually muttering "Nobody knows the trouble I seen" under their breaths; collectively on the move at a stiff-legged canter, they are one of the great wonders of the world. A Wildebeest's only defence against the cruel market forces of a carnivorous world is statistics. There are so many of us, chances are it won't be me. They even arrange to calve all at the same time in the same place, providing the lions and hyenas with the largest canapé smorgasbord in the world. Wildebeest are nature's proof that communism works, it's just not much fun. Their bones litter the plains.

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The great gray-green greasy Grumeti river, all set about with fever trees, runs through the heart of the Serengeti. It is home to turgid pods of hippo and crocodile you could land small planes on. Hippos look and sound like the House of Commons. Fat, self-satisfied gents with patronising smirks and fierce pink short-sighted eyes in wrinkled gray suits going "haw-haw" and telling each other dirty jokes. They sit like backbenchers in their soupy tearooms and defecate copiously, lifting their vast buttocks out of the water and spinning their tails like Magimixes. At night you lie awake and listen to them chunter and canvass outside the tents.

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The Ngorongoro crater is the other place you'll know if you've only been to Africa by armchair. Seven thousand feet up, it is a volcano crater with more microclimates than you can shake a meteorologist at. A perfect soup bowl of game. In fact, Ngorongoro is Africa's Mount Olympus of game. Purists with breath you could use for snakebite serum of the Outward Bound knit-your-own-bullet school tend to roll their malarial yellow eyes and harrumph like warthog farts at the mention of Ngorongoro, bellowing that it is Disneyland Soho on a Saturday night, St. Tropez in July. And they have a point. It is the beaten trail. But then, imagine a life lived never having seen Disneyland or Soho or St. Tropez and then double it and double it again. The Ngorongoro crater fair takes your breath away. It is a spectacle. It makes *The Lion King* look like a song and dance. This is the real thing.

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THE INDIVIDUAL IN SOCIETY

This is an edited extract from the November 2005 edition of the magazine, The Word.

My Crazy Life in U2

With the roar of applause still filling the night air, the motorcade moves out. There's a howl of sirens, a metal gate springs open and eight black vehicles leap down a concrete ramp and onto the expressway. We barge through stop signs with our motorcycle escort, waved on by police with scarlet light-sabres. We speed over bridges and plunge through tunnels, the neon glow a smear on the windscreen, the sound amplified by the rain. It's completely absurd and really rather thrilling. U2 are "doing a runner" – Boston's basketball arena to the airport in just over six minutes. Is that a good runner as runners go?

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"That's a fantastic runner," The Edge confirms. "I'd give it... ooh, nine point two. Better than Barcelona where they drive at a speed that's actually life-threatening. And better than Italy where the cops bang on your roof with batons."

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The Edge wipes the condensation from the window and peers into the blur of blinking lights. He shrugs self-consciously in a manner that suggests the whole thing's preposterous but, at their level, it's the only practical way they can operate. "To some extent, you gauge the degree of affection within a city by the quality of the back-up you get," he adds, professionally. "And we've had an amazing connection with Boston over the years. They've always looked after us."

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Dave Evans has lived like this for nearly 30 years, a cycle of songwriting, recording and performances that started when he was 17. He's known no other life. And for the past 20 years he's operated at this kind of level, travelling with a team of three technicians and 60 crew in order to replicate as faithfully as possible the music he creates in the studio.

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He was born in Essex to Welsh parents, moved to north Dublin at the age of one – "massive identity crisis!" – and is now 44 with three daughters by his childhood sweetheart, and another daughter and son by his second wife, the band's former choreographer. He's helped sustain a formula that sells both records and tickets in every last reach of the world market. He's the unsung hero who orchestrates the sound of the greatest rock 'n' roll success story of our time, a band for which his old schoolfriend is largely the public face.

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The convoy grinds to a halt in that remote outpost of Logan airport reserved only for the owners of private aircraft. Small and shiny Lear Jets are parked on the tarmac. New and sparkling Gulf-streams stand beside them. And there at the back, dwarfing them all, is a 60-seater Airbus 320 emblazoned with the violet and orange insignia of the Vertigo tour and the logo of the city's four adopted sons.

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It was from Boston, famously, that the 9/11 terrorists departed – on flights originally heading for Los Angeles – so security is now unimaginably tight. But there is a special dispensation for the quartet who have just entranced the 20,000-seater Fleet centre. "Sir," the customs are reminded, "this gentleman walks right through."

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America has adopted U2 and nowhere more so than in the city we're leaving. Boston has the highest concentration of Irish immigrants in the States, and a student population of nearly 400,000, and it was East Coast college radio, back in 1981, that first picked up on the music of U2. The Edge remembers playing a bar in Boston to just 300 souls, opening for a band called Malooga. When their support set finished, the entire audience left the venue. They were breaking America below the radar. 40

Twenty-five years later, those 300 were doubtless back to renew the acquaintance, but this time they'd brought 19,700 friends. The roar greeting U2 was deafening, especially from the Irish quarter. One person waved a banner announcing GOD'S COUNTRY. Another hurled his striped green football top over the barrier and The Edge put it on, while the singer stalked the outer limits of the catwalk. Bono looked back, astonished. "Nice shirt, The Edge." He turned to the crowd. "Great to be home with our tribe!" 45

Every night an entertaining drama is built around the band's inscrutable architect. As The Edge plays a note cycle like the call sign in *Close Encounters*, Bono leans into the microphone, "This," he points stage left, "is the same sound as The Edge's spaceship made when it arrived in the north of Dublin. Larry and myself and Adam just stood there and stared. A door opened and out came this astounding-looking man. Larry said: 'Who are you?' and he said: 'I am The Edge.' And Adam said: 'Where are you from?' and he said: 'The future.' And I said: 'What's it like?' and he said: 'It's better!'" 50

Half an hour later comes the supreme piece of theatre. Bono asks the crowd to hold up their mobile phones in a digital reconstruction of the Great Cigarette Lighter Scare of the 1970's – in fact, a cunning ruse to then flash them the number of the One campaign for the eradication of Third World debt so they can text their support. Around the amphitheatre, on all six levels, thousands of pale blue lamps twinkle in the heavens. Everyone, even the band, appears stunned by the spectacle. "The Edge," Bono wonders, "is this your Galaxy?" 60

LOVE AND LOSS

This is an extract from a book about popular television shows, written by the critic and newspaper feature writer, Stuart Jeffries.

Once in *thirtysomething*, Michael came home from work and found Hope in the kitchen banging the wall with his racketball shoe. It was a lovely evening, the sun streaming through the windows, little baby Janey – all seventeen inches of her – sitting in her chair bathed in a heavenly glow. Michael looked good in his braces, and Hope looked good too, her hair tied back and her bone structure on display. They had made some good choices with the kitchen décor, and the hardwood flooring was to die for. But there was trouble in this domestic paradise. There were bugs in the house, and they menaced the perfect family. 5

'I'll call the exterminators tomorrow,' said Michael. 'They'll spray the place.' 'They'll come back in different strains,' said Hope. 'So we'll re-spray again,' said Michael. 'Janey will grow up stunted,' said Hope. 'So we'll move,' said Michael. 'We can't afford to move,' said Hope. 'We can't afford to live here so what's the difference?' asked Michael. 'I hate everything except Janey because she's perfect,' said Hope. 'What's not perfect?' asked Michael. 10

It was a dialogue from a self-help manual, the kind of conversation deconstructed in books like *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Just Outside West Bromwich*: the woman complaining and the man wanting to make things right quickly so that he doesn't have to listen to her moan. 15

But Michael had a good point. What wasn't perfect? To me, twenty-five and back from work, slumped on a foam-filled sofa bed, stressed and sweaty, this sunny corner of Philadelphia looked offensively perfect. I lived with Kay in a huge house in London that had been meanly converted into ten flats. Our flat was a little box that would have probably accommodated Michael's sports shoes at a pinch. The living room was so small that I didn't need a remote to change the channels without leaving my seat. I was wearing a suit I'd bought from Camden Market for £14 that pinched under the arms and flapped below the groin. If I had worn braces they would have probably pinged into my face. I had a bone structure, but not one you'd want to write poems about. 20 25

Outside, the Talbot Horizon was cooling its smug self after bunny-hopping me through the north London gridlock. The car was, I knew, preparing a whole new range of motoring miseries for tomorrow. Often, the Talbot Horizon made me think of the torture scene in *Elizabeth R*, BBC 1's historical drama starring Glenda Jackson, in which some bloke was dissected while still alive and presented with his heart for his screaming inspection. It was that kind of car. Nothing was perfect. 30

In *thirtysomething*, everything was perfect. Even the bugs had probably just come out of a grooming salon. If you looked through a microscope you could see that they had cheekbones every bit as good as Hope Steadman's. Some of them spoke Latin with very authentic accents and spent their summer at their Tuscan villa, one reading Nietzsche aloud and the others nodding sagely. Then they would come back to Philadelphia to play racketball with Hope in the kitchen. It wasn't a bad life by any means, and I would have swapped mine for theirs. 35

The only problem for the bugs and for Michael was Hope. She was a Canute, trying to stop the waves of real life from washing over everything she held dear. She would never be happy until she learned not to mind those waves of reality lapping over her ankles. 40

When I first watched *thirtysomething*, I thought that it showed a world of feelings from which a chilly, emotionally repressed Limey could learn. I thought this televised corner of Philadelphia could give me a sentimental education. From it I could learn how to behave with my partner. But it wasn't like that at all. Instead, it was a place where I would do better to keep my eyes on the interior décor and ignore the reactionary social message. At first, though, I was impressed by how seriously the show took itself, and I thought I ought to take it seriously too.

45

Back in her kitchen the following day, Hope said: 'Can we never fight, please?' 'We never do,' said Michael. 'We don't need to fight because we have a great thing here.' 'Do we have a happy marriage?' asked Hope. 'I think you're like not supposed to say it out loud,' said Michael, smiling sentimentally. Their happy marriage, their seeming perfection, was porcelain: they daren't raise their voices for shattering it.

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FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

This is an extract from a newspaper feature, by Jonathan Freedland, marking the election of Barack Obama to the US presidency.

America's next president is the son of a man who once herded goats in a remote village in Africa. He is the grandson of a man who grew up among people who wore animal skins, in a village where no white man had ever set foot. That grandfather went on to become a cook for the British army and later a domestic servant, while his son finished secondary school by correspondence course, had four wives and eight children and died an early death, caused by drink and depression. 5

The grandfather, Hussein Onyango Obama, is the source of the new president's middle name – the one that gave him so much trouble in the campaign. Though he is said to have been born in 1870, one of his three wives still lives. They call her "Mama Sarah" and she is now, aged 86, the step-grandmother of the most powerful man in the world. 10

You find her by taking the 90-minute drive north of Lake Victoria to the remote Kenyan village of Kogelo. At the end of the tarmac, a sign for the Senator Obama Secondary School points the way along a red dirt road. You find a small house, three rooms under a pale-blue corrugated iron roof. There is a water pump in the front garden and a huge mango tree, and it's here you can stop and chat to Mama Sarah. 15

She's happy to talk, over the noise of the chickens that come running when she calls. She still works, rising at dawn on a typical day and heading barefoot into her vegetable garden, where she grows maize, sweet potatoes, beans and cassava. At nine, she makes breakfast, returning to the fields until noon.

She has a TV set now, a gift from a local airline executive, but she always used to follow the news on the radio in Swahili or Luo. And she has met her step-grandson only a few times. The first encounter came when he visited Kenya in the 1980's: they had no language in common but she can't forget his voice. So much like his father's she says: "It made me think that his father had come back from the dead." 20

Her living room is decorated with family pictures, including a shot of Barack on the visit, carrying a sack of vegetables. She is proud of Barack, though she doesn't consider what he has achieved anything too special. When asked about the prospect of him becoming president, she described it as "just a job". But she plans to keep her promise to fly to Washington in January, to see her boy inaugurated. It won't be her first trip to the US. She saw Barack sworn in as senator. She said that the US was "very interesting" – but "very cold". 25 30

Obama's father – also called Barack Hussein Obama – had once caused her pride too, but just as much consternation. He was bright, yet easily bored. He won a place in secondary school, but was expelled for behaving badly. He eventually finished his schooling by correspondence course, but not before he had married a young woman called Kezia and had a son and daughter. 35

Once the course was complete, he met two American women in Nairobi who told him he should apply for a scholarship to study in the US. He wrote to dozens of US universities and one eventually replied: the University of Hawaii.

He had no idea where Hawaii was – but snapped up the offer of a place. Leaving his son and pregnant wife with Mama Sarah, he flew to Honolulu. And it was there he would meet a woman who was the product of the same urge he himself had felt – the urge to move westward and start over. 40

Stanley Ann Dunham was named after a father who had yearned for his first child to be a boy – and for much else. Dunham – the new president’s other grandfather – had been born into a small-town depression-era Kansas, but he dreamed bigger. Wild in youth, “dabbling in moon-shine, cards and women”, according to Obama’s memoirs, Dunham would not be contained by Wichita. He eloped with his sweetheart, Madelyn, enlisted after Pearl Harbour and fought in General Patton’s army in France before hopping westward, always hoping for something better, from Texas to California and finally, when offered a job as a furniture salesman in America’s newest state, to Hawaii. These then, were the backstories of the young African man and the 18-year-old girl who would meet on a Russian language course in Honolulu. They could not have been more different. He was a son of the Luo tribe who, when not in school, had herded his father’s goats; she was the daughter of white protestant prairie folk from the American heartland. And yet they fell in love. They married and in 1961 they had a child, who would also be called Barack Hussein Obama. 55

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