

Write your name here

Surname

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

Friday 19 June 2015 – Morning
Time: 2 hours 45 minutes

Paper Reference

6EL03/01

You must have:

Set text (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 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.

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)

(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.

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 and people under threat.

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 affected by violence.

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)



4 Love and Loss

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present the conflict between appearance and reality in relationships.

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 different attitudes to gender roles in family relationships.

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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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



Pearson Edexcel GCE

English Language and Literature

Advanced

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Source Booklet

Paper Reference

6EL03/01

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 from an article written by D.H. Lawrence, for a literary magazine published in 1930.

My grandfather settled in an old cottage down in a quarry-bed, by the brook at Old Brinsley, near the pit. A mile away, up at Eastwood, the company built the first miners' dwellings – it must be nearly a hundred years ago. Now Eastwood occupies a lovely position on a hilltop, with the steep slope towards Derbyshire and the long slope towards Nottingham. They put up a new church, which stands fine and commanding, even if it has no real form, looking across the awful Erewash Valley at the church of Heanor, similarly commanding, away on a hill beyond. What opportunities, what opportunities! These mining villages *might* have been like the lovely hill-towns of Italy, shapely and fascinating. And what happened?

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Most of the little rows of dwellings of the old-style miners were pulled down, and dull little shops began to rise along the Nottingham Road, while on the down-slope of the north side the company erected what is still known as the New Buildings, or the Square. These New Buildings consist of two great hollow squares of dwellings planked down on the rough slope of the hill, little four-room houses with the 'front' looking outward into the grim, blank street, and the 'back', with a tiny square brick yard, a low wall, and a w.c. and ash-pit, looking into the desert of the square, hard, uneven, jolting black earth tilting rather steeply down, with these little back yards all round, and openings at the corners. The squares were quite big, and absolutely desert, save the posts for clothes lines, and people passing, children playing on the hard earth. And they were shut in like a barracks enclosure, very strange.

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Even fifty years ago the squares were unpopular. It was 'common' to live in the Square. It was a little less common to live in the Breach, which consisted of six blocks of rather more pretentious dwellings erected by the company in the valley below, two rows of three blocks, with an alley between. And it was most 'common', most degraded of all, to live in Dakins Row, two rows of the old dwellings, very old, black, four-roomed little places, that stood on the hill again, not far from the Square.

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So the place started. Down the steep street between the squares, Scargill Street, the Wesleyans' chapel was put up, and I was born in the corner shop just above. Across the other side of the Square the miners themselves built the big, barn-like Primitive Methodist chapel. Along the hill-top ran the Nottingham Road, with its scrappy, ugly mid-Victorian shops. The little market-place, with a superb outlook, ended the village on the Derbyshire side, and was just left bare, with the Sun Inn on one side, the chemist across, with the gilt pestle-and-mortar, and a shop at the other corner, the corner of Alferton Road and Nottingham Road.

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In this queer jumble of the old England and the new, I came into consciousness. As I remember, little local speculators already began to straggle dwellings in rows, always in rows, across the fields: nasty red-brick, flat-faced dwellings with dark slate roofs. The bay-window period only began when I was a child. But most of the country was untouched.

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There must be three or four hundred company houses in the squares and the streets that surround the squares, like a great barracks wall. There must be sixty or eighty company houses in the Breach. The old Dakins Row will have thirty to forty little holes. Then counting the old cottages and rows left with their old gardens down the lanes and along

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the twitchells, and even in the midst of Nottingham Road itself, there were enough for the population, there was no need for much building. And not much building went on when I was small.

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We lived in the Breach, in a corner house. A field-path came down under a great hawthorn hedge. On the other side was the brook, with the old sheep-bridge going over into the meadows. The hawthorn hedge by the brook had grown tall as tall trees, and we used to bathe from there in the dipping-hole, where the sheep were dipped, just near the fall from the old mill-dam, where the water rushed. The mill only ceased grinding the local corn when I was a child. And my father, who always worked in Brinsley pit, and who always got up at five o'clock, if not at four, would set off in the dawn across the fields at Coney Grey, and hunt for mushrooms in the long grass, or perhaps pick up a skulking rabbit, which he would bring home at evening inside the lining of his pit-coat.

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Glossary

Twitchells – a Nottinghamshire dialect word for alleyways.

THE INDIVIDUAL IN SOCIETY

An extract from a social commentary, written by Owen Jones and published in 2011.

It's an experience we've all had. You're among a group of friends or acquaintances when suddenly someone says something that shocks you: an aside or a flippant comment made in poor taste. But the most disquieting part isn't the remark itself. It's the fact that no one else seems the slightest bit taken aback. You look around in vain, hoping for even a flicker of concern or the hint of a cringe.

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I had one of those moments at a friend's dinner in a gentrified part of East London one winter evening. The blackcurrant cheesecake was being carefully sliced and the conversation had drifted to the topic of the moment, the credit crunch. Suddenly, one of the hosts tried to raise the mood by throwing in a light-hearted joke.

'It's sad that Woolworth's is closing. Where will all the chavs buy their Christmas presents?'

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Now, he was not someone who would ever consider himself to be a bigot. Neither would anyone else present: for, after all, they were all educated and open-minded professionals. Sitting around the table were people from more than one ethnic group. The gender split was fifty-fifty and not everyone was straight. All would have placed themselves somewhere left-of-centre politically. They would have bristled at being labelled a snob. If a stranger had attended that evening and disgraced him or herself by bandying around a word like 'Paki' or 'poof', they would have found themselves swiftly ejected from the flat.

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But no one flinched at a joke about chavs shopping in Woolies. To the contrary: everybody laughed. I doubt that many would have known that this derogatory term originates from the Romany word for child, 'chavi'. Neither were they likely to have been among the 100,000 readers of *The Little Book of Chavs*, an enlightened tome that describes 'chavs' as 'the burgeoning peasant underclass'. If they had picked it up from a bookshop counter for a quick browse, they would have learned that chavs tend to work as supermarket checkout cashiers, fast-food restaurant workers and cleaners. Yet deep down, everyone must have known that 'chav' is an insulting word exclusively directed against people who are working class. The 'joke' could easily have been rephrased as: 'It's sad that Woolworth's is closing. Where will the ghastly lower classes buy their Christmas presents?'

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And yet it wasn't even *what* was said that disturbed me the most. It was *who* said it, and who shared in the laughter. Everyone sitting around that table had a well-paid, professional job. Whether they admitted it or not, they owed their success, above all, to their backgrounds. All grew up in comfortable middle-class homes, generally out in the leafy suburbs. Some were educated in expensive private schools. Most had studied at universities like Oxford, LSE or Bristol. The chances of someone from a working-class background ending up like them were, to say the least, remote. Here I was, witnessing a phenomenon that goes back hundreds of years: the wealthy mocking the less well-off.

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And it got me thinking. How has hatred of working-class people become so socially acceptable? Privately educated, multi-millionaire comedians dress up as chavs for our amusement in popular sitcoms such as *Little Britain*. Our newspapers eagerly hunt down horror stories about 'life among the chavs' and pass them off as representative of working-class communities. Internet sites such as 'ChavScum' brim with venom directed at the chav caricature. It seems as though working-class people are the one group in society that you can say practically anything about.

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LOVE AND LOSS

A letter written by Margaret Buckley to her closest friend, Mary Andrew. The writer's husband is called Brian.

22 January 1964

Thank you so much for being so gentle with me over my last letter, I realised, almost as soon as I sent it, that it was hot-headed and deserved a sharp answer, I was delighted not to get it but a lovely letter in its place. I'll do my best to get Brian to drive us down on the Friday. (He finishes at 4.30 pm on the Thursday.) If we can get there on the 20th we can have three days to see each other but as the weekend takes up two of those and Bob will want to be relaxed for the weekend before your mother and the children come, I don't really like to hope for too much then. Anyway so what – we'll *see each other all right*, nothing will stop that, but I don't want to make a strain for you – I already fear that I impose on your affection too much in my rotten confidences – don't worry Mary I'm not worth it, and I'm as tough as old boots anyway, I think. I don't mean this, you know – I want you to care & I want to see more of you at Easter than I ought when you'll have a hell of a lot to do – but to show that I can, out of affection be principled – I *will not* cause you to feel worn out over Easter, I promise. I do hope Jane will play with Peter & Margaret. She loves older girls so perhaps Margaret wouldn't mind occasionally chatting to her. She's a bit shy of boys. Anyway, as you say, we'll see. This isn't a real letter: just a note in answer to the one I got this morning – I'll write properly tomorrow or Friday. I just want to assure you of my deepest intentions of not getting involved with that wreck of a human being David White or with *any* other man. If only I knew why I ever got into this predicament! I don't *really* love them, I can't, I don't want to live with them. Nothing could snatch me from Brian's arms forever but Brian's own decision to kick me out. I can't tell you how much, how deeply, how rootedly, inevitably I love Brian – it must seem incredibly phoney or humbugging but so help me God it's true. For some fiendish reason if a man who is attractive, intelligent, sensitive, with experience in common with my own makes a real set – I'm done for. I don't dream of setting up home with them: the thought appals me, but the innocence of the feeling I have for them and they for me seems its own justification, its own reason for being an accepted, a valid, a real and undeniably constructive experience.

If 'innocence' sounds phoney, let me try to explain. The men who put their hands on me too freely leave me cold, I can be amused and usually flattered but nothing more at all. But David (and in this respect Martin was the same) doesn't *intend* anything consciously, he isn't too free-handed with an itchy paw – he doesn't *ask* for anything, he just gravitates, that's all, Mary. It is this 'gravitation', preoccupation, and my knowledge of what he's thinking and feeling: he's so easily hurt, his face looks completely pained or happy, he has somehow given himself up, it's *this* that sets the trap, and he's intelligent and masculine, etc. (you know the rest).

I hear about him occasionally indirectly when we don't see them. Both Mollie and Brian see that we don't meet too often. Mollie called into the college for a babysitter on Monday – she said she didn't know what had got into David, he couldn't stay in any night, he wanted to be out visiting and doing things every evening and she was getting worn out. She used to complain of his complete lack of sociability. He'd rather go upstairs and paint or do some work or read or listen to music. We passed his car one evening. We were waiting at a halt sign, his car drew up alongside as he was turning the opposite way – he pretended not to have seen us (there were streams of Coventry traffic all round) but his face was suffused with the knowledge of us, his face turned right round in our direction talking very fast and his face flushed. The innocence is in all this and in that when he touches me it is as if he doesn't will it at all but as if his body betrayed him: it's the same with me. He can't help being one big question –

unconsciously asking – unconsciously moving to you – what can you do but open your arms – you react unconsciously too, like someone pressing a button, your arms open. But Mary, there has to be a gap between the intention and the fulfilment and upon that gap I rely. It will not happen again. I will write about it as little as possible: thank you, my dear one, for letting me do so occasionally. I am very happy for you not to mention it: I have told you and imagine your thoughts on it and that seems enough.

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I'll write properly tomorrow or Friday – I must now take Jane for her promised walk before dark.

Glossary

Humbugging – a form of deception.

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

An extract from a memoir written by the broadcaster Jenni Murray, published in 2008.

In the early 1950s no one thought of child abduction or abuse and my mother would watch from her kitchen window as I trotted happily across the road and rolled head first through the hole in the hedge which gave me access to my grandfather's garden. His carefully tended plot was a hymn to wartime making do and boasted the tastiest sprouts and cabbages in the neighbourhood, the most blight-free potatoes, and beds of strawberries and canes of raspberries which were regularly raided by me and my small gang of pals. 5

Only the gooseberry bush was to be the source of a lifelong loathing. After one particularly enthusiastic raid, I was sicker than I ever remember before or since. When presented with gooseberry tart during a recent cookery broadcast I found myself turning up my nose at beautifully cooked food for the first time in living memory. 10

So I had constant access to the comforts of two homes where the women made wonderful food and spent hours of every day keeping everything startlingly clean. My grandmother often boasted that you could eat your dinner from her toilet seat. It's one of the few household obsessions I inherited. In the days when she was able, my mother would often visit my home and run her finger along my mantelpiece or banister rail with a disapproving 'tut!' at the dust she picked up. But my toilet was always immaculate and still is. Raising two boys through the thoughtless and sloppy-aim stage was purgatory. 15

The men of our little family went out to work – my grandfather as a winder at the local pit and my father as an electrician – and looked after the garden. The allocation of tasks by gender was never questioned and when we were together there seemed to be harmony and, for spoiled little me, a never-ending stream of treats. 20

I can't remember what age I was when I began to wonder whether I was not quite all my mother had wanted, but I know I was around seven years old when I told the dinner ladies at my primary school that my mother would not be turning up to the beetle drive organized by the PTA that night. She was in St Helen's Maternity Hospital, I said, and had already had the baby. They seemed surprised, but I assured them that she had had a little boy, that he was lovely, and his name was David Robert. 25

This story was not merely the product of a vivid imagination. At some point in my early childhood my mother had told me how surprised she had been when she gave birth to me to find that I was a girl. All through her pregnancy, she said, she had longed for a little boy, and right until the moment the midwives had placed me in her arms she had called the baby that she carried David Robert. 30

The midwives, she told me often, had greeted my arrival with the awful words, 'Ah, look, you have a sweet little girl' (I'm quite sure I determined right then not to fulfil their infuriating prediction – sweet I was never going to be). 35

She hadn't been able to think of a name for me, so Grandma had come up with Jennifer, after a popular movie star of the time, Jennifer Jones, and Dad chose Susan as my middle name. Mum had been prepared to go along with whatever they suggested. I heard the wistful disappointment in her voice every time she told the story.

Maybe if I couldn't be quite what she wanted I could conjure up a baby brother simply by saying he existed? My mother found out, of course, when she did attend the beetle drive and the dinner ladies expressed their surprise at seeing her. How come she'd got out of hospital so quickly and how had she managed to conceal her pregnancy? She was furious with me and never seemed to consider what might have induced me to make up such a story. Child psychology in Barnsley must have been in its infancy.

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My mother did, though, tell me very early on what an awful time she had had giving birth to me. I sometimes think it's strange that some mothers tell their daughters nothing of what happened to them in the delivery room, perhaps because they want to protect them from fear of an experience that they will one day be expected to endure.

My mother was not one of them.

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Sources taken/adapted from:

A Selection from Phoenix, D H Lawrence, ed. by A A H Inglis, Penguin

Chavs: The Demonization of the Working Class, by Owen Jones, Verso

Intimate Letters, Margaret Buckley, Chrysalis Press

Memoirs of a not so Dutiful Daughter, Jenni Murray, Transworld Publishers

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