



GCE A LEVEL

A710U30-1



S25-A710U30-1



WEDNESDAY, 11 JUNE 2025 – MORNING

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

A level component 3

Non-Literary Texts

2 hours

A710U301
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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen.

Answer **Question 1** in Section A and **one** question in Section B.

Write your answers in the separate answer booklet provided.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Both Section A and Section B carry 40 marks.

The number of marks is given in brackets at the end of each question or part-question.

You are advised to spend one hour on each section. In Section B, you are advised to spend 35 minutes on part (i) and 25 minutes on part (ii).

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

Section A: Comparative analysis of spoken non-literary texts

Answer Question 1.

This question is based on all three texts below.

Text A: an extract from a 1968 promotional film entitled *Vive Torbay: Travelling to the British Seaside*.

Text B: an extract from a 2016 BBC documentary entitled *Coastal Path*, in which the presenter, Paul Rose, walks the South West Coast Path.

Text C: an extract from a 2018 campaign video entitled *Cleaning Up Our Coastline* made by the marine conservation charity Surfers Against Sewage. In the extract, Ruby Free and Mairin Williams, two members of the group, discuss pollution on beaches.

1. Compare and contrast the presentation of the coast in Texts A–C.

In your response, you are required to:

- apply concepts and methods from integrated linguistic and literary study
- analyse how meanings are shaped
- explore connections between the texts.

[40]

Text A: extract from a promotional film (1968)

It's the sight of palm trees and the dazzle of Riviera villas that stir your memory. The opulence and luxury of what you'd expect to find somewhere along the Mediterranean. This is where international entertainers like Max Bygraves choose to stay, away from the clamour of the public. A summer playground, where the car ferry's arrival may spell out some clue to the identity of the place. So step ashore at where? France? The tricolour is French but the cry is "vive les Anglais¹". Look again and you recognise Torquay as the town which has adopted a French atmosphere. The illusion lives on when the waiters serve up the fun on Torquay Hotels Day. It isn't the first man to finish who wins the annual race through the town – in true French style it's the one who doesn't spill a drop who takes the top prize. Even the English sense of fair play is out of the running. In a one-lap race, there's still a chance for someone to lick the rest of the field. Torbay is the Riviera of England, a three-in-one resort that stretches for twenty miles along the south Devon coast. Brixham and Paignton have joined Torquay to bring a continental taste to the south-west.

Text B: extract from BBC documentary (2016)

The South West Coast Path is one of the world's best-loved walks. At 630 miles, it's also England's longest national trail. It's not for the faint-hearted. This can be challenging walking, but boy, is it worth it! I'm Paul Rose and I've explored the world, but although I love the south-west coast, I've never actually walked its path – until now. In this series, I'll be discovering adventure at every turn. I'll be discovering wildlife and wild traditions. This is where land and sea collide. It really is the walk of a lifetime. As I head further into north Devon, the scenery changes. Dark, jagged rocks stretch out into the deep like fingers. It's easy to see why this area became known as a ships' graveyard. I'm stopping off at the forebodingly named Morte Point. From down here you can really appreciate just how dangerous it was for sailors passing these shores. The sight of these rocks lurching out of the sea, like the spines of a mighty stegosaurus, was enough to make even the toughest mariner's blood run cold. In the days of sail, many a ship's crew met a grisly end here.

¹ vive les Anglais: long live the English

Key to discourse features

<u>word</u>	underlining indicates a stressed syllable
(.)	a micropause
(1)	a timed pause in seconds
/	rising intonation
\	falling intonation
=	latch-on

Text C: extract from campaign video (2018)

Williams: going along on beach cleaning (.) along the seashore um (.) is is something that I love and want to protect=

Free: =you don't have to be a surfer=

Williams: =you know=

Free: =to get involved=

Williams: =we're

not more than seventy miles from the sea so everyone in this nation has a connection to it with the surfers it does um give a (.) nice twist to get that sporting community involved with activism

Free: noticing how much pollution there actually is (.) and then looking into it a bit deeper and finding out what the effects of it actually are and how damaging it actually is and how much it actually affects us as well as the environment and the animals (2) to take action um (.) as a member of the public just to do your part doesn't have to be coming (.) walking miles down to the beach every day and collecting all the plastic that you see wash up on the shore it doesn't have to be (.) being a surfer to care about the ocean

Williams: you can do your mini beach cleans and they're always good (.) you can go down to your local beach and pick up what you can (.) what we're trying to do is raise that awareness and actually think and then take responsibility for what you're doing

Section B: Non-literary text study

Answer **one** question in this section.

Each question is in **two** parts. You must answer both parts.

In **part (i)**, you are required to:

- apply concepts and methods from integrated linguistic and literary study
- analyse how meanings are shaped.

In **part (ii)**, you are required to:

- analyse how meanings are shaped
- demonstrate understanding of the significance and influence of the contexts in which texts are produced and received.

Either,

Andrea Ashworth: *Once in a House on Fire* (Picador)

2. In the extract below, taken from Chapter 17, Ashworth describes summoning the police following an assault by her stepfather Terry on her mother Lorraine. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

That day, I was certain my Dad was going to do my mother in. More terrified than decisive, I ran to the police station. Two constables took ages fastening shirt cuffs, buttoning jackets, stapling helmets under chins, before they strolled up the road behind me.

Dad opened the door himself. 'Sorry to bother you, like.' He gave them one of the boyish smiles he always had ready for strangers: 'I'm afraid it's a load of hoo-ha over nowt, lads.' The officers took a quick look at our mother, still in one piece, and the furniture in the dining room, which had been shuffled back into order. There was no sign of the chocolate Easter eggs that had been shattered against the wall. Our mother was too crushed to give anything away when they asked her what had been going on. But this time I found the nerve to speak up about the punches and kicks and the way our dad had been throttling our mother when I ran to fetch help.

'Right, Sir.' They turned to Dad. 'Word in your ear?'

The men disappeared into the living-room and shut the door.

'Don't worry, Mum.' I held her to calm her shaking in the wake of the fight and at the prospect of Dad being carted away by the police. 'It's for the best.'

When the living-room door opened, I suffered a pang myself, expecting to see Dad's head bowed over handcuffed wrists. Instead, he looked almost chipper, acting pally with the officers. They smiled at our mother as they reached for the door: 'No more silly stuff?'

'Wait!' I rushed to block the way out. 'Is that it?' Trembling, trying to speak calmly: 'Aren't you going to do anything?'

'Now, now, girls.' The officers were keen to get back to their Sunday shift of tea and cigarettes at the station. Laurie, Sarah and I burst into tears, while our mother stood behind us, unable to open her mouth.

'No need to go getting hysterical.' The older policeman ticked us off. 'That's not going to do anybody any good now, is it?'

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how the police and their interaction with Andrea and her family are presented in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss the presentation of outside agencies such as the police, the legal system and the local council elsewhere in *Once in a House on Fire*. [16]

Or,

Jenny Diski: *Skating to Antarctica* (Virago)

3. In the extract below, taken from the second of the chapters entitled 'At Sea', Diski describes the island of South Georgia. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

As far as I can see South Georgia is further away from anywhere than anywhere else in the world. It's 1,100 miles from South America. The Antarctic Peninsula is just two days away from Ushuaia, while it had taken three days and nights to get to Grytviken. Although, as the British Government sees it, South Georgia is part of the Falklands Dependencies, it's actually 1,290 miles from the Falkland Islands. As a whaling station it thrived, but it's a mystery why anyone would go to war over it once whaling was over, until you remember the oil in the surrounding waters (as well as around the Peninsula), and that the hands-off clause in the Antarctic Treaty runs out in twenty years' time. South Georgia's convenience for processing and distributing the liquid billions is obvious. You didn't really think that little skirmish with the Argentinians was about honour, did you?

The abandoned whaling station at Grytviken is either lovingly preserved in its natural state or derelict, depending on how you choose to look at it. If derelict landscapes, like the murkier parts of King's Cross and the old unreconstructed docklands appeal, then Grytviken is a pearl of desolation. A rust-bucket ghost town, left to rot in its own beautiful way. Approached from the bay in the Zodiac, it was a small hamlet of white-walled, red-roofed one- and two-storey buildings nestling on the handkerchief-sized edge of the island, surrounded on all sides by rising black volcanic mountains, topped with white and smeared with snow and ice in the dips and crevasses. It looked idyllic, if a little vulnerable, as if a brave attempt at human assertion were being pushed ineluctably into the sea by the encroaching island itself. Once we were close up we could see that a different aspect of nature had taken command, as the neat white houses turned out mostly to be decaying sheds and warehouses, stained by weather, with rotting doors hanging off rusting hinges, dotted inside with broken and corroded implements and hefty languishing chains. It was a lovely place, as I stepped on to the decaying planking of the flensing plan, where the whales were hefted up and tiny men with hockey stick-shaped knives at the end of a long pole took their positions around the bulk of the dead mammal and carved away the inches-thick layer of blubber from the flesh. It was a town memorializing the efficiency of commerce. We wandered around and discovered this place for the rendering of the blubber, that for the butchering of the flesh, another for the processing of the bones. A purposeful place made beautiful by its dereliction and the delicate carvings and ornately cut patterns of rust on iron. A couple of dead hulks of half-sunk whaling ships to either side of the inlet finished off the symmetry of decline.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how the island of South Georgia is presented in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss how Diski presents loneliness and isolation elsewhere in *Skating to Antarctica*. [16]

Or,

Dave Eggers: *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius* (Picador)

4. In the extract below, taken from Chapter 6, Eggers describes his relationship with Sarah Mulhern. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

And there was Sarah Mulhern. Oh, oh.

We had almost grown up together, Sarah and I, had been on the same swim team when I was nine and she was eleven, were on that swim team for some years after. But we had never once spoken. She was older and a better swimmer. And a much better diver. I was a liability to that swim team, to the diving team. I was a slow swimmer and a hapless diver, wouldn't do an inward, couldn't even pull off a one-and-a-half. She could do it all – inwards, one-and-a-halves, doubles, back one-and-a-halves, whatever – always with her legs together and toes pointed and the little splash at the end. She was on the medley relay, always won her heats, was the name everyone knew, the name that was broadcast over the loudspeakers. But I never talked to her. Not in junior high or high school, the two years that separated us were too many, and her hair was too straight and blonde, and I had not yet developed the tools to mentally or physically handle the sort of curves she was working with.

But then there she was, Sarah Mulhern, at the bar, and I have no idea how I began talking to her, or much of what we said, but then Jeff was gone and I was getting into the backseat of a car with Sarah, driven by Sarah's friend. The car smelled of smoke and old vinyl. Sarah smoked.

Then we were in her bed, in her parents' big house, and there was some of this and that but I passed out before –

I woke up in a canopy bed, and she was already awake, watching me. The furniture and walls were drenched in yellow-white, as if not only the walls but the air itself had been painted. We sat on her floor and talked about grade school, about the retarded kids who we were told to treat kindly, who would die young. We played records, talked about the fall – she was trying to be a teacher, had gotten her certificate and was doing some tutoring.

Then we snuck out through the garage – her parents were home – and she drove me home. As we sat in my driveway, I wanted to say so many things – that I was actually dating someone else, Kirsten, and that what I had done was a mistake, a terrible crime, that I had slipped because I was confused –

But then I saw a figure through the window, someone sitting up in the family room looking at us, and didn't want to explain about my mother to Sarah and didn't want to explain Sarah to my mother so –

We kissed quickly and I jumped out.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Eggers presents Sarah Mulhern and his attitudes to her in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss the presentation of female characters elsewhere in *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius*. [16]

Or,

Truman Capote: *In Cold Blood* (Penguin Modern Classics)

5. In the extract below, taken from Chapter 2 – ‘Persons Unknown’, Capote quotes from ‘A History of My Boy’s Life’, a document written by Perry’s father. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

‘Perry later told me, his mother told him to find a new home. While my children were with her they run around as they pleased, I understand Perry got into trouble. I wanted *her* to ask for divorce, which she did after about a year or so. Her drinkin and stepin out, living with a young man. I contested the divorce and was granted full custody of the children. I took Perry to my home to live with me. The other children were put in homes as I could not manage to take them all in my home and them being part indian blood and welfare took care of them as I requested.

‘This was during depression time. I was working on WPA very small wages. I owned some property and small home at the time. Perry and I lived together peacefully. My heart was hurt, as I still loved my other children also. So I took to roaming to forget it all. I made a livin for us both. I sold my property and we lived in a “house car”. Perry went to school often as possible. He didn’t like school very well. He learns quick and never got into trouble with the other kids. Only when the *Bully Kid* picked on him. He was short and stocky a new kid in school they tried to mistreat him. They found him willing to fight for his rights. That was the way I raised my kids. I always told them dont start a fight, if you do, I’ll give you a beaten when I find out. But if the other kids start a fight, do your best. One time a kid twice his age at school, run up and hit him, to his surprise Perry got him down and gave him a good beating. I had given him some advice in wrestling. As I once used to Box & Wrestle. The lady principal of the school and all the kids watched this fight. The lady principal loved the big kid. To see him get whipped by my little boy Perry was more than she could take. After that Perry was King of the Kids at school. If any big kid tried to mistreat a small one, Perry would settle that rite now. Even the Big Bully was afraid of Perry now, and had to be good. But that hurt the lady principal so she came to me complaining about Perry fighting at school. I told her I knew all about it and that I didnt intend to let my boy get beat up by kids twice his size. I also asked her why she let that Bully Kid beat up on other kids. I told her that Perry had a rite to defend himself. Perry never started the trouble and that I would take a hand in this affair myself. I told her my son was well liked by all the neighbours, and their kids. I also told her I was going to take Perry out of her school real soon, move away to another state. Which I did. Perry is no Angel he has done wrong many times same as so many other kids. Rite is Rite and wrong is wrong. I dont stick up for his wrong doings. He must pay the *Hardway* when he does wrong, law is Boss he knows that by now.’

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Perry’s childhood and upbringing are presented in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss how Capote presents childhood elsewhere in *In Cold Blood*. [16]

Or,

George Orwell: *Homage to Catalonia* (Penguin Modern Classics)

6. In the extract below, taken from Chapter 6, Orwell describes the attack on the Fascist redoubt. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

The Fascists had brought up a machine-gun now. You could see it spitting like a squib a hundred or two hundred yards away; the bullets came over us with a steady, frosty crackle. Before long we had flung enough sandbags into place to make a low breastwork behind which the few men who were on this side of the position could lie down and fire. I was kneeling behind them. A mortar-shell whizzed over and crashed somewhere in no-man's-land. That was another danger, but it would take them some minutes to find our range. Now that we had finished wrestling with those beastly sandbags it was not bad fun in a way; the noise, the darkness, the flashes approaching, our own men blazing back at the flashes. One even had time to think a little. I remember wondering whether I was frightened, and deciding that I was not. Outside, where I was probably in less danger, I had been half sick with fright. Suddenly there was another shout that the Fascists were closing in. There was no doubt about it this time, the rifle-flashes were much nearer. I saw a flash hardly twenty yards away. Obviously they were working their way up the communication-trench. At twenty yards they were within easy bombing range; there were eight or nine of us bunched together and a single well-placed bomb would blow us all to fragments. Bob Smillie, the blood running down his face from a small wound, sprang to his knee and flung a bomb. We cowered, waiting for the crash. The fuse fizzled red as it sailed through the air, but the bomb failed to explode. (At least a quarter of these bombs were duds.) I had no bombs left except the Fascist ones and I was not certain how these worked. I shouted to the others to know if anyone had a bomb to spare. Douglas Moyle felt in his pocket and passed one across. I flung it and threw myself on my face. By one of those strokes of luck that happen about once in a year I had managed to drop the bomb almost exactly where the rifle had flashed. There was the roar of the explosion and then, instantly, a diabolical outcry of screams and groans. We had got one of them, anyway; I don't know whether he was killed, but certainly he was badly hurt. Poor wretch, poor wretch! I felt a vague sorrow as I heard him screaming. But at the same instant, in the dim light of the rifle-flashes, I saw or thought I saw a figure standing near the place where the rifle had flashed. I threw up my rifle and let fly. Another scream, but I think it was still the effect of the bomb. Several more bombs were thrown. The next rifle-flashes we saw were a long way off, a hundred yards or more. So we had driven them back, temporarily at least.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Orwell presents the experience of battle in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss how Orwell presents different types of bravery elsewhere in *Homage to Catalonia*. [16]

END OF PAPER