



GCE A LEVEL

A710U30-1



S24-A710U30-1



FRIDAY, 14 JUNE 2024 – AFTERNOON

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: a voiceover from a 1949 BBC TV news report on the introduction of new diesel-electric trains on the London to Glasgow line. The voiceover is accompanied by footage of the journey taken from on board the train.

Text B: an extract from the 2021 television documentary *Extreme Railways: Africa by Train*. In the extract the presenter, Chris Tarrant, who is travelling across Kenya by train, describes the building of the line.

Text C: an extract from a 2022 vlog entitled 'Why I'll Never Work in the City of London Again'. The speaker describes his experiences of commuting into central London by train.

1. Compare and contrast the presentation of attitudes to railways and rail travel 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: voiceover from TV news report (1949)

Two white-overalled technical observers were the last of the official party boarding one of British Railways' new twin diesel-electric locomotives before they pulled out of Euston Station on Wednesday morning, drawing for the first time the *Royal Scot* on its daily scheduled run to Glasgow. There were in fact two locomotives coupled together, numbers ten thousand and ten thousand and one, with a combined output of over three thousand horsepower, and they are the first of our main line diesel-electrics. Leaving older and dirtier types of steam train far behind, the new train came splendidly up to promise and well on time passed through Crewe. The driver's cabin is very different from that of a steam train with simple motor controls and a complete absence of the dust and grime we usually associate with the joys of engine driving. Even the fireman, who used to shovel coal for the old steam engines, has a clean job, with apparently little to do except watch fuel levels and make sure that the feed from the nine-hundred-gallon tanks of diesel oil is maintained. Uneventfully, this epoch-making trip continued. Carlisle was reached and passed, and soon after this the locomotives were tackling with ease the climb to Beattock Summit, over a thousand feet above sea level. Another fifty miles and the end of the journey was reached: Glasgow Central, where a reception worthy of the occasion was waiting for the train and its crew. It is claimed that, but for existing schedules, the new locomotives could have reduced the time of the eight-and-a-half-hour journey by no less than an hour and a half.

Text B: extract from TV documentary (2021)

Tarrant: Forty miles and six hours into my journey we're approaching the Taru Desert, famous for its red sand and impenetrable thorn bushes. What a stunning view. I absolutely love coming to Africa. I love the place.

Tough today, but conditions here must have been a nightmare in 1897. The biggest problem for the construction gangs was that they were building a railway across basically nothing. There were no towns, no roads, no food, no water, and searing heat. Everything they needed had to be brought here by train from Mombasa, including the workers themselves. First the bush had to be cleared, then came embankments and bridges and then the actual track building. The guy in charge of the plate-laying gangs was an experienced Englishman who'd done a lot of work constructing railways in India. He was called Ronald O. Preston. Most of Preston's workers had been brought here from India, where they'd have experienced pretty harsh conditions building railways for the British. But no-one was prepared for the Taru. They often got cuts from these thorns and cacti that pave across the floor of the desert everywhere. They also suffered from flesh-eating maggots, malaria, dysentery and cholera, and hundreds died before they even got across this leg of the Taru Desert.

By the end of 1897 three hundred workers had died and the railway was already a year behind schedule, although I'm told the new Chinese line running alongside us took even longer to build.

Key to discourse features

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

Text C: extract from vlog (2022)

I used to get on the train at Stratford (.) station (.) in the morning into Liverpool Street (.) it was crowded (.) it was busy (.) and you're packed onto a train like sardines (.) before the pandemic it was just the normal thing to do and these days you can't even think about doing that but the reality is that nobody on that train wanted to be there (.) it was a miserable thing to commute at that time in the morning when its freezing cold or wet (.) everyone's packed on a train and they're shipped off to London (.) but more than enough times things went wrong (.) the trains broke (.) signalling started failing (.) there could be really hot weather and then the tracks started to buckle it always caused a problem which meant that there were more delays and maybe even more of a nightmare in the morning (.) I've also noticed in the past six years back in twenty fifteen (.) I could go to the station get on the train and get a seat every single morning without fail (.) but these days if I was going to the station in the morning it was absolutely impossible and you're all stood up like sardines and it's getting busier and busier the pandemic has calmed things down massively and definitely changed things a little bit that I think going forward but it did get to the point where it was really really crowded and bad

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 10, Ashworth describes the house in Parkfield Street that Andrea and her mother and sisters move into. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

‘In’t that near where that poor lass got dragged down the entry and raped?’ Auntie Agnes protested, when our mother insisted on moving us up the Moss Side end of Parkfield Street, into a two-bedroomed house, whose rent fell within her grasp because it was in a rough area and because the foundations happened to be collapsing.

‘It’s about to topple!’ Auntie Agnes looked triumphant when she discovered the extent of the subsidence. She was keen for us to stay with her a bit longer, so that she could keep up the pressure she had been putting on our mother, to persuade her to stop playing silly buggers – to go back to our stepfather and make a nice, happy family.

‘It’ll do.’ Our mother was determined to go it alone with her girls.

A sort of seasickness, we all three felt, when we walked through our new front door. The floor sloped, nearly a foot lower at one end than the other, the subsidence was so deeply set in.

‘Don’t worry, Mum.’ Our spirits sagged at the prospect of no telly, but zinged back up when we were allowed to eat our tea in picnics, sitting cross-legged on a blanket in the middle of the floor, until we could afford more furniture. ‘This is the biz!’

We had been making our home in other people’s bedrooms for nearly a year, and we were happy just to have our own walls.

The only shadow over our paradise was cast by the outside loo. To reach it after dark, you had to tie your nightie in a knot over the knees, then shove your feet into the stinky, man-sized wellies waiting by the back door. The light was broken, which was just as well, if you didn’t want to watch the spiders that would be watching you. We gave ourselves cramp, holding on indoors, to avoid the smack of wind or rain, followed by the icy spank of the toilet seat. Running out of toilet tissue, we resorted to tearing strips from the *Sun*. There would be no more loo roll, no margarine and no milk, until the fortnight was up and the new dole cheque had come through to be cashed.

Kwap! Our mother’s purse clasped shut on coppers. Instead of coffee or tea or orange squash, we had to be content with tap water – corporation champagne, she nicknamed it, with a bitter laugh.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Andrea Ashworth presents the house in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss the presentation of houses and homes elsewhere in *Once in a House on Fire*. [16]

Or,

Jenny Diski: *Skating to Antarctica* (Virago)

3. In the extract below, taken from the chapter entitled 'A Haven in Hove', Diski describes her state of mind and her memories of receiving psychiatric treatment. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

When I took my mother's Nembutal in her room in Hove it was because I wanted everything to stop. I had no definite thought about killing myself, only of stopping everything – same result but different feeling. Later, after I left school in the late sixties and started taking whatever drugs were around, what gave me most pleasure was to inject dissolved Nembutal directly into my veins. This had the effect of rendering me instantly and utterly unconscious. Only years later did it occur to me that this was a very bizarre way to have fun, but it wasn't really fun I was after, it was nothingness. Between my mother's Nembutal and my own I spent some time in the psychiatric hospitals being treated for depression, but what they were for me were places of safety, blank places of white sheets and nothing happening. Actually, life in the bin was vivid, things happening, dramas constantly, but hermetically sealed within the world of the hospital. Life itself – the business of getting and doing, of *participating* – was on hold, which was where I wanted it to be. I didn't have to do anything about day-to-day living. The hospitals were convents for escapees from life; enclosed, safe and with their own rules for disengagement. I and the other patients were inmates, intensely close in a conspiracy to lock out the world of our regular lives. We lived entirely with each other, anyone outside was an intruder who had no right to enter our existence. We looked after and protected each other from outside visitors and relatives exhorting us to 'get better'. Even Sister Winniki was preferable to getting on with living. I did not want to function, to live my own life, to achieve anything. I only wanted to be let alone.

Being depressed is very painful, but it is also silence and absence. There is a paradox. The pain, real anguish, is intolerable. I would do almost anything not to experience it, but the silence and absence of the place where depression puts you brings the possibility of getting close to contentment. This is not to say that I had any conscious control over depression, only that I had discovered that sometimes, if I sat through the pain, I got to a place of absolute peace and quiet. This is not a statement of the value of depression. Depression is rotten, you cannot sit through the pain if your circumstances aren't right, if you haven't got support, or if you have people depending on you. And even if these conditions can somehow be met, to sit through the pain carries the very real risk that you will not survive it. But given that depression happened to me, and I did have support, I found it was possible after a time to achieve a kind of joy totally disconnected from the world. I wanted to be unavailable and in that place without the pain. I still want it. It is coloured white and filled with a singing silence. It is an endless ice rink. It is antarctic.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Jenny Diski presents her attitudes to her own state of mind in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to explore how Diski presents her state of mind elsewhere in *Skating to Antarctica*. [16]

Or,

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

4. In the extract below, taken from Chapter 4, Eggers describes his home in California. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

I fix the cover on the couch. That couch was perfect and white in our living room in Chicago, but got so filthy so quickly here, streaked with black at the corners where we lean our bikes, the pillows yellowed and stained with grape juice, chocolate. We had rented an upholstery cleaner, but its effect was laughable. The couch will continue its decline, as will all the things we've been given. Maintenance is impossible. There is a pile of shoes near the door that I should straighten. The floor needs to be swept, but I'm discouraged before I begin – the dirt is intrinsic to this house, is in the molding and the grouting, in the nooks and the carpet and the flaws in the structure. There are holes in the floorboards, and the baseboards are crooked. I had tried a vacuum, borrowed one from the neighbors, and it had worked well, but the place was dusty, the floor covered with stuff the next day. Now I only sweep.

I get one of Toph's popsicles out of the freezer. There is noise next door. I step out onto the back porch. Robert and Benna, the neighbors to our left, are having a thing, maybe ten of them out there on the deck.

"Hey there," Robert says. He's always friendly, always cheerful, thoughtful, caring. It's unnerving.

He's a few years older and lives with Benna, who's about thirty and runs a battered-women's shelter. Their friends look like Berkeley grad students.

"Hi," I say.

"Come on over!" he says.

"Yeah, come and have a drink," says Benna.

"No, I can't," I say. It's warm, the moon is out.

I talk about the work I have to do, Toph being in bed, etc. I lie about a phone call I'm waiting for because I don't want to have to come over, meet their friends, explain our story, why we live here, the whole thing.

"C'mon, just a drink," says Robert. He's always asking me to come over. As friendly as he and Benna are, radiating *welcome*, I feel more affinity with the black man/blond woman couple to our right, with their unmoving white curtains, their snugly closed door, the two Dobermans. They rarely talk to anyone, usually stay out of sight – it's so much easier.

I thank Robert and step back inside.

I retreat into the living room, the room I have painted burgundy. The walls are cluttered with ancient pictures of our parents, grandparents, their parents, and their various diplomas, notices, portraits, needlepoints, etchings. I sit on the couch I found in the shed in back, a velvety thing, maroon, its springs broken, wood chipped. Most of the antiques we kept are here – the chairs, the end table, that beautiful cherry desk. It's dark. I need to cut the bushes in front, because they've grown so high that almost no light comes through the front window, even during the day, making it so dim here, always, rubiate, the walls blood red. I haven't found a lamp yet that will fit the room.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Eggers presents his home and neighbours in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss the presentation of different houses and homes 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 4 – ‘The Corner’, Capote describes the Kansas State Penitentiary for Men. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

Prisons are important to the economy of Leavenworth County, Kansas. The two state penitentiaries, one for each sex, are situated there; so is Leavenworth, the largest Federal prison, and, at Fort Leavenworth, the country's principal military prison, the grim United States Army and Air Force Disciplinary Barracks. If all the inmates in these institutions were let free, they could populate a small city.

The oldest of the prisons is the Kansas State Penitentiary for Men, a turreted black-and-white palace that visually distinguishes an otherwise ordinary rural town, Lansing. Built during the Civil War, it received its first resident in 1864. Nowadays the convict population averages around two thousand; the present warden, Sherman H. Crouse, keeps a chart which lists the daily total according to race (for example, White 1405, Coloured 360, Mexicans 12, Indians 6). Whatever his race, each convict is a citizen of a stony village that exists within the prison's steep, machine-gun-guarded walls – twelve grey acres of cement streets and cell blocks and workshops.

In a south section of the prison compound there stands a curious little building: a dark two-storeyed building shaped like a coffin. This establishment, officially called the Segregation and Isolation Building, constitutes a prison inside a prison. Among the inmates, the lower floor is known as The Hole – the place to which difficult prisoners, the ‘hardrock’ troublemakers, are now and then banished. The upper storey is reached by climbing a circular iron staircase; at the top is Death Row.

The first time the Clutter murderers ascended the staircase was late one rainy April afternoon. Having arrived at Lansing after an eight-hour, four-hundred-mile car ride from Garden City, the newcomers had been stripped, showered, given close haircuts, and supplied with coarse denim uniforms and soft slippers (in most American prisons such slippers are a condemned man's customary footwear); then armed escorts marched them through a wet twilight to the coffin-shaped edifice, hustled them up the spiral stairs and into two of the twelve side-by-side cells that comprise Lansing's Death Row.

The cells are identical. They measure seven by ten feet, and are unfurnished except for a cot, a toilet, a basin, and an overhead light bulb that is never extinguished night or day. The cell windows are very narrow, and not only barred but covered with a wire mesh black as a widow's veil; thus the faces of those sentenced to hang can be but hazily discerned by passers-by. The doomed themselves can see out well enough; what they see is an empty dirt lot that serves in summer as a baseball diamond, beyond the lot a piece of prison wall, and above that, a piece of sky.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Capote presents the prison in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss the presentation of justice and punishment in 1950s/60s America elsewhere in *In Cold Blood*. [16]

Or,

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

6. In the extract below, taken from Chapter 11, Orwell describes his feelings shortly before he is forced to leave Spain. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

It was as though some huge evil intelligence were brooding over the town. Everyone noticed it and remarked upon it. And it was queer how everyone expressed it in almost the same words: 'The atmosphere of this place – it's horrible. Like being in a lunatic asylum.' But perhaps I ought not to say *everyone*. Some of the English visitors who flitted briefly through Spain, from hotel to hotel, seem not to have noticed that there was anything wrong with the general atmosphere. The Duchess of Atholl writes, I notice (*Sunday Express*, 17 October 1937):

I was in Valencia, Madrid and Barcelona ... perfect order prevailed in all three towns without any display of force. All the hotels in which I stayed were not only 'normal' and 'decent' but extremely comfortable, in spite of the shortage of butter and coffee.

It is a peculiarity of English travellers that they do not really believe in the existence of anything outside the smart hotels. I hope they found some butter for the Duchess of Atholl.

I was at the Sanatorium Maurín, one of the sanatoria run by the POUM. It was in the suburbs near Tibidabo, the queer-shaped mountain that rises abruptly behind Barcelona and is traditionally supposed to have been the hill from which Satan showed Jesus the countries of the earth (hence its name). The house had previously belonged to some wealthy bourgeois and had been seized at the time of the revolution. Most of the men there had either been invalided out of the line or had some wound that had permanently disabled them – amputated limbs, and so forth. There were several other Englishmen there: Williams, with a damaged leg, and Stafford Cottman, a boy of eighteen, who had been sent back from the trenches with suspected tuberculosis, and Arthur Clinton, whose smashed left arm was still strapped onto one of those huge wire contraptions, nicknamed aeroplanes, which the Spanish hospitals were using. My wife was still staying at the Hotel Continental, and I generally came into Barcelona in the daytime. In the morning I used to attend the General Hospital for electrical treatment of my arm. It was a queer business – a series of prickly electric shocks that made the various sets of muscles jerk up and down – but it seemed to do some good; the use of my fingers came back and the pain grew somewhat less. Both of us had decided that the best thing that we could do was to go back to England as soon as possible. I was extremely weak, my voice was gone, seemingly for good, and the doctors told me that at best it would be several months before I was fit to fight. I had got to start earning some money sooner or later, and there did not seem much sense in staying in Spain and eating food that was needed for other people. But my motives were mainly selfish. I had an overwhelming desire to get away from it all; away from the horrible atmosphere of political suspicion and hatred, from streets thronged by armed men, from air-raids, trenches, machine-guns, screaming trams, milkless tea, oil cookery, and shortage of cigarettes – from almost everything that I had learned to associate with Spain.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Orwell presents his thoughts, feelings and attitudes in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss how Orwell presents physical and emotional hardships elsewhere in *Homage to Catalonia*. [16]

END OF PAPER