



**GCE A LEVEL**

A710U30-1



**MONDAY, 19 OCTOBER 2020 – MORNING**

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE**  
**A level component 3**  
**Non-Literary Texts**

2 hours

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**ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

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 trailer for the television documentary *Blue Planet II*. The presenter, David Attenborough, discusses pollution in the world's oceans and the voiceover is accompanied by images of the oceans, marine life and plastic waste.

**Text B:** an extract from a stand-up comedy routine by the American comedian George Carlin.

**Text C:** a voiceover from a campaign video produced by the environmental pressure group Greenpeace UK. The voiceover is accompanied by images of the Arctic and of Greenpeace activists conducting protests.

### 1. Compare and contrast the presentation of attitudes to the environment 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]

### 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 A: transcribed extract from TV documentary voiceover (2018)

the oceans (.) seemingly limitless (.) invoke in us a sense of awe and wonder and also (.) sometimes (.) fear (2) in the course of making *Blue Planet II* we've explored every corner (.) of the underwater world (3) we've encountered extraordinary animals (3) and discovered new insights into how life is lived beneath the waves (8) for years we thought that the oceans were so vast that nothing we could do (.) could have an effect upon them (.) but now we know that was wrong (4) it's now clear that our actions are having a significant impact on the world's oceans (8) plastic has become an integral part of our daily lives but every year some eight million tonnes of it ends up in the ocean and there it can be lethal [edit] we are at a unique stage in our history (1) never before have we had such an awareness of what we are doing to the planet and never before have we had the

power to do something about that (1) surely we have a responsibility to care for our blue planet (1) the future of humanity (.) and indeed (.) all life on earth (.) now depends on us

**Text B: transcribed extract from a stand-up comedy routine (1992)**

see I'm not one of these people who's worried about everything (.) you got people like this around you (.) country's full of them now (.) people are walking around all day long (.) every minute of the day (.) worried about everything (.) worried about the air worried about the water worried about the soil (.) worried about insecticides pesticides food additives carcinogens (.) worried about radon gas worried about asbestos worried about saving endangered species (1) let me tell you about endangered species all right (.) saving endangered species is just one more arrogant attempt by humans to control nature (.) it's arrogant meddling it's what got us into trouble in the first place (.) doesn't anybody understand that (.) interfering with nature (.) over ninety per cent over way over ninety per cent of all the species that have ever lived on this planet ever lived are gone whoosh [audience laughter] (1) they're extinct (.) we didn't kill them all [audience laughter] (1) they just disappeared that's what nature does

**Text C: extract from campaign video voiceover (2015)**

All around the world, people love the Arctic. Experts know that drilling for oil there would be catastrophic. Oil is already causing climate change, but Shell wants to go ahead anyway. Until recently, very few people even knew about their plans. Then, three years ago, millions of us across the world united to stand up for the Arctic. Like when three hundred thousand of us emailed President Obama, putting him on the back foot. And hundreds of thousands of us forced Lego to drop their partnership with Shell. This year, as Shell's rig gets dangerously close to the Arctic, we've gone further than ever before to protect it. Like when activists in kayaks blocked them leaving for the Arctic. Indigenous campaigners and Greenpeace activists even jumped in front of Shell's moving rig. So far, over seven million of us have joined the campaign to stop Shell, from Moscow to Mumbai to Madrid. Now Shell's drilling window has opened, this is the moment Shell has been waiting for – but luckily so have we. Shell relies on investors and politicians to back it at every turn. But the further our campaign spreads, the more of an unsafe and unpopular investment they become. So we need to be louder than ever. If we stand strong and keep taking action now, we can stop Shell and protect the Arctic for years to come.

## 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. The extract below, taken from Chapter 11, describes Andrea and her mother going shopping. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

‘Absolutely brassic, we are.’ Our mother composed the shopping list in perfect handwriting, on the back of an envelope from Norweb. It was like a poem, except that ‘loaves’ meant flimsy, thin-sliced white bread, ‘margarine’ meant watery, petrol-tasting stuff, and ‘milk’ came not in bottles or cartons but in boxes of powder that left lumps, no matter how long you whisked it in water with a fork. Fastening all the press studs on our anoraks, we braced ourselves against icy wind and rain. A mile-and-a-half’s walk lay between us and Kwik Save on Dickenson Road. Four miles there and back, if you counted a detour to the freezer-food emporium, where pounds performed miracles for people even poorer than ourselves. Ladies with no stockings leaned into icy chests to pull out fish fingers and so-called beefburgers in bumper bags. Everybody knew that they shrivelled to a cardboard pulp after the fat and water had melted under the grill, but at 69p a dozen nobody seemed to care.

‘Tot it up for us, Andy.’ My mother compared the amount in her purse with the figure I tugged out of the trolley, after adding the prices of packets and cans. We went through our cash-out routine, putting items back on the shelf to bring the total into line.

‘Right, how much is it now?’

I subtracted a pot of jam, a jar of pickled onions and two packets of Rich Tea. My mother made a calculation in her own head, then put the jam next to the till to be checked out, bidding goodbye to the onions and biscuits, pursing her lips against our heartbroken looks.

Laurie, Sarah and I were equally expert at prising the lid off the biscuit tin, without letting the metal twang. Filched by the three of us, ginger snaps disappeared within days. Our mother held a ginger biscuit trial, but no one knew a thing.

‘I don’t even like them,’ Laurie had the genius to announce.

‘Own up!’ Our mother primed the rubber sole of her slipper, ready to wallop the thief.

Three confessions leapt out. Nobody’s backside saw the slipper, but our mother smashed her fist against the table, shouting and swearing like a man.

‘You just don’t give a toss, do you?’ Her screeches cracked and broke down into tears. ‘You’re going to drive me over the brink!’

Our mother would be nudged into a rage if we folded her underwear the wrong way in her drawer, or abandoned our muddy shoes in the hall, or left a scummy halo around the bath. Slaps left us sobbing, more dismayed than hurt, until she claimed we were trying to kill her with guilt, and we throttled our fruity tears.

‘Yes, it’s a cigarette!’ She seethed in front of the telly, its screen seething back in her face. *Steer clear*, the wisps of smoke warned.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Ashworth presents poverty and how the family react to it in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss the presentation of poverty and its effects 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 seeing penguins on the island of South Georgia. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

I was very taken with this timeless standing, unwitnessed, unwitnessing, that we were interrupting, though only barely. That was the point, for me, of Antarctica: that it was simply there, always had been, always would be, with great tracts of the continent unseen, unwitnessed, cycling through its two seasons, the ice rolling slowly from the centre to the edges where eventually it breaks off. A place that is and always has been unseen. Now these penguins, getting on with what they do, standing in their place. And on this or that day, a group of people arrive for a visit and make not the slightest difference to anything at all. South Georgia is so out of the way that fewer people visit it than the Antarctic mainland. Only a couple of hundred people a year arrived at Grytviken, fewer still, I imagine, land at St Andrew's Bay. I ached for the endurance and the indifference of this landscape and its penguin inhabitants.

My fellow travellers were filming and photographing up a storm. The word 'cute' was heard for the first time, but multiplied like an echo. Penguins, in fact, are cute. They have a ridiculous dignity to our eyes: upstanding, busy creatures, who are hopelessly designed for life on land, but seem determined to overcome their disability. They waddle furiously about their business, marching in orderly lines along set tracks down to the sea to get food for themselves and their mates. But every now and again they drop the front, as we might if we thought we were alone and unobserved, and, finding it tedious walking down an incline, take to their bellies and slide down the slippery slope. Poised between fake dignity and letting their hair down, they seem remarkably like caricatures of ourselves. So they make us laugh, as children do. Penguins, you can be sure, don't see things this way, but quantum physics withstanding this time, it's us doing the looking. It's impossible not to be anthropomorphic, and I'm not sure why we should try. I don't really believe that the penguins are damaged by our self-centred view of them, providing they are left alone to get on with their lives. Relating the natural world to ourselves is what we do, just as standing staring out to sea is what penguins do.

However, it was fairly clear that penguin life is not that cute. The skuas wheeled overhead waiting for an opportunity to take what they could. And the standing and staring became on close inspection a frantic business. The colony was full of fevered activity. Lines of penguins marched back and forth to the shore, up and down impossibly steep inclines, in order to provide for their mates and their offspring. Once in the sea, they are vulnerable to seals. On land, if a mate doesn't return from foraging, the brooding penguin and its hard-worked-for egg will die of starvation.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Diski presents the penguins and how she and her companions react to them in this extract. [24]
- (ii) "Diski's descriptions of animals usually reveal more about her own attitudes than about the animals themselves." Go on to explore how Diski presents animals elsewhere in *Skating to Antarctica*. [16]

Or,

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

4. *In the extract below, taken from Chapter 2, Eggers describes driving between San Francisco and Montara. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.*

To our right is the Pacific, and because we are hundreds of feet above the ocean, often with nothing in the way of a guardrail between us and it, there is sky not only above us but below us, too. Toph does not like the cliff, is not looking down, but we are driving in the sky, with clouds whipping over the road, the sun flickering through, the sky and ocean below. Only up here does the earth look round, only up here does the horizon dip at its ends, only up here can you see the bend of the planet at the edges of your peripheries. Only here are you almost sure that you are careening on top of a big shiny globe, blurrily spinning – you are never aware of these things in Chicago, it being so flat, so straight – and and and we have been *chosen*, you see, chosen, and have been given this, it being owed to us, earned by us, all of this – the sky is blue for us, the sun makes passing cars twinkle like toys for us, the ocean undulates and churns for us, murmurs and coos to us. We are owed, see, this is ours, see. We are in California, living in Berkeley, and the sky out here is bigger than anything we've ever seen – it goes on forever, is visible from every other hilltop – hilltops! – every turn on the roads of Berkeley, of San Francisco – We have a house, a sublet for the summer, that overlooks the world, up in the Berkeley hills; it's owned by people, Scandinavians, Beth says, who must have some money, because it's all the way up there, and it's all windows and light and decks, and up there we see everything, Oakland to the left, El Cerrito and Richmond to the right, Marin forward, over the Bay, Berkeley below, all red rooftops and trees of cauliflower and columbine, shaped like rockets and explosions, all those people below us, with humbler views; we see the Bay Bridge, clunkety, the Richmond Bridge, straight, low, the Golden Gate, red toothpicks and string, the blue between, the blue above, the gleaming white Land of the Lost/Superman's North Pole Getaway magic crystals that are San Francisco... and at night the whole fucking area is a thousand airstrips, Alcatraz blinking, the flood of halogen down the Bay Bridge, oozing to and fro, a string of Christmas lights being pulled slowly, steadily, and of course the blimps – so many blimps this summer – and stars, not too many visible, with the cities and all, but still some, a hundred maybe, enough, how many do you need, after all? From our windows, from our deck it's a lobotomizing view, which negates the need for movement or thought – it is all there, it can all be kept track of without a turn of the head. The mornings are filmstrip white and we eat breakfast on the deck, and later we eat lunch there, we eat dinner there, we read there, play cards, always with the whole thing, the postcard tableau, just there, all those little people, too much view to seem real, but then again, then again, nothing really is all that real anymore, we must remember, of course, of course.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Eggers presents the setting in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss the presentation of different settings 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 1 – The Last to see Them Alive, Capote describes the discovery of Mr Clutter’s body, and Larry Hendricks’ reactions. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.*

‘Well, I took one look at Mr Clutter, and it was hard to look again. I knew plain shooting couldn’t account for that much blood. And I wasn’t wrong. He’d been shot, all right, the same as Kenyon – with the gun held right in front of his face. But probably he was dead before he was shot. Or, anyway, dying. Because his throat had been cut, too. He was wearing striped pyjamas – nothing else. His mouth was taped; the tape had been wound plumb around his head. His ankles were tied together, but not his hands – or, rather, he’d managed, God knows how, maybe in rage or pain, to break the cord binding his hands. He was sprawled in front of the furnace. On a big cardboard box that looked as though it had been laid there specially. A mattress box. Sheriff said, “Look here, Wendle.” What he was pointing at was a blood-stained footprint. On the mattress box. A half-sole footprint with circles – two holes in the centre like a pair of eyes. Then one of us – Mr Ewalt? I don’t recall – pointed out something else. A thing I can’t get out of my mind. There was a steampipe overhead, and knotted to it, dangling from it, was a piece of cord – the kind of cord the killer had used. Obviously, at some point Mr Clutter had been tied there, strung up by his hands, and then cut down. But why? To torture him? I don’t guess we’ll ever know. Even know who did it, or why, or what went on in that house that night.

‘After a bit, the house began to fill up. Ambulances arrived, and the coroner, and the Methodist minister, a police photographer, state troopers, fellows from the radio and the newspaper. Oh, a bunch. Most of them had been called out of church, and acted as though they were still there. Very quiet. Whispery. It was like nobody could believe it. A state trooper asked me did I have any official business there, and said if not, then I’d better leave. Outside, on the lawn, I saw the undersheriff talking to a man – Alfred Stoecklein, the hired man. Seems Stoecklein lived not a hundred yards from the Clutter house, with nothing between his place and theirs except a barn. But he was saying as to how he hadn’t heard a sound – said, “I didn’t know a thing about it till five minutes ago, when one of my kids came running in and told us the sheriff was here. The Missis and me, we didn’t sleep two hours last night, was up and down the whole time, on account of we got a sick baby. But the only thing we heard, about ten-thirty, quarter to eleven, I heard a car drive away, and I made the remark to Missis, ‘There goes Bob Rupp.’” I started walking home, and on the way, about halfway down the lane, I saw Kenyon’s old collie, and that dog was scared. Stood there with its tail between its legs, didn’t bark or move. And seeing the dog – somehow that made me *feel* again. I’d been too dazed, too numb, to feel the full viciousness of it. The suffering. The horror. They were dead. A whole family. Gentle, kindly people, people *I* knew – *murdered*. You had to believe it, because it was really true.’

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Capote presents violence and the ways in which people react to it in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss the presentation of violence and its causes elsewhere in *In Cold Blood*. [16]



Or,

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

6. *In the extract below, taken from Chapter 12, Orwell visits his comrade Georges Kopp in prison. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.*

My wife and I visited Kopp that afternoon. You were allowed to visit prisoners who were not *incommunicado*, though it was not safe to do so more than once or twice. The police watched the people who came and went, and if you visited the jails too often you stamped yourself as a friend of ‘Trotskyists’ and probably ended in jail yourself. This had already happened to a number of people.

Kopp was not *incommunicado* and we got a permit to see him without difficulty. As they led us through the steel doors into the jail, a Spanish militiaman whom I had known at the front was being led out between two Assault Guards. His eye met mine; again the ghostly wink. And the first person we saw inside was an American militiaman who had left for home a few days earlier; his papers were in good order, but they had arrested him at the frontier all the same, probably because he was still wearing corduroy breeches and was therefore identifiable as a militiaman. We walked past one another as though we had been total strangers. That was dreadful. I had known him for months, had shared a dug-out with him, he had helped to carry me down the line when I was wounded; but it was the only thing one could do. The blue-clad guards were snooping everywhere. It would be fatal to recognize too many people.

The so-called jail was really the ground floor of a shop. Into two rooms each measuring about twenty feet square, close on a hundred people were penned. The place had the real eighteenth-century Newgate Calendar appearance, with its frowzy dirt, its huddle of human bodies, its lack of furniture – just the bare stone floor, one bench and a few ragged blankets – and its murky light, for the corrugated steel shutters had been drawn over the windows. On the grimy walls revolutionary slogans – ‘*Visca POUM!*’ ‘*Viva la Revolución!*’ and so forth – had been scrawled. The place had been used as a dump for political prisoners for months past. There was a deafening racket of voices. This was the visiting hour, and the place was so packed with people that it was difficult to move. Nearly all of them were of the poorest of the working-class population. You saw women undoing pitiful packets of food which they had brought for their imprisoned men-folk. There were several of the wounded men from the Sanatorium Maurín among the prisoners. Two of them had amputated legs; one of them had been brought to prison without his crutch and was hopping about on one foot. There was also a boy of not more than twelve; they were even arresting children, apparently. The place had the beastly stench that you always get when crowds of people are penned together without proper sanitary arrangements.

Kopp elbowed his way through the crowd to meet us. His plump fresh-coloured face looked much as usual, and in that filthy place he had kept his uniform neat and had even contrived to shave. There was another officer in the uniform of the Popular Army among the prisoners. He and Kopp saluted as they struggled past one another; the gesture was pathetic, somehow.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Orwell presents conditions in Spanish jails in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to explore the presentation of punishment and control elsewhere in *Homage to Catalonia*. [16]

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