



GCE AS

B710U10-1



**ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
AS component 1**

Comparative Analysis and Creative Writing

FRIDAY, 17 MAY 2019 – MORNING

2 hours

B710U101
01

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Answer **Question 1** in Section A and **Question 2** 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.

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

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Section A: Comparative analysis of poetry and unseen text

Answer Question 1.

Your response must include:

- detailed analysis of **Text A**, a poem taken from the **WJEC Eduqas AS/A Level English Language and Literature Poetry Pre-1914 Anthology**
- close reference to **one** of the two unseen extracts which appear on the following pages.

Text A: the poem '**Composed Upon Westminster Bridge (September 3 1802)**' by William Wordsworth (1770-1850).

Text B: an extract from the novel ***If Nobody Speaks of Remarkable Things*** by Jon McGregor (2002).

Text C: an extract from a television news report entitled '**London. Best city in the world?**' by reporter Phil Black for CNN news channel (2016).

1. Compare and contrast how cities are presented in Text A 'Composed Upon Westminster Bridge' and either Text B or Text C. [40]

In your response, you are required to:

- apply concepts and methods from integrated linguistic and literary study
- analyse ways in which meanings are shaped
- explore connections between **Text A** and your chosen text.

Text A: 'Composed Upon Westminster Bridge (September 3, 1802)' by William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Text B: an extract from the novel *If Nobody Speaks of Remarkable Things* by Jon McGregor (2002)

If you listen, you can hear it. The city, it sings. If you stand quietly, at the foot of a garden, in the middle of a street, on the roof of a house. It's clearest at night, when the sound cuts more sharply across the surface of things, when the song reaches out to a place inside you. It's a wordless song, for the most, but it's a song all the same, and nobody hearing it could doubt what it sings. And the song sings the loudest when you pick out each note. The low soothing hum of air-conditioners, fanning out the heat and the smells of shops and cafés and offices across the city, winding up and winding down, long breaths layered upon each other, a lullaby hum for tired streets. The rush of traffic still cutting across flyovers, even in the dark house a constant crush of sound, tyres rolling across tarmac and engines rumbling, loose drains and manhole covers clack-clacking like cast-iron castanets. And all the alarms, calling for help, each district and quarter, each street and estate, each every way you turn has alarms going off, coming on, going off, coming on, a hammered ring like a lightning drum-roll, like a mesmeric bell-toll, the false and the real as loud as each other, crying their needs to the night like an understaffed orphanage, babies waawaa-ing in darkened wards. Sung sirens, sliding through the streets, streaking blue light from distress to distress, the slow wail weaving urgency through the darkest of the dark hours, a lament lifted high, held above the rooftops and fading away, lifted high, flashing past, fading away. And all these things sing constant, the machines and the sirens, the cars blurting and rumbling all headlong, the hoots and the shouts and the hums and the crackles, all come together and rouse like a choir, sinking and rising with the turn of the wind, the counter and solo¹, the harmony humming expecting more voices. So listen. Listen, and there is more to hear.

¹**counter and solo**: musical terms

Text C: an extract from a television news report entitled ‘London. Best city in the world?’ by reporter Phil Black (2016)

For about ten years now, on and off, I’ve lived in London – where life takes place under an endlessly grey sky, or at least that’s what it feels like. But when I think of my home town of Sydney, I think of the colour blue – that’s the sky and the ocean there, for most of the year. In London, in the daily crush for the Tube, getting growled at or sneezed on is all generously included in the ticket price. Whereas in Sydney I could commute by ferry across one of the most beautiful harbours in the world. And in London? There are people. So many people. Everywhere. In Sydney, everyone gets their own beach. Not quite, but you get the idea.

Now, kicking London brings no pleasure; I love this place, truly, it’s my adopted home. But I was surprised recently, so were many of my colleagues, mostly Brits, when we learned that this challenging – often infuriating – city had topped a list of the world’s best cities. When you think about the competition, we wanted to know, how is that possible? Accounting giant, PricewaterhouseCoopers, released two studies: one, a survey of around nine thousand people measuring the perceptions of international cities; the other, an analysis of the facts. London is number one in both rankings. London scored very highly for international connections, well-developed infrastructure and legal frameworks, political influence and being a leader. That could be because most of those surveyed are described as “informed elites” and “business decision makers”, a demographic also known as ‘those who regularly wear suits’. For affordability, London ranked close to the bottom of the list; that’s not news to those who live across town, far from the suits. But most still agree, this is the best city in the world. Phil Black, CNN, reporting from – arguably – the best city in the world.

Section B: Creative writing and commentary

Answer Question 2. It is divided into **three parts**, (a), (b) and (c). You may draw inspiration from Texts A-C in Section A to help you answer **all parts** of the question. You may introduce material of your own to help you in your responses.

In **part (a)** and **part (b)**, you are required to:

- demonstrate expertise and creativity in the use of English to communicate in different ways.

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

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

2. (a) Write an **extract from a novel** describing a city in winter. Aim to write approximately 200 words. [10]

In the **extract** you should:

- consider what aspect of city life in winter you will describe
- show awareness of audience and purpose
- make appropriate language choices
- use an appropriate tone and style.

- (b) Write an **extract from a travel vlog** for an episode entitled 'This is the best city in the world!' Aim to write approximately 200 words. [10]

While this is a text written to be spoken, it should **not** be presented as a transcript.

For your **travel vlog** you should:

- consider which details of the location you will talk about
- engage the audience's attention
- show awareness of audience and purpose
- use an appropriate tone and style.

- (c) Write an **analytical commentary** that compares and contrasts your choices of style, form and content in **both** the novel extract and the travel vlog. Aim to write approximately 400 words. [20]

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