



**GCE A LEVEL**

A710U30-1



S19-A710U30-1



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

TUESDAY, 11 JUNE 2019 – AFTERNOON

2 hours

**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:** An extract from a speech delivered on 6 May 2016 by Sadiq Khan, who had just been elected Mayor of London.

**Text B:** An extract from a 2016 vlog entitled 'The Truth About Living in London'. The speaker, a German woman who lives in London, gives her opinions about living in the city and advice for those who are thinking about moving there.

**Text C:** The introduction to a 2017 podcast which guides the listener on a walk around parts of London. The podcast is aimed primarily at an American audience and is spoken by Rick Steves, who hosts a travel website and produces popular guides for tourists.

#### 1. Compare and contrast the presentation of attitudes to London 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

word underlining indicates a stressed syllable

(.) a micropause

(1) a timed pause in seconds

/ rising intonation

\ falling intonation

#### Text A: Extract from Sadiq Khan's speech (2016)

Thank you London (1) London is the greatest city (.) in the world (.) I am so proud (.) of our city (.) I am deeply humbled (.) by the hope and trust you have placed in me today (2) I grew up (.) on a council estate just a few miles from here (1) back then I never dreamt (.) that someone like me could be elected as Mayor of London (1) and I wanna say (.) thank you to every (.) single (.) Londoner for making the impossible (.) possible today (2) I have (.) a burning ambition (.) for London (1) an ambition that will guide me every day as mayor (.) of our great city (1) I want (.) every (.) single (.) Londoner to get the opportunities (.) that our city (.) gave to me (.) and my family (1) the opportunities (.) not just to survive (.) but to thrive (.) the opportunities to build a better future (.) for you (.) and your family with a decent and affordable home (.) and a comfortable commute you can afford (1) more jobs with better pay (.) not just being safe (.) but feeling safe (.) cleaner air (.) and a healthier (.) city and the opportunities for all Londoners (.) to fulfil (.) their potential

**Text B: Extract from a vlog, entitled ‘The Truth About Living in London’ (2016)**

If you (.) walk around Camden on a Sunday morning after people have been on a night out it is incredibly dirty (.) and I do mean leftover chicken bones and paper and (.) human waste on the streets and that is the truth (.) I don't mind I know it's gonna be gone I know it's gonna be clean but (1) people have crazy parties and I guess (.) to excess (2) so I hope that gives you a little bit of an overview and a bit of a summary about the truth of living in London so (.) no money (.) no space um (1) not the healthiest for your lungs but fairly safe and a lot of fun and so much fun and so much excitement and every time I go somewhere else I feel I'm missing out on life (.) so new festivals new restaurants new openings new cafes new events new people new areas (.) every single day (.) so (.) like I said all of that outweighs the negative points (.) but I did want to tell you so you know what you're getting yourself into and I hope that helped you

**Text C: Introduction to a podcast guiding listeners on a walk around parts of London (2017)**

London is the Los Angeles, Washington D.C. and New York City of Britain all rolled into one. This walk starts with London's star attraction, continues to its Capitol, passes its answer to the White House and ends at its Times Square. Hi, I'm Rick Steves. Thanks for joining me on a walk through Westminster from Big Ben to Trafalgar Square. As London's political centre, the Westminster neighbourhood is both historic and contemporary. We'll see the River Thames, where London was born, pass statues and monuments from London's past, admire the Houses of Parliament where Britain is ruled today and take a peek at Number Ten Downing Street, home of the Prime Minister. Allow about two hours for this walk as we weave through modern traffic and big city bustle to survey two thousand years of fascinating history. Our walk ends at Trafalgar Square, where we'll stand at the very centre of one of the world's great cities – London.

## 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 17, describes Andrea and her friend Tamsyn being accepted to study for A levels at a sixth form college, and the reactions of some of their peers. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

My secret fear was that I was not posh enough, as well as not Catholic enough, to go to such a fancy college. I was terrified that they would see Tamsyn's Marks and Spencer clothes and let her in, that they would know mine were secondhand, and I would be left out in the cold. But on the day of the interview, I looked as smart as everyone else, in a long and clinging greeny-blue skirt which made me feel like a mermaid, from the Dress for Less reject shop, topped with an ivory blouse that my mother let me have on credit from her catalogue. Instead of turning up their noses because we were from Whitbrook Comprehensive, the teachers at Xaverian seemed all the more impressed by the promise shown by Tamsyn and me, since we had managed to do so well in spite of going to such a rough inner-city school. The question of being Catholic never came up, after they had read our school reports. We might be heathens, but we were both predicted to get eight or nine O levels, the majority of which promised to be As.

'Gluttons for punishment, or what?' Mark Harris, like a lot of the kids at school, saw no cause for congratulations when he heard that Tamsyn and I had been accepted to study for A levels. Most of the fifth year were in awe of our stupidity, not our brains. No one could understand why we were so keen to carry on, especially not all the way to university, where we would be stuck until we were twenty-one.

'I'd be bored shitless, meself.' Robbie Carter was already making money as a trainee mechanic, fixing cars at the garage where his dad was in charge.

Some kids had dropped out before the exams to take up jobs in shops or on building sites, although it was against the law because they were under sixteen. A few girls were busy having babies; Borstal had nibbled away at the number of boys. Getting O levels, everyone agreed, was a bit poncy but fair enough if you had it in you; plodding on after that was a sheer waste of time. Angie was starting out as a shampooist in the hairdressers on Princess Parkway, Jayne had a job at her local chemist's, Nicky's mother had signed her up to work at the cashout as soon as the new Gateway supermarket was unveiled in Withington.

'Aren't you dying to get out, like?' They seemed sorry for me when I let myself in for two more years of school: 'Don't you want to make loads of dosh?'

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Ashworth presents different attitudes to education in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to explore how Ashworth presents attitudes to education in the 1980s 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 reflects on the idea of memory. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.*

Every time I heard what I thought was someone talking behind me and politely turned round to listen, I saw a Cyclops with video camera replacing the missing eye, pacing deliberately about, moving the machine and their head up and down and around, as if eyes no longer swivelled in their sockets, muttering into their chests. To anyone not aware of the purpose of the camcorder, we would have been mistaken for an outing of the deranged. Of course, people were not actually talking to themselves, nor even thinking aloud, but talking to their friends and family at some time in the future when they would be sitting in their living rooms watching the video. The present experience was already in the past for them, they had skipped over time, and were seeing the world through their video lenses, as it would look when the current moment was dead and gone. Things were named and described, sentences formed, a final draft written, without that first-draft struggle to transform wordless impressions into language. There was no translation of world into words, just the direct commentary, cutting out all the processes that might have added up to reflection. The memories being created now would exist, frozen in the future as lens-framed news reports.

Memory, as far as I can make out, does not have a particular location in the brain, as was once thought, but resides in discrete packets dotted all over the place. Or it doesn't reside anywhere, except in the remembering itself, when the memory is created from the bits of experience stored around the brain. Memory is continually created, a story told and retold, using jigsaw pieces of experience. It's utterly unreliable in some ways, because who can say whether the feeling or emotion that seems to belong to the recollection actually belongs to it rather than being available from the general store of likely emotions we have learned? Who can say that this image is correct, and not an image from a book or film or a picture, another part of one's life, which, seeming to fit with the general story, is pressed into service? Memory is not false in the sense that it is wilfully bad, but it is excitingly corrupt in its inclination to make a proper story of the past. Photos fix the past, or snippets of it. Film or video fix the past even more firmly, giving us movement and voices, leaving less and less to the imagination. The difference between radio and television, perhaps. But even then something is always missing of the reality of the experienced moment, I think. It is odd to look at photos you have taken of a place you have been to. Something essential has gone, making the photo make the experience seem more rather than less remote.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Diski presents memory in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to explore how Diski presents memory elsewhere in *Skating to Antarctica*. [16]

Or,

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

4. *In the extract below, taken from Chapter 1, Eggers is sitting by his mother's bedside when she is admitted to hospital. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.*

She stirs and her eyes open slightly.

I get out of the bed and it squeaks. The floor is cold. It is 4:40 a.m. Toph rolls into the spot on the bed I have been occupying. I step over to my mother. She is looking at me. I lean over her bed and touch her arm. Her arm is hot.

“Happy birthday,” I whisper.

She is not looking at me. Her eyes are not open. They were open a slit, but are not now open. I am not sure if they were seeing me. I walk to the window and close the curtains. Outside, the trees are bare and black, quickly sketched. I sit in the taut pleather chair in the corner and watch her and the light-blue suction machine. The light-blue suction machine, working rhythmically, seems fake, a stage prop. I sink into the chair and lean back. The ceiling is swimming. It is milky, stuccoed in sweeping half-circles, and the half-circles are moving, turning slowly, the ceiling shifting like water. The ceiling has depth or – the ceiling is moving forward and back. Or the walls are not solid. The room is maybe not real. I am on a set. There are not enough flowers in the room. The room should be full of flowers. Where are the flowers? When does the gift shop open? Six? Eight? I bet myself. I bet it is six. All right, it's a bet. I consider how many flowers I can buy. I do not know what they cost; I have never bought flowers. I will see what they cost and then buy all the flowers that they have that I can afford, move them from the gift shop to this room. Fireworks.

She will wake up and see them.

“What a waste,” she will say.

She stirs and opens her eyes. She looks at me. I get up off the chair and stand by the bed. I touch her arm. It is hot.

“Happy birthday,” I whisper, smiling, looking down into her.

She does not answer. She is not looking at me. She is not awake.

I sit down again.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Eggers presents his mother's illness and his reactions in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to explore how Eggers presents different attitudes to illness and injury 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 Clutter family and their background. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.*

Always certain of what he wanted from the world, Mr Clutter had in large measure obtained it. On his left hand, on what remained of a finger once mangled by a piece of farm machinery, he wore a plain gold band, which was the symbol, a quarter-century old, of his marriage to the person he had wished to marry – the sister of a college classmate, a timid, pious, delicate girl named Bonnie Fox, who was three years younger than he. She had given him four children – a trio of daughters, then a son. The eldest daughter, Eveanna, married and the mother of a boy ten months old, lived in northern Illinois but visited Holcomb frequently. Indeed, she and her family were expected within the fortnight, for her parents planned a sizeable Thanksgiving reunion of the Clutter clan (which had its beginnings in Germany; the first immigrant Clutter – or Klotter, as the name was then spelled – arrived here in 1880); fifty-odd kinfolk had been asked, several of whom would be travelling from places as far away as Palatka, Florida. Nor did Beverly, the child next in age to Eveanna, any longer reside at River Valley Farm; she was in Kansas City, Kansas, studying to be a nurse. Beverly was engaged to a young biology student, of whom her father very much approved; invitations to the wedding, scheduled for Christmas Week, were already printed. Which left, still living at home, the boy, Kenyon, who at fifteen was taller than Mr Clutter, and one sister, a year older – the town darling, Nancy.

In regard to his family, Mr Clutter had just one serious cause for disquiet – his wife's health. She was 'nervous', she suffered 'little spells' – such were the sheltering expressions used by those close to her. Not that the truth concerning 'poor Bonnie's afflictions' was in the least a secret; everyone knew she had been an on-and-off psychiatric patient the last half-dozen years. Yet even upon this shadowed terrain sunlight had very lately sparkled. The past Wednesday, returning from two weeks of treatment at the Wesley Medical Centre in Wichita, her customary place of retirement, Mrs Clutter had brought scarcely credible tidings to tell her husband; with joy she informed him that the source of her misery, so medical opinion had at last decreed, was not in her head but in her spine – it was *physical*, a matter of misplaced vertebrae. Of course, she must undergo an operation, and afterwards – well, she would be her 'old self' again. Was it possible – the tension, the withdrawals, the pillow-muted sobbing behind locked doors, all due to an out-of-order backbone? If so, then Mr Clutter could, when addressing his Thanksgiving table, recite a blessing of unmarred gratitude.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Capote presents the Clutter family in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to explore how Capote presents family life in 1950s America elsewhere in *In Cold Blood*. [16]



Or,

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

6. *In the extract below, taken from Chapter 1, Orwell describes an Italian militiaman at the Lenin Barracks in Barcelona. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.*

In the Lenin Barracks in Barcelona, the day before I joined the militia, I saw an Italian militiaman standing in front of the officers' table.

He was a tough-looking youth of twenty-five or -six, with reddish-yellow hair and powerful shoulders. His peaked leather cap was pulled fiercely over one eye. He was standing in profile to me, his chin on his breast, gazing with a puzzled frown at a map which one of the officers had open on the table. Something in his face deeply moved me. It was the face of a man who would commit murder and throw away his life for a friend — the kind of face you would expect in an Anarchist, though as likely as not he was a Communist. There were both candour and ferocity in it; also the pathetic reverence that illiterate people have for their supposed superiors. Obviously he could not make head or tail of the map; obviously he regarded map-reading as a stupendous intellectual feat. I hardly know why, but I have seldom seen anyone — any man, I mean — to whom I have taken such an immediate liking. While they were talking round the table some remark brought it out that I was a foreigner. The Italian raised his head and said quickly:

*'Italiano?'*

I answered in my bad Spanish: *'No, Inglés. Y tú?'*

*'Italiano.'*

As we went out he stepped across the room and gripped my hand very hard. Queer, the affection you can feel for a stranger! It was as though his spirit and mine had momentarily succeeded in bridging the gulf of language and tradition and meeting in utter intimacy. I hoped he liked me as well as I liked him. But I also knew that to retain my first impression of him I must not see him again; and needless to say I never did see him again. One was always making contacts of that kind in Spain.

I mention this Italian militiaman because he has stuck vividly in my memory. With his shabby uniform and fierce pathetic face he typifies for me the special atmosphere of that time. He is bound up with all my memories of that period of the war — the red flags in Barcelona, the gaunt trains full of shabby soldiers creeping to the front, the grey war-stricken towns further up the line, the muddy, ice-cold trenches in the mountains.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Orwell presents the Italian militiaman in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to explore how Orwell presents his comrades of different nationalities and his attitudes towards them elsewhere in *Homage to Catalonia*. [16]

**END OF PAPER**