



GCE A LEVEL

A710U30-1



MONDAY, 20 JUNE 2022 – AFTERNOON

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

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 2018 interview with writer and journalist Brian Keenan. In 1986, Keenan was taken hostage in Beirut, Lebanon, and was imprisoned for over four years, spending much of this time in solitary confinement. In the extract, he talks about his feelings in the initial weeks of his imprisonment.

Text B: an extract from the 2020 television documentary *Prison Life: Raw and Real*. In the extract, former prison officers Graham Goodwin and Bradley Newton, and former prisoner Stephen ‘The Devil’ French, discuss the segregation of prisoners.

Text C: an extract from a speech given at a 2015 debate on the motion ‘Tough prison sentences mean a safer society’. The speaker, Erwin James, is an author and journalist who has served a prison sentence. He is arguing against the motion.

1. Compare and contrast the presentation of attitudes to imprisonment 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: extract from interview (2018)

your capacity to reason (.) and your whole emotional and psychological reinforcements all start to break down and they melt away very quickly and you (.) kind of go into this awful state of um (.) constant panic and anguish (.) fear (.) and you get overtaken by something well something which is really a big black monster um and you have to kind of find a way to deal with that you know um (.) so initially it's a process of diminishing I'll get out of here they're not going to keep me for very long (.) but as time goes on the monster crawls into the cell and you don't see him coming because he's invisible (.) and he starts to eat at you and all your kind of emotional and intellectual resources (.) until uh (1) I used to wake up (.) in the mornings and I but you're in the dark most of the time (1) but you wake up you'd hear the call to prayer and think (.) is there anything left in me to get me through (.) you know another

day of this (.) but invariably there is that's what you discover (.) there's always something (.) in the human mind and the human imagination which is greater (.) and bigger than the monster who's crawled in under the door you know.

Text B: extract from TV documentary (2020)

- Goodwin:** Initially when they first come to prison we'll be looking for those who may have some serious mental health issues and it wouldn't be suitable, for their own safety and the safety of other prisoners sometimes, to be housed with a prisoner. There may be some who have had all kinds of problems, particularly with self-harming and/or issues that have happened in prison with any previous sentence they may have done.
- Newton:** Prison is not the place for somebody with a mental health issue. Sitting in a cell, twelve hours a day of that, maybe on your own, because some of them are so bad that they've got to be on their own in there in their own cell, is no way to treat anybody.
- Goodwin:** We've got to judge on a case-by-case basis as they come through the door. We make the decision. It's a difficult decision for us to make because prisons are always full. We don't have the luxury of a suite of empty cells that we can just manage. We're always manipulating prisoners between one cell and another, we're always jiggling the numbers, as it were.
- Voiceover:** The inmates who are judged to be a danger to themselves, and at a high risk of self-harm, can sometimes find themselves side-by-side with dangerous prisoners in segregation.
- French:** Segregation units are the punishment block inside the jail. They're a very, very tough regime. You're allowed no canteen, no luxuries, you can get a shower and use the phone, you might get an hour's exercise, then you're locked up all the time. You're not allowed to go to church, the priest can come and see you, and it's pretty much inhumane.

Text C: extract from debate (2015)

I'm going to do the best I can with the life I have left and part of that is coming and sharing the knowledge I've learnt through this extraordinary life journey which included twenty years in prison, which I deserved. There was no question about that, I needed to be taken away for a long time. My behaviour and my dysfunctions had impacted terribly, outrageously, on society and there's no question at all that I had to be removed from society. I'd had experiences in Young Offender prisons as a boy. They were gladiator schools, they were places where I learnt to become more of a criminal than I already was. I became hardened and tough and angrier and the failings I had were driving my criminality. They weren't addressed in those places. I should have had some intervention. It shouldn't have been a gladiator school, it shouldn't have been a place where the toughest and the hardest and the most vicious are respected in the prison culture. It should have been a place where my failings and my needs as a struggling kid were helped. My life had the trajectory of a pinball, bouncing around, like so many of the people I met in prison. I'm not a flag-waver for prisoners' rights. I've never been an apologist for crime or criminals. There's no excuse for crime in my eyes. We think about criminals as 'the other' but actually when I was in jail I found so many people that had similar life experiences to me.

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 11, Ashworth describes Andrea and her friend Wendy. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.*

I broke the rule about keeping the door locked after dark, the night Wendy came to call.

‘Thought you might feel like coming out.’ The nose of one winklepicker twisted to nuzzle the other. ‘Seeing’s it’s Saturday night.’

‘Where to?’

‘Platt Fields Park.’

‘Can I bring my sisters?’ It seemed cruel to abandon them to 3-2-1 and the soul-sinking dread of Dusty Bin.

‘Forgerrit.’ She took squeaking puffs at her cigarette, which seemed to have gone out.

‘Okay,’ I said. ‘Wait there.’

To keep warm, I put on both of my vests under my school jumper: my ancient anorak and home-made cardigans were out of the question.

‘Don’t open the door to anyone.’ I found myself using my mother’s words on Laurie and Sarah: ‘Not a soul. Promise?’

We hung on swings and trudged miles around and around the pond. When the rain threatened to make Wendy’s spiky hair droop, we huddled beneath the burnt-out bandstand or in the huge concrete drains that tunnelled under the grass. The shadows were alive down there: young lads doing stuff with drugs; older men loitering alone; couples letting off gurgly moans and gasps. I could sense Wendy’s excitement as we moved around in the murk, while I was trying not to get my socks splashed by the filthy gloop underfoot. I didn’t tell her how frightened I felt: part of me was thrilled, but a much bigger part was terrified by the underground drains, whose darkness made you free to do anything – absolutely anything at all. I was glad when the rain cleared up and we took to the paths above ground, where there were more people about, and nobody seemed so strange.

Two girls alone: it was as if we were smeared in a kind of glue that made lads stick to us wherever we went.

‘What’s yer name?’ the ugly ones leered.

The ones with decent faces didn’t want to know when they saw that I was quite flat-chested, while Wendy had a horrid gap between her two front teeth. ‘Giz a cig,’ they pestered her, pinching her bum until she giggled and gave in. Then they scooted off into the shadows of the trees.

'At this rate,' she despaired over her empty fag packet, 'we'll get our pensions before we get our first snogs.'

I spotted the boathouse clock in the dark. 'I'd better be getting back,' I said.

I had a habit of making up rules and pretending (even to myself) that they had been imposed on me. I didn't like the idea that the night could go on and on, with nothing to make me go home.

'My mum'll kill me if I'm not back when she gets in at half ten,' I told Wendy. My heart turned over, in love with my own lie.

'Aw.' Wendy was itching to stay out until midnight, when her parents came home blinded by whisky, deafened by singing and bawling at the Irish Catholic club. 'But we were just about to cop off; I could feel it in my bones.'

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Ashworth presents teenage attitudes and behaviour in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss the presentation of being a teenager 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 chapter entitled 'The Best Pram in Town', Diski describes her memories of her father. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.*

There was an odd incident when I was very small. On my third birthday, my parents took me to see Danny Kaye at the Palladium. We sat near the front and he saw me, asked me to go up on stage and sang a song to me. During the interval I was taken round to his dressing-room, where I sat on his lap and drank my first Coke. He enchanted me, with his kindness, funniness and solidity. I felt he loved me. One day, some time later, while I was walking with my father through the West End I was suddenly overcome with longing for Danny Kaye. More than anything in the world, more than the moon and the stars, more than the whole world, I wanted him to be my father. I walked along holding the hand of my actual father, who I adored, but was consumed with the need to have this other father I had known only for a few minutes. I began to cry at the tragedy, as I suddenly perceived, that Danny Kaye never could be my father. That the thing was fixed. The crying gathered pace, and I became convulsed with sobbing grief. My father picked me up and tried to find out what the matter was. This only made it worse because suddenly I felt that I had betrayed him by wanting another father. I couldn't tell him what the matter was, but I couldn't stop mourning my loss. Things were so bad that several cars stopped at the kerb and offered my father a lift, thinking I had been taken ill. I cried all the way home and cried myself to sleep without telling anyone what the matter was. This is one of the most vivid memories I have as a small child.

There is another that my adult self has connected to that memory of longing for a different father, and the guilt I felt. It must have been around the same time. I was very small, two or three, and I was woken from sleep by a particularly violent shouting match between my parents. I went into the other room and stood in the doorway. When they saw me they stopped and my father asked me what was wrong. I asked why they were shouting.

'We aren't shouting,' he explained. 'You don't understand. Sometimes grownups have conversations when they talk very loud. There's nothing wrong, dear. Just go to bed.'

I knew he was lying. I suppose it was the first lie I knew about. I remember the shock, and not arguing but going back to bed, pretending that I believed him. I loved my father more than I could say, but I don't think I really believed what he told me after that.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Diski presents her father and her attitudes toward him in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to explore how Diski presents men and male identity elsewhere in *Skating to Antarctica*. [16]

Or,

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

4. *In the extract below, taken from Chapter 3, Eggers describes some of the challenges he faces when he moves to California with Toph. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.*

The enemies list is growing quickly, unabated. All these people impeding us, trifling with us, not knowing or caring who we are, what has happened. The squirrely guy who sold Toph that cheap lock for his bike—his new bike, the one we bought last year, for his birthday, just before we left Chicago—I wanted to punish that man—he said it was the best lock they had, “invincible, no sweat” he said—and the bike was stolen within the week. And that idiot in the van, who backed over our little Civic, with both of us in it, at a stoplight, in the middle of Berkeley, me forced to picture it happening that second, the van continuing, monster-truck style, over the hood, onto us, Toph crushed, slowly, me watching, helpless— And something should be done about (or to) that gaunt and severe woman on the BART, the one with the hair pulled back so tight she looked half-onion, who sat across from us, kept looking over her book, at us, disapproving, as I rested my feet on Toph’s lap, like I was a molester— And the secretary at school, with her blaming look at me when he’s late for school— And that other woman, the across-the-street neighbor, a haggly creature with the chubby son, who stops her gardening and stares every time we leave the house. And the owners of the Berkeley hills sublet, who kept our deposit, citing (or claiming) damage to just about everything in the house. And most of all, those real estate people. Cruel, vicious, subhuman. Those fuckers were unbelievable.

“Where do you work?”

“I don’t have a job yet.”

“Are you in school?”

“No.”

“And this is your...son?”

“Brother.”

“Oh. Well. We’ll let you know.”

We had no idea where to look. Toph’s new school has no bus service, so from the start I knew I’d be driving him to and fro regardless of where we lived. Thus, in late July, when we started looking for a place for the fall, we cast our net wide, considered, at least initially, almost every neighborhood in Berkeley, Albany, and southern Oakland. After discerning that between my income—assuming at some point that notion would become reality—and Toph’s Social Security money—he’s entitled to a monthly stipend, equivalent to what would have been paid our parents, we presume—we could pay about \$1,000 a month, we set out.

And were soon struck with the relatively dingy reality of our new lives. There would no longer be hills, or views – that sublet was a freak occurrence. We would have no garage, no washer and dryer, no dishwasher, no disposal, no closets, no bathtub. Some of the places we saw didn’t have doors on the bedrooms. I felt terrible, felt personally responsible; I began to look without Toph, to spare him the gore. We were in decline.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Eggers presents the challenges that he and Toph face in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss the presentation of different challenges and how people react to them 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 quotes Hickock's statement about his past. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.*

'...I can only remember my mother and dad having one argument that amounted to anything. What it was about I don't know...My dad bought me a bicycle once, and I believe that I was the proudest boy in town. It was a girl's bike and he changed it over to a boy's. He painted it all up and it looked like new. But I had a lot of toys when I was little, a lot for the financial condition that my folks were in. We were always what you would call semi-poor. Never down and out, but several times on the verge of it. My dad was a hard worker and did his best to provide for us. My mother also was always a hard worker. Her house was always neat, and we had clean clothes aplenty. I remember my dad used to wear those old fashioned flat crown caps, and he would make me wear them too, and I didn't like them...In high school I did real well, made above average grades the first year or two. But then started falling off a little. I had a girl friend. She was a nice girl, and I never once tried to touch her anyway but just kissing. It was a real clean courtship...While in school I participated in all the sports, and received 9 letters in all. Basketball, football, track and baseball. My senior year was best. I never had any steady girl, just played the field. That was when I had my first relationship with a girl. Of course I told the boys that I'd had a lot of girls...I got offers from two colleges to play ball, but never attended any of them. After I graduated from school I went to work for the Santa Fe railroad, and stayed until the following winter when I got laid off. The following spring I got a job with the Roark Motor Company. I had been working there about four months when I had an automobile wreck with a company car. I was in the hospital several days with extensive head injuries. While I was in the condition I was in I couldn't find another job, so I was unemployed most of the winter. Meantime, I had met a girl and fallen in love. Her dad was a Baptist preacher and resented me going with her. In July we were married. All hell broke loose from her dad until he learned she was pregnant. But still he never wished me good luck and that has always gone against the grain. After we were married, I worked at a service-station near Kansas City. I worked from 8 at night till 8 in the morning. Sometimes my wife stayed with me all night – she was afraid I couldn't keep awake, so she came to help me. Then I got an offer to work at Perry Pontiac, which I gladly accepted. It was very satisfactory, though I didn't make a lot of money – \$75 a week. I got along good with the other men, and was well liked by my boss. I worked there five years...During my employment there was the beginning of some of the lowest things I have ever done.'

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Capote presents Hickock's account of his past in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss the presentation of failed dreams and ambitions elsewhere in *In Cold Blood*. [16]

Or,

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

6. *In the extract below, taken from Chapter XII, Orwell describes his attempts to escape from Spain following the suppression of POUM. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.*

It was an extraordinary, insane existence that we were leading. By night we were criminals, but by day we were prosperous English visitors – that was our pose, anyway. Even after a night in the open, a shave, a bath and a shoe-shine do wonders with your appearance. The safest thing at present was to look as bourgeois as possible. We frequented the fashionable residential quarter of the town, where our faces were not known, went to expensive restaurants and were very English with the waiters. For the first time in my life I took to writing things on walls. The passageways of several smart restaurants had ‘*Visca POUM!*’ scrawled on them as large as I could write it. All the while, though I was technically in hiding, I could not feel myself in danger. The whole thing seemed too absurd. I had the ineradicable English belief that ‘they’ cannot arrest you unless you have broken the law. It is a most dangerous belief to have during a political pogrom. There was a warrant out for McNair’s arrest, and the chances were that the rest of us were on the list as well. The arrests, raids, searchings were continuing without pause; practically everyone we knew, except those who were still at the front, was in jail by that time. The police were even boarding the French ships that periodically took off refugees and seizing suspected ‘Trotskyists’.

Thanks to the kindness of the British consul, who must have had a very trying time during that week, we had managed to get our passports into order. The sooner we left the better. There was a train that was due to leave for Port Bou at half-past seven in the evening and might normally be expected to leave at about half-past eight. We arranged that my wife should order a taxi beforehand and then pack her bags, pay her bill and leave the hotel at the last possible moment. If she gave the hotel-people too much notice they would be sure to send for the police. I got down to the station at about seven to find that the train had already gone – it had left at ten to seven. The engine-driver had changed his mind, as usual. Fortunately we managed to warn my wife in time. There was another train early the following morning. McNair, Cottman and I had dinner at a little restaurant near the station and by cautious questioning discovered that the restaurant-keeper was a CNT member and friendly. He let us a three-bedded room and forgot to warn the police. It was the first time in five nights that I had been able to sleep with my clothes off.

Next morning my wife slipped out of the hotel successfully. The train was about an hour late in starting. I filled in the time by writing a long letter to the Ministry of War, telling them about Kopp’s case – that without a doubt he had been arrested by mistake, that he was urgently needed at the front, that countless people would testify that he was innocent of any offence, etc. etc. etc. I wonder if anyone read that letter, written on pages torn out of a note-book in wobbly handwriting (my fingers were still partly paralysed) and still more wobbly Spanish. At any rate, neither this letter nor anything else took effect.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Orwell presents his and his comrades’ attempts to evade arrest and to escape from Spain in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss how Orwell presents deception and evasion elsewhere in *Homage to Catalonia*. [16]

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