



GCE A LEVEL

A710U30-1



O21-A710U30-1



MONDAY, 18 OCTOBER 2021 – MORNING

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

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 the 2019 television documentary 'Stargazing: Moon Landing Special', commemorating the 50th anniversary of the first manned landing on the Moon. The presenter, Professor Brian Cox, interviews General Charlie Duke, an astronaut on the Apollo 16 mission, who landed on the Moon in 1972.

Text B: an extract from a 2018 podcast entitled 'What's the Point of Space Exploration?'

Text C: an extract from the 2016 educational television programme 'SciShow Kids'. This extract is taken from the edition entitled 'Should We Go to Mars?' and is accompanied by pictures and animations to illustrate the points made by the presenter.

1. Compare and contrast the presentation of attitudes to space exploration 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: an extract from the television documentary 'Stargazing: Moon Landing Special' (2019)

Cox: Apollo Sixteen was your first flight into space (.) so when all that drama is over after / only what is it twelve or thirteen minutes and you're in orbit (.) um what what is that like

Duke: uh (.) well let me say we orbited the Earth one and a half times and over Australia we left Earth orbit to go ahead to the Moon (.) and then after that we turned our spaceship around and uh there was the Earth just suspended in the blackness of space just out there you could see the Arctic Circle and those (.) white (.) brown of the land and the blue of the ocean suspended in the blackness of space it's breathtaking (.) to see that for the first time [edit]

Cox: can the training prepare you for that experience is it radically different to what you'd expected

Duke: the training gave you the mechanics of it but not the wonder of it uh not the excitement of it not the (.) awe of it (.) just I mean you're standing on the Moon and you're looking at the horizon and you look up in this blackness of space you can't (.) do that on Earth and (.) it was incredibly (.) uh (1) awesome to me one of the most beautiful deserts you can imagine and you kept thinking I'm on the Moon

Text B: an extract from a podcast entitled 'What's the Point of Space Exploration?' (2018)

If you're interested in space exploration, you've probably had a conversation with someone who thinks it's a waste of time and money. Why would we go to space when we can't even take care of our current home? Why should we spend money to visit other planets when there are starving children around the world? To be fair, these are reasonable questions. In this episode, we're going to address those concerns and discuss whether space exploration is a productive way to spend our valuable resources. Let's start with the idea that money spent on space missions is money down the drain. NASA's budget for the past several years has hovered around half a per cent of the total US discretionary budget, a little under \$21 billion. Sounds like a lot of money. We could spend that money to build shelters or schools or something, right? Sure, but let's look at some other areas of spending that might also contribute. Consumers spent \$22.8 billion on Macdonald's last year, over \$2 billion more than NASA gets. In 2017 in the US alone people spent \$120 billion on tobacco, mainly cigarettes. That's six times NASA's annual budget. Now if we compare these three areas of spending, which do you think contributes more to society? What does our spending on Macdonald's give us? A quick lunch and insane rates of obesity. What about tobacco? Just cancer, really. What about space missions? Nothing much, just weather satellites, GPS, LED lighting, water purification systems, home insulation, wireless headsets, freeze-dried food, the modern smoke detector, the computer mouse and countless other incredibly useful tools and facets of modern society that we take for granted today.

Text C: an extract from the educational television programme 'SciShow Kids' (2016)

But Mars is also very different from Earth in some ways, which is why it would be so hard for people to visit. One big problem is there isn't enough air on Mars to breathe without a spacesuit. Mars is also very cold and dry since it's much further from the Sun. It's so cold most of the time that its water is almost all frozen into ice and it's buried beneath the surface of the planet. Another problem is that even though Mars is our neighbour it's still a long way from Earth. Mars goes around the Sun a little slower than Earth, which means the planets usually don't line up. Sometimes Earth can be on one side of the Sun while Mars is all the way on the opposite side. So if we wanted to take a trip to Mars, first we'd have to wait until the planets got close together and that only happens about once every two years. But even then, it would take seven whole months to get there! That's a long time for astronauts to be travelling through space, and scientists are still figuring out how to keep them healthy while they're floating in space for so long. Once we got to Mars, we would need to eat and breathe, just like we do on Earth. But, since we can't breathe the air and there are no plants or animals to eat, we'd have to bring our own air and food, or figure out how to make them out of Mars' soil and ice. Hmm, maybe we'd be better off not going to Mars and putting all that energy into making Earth a better place to live. Or, before we send human explorers over, we can keep learning about Mars and figure out whether it's possible to live there.

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 9, describes Andrea looking after her sisters. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

I took to getting up before light, to iron all our school things in the secret, silent bit of the morning. When Laurie and Sarah bounded upstairs to show off their immaculate seams and cuffs in front of our mother, she twisted in her pillows.

‘You mustn’t be doing that,’ she moaned. ‘You’re only eleven. It’s dangerous, Andy, love.’

‘But I’m dead careful.’ I spoke out of rigid collars, clammy-necked at the threat of my triumph being taken away from the start of every day. ‘It’s easy, Mum, and I don’t mind doing it.’

‘I should be doing it,’ she said. ‘I’m your mother.’

But she wasn’t doing it.

After school, I spent hours with Laurie and Sarah in the cold, empty front room whose lightbulb had finally been fixed by Uncle Duncan. I would rush to get my homework out of the way, then the three of us would sit in a circle on the mangy carpet, playing with Lego or drawing on the yellow paper rolls that Uncle Bill, who was a bus conductor, had smuggled out of his ticket machine for us. It was frustrating, because the ticket rolls were so narrow and the bright yellow paper spoiled the most sophisticated effects. But it didn’t feel like doodling: I had started art lessons at school, and I knew what you could make a 2B pencil do, if your fingers were in tune with your brain. A crumpled Coke can, an old boot, a bowl of apples and oranges – I had made them all stick out, as if you could pick them up off the page, in my sketch book in class.

I plunged into the storybooks my sisters brought home from school, reading them aloud and putting on voices, never feeling embarrassed. Not like I did in class, where I squirmed when it was my turn to read out a poem or a passage from the English textbook – you could be sure everyone would mimic you afterwards if you sounded too la-de-dah, or if you seemed to enjoy rolling the posh, airy words around in your mouth. I envied Laurie and Sarah for being at primary school: you might get laughed at or bullied a bit, but it didn’t seem to matter so much – nothing could singe your face with embarrassment or make you break out in a wet panic under your arms. Half of me was dying to grow up, but the other half kept looking backwards at my little sisters. It seemed so far away, being nine, like Laurie, who could get lost in the land of Narnia, or five, like Sarah, who was absorbed by *James and the Giant Peach*. Every night, as soon as I got in from school, I would put my pride away, forgetting I was nearly twelve, to lie on my tummy with my sisters and make up stories. I knew it was babyish, but sometimes I couldn’t resist.

It was so nice not to think.

- Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Ashworth presents herself and her attitudes to her sisters in this extract. [24]
- Go on to discuss the presentation of the relationships between the sisters elsewhere in *Once in a House on Fire*. [16]

Or,

Jenny Diski: *Skating to Antarctica* (Virago)

3. In the extract below, taken from 'The Best Pram in Town', Diski describes the importance of recollecting childhood memories. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

Tell me again about the cheesecake, Chloe would ask, and a bright, fidgety, social toddler is summoned up, wandering around a restaurant, charming the other diners, empowered by her childishness to provoke friendliness and affection in strangers, until over-excited, she knocks over one child-resistant woman's cheesecake and discovers that charm and childhood does not always guarantee that people will adore her. How shocked she was, when she returned to our table, at having encountered a stranger's anger. Roger and I had to tell her the story over and over again for months, while she digested the complex reality of the world out there, and her first social catastrophe. Now, she doesn't consciously remember either the cheesecake moment, or the constant retelling of it, but she does remember it through our re-remembering together. False memory? Just memory.

How did my mother remake my unremembered life for me? We had a photo album, too. There were photos of me as a baby and I would gaze at them, while the album still existed, trying to make the remote creature real. 'You were so lovely when you were a baby. When you were asleep. Like an angel. Then you'd wake up and turn into a devil.' This was affectionate, a pleasing joke my mother and I had between us. What else? Nothing I can remember. Just the baby photo and the joke about being asleep. More regularly, when she wasn't joking or telling me *The Water Babies* story, when despair and disappointment were uppermost, she would refer to my infancy with 'If I'd known how you were going to turn out, I'd have strangled you at birth.' And, 'You were always rotten – like him. Even as a baby you were incapable of love.' No baby pictures of these moments, except my own internal ones.

There was a real atavistic, mother-and-child moment of satisfaction for me when Mrs Rosen offered me four-year-old Jennifer standing up for herself. It passed, but still the picture of obdurate, unputdownable Jennifer, aged four, pleased me. It also chimed with other memories of my childhood. Mostly they were memories of being in trouble, of refusing to back down, of demanding my rights. There was a tough child, right from the start, with a sense of herself. A survivor. I remember often being scared but refusing to let it show. I suspect that for all the difficulty this trait got me into over the years it may also have saved my life. Since then I may have split my selves into manageable parts, but back then, and all along, there may have been some continuing consciousness that knew exactly who and what it was, and remained solid in that knowledge. Sometimes I am ashamed of this survivor. Some less positive aspect of myself dislikes the degree of will, the determination it implies. But the fact was, there was this survivor to put against the flaky genes and the training in hopelessness. I suppose, with the threat of my live or dead mother suddenly coming back into my life, I had gone to Mrs Rosen to find out just that. To check that there had once been and always was that survivor. And Mrs Rosen, inadvertently or not, gave her to me in an unexpected moment of good mothering.

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

Or,

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

4. In the extract below, taken from Chapter 6, Eggers describes San Francisco youth culture in 1993. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

They have tattoos before everyone has tattoos. They ride motorcycles, and their leather is amazing. They practice (or claim to practice) Wicca. They are the luminous young daughters of Charles Bronson, who interns at *Wired*, where the ratio of attractive young women to interns and assistants is 1:1, they being one and the same. There are bike messengers who also write socialist tracts, and bike messengers who are 200 lb transvestites, and writers who prefer to surf, and raves are still attracting crowds, and the young creative elite of San Francisco are here and only here, do not want to be elsewhere, because technology-wise, New York is ten or twelve years behind – you can't even e-mail anyone there yet – and style-wise L.A. is so '80s, because here, in stark contrast, there is no money, no one is allowed to make money, or spend money, or look like you've spent money, money is suspect, the making of money and caring about money – at least insofar as having more than, say, \$17,000 a year – is archaic, is high school, is completely beside the point. Here there are no clothes that are not preworn – when a shirt is not a used shirt, when a shirt has cost more than \$8, we say:

“Hey, nice *shirt*.”

“Yeah, nice...you know, *shirt*.”

And there are no cars that are not old cars, or preferably very old cars, silly cars, cheap cars, the coveted parking spaces around South Park filled with automotive mutants, anomalies. And in San Francisco, for better or worse, there are no ideas dumb enough to be squashed, or people aren't honest enough to tell people the truth about their dumb ideas, and so half of us are doing dumb, doomed things— And there is no prestige like the prestige in working for *Wired*, wearing one of those new black shoulder bags they just had made, or having been at the party thrown by the people from Survival Research Laboratories, who make giant robots and have them fight each other—and though the material rewards are a joke, and the apartment rents are already starting to get silly, we say nothing and complain little because when the cherubic bald anchorman on the news says that this is the “best place on Earth” we cringe but then kind of even believe it, in a way, believe that we have to work eighteen hours a day, whether for ourselves or one of these tech start-ups or whatever, because we're in a certain place, are lucky, feel lucky even though it's been only a few years since the hills burned, since the highways collapsed— But so we are gathered here, each and every perfect warm-but-not-too-warm day, each day lathered in sun and possibility, *probability*, and while everyone drinks their lattes and eats their burritos, pretending not to be checking each other out—there is a feeling that we are, at least at this point in time, with our friends, on this lush grass, at the very red molten-hot core of everything, that something is happening here, that, switching metaphors, that we are riding a wave, a big wave—of course, not one that's too big, not like one of those huge Hawaii kinds that kill people on the coral—

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Eggers presents San Francisco youth culture in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss how Eggers presents 1990s American youth culture 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, Capote describes the reactions of Dick's mother, Mrs Hickock, to hearing Dewey's testimony at the trial. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

Hearing this, Mrs Hickock wept. Throughout the trial she had sat quietly beside her husband, her hands worrying a rumpled handkerchief. As often as she could she caught her son's eye, nodded at him and simulated a smile which, though flimsily constructed, affirmed her loyalty. But clearly the woman's control was exhausted; she began to cry. A few spectators glanced at her, and glanced away, embarrassed; the rest seemed oblivious of the raw dirge counterpointing Dewey's continuing recitation; even her husband, perhaps because he believed it unmanly to take notice, remained aloof. At last a woman reporter, the only one present, led Mrs Hickock out of the courtroom and into the privacy of a ladies' room.

Once her anguish had subsided, Mrs Hickock expressed a need to confide. 'There's nobody much I can talk to,' she told her companion. 'I don't mean people haven't been kind, neighbours and all. And strangers, too – strangers have wrote letters to say they know how hard it must be and how sorry they are. Nobody's said a mean word, either to Walter or me. Not even here, where you might expect it. Everybody here has gone out of their way to be friendly. The waitress over at the place where we take our meals, she puts ice-cream on the pie and don't charge for it. I tell her don't, I can't eat it. Used to be I could eat anything didn't eat me first. But she puts it on. To be nice. Sheila, that's her, she says it's not our fault what happened. But it seems to me that people are looking at me and thinking, Well, she must be to blame somehow. The way I raised Dick. Maybe I did do something wrong. Only I don't know what it could have been; I get headaches trying to remember. We're plain people, just country people, getting along the same as everybody else. We had some good times at our house. I taught Dick the foxtrot. Dancing, I was always crazy about it, it was my whole life when I was a girl; and there was a boy, gosh, he could dance like Christmas – we won a silver cup waltzing together. For a long time we planned to run away and go on the stage. Vaudeville. It was just a dream. Children dreaming. He left town, and one day I married Walter, and Walter Hickock couldn't do step one. He said if I wanted a hoofer I should've married a horse. Nobody ever danced with me again until I learned Dick, and he didn't take to it exactly, but he was sweet, Dick was the best-natured little kid.'

Mrs Hickock removed the spectacles she was wearing, polished the smeared lenses and resettled them on her pudgy, agreeable face. 'There's lots more to Dick than what you hear back there in the courtroom. The lawyers jabbering how terrible he is – no good at all. I can't make any excuses for what he did, his part in it. I'm not forgetting that family; I pray for them every night. But I pray for Dick too. And this boy Perry. It was wrong of me to hate him; I've got nothing but pity for him now. And you know – I believe Mrs Clutter would feel pity too. Being the kind of woman they say she was.'

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Capote presents Mrs Hickock in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss the presentation of mothers and motherhood elsewhere in *In Cold Blood*. [16]

Or,

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

6. *In the extract below, taken from Chapter 4, Orwell describes some of the efforts made by soldiers on both sides to demoralise the enemy and persuade them to desert. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.*

Wherever the lines were within hailing distance of one another there was always a good deal of shouting from trench to trench. From ourselves: '*Fascistas – maricones!*' From the Fascists: '*Viva España! Viva Franco!*' – or, when they knew that there were English opposite them: 'Go home, you English! We don't want foreigners here!' On the Government side, in the party militias, the shouting of propaganda to undermine the enemy morale had been developed into a regular technique. In every suitable position men, usually machine-gunners, were told off for shouting-duty and provided with megaphones. Generally they shouted a set-piece, full of revolutionary sentiments which explained to the Fascist soldiers that they were merely the hirelings of international capitalism, that they were fighting against their own class, etc. etc., and urged them to come over to our side. This was repeated over and over by relays of men; sometimes it continued almost the whole night. There is very little doubt that it had its effect; everyone agreed that the trickle of Fascist deserters was partly caused by it. If one comes to think of it, when some poor devil of a sentry – very likely a Socialist or Anarchist trade union member who has been conscripted against his will – is freezing at his post, the slogan 'Don't fight against your own class!' ringing again and again through the darkness is bound to make an impression on him. It might make just the difference between deserting and not deserting. Of course such a proceeding does not fit in with the English conception of war. I admit I was amazed and scandalized when I first saw it done. The idea of trying to convert your enemy instead of shooting him! I now think that from any point of view it was a legitimate manoeuvre. In ordinary trench warfare, when there is no artillery, it is extremely difficult to inflict casualties on the enemy without receiving an equal number yourself. If you can immobilize a certain number of men by making them desert, so much the better; deserters are actually much more useful to you than corpses, because they can give information. But at the beginning it dismayed all of us; it made us feel that the Spaniards were not taking this war of theirs sufficiently seriously. The man who did the shouting at the PSUC post down on our right was an artist at the job. Sometimes, instead of shouting revolutionary slogans he simply told the Fascists how much better we were fed than they were. His account of the Government rations was apt to be a little imaginative. 'Buttered toast!' – you could hear his voice echoing across the lonely valley – 'We're just sitting down to buttered toast over here! Lovely slices of buttered toast!' I do not doubt that, like the rest of us, he had not seen butter for weeks or months past, but in the icy night the news of buttered toast probably set many a Fascist mouth watering. It even made mine water, though I knew he was lying.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Orwell presents his attitudes to demoralising the enemy in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss how Orwell presents different types of disloyalty elsewhere in *Homage to Catalonia*. [16]

END OF PAPER