



GCE A LEVEL – NEW

A710U30-1



S17-A710U30-1



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

THURSDAY, 29 JUNE 2017 – MORNING

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 a speech given by British Prime Minister Winston Churchill to the House of Commons on 4th June 1940, during the Second World War. At this point in the war, France was about to surrender to Germany and many people expected the Germans to invade Britain.

Text B: A transcript from a radio broadcast recorded on 3rd December 1943, during the Second World War. The speaker, Ed Murrow, was an American radio journalist. In the broadcast, Murrow gives an eyewitness account of accompanying a British aircrew in a bombing raid over Berlin.

Text C: An extract from a televised interview recorded in 2004. The speaker, Fred Di Domenico, served as a United States Marine during the Second World War and describes his first experience of combat.

1. Compare and contrast the presentation of the Second World War 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]

Text A: extract from Winston Churchill's speech to the House of Commons (1940)

I have, myself, full confidence that if all do their duty, if nothing is neglected, and if the best arrangements are made, as they are being made, we shall prove ourselves once again able to defend our island home, to ride out the storm of war, and to outlive the menace of tyranny, if necessary for years, if necessary alone. At any rate, that is what we are going to try to do. That is the resolve of His Majesty's government – every man of them. That is the will of Parliament and the nation. The British Empire and the French Republic, linked together in their cause and in their need, will defend to the death their native soil, aiding each other like good comrades to the utmost of their strength.

Even though large tracts of Europe and many old and famous states have fallen or may fall into the grip of the Gestapo and all the odious apparatus of Nazi rule, we shall not flag or fail. We shall go on to the end, we shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender.

Text B: transcript from a radio broadcast (1943) – eyewitness account of bombing raid

but suddenly (.) those dirty gray clouds turned white and we were over the outer searchlight defenses (.) the clouds below us were white and we were black (1) D-Dog¹ (.) seemed like a black bug on a white sheet (.) the flak began coming up (.) but none of it close (.) we were still a long way from Berlin (.) I didn't realize just how far (1) Jock observed (.) there's a kite on fire dead ahead (.) it was a great golden slow-moving meteor slanting toward the earth (.) by this time we were about thirty miles from our target area in Berlin (.) that thirty miles was the longest flight I have ever made (2) dead on time Buzz the bomb-aimer reported (.) target indicators going down at the same moment the sky ahead was lit up by bright yellow flares (.) off to starboard another kite went down in flames (1) the flares were sprouting all over the sky (.) reds and greens and yellows (.) and we were flying straight for the center of the fireworks

¹'D-Dog' is the nickname of the aeroplane in which the speaker is flying.

Key to discourse features

word underlining indicates a stressed syllable

(.) a micropause

(1) a timed pause in seconds

/ rising intonation

\ falling intonation

Text C: extract from a televised interview recorded in 2004

...they asked for volunteers. "We need volunteers to fire the machine guns!" So I climbed up the ladder, just about 8 feet, to get up to the stern, strap yourself in, and I got the starboard side. Other marines got the other side. So we started around, and I'd empty about two magazines...then we got ready to go for the ram, and they said, "Secure your piece!" So I took the belt off, and secured a piece, and knowing that the boat now is full throttle heading for the beach. Instead of climbing down the ladder to get down in the boat, I jumped from the stern down some 8 feet. I got 80lbs of gear on my back now, so you don't jump stiffly. So I fell to the floor and I hit the deck, and at that time the boat was hit by Naval Artillery. Well, from that point, what I saw was bodies...arms and legs and red water...From that point I can't give you an answer from how I got from there to the beach, but I ended up on the beach, one of six out of 42. And that was my introduction to combat. Um...let me back up...in boot camp, the 4th...5th day out, they marched us out to low tide in South Carolina, and the platoon is two sections. They put the first section in a makeshift boat, and left the other section back on the beach, on the grass area. And on the whistle, we jumped out of the makeshift boat and ran to the other group. And when we did that, they threw stones, and rocks, and sticks, and whatever they had at us. We reversed it, and did the same thing with the second half. After completion they said, "This is why you are being trained. This is your activity. 70% of you will not make it."

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 a violent confrontation between Andrea and her stepfather Terry. Read the extract and complete the tasks which follow.

'I'll fucking brain you!' Dad's words were slathered in saliva as he lunged to whack the other side of my head. I had lost the knack of keeping my mouth shut when he went for my mother, whose pills made her too sluggish to look out for herself.

'Do it, Dad!' Instead of cowering and straining for peace and quiet, I felt so fearless it was scary. I thrust out my face to catch his fist: 'Just do it.'

'Swine!' Dad lowered his swing, so that his fist collided with my thigh instead of my head.

The pain felt purple. 'Go on!' It unleashed everything under my tongue: 'Go on, you bullying bastard! Treat yourself! Put me in hospital, why don't you? Anything to get out of this fucking hell-hole.'

For a long time now, I had been harbouring fantasies of waking up in a white bed surrounded by nurses like angels, after stepping in front of a slow-moving bus or falling down the cellar's stone steps.

'Andrea!' My mother gasped, her nails digging into Dad's jumper to hold him back. He looked at me, as hot-faced and wet-mouthed as him. Our eyes locked; his muscles unclenched.

'Leave it, Lorraine.' He eased free of her grasp and went out to drive around in his truck: 'For a think.'

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Andrea Ashworth presents violence in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to consider the presentation of domestic abuse elsewhere in *Once in a House on Fire*. [16]

Or,

Jenny Diski: *Skating to Antarctica* (Virago)

3. In the extract below, taken from the first of the chapters entitled 'At Sea', Diski describes her first impressions of Mona, one of her travelling companions. Read the extract and complete the tasks which follow.

Everyone asked Mona how old she was and on each upstart American who dared to voice such a query she fixed a slightly shrunken eye and said 'Och, what a question!' in high, disdainful Edinburgh tones. I had to suppose Mona concealed her age not from vanity, since her tiny, bent body, sparse wispy hair, and plain, washed, wrinkled face couldn't be mistaken for anything other than decidedly elderly, but that her reticence came from gentility and a pre-Generation X sense that personal questions are not good form. She told me over dinner that I would see how she straightened up in the dry air of the Antarctic Circle. She believed it to be the damp that made her back bend so that her natural glance was floorward. Her appetite was astonishing and I watched her pack away a steak the size of her plate and a bowlful of chips plus the remains of mine. When the dessert menu arrived she became coy. 'Oooh, no I couldn't. I've eaten so much. A little chocolate ice-cream, perhaps. I love ice-cream.' The waiter and I encouraged her, and giggling a little at her wickedness, she polished off the mountainous portion as if the film had been speeded up. It wasn't clear where all this substance could have gone in the tiny curved space that constituted Mona.

Once she began to talk, she didn't stop. Providing the proprieties were observed, she chattered with alarming enthusiasm about whatever was on her mind, and during the two meals we shared in Buenos Aires and the following day in Ushuaia, she didn't have time to ask me a single question about myself. Birds were mostly what was on her mind. I learned a good deal about bird-watching, though very little about birds. I discovered that it is the watching, or rather the capturing through binoculars of a bird item, rather than the creature itself that is the main passion of the bird-watching fraternity on the trip. Mona, who was left well-provided for by her husband Ted, and who had learned to keep a canny eye herself on her stocks, was a world-traveller. In the past year or so she had visited Cuba, Hispaniola, Bhutan and Fiji in search of birds to add to her list. Next year, Australia and Bolivia and Surinam were blocked in. 'I used to collect numbers, but now I collect families,' she said mysteriously. 'This isn't a particularly interesting trip for me. You see, there aren't many different species of birds in Antarctica and they aren't on my list, but there is one bird from a particular family that you only find in Patagonia. That's what I'm after.'

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to examine how Jenny Diski presents Mona in this extract. [24]
- (ii) "Diski's travel companions are pleasing eccentrics." Go on to examine Jenny Diski's presentation of her travelling companions elsewhere in *Skating to Antarctica*. [16]

Or,

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

4. In the extract below, taken from Part III, Eggers outlines his treatment of his younger brother, Toph. Read the extract and complete the tasks which follow.

Sometimes, while cooking, we have sword fights using wooden spoons or sticks that we bring into the house for such occasions. It is an unsaid mission of mine, the source of which is sometimes clear and sometimes not, to keep things moving, to entertain the boy, to keep him on his toes. For a while we would chase each other around the house, mouths full of water, threatening to spit. Of course, neither of us would have ever thought of actually spitting a mouthful of water at the other inside the house, until one night, when I had him cornered in the kitchen, I just went ahead and did it. Things have been devolving ever since. I have stuck half a cantaloupe into his face. I have rubbed a handful of banana onto his chest, tossed a glassful of apple juice into his face. It's an effort, I'm guessing, to let him know, if it weren't already obvious, that as much as I want to carry on our parents' legacy, he and I will also be doing some *experimenting*. And constantly entertaining, like some amazing, endless telethon. There is a voice inside me, a very excited, chirpy voice, that urges me to keep things merry, madcap even, the mood buoyant. Because Beth is always pulling out old photo albums, crying, asking Toph how he feels, I feel I have to overcompensate by keeping us occupied. I am making our lives a music video, a game show on Nickelodeon—lots of quick cuts, crazy camera angles, fun, fun, *fun*! It's a campaign of distraction and revisionist history—leaflets dropped behind enemy lines, fireworks, funny dances, magic tricks. *Whassat? Lookie there! Where'd it go?*

In the kitchen, when the inspiration calls, I take out the family's seventeen-inch turkey knife, plant my legs in an A, squat a little and hold the knife over my head, samurai-style.

"Hiyyyyy!" I yell.

"Don't," he says, backing away.

"Hiyyyyy!" I yell, stepping toward him, because threatening children with seventeen-inch knives is funny. Always the best games have involved some kind of threatened injury, or near-accident, as when he was a toddler and I would run around with him on my shoulders, pretending to be dizzy, spinning, stumbling—

"Not funny," he says, backing into the family room.

I put the knife away; it clinks into the silverware drawer.

"Dad used to do that all the time," I say. "Out of the blue. He'd get this look on his face, this bug-eyed look, and act like he was going to split our heads open with the knife."

"Sounds funny," he says.

"Yeah, it was funny," I say. "It actually was funny."

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary techniques to explore Dave Eggers' attitude towards his brother in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss Dave Eggers' presentation of his upbringing of his younger brother elsewhere in *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius*. [16]

Or,

Truman Capote: *In Cold Blood* (Penguin Modern Classics)

5. The extract below, taken from Chapter 2 – *Persons Unknown*, outlines the conversation between Perry and Dick shortly after the Clutter murders. Read the extract and complete the tasks which follow.

Approximately four hundred miles east of where Arthur Clutter then stood, two young men were sharing a booth in the Eagle Buffet, a Kansas City diner. One — narrow-faced, and with a blue cat tattooed on his right hand — had polished off several chicken-salad sandwiches and was now eyeing his companion's meal: an untouched hamburger and a glass of root beer in which three aspirin were dissolving.

'Perry, baby,' Dick said, 'you don't want that burger. I'll take it.'

Perry shoved the plate across the table. 'Christ! Can't you let me concentrate?'

'You don't have to read it fifty times.'

The reference was to a front-page article in the 17 November edition of the *Kansas City Star*. Headlined CLUES ARE FEW IN SLAYING OF 4, the article, which was a follow-up of the previous day's initial announcement of the murders, ended with a summarising paragraph:

'The investigators are left faced with a search for a killer or killers whose cunning is apparent if his (or their) motive is not. For this killer or killers: *Carefully cut the telephone cords of the home's two telephones. *Bound and gagged their victims expertly, with no evidence of a struggle with any of them. *Left nothing in the house amiss, left no indication they had searched for anything with the possible exception of [Clutter's] billfold. *Shot four persons in different parts of the house, calmly picking up the expended shotgun shells. *Arrived and left the home, presumably with the murder weapon, without being seen. *Acted without a motive, if you care to discount an abortive robbery attempt, which the investigators are wont to do.'

'"For this killer or killers,"' said Perry, reading aloud. 'That's incorrect. The grammar is. It ought to be "For this killer or *these* killers."' Sipping his aspirin-spiked root beer, he went on, 'Anyway, I don't believe it. Neither do you. Own up, Dick. Be honest. You don't believe this no-clue stuff?'

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Truman Capote presents Perry and Dick and their relationship in this extract. [24]
- (ii) "Friendships reveal a great deal about the time in which they are formed." Go on to explore the presentation of the relationship between Perry and Dick elsewhere in *In Cold Blood*. [16]

Or,

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

6. In the extract below, taken from Chapter X, Orwell describes the experience of being shot. Read the extract and complete the tasks which follow.

Roughly speaking it was the sensation of being at *the centre* of an explosion. There seemed to be a loud bang and a blinding flash of light all round me, and I felt a tremendous shock — no pain, only a violent shock, such as you get from an electric terminal; with it a sense of utter weakness, a feeling of being stricken and shrivelled up to nothing. The sandbags in front of me receded into immense distance. I fancy you would feel much the same if you were struck by lightning. I knew immediately that I was hit, but because of the seeming bang and flash I thought it was a rifle nearby that had gone off accidentally and shot me. All this happened in a space of time much less than a second. The next moment my knees crumpled up and I was falling, my head hitting the ground with a violent bang which, to my relief, did not hurt. I had a numb, dazed feeling, a consciousness of being very badly hurt, but no pain in the ordinary sense.

The American sentry I had been talking to had started forward. ‘Gosh! Are you hit?’ People gathered round. There was the usual fuss — ‘Lift him up! Where’s he hit? Get his shirt open!’ etc. etc. The American called for a knife to cut my shirt open. I knew that there was one in my pocket and tried to get it out, but discovered that my right arm was paralysed. Not being in pain, I felt a vague satisfaction. This ought to please my wife, I thought; she had always wanted me to be wounded, which would save me from being killed when the great battle came. It was only now that it occurred to me to wonder where I was hit, and how badly; I could feel nothing, but I was conscious that the bullet had struck me somewhere in the front of the body. When I tried to speak I found that I had no voice, only a faint squeak, but at the second attempt I managed to ask where I was hit. In the throat, they said. Harry Webb, our stretcher-bearer, had brought a bandage and one of the little bottles of alcohol they gave us for field-dressings. As they lifted me up a lot of blood poured out of my mouth, and I heard a Spaniard behind me say that the bullet had gone clean through my neck. I felt the alcohol, which at ordinary times would sting like the devil, splash onto the wound as a pleasant coolness.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to examine George Orwell’s presentation of the experience of being shot. [24]
- (ii) Go on to explore the presentation of the physical effects of warfare elsewhere in *Homage to Catalonia*. [16]

END OF PAPER