

Write your name here

Surname

Other names

Centre Number

Candidate Number

Edexcel GCE

English Language and Literature
Advanced
Unit 3: Varieties in Language and Literature

Tuesday 22 January 2013 – Morning
Time: 2 hours 45 minutes

Paper Reference
6EL03/01

You must have:

Source Booklet (enclosed)
Set text (clean copies only)

Total Marks

Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer the question in Section A and **one** question from Section B.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
– *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 100.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*
- Quality of written communication will be taken into account in the marking of your answers. Quality of written communication includes clarity of expression, the structure and presentation of ideas and grammar, punctuation and spelling.

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Keep an eye on the time.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

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PEARSON

Answer TWO questions: The question from Section A and ONE question from Section B.

You must answer on the same topic in each section.

SECTION A: UNPREPARED PROSE

- 1** Read the text in the Source Booklet which accompanies your topic title.

Write a critical analysis of the text you have read.

You should analyse how effectively the writer's or speaker's choices of structure, form and language convey attitudes, values and ideas in the writing.

In your response, you should demonstrate your knowledge and understanding of literary and linguistic concepts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 30)

(Total for Question 1 = 40 marks)



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TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 40 MARKS



SECTION B: PREPARED DRAMA OR POETRY

Answer ONE question from this section.

In Section B, your answer must include detailed reference to one pair of texts.

2 A Sense of Place

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present places affected by discord and division.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment upon and evaluate the contribution made by the contextual factors to your understanding of your chosen texts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 10, AO3 = 40)

(Total for Question 2 = 60 marks)

3 The Individual in Society

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present individuals who are affected by pain and torment.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment upon and evaluate the contribution made by the contextual factors to your understanding of your chosen texts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 10, AO3 = 40)

(Total for Question 3 = 60 marks)



4 Love and Loss

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present relationships affected by dishonesty.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment upon and evaluate the contribution made by the contextual factors to your understanding of your chosen texts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 10, AO3 = 40)

(Total for Question 4 = 60 marks)

5 Family Relationships

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present changes in family roles.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment upon and evaluate the contribution made by the contextual factors to your understanding of your chosen texts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 10, AO3 = 40)

(Total for Question 5 = 60 marks)



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TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 60 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 100 MARKS



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Unit 6EL03/01 focuses on the Assessment Objectives AO1, AO2 and AO3 listed below:

Assessment Objectives	AO%
AO1 Select and apply relevant concepts and approaches from integrated linguistic and literary study, using appropriate terminology and accurate, coherent written expression	20
AO2 Demonstrate detailed critical understanding in analysing the ways in which structure, form and language shape meanings in a range of spoken and written texts	40
AO3 Use integrated approaches to explore relationships between texts, analysing and evaluating the significance of contextual factors in their production and reception	40



Edexcel GCE

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Advanced

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Source Booklet

Paper Reference

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Do not return this Source Booklet with the question paper.

Turn over ►

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PEARSON

SECTION A: UNPREPARED PROSE

Materials for Question 1

A SENSE OF PLACE

An extract from a feature article which appeared in the Travel supplement of The Guardian newspaper in 2011.

In a field outside Epping on a grey summer's day an expectant crowd has gathered. The Duke of Essex Polo Cup is billed as the "highlight of the Essex social season", but the polo is just a sideshow to the main event – the arrival of the celebrity guests, most of whom seem to have either been married to Katie Price or appeared in Big Brother, or both. As Peter Andre, Alex Reid and Dane Bowers make their way along the red carpet to the VIP marquee (not together, that would be awkward), the onlookers murmur excitedly. 5

Suddenly, there comes a deafening roar from above and all eyes turn skywards. A helicopter lands in the middle of the polo pitch and disgorges its brightly-coloured cargo. There are a couple of tense moments as the draught from the helicopter blades sends hair extensions and lace skirts billowing upwards. Then there's the difficult matter of negotiating a muddy field in eight-inch stilettos. But after a couple of wobbles, the safety of the red carpet is reached and the waiting paparazzi stand to attention: the cast of The Only Way Is Essex has arrived. 10

Britain's first "structured reality" show, The Only Way Is Essex (TOWIE to its fans) has been something of a surprise hit. The series, which follows the lives of a group of spray-tanned young men and women as they flit between beauty salon, wine bar and nightclub, returns to our screens for a third series next weekend, having picked up a Bafta award and spawned a succession of imitators. The photogenic cast, meanwhile, seem intent on world domination, appearing at premieres and on chat shows, launching beauty products, fashion labels and fitness DVDs (the Essexercise Workout, since you ask). 15

But even more improbable than the show's success is the fact that it has sparked a mini tourism boom as TOWIE fans travel to Essex to see the locations where it is filmed. I grew up in Essex and while it does indeed have many lovely and underrated corners, the suburban extremities of the Central Line and the commuter towns of the M25 corridor are not among them. 20

But what do I know? At the polo match I get talking to a group of bubbly young women from Glasgow. They tell me they are in Essex to celebrate their friend Rowan's hen weekend, and that the whole itinerary is a carefully planned homage to TOWIE. 25

"We've had the best time," says Alana, who admits that she doesn't even like the show. "We've been to London before and it's so unfriendly, but everyone here has been so lovely and welcoming. Essex people like to have fun. They're like Glaswegians: they don't take themselves too seriously." 30

I am a rubbish Essex girl. Despite having been raised in Romford, the spiritual home of the white stiletto and the boy racer, I've never had a fake tan or a manicure, let alone a boob job, and I can't walk in high heels. But if I'm going to immerse myself in the TOWIE experience, some personal grooming is going to be necessary. 35

My first stop is on Queens Road in the well-heeled suburb of Buckhurst Hill, which must have more hair, beauty and tanning salons per capita than any town on the planet. I pass an interiors shop whose USP seems to be that every single item, from picture frames to table lamps, is encrusted in diamante, and a boutique specialising in “pet couture” including a pink leotard for your lapdog emblazoned with the motto “This Is What Spoiled Looks Like”.

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Heaven knows where you go if you want to buy a pork chop or a loaf of bread. In Posh Frocks I spot a pile of flyers by the door inviting local people to audition for the next series of TOWIE. My destination is Belles & Beaus, a beauty salon where some of the girls from the show get their spray tans and nails done. I’m terrified of looking like an oompah loompah so I shun the Fake Bake and go for a manicure instead.

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THE INDIVIDUAL IN SOCIETY

An extract from a biography of Rosa Parks whose stand against racial segregation in America in 1955 became a defining moment in the Civil Rights Movement.

Shortly after 5:00 p.m., Rosa Parks clocked out of work and walked the block to Court Square to wait for her bus home. It had been a hard day, and her body ached, from her feet swollen from the constant standing to her shoulders throbbing from the strain and her chronic bursitis. But the bus stand was packed, so Parks, disinclined to jockey for a rush-hour seat, crossed Dexter Avenue to do a little shopping at Lee's Cut-Rate Drug. She had decided to treat herself to a heating pad but found them too pricey. Instead, she bought some Christmas gifts, along with aspirin, toothpaste, and a few other sundries, and headed back to the bus stop wondering how her husband's day had been at the Maxwell Air Force Base Barber Shop and thinking about what her mother would cook for dinner. 5

It was in this late-day reverie that Rosa Parks dropped her dime in the box and boarded the yellow-olive city bus. She took an aisle seat in the racially neutral middle section, behind the movable sign which read 'colored.' She was not expecting any problems, as there were several empty spaces at the whites-only front of the bus. A black man was sitting next to her on her right and staring out the window; across the aisle sat two black women deep in conversation. At the next two stops enough white passengers got on to nearly fill up the front section. At the third stop, in front of the Empire Theater, a famous shrine to country-music fans as the stage where the legendary Hank Williams got his start, the last front seats were taken, with one man left standing. 10 15

The bus driver twisted around and locked his eyes on Rosa Parks. Her heart almost stopped when she saw it was James F. Blake, the bully who had put her off his bus twelve years earlier. She didn't know his name, but since that incident in 1943, she had never boarded a bus that Blake was driving. This day, however, she had absentmindedly stepped in. 'Move y'all, I want those two seats,' the driver barked on behalf of Jim Crow, which dictated that all four blacks in that row of the middle section would have to surrender their seats to accommodate the single white man, as no 'colored' could be allowed to sit parallel with him. A stony silence fell over the bus as nobody moved. 'Y'all better make it light on yourselves and let me have those seats,' Blake sputtered, more impatiently than before. Quietly and in unison, the two black women sitting across from Parks rose and moved to the back. Her seatmate quickly followed suit, and she swung her legs to the side to let him out. Then Parks slid over to the window and gazed out at the Empire Theater marquee promoting *A Man Alone*, a new Western starring Ray Milland. 20 25 30

The next ten seconds seemed like an eternity to Rosa Parks. As Blake made his way toward her, all she could think about were her forebears, who, as Maya Angelou would put it, took the lash, the branding iron, and untold humiliations while only praying that their children would someday 'flesh out' the dream of equality. But unlike the poet, it was not Africa in the days of the slave trade that Parks was thinking about; it was racist Alabama in the here and now. She shuddered with the memory of her grandfather back in Pine Level keeping watch for the KKK every night with a loaded shotgun in his lap, echoing abolitionist John Brown's exhortation: 'Talk! Talk! Talk! That didn't free the slaves What is needed is action! Action!' So when Parks looked up at Blake, his hard, thoughtless scowl filled her with pity. She felt fearless, bold, and serene. 'Are you going to stand up?' the driver demanded. Rosa Parks looked straight at him and said: 'No.' Flustered and not quite sure what to do, Blake retorted, 'Well, I'm going to have you arrested.' And Parks, still sitting next to the window, replied softly, 'You may do that.' 35 40

Her majestic use of 'may' rather than 'can' put Parks on the high ground, establishing her as a protester, not a victim. 'When I made that decision,' Parks stated later, 'I knew I had the strength of my ancestors with me,' and obviously their dignity as well. And her formal dignified 'No,' uttered on a supertime bus in the cradle of the Confederacy as darkness fell, ignited the collective 'no' of black history in America, a defiance as liberating as John Brown's on the gallows in Harpers Ferry.

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The situation put Blake in a bind. This woman would, of course, have to be evicted from his bus. But should he do it himself, or should he call the police? Would it be better just to take her name and address and report her to the authorities later? Uncertain of what to do, he radioed his supervisor. 'I see it said as how I got up and swore at her and then went and called the police and told them to come get her,' Blake told *Washington Post* reporter Paul Hendrickson in 1989 after years of remaining silent about the incident. 'Well, I called the company first, just like I was supposed to do. Nobody ever wrote that. I got my supervisor on the line. He said, 'Did you warn her, Jim?' I said, 'I warned her.' And he said, and I remember it just like I'm standing here, 'Well, then, Jim, you do it. You got to exercise your powers and put her off, hear?' And that's just what I did.'

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Within minutes, Montgomery police officers F. B. Day and D. W. Mixon arrived and listened to Blake's account of what had transpired. Parks just watched as the three white men conferred on her fate, and realized what it would be: she would be fingerprinted and put in jail. The other passengers, black and white alike, began getting off the bus quietly but nervously, some with the self-possession to ask for transfers, others too anxious in the volatile situation. The blacks who remained on the bus sat in stunned, silent recognition that this time the authorities had picked the wrong woman to mess with. 'It was like a mosque inside,' one passenger recalled. 'You could have heard a pin drop. It's as if we were all praying to Allah.'

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LOVE AND LOSS

An extract from "Bad Blood – A Memoir", by the novelist Lorna Sage, published in 2000.

On the day itself we were allowed to go home in the afternoon to get ready. My mother and I had compromised over my new dress – her visions of me in floating white chiffon which anyway we couldn't afford, and mine of something cheap in all senses, off the shoulder and tight in the skirt, with a lot of dark red about it, which I'd seen in the catalogue, had converged on a princess-line calf-length frock 'that emphasises your pretty figure' mused the Shrewsbury saleswoman, looking over my shoulder, smoothing it down over my hips for just a little too long. It was Wedgwood blue, with a white pattern and a square nearly low neck, and I secretly liked it, although I complained it was babyish. Then back to school, to the hot, heaped-up 'cloakroom' and a confused smell of forbidden scent, bath salts, talc, hairspray and new-fangled, stinging deodorants, and familiar people transformed with shiny sandals and flushed faces jostling for the one full-length mirror. I thought I'd faint when we got into the gym, the ceiling seemed to have vanished, the room stretched upwards into space, and there were pools of solid-looking darkness on the floor and in the corners. 5 10

The awful business of beginning fell to the head boy and head girl, but at least they didn't have to choose, or be chosen. What if no one asked you? You'd gradually sink into oblivion and the dark would close over your head. Boys sidled across the hall, their temples glistening with sweat and Brylcreem, nudging and shoving each other, and suddenly here was one, saying 'May I ...' Well, yes, the relief was enormous and this was easy, a waltz. Once my first pang of gratitude had subsided, I noticed that my partner was preoccupied too. He seemed to be having trouble remembering the steps, for he was pumping my arm and counting under his breath (one, two, three), and his breath smelled like the open maws of the pub cellars that gaped on Whitchurch pavements on delivery day. Beer. He'd been drinking and, although in theory this was glamorous because forbidden (and he was anyway certainly under age), in fact he was distracted, disjointed and clammy. He stepped on my feet (one, two...) and groaned as if his pain was greater than mine, and then it was over and I was back in my corner, my white shoes a bit scuffed, still waiting for the evening's true, occult ritual to start. 15 20 25

Now one of the scatter of sixth-formers wearing dinner jackets would surely pick me out, someone older (teachers only danced with teachers, alas) whose casual touch would unlock the mysteries of the quickstep and A-level physics. But my next two partners seemed just as inept and nervous as me. I wasn't getting anywhere and, as if to rub it in, my first partner was back, more dishevelled than before, his collar unbuttoned, mopping his brow. This time, instead of counting, he talked as we jogged around the floor, into my ear, in a whispered shout over the music: his mother had broken her arm falling from a stepladder in the shop where she worked, where she wouldn't have to work if her sons and her husband looked after her properly, which they didn't, his own bad behaviour was adding to her troubles, no wonder he was pissed . . . He snickered sarcastically and seemed about to burst into tears. This was awful. Each dance with him took me further from my imagined cavalier, he was leaving his messy mark on me – this time it wasn't just the bruised toes and the dirty shoes, there was definitely a damp patch on my dress in the small of my back where his hand had been and my hair felt sticky where he'd leaned on me to tell his story. Who was he? How could I get rid of him? 30 35 40

Back in the girls' corner, they knew who he was at least, he was a distant cousin of one of the fifth-formers, a gangling pariah called Sheila who had wildly protruding teeth and had once tried to befriend me when I was a pariah with braces. He was Victor Sage, his mother's pride but no one else's, well known for clowning, drinking and fighting after hours behind the Back 45

Street Vaults, and they lived in Whitchurch on the council estate and his mother worked in Dudleston's, the drapers on High Street. My head was starting to ache. I went and stared at myself in the mirror in the 'Ladies'. Of course. That was where my mother had worked before the war, with Gladys, who must be his mother. I recalled mutual boasting sessions, once in particular when I'd passed the Scholarship, and so had Victor, said his mother proudly to mine, 50 pretending to wrap up some lingerie to borrow time to talk. In fact, my mother had often stopped off on the way to Mrs Smith's to talk to Mrs Sage as she now was, while I kicked my heels and tugged at her sleeve. My tormentor was essence of Whitchurch, then, part of the familiar tangle I so yearned to slough off. And he wasn't handsome either, with that gap-toothed grimace, although that wouldn't have mattered if he'd been the magical mentor I'd 55 looked forward to, the prince of ennui.

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

An extract from *In Cold Blood*, Truman Capote's documentary account of a murder case in America in 1959.

The master of the River Valley Farm, Herbert William Clutter, was forty-eight years old, and as a result of a recent examination for an insurance policy, knew himself to be in first-rate condition. Though he wore rimless glasses and was of but average height, standing just under five feet ten, Mr Clutter cut a man's-man figure. His shoulders were broad, his hair had held its dark colour, his square-jawed, confident face retained a healthy-hued youthfulness, and his teeth, unstained and strong enough to shatter walnuts, were still intact. He weighed a hundred and fifty-four – the same as he had the day he graduated from Kansas State University, where he had majored in agriculture. He was not as rich as the richest man in Holcomb – Mr Taylor Jones, a neighbouring rancher. He was, however, the community's most widely known citizen, prominent both there and in Garden City, the close-by county seat, where he had headed the building committee for the newly completed First Methodist Church, an eight-hundred-thousand-dollar edifice. He was currently chairman of the Kansas Conference of Farm Organizations, and his name was everywhere respectfully recognized among Midwestern agriculturists, as it was in certain Washington offices, where he had been a member of the Federal Farm Credit Board during the Eisenhower administration.

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 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.

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