



**GCE A LEVEL**

**1710U40-1**

**FRIDAY, 16 JUNE 2023 – AFTERNOON**

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE – A2 unit 4**

**Unseen Texts and Prose Study**

**2 hours plus your additional time allowance**

## **ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

**A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet, and a clean copy (no annotation) of the set text you have studied for Section B.**

## **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 60 marks.**

**The number of marks is given in brackets at the end of each question or part-question.**

**You are advised to spend an hour on Section A and an hour on Section B.**

**You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.**

**(Turn over)**

**SECTION A: COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS OF UNSEEN TEXTS**

**Answer Question 1.**

**This question is based on all three texts which follow.**

**TEXT A:** the poem ‘Anthem for Doomed Youth’ written in 1917 by Wilfred Owen (1893–1918).

**TEXT B:** an extract from **A Grief Observed** by C.S. Lewis. This memoir was written after the death of his wife and published in 1961.

**TEXT C:** the opening section of a speech given by Charles Spencer, Princess Diana’s brother, at her funeral in 1997.

**1. Compare and contrast the presentation of reactions to death in Texts A–C.**

**In your response you should:**

- **apply concepts and methods from integrated linguistic and literary study**
- **analyse how meanings are shaped**
- **explore connections between the texts.**

**[60 marks]**

**TEXT A: 'Anthem for Doomed Youth'****by Wilfred Owen****What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?****— Only the monstrous anger of the guns.****Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle****Can patter out their hasty orisons<sup>1</sup>.****No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;****Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—****The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;****And bugles calling for them from sad shires.****What candles may be held to speed them all?****Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes****Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.****The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall<sup>2</sup>;****Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,****And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.**

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<sup>1</sup> orisons: prayers

<sup>2</sup> pall: cloth spread over a coffin

**TEXT B: an extract from *A Grief Observed*  
by C.S. Lewis**

**And grief still feels like fear. Perhaps, more strictly, like suspense. Or like waiting; just hanging about waiting for something to happen. It gives life a permanently provisional feeling. It doesn't seem worth starting anything. I can't settle down. I yawn, I fidget, I smoke too much. Up till this I always had too little time. Now there is nothing but time. Almost pure time, empty successiveness.**

**I think I am beginning to understand why grief feels like suspense. It comes from the frustration of so many impulses that had become habitual. Thought after thought, feeling after feeling, action after action, had H. for their object. Now their target is gone. I keep on through habit fitting an arrow to the string; then I remember and have to lay the bow down. So many roads lead thought to H. I set out on one of them. But now there's an impassable frontier-post across it. So many roads once; now so many culs de sac<sup>3</sup>.**

**Sorrow turns out to be not a state but a process. It needs not a map but a history, and if I don't stop writing that history at some quite arbitrary point, there's no reason why I should ever stop. There is something new**

**(Turn over)**

to be chronicled every day. Grief is like a long valley, a winding valley where any bend may reveal a totally new landscape. As I've already noted, not every bend does. Sometimes the surprise is the opposite one; you are presented with exactly the same sort of country you thought you had left behind miles ago. That is when you wonder whether the valley isn't a circular trench. But it isn't. There are partial recurrences, but the sequence doesn't repeat...

One flesh. Or, if you prefer, one ship. The starboard engine has gone. I, the port engine, must chug along somehow till we make harbour. Or rather, till the journey ends. How can I assume a harbour? A lee shore, more likely, a black night, a deafening gale, breakers ahead — and any lights shown from the land probably being waved by wreckers.

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<sup>3</sup> culs de sac: no through roads

**KEY**

/ rising intonation

\ falling intonation

text underlining to indicate stressed syllables

(.) micropause

(1) timed pause (in seconds)

**TEXT C: the opening section of a speech given by Charles Spencer at Princess Diana's funeral**

I stand before you today (.) the representative of a family  
 in grief (.) in a country in mourning (.) before a world in  
shock (1) we are all united not only in our desire to pay  
 our respects to Diana but rather in our need to do so (1)  
 for such was her extraordinary appeal that the tens of  
millions of people taking part in this service all over the  
 world via television and radio who never actually  
 met her (.) feel that they too lost someone close to them  
 in the early hours of Sunday morning (.) it is a more  
 remarkable tribute to Diana than I can ever hope to offer

(Turn over)

her today (2) Diana was the very essence of compassion  
 (.) of duty (.) of style (.) of beauty (.) all over the world  
 she was a symbol of selfless humanity (.) all over the  
 world (.) a standard bearer for the rights of the truly  
 downtrodden (.) a very British girl who transcended  
 nationality (.) someone with a natural nobility who  
 was classless and who proved in the last year that she  
 needed no royal title to continue to generate her  
 particular brand of magic (2) today is our chance to say  
 thank you for the way you brightened our lives (.) even  
 though God granted you but half a life (.) we will all feel  
 cheated always that you were taken from us so young  
 and yet we must learn to be grateful that you came  
 along at all (.) only now that you are gone do we truly  
 appreciate what we are now without and we want you to  
 know that life without you is very (.) very difficult

(Turn over)

**SECTION B: PROSE STUDY (OPEN BOOK)**

**Answer ONE question in this section.**

**You must have a clean copy (no annotation) of the SET TEXT which you have studied. Only the prescribed edition must be used.**

**In your response, you are required to:**

- **apply concepts and methods from integrated linguistic and literary study**
- **analyse how meanings are shaped**
- **demonstrate understanding of the significance and influence of the contexts in which texts are produced and received.**

**Your response must include detailed reference to ONE of the texts from the prescribed list below.**

**MARGARET ATWOOD: *The Handmaid's Tale*  
(VINTAGE)**

**JANE AUSTEN: *Emma* (PENGUIN CLASSICS)**

**CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations* (PENGUIN CLASSICS)**

**THOMAS HARDY: *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*  
(PENGUIN CLASSICS)**

**ALICE WALKER: *The Color Purple* (W&N)**

**(Turn over)**

**EITHER,**

- 2. Discuss the creation and use of contrasting characters in the text you have studied.**

**[60 marks]**

**OR,**

- 3. How does the writer present difficulties faced by women in the text you have studied? [60 marks]**

**OR,**

- 4. Consider the presentation of hopes and ambitions in the text you have studied. [60 marks]**

**OR,**

- 5. How are ideas about love explored in the text you have studied? [60 marks]**

**OR,**

- 6. Discuss the presentation of selfishness in the text you have studied. [60 marks]**

**END OF PAPER**