

General Certificate of Education  
June 2007  
Advanced Level Examination



**ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE  
(SPECIFICATION A)  
Unit 6 Language in Context**

**NTA6**

Wednesday 27 June 2007 1.30 pm to 4.00 pm

**For this paper you must have:**

- a 12-page answer book.

Time allowed: 2 hours 30 minutes

**Instructions**

- Use blue or black ink or ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The *Examining Body* for this paper is AQA. The *Paper Reference* is NTA6.
- Answer **both** questions.
- Do all rough work in the answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.

**Information**

- The maximum mark for this paper is 200.
- Question 1 carries 150 marks and Question 2 carries 50 marks.
- You will be marked on your ability to use good English, to organise information clearly and to use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

**Advice**

- You should spend 1 hour 45 minutes answering Question 1 and 45 minutes answering Question 2.

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Answer **both** questions.

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- 1 Read the three texts printed on the following pages. These texts are linked by the fact that they are all about the sea.

**Text A** is an extract from the novel *Four Letters of Love*.

**Text B** is an extract from a travel book entitled *Attention All Shipping*.

**Text C** is a series of short pieces of speech from a radio programme.

Compare all three texts, exploring how the writers and speakers show their thoughts and feelings.

In your analysis you should consider the following:

- the writers' or speakers' choices of vocabulary, grammar and style
  - the ways in which attitudes and values are conveyed to the intended audiences
  - any other aspects which you consider important in your reading of these texts.
- 2 What approaches have you used in analysing and comparing these texts and how have these approaches helped you to appreciate the texts?

**END OF QUESTIONS**

**Text A**

*The following extract is from Four Letters of Love, a novel set in Ireland, written by Niall Williams. In this section, Nicholas, a young boy, follows his father secretly to the coast, where the father takes off his clothes and goes into the sea. Nicholas goes in after him, thinking his father is trying to kill himself.*

By the time I had come to the edge my father was already naked. And even in the moments I watched him walking that high thin walk of his into the thunderous crashing of the first waves, taking them across his midriff in white embraces of chill spray, yelling out in what might have been elation or anger and shaking his hair, I was already stripping and running down, screaming and shouting, leaping the waves to save him from drowning himself in the sea.

My father was neither happy nor angry to see me. At least not in any way I can describe. Later I told myself he may have been both, for although a thin man he was capable of the broadest range of emotions. Over the roaring of the waves and his own shouting he didn't hear me calling, and turned as I reached him only to stagger sideways into the foam, both of us going down into the broken surge of the chest-high waters with the same gasp in our mouths and amazement in our eyes. We came up spitting. As we did, grimacing the water out of our eyes, the tide sucked at my legs, pulling with such swift undertow that I was lifted off the sand and swept at once ten feet from him out to sea. I kicked and thrashed, remembering as a second wave lowered itself into my screams that I couldn't quite swim. I was thirty feet from him in an instant, sailing and sinking away on the amazement of the swift sea, my foot and ankle poking up ridiculously into the sky, falling back, plunging down like some tremendous anchor until the water ran across the bridge of my nose and I breathed horror through my screaming eyes. My father appeared and disappeared in the scene. I saw him. He saw me, or the naked white body of what he took at first to be certainly my ghost. At first I think he imagined that as such I didn't need rescuing, I needed wrestling. He put his hands together and dove like a prayer. He vanished and I went under. The world bubbled out of me. I felt hands grappling onto me and my body glistening and slipping through them. He couldn't hold me, my legs were up, my head was down. The sky rolled round and round in my eyes in the last gasp moments of my life, and then I sank a final time, plummeting through the swirling foam down, down beyond the frantic waters to the still clear cold sea's floor, where at last my father's fingers found my hair and jerked me up.

I burst into daylight, lifted, wild-eyed into the air and spewing the sea back into itself. We were far out in the tide now, ebbing away so that for the first time I saw the marvel of the little strand, how perfectly cupped and secluded it was back there across the combs of the breakers, how tiny and sad the little tossed bundles of our separate clothes. My father's arms were about me. I kicked my legs and they flopped uselessly, making a small splashing that the waves carried away. I think I shouted or screamed, gulping more water, gasping and sucking at the air for it to fill me, falling out of my father's arms once more, going down, coming up, thrashing and flailing until a hand crashed into my jaw and for just a moment the sea stopped. Silver stars flew up out of the water, sound was switched off, and then my chin was cupped in the great vice of my father's hand as he swam dragging me out. When he was within his depth he stood and carried me, our two naked figures emerging into the suddenly chill air with the sea running from both of us. On the sand he laid me down. I was still coughing and spluttering, my eyes rolling, when he stood the full width of the sky over me and looking down said:

'Well, God wants you to live, Nicholas.'

**Turn over for Text B**

**Text B**

*The following is an extract from a non-fiction text entitled Attention All Shipping by Charlie Connelly, a travel book where he journeys around all the areas of the Shipping Forecast. He undertook his travels in 2003–4.*

The North Sea. For me, the name itself conjures up swelling mounds of black water crested by foam and pockmarked by rain. It carries none of the attraction of the Caribbean Sea, with its clear, light-blue water scattered with shimmering sunlight, nor any of the mystery of, say, the Sargasso Sea. No. This is a sea, and it's in the north. No mucking about.

It's a stropky old sod, the North Sea. Stormy and heavily tidal, it's also shallow. Only north of the Shetlands does the depth reach a hundred fathoms. Over Dogger Bank the depth subsides to as little as fifty feet, and by the time you get towards the Strait of Dover you couldn't sink St Paul's Cathedral, even in the unlikely event of you wanting to. The North Sea pounds the east coast of Britain, knocking great lumps out of it when and where it can. Two and a half miles of coastline have disappeared since Roman times, accounting for some thirty towns and villages. Take Ravenser, a town that stood at the mouth of the Humber and was once so significant it returned two MPs. Gone. Claimed by the North Sea sometime in the early sixteenth century. Dunwich in Suffolk was once a thriving town and one of the most important ports in England, boasting six churches, a monastery and even a mint. All gone, a new village having sprung up further inland. Half a mile of Suffolk has been pilfered by the North Sea since the fourteenth century.

The North Sea surge of 1953 took three hundred lives from the east coast between Lincolnshire and Kent, flooding twenty-four thousand homes and making forty thousand people homeless as high tides and fierce storms combined on one of the North Sea's grumpiest ever nights. Even today, the North Sea eyes the British coastline and thinks, Hmm, I'll have some of that. In 2003 protesters against a coastal road in Sunderland pointed out that the sea would claim it in fifty years anyway. And in the first three years of the current millennium, the sea encroached upon Winterton-on-Sea in Norfolk by sixty yards, making the village's name more apposite than it might seem.

The North Sea also provided passage for the invaders who plundered the British Isles after the Romans left, most notably the Vikings, who would paddle enthusiastically across it in their longships and set about stealing, looting, raping, pillaging and burning anything or anyone in sight from the end of the eighth century until William the Conqueror put a stop to such shenanigans.

**Text C**

The following is an extract from a radio programme which documents what happened during the east coast floods of 1953 in England, by using observations from experts and accounts from eyewitnesses.

**Key**

(.)	micropause
(1.0)	pause in seconds
::	elongation of sound
<u>underline</u>	emphasis on a particular word
<i>italics</i>	non-verbal sound

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation

- Speaker 1: Sutton-on-Sea sits on the furthest (.) eastward part of the Lincolnshire coast (0.5) there's Boston thirty miles to the south (.) there's (.) Grimsby to the north (.) an to the (.) west is Lincoln (.) that's about forty miles (0.5) the actual town itself (.) is in a flat marshland area (.) an none of it is more than one metre above mean sea level (1.0) unfortunately (0.5) in 1953 (0.5) the sea defences had been n neglected (.) to a state where they were totally ineffective
- Speaker 2: there wasn't a sea wall (.) there was just bundles of what they call kids (0.5) bundles of thorns (1.0) which anybody had cut hedges they used to (0.5) bundle them up (.) put them against the sand hills on the seaside (0.5) an then the sand used ter collect (.) that was the sea defence
- Speaker 3: It was bright moonlight an you could see these great waves out to sea (0.5) sorta in the moonlight an thought (.) s unusually rough out there
- Speaker 1: waves were coming over the top an down the main streets of Sutton by five o'clock (0.5) we'd had water down the street before an no-one worried about it too much (1.0) sss until it was realised that high tide wasn't until seven o'clock
- Speaker 4: I worked at the er (.) Savoy cinema (.) in the High Street at Sutton-on-Sea (0.5) on this particular day I came to work bout four o'clock in the evening (0.5) the wind was horrendous (.) you could hardly ss stand up to walk (1.0) when I got to the cinema everything seemed fine (.) the film started (.) and all of a sudden we noticed that the water was in the High Street (1.0) gradually (.) it came into the cinema (.) and then we realised that obviously (.) there was something very wrong
- Speaker 5: I met a friend who had (.) left a local cinema (.) because a a message had been erm (.) flashed on to the screen warning people to (0.5) get to their homes because of the danger of flooding (0.5) and together we stood on the Haven bridge (.) at Yarmouth (.) and watched the (1.0) water (1.0) coming in (.) with a sort of tidal wave going on each side of the bridge parapets (.) the water was hissing in (.) it was (.) a never to be forgotten sight because there didn't seem to be any stopping it
- Speaker 6: I was having a party (1.0) (*draws breath*) with about a dozen (.) of my friends (.) in our house (.) which was about (0.5) half a mile from the (.) sea
- Speaker 7: we had just finished the food (0.5) my husband was (.) entertaining them (.) with magic

Speaker 6: the first we knew that anything (.) was:: (.) wrong was when the mother of two of the children came to the house (.) to tell us that the water was:: (.) coming over and that we shouldn't let (.) the children (.) lea::ve

Speaker 7: my husband did try to get them home (.) across the fields at the back of the house (0.5) but all he could see was the (.) moon (.) shining (.) on the water (.) so back they came into the house

**END OF TEXTS**

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Text A: an extract from *Four Letters of Love*, by Niall Williams, published by Picador, January 6, 2006.

Text B: an extract from *Attention All Shipping: A Journey Round the Shipping Forecast*, by Charlie Connelly, published by Abacus, May 5, 2005.

Text C: from a radio broadcast.