ENGLISH LANGUAGE
Paper 3 Text Analysis

No Additional Materials are required.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer two questions.
You should spend about 15 minutes reading the passages and questions before you start writing your answers. You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question. Both questions carry equal marks.
The following text consists of two extracts from a transcription of an American television talk show called *Balanced Health* in which the presenters, Shirley Rose and Joe Costello, speak to sleep expert, Dr Andrew Mouton, about the importance of sleep.

(a) Imagine that you are a teacher. Write a piece for the ‘Top Tips for Students’ section of your school website, giving your students advice and ideas about how to have enough sleep each night. You should write between 120 and 150 words.

(b) Compare the language and style of your response with the language and style of the original text.

TRANSCRIPTION KEY

(1) = pause in seconds   (.) = micro-pause   // = speech overlap
[laughs] = paralinguistic feature  underlining = stressed sound/syllable(s)

Dr Mouton:  
i think of sleep as being critical for just about every (.) aspect of our functioning during the day (1) and its hard to imagine some (.) aspect of our lives that isnt influenced by sleep (1) or on the behavioural side sleep is critical for the (.) er functioning of our cognitive abilities (.) memory (.) attention (.) concentration (.) er its essential even for our personalities to (.) function the way they should er

Shirley: 
well yknow i often (.) not often but i have on occasion and just recently because i was travelling and i got like three hours of sleep the night before (1) and it was like i was noticing the next day i i couldnt you know (.) make decisions quickly or i couldnt remember what i was doing and i was thinking okay its alzheimers [laughs] but then i realised im working on three hours sleep here and so i really can tell the difference

Dr Mouton:  
there is (2) very clear evidence that sleep deprivation impairs a number of (.) our cognitive abilities including memory and concentration and reasoning and decision making (1) all of those things

Joe: 
right there i'll interrupt you because you used the word deprivation so to the public that means yknow (.) partying for seven days in a row or or pulling an all nighter at school to study (.) and and recently i saw something on television (.) youve probably seen this a hundred times (.) where they had all these students and they did this test they took them from eight and a half (.) then they went to seven (.) then they went to sev (.)

Dr Mouton:  
yes (.) performance declined

Joe: 
and it went down again (.) using the word deprivation here we want to redefine it a little bit because there was a significant cognitive impairment (1) going from eight and a half just to seven hours

...
Joe: so its really not sleep deprivation in the way that most people think of it right

Dr Mouton: well chronic sleep deprivation can occur with as little as thirty minutes less sleep than we need each night

Shirley: are you kidding

Dr Mouton: one of the things that that weve learned about sleep deprivation thats critical to understanding the effects er of sleep deprivation is that (. ) er the impairment or (. ) the effect of the sleep deprivation is cumulative over time

Shirley: mm

Dr Mouton: so someone who needs eight hours of sleep (. ) as that study shows but gets seven and a half (1) er will be impaired very soon (. ) but if they continue on the seven and a half hour schedule (. ) the amount of deprivation builds over time and the impairment becomes much greater (1) so its

Shirley: and you said the person who needs eight hours so by that are you saying that really (. ) some people do need more than other people

Dr Mouton: absolutely absolutely

Notes:
\(^1\)Alzheimers: a disease which can cause memory loss, mood and behavioural changes. It is more common in people over 65 years of age than in younger age groups.
Texts A and B both relate to cities.

Text A consists of two extracts from The Cities Book, which is an illustrated reference guide to different cities of the world. The extracts are taken from the introduction to the book.

Text B is an extract from a short story called City of Dreams. The story is set in London, England, and is narrated from the perspective of a homeless person.

**Compare the language and style of Text A and Text B.**

**Text A**

The Cities Book is a celebration. Of the physical form, in stone, glass, metal and wood, that is taken by these remarkable spiritual, cultural, political and technological bastions\(^1\). Of the people whose energy spills out into the city, transforming itself into music, art and culture. Of the myriad sights, smells, sounds and other temptations awaiting travellers at the end of a plane, train or boat journey. By celebrating the majesty of cities on every continent we are pausing to marvel at the contribution they have made to the collective richness of humankind over more than six millennia.

Hence it made sense to us to begin this book with a look at the evolution of the city – the roots of cities in the first civilisations, the characteristics that we associate with the great cities of today, and the possible directions that they will take in the future.

Like so many things, cities come to us as a gift from the ancients. Although capable of great foresight, our urban ancestors could not possibly have predicted the way in which cities were to change the world we live in. According to the UN\(^2\), the urban populace is increasing by about 60 million people per year, about three times the increase in the rural population. To get a sense of the impact that cities have made, try picturing the world without them. Imagine fashion without Milan, theatre without London's West End, hip-hop without New York, classical music without Vienna, or technology without Tokyo.

... No two cities are the same. Some have great food, others great nightlife, some stunning architecture, some are rich with history and others have an eye on the future. Cities are individuals. Like a human being, a city is a mass of genes, chosen at random by forces beyond our control, fused together in a secret furnace, acted on by nature, reared through infinite probabilities of nurture before finally growing up and trying to make its own way in the world. Only by taking an interest in someone, spending time with them, observing their mannerisms, conversing with them, engaging with their likes and dislikes, strengths and weaknesses, learning their idiosyncrasies and funny habits, listening to them sing in the shower and snore at night, only by walking the path with them and imagining what it would be like if you were wearing their shoes, can you begin to realise how special someone is. And the city is the same, except maybe a little bigger.

**Notes:**

\(^1\) *bastions*: institutions, places or people that uphold or defend something.

\(^2\) *the UN*: the United Nations.
Text B

The sun stains the sky red and a thousand birds open swollen throats to welcome in another day. I lie still and feel the grass warm beneath me and listen to the insects drone drunkenly among the flower-heads. The ground beneath me seems to seethe with a life more ferocious still than that of the metropolis as it awakens around me. Yet little by little the city takes the ascendant once more, stifling nature’s voluptuous undertow with its stench and its sounds, and it's then that I get to my feet and head back to my usual place.

There’s a mad onslaught of people, arms bare, faces feverish, already exhausted by the effort of getting from A to B. Checking their watches, they curse under their breath and move faster, even faster, suffocating beneath skins choked with sweat and fumes. Anxious puppets hurling themselves along parched pavements, their eyes are haunted by the hours to come, by everything that needs to be pressed into them, all that must be extracted from them. An eternal calculation of sums that never quite add up, and never can, buzzes in their brains.

Me? I push crumbs into my mouth and then lean back to let the sun beat down on my eyelids. A wash of orange floods my brain, as bright as the ice lollies I used to eat when… when was that? I grasp at the memory, almost against my will, but it's gone, leaving nothing behind but a blood-sugar rush of vain longing.

Confused, heat-filled, I feel myself begin to slide into sleep. The world will carry on without me. I have nothing to give it anyway. I live outside of time, you see, in a frozen world where the past and the future are mere words, as insubstantial as a flash of spring rain.

I doze on and off until the lights in the shops begin to go down and others fizz into life, washing the city in blue neon. People disappear and reappear like stars winking in the sky. Some look sad and alone, their course through the city aimless and haphazard, others shriek and leap with wild inebriation, bunched together like pack animals. From time to time lovers walk by too, arms entwined, faces congealed in expressions of happiness whose end is inscribed within them from the start.