

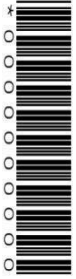
A Level English Language

H470/02 Dimensions of linguistic variation

Resource Booklet

Practice paper – Set 1

Time Allowed: 2 hours 30 minutes



You must have:

- The OCR 12-page Answer Booklet
- The Question Paper

INSTRUCTIONS

- The materials in this Resource Booklet are for use with the questions in **Sections A, B and C** of the question paper.

INFORMATION

- This document consists of **10** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

The material in this **Resource Booklet** relates to the questions in the Question Paper.

Contents	Pages
Section A – Child language acquisition	
Text A: Lizzie and Lara with their father	3-4
Section B – Language in the media	
Text B: National Trust asks public to record seaside sounds	5-6
Section C – Language change	
Text C: The Diary of a Country Parson (extract)	7
Text D: Gerald Durrell - Autobiography (extract)	8

Practice

Section A – Child language acquisition

Text A

Text A is a transcript from a private data source. Lizzie aged five and Lara aged three are playing with their father. Lizzie is preparing a surprise for the other two.

Father: they will probably just fall off

Lizzie: they won't

Lara: (*picking up some toys*) all are (.) all out

Lizzie: don't open your eyes until I say (.) okay (*Lara jumps up and down*)

Father: can I open them

Lizzie: no (*Lara sits down*)

Father: (*to Lara*) have you got them closed

Lizzie: (*goes over to Lara*) you shut your eyes

Father: (*to Lara*) oh are you going to help me find them

Lara: mmm

Lizzie: (*to father*) no (.) you need to shut your eyes

Lara: (*to father*) close eyes

Lizzie: no (.) you need to shut them Lara (1) you can't open them until I say (.) okay you can't open //

Lara: // (inaudible)

Father: come on Liz //

Lizzie: // don't open your eyes

Father: Liz (.) come on

Lizzie: yeah well I'm going to do (2) you need (.) you need to just close your eyes

Father: (*to Lara*) blow your nose

Lara: /'tʃu:/ (.) /'tʃu:/ (.) [atishoo (.) atishoo]

Father: I haven't got one

Lara: I want one

Father: Liz are you hiding all the fruit

Lizzie: no not all the fruit.

TRANSCRIPTION KEY

(.) micropause

(1/2/3) pause in seconds

// overlapping speech

IPA has been used where necessary to indicate non-standard pronunciation

Practice

Section B – Language in the media

Text B

Text B is a series of short articles adapted from BBC News website, posted on 22 June 2015.

National Trust asks public to record seaside sounds



The National Trust is asking the public to record the sounds of the UK seaside to create an audio archive.

The trust wants thousands of recordings **uploaded onto a digital map** which will be curated by the British Library.

It said the sounds of the coastline were constantly changing and the project would create an audio snapshot for future generations to hear.

Cheryl Tipp, from the British Library, said recordings could include man-made sounds like those of a busy port.

The "Sounds of our shores" project is a joint scheme between the National Trust - which protects historic places and spaces in England, Wales and Northern Ireland - the National Trust for Scotland and the British Library.

Musician Martyn Ware, a founder member of bands The Human League and Heaven 17, will use sounds submitted by the public to create a piece of music for release in February 2016.

*From gulls to ice cream vans:
Public asked to collate
a coastal sound-scape*



Martyn Ware will record a new track as part of the project

"I've had a deep connection with the coast all of my life," he said.

"As a kid growing up in Sheffield we'd go on family holidays to Scarborough or Skegness; I can still remember the sounds that filled our days at the seaside."

Five sounds heard only on a British beach

By Emma Atkinson, BBC News

The sound of waves lapping on the beach or the crunch of shingle underfoot are heard along coastlines the world over. But what are the things you can really only hear at the British seaside?

The distant twinkling tunes of an ice cream van followed by a chorus of excitable children begging for a 99, who inevitably end up in tears when it falls from the cone and splats on the floor.

The swoosh of a chip shop wrapper sweeping along the prom, which soon becomes rich pickings for a giant seagull snacking on those last few chips stuck to the paper.

The shrieks and gasps of daring paddlers as their bare feet enter the icy waters, soon realising it's nowhere near as warm as they think it's going to be - even on a really hot day.

The noise of a deck-chair being wrestled open, followed by numerous expletives from an angry beachgoer chasing their windbreaker.

Conversations about the unpredictable weather. Phrases you might hear include: "We're supposed to have a heatwave." "It's hotter than Spain", but more likely is: "Looks like it might rain."

Ms Tipp, curator of wildlife and environment sounds at the British Library, said sounds submitted could include

"someone wrestling with putting up a deck-chair, the sounds of a fish and chip shop, or a busy port".

"We'd also love to hear from people that might have historic coastal sounds, which might be stored in a box in the loft," she said.

Coastal evolution

Jeremy Cooke, BBC UK affairs correspondent

On the cliffs above Whitby, the herring gulls are nesting as they have for centuries. Their cries are a seemingly timeless sound of the coast.

But, with coastal erosion and climate change, scenes like this may not remain the same forever. Natural habitats change, and the sounds of the shores change too.

That's why the National Trust wants us all to become collectors of today's seaside sounds before they are lost. And it's not just the natural environment that evolves.

Just along the coast, the old Whitby foghorn station stands as a silent reminder of how man-made sounds can pass into history.

On the roof of the white building are the giant twin horns of the "Hawsker Bull", as the foghorn was known. It was part of the soundtrack of life here for generations, but has not been heard since the late 1980s.



Kate Martin, of the National Trust, said the recordings would be valuable to future generations and would "bring back memories" in years to come.

Recordings can be uploaded along with pictures and text via the Audioboom website until 21 September. After that, all the sounds recorded around the UK's 10,800 miles of coastline will be added to the British Library's Sound Archive, joining 6.5 million recordings dating back to the 19th Century.

Section C – Language change

Text C

Text C is an extract from a diary published by a member of the English clergy, James Woodforde, in 1788, in his book *The Diary of a Country Parson, 1758-1802*. It relates to some guests arriving unexpectedly for a meal, and his attempts to provide food for them.

FEB. 29. . . . Mr. Taswell sent early to me this morning that he would take a Family Dinner with us to day and desired us to send to Mr. Custance that they might not wait dinner for him. He went from Weston House early this morning to go to Aylsham to read Prayers there to day being Friday. At 11 o'clock this Morning I sent Briton to Weston House to let them know that Mr. Taswell was to take a Family Dinner with us to day, Briton returned pretty soon and informed us that Mr. and Mrs. Custance, Lady Bacon and Son and Master Taswell would also come and partake of the Family Dinner, and they sent us some Fish, a wild Duck and a Sallad. It occasioned rather a Bustle in our House but we did as well as we could - We had not a bit of White bread in House, no Tarts whatever, and this Week gave no Order whatever to my Butcher for Meat, as I killed a Pigg this Week. We soon baked some white bread and some Tartlets and made the best shift we could on the whole. About 3 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Custance, Lady Bacon and Son, Mr Taswell and Nephew arrived and they dined, drank Coffee, and Tea and returned home about 7 o'clock this Evening to Weston House. Mr. Taswell with his Servant came here a little before the other Company on horseback from Aylsham, he dressed himself at my House. We gave the Company for Dinner some Fish and Oyster Sauce, a nice Piece of Boiled Beef, a fine Neck of Pork roasted and Apple Sauce, some hashed Turkey, Mutton Stakes, Sallad &c. a wild Duck roasted, fried Rabbits, a plumb pudding and some Tartlets. Desert, some Olives, Nutts, Almonds, and Raisins and Apples. The whole Company were pleased with their Dinner &c. Considering we had not above 3 Hours notice of their coming we did very well in that short time. All of us were rather hurried on this Occasion.

Section C – Gerald Durrell – Autobiography (extract)

Text D

Text D is an extract from Gerald Durrell's humorous autobiography about his childhood in Greece, *The Garden of the Gods*, first published in 1978. Gerald Durrell was a well-known naturalist. In this passage, his family are preparing to host a party.

The kitchen, of course, was like the interior of Vesuvius¹; in the flickering ruby light of half a dozen charcoal fires, Mother and her minions scurried to and fro. The sound of beating and chopping and stirring was so loud that it precluded speech, while the aromatic smells that drifted upstairs were so rich and heavy it was like being wrapped in an embroidered cloak of scent.

At last everything was ready. The sliding doors between the dining room and drawing room had been pulled back and the vast room thus formed was a riot of flowers, balloons and paintings, the long tables with their frost-white cloths sparkling with silver, the side tables groaning under the weight of the cold dishes. A sucking pig, brown and polished as a mummy, with an orange in his mouth, lay beside a haunch of wild boar, sticky with wine and honey marinade, thick with pearls of garlic and the round seeds of coriander; a bank of biscuit-brown chickens and young turkeys was interspersed with wild duck stuffed with wild rice, almonds and sultanas, and woodcock skewered on lengths of bamboo; mounds of saffron rice, yellow as a summer moon, were treasure-trove that made one feel like an archaeologist, so thickly were they encrusted with fragile pink strips of octopus, toasted almonds and walnuts, tiny green grapes, carunculated² hunks of ginger and pine seeds. The *kefalia*³ I had brought from the lake were now browned and charcoal blistered, gleaming in a coating of oil and lemon juice, spattered with jade-green flecks of fennel; they lay in ranks on the huge plates, looking like a flotilla of strange boats tied up in harbour.

Interspersed with all this were the plates of small things – crystallized orange and lemon rind, sweet corn, flat thin oat cakes gleaming with diamonds of sea salt, chutney and pickles in a dozen colours and smells and tastes to tantalize and soothe the taste buds. Here was the peak of the culinary art – here a hundred strange roots and seeds had given up their sweet essence; vegetables and fruits had sacrificed their rinds and flesh to wash the fowl and the fish in layers of delicately scented gravies and marinades. The stomach twitched at this bank of edible colour and smell; you felt you would be eating a magnificent garden, a multi-coloured tapestry, and that the cells of your lungs would be so filled with layer upon layer of fragrance that you would be drugged and immobile like a beetle in the heart of a rose. The dogs and I tiptoed several times into the room to look at this succulent display; we would stand until the saliva filled our mouths and then reluctantly go away. We could hardly wait for the party.

¹ A volcano in Italy, famous for its immense eruption in AD 79

² Having a fleshy/warty appearance

³ Greek fish

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