



General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Examination
June 2013

English Language and Literature (Specification A)

ELLA2

Unit 2 Analysing Speech and its Representation

Friday 24 May 2013 9.00 am to 10.30 am

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book.

Time allowed

- 1 hour 30 minutes

Instructions

- Use black ink or black 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 ELLA2.
- Answer Question 1 from Section A and **one** other question from Section B.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work that you do not want to be marked.

Information

- The texts prescribed for this paper **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 75.
- Question 1 carries 45 marks and Questions 2–9 carry 30 marks each.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
 - use good English
 - organise information clearly
 - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

Advice

- You are advised to spend 50 minutes on Section A and 40 minutes on Section B.

Section A – Analysing Speech

Question 1

0 1 Read **Texts A** and **B**.

Text A is a transcript of two young people talking about a television programme they have just watched about the riots of August 2011.

Text B is an extract from a statement given by the Prime Minister, David Cameron, in response to the riots.

Compare how information about, and attitudes to, the riots are conveyed by the speakers in the two texts.

In your answer you should comment on:

- vocabulary, and grammatical, stylistic and speech features
- the influence of context on the ways in which speakers convey attitudes and ideas.

(45 marks)

Key

(.)	micropause
(1.0)	pause in seconds
<u>underlining</u>	particular emphasis of a word
::	elongation of a word
[overlapping speech
(<i>italics</i>)	non-verbal communication

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation.

Text A

Harry: unbelievable (.) it was like a war zone (0.5) it was like (.) nobody could do anything about it (.) they said loads of them were from gangs [and

Anna: yeah (.) ok (.) but it's (.) it's just too easy isn't it (.) to bla (.) just try to blame it all on one thing or one kind of people (.)

Harry: yeah (.) I know (.) and there were all ki::nds of people [involved

Anna: and lo::ads of different theories why it happened (0.5) I'm not sayin that some (.) maybe loads of the rioters were from gangs but it's not just down to gangs (1.0) it showed that some of the people arrested had nothing to do with gangs (0.5) a lot had never been in trouble before (.) just ordinary kids

Harry: hmm (.) I know (.) a lot of them were really young kids

Anna: makes you wonder about their parents though (.) it doesn't say a lot [about

Harry: no (.) some

of them were only ten or eleven (.) that bloke on the telly (.) when he was on about statistics (.) said that a lot of those arrested had been in the ten to seventeen age group

Anna: uhuh (.) and the largest group were the eighteen to twenties (1.0) what did you make of what that woman was saying about it being down to the kind of society that we live in (.) bein very materialistic an that (0.5) everybody wanting the good life

Harry: loads of people want stuff but they don't all go out setting fire to shops and looting stuff (.) but I did think that bloke that was on about spending cuts and there bein nothin for a lot of the young to do might have been on to some [thing

Anna: yeah (.) an cuts in policing making people think they can get stuff an get away with it (.) like those on the news walking out of smashed up shops with trainers (.) or a ma::ssive [telly

Harry: or that guy in Manchester who got done for nicking some doughnuts (.) he probably thought (.) they're there so I'll have em (*laughs*)

Turn over for Text B

Turn over ►

Text B

Today, major police operations are underway as I speak to arrest the criminals who were not picked up last night but who were picked up on closed-circuit television cameras. Picture by picture these criminals are being identified and arrested and we will not let any phony concerns about human rights get in the way of the publication of these pictures and the arrest of these individuals. As I speak, sentences are also being passed. Courts sat through the night last night and will do again tonight. It is for the courts to sentence, but I would expect anyone convicted of violent disorder will be sent to prison.

We needed a fight back and a fight back is underway. We have seen the worst of Britain, but I also believe we've seen some of the best of Britain: the million people who've signed up on Facebook to support the police, communities coming together in the cleanup operations. But there is absolutely no room for complacency and there is much more to be done.

This continued violence is simply not acceptable and it will be stopped. We will not put up with this in our country. We will not allow a culture of fear to exist on our streets. Let me be clear. At COBRA¹ this morning we agreed full contingency planning is going ahead. Whatever resources the police need they will get. Whatever tactics the police feel they need to employ they will have legal backing to do so. We will do whatever is necessary to restore law and order onto our streets. Every contingency is being looked at. Nothing is off the table. The police are already authorised to use baton rounds and we agreed at COBRA that while they're not currently needed we now have in place contingency plans for water cannon to be available at twenty-four hours' notice.

It is all too clear that we have a big problem with gangs in our country. For too long there's been a lack of focus on the complete lack of respect shown by these groups of thugs. I'm clear that they are in no way representative of the vast majority of young people in our country who despise them, frankly, as much as the rest of us do, but there are pockets of our society that are not just broken but, frankly, sick. When we see children as young as twelve and thirteen looting and laughing, when we see the disgusting sight of an injured young man with people pretending to help him while they are robbing him, it is clear there are things that are badly wrong in our society.

For me, the root cause of this mindless selfishness is the same thing that I have spoken about for years. It is a complete lack of responsibility in parts of our society. People allowed to feel that the world owes them something, that their rights outweigh their responsibilities and that their actions do not have consequences. Well, they do have consequences. We need to have a clearer code of values and standards that we expect people to live by and stronger penalties if they cross the line. Restoring a stronger sense of responsibility across our society, in every town, in every street, in every estate is something I'm determined to do.

¹Stands for Cabinet Office Briefing Room A – a government committee dealing with national emergencies.

End of Section A

Turn over for Section B

Turn over ►

Section B – Analysing the Representation of Speech

Answer **one** question from this section.

EITHER*Great Expectations* – Charles Dickens**Question 2**

0	2
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How does Dickens use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present the relationship between Pip and Estella in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel? (30 marks)

The early dinner-hour at Joe's, left me abundance of time, without hurrying my talk with Biddy, to walk over to the old spot before dark. But, what with loitering on the way, to look at old objects and to think of old times, the day had quite declined when I came to the place.

There was no house now, no brewery, no building whatever left, but the wall of the old garden. The cleared space had been enclosed with a rough fence, and, looking over it, I saw that some of the old ivy had struck root anew, and was growing green on low quiet mounds of ruin. A gate in the fence standing ajar, I pushed it open, and went in.

A cold shivery mist had veiled the afternoon, and the moon was not yet up to scatter it. But, the stars were shining beyond the mist, and the moon was coming, and the evening was not dark. I could trace out where every part of the old house had been, and where the brewery had been, and where the gates, and where the casks. I had done so, and was looking along the desolate garden-walk, when I beheld a solitary figure in it.

The figure showed itself aware of me, as I advanced. It had been moving towards me, but it stood still. As I drew nearer, I saw it to be the figure of a woman. As I drew nearer yet, it was about to turn away, when it stopped, and let me come up with it. Then, it faltered as if much surprised, and uttered my name, and I cried out:

"Estella!"

"I am greatly changed. I wonder you know me."

The freshness of her beauty was indeed gone, but its indescribable majesty and its indescribable charm remained. Those attractions in it, I had seen before; what I had never seen before, was the saddened softened light of the once proud eyes; what I had never felt before, was the friendly touch of the once insensible hand.

We sat down on a bench that was near, and I said, "After so many years, it is strange that we should thus meet again, Estella, here where our first meeting was! Do you often come back?"

"I have never been here since."

"Nor I."

The moon began to rise, and I thought of the placid look at the white ceiling, which had passed away. The moon began to rise, and I thought of the pressure on my hand when I had spoken the last words he had heard on earth.

Estella was next to break the silence that ensued between us.

"I have very often hoped and intended to come back, but have been prevented by many circumstances. Poor, poor old place!"

The silvery mist was touched with the first rays of the moonlight, and the same rays touched the tears that dropped from her eyes. Not knowing that I saw them, and setting herself to get the better of them, she said quietly:

"Were you wondering, as you walked along, how it came to be left in this condition?"

"Yes, Estella."

"The ground belongs to me. It is the only possession I have not relinquished. Everything else has gone from me, little by little, but I have kept this. It was the subject of the only determined resistance I made in all the wretched years."

"Is it to be built on?"

"At last it is. I came here to take leave of it before its change. And you," she said, in a voice of touching interest to a wanderer, "you live abroad still?"

"Still."

"And do well, I am sure?"

"I work pretty hard for a sufficient living, and therefore — Yes, I do well."

"I have often thought of you," said Estella.

"Have you?"

"Of late, very often. There was a long hard time when I kept far from me, the remembrance of what I had thrown away when I was quite ignorant of its worth. But, since my duty has not been incompatible with the admission of that remembrance, I have given it a place in my heart."

"You have always held your place in my heart," I answered. And we were silent again, until she spoke.

"I little thought," said Estella, "that I should take leave of you in taking leave of this spot. I am very glad to do so."

"Glad to part again, Estella? To me, parting is a painful thing. To me, remembrance of our last parting has been ever mournful and painful."

"But you said to me," returned Estella, very earnestly, "'God bless you, God forgive you!' And if you could say that to me then, you will not hesitate to say that to me now — now, when suffering has been stronger than all other teaching, and has taught me to understand what your heart used to be. I have been bent and broken, but — I hope — into a better shape. Be as considerate and good to me as you were, and tell me we are friends."

"We are friends," said I, rising and bending over her, as she rose from the bench.

"And will continue friends apart," said Estella.

I took her hand in mine, and we went out of the ruined place; and, as the morning mists had risen long ago when I first left the forge, so, the evening mists were rising now, and in all the broad expanse of tranquil light they showed to me, I saw the shadow of no parting from her.

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

OR

Eden Close – Anita Shreve

Question 3

0 3

How does Shreve use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present Andrew's confrontation with Edith in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel? (30 marks)

He is trimming a small plant that could conceivably be a weed, though he thinks not, when he feels a light tap between his shoulder blades. The touch is so unexpected that he starts, whirling around in a crouch, with the hoe in his hand.

"She pretends she washed it herself, which she is perfectly capable of doing, but I know you did it."

Edith Close towers over him. Ungracefully, his left knee cracking, he stands to confront her. She has on a summer sundress, with a beige cardigan thrown over her shoulders.

He can think of no reply. It *was* a presumptuous act, and he cannot, for the moment, think of how to justify it.

"And sneaking behind my back," she says.

"I didn't sneak behind your back," he protests.

"You went when I wasn't there."

"Well, yes, but . . ."

"Well, then."

"She seemed fine to me," he says, trying to change the subject.

She has a purse on her arm. One hand is folded over the other at her waist. It is a gesture, common in older women, that he has never seen in a younger woman, a woman, say, of Martha's generation. He wonders, irrelevantly, if it is a gesture women grow into as they age.

"I'd have thought your mother would have told you more," she says.

"Told me what?"

"You know that Eden was away?"

"Yes. At a hospital, and then at a home for the blind."

She shakes her head. "Eden was badly hurt by the . . . incident."

She looks down at the strap of her pocketbook, as if contemplating it. "At first we thought it was physical," she says. "She had numerous operations. She wouldn't talk—to me or to anyone. We thought it was related to the injuries. But the injuries were . . . deeper than that."

He watches as she touches her purse—a talisman. "The injury to her head made her very sick," she says. "The place she was in wasn't, strictly speaking, a home for the blind." She looks sharply up at him, wanting to see his reaction. "It was a mental hospital."

He recalls Eden saying yesterday, apropos of nothing, *Jim died here*. He remembers thinking at the time that it was an odd thing to say.

“She did recover,” Edith continues. “Not fast, but after a time. She reached a point where I felt she could come home. It was felt, *I* felt, I could care for her just as well here.

“But she needs *quiet*,” Edith says forcefully, contracting her brow. “She needs not to be disturbed, not to be reminded of the past. We never speak of it. I would prefer that you not speak of it. I would prefer that you not visit her at all. You remind her of the past. You may even raise her expectations, her hopes,” she says, her voice rising, as if to emphasize her point. “And then you will go away. And where will she be then?”

He again feels the heat seeping into his face. He wants to find her ludicrous, preposterous, but he cannot. Indeed, her speech is to him uncomfortably moving and embarrassingly accurate. For he *has* hoped to raise Eden’s expectations, even if subconsciously, and he cannot deny that he will go away. And why should he have assumed that Edith cannot have changed in nineteen years? Rendered helpless, perhaps Eden immediately became more appealing to Edith. Or possibly it was the hole that Jim’s death left in her life that allowed her finally to focus on her daughter. And yet, despite these sudden epiphanies, he wants to believe that visiting Eden is good for her.

“Don’t you think you’re overreacting?” he says, surprising himself not only with his rudeness but also with the word itself, for it is a term he associates with psychobabble, one Martha liked to use on him, a word he normally despises. But he has never been precise in arguments. The words that come to mind in a tense exchange are not accurate enough, and thus he is often rendered inarticulate, like a child cornered by an adult.

“She is *my* daughter,” Edith says, the words stapling the air around them.

The sudden flash of anger is surprising in the quiet backyard.

But in a moment it is gone. She gathers herself together in a deft sequence of subtle movements, gaining an inch as she stands more erect, and recomposing her face until it is the one he saw in her kitchen—calm, cooler and, if wary, then more in control. He watches her, fascinated.

“Andy,” she says, as if weary of the effort to teach good manners to the neighbor’s boy, “you must see it from my point of view. Eden and I are *family*.” She exaggerates the last word. It sounds furry, her voice deep with patience. “She’s all I’ve got now, and I’m all she has. There are aspects to this you can’t possibly understand. You’ve been gone for nearly *twenty* years. . . .”

He is deprived (or relieved) of an opportunity to reply. The sound of a car slowing to turn into the driveway makes them both look up.

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

OR

The Lovely Bones – Alice Sebold

Question 4

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How does Sebold use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present Susie's and Ray's feelings in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel? (30 marks)

"I can see you through the curtain," he said, averting his eyes.

"It's okay," I said. "I like it. Take your clothes off and join me."

"Susie," he said, "you know I'm not like that."

My heart seized up. "What did you say?" I asked. I focused my eyes on his through the white translucent liner Hal kept for a curtain—he was a dark shape with a hundred small pinpoints of light surrounding him.

"I said I'm not that kind."

"You called me Susie."

There was silence, and then a moment later he drew back the curtain, being careful to look only at my face.

"Susie?"

"Join me," I said, my eyes welling up. "Please, join me."

I closed my eyes and waited. I put my head under the water and felt the heat of it prickling my cheeks and neck, my breasts and stomach and groin. Then I heard him fumbling, heard his belt buckle hit the cold cement floor and his pockets lose their change.

I had the same sense of anticipation then as I sometimes had as a child when I lay down in the back seat and closed my eyes while my parents drove, sure we would be home when the car stopped, that they would lift me up and carry me inside. It was an anticipation born of trust.

Ray drew back the curtain. I turned to face him and opened my eyes. I felt a marvelous draft on the inside of my thighs.

"It's okay," I said.

He stepped slowly into the tub. At first he did not touch me, but then, tentatively, he traced a small scar along my side. We watched together as his finger moved down the ribbony wound.

"Ruth's volleyball incident, nineteen seventy-five," I said. I shivered again.

"You're not Ruth," he said, his face full of wonder.

I took the hand that had reached the end of the cut and placed it under my left breast.

"I've watched you both for years," I said. "I want you to make love to me."

His lips parted to speak, but what was on his lips now was too strange to say out loud. He brushed my nipple with his thumb, and I pulled his head toward me. We kissed. The water came

down between our bodies and wet the sparse hair along his chest and stomach. I kissed him because I wanted to see Ruth and I wanted to see Holly and I wanted to know if they could see me. In the shower I could cry and Ray could kiss my tears, never knowing exactly why I shed them.

I touched every part of him and held it in my hands. I cupped his elbow in my palm. I dragged his pubic hair out straight between my fingers. I held that part of him that Mr. Harvey had forced inside me. Inside my head I said the word *gentle*, and then I said the word *man*.

“Ray?”

“I don’t know what to call you.”

“Susie.”

I put my fingers up to his lips to stop his questioning. “Remember the note you wrote me? Remember how you called yourself the Moor?”

For a moment we both stood there, and I watched the water bead along his shoulders, then slip and fall.

Without saying anything further, he lifted me up and I wrapped my legs around him. He turned out of the path of the water to use the edge of the tub for support. When he was inside of me, I grabbed his face in my hands and kissed him as hard as I could.

After a full minute, he pulled away. “Tell me what it looks like.”

“Sometimes it looks like the high school did,” I said, breathless. “I never got to go there, but in my heaven I can make a bonfire in the classrooms or run up and down the halls yelling as loud as I want. But it doesn’t always look like that. It can look like Nova Scotia, or Tangiers, or Tibet. It looks like anything you’ve ever dreamed.”

“Is Ruth there?”

“Ruth is doing spoken word, but she’ll come back.”

“Can you see yourself there?”

“I’m here right now,” I said.

“But you’ll be gone soon.”

I would not lie. I bowed my head. “I think so, Ray. Yes.”

We made love then. We made love in the shower and in the bedroom and under the lights and fake glow-in-the-dark stars. While he rested, I kissed him across the line of his backbone and blessed each knot of muscle, each mole and blemish.

“Don’t go,” he said, and his eyes, those shining gems, shut and I could feel the shallow breath of sleep from him.

“My name is Susie,” I whispered, “last name Salmon, like the fish.” I leaned my head down to rest on his chest and sleep beside him.

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

OR

Strange Meeting – Susan Hill

Question 5

0	5
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How does Hill use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present feelings about going into action in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel? (30 marks)

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Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

OR

A Man For All Seasons – Robert Bolt

Question 6

0 6

How does Bolt use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present the relationship between Alice and More in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play? (30 marks)

MORE Now listen, you must leave the country. All of you must leave the country.

MARGARET And leave you here?

MORE It makes no difference, Meg; they won't let you see me again. (*Breathlessly, a prepared speech under pressure.*) You must all go on the same day, but not on the same boat; different boats from different ports –

MARGARET After the trial, then.

MORE There'll be no trial, they have no case. Do this for me I beseech you?

MARGARET Yes.

MORE Alice? (*She turns her back.*) Alice, I command it!

ALICE (*harshly*) Right!

MORE (*looks into basket*) Oh, this is splendid; I know who packed this.

ALICE (*harshly*) I packed it.

MORE Yes. (*Eats a morsel.*) You still make superlative custard, Alice.

ALICE Do I?

MORE That's a nice dress you have on.

ALICE It's my cooking dress.

MORE It's very nice anyway. Nice colour.

ALICE (*turns. Quietly*) By God, you think very little of me. (*Mounting bitterness.*) I know I'm a fool. But I'm no such fool as at this time to be lamenting for my dresses! Or to relish complimenting on my custard!

MORE (*regarding her with frozen attention. He nods once or twice*) I am well rebuked. (*Holds out his hands.*) Al – !

ALICE No! (*She remains where she is, glaring at him.*)

MORE (*he is in great fear of her*) I am faint when I think of the worst that they may do to me. But worse than that would be to go, with you not understanding why I go.

ALICE I don't!

MORE (*just hanging on to his self-possession*) Alice, if you can tell me that you understand, I think I can make a good death, if I have to.

ALICE Your death's no 'good' to me!

MORE Alice, you must tell me that you understand!

ALICE I don't! (*She throws it straight at his head.*) I don't believe this had to happen.

MORE (*his face is drawn*) If you say that, Alice, I don't see how I'm to face it.

ALICE It's the truth!

MORE (*gasping*) You're an honest woman.

ALICE Much good may it do me! I'll tell you what I'm afraid of; that when you've gone, I shall hate you for it.

MORE (*turns from her: his face working*) Well, you mustn't, Alice, that's all. (*Swiftly she crosses the stage to him; he turns and they clasp each other fiercely.*) You mustn't, you –

- ALICE (*covers his mouth with her hand*) S-s-sh ... As for understanding, I understand you're the best man that I ever met or am likely to; and if you go – well God knows why I suppose – though as God's my witness God's kept deadly quiet about it! And if anyone wants my opinion of the King and his Council they've only to ask for it!
- MORE Why, it's a lion I married! A lion! A lion! (*He breaks away from her his face shining.*) Get them to take half this to Bishop Fisher – they've got him in the upper gallery –
- ALICE It's for you, not Bishop Fisher!
- MORE Now do as I ask – (*Breaks off a piece of the custard and eats it.*) Oh, it's good, it's very, very good. (*He puts his face in his hands; ALICE and MARGARET comfort him; ROPER and JAILER erupt on to the stage above, wrangling fiercely.*)
- JAILER It's no good, sir! I know what you're up to! And it can't be done!
- ROPER Another minute, man!
- JAILER (*to MORE descending*) Sorry, sir, time's up!
- ROPER (*gripping his shoulder from behind*) For pity's sake – !
- JAILER (*shaking him off*) Now don't do that, sir! Sir Thomas, the ladies will have to go now!
- MORE You said seven o'clock!
- JAILER It's seven now. You must understand my position, sir.
- MORE But one more minute!
- MARGARET Only a little while – give us a little while!
- JAILER (*reproving*) Now, Miss, you don't want to get me into trouble.
- ALICE Do as you're told. Be off at once!
- The first stroke of seven is heard on a heavy, deliberate bell, which continues, reducing what follows to a babble.*
- JAILER (*taking MARGARET firmly by the upper arm*) Now come along, Miss; you'll get your father into trouble as well as me. (*ROPER descends and grabs him.*) Are you obstructing me, sir? (*MARGARET embraces MORE, and dashes up the stairs and exits, followed by ROPER. Taking ALICE gingerly by the arm.*) Now, my lady, no trouble!
- ALICE (*throwing him off as she rises*) Don't put your muddy hand on me!
- JAILER Am I to call the guard then? Then come on!
- ALICE, facing him, puts foot on bottom stair and so retreats before him, backwards.*
- MORE For God's sake, man, we're saying good-bye!
- JAILER You don't know what you're asking, sir. You don't know how you're watched.
- ALICE Filthy, stinking, gutter-bred turnkey!
- JAILER Call me what you like, ma'am; you've got to go.
- ALICE I'll see you suffer for this!
- JAILER You're doing your husband no good!
- MORE Alice, good-bye, my love!
- On this, the last stroke of the seven sounds. ALICE raises her hand, turns, and with considerable dignity, exits.*

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

OR

All My Sons – Arthur Miller

Question 7

0 7

How does Miller use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Chris's loss of faith in his father in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play? (30 marks)

[KELLER *enters from house*. CHRIS *sees him, goes down R. near arbor*.]

KELLER: What's the matter with you? I want to talk to you.

CHRIS: I've got nothing to say to you.

KELLER [*taking his arm*]: I want to talk to you!

CHRIS [*pulling violently away from him*]: Don't do that, Dad. I'm going to hurt you if you do that. There's nothing to say, so say it quick.

KELLER: Exactly what's the matter? What's the matter? You got too much money? Is that what bothers you?

CHRIS [*with an edge of sarcasm*]: It bothers me.

KELLER: If you can't get used to it, then throw it away. You hear me? Take every cent and give it to charity, throw it in the sewer. Does that settle it? In the sewer, that's all. You think I'm kidding? I'm tellin' you what to do, if it's dirty then burn it. It's your money, that's not my money. I'm a dead man, I'm an old dead man, nothing's mine. Well, talk to me!—what do you want to do!

CHRIS: It's not what I want to do. It's what you want to do.

KELLER: What should I want to do? [CHRIS *is silent*.] Jail? You want me to go to jail? If you want me to go, say so! Is that where I belong?—then tell me so! [*Slight pause*] What's the matter, why can't you tell me? [*Furiously*] You say everything else to me, say that! [*Slight pause*] I'll tell you why you can't say it. Because you know I don't belong there. Because you know! [*With growing emphasis and passion, and a persistent tone of desperation*] Who worked for nothin' in that war? When they work for nothin', I'll work for nothin'. Did they ship a gun or a truck outa Detroit before they got their price? Is that clean? It's dollars and cents, nickels and dimes; war and peace, it's nickels and dimes, what's clean? Half the Goddam country is gotta go if I go! That's why you can't tell me.

CHRIS: That's exactly why.

KELLER: Then . . . why am I bad?

CHRIS: I know you're no worse than most men but I thought you were better. I never saw you as a man. I saw you as my father. [*Almost breaking*] I can't look at you this way, I can't look at myself! [*He turns away unable to face KELLER*. ANN *goes quickly to MOTHER, takes letter from her and starts for CHRIS*. MOTHER *instantly rushes to intercept her*.]

MOTHER: Give me that!

ANN: He's going to read it! [*She thrusts letter into CHRIS's hand.*]

Larry. He wrote it to me the day he died. . . .

KELLER: Larry!?

MOTHER: Chris, it's not for you. [*He starts to read.*] Joe . . . go away . . .

KELLER [*mystified, frightened*]: Why'd she say, Larry, what . . . ?

MOTHER [*she desperately pushes him toward alley, glancing at CHRIS*]: Go to the street, Joe, go to the street! [*She comes down beside KELLER.*] Don't, Chris . . . [*Pleading from her whole soul*] Don't tell him . . .

CHRIS [*quietly*]: Three and one half years . . . talking, talking. Now you tell me what you must do. . . . This is how he died, now tell me where you belong.

KELLER [*pleading*]: Chris, a man can't be a Jesus in this world!

CHRIS: I know all about the world. I know the whole crap story. Now listen to this, and tell me what a man's got to be! [*Reads*] "My dear Ann: . . ." You listening? He wrote this the day he died. Listen, don't cry . . . listen! "My dear Ann: It is impossible to put down the things I feel. But I've got to tell you something. Yesterday they flew in a load of papers from the States and I read about Dad and your father being convicted. I can't express myself. I can't tell you how I feel—I can't bear to live any more. Last night I circled the base for twenty minutes before I could bring myself in. How could he have done that? Every day three or four men never come back and he sits back there doing business. . . . I don't know how to tell you what I feel . . . I can't face anybody . . . I'm going out on a mission in a few minutes. They'll probably report me missing. If they do, I want you to know that you mustn't wait for me. I tell you, Ann, if I had him here now I could kill him—" [*KELLER grabs letter from CHRIS's hand and reads it.*] [*After a long pause*] Now blame the world. Do you understand that letter?

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

Question 8

How does Shakespeare use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Othello's bitterness and disillusionment in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play? (30 marks)

H/Jun13/ELLA2

OTHELLO Had it pleased heaven
 To try me with affliction, had they rained
 All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,
 Steeped me in poverty to the very lips,
 Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
 I should have found in some place of my soul
 A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
 A fixèd figure for the time of scorn
 To point his slow unmoving finger at!
 Yet could I bear that too, well, very well:
 But there where I have garnered up my heart,
 Where either I must live, or bear no life,
 The fountain from the which my current runs,
 Or else dries up – to be discarded thence
 Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
 To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin,
 Ay, there look grim as hell!

DESDEMONA

I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

OTHELLO

O, ay! As summer flies are in the shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing, O, thou weed,
 Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet
 That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er
 been born!

DESDEMONA

Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

OTHELLO

Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
 Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!
 Committed? O, thou public commoner!
 I should make very forges of my cheeks,
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,
 Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed?
 Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
 Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth
 And will not hear it. What committed?
 Impudent strumpet!

DESDEMONA

By heaven, you do me wrong.

OTHELLO

Are you not a strumpet?

DESDEMONA

No, as I am a Christian.

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

OR*Pack of Lies* – Hugh Whitmore**Question 9**

0	9
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How does Whitmore use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Helen in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play? (30 marks)

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END OF QUESTIONS

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