



General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Subsidiary Examination  
June 2011

# English Language and Literature (Specification A)

## ELLA2

### Unit 2 Analysing Speech and its Representation

Monday 6 June 2011 1.30 pm to 3.00 pm

**For this paper you must have:**

- a 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 **Text A** and **Text B**.

**Text A** is a transcript of a woman talking to a friend about her feelings about spiders.

**Text B** is adapted from an article about the fear of spiders, entitled 'Arachnophobia: A web of fear'. It was published in *The Independent on Sunday* newspaper.

Compare how information and attitudes about spiders 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.

### Text A

#### Key

(.)	micropause
(1.0)	pause in seconds
<u>underlining</u>	particular emphasis of a word
[	overlap

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation.

**Phil:** So you don't like spiders then (.) what (.) do (.) don't you like about [t

**Patsy:** I hate spiders (.)

can't stand em (.) they scare me to death (1.0) one morning I went downstairs and made myself some sandwiches for me dinner (.) salad sandwiches and (.) and (.) I'd got me pots in the sink an I were washing up in the bowl in the sink an I felt this thing brush past me hand an I thought I must have dropped the top (.) you know (.) the leafy bit (.) of the tomato (.) in the sink and when I looked it were a big spider (0.5) well (.) I threw me hands up (.) plate drainer went flying on to the floor and all me plates smashed (2.0) I don't mind spiders (.) those really little ones and (.) to be fair (.) I don't mind those big ones either (.) you know (.) those big tarantula ones (.) you know (.) when you see em on the telly and they're doing that (.) er (.) that (.) you know (.) that exposure (.) to overcome phobias (0.5) I don't mind that but it's them little ones (.) them really dark black ones that run really quick (.) when you're least expecting it (2.0) the worst one I've

ever seen were one night when I came in from work (.) it were on the stairs when I came home and it were absolutely massive an it were (.) it were just too much (.) it were the size of a dinner plate (0.5) I went outside and asked a bloke who were passing to come an get rid of it for me (0.5) he wasn't bothered about it (.) he just caught it and chucked it outside (2.0) me dad he (.) me dad erm (.) had a (.) bought a thing of bananas (.) a bunch of bananas (.) er from the supermarket (.) an in the bag the bananas were in were the skeleton of this spider (.) it were massive (.) really (.) honestly it were like a hand (.) it were ginormous (0.5) thankfully it were dead like (.) but (.) mind you there were a bloke on the telly the other day an he found one in some bananas and it were (.) er (.) actually still in the polythene bag the bananas were in (.) still alive (1.0) I don't buy bananas now unless they're loose

**Turn over for Text B**

**Turn over ►**

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**Text B**

With a disorder as common as arachnophobia, learnt behaviour is a significant contributor. As children we copy those around us; if they freak out at the sight of the eight-legged ones we may respond likewise. “You learn arachnophobia – that’s the main reason for it being so common,” says Nik Speakman, half of a husband and wife psychotherapist team. “Children have heard the mother scream, which puts them in a heightened state, then they see the spider.”

The good news for arachnophobes is that treatment has a high success rate. The psychologist and hypnotherapist Felix Economakis recommends hypnosis. “There are modern therapies available,” he says. “A hypnotherapist could cure arachnophobia in one session.” A slower approach, possibly taking months, is gradual exposure: looking at drawings of spiders, working up to photographs and handling the real thing.

Speakman also works with arachnophobics to break the subconscious link between spiders and the fight-or-flight response. Ben Clarke, who featured on *The Apprentice* this year, overcame his fear through the Speakman’s use of various brain reprogramming exercises on Channel 4’s *Big Brother’s Little Brother* in July. By the end of the show he could pick up a tarantula with bare hands.

“I had a sort of primal fear of big, hairy spiders,” he says. “I was afraid it would stick its big fangs in me. But I’m totally cool with them now. I didn’t like picking it up but it was fine – it’s like your brain is just numb.”

Bridget O’Connell, from the mental health charity MIND, is also positive about treatment: “What seems to work best is cognitive behavioural therapy (CBT), possibly with medication to reduce the anxiety. CBT helps people to un-pair the fear and the object, to create new ways of thinking about spiders.” She advises people to acknowledge that fear of spiders can be a serious condition, an opinion not always widely held. Despite – or because of – arachnophobia being so common, sufferers can feel dismissed by constant comments of ‘it’s only a spider, it can’t hurt you – it’s more afraid of you’. It is no more irrational than any other phobia.

“People need to accept what they are feeling is real, it’s not silly,” says O’Connell. “It’s not a logic thing – it doesn’t work to rationalise that spiders are harmless. Sufferers know that, so trying to be logical may make things worse.” Instead she recommends setting yourself tasks, small sensible steps – like walking past a web – and giving yourself a reward. Perhaps autumn’s spider boom will provide an opportunity to face those fears? One web at a time.

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**Turn over for Section B**

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**Section B – Analysing the Representation of Speech**

Answer **one** question from this section.

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

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How does Dickens use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to explore the relationship between Estella and Miss Havisham in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

It happened on the occasion of this visit that some sharp words arose between Estella and Miss Havisham. It was the first time I had ever seen them opposed.

We were seated by the fire, as just now described, and Miss Havisham still had Estella's arm drawn through her own, and still clutched Estella's hand in hers, when Estella gradually began to detach herself. She had shown a proud impatience more than once before, and had rather endured that fierce affection than accepted or returned it.

"What!" said Miss Havisham, flashing her eyes upon her, "are you tired of me?"

"Only a little tired of myself," replied Estella, disengaging her arm, and moving to the great chimney-piece, where she stood looking down at the fire.

"Speak the truth, you ingrate!" cried Miss Havisham, passionately striking her stick upon the floor; "you are tired of me."

Estella looked at her with perfect composure, and again looked down at the fire. Her graceful figure and her beautiful face expressed a self-possessed indifference to the wild heat of the other, that was almost cruel.

"You stock and stone!" exclaimed Miss Havisham. "You cold, cold heart!"

"What?" said Estella, preserving her attitude of indifference as she leaned against the chimney-piece and only moving her eyes; "do you reproach me for being cold? You?"

"Are you not?" was the fierce retort.

"You should know," said Estella. "I am what you have made me. Take all the praise, take all the blame; take all the success, take all the failure; in short, take me."

"O, look at her, look at her!" cried Miss Havisham, bitterly. "Look at her, so hard and thankless, on the hearth where she was reared! Where I took her into this wretched breast when it was first bleeding from its stabs, and where I have lavished years of tenderness upon her!"

"At least I was no party to the compact," said Estella, "for if I could walk and speak, when it was made, it was as much as I could do. But what would you have? You have been very good to me, and I owe everything to you. What would you have?"

"Love," replied the other.

"You have it."

“I have not,” said Miss Havisham.

“Mother by adoption,” retorted Estella, never departing from the easy grace of her attitude, never raising her voice as the other did, never yielding either to anger or tenderness, “Mother by adoption, I have said that I owe everything to you. All I possess is freely yours. All that you have given me, is at your command to have again. Beyond that, I have nothing. And if you ask me to give you what you never gave me, my gratitude and duty cannot do impossibilities.”

“Did I never give her, love!” cried Miss Havisham, turning wildly to me. “Did I never give her a burning love, inseparable from jealousy at all times, and from sharp pain, while she speaks thus to me! Let her call me mad, let her call me mad!”

“Why should I call you mad,” returned Estella, “I, of all people? Does anyone live, who knows what set purposes you have, half as well as I do? Does any one live, who knows what a steady memory you have, half as well as I do? I who have sat on this same hearth on the little stool that is even now beside you there, learning your lessons and looking up into your face, when your face was strange and frightened me!”

“Soon forgotten!” moaned Miss Havisham. “Times soon forgotten!”

“No, not forgotten,” retorted Estella. “Not forgotten, but treasured up in my memory. When have you found me false to your teaching? When have you found me unmindful of your lessons? When have you found me giving admission here,” she touched her bosom with her hand, “to anything that you excluded? Be just to me.”

“So proud, so proud!” moaned Miss Havisham, pushing away her grey hair with both her hands.

“Who taught me to be proud?” returned Estella. “Who praised me when I learnt my lesson?”

“So hard, so hard!” moaned Miss Havisham, with her former action.

“Who taught me to be hard?” returned Estella. “Who praised me when I learnt my lesson?”

“But to be proud and hard to *me!*” Miss Havisham quite shrieked, as she stretched out her arms. “Estella, Estella, Estella, to be proud and hard to *me!*”

Estella looked at her for a moment with a kind of calm wonder, but was not otherwise disturbed; when the moment was past, she looked down at the fire again.

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

OR

*Eden Close* – Anita Shreve**Question 3**

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How does Shreve use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to explore Andrew's relationship with others in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

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OR

*The Lovely Bones* – Alice Sebold

## Question 4

0	4
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How does Sebold use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present Grandma Lynn in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

“Hello? Knock-knock,” said Grandma Lynn.

Lindsey jumped.

“Sorry to disturb you, hon,” she said. “I thought I heard you in here.”

My grandmother stood in what my mother called one of her Jackie Kennedy dresses. She had never understood why unlike the rest of us her mother had no hips—she could slide into a straight-cut dress and fill it out just enough, even at sixty-two, to look perfect in it.

“What are you doing in here?” Lindsey asked.

“I need help with this zipper.” Grandma Lynn turned, and Lindsey could see what she had never seen on our own mother. The back of Grandma Lynn’s black bra, the top of her half-slip. She walked the step or two over to our grandmother and, trying not to touch anything but the zipper tab, zipped her up.

“How about that hook and eye up there,” said Grandma Lynn. “Can you get that?”

There were powdery smells and Chanel No. 5 sprinkled all around our grandmother’s neck.

“It’s one of the reasons for a man—you can’t do this stuff yourself.”

Lindsey was as tall as our grandmother and still growing. As she took the hook and eye in either hand, she saw the fine wisps of dyed blond hair at the base of my grandmother’s skull. She saw the downy gray hair trailing along her back and neck. She hooked the dress and then stood there.

“I’ve forgotten what she looked like,” Lindsey said.

“What?” Grandma Lynn turned.

“I can’t remember,” Lindsey said. “I mean her neck, you know, did I ever look at it?”

“Oh honey,” Grandma Lynn said, “come here.” She opened up her arms, but Lindsey turned into the closet.

“I need to look pretty,” she said.

“You are pretty,” Grandma Lynn said.

Lindsey couldn’t get her breath. One thing Grandma Lynn never did was dole out compliments. When they came, they were unexpected gold.

“We’ll find you a nice outfit in here,” Grandma Lynn said and strode toward my clothes. No one could shop a rack like Grandma Lynn. On the rare occasions that she visited near the start of the school year she would take the two of us out. We marveled at her as we watched her nimble fingers play the hangers like so many keys. Suddenly, hesitating only for a moment, she would pull out a dress or shirt and hold it up to us. “What do you think?” she’d ask. It was always perfect.

As she considered my separates, plucked and posed them against my sister’s torso, she talked:

“Your mother’s a wreck, Lindsey. I’ve never seen her like this before.”

“Grandma.”

“Hush, I’m thinking.” She held up my favorite church dress. It was blackwatch wool with a Peter Pan collar. I liked it mostly because the skirt was so big I could sit in the pew cross-legged and flounce the hem down to the ground. “Where did she get *this* sack?” my grandmother asked. “Your dad, he’s a mess too, but he’s mad about it.”

“Who was that man you asked Mom about?”

She stiffened on the question. “What man?”

“You asked Mom if Dad still was saying that *that* man did it. What man?”

“Voilà!” Grandma Lynn held up a dark blue minidress that my sister had never seen. It was Clarissa’s.

“It’s so short,” Lindsey said.

“I’m shocked at your mother,” Grandma Lynn said. “She let the kid get something stylish!”

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

OR

*Enduring Love* – Ian McEwan

## Question 5

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How does McEwan use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to convey a sense of menace in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

I was looking at his clothes, wondering about the weapon. He had to have one. He hadn't come to kill me with his bare hands. He could easily have borrowed or bought from the men he had hired. There was no obvious bulge in the beige cotton jacket he was wearing, though its cut was loose and it was hard to tell. An edge of something black, a comb perhaps, protruded from his top pocket. He wore tight-fitting jeans over grey leather boots, so whatever he had was in the jacket. He sat right up against Clarissa, with his left leg touching her right, almost squashing her into the arm of the sofa. She was perfectly still, her hands palm downwards on her knees, her body radiating disgust and terror at his touch. Her head was turned a little towards him, ready for whatever he might do. She was still, but ripples of muscle and tendon at the base of her neck suggested that she was coiled, ready to spring away.

'Now you've got me here,' I said, 'you don't need Clarissa.'

'I need you both,' he said quickly. The tremor in his hands was so bad he clasped them. Sweat was beading on his forehead, and I thought I could smell the sweet grassy tang. Whatever he had in mind was about to happen. Even so, now that he was right in front of me, the idea of pointing a gun at him seemed ludicrous. And I wanted to sit down, I was suddenly so tired. I wanted to lie somewhere and rest. I felt let down by the adrenalin that was meant to bestow alertness. I couldn't help myself yawning, and he must have thought I was being very cool.

'You forced your way in here,' I said.

'I love you, Joe,' he said simply, 'and it's wrecked my life.' He glanced at Clarissa as though acknowledging a repetition. 'I didn't want any of it, you knew that didn't you. But you wouldn't leave me alone and I thought there must be a point to it. You had to be leading me on for a reason. You were called to God and you were fighting it and you seemed to be asking me to help you ...' He paused, looking across his shoulder for his next thought. I suffered no failure of attention, but my anxiety about his closeness to Clarissa continued to grow. Why wouldn't he let her move? I remembered a moment during my visit to the Logans when I had grasped what it might mean to lose her. Should I be doing something now? I also remembered Johnny's warning. As soon as I took out the gun, I would be giving Parry permission to kill. Perhaps the danger could be dissipated in talk. My one certainty was that I should not contradict him.

Clarissa's voice was very quiet and small. She was taking a risk, trying to reason with him. 'I'm sure Joe didn't mean you any harm.'

The sweat was fairly rolling off Parry now. There was something he was about to do. He forced a laugh. 'That's debatable!'

‘He was actually very frightened of you, you know, standing outside the house, and all the letters. He didn’t know anything about you, then suddenly there you were ...’

Parry tossed his head from side to side. It was an involuntary spasm, an intensification of his nervous sideways glance, and I had the feeling we were catching a glimpse of the core of his condition; he had to block out the facts that didn’t fit. He said, ‘You don’t understand. Neither of you do, but you especially.’ He turned towards her.

I put my right hand in my jacket pocket and felt for the safety catch, but I was fumbling too hard and couldn’t find it.

‘You’ve no idea what this has been about. How could you? But I haven’t come here to talk about it. It’s all in the past. It’s not worth discussing, is it, Joe? We’re finished, aren’t we. All of us.’ He trailed a finger through the sweat along the line of his eyebrows and sighed loudly. We waited. When he raised his head he was looking at me. ‘I’m not going to go on about it. That’s not why I’m here. I’ve come to ask you something. I think you know what it is.’

‘Perhaps I do,’ I lied.

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

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OR

*Waiting for Godot* – Samuel Beckett

**Question 6**

0	6
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How does Beckett use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to create a sense of hopelessness in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

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OR

*The Caretaker* – Harold Pinter

**Question 7**

0	7
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How does Pinter use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Davies's attitude towards Aston in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

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**Turn over for the next question**

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OR

*Othello* – William Shakespeare

## Question 8

0 8

How does Shakespeare use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Othello in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

OTHELLO

Why, how now, ho! From whence ariseth this?  
 Are we turned Turks and to ourselves do that  
 Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?  
 For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl.  
 He that stirs next to carve for his own rage  
 Holds his soul light: he dies upon his motion.  
 Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle  
 From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?  
 Honest Iago, that looks dead with grieving,  
 Speak, who began this? On thy love I charge thee.

IAGO

I do not know. Friends all but now, even now,  
 In quarter and in terms like bride and groom  
 Devesting them for bed: and then but now –  
 As if some planet had unwitted men –  
 Swords out, and tilting one at others' breasts  
 In opposition bloody. I cannot speak  
 Any beginning to this peevish odds;  
 And would in action glorious I had lost  
 Those legs that brought me to a part of it.

OTHELLO

How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

CASSIO

I pray you pardon me: I cannot speak.

OTHELLO

Worthy Montano, you were wont to be civil:  
 The gravity and stillness of your youth  
 The world hath noted; and your name is great  
 In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter  
 That you unlace your reputation thus  
 And spend your rich opinion for the name  
 Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

MONTANO

Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger.  
 Your officer, Iago, can inform you,  
 While I spare speech, which something now offends me,  
 Of all that I do know; nor know I aught  
 By me that's said or done amiss this night,  
 Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,

And to defend ourselves it be a sin  
When violence assails us.

OTHELLO                                      Now, by heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,  
And passion, having my best judgement collied,  
Assays to lead the way. Zounds, if I stir,  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on;  
And he that is approved in this offence,  
Though he had twinned with me, both at a birth,  
Shall lose me. What! In a town of war  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel  
In night, and on the court and guard of safety,  
'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began't?

**Turn over for the next question**

OR

*Equus* – Peter Shaffer

## Question 9

0 9

How does Shaffer use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Dora Strang's feelings in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

*Lights up on the square.*

DYSART I must ask you never to come here again.

DORA Do you think I want to? Do you think I want to?

DYSART Mrs Strang, what on earth has got into you? Can't you see the boy is highly distressed?

DORA (*ironic*) Really?

DYSART Of course! He's at a most delicate stage of treatment. He's totally exposed. Ashamed. Everything you can imagine!

DORA (*exploding*) And me? What about me? ... What do you think I am? ... I'm a parent, of course – so it doesn't count. That's a dirty word in here, isn't it, 'parent'?

DYSART You know that's not true.

DORA Oh, I know. I know, all right! I've heard it all my life. It's *our* fault. Whatever happens, *we* did it. Alan's just a little victim. He's really done nothing at all! (*savagely*) What do you have to do in this world to get any sympathy – blind animals?

DYSART Sit down, Mrs Strang.

DORA (*ignoring him: more and more urgently*) Look, Doctor: you don't have to live with this. Alan is one patient to you: one out of many. He's my son. I lie awake every night thinking about it. Frank lies there beside me. I can hear him. Neither of us sleeps all night. You come to us and say Who forbids television? who does what behind whose back? – as if we're criminals. Let me tell you something. We're not criminals. We've done nothing wrong. We loved Alan. We gave him the best love we could. All right, we quarrel sometimes – all parents quarrel – we always make it up. My husband is a good man. He's an upright man, religion or no religion. He cares for his home, for the world, and for his boy. Alan had love and care and treats, and as much fun as any boy in the world. I know about loveless homes: I was a teacher. Our home wasn't loveless. I know about privacy too – not invading a child's privacy. All right, Frank may be at fault there – he digs into him too much – but nothing in excess. He's not a bully ... (*gravely*) No, doctor. Whatever's happened has happened *because of Alan*. Alan is himself. Every soul is itself. If you added

up everything we ever did to him, from his first day on earth to this, you wouldn't find why he did this terrible thing – because that's *him*: not just all of our things added up. Do you understand what I'm saying? I want you to understand, because I lie awake and awake thinking it out, and I want you to know that I deny it absolutely what he's doing now, staring at me, attacking me for what *he's* done, for what *he* is! (*pause: calmer*) You've got your words, and I've got mine. You call it a complex, I suppose. But if you knew God, Doctor, you would know about the Devil. You'd know the Devil isn't made by what mummy says and daddy says. The Devil's *there*. It's an old-fashioned word, but a true thing ... I'll go. What I did in there was inexcusable. I only know he was my little Alan, and then the Devil came.

*She leaves the square, and resumes her place. Dysart watches her go, then leaves himself by the opposite entrance, and approaches Alan.*

#### END OF EXTRACTS

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