

General Certificate of Education
June 2005
Advanced Subsidiary Examination



**ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
(SPECIFICATION A)**

NA3M

**Unit 3 The Study of the Language of Prose
and Speech (Modern Texts)**

Friday 27 May 2005 9.00 am to 10.30 am

In addition to this paper you will require:
a 12-page answer book.

Time allowed: 1 hour 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 NA3M.
- Answer **one** question from Section A and Question 4 in Section B.

Information

- The books prescribed for this paper **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 200.
- All questions (Sections A and B) carry 100 marks.
- You will be assessed on your ability to use an appropriate form and style of writing, to organise relevant information clearly and coherently, and to use specialist vocabulary, where appropriate. The degree of legibility of your handwriting and the level of accuracy of your spelling, punctuation and grammar will also be taken into account.

**SECTION A – The Study of the Language of Prose
(Modern Texts)**

Answer **one** question from this section.

EITHER

Eden Close – Anita Shreve

1 Read the extract printed below.

Examine the ways in which Shreve portrays Eden here and elsewhere in the novel.

In your answer you should consider:

- choices of form, style, vocabulary and narrative viewpoint
- the ways in which attitudes and values are conveyed to the reader.

AS A TOMBOY, Eden was brilliant. She learned to be tough and savvy as if taking on a foreign language, and in doing so discovered an aptitude for it. After an initial period of disbelief, Andy and T.J. and Sean grudgingly found this new character acceptable, and they were more than a little awed by a tenacity in her that none of them could quite match. No matter how hard they tried in the beginning to shake her off, she stuck, like a stray. She made her mother cut her hair, though Jim had forbidden it; she took to wearing dungarees and white Keds. Though she was inches shorter than Andy or T.J. or Sean, she matched them stride for stride as they walked the tracks, her hands stuffed like theirs into the pockets of a maroon and gold junior high school jacket that was several sizes too big for her, a black knit cap, like the ones they wore, all but covering her bright gold fringe.

It was the year T.J.'s father let him have a BB gun to shoot squirrels with, and after she had wheedled a turn, Eden showed an enthusiasm for tracking and shooting small animals that surprised them—especially Andy, who even at fourteen was hard-pressed to understand why killing animals was fun. In winter, when every afternoon was spent with a hockey stick on the pond behind the cornfields, Eden watched the others at first, hunched in her school jacket, stomping her feet on the ground, both to keep them warm and in irritation. “I want to skate, you assholes,” she cried, employing the word that was at the farthest edge of their vocabularies that month. And in the end, she bullied Andy into teaching her. Though she was small, she was, like her demeanor, fast and headstrong. And when she was hit with the puck—on the shin through her dungarees, at the side of her cheekbone, drawing blood, causing a scar that might have been permanent had that particular mark not been obliterated three years later—she, like them, did not cry but rather held her breath and stood perfectly still and let her face go white with the pain.

They played at the pond from early December until late in March. He remembers the way the toes went first, and then the ears, because they'd been bitten by the cold years earlier one day when you hadn't noticed. He remembers the way the ice felt when it was refrozen and bumpy and the sinking in the stomach when you'd caught an edge and knew you were going down on your kneecaps. In early December, after a cold snap, the ice was black and gorgeous, but for most of the season, in the late afternoon, it was snowy with streaks and ruts and graceful arcs, with the sun blinking red-gold behind the lacy silhouettes of the bare tree limbs, the sky already turning navy blue.

He remembers they'd been sitting one afternoon in the snowbank at the edge of the pond, unlacing their skates, timing it so they'd emerge from the cornfields just as it turned pitch, calling each other “shithead” and “fink” in a confusion of vocabularies, trying out words they'd heard at school or from their parents. It was just after Christmas, because Andy and Eden had new skates. He remembers that his fingers were stiff with the intense cold and that he couldn't get the wet knots undone. And then suddenly, raising his head in frustration, in the thickening dusk, he saw it.

She drew from her pocket a pack of Old Golds—casually, as if the pack, wrapped in cellophane, were merely sticks of gum. He can see it still: the pleasure and triumph in her eyes at being the first to have them, thus cementing for herself, with this single gesture, a place among the elect.

One by one they stopped what they were doing to watch her as she expertly opened the cellophane and shook one cigarette from the pack. She lit it. She inhaled deeply, as none of them had ever done, and Andy realized she'd been practicing, possibly for days, watching and waiting for the precise moment to make her move. Sean, his nose running from the cold, tried to disparage the gesture, breaking the silence by saying that she had the only parent who smoked, implying she had an access denied the others, but the moment belonged to Eden, and she knew it. She held out the pack, and they each took one, holding it between their fingers the way, years later, they would learn to cradle joints. She tossed the matches to Andy, fixing him with her eyes. And with this look, she dared him to inhale as she had, though he could hardly breathe from the cold and his earlier exertions on the ice.

They had all smoked the one cigarette, and then they'd had another, till they were nothing but four embers glowing in the dark. And at the edge of the cornfield, as they were about to disperse—T.J. and Sean still with the long hike back toward town, their skates knotted and slung over their shoulders, their heads spinning and their stomachs rising—it was Eden who'd produced the roll of peppermint Life Savers, instructing them each on the importance of masking their breath. And if she had not already truly become one of them earlier when she offered them the cigarettes, she would have done so then—for though they all “caught shit,” as T.J. put it, when they arrived home later than they ever had for dinner, none of them yet had to face the shouts and heated lectures that would come months later when smoking among them was already commonplace and they'd grown careless.

TURN OVER FOR THE NEXT QUESTION

Turn over ►

OR

An Evil Cradling – Brian Keenan

2 Read the extract printed below.

Explore the ways in which Keenan uses reflections about a world outside his prison cell to help him cope, here and elsewhere in the novel.

In your answer you should consider:

- choices of form, style, vocabulary and narrative viewpoint
- the ways in which Keenan's attitudes and values are conveyed to the reader.

We often talked of our schooldays. John's life at a public boarding school still intrigued me, but more intriguing was his own dislike of that school. He felt himself an outsider and as a consequence of this in his later years was a kind of rebel. Here was something that I could appreciate. I too was always something of an outsider, always distancing myself from people and situations. Whatever I was engaged in, I always wanted to go beyond it. I was impatient without understanding why. My impatience must have seemed like an arrogance to people. Maybe I was simply afraid of them. Such were the self-doubting musings that the mind wallowed in.

I remember telling John a story of how, when I was about eight or nine, I took pennies that my mother kept in a glass jar in the cupboard beside the gas meter. On occasion I'd sneak into the parlour to this jar and pinch one or two of them. I told him how I never spent the pennies and he was surprised. I simply took them and kept them. It must have been something to do with childish insecurity. Perhaps with these unspent pennies I would feel secure. It was some kind of childish fetish. 'Why did I want those fucking pennies anyway?' I would insist on asking him, knowing that he would not have the answer. The question was so persistent that I felt he should answer it. I had no answers in myself to the many niggling and irritating questions that began to flood into me.

John seemed to understand this. He told how he had felt like an outsider during his university career. 'Hull was not the place to be with an accent like mine ... The local students abused my la-de-da ... There was always an air of aggression about them ... I took refuge in alcohol for three years. I was the university's upper-class piss-head ... how in the name of Christ I ever got my degree is beyond me.' I answered him 'You're still a piss-head from what you told me about your job.' 'An occupational hazard, old chap ... we journalists are under great stress you know ...' 'Bollocks,' I answered.

Our childhoods and the memory of them fascinated us. There were so many things that we didn't understand. We both felt a great need to talk deeply and affectionately about our parents and those puzzling incidents in our childhoods which returned to perplex us. With the realization of that need and the fact that there was no-one there with whom we could resolve these things, we were overwhelmed with fear that our parents might die before we got home. It held us frozen and every night we knew that each prayed for the comfort and survival of our families.

We spoke voraciously of international politics. John's appetite for my fairy tales of the troubles at home seemed insatiable. I laid on my Irishness thick and creamy. John would listen for long periods, then suddenly attack with a barrage of questions. I had to struggle to answer them. Our imprisonment had given us a capacity to think deeply and comprehensively. In the nothingness and those excruciating hours of mind-wrecking isolation from which we had both to climb and fall back and climb again, we had each brought with us, unknowingly, an intellect honed and sharpened. These profound meditations often degenerated into an exchange of foul-mouthed banter. 'That's the problem with marley mouths like you. You write about news you have no understanding of.' John giggled. 'Marley mouth?' he asked. 'Yes, you talk like you were born with marleys in your mouth ... I don't know how you ever got the silver spoon in.' 'Marleys?' he asked again, his laughter rising; 'What in the name of fuck are you talking about, you ridiculous Irish aborigine.' 'Marleys, you brain-dead piece of shit, are little coloured glass balls that children play with ... I would have thought that a boarding school pimp like yourself

would know all about playing with balls,' I retorted. John's laughter was feverish. 'My dear fellow,' he said in the most precise and mannered English, 'you mean marbles. It always amazes me that the race of apes from which you descended should ever have acquired the basic rudiments of language. As for my manner of speech, your own diction is unfathomable. It is only matched by your audacity, you maggot-faced, pea-brained piece of pus.'

Both of us were now in hysterics. The rich elaborations that we slung at one another endlessly with childish competitiveness intoxicated us. It was heady, monstrous and foul. But it was gloriously imaginative and unfettered. We hurled this abuse with such pretended vehemence and at other times with such calm perverse eloquence that the force of it and the laughter pushed back the crushing agony of the tiny space. 'John-boy, if I get out of here before you I am going to go and see your mum. I'm going to tell her the truth.' I paused. John looked, screwing up one eye as if to say; what are you at, Keenan? I continued 'I'm going to tell her that your language is appalling. You swear like a trooper and your imagination belongs in a dung-heap of a camel overcome with diarrhoea.' John answered 'My dear fellow, if you do I'll tell you what she will say.' He paused. '“You are a fucking lying Irish bastard, now buggah off,” that's what she will say,' he concluded. And again we were off laughing uncontrollably and the laughter of each affecting the other. The way the laughing sailor dolls in fair grounds and fun-houses have everyone who pays to hear them laughing uncontrollably along with them.

TURN OVER FOR THE NEXT QUESTION

Turn over ►

OR

The Wasp Factory – Iain Banks

3 Read the extract printed below.

In what ways does Banks explore the importance of identity here and elsewhere in the novel?

In your answer you should consider:

- choices of form, style and vocabulary
- the ways in which attitudes and values are conveyed to the reader.

I'm not Francis Leslie Cauldhame. I'm Frances Lesley Cauldhame. That's what it boils down to. The tampons and the hormones were for me.

My father dressing Eric up as a girl was just, as it turned out, a rehearsal for me. When Old Saul savaged me, my father saw it as an ideal opportunity for a little experiment, and a way of lessening – perhaps removing entirely – the influence of the female around him as I grew up. So he started dosing me with male hormones, and has been ever since. That's why he's always made the meals, that's why what I've always thought was the stump of a penis is really an enlarged clitoris. Hence the beard, no periods, and all the rest.

But he has kept tampons for the last few years, just in case my own hormones got the better of the ones he had been pumping me with. He had the bromide to stop the added androgen making me feel randy. He made a fake set of male genitals from the same wax kit I found under the stairs and made my candles from. He was going to confront me with the specimen-jar if I ever started to query whether I really was castrated. More proof; more lies. Even the stuff about farting was a cheat; he's been friends with Duncan the barman for years and buys him drinks in return for an informative phone call after I've been drinking in the Arms. Even now I can't be sure he's told me everything, though he did seem to be gripped by the urge to confess all, and tears were in his eyes last night.

Thinking about it, I feel a knot of anger building in my stomach again, but I fight it. I wanted to kill him, there and then in the kitchen after he told me and convinced me. Part of me still wants to believe it's just his latest lie, but really I know it's the truth. I'm a woman. Scarred thighs, outer labia a bit chewed up, and I'll never be attractive, but according to Dad a normal female, capable of intercourse and giving birth (I shiver at the thought of either).

I look out at the glittering sea while Eric's head rests on my lap and I think again of that poor horse.

I don't know what I'm going to do. I can't stay here, and I'm frightened of everywhere else. But I suppose I'll have to go. What a bummer. Maybe I'd consider suicide, if some of my relatives hadn't produced such difficult acts to follow.

I look down at Eric's head: quiet, dirty, asleep. His face is calm. He feels no pain.

I watched the small waves fall on the beach for a while. On the sea, on that lens of water, twice-bulged and wobbling and rolling around the earth, I am looking at a rippled desert, and I have seen it as flat as a salt lake. Elsewhere the geography is different; the sea undulates, sways and swells, folds into rolling downs under freshening breezes, piles into foothills beneath the stiffening trades, and finally rears white-topped and blizzard-streaked in circling mountain ranges rammed by the storm-forced wind.

And where I am, where we sit and lie and sleep and look, on this warm summer's day, the snow will fall in a half-year's time. The ice and frost, the rime and hoar, the howling gale born in Siberia, pushed over Scandinavia and swept across the North Sea, the world's grey waters and the air's dun skies will lay their cold, determined hands on this place, make it theirs for a while.

I want to laugh or cry or both, as I sit here, thinking about my one life, my three deaths. Four deaths now, in a way, now that my father's truth has murdered what I was.

But I *am* still me; I *am* the same person, with the same memories and the same deeds done, the same (small) achievements, the same (appalling) crimes to *my* name.

Why? *How* could I have done those things?

Perhaps it was because I thought I had had all that really mattered in the world, the whole reason – and means – for our continuance as a species, stolen from me before I even knew its value. Perhaps I murdered for revenge in each case, jealously exacting – through the only potency at my command – a toll from those who passed within my range; my peers who each would otherwise have grown into the one thing I could never become: an adult.

Lacking, as one might say, one will, I forged another; to lick my own wound, I cut *them* off, reciprocating in my angry innocence the emasculation I could not then fully appreciate, but somehow – through the attitudes of others perhaps – sensed as an unfair, irrecoverable loss. Having no purpose in life or procreation, I invested all my worth in that grim opposite, and so found a negative and negation of the fecundity only others could lay claim to. I believe that I decided if I could never become a man, I – the unmanned – would out-man those around me, and so I became the killer, a small image of the ruthless soldier-hero almost all I've ever seen or read seems to pay strict homage to. I would find or make my own weapons, and my victims would be those most recently produced by the one act I was incapable of; my equals in that, while they possessed the potential for generation, they were at that point no more able to perform the required act than I was. Talk about penis envy.

TURN OVER FOR SECTION B

Turn over ►

SECTION B – The Study of the Language of Speech

Answer Question 4.

4 Read the transcript printed below.

It is an extract from a conversation between a student, who has just spent her first term at university and a teacher who used to teach her when she was at school. The student is studying for a degree in Japanese and German at Leeds. At this point she is talking about a particular module on her course called Japanese Culture.

How do the speakers' views about the student's course emerge from their interaction during this part of the conversation?

In your answer you should comment on:

- the choice of vocabulary, grammar and features of spoken language
- the attitudes and values conveyed by the speakers.

Key

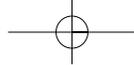
(.)	micropause
(1.0)	pause in seconds
<u>underlining</u>	particular emphasis of a word
< >	simultaneous speech
[overlap
<i>italics</i>	non-verbal sounds
::	elongated speech
Some words are spelled to reflect pronunciation	

Student:	Ja Japanese Culture's a bit (.) bit of a nightmare actually (1.0) s'allright (1.5) at the moment I'm learnin' about (0.5) <u>Zen</u> (.) <u>Buddhism</u> (.) an' it's like (.) cra::zy (.) they'd they like go to these things (0.5) these erm (2.0) monasteries (1.0) an' like (.) they get <u>beaten</u> up (.) if they're not thinking properly an' stuff [(.) y'know y'know
Teacher:	[what (1.0) the monks [do
Student:	[no
	(1.0) the monks beat up like (.) the people that go (.) to meditate an' stuff (0.5) they hafter [meditate
Teacher:	[is that now

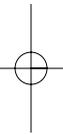
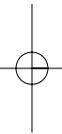
- Student: (1.0) yeah yeah (0.5) they hafter meditate right (*Teacher laughs incredulously*) an' if the (*student half laughs*) if the if the (.) monks think their head's not empty (1.0) if the monks think they've got something (.) like thinkin' about somethin' (.) they hafter answer those questions those y'know (.) those those (.) they're not called riddles (.) (*student laughs*) gettin' quite excited now (.) what they called erm (*clicks fingers*) I'm tryin' to think of an example (1.5) er:::m (3.0) erm things like does a tree (.) make a noise (.) if it's cut down an' there's no one to hear it (.)
- Teacher: is that
okay (.) yeah
- Student: 'n if their head's not empty (2.0) like the m the monks chuck them down stairs an' stuff (.) an' like hit them over the head with a stick (1.0) an' they don't get any food (.) an' they have to sleep on like (.) concrete (2.5) an' people like <Teacher: uhuh> pay like (.) loads of money for it cos it's supposed to be dead good
- Teacher: d'you hafter go ter (.) Japan as part of yer course then (.) d'you hafter
- Student: I hafter go next year
- Teacher: ye
- Student: for a year yeah
- Teacher: what the end of nex' the end of yer second year
- Student: no th (0.5) the beginning of me second year
- Teacher: the beginning of yer second year
- Student: mm (.) for a full year
- Teacher: (2.0) so is that so you can learn the language
- Student: mmmm
- Teacher: (1.5) a:::nd (1.5) presumably the sort of way of life
- Student: yeah (0.5) yer gotta like (.) got to (.) like yer I hafter got to go to university there (0.5) an' a Japanese (.) student'll come to Leeds
- Teacher: o:::hh I see
- Student: sort of exchange thing (1.0) but some li (*laughs*) some of them are quite good because (1.0) it's not s it's not supposed I mean (.) Japan's more expensive than Leeds obviously (.) but yer supposed to like spend about the same amount of money (1.0) but like (.) they've got so much money there still even though it's supposed to be their recession (0.5) that one year one of the boys that went from Leeds (0.5) said like (.) the (.) he was like greeted by the principal or the (.) chancellor or (.) not chancellor
- Teacher: the vice chancellor
- Student: yeah (0.5) 'n erm (1.5) 'n he was like (.) what sort of clubs do you want to join (.) he said oh I want to join the sailing club (1.0) he said oh we don't have one (.) so the next day they bought him a yacht (0.5) so he could just go sailing (.) on like (.) on his own yacht

END OF TEXTS

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Question 4 Source: A transcript of a conversation between a student and a teacher.

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