

General Certificate of Education  
January 2006  
Advanced Subsidiary Examination



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

**NA3P**

**Unit 3 The Study of the Language of Prose and Speech  
(Pre-1900 Texts)**

Tuesday 17 January 2006 9.00 am to 10.30 am

**For this paper you must have:**

- 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 NA3P.
- Answer **one** question from Section A and Question 5 in Section B.
- Do all rough work in the answer book. Cross through any work you do not want marked.

**Information**

- The texts prescribed for this paper **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 200.
- There are 100 marks for each question (Sections A and B).
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers. All questions should be answered in continuous prose. Quality of Written Communication will be assessed in all answers.
- *Hard Times* is examined for the last time in this paper. The question set on this novel, on pages 10 – 11 of this paper should therefore be attempted **only** by candidates who are **re-sitting** *Hard Times*.

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**SECTION A – The Study of the Language of Prose  
(Pre-1900 Texts)**

Answer **one** question from this section.

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**EITHER**

*Great Expectations* – Charles Dickens

**1** Read the extract printed below.

Explore the presentation of Estella's behaviour towards Pip 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.

Before she spoke again, she turned her eyes from me, and looked at the dress she wore, and at the dressing-table, and finally at herself in the looking-glass.

‘So new to him,’ she muttered, ‘so old to me; so strange to him, so familiar to me; so melancholy to both of us! Call Estella.’

As she was still looking at the reflection of herself, I thought she was still talking to herself, and kept quiet.

‘Call Estella,’ she repeated, flashing a look at me. ‘You can do that. Call Estella. At the door.’

To stand in the dark in a mysterious passage of an unknown house, bawling Estella to a scornful young lady neither visible nor responsive, and feeling it a dreadful liberty so to roar out her name, was almost as bad as playing to order. But, she answered at last, and her light came along the dark passage like a star.

Miss Havisham beckoned her to come close, and took up a jewel from the table, and tried its effect upon her fair young bosom and against her pretty brown hair. ‘Your own, one day, my dear, and you will use it well. Let me see you play cards with this boy.’

‘With this boy! Why, he is a common labouring-boy!’

I thought I overheard Miss Havisham answer – only it seemed so unlikely – ‘Well? You can break his heart.’

‘What do you play, boy?’ asked Estella of myself, with the greatest disdain.

‘Nothing but beggar my neighbour, Miss.’

‘Beggar him,’ said Miss Havisham to Estella. So we sat down to cards.

It was then I began to understand that everything in the room had stopped, like the watch and the clock, a long time ago. I noticed that Miss Havisham put down the jewel exactly on the spot from which she had taken it up. As Estella dealt the cards, I glanced at the dressing-table again, and saw that the shoe upon it, once white, now yellow, had never been worn. I glanced down at the foot from which the shoe was absent, and saw that the silk stocking on it, once white, now yellow, had been trodden ragged. Without this arrest of everything, this standing still of all the pale decayed objects, not even the withered bridal dress on the collapsed form could have looked so like grave-clothes, or the long veil so like a shroud.

So she sat, corpse-like, as we played at cards; the frillings and trimmings on her bridal dress, looked like earthy paper. I knew nothing then of the discoveries that are occasionally made of bodies buried in ancient times, which fall to powder in the moment of being distinctly seen; but, I have often thought since, that she must have looked as if the admission of the natural light of day would have struck her to dust.

‘He calls the knaves, Jacks, this boy!’ said Estella with disdain, before our first game was out. ‘And what coarse hands he has! And what thick boots!’

I had never thought of being ashamed of my hands before; but I began to consider them a very indifferent pair. Her contempt for me was so strong, that it became infectious, and I caught it.

She won the game, and I dealt. I misdealt, as was only natural, when I knew she was lying in wait for me to do wrong; and she denounced me for a stupid, clumsy labouring-boy.

‘You say nothing of her,’ remarked Miss Havisham to me, as she looked on. ‘She says many hard things of you, yet you say nothing of her. What do you think of her?’

‘I don’t like to say,’ I stammered.

‘Tell me in my ear,’ said Miss Havisham, bending down.

‘I think she is very proud,’ I replied, in a whisper.

‘Anything else?’

‘I think she is very pretty.’

‘Anything else?’

‘I think she is very insulting.’ (She was looking at me then with a look of supreme aversion.)

‘Anything else?’

‘I think I should like to go home.’

‘And never see her again, though she is so pretty?’

‘I am not sure that I shouldn’t like to see her again, but I should like to go home now.’

‘You shall go soon,’ said Miss Havisham aloud. ‘Play the game out.’

Saving for the one weird smile at first, I should have felt almost sure that Miss Havisham’s face could not smile. It had dropped into a watchful and brooding expression – most likely when all the things about her had become transfixed – and it looked as if nothing could ever lift it up again. Her chest had dropped, so that she stooped; and her voice had dropped, so that she spoke low, and with a dead lull upon her; altogether, she had the appearance of having dropped, body and soul, within and without, under the weight of a crushing blow.

I played the game to an end with Estella, and she beggared me. She threw the cards down on the table when she had won them all, as if she despised them for having been won of me.

‘When shall I have you here again?’ said Miss Havisham. ‘Let me think.’

I was beginning to remind her that to-day was Wednesday, when she checked me with her former impatient movement of the fingers of her right hand.

‘There, there! I know nothing of days of the week; I know nothing of weeks of the year. Come again after six days. You hear?’

‘Yes, ma’am.’

‘Estella, take him down. Let him have something to eat, and let him roam and look about him while he eats. Go, Pip.’

**Turn over for the next question**

OR

*What Maisie Knew* – Henry James

2 Read the extract printed below.

How does Henry James present Maisie's mood swings 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.

THE NEXT DAY it seemed to her indeed at the bottom – down too far, in shuddering plunges, even to leave her a sense, on the Channel boat, of the height at which Sir Claude remained and which had never in every way been so great as when, much in the wet, though in the angle of a screen of canvas, he sociably sat with his stepdaughter's head in his lap and that of Mrs Beale's housemaid fairly pillowed on his breast. Maisie was surprised to learn as they drew into port that they had had a lovely passage; but this emotion, at Boulogne, was speedily quenched in others, above all in the great ecstasy of a larger impression of life. She was 'abroad' and she gave herself up to it, responded to it, in the bright air, before the pink houses, among the bare-legged fishwives and the red-legged soldiers, with the instant certitude of a vocation. Her vocation was to see the world and to thrill with enjoyment of the picture; she had grown older in five minutes and had by the time they reached the hotel recognised in the institutions and manners of France a multitude of affinities and messages. Literally in the course of an hour she found her initiation; a consciousness much quickened by the superior part that, as soon as they had gobbled down a French breakfast – which was indeed a high note in the concert – she observed herself to play to Susan Ash. Sir Claude, who had already bumped against people he knew and who, as he said, had business and letters, sent them out together for a walk, a walk in which the child was avenged, so far as poetic justice required, not only for the loud giggles that in their London trudges used to break from her attendant, but for all the years of her tendency to produce socially that impression of an excess of the queer something which had seemed to waver so widely between innocence and guilt. On the spot, at Boulogne, though there might have been excess there was at least no wavering; she recognised, she understood, she adored and took possession; feeling herself attuned to everything and laying her hand, right and left, on what had simply been waiting for her. She explained to Susan, she laughed at Susan, she towered over Susan; and it was somehow Susan's stupidity, of which she had never yet been so sure, and Susan's bewilderment and ignorance and antagonism, that gave the liveliest rebound to her immediate perceptions and adoptions. The place and the people were all a picture together, a picture that, when they went down to the wide sands, shimmered, in a thousand tints, with the pretty organisation of the *plage*, with the gaiety of spectators and bathers, with that of the language and the weather, and above all with that of our young lady's unprecedented situation. For it appeared to her that no one since the beginning of time could have had such an adventure or, in an hour, so much experience; as a sequel to which she only needed, in order to feel with conscious wonder how the past was changed, to hear Susan, inscrutably aggravated, express a preference for the Edgware Road. The past was so changed and the circle it had formed already so overstepped that on that very afternoon, in the course of another walk, she found herself enquiring of Sir Claude – and without a single scruple – if he were prepared as yet to name the moment at which they should start for Paris. His answer, it must be said, gave her the least little chill.

'Oh Paris, my dear child – I don't quite know about Paris!'

This required to be met, but it was much less to challenge him for the rich joy of her first discussion of the details of a tour that, after looking at him a minute, she replied: 'Well, isn't that the *real* thing, the thing that when one does come abroad –?'

He had turned grave again, and she merely threw that out: it was a way of doing justice to the seriousness of their life. She couldn't, moreover, be so much older since yesterday without reflecting that if by this time she probed a little he would recognise that she had done enough for mere patience. There was in fact something in his eyes that suddenly, to her own, made her discretion shabby. Before she could remedy this he had answered her last question, answered it in the way that, of all ways, she had least expected. 'The thing it doesn't do not to do? Certainly Paris is charming. But, my dear fellow, Paris eats your head off. I mean it's so beastly expensive.'

That note gave her a pang – it suddenly let in a harder light. Were they poor, then, that is, was *he* poor, really poor beyond the pleantry of apollinaris and cold beef? They had walked to the end of the long jetty that enclosed the harbour and were looking out at the dangers they had escaped, the grey horizon that was England, the tumbled surface of the sea and the brown smacks that bobbed upon it. Why had he chosen an embarrassed time to make this foreign dash? unless indeed it was just the dash economic, of which she had often heard and on which, after another look at the grey horizon and the bobbing boats, she was ready to turn round with elation. She replied to him quite in his own manner: 'I see, I see.' She smiled up at him. 'Our affairs are involved.'

**Turn over for the next question**

OR

*Wuthering Heights* – Emily Brontë

## 3 Read the extract printed below.

Explore the way in which Hindley is portrayed 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.

He entered, vociferating oaths dreadful to hear; and caught me in the act of stowing his son away in the kitchen cupboard. Hareton was impressed with a wholesome terror of encountering either his wild-beast's fondness, or his madman's rage – for in one he ran a chance of being squeezed and kissed to death, and in the other of being flung into the fire, or dashed against the wall – and the poor thing remained perfectly quiet wherever I chose to put him.

'There, I've found it out at last!' cried Hindley, pulling me back by the skin of the neck, like a dog. 'By Heaven and Hell, you've sworn between you to murder that child! I know how it is, now, that he is always out of my way. But, with the help of Satan, I shall make you swallow the carving knife, Nelly! You needn't laugh; for I've just crammed Kenneth, head-downmost, in the Blackhorse marsh; and two is the same as one – and I want to kill some of you, I shall have no rest till I do!'

'But I don't like the carving knife, Mr Hindley,' I answered; 'it has been cutting red herrings – I'd rather be shot if you please.'

'You'd rather be damned!' he said, 'and so you shall – No law in England can hinder a man from keeping his house decent, and mine's abominable! open your mouth.'

He held the knife in his hand, and pushed its point between my teeth: but, for my part, I was never much afraid of his vagaries. I spat out, and affirmed it tasted detestably – I would not take it on any account.

'Oh!' said he, releasing me, 'I see that hideous little villain is not Hareton – I beg your pardon, Nell – if it be, he deserves flaying alive for not running to welcome me, and for screaming as if I were a goblin. Unnatural cub, come hither! I'll teach thee to impose on a good-hearted, deluded father – Now, don't you think the lad would be handsomer cropped? It makes a dog fiercer, and I love something fierce – Get me a scissors – something fierce and trim! Besides, it's infernal affectation – devilish conceit, it is, to cherish our ears – we're asses enough without them. Hush, child, hush! well then, it is my darling! wisht, dry thy eyes – there's a joy; kiss me; what! it won't? Kiss me, Hareton! Damn thee, kiss me! By God, as if I would rear such a monster! As sure as I'm living, I'll break the brat's neck.'

Poor Hareton was squalling and kicking in his father's arms with all his might, and redoubled his yells when he carried him upstairs and lifted him over the bannister. I cried out that he would frighten the child into fits, and ran to rescue him.

As I reached them, Hindley leant forward on the rails to listen to a noise below; almost forgetting what he had in his hands.

'Who is that?' he asked, hearing some one approaching the stair's-foot.

I leant forward, also, for the purpose of signing to Heathcliff, whose step I recognized, not to come further; and, at the instant when my eye quitted Hareton, he gave a sudden spring, delivered himself from the careless grasp that held him, and fell.

There was scarcely time to experience a thrill of horror before we saw that the little wretch was safe. Heathcliff arrived underneath just at the critical moment; by a natural impulse, he arrested his descent, and setting him on his feet, looked up to discover the author of the accident.

A miser who has parted with a lucky lottery ticket for five shillings and finds next day he has lost in the bargain five thousand pounds, could not show a blanker countenance than he did on beholding the figure of Mr Earnshaw above – It expressed, plainer than words could do, the intensest anguish at having made himself the instrument of thwarting his own revenge. Had it been dark, I dare say, he would have tried to remedy the mistake by smashing Hareton's skull on the steps; but, we witnessed his salvation; and I was presently below with my precious charge pressed to my heart.

Hindley descended more leisurely, sobered and abashed.

'It is your fault, Ellen,' he said, 'you should have kept him out of sight; you should have taken him from me! Is he injured anywhere?'

'Injured!' I cried angrily, 'If he's not killed, he'll be an idiot! Oh! I wonder his mother does not rise from her grave to see how you use him. You're worse than a heathen – treating your own flesh and blood in that manner!'

He attempted to touch the child, who, on finding himself with me, sobbed off his terror directly. At the first finger his father laid on him, however, he shrieked again louder than before, and struggled as if he would go into convulsions.

'You shall not meddle with him!' I continued, 'He hates you – they all hate you – that's the truth! A happy family you have; and a pretty state you're come to!'

'I shall come to a prettier, yet! Nelly,' laughed the misguided man, recovering his hardness. 'At present, convey yourself and him away – And, hark you, Heathcliff! clear you too, quite from my reach and hearing ... I wouldn't murder you to-night, unless, perhaps I set the house on fire; but that's as my fancy goes –'

While saying this he took a pint bottle of brandy from the dresser, and poured some into a tumbler.

'Nay don't!' I entreated, 'Mr Hindley, do take warning. Have mercy on this unfortunate boy, if you care nothing for yourself!'

'Any one will do better for him than I shall,' he answered.

'Have mercy on your own soul!' I said, endeavouring to snatch the glass from his hand.

'Not I! on the contrary, I shall have great pleasure in sending it to perdition, to punish its maker,' exclaimed the blasphemer. 'Here's to its hearty damnation!'

He drank the spirits, and impatiently bade us go; terminating his command with a sequel of horrid imprecations, too bad to repeat, or remember.

**Turn over for the next question**

OR

*Persuasion* – Jane Austen

## 4 Read the extract printed below.

How does Jane Austen convey Anne's common sense approach to life 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.

There was too much wind to make the high part of the new Cobb pleasant for the ladies, and they agreed to get down the steps to the lower, and all were contented to pass quietly and carefully down the steep flight, excepting Louisa; she must be jumped down them by Captain Wentworth. In all their walks he had had to jump her from the stiles; the sensation was delightful to her. The hardness of the pavement for her feet made him less willing upon the present occasion; he did it, however. She was safely down, and instantly, to show her enjoyment, ran up the steps to be jumped down again. He advised her against it, thought the jar too great; but no, he reasoned and talked in vain, she smiled and said, 'I am determined I will': he put out his hands; she was too precipitate by half a second, she fell on the pavement on the Lower Cobb, and was taken up lifeless! There was no wound, no blood, no visible bruise; but her eyes were closed, she breathed not, her face was like death. The horror of that moment to all who stood around!

Captain Wentworth, who had caught her up, knelt with her in his arms, looking on her with a face as pallid as her own in an agony of silence. 'She is dead! she is dead!' screamed Mary, catching hold of her husband, and contributing with his own horror to make him immovable; and in another moment, Henrietta, sinking under the conviction, lost her senses too, and would have fallen on the steps but for Captain Benwick and Anne, who caught and supported her between them.

'Is there no one to help me?' were the first words which burst from Captain Wentworth, in a tone of despair, and as if all his own strength were gone.

'Go to him, go to him,' cried Anne, 'for heaven's sake, go to him. I can support her myself. Leave me, and go to him. Rub her hands, rub her temples; here are salts: take them, take them.'

Captain Benwick obeyed, and Charles at the same moment disengaging himself from his wife, they were both with him; and Louisa was raised up and supported more firmly between them, and everything was done that Anne had prompted, but in vain; while Captain Wentworth, staggering against the wall for his support, exclaimed in the bitterest agony:

'Oh God! her father and mother!'

'A surgeon!' said Anne.

He caught the word: it seemed to rouse him at once; and saying only—'True, true, a surgeon this instant', was darting away, when Anne eagerly suggested:

'Captain Benwick, would not it be better for Captain Benwick? He knows where a surgeon is to be found.'

Every one capable of thinking felt the advantage of the idea, and in a moment (it was all done in rapid moments) Captain Benwick had resigned the poor corpse-like figure entirely to the brother's care, and was off for the town with the utmost rapidity.

As to the wretched party left behind, it could scarcely be said which of the three, who were completely rational, was suffering most: Captain Wentworth, Anne, or Charles, who, really a very affectionate brother, hung over Louisa with sobs of grief, and could only turn his eyes from one sister to see the other in a state as insensible, or to witness the hysterical agitations of his wife, calling on him for help which he could not give.

Anne, attending with all the strength, and zeal, and thought, which instinct supplied, to Henrietta, still tried at intervals, to suggest comfort to the others, tried to quiet Mary, to animate Charles, to assuage the feelings of Captain Wentworth. Both seemed to look to her for directions.

‘Anne, Anne,’ cried Charles, ‘what is to be done next? What, in heaven’s name, is to be done next?’

Captain Wentworth’s eyes were also turned towards her.

‘Had not she better be carried to the inn? Yes, I am sure: carry her gently to the inn.’

‘Yes, yes, to the inn,’ repeated Captain Wentworth, comparatively collected, and eager to be doing something. ‘I will carry her myself. Musgrove, take care of the others.’

By this time the report of the accident had spread among the workmen and boatmen about the Cobb, and many were collected near them, to be useful if wanted; at anyrate, to enjoy the sight of a dead young lady, nay, two dead young ladies, for it proved twice as fine as the first report. To some of the best-looking of these good people Henrietta was consigned, for, though partially revived, she was quite helpless; and in this manner, Anne walking by her side, and Charles attending to his wife, they set forward, treading back, with feelings unutterable, the ground which so lately, so very lately, and so light of heart, they had passed along.

**Turn over for the re-sit question**

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**RE-SIT QUESTION – TO BE ATTEMPTED BY RE-SIT CANDIDATES ONLY.****Re-sit question (RQ)***Hard Times* – Charles Dickens

Read the extract printed below.

Examine the presentation of Sissy 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.

SISSY JUPE had not an easy time of it, between Mr M'Choakumchild and Mrs Gradgrind, and was not without strong impulses, in the first months of her probation, to run away. It hailed facts all day long so very hard, and life in general was opened to her as such a closely-ruled cyphering-book, that assuredly she would have run away, but for only one restraint.

It is lamentable to think of; but this restraint was the result of no arithmetical process, was self-imposed in defiance of all calculation, and went dead against any table of probabilities that any Actuary would have drawn up from the premises. The girl believed that her father had not deserted her; she lived in the hope that he would come back, and in the faith that he would be made the happier by her remaining where she was.

The wretched ignorance with which Jupe clung to this consolation, rejecting the superior comfort of knowing, on a sound arithmetical basis, that her father was an unnatural vagabond, filled Mr Gradgrind with pity. Yet, what was to be done? M'Choakumchild reported that she had a very dense head for figures; that, once possessed with a general idea of the globe, she took the smallest conceivable interest in its exact measurements; that she was extremely slow in the acquisition of dates, unless some pitiful incident happened to be connected therewith; that she would burst into tears on being required (by the mental process) immediately to name the cost of two hundred and forty-seven muslin caps at fourteenpence halfpenny; that she was as low down, in the school, as low could be; that after eight weeks of induction into the elements of Political Economy, she had only yesterday been set right by a prattler three feet high, for returning to the question, 'What is the first principle of this science?' the absurd answer, 'To do unto others as I would that they should do unto me.'

Mr Gradgrind observed, shaking his head, that all this was very bad; that it showed the necessity of infinite grinding at the mill of knowledge, as per system, schedule, blue book, report, and tabular statements A to Z; and that Jupe 'must be kept to it'. So Jupe was kept to it, and became low-spirited, but no wiser.

'It would be a fine thing to be you, Miss Louisa!' she said, one night, when Louisa had endeavoured to make her perplexities for next day something clearer to her.

'Do you think so?'

'I should know so much, Miss Louisa. All that is difficult to me now, would be so easy then.'

'You might not be the better for it, Sissy.'

Sissy submitted, after a little hesitation, 'I should not be the worse, Miss Louisa.' To which Miss Louisa answered, 'I don't know that.'

There had been so little communication between these two – both because life at Stone Lodge went monotonously round like a piece of machinery which discouraged human interference, and because of the prohibition relative to Sissy's past career – that they were still almost strangers. Sissy, with her dark eyes wonderingly directed to Louisa's face, was uncertain whether to say more or to remain silent.

'You are more useful to my mother, and more pleasant with her than I can ever be,' Louisa resumed. 'You are pleasanter to yourself, than *I* am to *my* self.'

'But, if you please Miss Louisa,' Sissy pleaded, 'I am – O so stupid!'

Louisa, with a brighter laugh than usual, told her she would be wiser by and by.

'You don't know,' said Sissy, half crying, 'what a stupid girl I am. All through school hours I make mistakes. Mr and Mrs M'Choakumchild call me up, over and over again, regularly to make mistakes. I can't help them. They seem to come natural to me.'

'Mr and Mrs M'Choakumchild never make any mistakes themselves, I suppose, Sissy?'

'O no!' she eagerly returned. 'They know everything.'

**End of Section A**

**Turn over for Section B**

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**SECTION B – The Study of the Language of Speech**

Answer Question 5.

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- 5** Read the following transcript of spoken English. It is taken from Radio 5 Live, where an athletics commentator, 'X', talks to a British runner, 'Y'.

Explore the ways in which the two speakers convey their thoughts and feelings in this extract.

In your answer you should comment on:

- the choice of vocabulary and the use of grammatical and stylistic features
- the attitudes and values conveyed by the speakers.

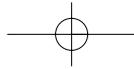
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**END OF QUESTIONS**

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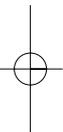
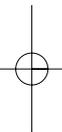
All names have been removed from the transcript in order to maintain confidentiality.

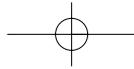
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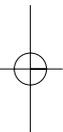
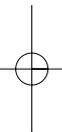
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- Question 2            Source: *What Maisie Knew*, by Henry James, published by Wordsworth Classics, 2002. Literary executor for the James family.
- Question 3            Source: *Wuthering Heights*, by Emily Brontë, published by Penguin Classics, 1995.
- Question 4            Source: *Persuasion*, by Jane Austen, published by Penguin Popular Classics, 1994.
- Re-sit question:      Source: *Hard Times*, by Charles Dickens, published by Penguin Classics, 1995.
- Question 5:            Source: Transcript from BBC Radio 5 Live.

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