

General Certificate of Education
January 2007
Advanced Subsidiary Examination



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

NA3P

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

Wednesday 17 January 2007 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 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 200.
- All questions (Sections A and B) carry 100 marks.
- You will be marked 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 legibility of your handwriting and the accuracy of your spelling, punctuation and grammar will also be considered.

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

Answer **one** question from this section.

EITHER

Great Expectations – Charles Dickens

1 Read the extract printed below.

How does Dickens present dramatic events 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.

IT was a dark night, though the full moon rose as I left the enclosed lands, and passed out upon the marshes. Beyond their dark line there was a ribbon of clear sky, hardly broad enough to hold the red large moon. In a few minutes she had ascended out of that clear field, in among the piled mountains of cloud.

There was a melancholy wind, and the marshes were very dismal. A stranger would have found them insupportable, and even to me they were so oppressive that I hesitated, half inclined to go back. But, I knew them, and could have found my way on a far darker night, and had no excuse for returning, being there. So, having come there against my inclination, I went on against it.

The direction that I took, was not that in which my old home lay, nor that in which we had pursued the convicts. My back was turned towards the distant Hulks as I walked on, and, though I could see the old lights away on the spits of sand, I saw them over my shoulder. I knew the limekiln as well as I knew the old Battery, but they were miles apart; so that if a light had been burning at each point that night, there would have been a long strip of the blank horizon between the two bright specks.

At first, I had to shut some gates after me, and now and then to stand still while the cattle that were lying in the banked-up pathway, arose and blundered down among the grass and reeds. But after a little while, I seemed to have the whole flats to myself.

It was another half-hour before I drew near to the kiln. The lime was burning with a sluggish stifling smell, but the fires were made up and left, and no workmen were visible. Hard by was a small stone-quarry. It lay directly in my way, and had been worked that day, as I saw by the tools and barrows that were lying about.

Coming up again to the marsh level out of this excavation – for the rude path lay through it – I saw a light in the old sluice-house. I quickened my pace, and knocked at the door with my hand. Waiting for some reply, I looked about me, noticing how the sluice was abandoned and broken, and how the house – of wood with a tiled roof – would not be proof against the weather much longer, if it were so even now, and how the mud and ooze were coated with lime, and how the choking vapour of the kiln crept in a ghostly way towards me. Still there was no answer, and I knocked again. No answer still, and I tried the latch.

It rose under my hand, and the door yielded. Looking in, I saw a lighted candle on a table, a bench, and a mattress on a truckle bedstead. As there was a loft above, I called, ‘Is there any one here?’ but no voice answered. Then, I looked at my watch, and, finding that it was past nine, called again, ‘Is there any one here?’ There being still no answer, I went out at the door, irresolute what to do.

It was beginning to rain fast. Seeing nothing save what I had seen already, I turned back into the house, and stood just within the shelter of the doorway, looking out into the night. While I was considering that some one must have been there lately and must soon be coming back, or the candle would not be burning, it came into my head to look if the wick were long. I turned round to do so, and had taken up the candle in my hand, when it was extinguished by some violent shock, and the next thing I comprehended was, that I had been caught in a strong running noose, thrown over my head from behind.

‘Now,’ said a suppressed voice with an oath, ‘I’ve got you!’

‘What is this?’ I cried, struggling. ‘Who is it? Help, help, help!’

Not only were my arms pulled close to my side, but the pressure on my bad arm caused me exquisite pain. Sometimes a strong man’s hand, sometimes a strong man’s breast, was set against my mouth to deaden my cries, and with a hot breath always close to me, I struggled ineffectually in the dark, while I was fastened tight to the wall. ‘And now,’ said the suppressed voice with another oath, ‘call out again, and I’ll make short work of you!’

Faint and sick with the pain of my injured arm, bewildered by the surprise, and yet conscious how easily this threat could be put in execution, I desisted, and tried to ease my arm were it ever so little. But it was bound too tight for that. I felt as if, having been burnt before, it were now being boiled.

The sudden exclusion of the night and the substitution of black darkness in its place, warned me that the man had closed a shutter. After groping about for a little, he found the flint and steel he wanted, and began to strike a light. I strained my sight upon the sparks that fell among the tinder, and upon which he breathed and breathed, match in hand, but I could only see his lips, and the blue point of the match; even those but fitfully. The tinder was damp – no wonder there – and one after another the sparks died out.

The man was in no hurry, and struck again with the flint and steel. As the sparks fell thick and bright about him, I could see his hands and touches of his face, and could make out that he was seated and bending over the table; but nothing more. Presently I saw his blue lip again, breathing on the tinder, and then a flare of light flashed up, and showed me Orlick.

Whom I had looked for, I don’t know. I had not looked for him. Seeing him, I felt that I was in a dangerous strait indeed, and I kept my eyes upon him.

He lighted the candle from the flaring match with great deliberation, and dropped the match, and trod it out. Then, he put the candle away from him on the table, so that he could see me, and sat with his arms folded on the table and looked at me. I made out that I was fastened to a stout perpendicular ladder a few inches from the wall – a fixture there – the means of ascent to the loft above.

‘Now,’ said he, when we had surveyed one another for some time, ‘I’ve got you.’

Turn over for the next question

OR

What Maisie Knew – Henry James

2 Read the extract printed below.

Examine the ways in which the adult world is shown 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.

‘Isn’t he sympathetic?’ asked Mrs Wix, who had clearly, on the strength of his charming portrait, made up her mind that Sir Claude promised her a future. ‘You can see, I hope,’ she added with much expression, ‘that *he’s* a perfect gentleman!’ Maisie had never before heard the word ‘sympathetic’ applied to anybody’s face; she heard it with pleasure and from that moment it agreeably remained with her. She testified, moreover, to the force of her own perception in a small soft sigh of response to the pleasant eyes that seemed to seek her acquaintance, to speak to her directly. ‘He’s quite lovely!’ she declared to Mrs Wix. Then eagerly, irrepressibly, as she still held the photograph and Sir Claude continued to fraternise, ‘Oh can’t I keep it?’ she broke out. No sooner had she done so than she looked up from it at Miss Overmore: this was with the sudden instinct of appealing to the authority that had long ago impressed on her that she mustn’t ask for things. Miss Overmore, to her surprise, looked distant and rather odd, hesitating and giving her time to turn again to Mrs Wix. Then Maisie saw that lady’s long face lengthen; it was stricken and almost scared, as if her young friend really expected more of her than she had to give. The photograph was a possession that, direly denuded, she clung to, and there was a momentary struggle between her fond clutch of it and her capability of every sacrifice for her precarious pupil. With the acuteness of her years, however, Maisie saw that her own avidity would triumph, and she held out the picture to Miss Overmore as if she were quite proud of her mother. ‘Isn’t he just lovely?’ she demanded while poor Mrs Wix hungrily wavered, her straighteners largely covering it and her pelisse gathered about her with an intensity that strained its ancient seams.

‘It was to *me*, darling,’ the visitor said, ‘that your mamma so generously sent it; but of course if it would give you particular pleasure –’ she faltered, only gasping her surrender.

Miss Overmore continued extremely remote. ‘If the photograph’s your property, my dear, I shall be happy to oblige you by looking at it on some future occasion. But you must excuse me if I decline to touch an object belonging to Mrs Wix.’

That lady had by this time grown very red. ‘You might as well see him this way, miss,’ she retorted, ‘as you certainly never will, I believe, in any other! Keep the pretty picture, by all means, my precious,’ she went on: ‘Sir Claude will be happy himself, I dare say, to give me one with a kind inscription.’ The pathetic quaver of this brave boast was not lost on Maisie, who threw herself so gratefully on the speaker’s neck that, when they had concluded their embrace, the public tenderness of which, she felt, made up for the sacrifice she imposed, their companion had had time to lay a quick hand on Sir Claude and, with a glance at him or not, whisk him effectually out of sight. Released from the child’s arms Mrs Wix looked about for the picture; then she fixed Miss Overmore with a hard dumb stare; and finally, with her eyes on the little girl again, achieved the grimmest of smiles. ‘Well, nothing matters, Maisie, because there’s another thing your mamma wrote about. She has made sure of me.’ Even after her loyal hug Maisie felt a bit of a sneak as she glanced at Miss Overmore for permission to understand this. But Mrs Wix left them in no doubt of what it meant. ‘She has definitely engaged me for her return and for yours. Then you’ll see for yourself.’ Maisie, on the spot, quite believed she should; but the prospect was suddenly thrown into confusion by an extraordinary demonstration from Miss Overmore.

‘Mrs Wix,’ said that young lady, ‘has some undiscoverable reason for regarding your mother’s hold on you as strengthened by the fact that she’s about to marry. I wonder, then – on that system – what our visitor will say to your father’s.’

Miss Overmore's words were directed to her pupil, but her face, lighted with an irony that made it prettier even than ever before, was presented to the dingy figure that had stiffened itself for departure. The child's discipline had been bewildering – it had ranged freely between the prescription that she was to answer when spoken to and the experience of lively penalties on obeying that prescription. This time, nevertheless, she felt emboldened for risks; above all as something portentous seemed to have leaped into her sense of the relations of things. She looked at Miss Overmore much as she had a way of looking at persons who treated her to 'grown up' jokes. 'Do you mean papa's hold on me – do you mean *he's* about to marry?'

'Papa's not about to marry – papa *is* married, my dear. Papa was married the day before yesterday at Brighton.' Miss Overmore glittered more gaily; meanwhile it came over Maisie, and quite dazzlingly, that her 'smart' governess was a bride. 'He's my husband, if you please, and I'm his little wife. So *now* we'll see who's your little mother!' She caught her pupil to her bosom in a manner that was not to be outdone by the emissary of her predecessor, and a few moments later, when things had lurched back into their places, that poor lady, quite defeated of the last word, had soundlessly taken flight.

Turn over for the next question

OR

Wuthering Heights – Emily Brontë

3 Read the extract printed below.

How is Hareton presented 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.

‘Now, get my horse,’ she said, addressing her unknown kinsman as she would one of the stable-boys at the Grange. ‘And you may come with me. I want to see where the goblin hunter rises in the marsh, and to hear about the *fairishes*, as you call them – but, make haste! What’s the matter? Get my horse, I say.’

‘I’ll see thee damned, before I be *thy* servant!’ growled the lad.

‘You’ll see me *what?*’ asked Catherine in surprise.

‘Damned – thou saucy witch!’ he replied.

‘There, Miss Cathy! you see you have got into pretty company,’ I interposed. ‘Nice words to be used to a young lady! Pray don’t begin to dispute with him – Come, let us seek for Minny ourselves, and begone.’

‘But Ellen,’ cried she, staring, fixed in astonishment. ‘How dare he speak so to me? Mustn’t he be made to do as I ask him? You wicked creature, I shall tell papa what you said – Now then!’

Hareton did not appear to feel this threat; so the tears sprung into her eyes with indignation. ‘You bring the pony,’ she exclaimed, turning to the woman, ‘and let my dog free this moment!’

‘Softly, Miss,’ answered the addressed. ‘You’ll lose nothing, by being civil. Though Mr Hareton, there, be not the master’s son, he’s your cousin; and I was never hired to serve you.’

‘*He* my cousin!’ cried Cathy with a scornful laugh.

‘Yes, indeed,’ responded her reprover.

‘Oh, Ellen! don’t let them say such things,’ she pursued in great trouble. ‘Papa is gone to fetch my cousin from London – my cousin is a gentleman’s son – That my –’ she stopped, and wept outright; upset at the bare notion of relationship with such a clown.

‘Hush, hush!’ I whispered, ‘people can have many cousins and of all sorts, Miss Cathy, without being any the worse for it; only they needn’t keep their company, if they be disagreeable, and bad.’

‘He’s not, he’s not my cousin, Ellen!’ she went on, gathering fresh grief from reflection, and flinging herself into my arms for refuge from the idea.

I was much vexed at her and the servant for their mutual revelations; having no doubt of Linton’s approaching arrival, communicated by the former, being reported to Mr Heathcliff; and feeling as confident that Catherine’s first thought on her father’s return, would be to seek an explanation of the latter’s assertion, concerning her rude-bred kindred.

Hareton, recovering from his disgust at being taken for a servant, seemed moved by her distress; and, having fetched the pony round to the door, he took, to propitiate her, a fine crooked-legged terrier whelp from the kennel, and putting it into her hand, bid her wish! for he meant naught.

Pausing in her lamentations, she surveyed him with a glance of awe, and horror, then burst forth anew.

I could scarcely refrain from smiling at this antipathy to the poor fellow; who was a well-made, athletic youth, good looking in features, and stout and healthy, but attired in garments befitting his daily occupations of working on the farm, and lounging among the moors after rabbits and game. Still, I thought I could detect in his physiognomy a mind owning better qualities than his father ever possessed. Good things lost amid a wilderness of weeds, to be sure, whose rankness far over-topped their neglected growth; yet notwithstanding, evidence of a wealthy soil that might yield luxuriant crops, under other and favourable circumstances. Mr Heathcliff, I believe, had not treated him physically ill; thanks to his fearless nature, which offered no temptation to that course of oppression; it had none of the timid susceptibility that would have given zest to ill-treatment, in Heathcliff’s judgment. He appeared to

have bent his malevolence on making him a brute: he was never taught to read or write; never rebuked for any bad habit which did not annoy his keeper; never led a single step towards virtue, or guarded by a single precept against vice. And from what I heard, Joseph contributed much to his deterioration by a narrow-minded partiality which prompted him to flatter, and pet him, as a boy, because he was the head of the old family. And as he had been in the habit of accusing Catherine Earnshaw and Heathcliff, when children, of putting the master past his patience, and compelling him to seek solace in drink, by what he termed, their 'offalld ways,' so at present, he laid the whole burden of Hareton's faults on the shoulders of the usurper of his property.

If the lad swore, he wouldn't correct him; nor however culpably he behaved. It gave Joseph satisfaction, apparently, to watch him go the worst lengths. He allowed that he was ruined; that his soul was abandoned to perdition; but then, he reflected that Heathcliff must answer for it. Hareton's blood would be required at his hands; and there lay immense consolation in that thought.

Joseph had instilled into him a pride of name, and of his lineage; he would, had he dared, have fostered hate between him and the present owner of the Heights, but his dread of that owner amounted to superstition; and he confined his feelings, regarding him, to muttered innuendoes and private combinations.

Turn over for the next question

OR*Persuasion* – Jane Austen

4 Read the extract printed below.

How does Jane Austen portray Mrs Smith 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.

Miss Hamilton had left school, had married not long afterwards, was said to have married a man of fortune, and this was all that Anne had known of her, till now that their governess's account brought her situation forward in a more decided but very different form.

She was a widow, and poor. Her husband had been extravagant; and at his death, about two years before, had left his affairs dreadfully involved. She had had difficulties of every sort to contend with, and in addition to these distresses had been afflicted with a severe rheumatic fever, which, finally settling in her legs, had made her for the present a cripple. She had come to Bath on that account, and was now in lodgings near the hot baths, living in a very humble way, unable even to afford herself the comfort of a servant, and of course almost excluded from society.

Their mutual friend answered for the satisfaction which a visit from Miss Elliot would give Mrs. Smith, and Anne therefore lost no time in going. She mentioned nothing of what she had heard, or what she intended at home. It would excite no proper interest there. She only consulted Lady Russell, who entered thoroughly into her sentiments, and was most happy to convey her as near to Mrs. Smith's lodgings, in Westgate Buildings, as Anne chose to be taken.

The visit was paid, their acquaintance re-established, their interest in each other more than rekindled. The first ten minutes had its awkwardness and its emotion. Twelve years were gone since they had parted, and each presented a somewhat different person from what the other had imagined. Twelve years had changed Anne from the blooming, silent, unformed girl of fifteen, to the elegant little woman of seven-and-twenty, with every beauty excepting bloom, and with manners as consciously right as they were invariably gentle; and twelve years had transformed the fine-looking, well-grown Miss Hamilton, in all the glow of health and confidence of superiority, into a poor, infirm, helpless widow, receiving the visit of her former protégée as a favour; but all that was uncomfortable in the meeting had soon passed away, and left only the interesting charm of remembering former partialities and talking over old times.

Anne found in Mrs. Smith the good sense and agreeable manners which she had almost ventured to depend on, and a disposition to converse and be cheerful beyond her expectation. Neither the dissipations of the past – and she had lived very much in the world – nor the restrictions of the present, neither sickness nor sorrow seemed to have closed her heart or ruined her spirits.

In the course of a second visit she talked with great openness, and Anne's astonishment increased. She could scarcely imagine a more cheerless situation in itself than Mrs. Smith's. She had been very fond of her husband: she had buried him. She had been used to affluence: it was gone. She had no child to connect her with life and happiness again, no relations to assist in the arrangement of perplexed affairs, no health to make all the rest supportable. Her accommodations were limited to a noisy parlour, and a dark bedroom behind, with no possibility of moving from one to the other without assistance, which there was only one servant in the house to afford, and she never quitted the house but to be conveyed into the warm bath. Yet, in spite of all this, Anne had reason to believe that she had moments only of languor and depression to hours of occupation and enjoyment. How could it be? She watched, observed, reflected, and finally determined that this was not a case of fortitude or of resignation only.

A submissive spirit might be patient, a strong understanding would supply resolution, but here was something more; here was that elasticity of mind, that disposition to be comforted, that power of turning readily from evil to good, and of finding employment which carried her out of herself, which was from nature alone. It was the choicest gift of Heaven; and Anne viewed her friend as one of those instances in which, by a merciful appointment, it seems designed to counterbalance almost every other want.

End of Section A

Turn over for Section B

SECTION B – The Study of the Language of Speech

Answer Question 5.

5 Read the transcript printed below.

The following is a transcript of part of a conversation between two students and Vin Garbutt (VG), a folk singer. The students are speaking to him in order to collect material for an article for a school magazine which will focus on his twenty-fifth year as a folk singer.

Examine the roles of the speakers in this exchange, showing how they convey their thoughts and feelings.

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.

Key

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

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation.

Student 1: so go on (.) tell us about the er (.) twenty-five years of (.) successful anonymity (.) how did that come about

VG: err:: (3.0) well (1.0) I star I left ICI¹ in (1.0) nineteen sixty-nine (1.0) cos I had a few local bookins (1.0) an regular bookins (.) in folk clubs (1.0) between sort of (1.0) Durham and Sunderland I had plenty of bookins so I thought I'd give it a try (1.0) went to Spain for six months (.) singin in bars an that (1.0) came back (.) visited the folk festivals (.) got some bookins <Student 1: right> an did (1.0) err:: (1.0) got booked at the festivals an clubs an built up from there (1.0) made me first record in (0.5) nineteen seventy:: (0.5) two (1.5) an bein a folk singer in England (.) probably mentioned this at Redcar² (.) bein a folk singer in England (0.5) unlike the Irish and the Scots::: (1.0) who (.) give their (0.5) folk music (0.5) a lot (.) of (1.0) er respect (1.0) an it gets (.) the same status as any other music <Student 1: yeah> in England it doesn't (.) an most young people for instance (.) will never have heard of English folk music <Student 1: no::> or or or any of the singers that (.) sing it (1.0) er whereas everybody in Ireland knows (.) Christy Moore³ (.) The Chieftains⁴ (.) all their folk singers <Student 1: yes yes> (.) lots of them are famous see (.) an the Scots know lots of of (.) their singers (.) musicians

¹ A petrochemicals company.

² A reference, made earlier in the conversation, to a recent concert.

³ A famous Irish singer and songwriter.

⁴ A famous Irish group.

-
- Student 1: yeah
- Student 2: okay
- VG: so bein English I'm biser (.) busier (.) don't know whether it's arrogant to say this or not (.) I'm probably the busiest folk singer in England and Scotland (.) anyway (.) maybe Ireland (.) I dunno
- Student 1: yeah (.) yeah
- VG: certainly er (.) one of the busiest er (.) y'know
- Student 1: yeah so how many gigs do you reckon you play a year then
- VG: well say err:: (4.0) errr:: (2.0) there's more than I can cope with that's all I can say <Student 1: right right> so er I er (1.0) I want more cos
- Student 1: yeah
- VG: cos yer can't be complacent (1.0) I've got this thing (.) if you don't play in an area for three years:: (2.0) <Student 2: yeah> yer get forgotten
- Student 2: right yeah
- VG: not by the organisers but by the audiences (1.0) so:: there's (.) let's have a look (.) I like to play folk clubs (.) if you do it annually the audience remembers you (.) forever (.) if you don't do it for three years you've lost (.) there's a three-year turnover
- Student 2: okay
- VG: an unless those people that do know you've seen that you're on (1.0) er (.) you'll have an empty club (.) an folk clubs (.) I I do lots of these secret concerts <Student 1: *laughs*> an folk clubs haven't got much money (.) so:: they can't advertise very well (.) so you only find out if you were at the club the last week (.) you know worra mean
- Student 1: yeah yeah
- VG: so if you haven't been for three years (.) the people who were there last week won't remember you either (2.0) does that make any sense
- Student 1: yeah
- Student 2: absolutely yeah
- VG: without any media help (.) whatsoever (.) hardly any media help so it's the only area of fo (.) of music I think where you can have a twenty-five year career (.) without the help of the media (1.0) yer can't be a pop or a rock singer (.) an survive generally speaking (.) yer need loads of publicity <Student 2 : right yeah> so I earn me livin (.) it's word of mouth (.) an (.) an it's been like that for twenty-five years see

There are no questions printed on this page

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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.

Question 5 Source: a conversation between two students and Vin Garbutt.