

General Certificate of Education
June 2005
Advanced Subsidiary Examination



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

NA3P

**Unit 3 The Study of the Language of Prose
and Speech (Pre-1900 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 NA3P.
- 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
(Pre-1900 Texts)**

Answer **one** question from this section.

EITHER

Hard Times – Charles Dickens

1 Read the extract printed below.

Explore the presentation of marriage 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.

They had walked some distance, and were near their own homes. The woman's was the first reached. It was in one of the many small streets for which the favourite undertaker (who turned a handsome sum out of the one poor ghastly pomp of the neighbourhood) kept a black ladder, in order that those who had done their daily groping up and down the narrow stairs might slide out of this working world by the windows. She stopped at the corner, and putting her hand in his, wished him good night.

“Good night, dear lass; good night!”

She went, with her neat figure and her sober womanly step, down the dark street, and he stood looking after her until she turned into one of the small houses. There was not a flutter of her coarse shawl, perhaps, but had its interest in this man's eyes; not a tone of her voice but had its echo in his innermost heart.

When she was lost to his view, he pursued his homeward way, glancing up sometimes at the sky, where the clouds were sailing fast and wildly. But, they were broken now, and the rain had ceased, and the moon shone — looking down the high chimneys of Coketown on the deep furnaces below, and casting Titanic shadows of the steam engines at rest, upon the walls where they were lodged. The man seemed to have brightened with the night, as he went on.

His home, in such another street as the first, saving that it was narrower, was over a little shop. How it came to pass that any people found it worth their while to sell or buy the wretched little toys, mixed up in its window with cheap newspapers and pork (there was a leg to be raffled for tomorrow night), matters not here. He took his end of candle from a shelf, lighted it at another end of candle on the counter, without disturbing the mistress of the shop who was asleep in her little room, and went up stairs into his lodging.

It was a room, not unacquainted with the black ladder under various tenants; but as neat, at present, as such a room could be. A few books and writings were on an old bureau in a corner, the furniture was decent and sufficient, and, though the atmosphere was tainted, the room was clean.

Going to the hearth to set the candle down upon a round three-legged table standing there, he stumbled against something. As he recoiled, looking down at it, it raised itself up into the form of a woman in a sitting attitude.

“Heaven's mercy, woman!” he cried, falling farther off from the figure. “Hast thou come back again!”

Such a woman! A disabled, drunken creature, barely able to preserve her sitting posture by steadying herself with one begrimed hand on the floor, while the other was so purposeless in trying to push away her tangled hair from her face, that it only blinded her the more with the dirt upon it. A creature so foul to look at, in her tatters, stains, and splashes, but so much fouler than that in her moral infamy, that it was a shameful thing even to see her.

After an impatient oath or two, and some stupid clawing of herself with the hand not necessary to her support, she got her hair away from her eyes sufficiently to obtain a sight of him. Then she sat swaying her body to and fro, and making gestures with her unnerved arm, which seemed intended as the accompaniment to a fit of laughter, though her face was stolid and drowsy.

“Eigh lad? What, yo’r there?” Some hoarse sounds meant for this, came mockingly out of her at last; and her head dropped forward on her breast.

“Back agen?” she screeched, after some minutes, as if he had that moment said it. “Yes! And back agen. Back agen ever and ever so often. Back? Yes, back. Why not?”

Roused by the unmeaning violence with which she cried it out, she scrambled up, and stood supporting herself with her shoulders against the wall; dangling in one hand by the string, a dunghill-fragment of a bonnet, and trying to look scornfully at him.

“I’ll sell thee off again, and I’ll sell thee off again, and I’ll sell thee off a score of times!” she cried, with something between a furious menace and an effort at a defiant dance. “Come awa’ from th’ bed!” He was sitting on the side of it, with his face hidden in his hands. “Come awa’ from ’t. ’Tis mine, and I’ve a right to’t!”

As she staggered to it, he avoided her with a shudder, and passed — his face still hidden — to the opposite end of the room. She threw herself upon the bed heavily, and soon was snoring hard. He sunk into a chair, and moved but once all that night. It was to throw a covering over her; as if his hands were not enough to hide her, even in the darkness.

TURN OVER FOR THE NEXT QUESTION

Turn over ►

OR

What Maisie Knew – Henry James

2 Read the extract printed below.

In what ways are relationships presented as being important to Maisie 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.

She sank back in her chair, she covered her face with her hands. ‘Oh, mother, mother, mother!’ she sobbed. She had an impression that the Captain, beside her, if more and more friendly, was by no means unembarrassed; in a minute, however, when her eyes were clearer, he was erect in front of her, very red and nervously looking about him and whacking his leg with his stick. ‘Say you love her, Mr Captain; say it, say it!’ she implored.

Mr Captain’s blue eyes fixed themselves very hard. ‘Of *course* I love her, damn it, you know!’

At this she also jumped up; she had fished out somehow her pocket-handkerchief. ‘So do *I* then. I do, I do, I do!’ she passionately asseverated.

‘Then you will come back to her?’

Maisie, staring, stopped the tight little plug of her handkerchief on the way to her eyes. ‘She won’t have me.’

‘Yes she will. She wants you.’

‘Back at the house – with Sir Claude?’

Again he hung fire. ‘No, not with him. In another place.’

They stood looking at each other with an intensity unusual as between a Captain and a little girl. ‘She won’t have me in any place.’

‘Oh yes, she will if *I* ask her!’

Maisie’s intensity continued. ‘Shall you be there?’

The Captain’s, on the whole, did the same. ‘Oh yes – some day.’

‘Then you don’t mean now?’

He broke into a quick smile. ‘Will you come now? – go with us for an hour?’

Maisie considered. ‘She wouldn’t have me even now.’ She could see that he had his idea, but that her tone impressed him. That disappointed her a little, though in an instant he rang out again.

‘She will if I ask her,’ he repeated. ‘I’ll ask her this minute.’

Maisie, turning at this, looked away to where her mother and her stepfather had stopped. At first, among the trees, nobody was visible; but the next moment she exclaimed with expression: ‘It’s over – here he comes!’

The Captain watched the approach of her ladyship’s husband, who lounged composedly over the grass, making to Maisie with his closed fingers a little movement in the air. ‘I’ve no desire to avoid him.’

‘Well, you mustn’t see him,’ said Maisie.

‘Oh, he’s in no hurry himself!’ Sir Claude had stopped to light another cigarette.

She was vague as to the way it was proper he should feel; but she had a sense that the Captain’s remark was rather a free reflection on it. ‘Oh he doesn’t care!’ she replied.

‘Doesn’t care for what?’

‘Doesn’t care who you are. He told me so. Go and ask mamma,’ she added.

‘If you can come with us? Very good. You really want me not to wait for him?’

‘Please don’t.’ But Sir Claude was not yet near, and the Captain had with his left hand taken hold of her right, which he familiarly, sociably swung a little. ‘Only first,’ she continued, ‘tell me this. Are you going to *live* with mamma?’

The immemorial note of mirth broke out at her seriousness. ‘One of these days.’

She wondered, wholly unperturbed by his laughter. ‘Then where will Sir Claude be?’

‘He’ll have left her, of course.’

‘Does he really intend to do that?’

‘You’ve every opportunity to ask him.’

Maisie shook her head with decision. ‘He won’t do it. Not first.’

Her ‘first’ made the Captain laugh out again. ‘Oh, he’ll be sure to be nasty! But I’ve said too much to you.’

‘Well, you know, I’ll never tell,’ said Maisie.

‘No, it’s all for yourself. Goodbye.’

‘Goodbye.’ Maisie kept his hand long enough to add: ‘I like you too.’ And then supremely: ‘You *do* love her?’

‘My dear child – !’ The Captain wanted words.

‘Then don’t do it only for just a little.’

‘A little?’

‘Like all the others.’

‘All the others?’ – he stood staring.

She pulled away her hand. ‘Do it always!’ She bounded to meet Sir Claude, and as she left the Captain she heard him ring out with apparent gaiety: ‘Oh I’m in for it!’

As she joined Sir Claude she noted her mother in the distance move slowly off, and, glancing again at the Captain, saw him, swinging his stick, retreat in the same direction.

She had never seen Sir Claude look as he looked just then; flushed yet not excited – settled rather in an immovable disgust and at once very sick and very hard. His conversation with her mother had clearly drawn blood, and the child’s old horror came back to her, begetting the instant moral contraction of the days when her parents had looked to her to feed their love of battle. Her greatest fear for the moment, however, was that her friend would see she had been crying. The next she became aware that he had glanced at her, and it presently occurred to her that he didn’t even wish to be looked at. At this she quickly removed her gaze, while he said rather curtly: ‘Well, who in the world *is* the fellow?’

She felt herself flooded with prudence. ‘Oh I haven’t found out!’ This sounded as if she meant he ought to have done so himself; but she could only face doggedly the ugliness of seeming disagreeable, as she used to face it in the hours when her father, for her blankness, called her a dirty little donkey, and her mother, for her falsity, pushed her out of the room.

‘Then what have you been doing all this time?’

‘Oh I don’t know!’ It was of the essence of her method not to be silly by halves.

‘Then didn’t the beast say anything?’ They had got down by the lake and were walking fast.

‘Well, not very much.’

‘He didn’t speak of your mother?’

‘Oh yes, a little!’

‘Then what I ask you, please, is *how*?’ She kept silence – so long that he presently went on: ‘I say, you know – don’t you hear me?’

At this she produced: ‘Well, I’m afraid I didn’t attend to him very much.’

TURN OVER FOR THE NEXT QUESTION

Turn over ►

OR

Wuthering Heights – Emily Brontë

3 Read the extract printed below.

Explore the ways in which the older Heathcliff is presented here, on his return after his three-year absence, and how he is presented from this point onwards 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.

Now fully revealed by the fire and candlelight, I was amazed, more than ever, to behold the transformation of Heathcliff. He had grown a tall, athletic, well-formed man; beside whom my master seemed quite slender and youth-like. His upright carriage suggested the idea of his having been in the army. His countenance was much older in expression and decision of feature than Mr Linton's; it looked intelligent, and retained no marks of former degradation. A half-civilized ferocity lurked yet in the depressed brows, and eyes full of black fire, but it was subdued; and his manner was even dignified, quite divested of roughness though too stern for grace.

My master's surprise equalled or exceeded mine: he remained for a minute at a loss how to address the plough-boy, as he had called him; Heathcliff dropped his slight hand, and stood looking at him coolly till he chose to speak.

'Sit down, sir,' he said, at length. 'Mrs Linton, recalling old times, would have me give you a cordial reception, and, of course, I am gratified when anything occurs to please her.'

'And I also,' answered Heathcliff, 'especially if it be anything in which I have a part. I shall stay an hour or two willingly.'

He took a seat opposite Catherine, who kept her gaze fixed on him as if she feared he would vanish were she to remove it. He did not raise his to her, often; a quick glance now and then sufficed; but it flashed back, each time more confidently, the undisguised delight he drank from hers.

They were too much absorbed in their mutual joy to suffer embarrassment; not so Mr Edgar: he grew pale with pure annoyance, a feeling that reached its climax when his lady rose – and stepping across the rug, seized Heathcliff's hands again, and laughed like one beside herself.

'I shall think it a dream to-morrow!' she cried. 'I shall not be able to believe that I have seen, and touched, and spoken to you once more – and yet, cruel Heathcliff! you don't deserve this welcome. To be absent and silent for three years, and never to think of me!'

'A little more than you have thought of me!' he murmured. 'I heard of your marriage, Cathy, not long since; and, while waiting in the yard below, I meditated this plan – just to have one glimpse of your face – a stare of surprise, perhaps, and pretended pleasure; afterwards settle my score with Hindley; and then prevent the law by doing execution on myself. Your welcome has put these ideas out of my mind; but beware of meeting me with another aspect next time! Nay, you'll not drive me off again – you were really sorry for me, were you? Well, there was cause. I've fought through a bitter life since I last heard your voice, and you must forgive me, for I struggled only for you!'

'Catherine, unless we are to have cold tea, please to come to the table,' interrupted Linton, striving to preserve his ordinary tone, and a due measure of politeness. 'Mr Heathcliff will have a long walk, wherever he may lodge to-night; and I'm thirsty.'

She took her post before the urn; and Miss Isabella came, summoned by the bell; then, having handed their chairs forward, I left the room.

The meal hardly endured ten minutes – Catherine’s cup was never filled, she could neither eat, nor drink. Edgar had made a slop in his saucer, and scarcely swallowed a mouthful.

Their guest did not protract his stay, that evening, above an hour longer. I asked, as he departed, if he went to Gimmerton?

‘No, to Wuthering Heights,’ he answered, ‘Mr Earnshaw invited me when I called this morning.’

Mr Earnshaw invited *him!* and *he* called on Mr Earnshaw! I pondered this sentence painfully, after he was gone. Is he turning out a bit of a hypocrite, and coming into the country to work mischief under a cloak? I mused – I had a presentiment, in the bottom of my heart, that he had better have remained away.

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.

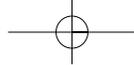
Key

(.)	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	

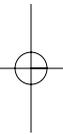
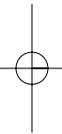
Student:	Ja Japanese Culture's a bit (.) bit of a nightmare actually (1.0) s'allright (1.5) at the moment I'm learnin' about (0.5) <u>Zen</u> (.) <u>Buddhism</u> (.) an' it's like (.) cra::zy (.) they'd they like go to these things (0.5) these erm (2.0) monasteries (1.0) an' like (.) they get <u>beaten</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

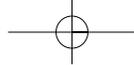
- Student: (1.0) yeah yeah (0.5) they hafter meditate right (*Teacher laughs incredulously*) an' if the (*student half laughs*) if the if the (.) monks think their head's not empty (1.0) if the monks think they've got something (.) like thinkin' about somethin' (.) they hafter answer those questions 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 (.) is that
- Teacher: 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

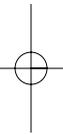
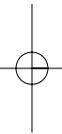


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1. *Hard Times*, by Charles Dickens, published by Penguin Classics, 1995.
2. *What Maisie Knew*; by Henry James, published by Wordsworth Classics, 2002. Literary executor for the James family.
3. *Wuthering Heights*, by Emily Brontë, published by Penguin Classics, 1995
4. extract from a conversation between a teacher and a student.

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