

General Certificate of Education
June 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)**

Friday 26 May 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.

**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 convey a sense of place 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 rimy morning, and very damp. I had seen the damp lying on the outside of my little window, as if some goblin had been crying there all night, and using the window for a pocket-handkerchief. Now I saw the damp lying on the bare hedges and spare grass, like a coarser sort of spiders' webs; hanging itself from twig to twig and blade to blade. On every rail and gate, wet lay clammy, and the marsh-mist was so thick, that the wooden finger on the post directing people to our village – a direction which they never accepted, for they never came there – was invisible to me until I was quite close under it. Then, as I looked up at it, while it dripped, it seemed to my oppressed conscience like a phantom devoting me to the Hulks.

The mist was heavier yet when I got out upon the marshes, so that instead of my running at everything, everything seemed to run at me. This was very disagreeable to a guilty mind. The gates and dykes and banks came bursting at me through the mist, as if they cried as plainly as could be, 'A boy with Somebody-else's pork pie! Stop him!' The cattle came upon me with like suddenness, staring out of their eyes, and steaming out of their nostrils, 'Holloa, young thief!' One black ox, with a white cravat on – who even had to my awakened conscience something of a clerical air – fixed me so obstinately with his eyes, and moved his blunt head round in such an accusatory manner as I moved round, that I blubbered out to him, 'I couldn't help it, sir! It wasn't for myself I took it!' Upon which he put down his head, blew a cloud of smoke out of his nose, and vanished with a kick-up of his hind-legs and a flourish of his tail.

All this time I was getting on towards the river; but however fast I went, I couldn't warm my feet, to which the damp cold seemed riveted, as the iron was riveted to the leg of the man I was running to meet. I knew my way to the Battery, pretty straight, for I had been down there on a Sunday with Joe, and Joe, sitting on an old gun, had told me that when I was 'prentice to him, regularly bound, we would have such Larks there! However, in the confusion of the mist, I found myself at last too far to the right, and consequently had to try back along the river-side, on the bank of loose stones above the mud and the stakes that staked the tide out. Making my way along here with all dispatch, I had just crossed a ditch which I knew to be very near the Battery, and had just scrambled up the mound beyond the ditch, when I saw the man sitting before me. His back was towards me, and he had his arms folded, and was nodding forward, heavy with sleep.

I thought he would be more glad if I came upon him with his breakfast, in that unexpected manner, so I went forward softly and touched him on the shoulder. He instantly jumped up, and it was not the same man, but another man!

And yet this man was dressed in coarse grey, too, and had a great iron on his leg, and was lame, and hoarse, and cold, and was everything that the other man was; except that he had not the same face, and had a flat, broad-brimmed, low-crowned felt hat on. All this I saw in a moment, for I had only a moment to see it in: he swore an oath at me, made a hit at me – it was a round, weak blow that missed me and almost knocked himself down, for it made him stumble – and then he ran into the mist, stumbling twice as he went, and I lost him.

‘It’s the young man!’ I thought, feeling my heart shoot as I identified him. I dare say I should have felt a pain in my liver, too, if I had known where it was.

I was soon at the Battery, after that, and there was the right man – hugging himself and limping to and fro, as if he had never all night left off hugging and limping – waiting for me. He was awfully cold, to be sure. I half expected to see him drop down before my face and die of deadly cold. His eyes looked so awfully hungry, too, that when I handed him the file and he laid it down on the grass, it occurred to me he would have tried to eat it, if he had not seen my bundle. He did not turn me upside down, this time, to get at what I had, but left me right side upwards while I opened the bundle and emptied my pockets.

‘What’s in the bottle, boy?’ said he.

‘Brandy,’ said I.

He was already handing mincemeat down his throat in the most curious manner – more like a man who was putting it away somewhere in a violent hurry, than a man who was eating it – but he left off to take some of the liquor. He shivered all the while so violently, that it was quite as much as he could do to keep the neck of the bottle between his teeth, without biting it off.

Turn over for the next question

OR

What Maisie Knew – Henry James

2 Read the extract printed below.

Explore the presentation of Sir Claude 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.

Her anxious emphasis started them off, as she had learned to call it; this was the echo she infallibly and now quite resignedly produced; moreover, Sir Claude's laughter was an indistinguishable part of the sweetness of his being there. 'We've been married, my dear child, three months, and my interest in you is a consequence, don't you know? of my great affection for your mother. In coming here it's of course for your mother I'm acting.'

'Oh I know,' Maisie said with all the candour of her competence. 'She can't come herself – except just to the door.' Then as she thought afresh: 'Can't she come even to the door now?'

'There you are!' Mrs Beale exclaimed to Sir Claude. She spoke as if his dilemma were ludicrous.

His kind face, in a hesitation, seemed to recognise it; but he answered the child with a frank smile. 'No – not very well.'

'Because she has married you?'

He promptly accepted this reason. 'Well, that has a good deal to do with it.'

He was so delightful to talk to that Maisie pursued the subject. 'But papa – *he* has married Miss Overmore.'

'Ah, you'll see that he won't come for you at your mother's,' that lady interposed.

'Yes, but that won't be for a long time,' Maisie hastened to respond.

'We won't talk about it now – you've months and months to put in first.' And Sir Claude drew her closer.

'Oh, that's what makes it so hard to give her up!' Mrs Beale made this point with her arms out to her stepdaughter. Maisie, quitting Sir Claude, went over to them and, clasped in a still tenderer embrace, felt entrancingly the extension of the field of happiness. 'I'll come for you,' said her stepmother, 'if Sir Claude keeps you too long: we must make him quite understand that! Don't talk to me about her ladyship!' she went on to their visitor so familiarly that it was almost as if they must have met before. 'I know her ladyship as if I had made her. They're a pretty pair of parents!' cried Mrs Beale.

Maisie had so often heard them called so that the remark diverted her but an instant from the agreeable wonder of this grand new form of allusion to her mother; and that, in its turn, presently left her free to catch at the pleasant possibility, in connection with herself, of a relation much happier as between Mrs Beale and Sir Claude than as between mamma and papa. Still, the next thing that happened was that her interest in such a relation brought to her lips a fresh question. 'Have you seen papa?' she asked of Sir Claude.

It was the signal for their going off again, as her small stoicism had perfectly taken for granted that it would be. All that Mrs Beale had nevertheless to add was the vague apparent sarcasm: 'Oh papa!'

'I'm assured he's not at home,' Sir Claude replied to the child; 'but if he had been I should have hoped for the pleasure of seeing him.'

'Won't he mind your coming?' Maisie asked as with need of the knowledge.

'Oh you bad little girl!' Mrs Beale humorously protested.

The child could see that at this Sir Claude, though still moved to mirth, coloured a little; but he spoke to her very kindly. 'That's just what I came to see, you know – whether your father *would* mind. But Mrs Beale appears strongly of the opinion that he won't.'

This lady promptly justified that view to her stepdaughter. 'It will be very interesting, my dear, you know, to find out what it is today that your father does mind. I'm sure *I* don't know' – and she seemed to repeat, though with perceptible resignation, her plaint of a moment before. 'Your father, darling, is a very odd person indeed.' She turned with this, smiling, to Sir Claude. 'But perhaps it's hardly civil for me to say that of his not objecting to have *you* in the house. If you knew some of the people he does have!'

Maisie knew them all, and none indeed were to be compared to Sir Claude. He laughed back at Mrs Beale; he looked at such moments quite as Mrs Wix, in the long stories she told her pupil, always described the lovers of her distressed beauties – 'the perfect gentleman and strikingly handsome'. He got up, to the child's regret, as if he were going. 'Oh, I dare say we should be all right!'

Mrs Beale once more gathered in her little charge, holding her close and looking thoughtfully over her head at their visitor. 'It's so charming – for a man of your type – to have wanted her so much!'

'What do you know about my type?' Sir Claude laughed. 'Whatever it may be I dare say it deceives you. The truth about me is simply that I'm the most unappreciated of – what do you call the fellows? – "family-men". Yes, I'm a family-man; upon my honour I am!'

'Then why on earth,' cried Mrs Beale, 'didn't you marry a family-woman?'

Sir Claude looked at her hard. '*You* know who one marries, I think. Besides, there *are* no family-women – hanged if there are! None of them want any children – hanged if they do!'

Turn over for the next question

OR

Wuthering Heights – Emily Brontë

3 Read the extract printed below.

How does Brontë use different narrative voices 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.

A charming introduction to a hermit's life! Four weeks' torture, tossing and sickness! Oh, these bleak winds, and bitter, northern skies, and impassable roads, and dilatory country surgeons! And, oh, this dearth of the human physiognomy, and, worse than all, the terrible intimation of Kenneth that I need not expect to be out of doors till spring!

Mr Heathcliff has just honoured me with a call. About seven days ago he sent me a brace of grouse – the last of the season. Scoundrel! He is not altogether guiltless in this illness of mine; and that I had a great mind to tell him. But, alas! how could I offend a man who was charitable enough to sit at my bedside a good hour, and talk on some other subject than pills, and draughts, blisters, and leeches?

This is quite an easy interval. I am too weak to read, yet I feel as if I could enjoy something interesting. Why not have up Mrs Dean to finish her tale? I can recollect its chief incidents, as far as she had gone. Yes, I remember her hero had run off, and never been heard of for three years: and the heroine was married. I'll ring; she'll be delighted to find me capable of talking cheerfully.

Mrs Dean came.

'It wants twenty minutes, sir, to taking the medicine,' she commenced.

'Away, away with it!' I replied; 'I desire to have –'

'The doctor says you must drop the powders.'

'With all my heart! Don't interrupt me. Come and take your seat here. Keep your fingers from that bitter phalanx of vials. Draw your knitting out of your pocket – that will do – now continue the history of Mr Heathcliff, from where you left off, to the present day. Did he finish his education, on the Continent, and come back a gentleman? or did he get a sizar's place at college? or escape to America, and earn honours by drawing blood from his foster country? or make a fortune more promptly, on the English highways?'

'He may have done a little in all these vocations, Mr Lockwood; but I couldn't give my word for any. I stated before that I didn't know how he gained his money; neither am I aware of the means he took to raise his mind from the savage ignorance into which it was sunk; but, with your leave, I'll proceed in my own fashion, if you think it will amuse, and not weary you. Are you feeling better this morning?'

'Much.'

'That's good news.'

I got Miss Catherine and myself to Thrushcross Grange: and to my agreeable disappointment, she behaved infinitely better than I dared to expect. She seemed almost over fond of Mr Linton; and even to his sister, she showed plenty of affection. They were both very attentive to her comfort, certainly. It was not the thorn bending to the honeysuckles, but the honeysuckles embracing the thorn. There were no mutual concessions; one stood erect, and the others yielded; and who *can* be ill-natured, and bad-tempered, when they encounter neither opposition nor indifference?

I observed that Mr Edgar had a deep-rooted fear of ruffling her humour. He concealed it from her; but if ever he heard me answer sharply, or saw any other servant grow cloudy at some imperious order of hers, he would show his trouble by a frown of displeasure that never darkened on his own account. He, many a time, spoke sternly to me about my pertness; and averred that the stab of a knife could not inflict a worse pang than he suffered at seeing his lady vexed.

Not to grieve a kind master I learnt to be less touchy; and, for the space of half a year, the gunpowder lay as harmless as sand, because no fire came near to explode it. Catherine had seasons of gloom and silence, now and then: they were respected with sympathizing silence by her husband, who ascribed them to an alteration in her constitution, produced by her perilous illness, as she was never subject to depression of spirits before. The return of sunshine was welcomed by answering sunshine from him. I believe I may assert that they were really in possession of deep and growing happiness.

It ended. Well, we *must* be for ourselves in the long run; the mild and generous are only more justly selfish than the domineering – and it ended when circumstances caused each to feel that the one's interest was not the chief consideration in the other's thoughts.

Turn over for the next question

OR

Persuasion – Jane Austen

4 Read the extract printed below.

Explore the importance to Anne of relationships 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 one point which Anne, on returning to her family, would have been more thankful to ascertain even than Mr. Elliot's being in love with Elizabeth, which was, her father's not being in love with Mrs. Clay; and she was very far from easy about it, when she had been at home a few hours. On going down to breakfast the next morning, she found there had just been a decent pretence on the lady's side of meaning to leave them. She could imagine Mrs. Clay to have said, that 'now Miss Anne was come, she could not suppose herself at all wanted'; for Elizabeth was replying in a sort of whisper, 'That must not be any reason, indeed. I assure you I feel it none. She is nothing to me, compared with you'; and she was in full time to hear her father say, 'My dear madam, this must not be. As yet, you have seen nothing of Bath. You have been here only to be useful. You must not run away from us now. You must stay to be acquainted with Mrs. Wallis, the beautiful Mrs. Wallis. To your fine mind, I well know the sight of beauty is a real gratification.'

He spoke and looked so much in earnest, that Anne was not surprized to see Mrs. Clay stealing a glance at Elizabeth and herself. Her countenance, perhaps, might express some watchfulness; but the praise of the fine mind did not appear to excite a thought in her sister. The lady could not but yield to such joint entreaties, and promise to stay.

In the course of the same morning, Anne and her father chancing to be alone together, he began to compliment her on her improved looks; he thought her 'less thin in her person, in her cheeks; her skin, her complexion, greatly improved; clearer, fresher. Had she been using anything in particular?' 'No, nothing.' 'Merely Gowland,' he supposed. 'No, nothing at all.' 'Ha! he was surprized at that'; and added, 'certainly you cannot do better than continue as you are; you cannot be better than well; or I should recommend Gowland, the constant use of Gowland, during the spring months. Mrs. Clay has been using it at my recommendation, and you see what it has done for her. You see how it has carried away her freckles.'

If Elizabeth could but have heard this! Such personal praise might have struck her, especially as it did not appear to Anne that the freckles were at all lessened. But everything must take its chance. The evil of the marriage would be much diminished, if Elizabeth were also to marry. As for herself, she might always command a home with Lady Russell.

Lady Russell's composed mind and polite manners were put to some trial on this point, in her intercourse in Camden Place. The sight of Mrs. Clay in such favour, and of Anne so overlooked, was a perpetual provocation to her there; and vexed her as much when she was away, as a person in Bath who drinks the water, gets all the new publications, and has a very large acquaintance, has time to be vexed.

As Mr. Elliot became known to her, she grew more charitable or more indifferent, towards the others. His manners were an immediate recommendation; and on conversing with him she found the solid so fully supporting the superficial, that she was at first, as she told Anne, almost ready to exclaim: 'Can this be Mr. Elliot?' and could not seriously picture to herself a more agreeable or estimable man. Everything united in him; good understanding, correct opinions, knowledge of the world, and a warm heart. He had strong feelings of family attachment and family honour, without pride or weakness; he lived with the liberality of a man of fortune, without display; he judged for himself in everything essential, without defying public opinion in any point of worldly decorum. He was steady, observant, moderate, candid; never run away with by spirits or by selfishness, which fancied itself strong feeling;

and yet, with a sensibility to what was amiable and lovely, and a value for all the felicities of domestic life, which characters of fancied enthusiasm and violent agitation seldom really possess. She was sure that he had not been happy in marriage. Colonel Wallis said it, and Lady Russell saw it; but it had been no unhappiness to sour his mind, nor (she began pretty soon to suspect) to prevent his thinking of a second choice. Her satisfaction in Mr. Elliot outweighed all the plague of Mrs. Clay.

It was now some years since Anne had begun to learn that she and her excellent friend could sometimes think differently; and it did not surprize her, therefore, that Lady Russell should see nothing suspicious or inconsistent, nothing to require more motives than appeared, in Mr. Elliot's great desire of a reconciliation. In Lady Russell's view, it was perfectly natural that Mr. Elliot, at a mature time of life, should feel it a most desirable object, and what would very generally recommend him among all sensible people, to be on good terms with the head of his family; the simplest process in the world of time upon a head naturally clear, and only erring in the heyday of youth. Anne presumed, however, still to smile about it, and at last to mention 'Elizabeth'. Lady Russell listened, and looked, and made only this cautious reply: 'Elizabeth! very well; time will explain'.

End of Section A

Turn over for Section B

SECTION B – The Study of the Language of Speech

Answer Question 5.

- 5 Read the two transcripts printed below. Extract 1 is part of an exchange that took place during a family evening meal between two parents (Dad and Mum) and their son, Tom. Extract 2 is part of a conversation between two teachers and two students during a lunchtime in a college.

In what ways do the speakers put forward their views and feelings during these two extracts? You do not need to compare the two extracts.

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
[overlap
< >	simultaneous speech
:::	elongation of sound
<i>italics</i>	non-verbal sounds

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation.

Extract 1

Tom: anyway (.) I've had a fantastic week (.) s'been really (.) really (.) good (3.0) an' an' (.) an' I'm not really sure (1.0) er (0.5) that I want to go to college now

Dad: what's been so good about it then Tom

Tom: we:::ll (1.0) I've been given some (1.0) re responsibility (.) an' (.) an' I've been doin' stuff which I kinda (.) really enjoy (.) an' that's dead important (.) to me anyway (1.0) [an' I wanna (.)

Mum: [so you thin' (.) sorry (.) go on

Tom: right (.) all I wanna do is mountain bikin' (1.0) either in a shop (.) or try to do something with it (.) y'know (.) erm (1.0) professionally (0.5) or or (.) do a qualification in engineering or whatever

Mum: but you'd need to continue at school for that

Tom: no no (.) no you don't (.) the lads at Bike Scene¹ (.) they're doin' erm (.) NVQs² in Bike Maintenance (.) they're the first in the country to do it (.) I could train on the job (.) they told me that durin' me work experience

¹ The name of a shop

² A national qualification

- Dad: so can we get this straight then (.) y'you (.) you've decided that yer wanna leave school next year (.) an' get a job (.) preferably something to do with mountain bikin'
- Tom: well (0.5) yeah::: (.) that's what I've been sayin'
- Dad: I suppose that's what work experience is all about (.) findin' out what you want to do
- Mum: what about sixth form though
- Tom: well (1.0) at the moment (.) this is what I:: want to do

Extract 2

- Teacher 1: oh that was a a (.) really sad thing the other day (.) when John Peel died wasn't it
- Teacher 2: oh yeah (1.0) I remember listenin' to him late at night (.) oh (.) back in the seventies (0.5) when I was a student (.) he erm (.) opened up all sorts of
<Teacher 1: oh yeah> music to [me
- Teacher 1: [that's right
- Student 1: me mum used to listen to him she said
- Teacher 1: rea::lly (.) when she was younger
- Student 1: nah (.) on Saturday [mornin's
- Teacher 2: [Home Truths (.) [was it
- Student 1: [yeah that was it (.) heard it a coupla times (1.0) it was crap (.) an' his voice was so::: borin'
- Student 2: (*laughs*)
- Teacher 1: [oh I disagree
- Teacher 2: [what (.) what
- Teacher 1: I think you're wrong there (.) it's a lovely programme (.) an' John Peel was was (.) so understated (.) on it (1.0) and he always got the best out of his guests (.) he made them feel at ease an' (.) well just just (.) part of the family

END OF QUESTIONS

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Question 1 Source: *Great Expectations*, by Charles Dickens, published by Penguin Popular Classics, 1994.

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: Extract 1: a conversation between a mother and father and their son.
Extract 2: a conversation between two teachers and two students.