

General Certificate of Education  
June 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)**

Friday 25 May 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 good English, to organise information clearly and to use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

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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 Miss Havisham 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.

She was dressed in rich materials – satins, and lace, and silks – all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on – the other was on the table near her hand – her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a Prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

It was not in the first few moments that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first moments than might be supposed. But, I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose, had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been taken to see some ghastly waxwork at the Fair, representing I know not what impossible personage lying in state. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress, that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, waxwork and skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me. I should have cried out, if I could.

‘Who is it?’ said the lady at the table.

‘Pip, ma’am.’

‘Pip?’

‘Mr Pumblechook’s boy, ma’am. Come – to play.’

‘Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close.’

It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects in detail, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and that a clock in the room had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

‘Look at me,’ said Miss Havisham. ‘You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?’

I regret to state that I was not afraid of telling the enormous lie comprehended in the answer ‘No.’

‘Do you know what I touch here?’ she said, laying her hands, one upon the other, on her left side.

‘Yes, ma’am.’ (It made me think of the young man.)

‘What do I touch?’

‘Your heart.’

‘Broken!’

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She uttered the word with an eager look, and with strong emphasis, and with a weird smile that had a kind of boast in it. Afterwards, she kept her hands there for a little while, and slowly took them away as if they were heavy.

‘I am tired,’ said Miss Havisham. ‘I want diversion, and I have done with men and women. Play.’

I think it will be conceded by my most disputatious reader, that she could hardly have directed an unfortunate boy to do anything in the wide world more difficult to be done under the circumstances.

‘I sometimes have sick fancies,’ she went on, ‘and I have a sick fancy that I want to see some play. There, there!’ with an impatient movement of the fingers of her right hand; ‘play, play, play!’

For a moment, with the fear of my sister’s working me before my eyes, I had a desperate idea of starting round the room in the assumed character of Mr Pumblechook’s chaise-cart. But, I felt myself so unequal to the performance that I gave it up, and stood looking at Miss Havisham in what I suppose she took for a dogged manner, inasmuch as she said, when we had taken a good look at each other:

‘Are you sullen and obstinate?’

‘No, ma’am, I am very sorry for you, and very sorry I can’t play just now. If you complain of me I shall get into trouble with my sister, so I would do it if I could; but it’s so new here, and so strange, and so fine – and melancholy – –’ I stopped, fearing that I might say too much, or had already said it, and we took another look at each other.

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.’

**Turn over for the next question**

OR

*What Maisie Knew* – Henry James

## 2 Read the extract printed below.

Explore the presentation of Maisie's confidence 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 Mrs Beale, disconcertingly, who began to explain it to her friends; it was she who, wherever they turned, was the interpreter, the historian and the guide. She was full of reference to her early travels – at the age of eighteen: she had at that period made, with a distinguished Dutch family, a stay on the Lake of Geneva. Maisie had in the old days been regaled with anecdotes of these adventures, but they had with time become phantasmal, and the heroine's quite showy exemption from bewilderment at Boulogne, her acuteness on some of the very subjects on which Maisie had been acute to Mrs Wix, were a high note of the majesty, of the variety of advantage, with which she had alighted. It was all a part of the wind in her sails and of the weight with which her daughter was now to feel her hand. The effect of it on Maisie was to add already the burden of time to her separation from Sir Claude. This might, to her sense, have lasted for days; it was as if, with their main agitation transferred thus to France and with neither mamma now nor Mrs Beale nor Mrs Wix nor herself at his side, he must be fearfully alone in England. Hour after hour she felt as if she were waiting; yet she couldn't have said exactly for what. There were moments when Mrs Beale's flow of talk was a mere rattle to smother a knock. At no part of the crisis had the rattle so public a purpose as when, instead of letting Maisie go with Mrs Wix to prepare for dinner, she pushed her – with a push at last incontestably maternal – straight into the room inherited from Sir Claude. She titivated her little charge with her own brisk hands; then she brought out: 'I'm going to divorce your father.'

This was so different from anything Maisie had expected that it took some time to reach her mind. She was aware meanwhile that she probably looked rather wan. 'To marry Sir Claude?'

Mrs Beale rewarded her with a kiss. 'It's sweet to hear you put it so.'

This was a tribute, but it left Maisie balancing for an objection. 'How *can* you when he's married?'

'He isn't – practically. He's free, you know.'

'Free to marry?'

'Free, first, to divorce his own fiend.'

The benefit that, these last days, she had felt she owed a certain person left Maisie a moment so ill-prepared for recognising this lurid label that she hesitated long enough to risk: 'Mamma?'

'She isn't your mamma any longer,' Mrs Beale returned. 'Sir Claude has paid her money to cease to be.' Then as if remembering how little, to the child, a pecuniary transaction must represent: 'She lets him off supporting her if he'll let her off supporting you.'

Mrs Beale appeared, however, to have done injustice to her daughter's financial grasp. 'And support me himself?' Maisie asked.

'Take the whole bother and burden of you and never let her hear of you again. It's a regular signed contract.'

'Why that's lovely of her!' Maisie cried.

'It's not so lovely, my dear, but that he'll get his divorce.'

Maisie was briefly silent; after which, 'No – he won't get it,' she said. Then she added still more boldly: 'And you won't get yours.'

Mrs Beale, who was at the dressing-glass, turned round with amusement and surprise. 'How do you know that?'

'Oh I know!' cried Maisie.

'From Mrs Wix?'

Maisie debated, then after an instant took her cue from Mrs Beale's absence of anger, which struck her the more as she had felt how much of her courage she needed. 'From Mrs Wix,' she admitted.

Mrs Beale, at the glass again, made play with a powder-puff. 'My own sweet, she's mistaken!' was all she said.

There was a certain force in the very amenity of this, but our young lady reflected long enough to remember that it was not the answer Sir Claude himself had made. The recollection nevertheless failed to prevent her saying: 'Do you mean, then, that he won't come till he has got it?'

Mrs Beale gave a last touch; she was ready; she stood there in all her elegance. 'I mean, my dear, that it's because he *hasn't* got it that I left him.'

This opened a view that stretched further than Maisie could reach. She turned away from it, but she spoke before they went out again. 'Do you like Mrs Wix now?'

'Why, my chick, I was just going to ask you if you think she has come at all to like poor bad me!'

Maisie thought, at this hint; but unsuccessfully. 'I haven't the least idea. But I'll find out.'

'Do!' said Mrs Beale, rustling out with her in a scented air and as if it would be a very particular favour.

The child tried promptly at bedtime, relieved now of the fear that their visitor would wish to separate her for the night from her attendant. 'Have you held out?' she began as soon as the two doors at the end of the passage were again closed on them.

Mrs Wix looked hard at the flame of the candle. 'Held out – ?'

'Why, she has been making love to you. Has she won you over?'

Mrs Wix transferred her intensity to her pupil's face. 'Over to what?'

'To *her* keeping me instead.'

'Instead of Sir Claude?' Mrs Wix was distinctly gaining time.

'Yes; who else? since it's not instead of you.'

Mrs Wix coloured at this lucidity. 'Yes, that *is* what she means.'

'Well, do you like it?' Maisie asked.

She actually had to wait, for oh, her friend was embarrassed! 'My opposition to the connection – theirs – would then naturally to some extent fall. She has treated me today as if I weren't after all quite such a worm; not that I don't know very well where she's got the pattern of her politeness. But of course,' Mrs Wix hastened to add, 'I shouldn't like her as *the* one nearly so well as him.'

'“Nearly so well!”' Maisie echoed. 'I should hope indeed not.' She spoke with a firmness under which she was herself the first to quiver. 'I thought you “adored” him.'

'I do,' Mrs Wix sturdily allowed.

'Then have you suddenly begun to adore her too?'

Mrs Wix, instead of directly answering, only blinked in support of her sturdiness. 'My dear, in what a tone you asked that! You're coming out.'

'Why shouldn't I? *You've* come out. Mrs Beale has come out. We each have our turn!' And Maisie threw off the most extraordinary little laugh that had ever passed her young lips.

There passed Mrs Wix's indeed the next moment a sound that more than matched it. 'You're most remarkable!' she neighed.

Her pupil, though wholly without aspirations to pertness, barely faltered. 'I think you've done a great deal to make me so.'

**Turn over for the next question**

OR

*Wuthering Heights* – Emily Brontë

3 Read the extract printed below.

Explore the importance of the dwelling *Wuthering Heights* 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.

*Wuthering Heights* is the name of Mr Heathcliff's dwelling, 'Wuthering' being a significant provincial adjective, descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed in stormy weather. Pure, bracing ventilation they must have up there, at all times, indeed: one may guess the power of the north wind, blowing over the edge, by the excessive slant of a few, stunted firs at the end of the house; and by a range of gaunt thorns all stretching their limbs one way, as if craving alms of the sun. Happily, the architect had foresight to build it strong: the narrow windows are deeply set in the wall, and the corners defended with large jutting stones.

Before passing the threshold, I paused to admire a quantity of grotesque carving lavished over the front, and especially about the principal door, above which, among a wilderness of crumbling griffins, and shameless little boys, I detected the date '1500,' and the name 'Hareton Earnshaw.' I would have made a few comments, and requested a short history of the place from the surly owner, but his attitude at the door appeared to demand my speedy entrance, or complete departure, and I had no desire to aggravate his impatience, previous to inspecting the penetralium.

One step brought us into the family sitting-room, without any introductory lobby, or passage: they call it here 'the house' pre-eminently. It includes kitchen and parlor, generally, but I believe at *Wuthering Heights* the kitchen is forced to retreat altogether into another quarter, at least I distinguished a chatter of tongues, and a clatter of culinary utensils, deep within; and I observed no signs of roasting, boiling, or baking, about the huge fire-place; nor any glitter of copper saucepans and tin cullenders on the walls. One end, indeed, reflected splendidly both light and heat from ranks of immense pewter dishes, interspersed with silver jugs and tankards, towering row after row, in a vast oak dresser, to the very roof. The latter had never been underdrawn; its entire anatomy lay bare to an inquiring eye, except where a frame of wood laden with oatcakes, and clusters of legs of beef, mutton and ham, concealed it. Above the chimney were sundry villainous old guns, and a couple of horse-pistols, and, by way of ornament, three gaudily painted canisters disposed along its ledge. The floor was of smooth, white stone: the chairs, high-backed, primitive structures, painted green: one or two heavy black ones lurking in the shade. In an arch, under the dresser, reposed a huge, liver-coloured bitch pointer surrounded by a swarm of squealing puppies, and other dogs haunted other recesses.

The apartment and furniture would have been nothing extraordinary as belonging to a homely, northern farmer with a stubborn countenance, and stalwart limbs set out to advantage in knee-breeches and gaiters. Such an individual, seated in his armchair, his mug of ale frothing on the round table before him, is to be seen in any circuit of five or six miles among these hills, if you go at the right time, after dinner. But, Mr Heathcliff forms a singular contrast to his abode and style of living. He is a dark-skinned gypsy in aspect, in dress and manners a gentleman – that is, as much a gentleman as many a country squire: rather slovenly, perhaps, yet not looking amiss, with his negligence, because he has an erect and handsome figure – and rather morose – possibly some people might suspect him of a degree of under-bred pride – I have a sympathetic chord within that tells me it is nothing of the sort; I know, by instinct, his reserve springs from an aversion to showy displays of feeling – to manifestations of mutual kindness. He'll love and hate, equally under cover, and esteem it a species of impertinence to be loved or hated again – No, I'm running on too fast – I bestow my own attributes over-liberally on him.

Mr Heathcliff may have entirely dissimilar reasons for keeping his hand out of the way, when he meets a would-be acquaintance, to those which actuate me. Let me hope my constitution is almost peculiar: my dear mother used to say I should never have a comfortable home, and only last summer, I proved myself perfectly unworthy of one.

**Turn over for the next question**

OR

*Persuasion* – Jane Austen

4 Read the extract printed below.

How does Austen present Captain Wentworth 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.

After talking, however, of the weather, and Bath, and the concert, their conversation began to flag, and so little was said at last, that she was expecting him to go every moment, but he did not; he seemed in no hurry to leave her; and presently with renewed spirit, with a little smile, a little glow, he said:

‘I have hardly seen you since our day at Lyme. I am afraid you must have suffered from the shock, and the more from its not overpowering you at the time.’

She assured him that she had not.

‘It was a frightful hour,’ said he, ‘a frightful day!’ and he passed his hand across his eyes, as if the remembrance were still too painful, but in a moment, half smiling again, added, ‘The day has produced some effects, however; has had some consequences which must be considered as the very reverse of frightful. When you had the presence of mind to suggest that Benwick would be the properest person to fetch a surgeon, you could have little idea of his being eventually one of those most concerned in her recovery.’

‘Certainly I could have none. But it appears—I should hope it would be a very happy match. There are on both sides good principles and good temper.’

‘Yes,’ said he, looking not exactly forward; ‘but there, I think, ends the resemblance. With all my soul I wish them happy, and rejoice over every circumstance in favour of it. They have no difficulties to contend with at home, no opposition, no caprice, no delays. The Musgroves are behaving like themselves, most honourably and kindly, only anxious with true parental hearts to promote their daughter’s comfort. All this is much, very much in favour of their happiness; more than perhaps —’

He stopped. A sudden recollection seemed to occur, and to give him some taste of that emotion which was reddening Anne’s cheeks and fixing her eyes on the ground. After clearing his throat, however, he proceeded thus:

‘I confess that I do think there is a disparity, too great a disparity, and in a point no less essential than mind. I regard Louisa Musgrove as a very amiable, sweet-tempered girl, and not deficient in understanding, but Benwick is something more. He is a clever man, a reading man; and I confess, that I do consider his attaching himself to her with some surprize. Had it been the effect of gratitude, had he learnt to love her, because he believed her to be preferring him, it would have been another thing. But I have no reason to suppose it so. It seems, on the contrary, to have been a perfectly spontaneous, untaught feeling on his side, and this surprizes me. A man like him, in his situation! with a heart pierced, wounded, almost broken! Fanny Harville was a very superior creature, and his attachment to her was indeed attachment. A man does not recover from such a devotion of the heart to such a woman! He ought not; he does not.’

Either from the consciousness, however, that his friend had recovered, or from some other consciousness, he went no farther; and Anne who, in spite of the agitated voice in which the latter part had been uttered, and in spite of all the various noises of the room, the almost ceaseless slam of the door, and ceaseless buzz of persons walking through, had distinguished every word, was struck, gratified, confused, and beginning to breathe very quick, and feel an hundred things in a moment. It was impossible for her to enter on such a subject; and yet, after a pause, feeling the necessity of speaking, and having not the smallest wish for a total change, she only deviated so far as to say:

‘You were a good while at Lyme, I think?’

‘About a fortnight. I could not leave it till Louisa’s doing well was quite ascertained. I had been too deeply concerned in the mischief to be soon at peace. It had been my doing, solely mine. She would not have been obstinate if I had not been weak. The country round Lyme is very fine. I walked and rode a great deal, and the more I saw, the more I found to admire.’

‘I should very much like to see Lyme again,’ said Anne.

‘Indeed! I should not have supposed that you could have found anything in Lyme to inspire such a feeling. The horror and distress you were involved in, the stretch of mind, the wear of spirits! I should have thought your last impressions of Lyme must have been strong disgust.’

‘The last few hours were certainly very painful,’ replied Anne; ‘but when pain is over, the remembrance of it often becomes a pleasure. One does not love a place the less for having suffered in it, unless it has been all suffering, nothing but suffering, which was by no means the case at Lyme. We were only in anxiety and distress during the last two hours, and previously there had been a great deal of enjoyment. So much novelty and beauty! I have travelled so little, that every fresh place would be interesting to me; but there is real beauty at Lyme, and in short,’ with a faint blush at some recollections, ‘altogether my impressions of the place are very agreeable.’

**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 transcript printed below.

In this transcript, four young men are talking during their lunch hour about the possibility of an evening out together. They are then joined by two young women during the course of the conversation. They are all known to one another.

Explore the ways in which the speakers use language in this exchange to convey their feelings and views.

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
::	elongation
<i>italics</i>	non-verbal sounds

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation.

Phil:	right (.) we goin out tonight then or what
Steve:	yeah::: (.) [’sabout time we went ( <i>inaudible</i> )
Dave:	[Bar 66 <sup>1</sup> for me like (1.0) cheap drinks on a Thursday (.) you comin Matt
Matt:	nah::: (.) I’ve got a ticket for the match
Phil:	yer what (.) to go and watch that pile of shite (.) I’d rather have me (.) me eyeballs washed in acid than go an see them
Steve:	( <i>laughs</i> ) too right
Matt:	fff::: (1.0) get lost the pair of yer (.) anyhow (.) it was only five quid a ticket (1.0) I’ll come on out on Sat’d day though (.) the olds are off to the flicks <sup>2</sup> (.) so I’ll be on me tod
Phil:	( <i>laughs</i> ) the <u>olds</u> (.) yer mean y’mam an dad (.) why don’t yer speak properly
Steve:	girls girls (.) let’s stop this now shall we ( <i>laughs</i> )

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<sup>1</sup> A bar

<sup>2</sup> Cinema

- Dave: yeah (1.0) it's cheapo drinks tonight though Matt (.) 'snot on a weekend (.) hey why doan yer come before [the match
- Phil: [ 'sno good speakin to him Dave (.) hey yeah (.) good idea (.) yer could couldn't yer (.) then you could meet us afterwards (.) then we could go off to a club
- Matt: well:::::
- Phil: come o::n (.) we'll meet you at seven (.) what time's kick-off
- Matt: eight o'clock
- Phil: yer'll get a quick one<sup>3</sup> in before (.) an then we'll text yer to tell yer where we've got to (.) erm (.) [Yates<sup>4</sup> or (*inaudible*)
- Dave: [the [Drunken Parrot<sup>5</sup>
- Matt: [I'm a bit strapped like (.) haven't been paid yet (1.0) which club are you thinkin of (*laughs*)
- Steve: Triple X<sup>6</sup>
- Phil: (*laughs*) not a chance (*laughs*)
- Dave: (*laughing*) nah (.) nah
- (Abi and Heather enter the conversation)
- Abi: what are you lot gigglin about
- Phil: hiya
- Heather: hi
- Steve: just talkin about goin out tonight
- Abi: oh (.) where yer goin
- Phil: Steve was tellin us that he fancied goin to Triple X
- Dave and Matt: (*laugh*)
- Steve: it was a just a daft suggestion
- Abi: aww (.) you wouldn't go there would you Ste

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<sup>3</sup> A drink

<sup>4</sup> A bar

<sup>5</sup> A night club

<sup>6</sup> A lap-dancing bar

- 
- Steve: er::: (1.0) I might do (1.0) if I'd had enough to drink (*laughs*)
- Abi: God I'm well disappointed in you
- Matt: that's your chances gone mate
- Steve: yeah (.) 'sif I stood any chance with Dan around
- Heather: woo:: Steve (.) I didn't know you cared
- (*Collective laughter*)
- Matt: well I won't be joining you (.) it sounds too expensive for me
- Steve: I was just jokin about Triple X Matt
- Matt: I still don't think I can afford it (.) anyway I'm having a pizza with me old man (.) before the game
- Heather: oh:: (.) I'm goin to the match tonight Matt (.) are y'goin to The Crown<sup>7</sup> for a drink beforehand
- Dave: he was supposed to be comin to Bar 66 with us
- Matt: what it is to be in demand eh (*laughs*)

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<sup>7</sup> A public house

## END OF QUESTIONS

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- 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 A conversation between six young people.