

General Certificate of Education
June 2008
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 21 May 2008 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 black ink or black 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.
- There are 100 marks for each question (Sections A and B).
- You will be marked on your ability to use good English, to organise information clearly and to use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

**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 Pip's developing maturity 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.

‘They are your friends,’ said Miss Havisham.

‘They made themselves my friends,’ said I, ‘when they supposed me to have superseded them; and when Sarah Pocket, Miss Georgiana, and Mistress Camilla, were not my friends, I think.’

This contrasting of them with the rest seemed, I was glad to see, to do them good with her. She looked at me keenly for a little while, and then said quietly:

‘What do you want for them?’

‘Only,’ said I, ‘that you would not confound them with the others. They may be of the same blood, but, believe me, they are not of the same nature.’

Still looking at me keenly, Miss Havisham repeated:

‘What do you want for them?’

‘I am not so cunning, you see,’ I said in answer, conscious that I reddened a little, ‘as that I could hide from you, even if I desired, that I do want something. Miss Havisham, if you could spare the money to do my friend Herbert a lasting service in life, but which from the nature of the case must be done without his knowledge, I could show you how.’

‘Why must it be done without his knowledge?’ she asked, settling her hands upon her stick, that she might regard me the more attentively.

‘Because,’ said I, ‘I began the service myself, more than two years ago, without his knowledge, and I don’t want to be betrayed. Why I fail in my ability to finish it, I cannot explain. It is a part of the secret which is another person’s and not mine.’

She gradually withdrew her eyes from me, and turned them on the fire. After watching it for what appeared in the silence and by the light of the slowly wasting candles to be a long time, she was roused by the collapse of some of the red coals, and looked towards me again – at first, vacantly – then, with a gradually concentrating attention. All this time, Estella knitted on. When Miss Havisham had fixed her attention on me, she said, speaking as if there had been no lapse in our dialogue:

‘What else?’

‘Estella,’ said I, turning to her now, and trying to command my trembling voice, ‘you know I love you. You know that I have loved you long and dearly.’

She raised her eyes to my face, on being thus addressed, and her fingers plied their work, and she looked at me with an unmoved countenance. I saw that Miss Havisham glanced from me to her, and from her to me.

‘I should have said this sooner, but for my long mistake. It induced me to hope that Miss Havisham meant us for one another. While I thought you could not help yourself, as it were, I refrained from saying it. But I must say it now.’

Preserving her unmoved countenance, and with her fingers still going, Estella shook her head.

‘I know,’ said I, in answer to that action; ‘I know. I have no hope that I shall ever call you mine, Estella. I am ignorant what may become of me very soon, how poor I may be, or where I may go. Still, I love you. I have loved you ever since I first saw you in this house.’

Looking at me perfectly unmoved and with her fingers busy, she shook her head again.

‘It would have been cruel in Miss Havisham, horribly cruel, to practise on the susceptibility of a poor boy, and to torture me through all these years with a vain hope and an idle pursuit, if she had reflected on the gravity of what she did. But I think she did not. I think that in the endurance of her own trial, she forgot mine, Estella.’

I saw Miss Havisham put her hand to her heart and hold it there, as she sat looking by turns at Estella and at me.

‘It seems,’ said Estella, very calmly, ‘that there are sentiments, fancies – I don’t know how to call them – which I am not able to comprehend. When you say you love me, I know what you mean, as a form of words; but nothing more. You address nothing in my breast, you touch nothing there. I don’t care for what you say at all. I have tried to warn you of this; now, have I not?’

I said in a miserable manner, ‘Yes.’

‘Yes. But you would not be warned, for you thought I did not mean it. Now, did you not think so?’

‘I thought and hoped you could not mean it. You, so young, untried, and beautiful, Estella! Surely it is not in Nature.’

‘It is in *my* nature,’ she returned. And then she added, with a stress upon the words, ‘It is in the nature formed within me. I make a great difference between you and all other people when I say so much. I can do no more.’

‘Is it not true,’ said I, ‘that Bentley Drummle is in town here, and pursuing you?’

‘It is quite true,’ she replied, referring to him with the indifference of utter contempt.

‘That you encourage him, and ride out with him, and that he dines with you this very day?’

She seemed a little surprised that I should know it, but again replied, ‘Quite true.’

‘You cannot love him, Estella?’

Her fingers stopped for the first time, as she retorted rather angrily, ‘What have I told you? Do you still think in spite of it, that I do not mean what I say?’

‘You would never marry him, Estella?’

She looked towards Miss Havisham, and considered for a moment with her work in her hands. Then she said, ‘Why not tell you the truth? I am going to be married to him.’

I dropped my face into my hands, but was able to control myself better than I could have expected, considering what agony it gave me to hear her say those words. When I raised my face again, there was such a ghastly look upon Miss Havisham’s, that it impressed me, even in my passionate hurry and grief.

‘Estella, dearest, dearest Estella, do not let Miss Havisham lead you into this fatal step. Put me aside for ever – you have done so, I well know – but bestow yourself on some worthier person than Drummle. Miss Havisham gives you to him, as the greatest slight and injury that could be done to the many far better men who admire you, and to the few who truly love you. Among those few, there may be one who loves you even as dearly, though he has not loved you as long, as I. Take him, and I can bear it better for your sake!’

Turn over for the next question

OR

What Maisie Knew – Henry James

2 Read the extract printed below.

Explore James's presentation of the ways Maisie is treated by others 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.

IN THAT lively sense of the immediate which is the very air of a child's mind, the past, on each occasion, became for her as indistinct as the future: she surrendered herself to the actual with a good faith that might have been touching to either parent. Crudely as they had calculated they were at first justified by the event: she was the little feathered shuttlecock they could fiercely keep flying between them. The evil they had the gift of thinking or pretending to think of each other they poured into her little gravely-gazing soul as into a boundless receptacle, and each of them had doubtless the best conscience in the world as to the duty of teaching her the stern truth that should be her safeguard against the other. She was at the age for which all stories are true and all conceptions are stories. The actual was the absolute, the present alone was vivid. The objurgation, for instance, launched in the carriage by her mother after she had at her father's bidding punctually performed, was a missive that dropped into her memory with the dry rattle of a letter falling into a pillar-box. Like the letter it was, as part of the contents of a well-stuffed post-bag, delivered in due course at the right address. In the presence of these overflowings, after they had continued for a couple of years, the associates of either party sometimes felt that something should be done for what they called 'the real good, don't you know?' of the child. The only thing done, however, in general, took place when it was sighingly remarked that she fortunately wasn't all the year round where she happened to be at the awkward moment, and that, furthermore, either from extreme cunning or from extreme stupidity, she appeared not to take things in.

The theory of her stupidity, eventually embraced by her parents, corresponded with a great date in her small still life: the complete vision, private but final, of the strange office she filled. It was literally a moral revolution and accomplished in the depths of her nature. The stiff dolls on the dusky shelves began to move their arms and legs; old forms and phases began to have a sense that frightened her. She had a new feeling, the feeling of danger; on which a new remedy rose to meet it, the idea of an inner self or, in other words, of concealment. She puzzled out with imperfect signs, but with a prodigious spirit, that she had been a centre of hatred and a messenger of insult, and that everything was bad because she had been employed to make it so. Her parted lips locked themselves with the determination to be employed no longer. She would forget everything, she would repeat nothing, and when, as a tribute to the successful application of her system, she began to be called a little idiot, she tasted a pleasure new and keen. When therefore, as she grew older, her parents in turn announced before her that she had grown shockingly dull, it was not from any real contraction of her little stream of life. She spoiled their fun, but she practically added to her own. She saw more and more; she saw too much. It was Miss Overmore, her first governess, who on a momentous occasion had sown the seeds of secrecy; sown them not by anything she said, but by a mere roll of those fine eyes which Maisie already admired. Moddle had become at this time, after alternations of residence of which the child had no clear record, an image faintly embalmed in the remembrance of hungry disappearances from the nursery and distressful lapses in the alphabet, sad embarrassments, in particular, when invited to recognise something her nurse described as 'the important letter haitch'. Miss Overmore, however hungry, never disappeared: this marked her somehow as of higher rank, and the character was confirmed by a prettiness that Maisie supposed to be extraordinary. Mrs Farange had described her as almost too pretty, and someone had asked what that mattered so long as Beale wasn't there. 'Beale or no Beale,' Maisie had heard her mother reply, 'I take her because she's a lady and yet awfully poor. Rather nice people, but there are seven sisters at home. What do people mean?'

Maisie didn't know what people meant, but she knew very soon all the names of all the sisters; she could say them off better than she could say the multiplication table. She privately wondered, moreover, though she never asked, about the awful poverty, of which her companion also never spoke. Food at any rate came up by mysterious laws; Miss Overmore never, like Moddle, had on an apron, and when she ate she held her fork with her little finger curled out. The child, who watched her at many moments, watched her particularly at that one. 'I think you're lovely,' she often said to her; even mamma, who was lovely too, had not such a pretty way with the fork. Maisie associated this showier presence with her now being 'big', knowing of course that nursery-governesses were only for little girls who were not, as she said, 'really' little. She vaguely knew, further, somehow, that the future was still bigger than she, and that a part of what made it so was the number of governesses lurking in it and ready to dart out. Everything that had happened when she was really little was dormant, everything but the positive certitude, bequeathed from afar by Moddle, that the natural way for a child to have her parents was separate and successive, like her mutton and her pudding or her bath and her nap.

Turn over for the next question

OR

Wuthering Heights – Emily Brontë

3 Read the extract printed below.

How does Brontë present the relationship between Heathcliff and Catherine 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.

‘Cathy, are you busy, this afternoon?’ asked Heathcliff. ‘Are you going anywhere?’

‘No, it is raining,’ she answered.

‘Why have you that silk frock on, then?’ he said. ‘Nobody coming here, I hope?’

‘Not that I know of,’ stammered Miss, ‘but you should be in the field now, Heathcliff. It is an hour past dinner time; I thought you were gone.’

‘Hindley does not often free us from his accursed presence,’ observed the boy. ‘I’ll not work any more to-day, I’ll stay with you.’

‘O, but Joseph will tell,’ she suggested, ‘you’d better go!’

‘Joseph is loading lime on the farther side of Pennistow Crag; it will take him till dark, and he’ll never know.’

So saying, he lounged to the fire, and sat down. Catherine reflected an instant, with knitted brows – she found it needful to smooth the way for an intrusion.

‘Isabella and Edgar Linton talked of calling this afternoon,’ she said, at the conclusion of a minute’s silence. ‘As it rains, I hardly expect them; but, they may come, and if they do, you run the risk of being scolded for no good.’

‘Order Ellen to say you are engaged, Cathy,’ he persisted. ‘Don’t turn me out for those pitiful, silly friends of yours! I’m on the point, sometimes, of complaining that they – but I’ll not –’

‘That they what?’ cried Catherine, gazing at him with a troubled countenance. ‘Oh, Nelly!’ she added petulantly, jerking her head away from my hands, ‘you’ve combed my hair quite out of curl! That’s enough, let me alone. What are you on the point of complaining about, Heathcliff?’

‘Nothing – only look at the almanack, on that wall.’ He pointed to a framed sheet hanging near the window, and continued;

‘The crosses are for the evenings you have spent with the Lintons, the dots for those spent with me – Do you see, I’ve marked every day?’

‘Yes – very foolish; as if I took notice!’ replied Catherine in a peevish tone. ‘And where is the sense of that?’

‘To show that I *do* take notice,’ said Heathcliff.

‘And should I always be sitting with you,’ she demanded, growing more irritated. ‘What good do I get – What do you talk about? You might be dumb or a baby for anything you say to amuse me, or for anything you do, either!’

‘You never told me, before, that I talked too little, or that you disliked my company, Cathy!’ exclaimed Heathcliff in much agitation.

‘It is no company at all, when people know nothing and say nothing,’ she muttered.

Her companion rose up, but he hadn’t time to express his feelings further, for a horse’s feet were heard on the flags, and, having knocked gently, young Linton entered, his face brilliant with delight at the unexpected summons he had received.

Doubtless Catherine marked the difference between her friends as one came in, and the other went out. The contrast resembled what you see in exchanging a bleak, hilly, coal country for a beautiful fertile valley; and his voice and greeting were as opposite as his aspect – He had a sweet, low manner of speaking, and pronounced his words as you do, that’s less gruff than we talk here, and softer.

‘I’m not come too soon, am I?’ he said, casting a look at me. I had begun to wipe the plate, and tidy some drawers at the far end in the dresser.

‘No,’ answered Catherine. ‘What are you doing there, Nelly?’

‘My work, Miss,’ I replied. (Mr Hindley had given me directions to make a third party in any private visits Linton chose to pay.)

She stepped behind me and whispered crossly, ‘Take yourself and your dusters off! when company are in the house, servants don’t commence scouring and cleaning in the room where they are!’

‘It’s a good opportunity, now that master is away,’ I answered aloud: ‘he hates me to be fidgeting over these things in his presence – I’m sure Mr Edgar will excuse me.’

‘I hate you to be fidgeting in *my* presence,’ exclaimed the young lady imperiously, not allowing her guest time to speak – she had failed to recover her equanimity since the little dispute with Heathcliff.

‘I’m sorry for it, Miss Catherine!’ was my response; and I proceeded assiduously with my occupation.

She, supposing Edgar could not see her, snatched the cloth from my hand, and pinched me, with a prolonged wrench, very spitefully on the arm.

Turn over for the next question

OR

Persuasion – Jane Austen

4 Read the extract printed below.

Explore the presentation of Captain Wentworth's relationship with Anne 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.

Anne was now at hand to take up her own cause, and the sincerity of her manner being soon sufficient to convince him, where conviction was at least very agreeable, he had no farther scruples as to her being left to dine alone, though he still wanted her to join them in the evening, when the child might be at rest for the night, and kindly urged her to let him come and fetch her, but she was quite unpersuadable; and this being the case, she had ere long the pleasure of seeing them set off together in high spirits. They were gone, she hoped, to be happy, however oddly constructed such happiness might seem; as for herself, she was left with as many sensations of comfort, as were, perhaps, ever likely to be hers. She knew herself to be of the first utility to the child; and what was it to her if Frederick Wentworth were only half a mile distant, making himself agreeable to others?

She would have liked to know how he felt as to a meeting. Perhaps indifferent, if indifference could exist under such circumstances. He must be either indifferent or unwilling. Had he wished ever to see her again, he need not have waited till this time; he would have done what she could not but believe that in his place she should have done long ago, when events had been early giving him the independence which alone had been wanting.

Her brother and sister came back delighted with their new acquaintance, and their visit in general. There had been music, singing, talking, laughing, all that was most agreeable; charming manners in Captain Wentworth, no shyness or reserve; they seemed all to know each other perfectly, and he was coming the very next morning to shoot with Charles. He was to come to breakfast, but not at the Cottage, though that had been proposed at first; but then he had been pressed to come to the Great House instead, and he seemed afraid of being in Mrs. Charles Musgrove's way, on account of the child, and therefore somehow, they hardly knew how, it ended in Charles's being to meet him to breakfast at his father's.

Anne understood it. He wished to avoid seeing her. He had inquired after her, she found, slightly, as might suit a former slight acquaintance, seeming to acknowledge such as she had acknowledged, actuated, perhaps, by the same view of escaping introduction when they were to meet.

The morning hours of the Cottage were always later than those of the other house, and on the morrow the difference was so great that Mary and Anne were not more than beginning breakfast when Charles came in to say that they were just setting off, that he was come for his dogs, that his sisters were following with Captain Wentworth; his sisters meaning to visit Mary and the child, and Captain Wentworth proposing also to wait on her for a few minutes if not inconvenient; and though Charles had answered for the child's being in no such state as could make it inconvenient, Captain Wentworth would not be satisfied without his running on to give notice.

Mary, very much gratified by this attention, was delighted to receive him, while a thousand feelings rushed on Anne, of which this was the most consoling, that it would soon be over. And it was soon over. In two minutes after Charles's preparation, the others appeared; they were in the drawing-room. Her eye half met Captain Wentworth's, a bow, a courtsey passed; she heard his voice; he talked to Mary, said all that was right, said something to the Miss Musgroves, enough to mark an easy footing; the room seemed full, full of persons and voices, but a few minutes ended it. Charles shewed himself at the window, all was ready, their visitor had bowed and was gone, the Miss Musgroves were gone too, suddenly resolving to walk to the end of the village with the sportsmen; the room was cleared, and Anne might finish her breakfast as she could.

‘It is over! it is over!’ she repeated to herself again and again, in nervous gratitude. ‘The worst is over!’

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 the early part of a conversation between three adults in a pub one evening.

Examine how the speakers interact in this exchange, showing how they convey their experiences and thoughts.

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
<i>italics</i>	non-verbal sounds
Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation	

MARK:	hey I tell you what though (.) heard this great <u>phone in</u> on the radio the other night (.) erm (.) bout (.) about how people have (.) erm (.) <u>things</u> which make em famous
SHAUN:	what (1.0) like (.) <u>objects</u> (.) <u>possessions</u>
MARK:	[no::: (.) <u>things</u> which they have <u>done</u> which (.) links em to f (.) famous people
SHAUN:	I don't get it
MARK:	okay (.) like one of the guys that rang in said (.) said he had worn Geoff Capes's ¹ wetsuit to go waterskiing (.) cos he was a friend of Geoff Capes's son (.) who was with him when he needed a wetsuit (.) n his dad's wetsuit was in the boot of his car
RICHARD:	Christ (.) that must have been <u>some</u> wetsuit (.) I'll bet you could've got <u>two</u> people into it
MARK:	(<i>laughs</i>)
SHAUN:	who's Geoff Capes
MARK:	you <u>thick</u> [shit
RICHARD:	[oh for God's sake

¹A shot putter renowned for his strength and size

SHAUN: we:::ll (.) I'm (1.0) twenty years younger than you two

MARK: yeah (.) you just wanna watch me n Rich later tonight mate (0.5) live n learn boy (.) live n learn

RICHARD: I dunno what you got in mind (.) but I've got a patio to lay tomorrow

MARK: always an excuse isn't there
(*laughter from all three; silence of 9 seconds*)

RICHARD: actually (.) I've got a friend who's got a genuine claim to fame

MARK: let's hear it then

RICHARD: we:::ll (.) it's one of me examinin colleagues (.) we were staying at a hotel in York (1.0) overnight (1.0) an I saw him goin out runnin in the morning (.) as I was goin down fer breakfast (1.0) so I asked him later on (.) are you a serious runner then Andy (.) n'e said yeah (.) I've always tried to keep fit n stay at a good (.) standard (1.0) so I said (.) what standard (.) like d'you do marathons an stuff (0.5) n'e said (.) yeah (.) so I asked him (.) to what standard (.) n'e was a bit cagey (.) so I said (.) national (.) a:::nd he replied (.) actually beyond that (.) so I said what (.) international (.) and he said (.) no (1.0) Olympic actually

MARK: shut up

RICHARD: honest to God (.) so I said (.) how did you do (.) an' [he said

SHAUN: [(*laughs*)

RICHARD: [what y'laughin at

SHAUN: as if you know an Olympic runner

RICHARD: lemme finish the story first before yer have a go (0.5) so I asked him how he had done (.) n'e said (.) well I won a gold medal actually (.) but it was as part of a team (.) the modern pentathlon

MARK: right (1.0) s:::o (1.0) let'see (2.0) was that in 76 (1.0) or er:::m (1.0) Montreal (.) I think

RICHARD: erm yeah (.) think yer right (2.0) wasn't Munich was it

MARK: na:::h (.) Munich was 72 (.) the one they've just made the film about

RICHARD: cuh (.) anyone'd think yer a P.E. teacher

MARK: (*laughs*)

SHAUN: when was the last time you saw him run around in a lesson then (.) he he (.) 'e only needs to be fit enough to switch the video on (.) to show an episode of Grandstand

MARK: le (.) let's get all the stereotypes in about P.E. teachers shall we

SHAUN: okay [then <MARK *groans*>

RICHARD: [I think that was (.) sarcasm Shaun

MARK: so what'sis name then

RICHARD: actually (.) there's more yet (.) not only did he win a gold medal (.) he was also B.B.C. (.) sports personality of the year (.) well the team personality anyway

MARK: that was Jim Fox² wasn't it (.)

RICHARD: yeah (.) that's the one (.) I'm just as impressed that you knew the year actually Mark

SHAUN: my dentist has met Jordan³

RICHARD: bloody hell (.) you prat

SHAUN: no (.) seriously

MARK: I'll get some more beers in shall I

RICHARD: think I might come with yer if 'e's gonna talk about bloody Jordan

²Captain of the Olympic modern pentathlon team 1976

³A famous model

END OF QUESTIONS

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