

General Certificate of Education
January 2005
Advanced Subsidiary Examination



**ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
(SPECIFICATION B)
Unit 2 The Changing Language of Literature**

NTB2

Tuesday 11 January 2005 Afternoon Session

In addition to this paper you will require:
an 8-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 NTB2.
- Answer the compulsory question.

Information

- The books prescribed for this paper may **not** be taken into the examination room.
- 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.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 35.
- The following texts will be examined for the final time in this paper:

Utopia and Brave New World

Rasselas and The Lost Continent

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and The BFG

The Diary of a Nobody and The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole aged 13 $\frac{3}{4}$

The extracts from these texts should therefore be attempted **ONLY** by candidates who are **RE-SITTING** these texts.

Answer Question 1.

1 Find the extracts from *the pair of texts that you have studied*. Read them through carefully.

Discuss these two extracts in detail, commenting on:

- the ideas in **each extract** and the ways in which they are presented
- how the writers' language choices in **each extract** help to reveal attitudes and values
- what the language of the **two extracts** shows us about the changes in language and style over time
- how far you think that the ideas, attitudes and values in **each extract** are characteristic of those found in the **whole text**.

Selected Tales: in responding to the fourth bullet point, candidates are reminded that '**whole text**' refers to the group of tales.

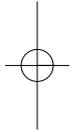
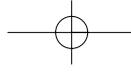
Texts

<i>The Pilgrim's Progress</i> and <i>The Power and the Glory</i>	pages 4 and 5
<i>Robinson Crusoe</i> and <i>The Coral Island</i>	pages 6 and 7
<i>Selected Tales of Edgar Allan Poe</i> and <i>The Big Sleep</i>	pages 8 and 9
<i>The Scarlet Letter</i> and <i>The Color Purple</i>	pages 10 and 11
<i>Tom Brown's Schooldays</i> and <i>Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone</i>	pages 12 and 13

For RE-SIT candidates only

<i>Utopia</i> and <i>Brave New World</i>	pages 14 and 15
<i>Rasselas</i> and <i>The Lost Continent</i>	pages 16 and 17
<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i> and <i>The BFG</i>	pages 18 and 19
<i>The Diary of a Nobody</i> and <i>The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole aged 13$\frac{3}{4}$</i>	pages 20 and 21

END OF QUESTIONS



TURN OVER FOR THE FIRST EXTRACT



**JOHN BUNYAN THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS and
GRAHAM GREENE THE POWER AND THE GLORY**

Extract 1

	Then went the Jury out, whose names were Mr. <i>Blind-man</i> , Mr. <i>No-good</i> , Mr. <i>Malice</i> , Mr. <i>Love-lust</i> , Mr. <i>Live-loose</i> , Mr. <i>Heady</i> , Mr. <i>High-mind</i> , Mr. <i>Enmity</i> , Mr. <i>Lyar</i> , Mr. <i>Cruelty</i> , Mr. <i>Hate-light</i> , and Mr. <i>Implacable</i> , who every one gave in his private Verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the Judge. And first Mr. <i>Blind-man</i> , the foreman, said, <i>I see clearly that this man is an Heretick</i> . Then said Mr. <i>No-good</i> , <i>Away with such a fellow from the Earth</i> . Ay, said Mr. <i>Malice</i> , <i>for I hate the very looks of him</i> . Then said Mr. <i>Love-lust</i> , <i>I could never indure him</i> . Nor I, said Mr. <i>Live-loose</i> , <i>for he would always be condemning my way</i> . Hang him, hang him, said Mr. <i>Heady</i> . A sorry Scrub, said Mr. <i>High-mind</i> . My heart riseth against him, said Mr. <i>Enmity</i> . He is a Rogue, said Mr. <i>Lyar</i> . Hanging is too good for him, said Mr. <i>Cruelty</i> . Lets dispatch him out of the way, said Mr. <i>Hate-light</i> . Then said Mr. <i>Implacable</i> , <i>Might I have all the World given me, I could not be reconciled to him, therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death</i> : And so they did, therefore he was presently Condemned, To be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.	<p><i>The Jury and their names.</i></p> <p>5</p> <p><i>Every ones private verdict.</i></p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p><i>They conclude to bring him in guilty of death.</i></p>
<i>The Cruel death of Faithful.</i>	They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their Law; and first they Scourged him, then they Buffeted him, then they Lanced his flesh with Knives; after that they Stoned him with Stones, then prickt him with their Swords, and last of all they burned him to Ashes at the Stake. Thus came <i>Faithful</i> to his end.	<p>20</p>
<i>A Chariot and Horses wait to take away Faithful.</i>	Now, I saw that there stood behind the multitude, a Chariot and a couple of Horses, waiting for <i>Faithful</i> , who (so soon as his adversaries had dispatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the Clouds, with sound of Trumpet, the nearest way to the Cœlestial Gate. But as for <i>Christian</i> , he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison; so he there remained for a space: But he that over-rules all things, having the power of their rage in his own hand, so wrought it about, that <i>Christian</i> for that time escaped them, and went his way.	<p>25</p>
<i>Christian is still alive.</i>	And as he went he Sang,	<p>30</p>
<i>The Song that Christian made of Faithful after his death.</i>	<p><i>Well Faithful, thou hast faithfully profest Unto thy Lord: with him thou shalt be blest; When Faithless ones, with all their vain delights, Are crying out under their hellish plights. Sing, Faithful, sing; and let thy name survive; For though they kill'd thee, thou art yet alive.</i></p>	<p>35</p> <p>40</p>
<i>Christian has another Companion.</i>	Now I saw in my Dream, that <i>Christian</i> went not forth alone, for there was one whose name was <i>Hopeful</i> , (being made so by the beholding of <i>Christian</i> and <i>Faithful</i> in their words and behaviour, in their sufferings at the <i>fair</i>) who joyned himself unto him, and entring into a brotherly covenant, told him that he would be his Companion. Thus one died to make Testimony to the Truth, and another rises out of his Ashes to be a Companion with <i>Christian</i> . This <i>Hopeful</i> also told <i>Christian</i> , that there were many more of the men in the <i>fair</i> that would take their time and follow after.	<p>45</p>

from John Bunyan, *The Pilgrim's Progress*

Extract 2

He was closing the door when a scared voice spoke.

‘Lieutenant.’

‘Yes.’

‘You’ve seen people shot. People like me.’

‘Yes.’

5

‘Does the pain go on – a long time?’

‘No, no. A second,’ he said roughly, and closed the door, and picked his way back across the whitewashed yard. He went into the office. The pictures of the priest and the gunman were still pinned up on the wall: he tore them down – they would never be wanted again. Then he sat at his desk and put his head upon his hands and fell asleep with utter weariness. He couldn’t remember afterwards anything of his dreams except laughter, laughter all the time, and a long passage in which he could find no door.

10

The priest sat on the floor, holding the brandy-flask. Presently he unscrewed the cap and put his mouth to it. The spirit didn’t do a thing to him – it might have been water. He put it down again and began some kind of a general confession, speaking in a whisper. He said, ‘I have committed fornication.’ The formal phrase meant nothing at all: it was like a sentence in a newspaper: you couldn’t feel repentance over a thing like that. He started again, ‘I have lain with a woman,’ and tried to imagine the other priest asking him, ‘How many times? Was she married?’ ‘No.’ Without thinking what he was doing, he took another drink of brandy.

15

As the liquid touched his tongue he remembered his child, coming in out of the glare: the sullen unhappy knowledgeable face. He said, ‘Oh God, help her. Damn me, I deserve it, but let her live for ever.’ This was the love he should have felt for every soul in the world: all the fear and the wish to save concentrated unjustly on the one child. He began to weep; it was as if he had to watch her from the shore drown slowly because he had forgotten how to swim. He thought: This is what I should feel all the time for everyone, and he tried to turn his brain away towards the half-caste, the lieutenant, even a dentist he had once sat with for a few minutes, the child at the banana station, calling up a long succession of faces, pushing at his attention as if it were a heavy door which wouldn’t budge. For those were all in danger too. He prayed, ‘God help them,’ but in the moment of prayer he switched back to his child beside the rubbish-dump, and he knew it was for her only that he prayed. Another failure.

20

After a while he began again: ‘I have been drunk – I don’t know how many times; there isn’t a duty I haven’t neglected; I have been guilty of pride, lack of charity . . .’ The words were becoming formal again, meaning nothing. He had no confessor to turn his mind away from the formula to the fact.

30

He took another drink of brandy, and getting up with pain because of his cramp he moved to the door and looked through the bars at the hot moony square. He could see the police asleep in their hammocks, and one man who couldn’t sleep lazily rocking up and down, up and down. There was an odd silence everywhere, even in the other cells; it was as if the whole world had tactfully turned away to avoid seeing him die. He felt his way back along the wall to the farthest corner and sat down with the flask between his knees. He thought: If I hadn’t been so useless, useless. . . . The eight hard hopeless years seemed to him to be only a caricature of service: a few communions, a few confessions, and an endless bad example. He thought: If I had only one soul to offer, so that I could say, Look what I’ve done. . . . People had died for him, they had deserved a saint, and a tinge of bitterness spread across his mind for their sake that God hadn’t thought fit to send them one.

35

40

from **Graham Greene**, *The Power and the Glory*

Turn over ►

DANIEL DEFOE *ROBINSON CRUSOE* and R.M. BALLANTYNE *THE CORAL ISLAND*

Extract 3

I had been now in this unhappy Island above 10 Months, all Possibility of Deliverance from this Condition, seem'd to be entirely taken from me; and I firmly believed, that no humane Shape had ever set Foot upon that Place: Having now secur'd my Habitation, as I thought, fully to my Mind, I had a great Desire to make a more perfect Discovery of the Island, and to see what other Productions I might find, which I yet knew nothing of.

It was the 15th of *July* that I began to take a more particular Survey of the Island it self: I went up the Creek first, where, as I hinted, I brought my Rafts on Shore; I found after I came about two Miles up, that the Tide did not flow any higher, and that it was no more than a little Brook of running Water, and very fresh and good; but this being the dry Season, there was hardly any Water in some Parts of it, at least, not enough to run in any Stream, so as it could be perceiv'd.

On the Bank of this Brook I found many pleasant *Savana's*, or Meadows; plain, smooth, and cover'd with Grass; and on the rising Parts of them next to the higher Grounds, where the Water, as it might be supposed, never overflow'd, I found a great deal of Tobacco, green, and growing to a great and very strong Stalk; there were divers other Plants which I had no Notion of, or Understanding about, and might perhaps have Vertues of their own, which I could not find out.

I searched for the *Cassava* Root, which the *Indians* in all that Climate make their Bread of, but I could find none. I saw large Plants of *Alloes*, but did not then understand them. I saw several Sugar Canes, but wild, and for want of Cultivation, imperfect. I contented my self with these Discoveries for this Time, and came back musing with my self what Course I might take to know the Vertue and Goodness of any of the Fruits or Plants which I should discover; but could bring it to no Conclusion; for in short, I had made so little Observation while I was in the *Brasils*, that I knew little of the Plants in the Field, at least very little that might serve me to any Purpose now in my Distress.

The next Day, the 16th, I went up the same Way again, and after going something farther than I had gone the Day before, I found the Brook, and the *Savana's* began to cease, and the Country became more woody than before; in this Part I found different Fruits, and particularly I found Mellons upon the Ground in great Abundance, and Grapes upon the Trees; the Vines had spread indeed over the Trees, and the Clusters of Grapes were just now in their Prime, very ripe and rich: This was a surprising Discovery, and I was exceeding glad of them; but I was warn'd by my Experience to eat sparingly of them, remembring, that when I was ashore in *Barbary*, the eating of Grapes kill'd several of our *English* Men who were Slaves there, by throwing them into Fluxes and Feavers: But I found an excellent Use for these Grapes, and that was to cure or dry them in the Sun, and keep them as dry'd Grapes or Raisins are kept, which I thought would be, as indeed they were, as wholesom as agreeable to eat, when no Grapes might be to be had.

I spent all that Evening there, and went not back to my Habitation, which by the Way was the first Night, as I might say, I had lain from Home. In the Night I took my first Contrivance, and got up into a Tree, where I slept well, and the next Morning proceeded upon my Discovery, travelling near four Miles, as I might judge by the Length of the Valley, keeping still due North, with a Ridge of Hills on the South and North-side of me.

At the End of this March I came to an Opening, where the Country seem'd to descend to the West, and a little Spring of fresh Water which issued out of the Side of the Hill by me, run the other Way, that is due East; and the Country appear'd so fresh, so green, so flourishing, every thing being in a constant Verdure, or Flourish of *Spring*, that it looked like a planted Garden.

I descended a little on the Side of that delicious Vale, surveying it with a secret Kind of Pleasure, (tho' mixt with my other afflicting Thoughts) to think that this was all my own, that I was King and Lord of all this Country indefeasibly, and had a Right of Possession; and if I could convey it, I might have it in Inheritance, as compleatly as any Lord of a Mannor in *England*. I saw here Abundance of Cocoa Trees, Orange, and Lemmon, and Citron Trees; but all wild, and very few bearing any Fruit, at least not then: However, the green Limes that I gathered, were not only pleasant to eat, but very wholesome; and I mix'd their Juice afterwards with Water, which made it very wholesome, and very cool, and refreshing.

I found now I had Business enough to gather and carry Home; and I resolv'd to lay up a Store, as well of Grapes, as Limes and Lemons, to furnish my self for the wet Season, which I knew was approaching.

from **Daniel Defoe**, *Robinson Crusoe*

Extract 4

Soon afterwards we arrived at the foot of the hill and prepared to ascend it. Here Jack made a discovery which caused us all very great joy. This was a tree of a remarkably beautiful appearance, which Jack confidently declared to be the celebrated bread-fruit tree.

“Is it celebrated?” inquired Peterkin, with a look of great simplicity.

“It is,” replied Jack. 5

“That’s odd, now,” rejoined Peterkin; “I never heard of it before.”

“Then it’s not so celebrated as I thought it was,” returned Jack, quietly squeezing Peterkin’s hat over his eyes; “but listen, you ignorant boobie! and hear of it now.”

Peterkin readjusted his hat, and was soon listening with as much interest as myself, while Jack told us that this tree is one of the most valuable in the islands of the south; that it bears two, sometimes three, crops of fruit in the year; that the fruit is very like wheaten bread in appearance, and that it constitutes the principal food of many of the islanders. 10

“So,” said Peterkin, “we seem to have everything ready prepared to our hands in this wonderful island – lemonade ready bottled in nuts, and loaf-bread growing on the trees!”

Peterkin, as usual was jesting; nevertheless, it is a curious fact that he spoke almost the literal truth. 15

“Moreover,” continued Jack, “the bread-fruit tree affords a capital gum, which serves the natives for pitching their canoes; the bark of the young branches is made by them into cloth; and of the wood, which is durable and of a good colour, they build their houses. So you see, lads, that we have no lack of material here to make us comfortable, if we are only clever enough to use it.”

“But are you sure that that’s it?” asked Peterkin. 20

“Quite sure,” replied Jack; “for I was particularly interested in the account I once read of it, and I remember the description well. I am sorry, however, that I have forgotten the descriptions of many other trees which I am sure we have seen today, if we could but recognize them. So you see, Peterkin, I’m not up to everything yet.”

“Never mind, Jack,” said Peterkin, with a grave, patronizing expression of countenance, patting his tall companion on the shoulder, “never mind, Jack; you know a good deal for your age. You’re a clever boy, sir – a promising young man; and if you only go on as you have begun, sir, you will –” 25

The end of this speech was suddenly cut short by Jack tripping up Peterkin’s heels and tumbling him into a mass of thick shrubs, where, finding himself comfortable, he lay still, basking in the sunshine, while Jack and I examined the bread-fruit tree. 30

We were much struck with the deep, rich green colour of its broad leaves, which were twelve or eighteen inches long, deeply indented, and of a glossy smoothness like the laurel. The fruit, with which it was loaded, was nearly round, and appeared to be about six inches in diameter, with a rough rind, marked with lozenge-shaped divisions. It was of various colours, from light pea-green to brown and rich yellow. Jack said that the yellow was the ripe fruit. We afterwards found that most of the fruit trees on the island were evergreens, and that we might, when we wished, pluck the blossom and the ripe fruit from the same tree. Such a wonderful difference from the trees of our own country surprised us not a little. The bark of the tree was rough and light-coloured; the trunk was about two feet in diameter, and it appeared to be twenty feet high, being quite destitute of branches up to that height, where it branched off into a beautiful and umbrageous head. We noticed that the fruit hung in clusters of twos and threes on the branches; but as we were anxious to get to the top of the hill, we refrained from attempting to pluck any at that time. 35 40

Our hearts were now very much cheered by our good fortune, and it was with light and active steps that we clambered up the steep sides of the hill. On reaching the summit, a new, and if possible a grander, prospect met our gaze. We found that this was not the highest part of the island, but that another hill lay beyond, with a wide valley between it and the one on which we stood. This valley, like the first, was also full of rich trees. After gazing our fill we pushed down the hillside, crossed the valley, and soon began to ascend the second mountain. It was clothed with trees nearly to the top, but the summit was bare, and in some places broken. 45

from **R.M. Ballantyne**, *The Coral Island*

Turn over ►

EDGAR ALLAN POE *SELECTED TALES* and RAYMOND CHANDLER *THE BIG SLEEP*

Extract 5

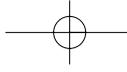
‘Let us now transport ourselves, in fancy, to this chamber. What shall we first seek here? The means of egress employed by the murderers. It is not too much to say that neither of us believe in præternatural events. Madame and Mademoiselle L’Espanaye were not destroyed by spirits. The doers of the deed were material, and escaped materially. Then how? Fortunately, there is but one mode of reasoning upon the point, and that mode *must* lead us to a definite decision. – Let us examine, each by each, the possible means of egress. It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Mademoiselle L’Espanaye was found, or at least in the room adjoining, when the party ascended the stairs. It is then only from these two apartments that we have to seek issues. The police have laid bare the floors, the ceilings, and the masonry of the walls, in every direction. No *secret* issues could have escaped their vigilance. But, not trusting to *their* eyes, I examined with my own. There were, then, *no* secret issues. Both doors leading from the rooms into the passage were securely locked, with the keys inside. Let us turn to the chimneys. These, although of ordinary width for some eight to ten feet above the hearths, will not admit, throughout their extent, the body of a large cat. The impossibility of egress, by means already stated, being thus absolute, we are reduced to the windows. Through those of the front room no one could have escaped without notice from the crowd in the street. The murderers *must* have passed, then, through those of the back room. Now, brought to this conclusion in so unequivocal a manner as we are, it is not our part, as reasoners, to reject it on account of apparent impossibilities. It is only left for us to prove that these apparent “impossibilities” are, in reality, not such.

‘There are two windows in the chamber. One of them is unobstructed by furniture, and is wholly visible. The lower portion of the other is hidden from view by the head of the unwieldy bedstead which is thrust close up against it. The former was found securely fastened from within. It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavored to raise it. A large gimlet-hole had been pierced in its frame to the left, and a very stout nail was found fitted therein, nearly to the head. Upon examining the other window, a similar nail was seen similarly fitted in it; and a vigorous attempt to raise this sash failed also. The police were now entirely satisfied that egress had not been in these directions. And, *therefore*, it was thought a matter of supererogation to withdraw the nails and open the windows.

‘My own examination was somewhat more particular, and was so for the reason I have just given – because here it was, I knew, that all apparent impossibilities *must* be proved to be not such in reality.

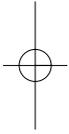
‘I proceeded to think thus – *à posteriori*. The murderers *did* escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have refastened the sashes from the inside, as they were found fastened; – the consideration which put a stop, through its obviousness, to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter. Yet the sashes *were* fastened. They *must*, then, have the power of fastening themselves. There was no escape from this conclusion.

from **Edgar Allan Poe**, *Selected Tales*



Extract 6

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE *THE SCARLET LETTER* and ALICE WALKER *THE COLOR PURPLE*

Extract 7

“Goodwives,” said a hard-featured dame of fifty, “I’ll tell ye a piece of my mind. It would be greatly for the public behoof, if we women, being of mature age and church-members in good repute, should have the handling of such malefactresses as this Hester Prynne. What think ye, gossips? If the hussy stood up for judgment before us five, that are now here in a knot together, would she come off with such a sentence as the worshipful magistrates have awarded? Marry, I trow not!” 5

“People say,” said another, “that the Reverend Master Dimmesdale, her godly pastor, takes it very grievously to heart that such a scandal should have come upon his congregation.”

“The magistrates are God-fearing gentlemen, but merciful overmuch, – that is a truth,” added a third autumnal matron. “At the very least, they should have put the brand of a hot iron on Hester Prynne’s forehead. Madam Hester would have winced at that, I warrant me. But she, – the naughty baggage, – little will she care what they put upon the bodice of her gown! Why, look you, she may cover it with a brooch, or such like heathenish adornment, and so walk the streets as brave as ever!” 10

“Ah, but,” interposed, more softly, a young wife, holding a child by the hand, “let her cover the mark as she will, the pang of it will be always in her heart.”

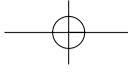
“What do we talk of marks and brands, whether on the bodice of her gown, or the flesh of her forehead?” cried another female, the ugliest as well as the most pitiless of these self-constituted judges. “This woman has brought shame upon us all, and ought to die. Is there not law for it? Truly there is, both in the Scripture and the statute-book. Then let the magistrates, who have made it of no effect, thank themselves if their own wives and daughters go astray!” 15

“Mercy on us, goodwife,” exclaimed a man in the crowd, “is there no virtue in woman, save what springs from a wholesome fear of the gallows? That is the hardest word yet! Hush, now, gossips; for the lock is turning in the prison-door, and here comes Mistress Prynne herself.” 20

The door of the jail being flung open from within, there appeared, in the first place, like a black shadow emerging into the sunshine, the grim and grisly presence of the town-beadle, with a sword by his side and his staff of office in his hand. This personage prefigured and represented in his aspect the whole dismal severity of the Puritanic code of law, which it was his business to administer in its final and closest application to the offender. Stretching forth the official staff in his left hand, he laid his right upon the shoulder of a young woman, whom he thus drew forward; until, on the threshold of the prison-door, she repelled him, by an action marked with natural dignity and force of character, and stepped into the open air, as if by her own free-will. She bore in her arms a child, a baby of some three months old, who winked and turned aside its little face from the too vivid light of day; because its existence, heretofore, had brought it acquainted only with the gray twilight of a dungeon, or other darksome apartment of the prison. 25

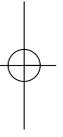
When the young woman – the mother of this child – stood fully revealed before the crowd, it seemed to be her first impulse to clasp the infant closely to her bosom; not so much by an impulse of motherly affection, as that she might thereby conceal a certain token, which was wrought or fastened into her dress. In a moment, however, wisely judging that one token of her shame would but poorly serve to hide another, she took the baby on her arm, and, with a burning blush, and yet a haughty smile, and a glance that would not be abashed, looked around at her townspeople and neighbours. On the breast of her gown, in fine red cloth, surrounded with an elaborate embroidery and fantastic flourishes of gold thread, appeared the letter A. It was so artistically done, and with so much fertility and gorgeous luxuriance of fancy, that it had all the effect of a last and fitting decoration to the apparel which she wore; and which was of a splendor in accordance with the taste of the age, but greatly beyond what was allowed by the sumptuary regulations of the colony. 35 40

from Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*



Extract 8

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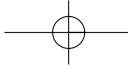


**THOMAS HUGHES *TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS* and
J.K. ROWLING *HARRY POTTER AND THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE***

Extract 9

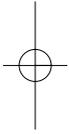
“I say, were you ever tossed in a blanket?”
 “No,” said Tom; “why?”
 “‘Cause there’ll be tossing to-night, most likely, before the sixth come up to bed. So if you funk, you just come along and hide, or else they’ll catch you and toss you.”
 “Were you ever tossed? Does it hurt?” inquired Tom. 5
 “Oh yes, bless you, a dozen times,” said East, as he hobbled along by Tom’s side up-stairs. “It don’t hurt unless you fall on the floor. But most fellows don’t like it.”
 They stopped at the fireplace in the top passage, where were a crowd of small boys whispering together, and evidently unwilling to go up into the bed-rooms. In a minute, however, a study door opened, and a sixth-form boy came out, and off they all scuttled up the stairs, and then noiselessly dispersed to their different rooms. Tom’s heart beat rather quick as he and East reached their room, but he had made up his mind. “I shan’t hide, East,” said he. 10
 “Very well, old fellow,” replied East, evidently pleased; “no more shall I – they’ll be here for us directly.”
 The room was a great big one with a dozen beds in it, but not a boy that Tom could see, except East and himself. East pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and then sat on the bottom of his bed, whistling, and pulling off his boots; Tom followed his example. 15
 A noise and steps are heard in the passage, the door opens, and in rush four or five great fifth-form boys, headed by Flashman in his glory.
 Tom and East slept in the further corner of the room, and were not seen at first. 20
 “Gone to ground, eh?” roared Flashman; “push ‘em out then, boys! look under the beds:” and he pulled up the little white curtain of the one nearest him. “Who-o-op,” he roared, pulling away at the leg of a small boy, who held on tight to the leg of the bed, and sung out lustily for mercy.
 “Here, lend a hand, one of you, and help me pull out this young howling brute. Hold your tongue, sir, or I’ll kill you.” 25
 “Oh, please, Flashman, please, Walker, don’t toss me! I’ll fag for you, I’ll do anything, only don’t toss me.”
 “You be hanged,” said Flashman, lugging the wretched boy along, “twon’t hurt you, — you! Come along, boys, here he is.”
 “I say, Flashey,” sung out another of the big boys, “drop that; you heard what old Pater Brooke said to-night. I’ll be hanged if we’ll toss any one against their will – no more bullying. Let him go, I say.” 30
 Flashman, with an oath and a kick, released his prey, who rushed headlong under his bed again, for fear they should change their minds, and crept along underneath the other beds, till he got under that of the sixth-form boy, which he knew they daren’t disturb.
 “There’s plenty of youngsters don’t care about it,” said Walker. “Here, here’s Scud East – you’ll be tossed, won’t you, young un?” Scud was East’s nickname, or Black, as we called it, gained by his fleetness of foot. 35
 “Yes,” said East, “if you like, only mind my foot.”
 “And here’s another who didn’t hide. Hulloo! new boy; what’s your name, sir?”
 “Brown.” 40
 “Well, Whitey Brown, you don’t mind being tossed?”
 “No,” said Tom, setting his teeth.
 “Come along then, boys,” sung out Walker, and away they all went, carrying along Tom and East, to the intense relief of four or five other small boys, who crept out from under the beds and behind them. 45
 “What a trump Scud is!” said one. “They won’t come back here now.”
 “And that new boy, too; he must be a good plucked one.”
 “Ah! wait till he has been tossed on to the floor; see how he’ll like it then!”

from **Thomas Hughes**, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*



Extract 10

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EXTRACTS FOR RE-SIT CANDIDATES ONLY
THOMAS MORE *UTOPIA* and ALDOUS HUXLEY *BRAVE NEW WORLD*

Extract 11

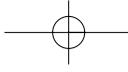
And every thirty farms or families have one head ruler, which is called a Philarch, being as it were, a head bailiff. Out of every one of these families or farms cometh every year into the city twenty persons which have continued two years before in the country. In their place so many fresh be sent thither out of the city, who, of them that have been there a year already, and be therefore expert and cunning in husbandry, shall be instructed and taught. And they the next year shall teach other. This order is used for fear that either scarceness of victuals, or some other like incommodity should chance, through lack of knowledge, if they should be altogether new, and fresh, and unexpert in husbandry. This manner and fashion of yearly changing and renewing the occupiers of husbandry, though it be solemn and customably used, to the intent that no man shall be constrained against his will to continue long in that hard and sharp kind of life, yet many of them have such a pleasure and delight in husbandry, that they obtain a longer space of years. These husbandmen plough and till the ground, and breed up cattle, and provide and make ready wood, which they carry to the city either by land, or by water, as they may most conveniently.

They bring up a great multitude of pulleyn, and that by a marvellous policy. For the hens do not sit upon the eggs, but by keeping them in certain equal heat they bring life into them, and hatch them. The chickens, as soon as they become out of the shell, follow men and women instead of the hens.

They bring up very few horses, nor none but very fierce ones; and that for none other use or purpose, but only to exercise their youth in riding and feats of arms. For oxen be put to all the labour of ploughing and drawing. Which they grant to be not so good as horses at a sudden brunt, and (as we say) at a dead lift, but yet they hold opinion, that oxen will abide and suffer much more labour, pain, and hardness, than horses will. And they think that oxen be not in danger and subject unto so many diseases, and that they be kept and maintained with much less cost and charge; and, finally, that they be good for meat when they be past labour.

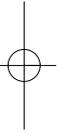
They sow corn only for bread. For their drink is either wine made of grapes, or else of apples, or pears, or else it is clear water. And many times mead made of honey or liquorice sodden in water, for thereof they have great store. And though they know certainly (for they know it perfectly indeed) how much victuals the city with the whole country or shire round about it doth spend, yet they sow much more corn, and breed up much more cattle, than serveth for their own use, parting the overplus among their borderers. Whatsoever necessary things be lacking in the country, all such stuff they fetch out of the city; where without any exchange they easily obtain it of the magistrates of the city. For every month many of them go into the city on the holy day. When their harvest day draweth near, and is at hand, then the Philarchs, which be the head officers and bailiffs of husbandry, send word to the magistrates of the city what number of harvestmen is needful to be sent to them out of the city. The which company of harvestmen being ready at the day appointed, almost in one fair day dispatcheth all the harvest work.

from **Thomas More**, *Utopia*



Extract 12

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EXTRACTS FOR RE-SIT CANDIDATES ONLY

SAMUEL JOHNSON *THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA* and
BILL BRYSON *THE LOST CONTINENT*

Extract 13

THE RESOLUTION being thus taken, they set out the next day. They laid tents upon their camels, being resolved to stay among the pyramids till their curiosity was fully satisfied. They travelled gently, turned aside to everything remarkable, stopped from time to time and conversed with the inhabitants, and observed the various appearances of towns ruined and inhabited, of wild and cultivated nature.

When they came to the great pyramid they were astonished at the extent of the base, and the height of the top. Imlac explained to them the principles upon which the pyramidal form was chosen for a fabric intended to coextend its duration with that of the world: he showed that its gradual diminution gave it such stability as defeated all the common attacks of the elements, and it could scarcely be overthrown by earthquakes themselves, the least resistible of natural violence. A concussion that should shatter the pyramid would threaten the dissolution of the continent.

They measured all its dimensions, and pitched their tents at its foot. Next day they prepared to enter its interior apartments, and having hired the common guides climbed up to the first passage, when the favourite of the princess, looking into the cavity, stepped back and trembled. 'Pekuah,' said the princess, 'of what art thou afraid?'

'Of the narrow entrance,' answered the lady, 'and of the dreadful gloom. I dare not enter a place which must surely be inhabited by unquiet souls. The original possessors of these dreadful vaults will start up before us, and, perhaps, shut us in for ever.' She spoke, and threw her arms round the neck of her mistress.

'If all your fear be of apparitions,' said the prince, 'I will promise you safety: there is no danger from the dead; he that is once buried will be seen no more.'

'That the dead are seen no more,' said Imlac, 'I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth: those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence, and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears.'

'Yet I do not mean to add new terrors to those which have already seized upon Pekuah. There can be no reason why spectres should haunt the pyramid more than other places, or why they should have power or will to hurt innocence and purity. Our entrance is no violation of their privileges; we can take nothing from them, how then can we offend them?'

'My dear Pekuah,' said the princess, 'I will always go before you, and Imlac shall follow you. Remember that you are the companion of the princess of Abyssinia.'

'If the princess is pleased that her servant should die,' returned the lady, 'let her command some death less dreadful than enclosure in this horrid cavern. You know I dare not disobey you: I must go if you command me; but, if I once enter, I never shall come back.'

The princess saw that her fear was too strong for expostulation or reproof, and embracing her, told her that she should stay in the tent till their return. Pekuah was yet not satisfied, but entreated the princess not to pursue so dreadful a purpose as that of entering the recesses of the pyramid. 'Though I cannot teach courage,' said Nekayah, 'I must not learn cowardice; nor leave at last undone what I came hither only to do.'

from **Samuel Johnson**, *The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*

Extract 14

On a ridge overlooking an expanse of hazy foothills, I passed a sign that said PEACHAM, SETTLED 1776 and beyond that stood a village. I parked beside a red general store and got out to have a look around. There was no-one about. Presumably the people of Littleton had come in the night and taken them off to the planet Zog.

I walked past the Peacham Inn – white clapboard, green shutters, no sign of life – and wandered up a hill, past a white Congregational church and pleasant, dozing houses. At the crest of the hill stood a broad green, with an obelisk and flagpole, and beside it an old cemetery. A zephyr wind teased the flag. Down the hill, across a broad valley, a series of pale green and brown hills rolled away to the horizon, like the swells of a sea. Below me the church bell tolled the hour, but otherwise there was not a sound. This was as perfect a spot as I had ever seen. I had a look at the obelisk. COMMEMORATING PEACHAM SOLDIERS 1869, it said, and had names carved in it, good New England names like Elijah W. Sargent, Lowell Sterns, Horace Rowe. There were forty-five names in all, too many surely for a mere hamlet in the hills. But then the cemetery beside the green also looked far too large for the size of the town. It covered the hillside and the grandeur of many of the monuments suggested that this had once been a place of wealth.

I went through the gate and had a look around. My eye was caught by one particularly handsome stone, an octagonal marble column surmounted by a granite sphere. The column logged the copious deaths of Hurds and their near relatives from Capt. Nathan Hurd in 1818 to Frances H. Bement in 1889. A small panel on the back said:

Nathan H. died July 24 1852 AE. 4 Y's 1 M'o.

Joshua F. died July 31 1852 AE. 1 YR 11 M's.

Children of J. & C. Pitkin.

What could it have been, I wondered, that carried off these two little brothers just a week apart? A fever? It seemed unlikely in July. An accident in which one died and the other lingered? Two unrelated events? I pictured the parents crouched at Joshua F.'s bedside, watching his life ebb, praying to God not to take him as well, and having their hopes crushed. Isn't life shitty? Everywhere I looked there was disappointment and heartbreak recorded in the stones: 'Joseph, son of Ephraim and Sarah Carter, died March 18 1846, aged 18 yrs', 'Alma Foster, daut. of Zadock and Hannah Richardson, d. May 22, 1847, AE. 17 yrs'. So many were so young. I became infected with an inexpressible melancholy as I wandered alone among these hundreds of stilled souls, the emptied lives, the row upon row of ended dreams. Such a sad place! I stood there in the mild October sunshine, feeling so sorry for all these luckless people and their lost lives, reflecting bleakly on mortality and on my own dear, cherished family so far away in England, and I thought, 'Well, fuck this,' and walked back down the hill to the car.

from **Bill Bryson**, *The Lost Continent*

EXTRACTS FOR RE-SIT CANDIDATES ONLY**LEWIS CARROLL ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND and ROALD DAHL THE BFG****Extract 15**

'We must burn the house down!' said the Rabbit's voice; and Alice called out as loud as she could, 'If you do, I'll set Dinah at you!'

There was a dead silence instantly, and Alice thought to herself, 'I wonder what they *will* do next! If they had any sense, they'd take the roof off.' After a minute or two, they began moving about again, and Alice heard the Rabbit say, 'A barrowful will do, to begin with.'

'A barrowful of *what?*' thought Alice; but she had not long to doubt, for the next moment a shower of little pebbles came rattling in at the window, and some of them hit her in the face. 'I'll put a stop to this,' she said to herself, and shouted out, 'You'd better not do that again!' which produced another dead silence.

Alice noticed with some surprise that the pebbles were all turning into little cakes as they lay on the floor, and a bright idea came into her head. 'If I eat one of these cakes,' she thought, 'it's sure to make *some* change in my size; and as it can't possibly make me larger, it must make me smaller, I suppose.'

So she swallowed one of the cakes, and was delighted to find that she began shrinking directly. As soon as she was small enough to get through the door, she ran out of the house, and found quite a crowd of little animals and birds waiting outside. The poor little Lizard, Bill, was in the middle, being held up by two guinea-pigs, who were giving it something out of a bottle. They all made a rush at Alice the moment she appeared; but she ran off as hard as she could, and soon found herself safe in a thick wood.

'The first thing I've got to do,' said Alice to herself, as she wandered about in the wood, 'is to grow to my right size again; and the second thing is to find my way into that lovely garden. I think that will be the best plan.'

It sounded an excellent plan, no doubt, and very neatly and simply arranged; the only difficulty was, that she had not the smallest idea how to set about it; and while she was peering about anxiously among the trees, a little sharp bark just over her head made her look up in a great hurry.

An enormous puppy was looking down at her with large round eyes, and feebly stretching out one paw, trying to touch her. 'Poor little thing!' said Alice, in a coaxing tone, and she tried hard to whistle to it; but she was terribly frightened all the time at the thought that it might be hungry, in which case it would be very likely to eat her up in spite of all her coaxing.

Hardly knowing what she did, she picked up a little bit of stick, and held it out to the puppy; whereupon the puppy jumped into the air off all its feet at once, with a yelp of delight, and rushed at the stick, and made believe to worry it; then Alice dodged behind a great thistle, to keep herself from being run over; and the moment she appeared on the other side, the puppy made another rush at the stick, and tumbled head over heels in its hurry to get hold of it; then Alice, thinking it was very like having a game of play with a cart-horse, and expecting every moment to be trampled under its feet, ran round the thistle again; then the puppy began a series of short charges at the stick, running a very little way forwards each time and a long way back, and barking hoarsely all the while, till at last it sat down a good way off, panting, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, and its great eyes half shut.

This seemed to Alice a good opportunity for making her escape; so she set off at once, and ran till she was quite tired and out of breath, and till the puppy's bark sounded quite faint in the distance.

from **Lewis Carroll**, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*

Extract 16

Soon the Bloodbottler would be coming back, Sophie told herself, and he was bound to search the table-top. But she couldn't possibly jump off the table. It was twelve feet high. She'd break a leg. The snozzcumber, although it was as thick as a perambulator, was not going to hide her if the Bloodbottler picked it up. She examined the chewed-off end. It had large seeds in the middle, each one as big as a melon. They were embedded in soft slimy stuff. Taking care to stay out of sight, Sophie reached forward and scooped away half a dozen of these seeds. This left a hole in the middle of the snozzcumber large enough for her to crouch in so long as she rolled herself up into a ball. She crawled into it. It was a wet and slimy hiding-place, but what did that matter if it was going to save her from being eaten. 5

The Bloodbottler and the BFG were coming back towards the table now. The BFG was nearly fainting with fear. Any moment, he was telling himself, Sophie would be discovered and eaten. 10

Suddenly, the Bloodbottler grabbed the half-eaten snozzcumber. The BFG stared at the bare table. Sophie, where is you? he thought desperately. You cannot possibly be jumpelling off that high table, so where is you hiding, Sophie?

'So this is the filthing rotsome glubbage you is eating!' boomed the Bloodbottler, holding up the partly eaten snozzcumber. 'You must be cockles to be guzzling such rubbsquash!' 15

For a moment, the Bloodbottler seemed to have forgotten about his search for Sophie. The BFG decided to lead him further off the track. 'That is the scumdiddlyumptious snozzcumber,' he said. 'I is guzzling it gleefully every night and day. Is you never trying a snozzcumber, Bloodbottler?'

'Human beans is juicier,' the Bloodbottler said.

'You is talking rommytot,' the BFG said, growing braver by the second. He was thinking that if only he could get the Bloodbottler to take one bite of the repulsive vegetable, the sheer foulness of its flavour would send him bellowing out of the cave. 'I is happy to let you sample it,' the BFG went on. 'But please, when you see how truly glumptions it is, do not be guzzling the whole thing. Leave me a little snitchet for my supper.' 20

The Bloodbottler stared suspiciously with small piggy eyes at the snozzcumber. 25

Sophie, crouching inside the chewed-off end, began to tremble all over.

'You is not switchfiddling me, is you?' said the Bloodbottler.

'Never!' cried the BFG passionately. 'Take a bite and I am positive you will be shouting out oh how scumdiddlyumptious this wonderveg is!' 30

The BFG could see the greedy Bloodbottler's mouth beginning to water more than ever at the prospect of extra food. 'Vegitibbles is very good for you,' he went on. 'It is not healthsome always to be eating meaty things.'

'Just this once,' the Bloodbottler said, 'I is going to taste these rotsome eats of yours. But I is warning you that if it is filthsome, I is smashing it over your sludgy little head!' 35

He picked up the snozzcumber.

He began raising it on its long journey to his mouth, some fifty feet up in the air.

Sophie wanted to scream *Don't!* But that would have been an even more certain death. Crouching among the slimy seeds, she felt herself being lifted up and up and up.

Suddenly, there was a *crunch* as the Bloodbottler bit a huge hunk off the end. Sophie saw his yellow teeth clamping together, a few inches from her head. Then there was utter darkness. She was in his mouth. She caught a whiff of his evil-smelling breath. It stank of bad meat. She waited for the teeth to go *crunch* once more. She prayed that she would be killed quickly. 40

'Eeeeeowtch!' roared the Bloodbottler. 'Ughbwelech! Ieeech!' And then he spat.

All of the great lumps of snozzcumber that were in his mouth, as well as Sophie herself, went shooting out across the cave. 45

If Sophie had struck the stony wall of the cave, she would most certainly have been killed. Instead, she hit the soft folds of the BFG's black cloak hanging against the wall. She dropped to the ground, half-stunned. She crawled under the hem of the cloak and there she crouched.

from **Roald Dahl**, *The BFG*

Turn over ►

EXTRACTS FOR RE-SIT CANDIDATES ONLY

**GEORGE AND WEEDON GROSSMITH *THE DIARY OF A NOBODY* and
SUE TOWNSEND *THE SECRET DIARY OF ADRIAN MOLE AGED 13 $\frac{3}{4}$***

Extract 17

AUGUST 5, SUNDAY. We have not seen Willie since last Christmas, and are pleased to notice what a fine young man he has grown. One would scarcely believe he was Carrie's son. He looks more like a younger brother. I rather disapprove of his wearing a check suit on a Sunday, and I think he ought to have gone to church this morning; but he said he was tired after yesterday's journey, so I refrained from any remark on the subject. We had a bottle of port for dinner, and drank dear Willie's health. 5

He said: 'Oh, by-the-by, did I tell you I've cut my first name, "William", and taken the second name "Lupin"? In fact, I'm only known at Oldham as "Lupin Pooter". If you were to "Willie" me there, they wouldn't know what you meant.'

Of course, Lupin being a purely family name, Carrie was delighted, and began by giving a long history of the Lupins. I ventured to say that I thought William a nice simple name, and reminded him he was christened after his uncle William, who was much respected in the City. Willie, in a manner which I did not much care for, said sneeringly: 'Oh, I know all about that – Good old Bill!' and helped himself to a third glass of port. 10

Carrie objected strongly to my saying 'Good old', but she made no remark when Willie used the double adjective. I said nothing, but looked at her, which meant more. I said: 'My dear Willie, I hope you are happy with your colleagues at the Bank.' He replied: 'Lupin, if you please; and with respect to the Bank, there's not a clerk who is a gentleman, and the "boss" is a cad.' I felt so shocked, I could say nothing, and my instinct told me there was something wrong. 15

AUGUST 6, BANK HOLIDAY. As there was no sign of Lupin moving at nine o'clock, I knocked at his door, and said we usually breakfasted at half-past eight, and asked how long would he be? Lupin replied that he had had a lively time of it, first with the trains shaking the house all night, and then with the sun streaming in through the window in his eyes, and giving him a cracking headache. Carrie came up and asked if he would like some breakfast sent up, and he said he could do with a cup of tea, and didn't want anything to eat. 20

Lupin not having come down, I went up again at half-past one, and said we dined at two; he said he 'would be there'. He never came down till a quarter to three. I said: 'We have not seen much of you, and you will have to return by the 5.30 train; therefore you will have to leave in an hour, unless you go by the midnight mail.' He said: 'Look here, Guv'nor, it's no use beating about the bush. I've tendered my resignation at the Bank.' 25

For a moment I could not speak. When my speech came again, I said: 'How dare you, sir? How dare you take such a serious step without consulting me? Don't answer me, sir! – you will sit down immediately, and write a note at my dictation, withdrawing your resignation and amply apologizing for your thoughtlessness.' 30

Imagine my dismay when he replied with a loud guffaw: 'It's no use. If you want the good old truth, I've got the chuck!' 35

AUGUST 7. Mr Perkupp has given me leave to postpone my holiday a week, as we could not get the rooms. This will give us an opportunity of trying to find an appointment for Willie before we go. The ambition of my life would be to get him into Mr Perkupp's firm.

AUGUST 11. Although it is a serious matter having our boy Lupin on our hands, still it is satisfactory to know he was asked to resign from the Bank simply because 'he took no interest in his work, and always arrived an hour (sometimes two hours) late'. We can all start off on Monday to Broadstairs with a light heart. This will take my mind off the worry of the last few days, which have been wasted over a useless correspondence with the manager of the Bank at Oldham. 40

from **George and Weedon Grossmith**, *The Diary of a Nobody*

Extract 18

Sunday May 31st

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION

I bought a joss stick from Mr Singh's shop. I lit it in my room to try and get rid of the paint smell. My father came into my room and threw the joss stick out of the window, he said he 'wouldn't have me messing with drugs'! I tried to explain but my father was too angry to listen. I stayed in my room for a few hours but the black walls seemed to be closing in on me so I went to see Bert Baxter. Couldn't make him hear, so I came home and watched religion on the television. Had tea, did Geography homework, went to bed. Dog won't stay in room any more; it whimpers to be let out. 5

Monday June 1st

BANK HOLIDAY IN THE REP. OF IRELAND

My father had a letter that made his face go white: he has been made redundant from his job! He will be on the dole! How can we live on the pittance that the government will give us? The dog will have to go! It costs thirty-five pence a day for dog food, not counting Winalot. I am now a single-parent child whose father is on the dole! Social Security will be buying my shoes! 10

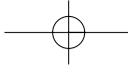
I didn't go to school today, I rang the school secretary and told her that my father is mentally ill and needs looking after. She sounded dead worried and asked if he was violent. I said that he hadn't shown any signs of being violent, but if he started I would call the doctor. I made my father lots of hot, sweet drinks for shock, he kept going on about electric storage heaters and saying that he would spill the beans to the media. 15

He rang Doreen Slater up and she came round straightaway, she had a horrible little kid called Maxwell with her. It was quite a shock to see Doreen Slater for the first time. Why my father wanted to have carnal knowledge of her I can't imagine. She is as thin as a stick insect. She has got no bust and no bum. 20

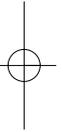
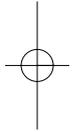
She is just straight all the way up and down, including her nose and mouth and hair. She put her arms round my father as soon as she came into the house. Maxwell started to cry, the dog started to bark, so I went back to my black room and counted how many things were now showing through the paint: a hundred and seventeen!

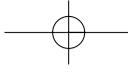
Doreen left at 1.30 p.m. to take Maxwell to play-school. She did some shopping for us then cooked a sloppy sort of meal made of spaghetti and cheese. She is a one-parent family; Maxwell was born out of wedlock. She told me about herself when we were washing up. She would be quite nice if she were a bit fatter. 25

from **Sue Townsend**, *The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole aged 13 $\frac{3}{4}$*

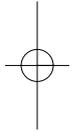


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