

General Certificate of Education  
June 2004  
Advanced Level Examination



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

**NTB5**

ASSESSMENT and  
QUALIFICATIONS  
ALLIANCE

**Unit 5 Talk in Life and Literature**

Tuesday 15 June 2004 9.00 am to 11.00 am

**In addition to this paper you will require:**  
a 12-page answer book.

Time allowed: 2 hours

**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 NTB5.
- Answer **two** questions.

**Information**

- You are **not** permitted to bring your chosen Shakespeare text into the examination.
- 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 70.
- All questions carry equal marks.

Answer **Question 1** and **either** Question 2(a) **or** Question 2(b).

Each question carries 35 marks.

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**1 Shakespeare:**

*Othello or Richard II or The Winter's Tale or Much Ado About Nothing.*

Remind yourself of the **two** passages from the play you have studied, printed on pages 4 to 11.

Using your knowledge of the characteristics of spoken language, show how Shakespeare transforms some of these characteristics in order to create particular dramatic effects.

You must *focus your analysis and discussion* on the **two** given passages, but you should **also refer** to other parts of the play where you think it appropriate.

*(35 marks)*

**END OF QUESTION 1**

**THERE ARE NO QUESTIONS PRINTED ON THIS PAGE**

**TURN OVER FOR THE PASSAGES FOR QUESTION 1**

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**PASSAGES FOR QUESTION 1**
**OTHELLO****Passage A**

RODERIGO Iago.  
 IAGO What say'st thou, noble heart?  
 RODERIGO What will I do, think'st thou?  
 IAGO Why, go to bed and sleep.  
 RODERIGO I will incontinently drown myself. 5  
 IAGO If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou  
 silly gentleman!  
 RODERIGO It is silliness to live, when to live is torment:  
 and then we have a prescription to die, when death is  
 our physician. 10  
 IAGO O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four  
 times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt  
 a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew  
 how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown  
 myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my  
 humanity with a baboon. 15  
 RODERIGO What should I do? I confess it is my shame to  
 be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.  
 IAGO Virtue? A fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus, or  
 thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills  
 are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles or sow  
 lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with  
 one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to  
 have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry,  
 why the power and corrigible authority of this lies 25  
 in our wills. If the beam of our lives had not one scale  
 of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and  
 baseness of our natures would conduct us to most  
 preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool  
 our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts:  
 whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or  
 scion. 30  
 RODERIGO It cannot be.  
 IAGO It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of  
 the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself? Drown cats  
 and blind puppies. 35

**OTHELLO****Passage B**

LODOVICO	You shall close prisoner rest, Till that the nature of your fault be known To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.	
OTHELLO	Soft you; a word or two before you go. I have done the state some service and they know't: No more of that. I pray you in your letters When you shall these unlucky deeds relate Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate, Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak Of one that loved not wisely, but too well; Of one, not easily jealous but, being wrought, Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand Like the base Indian threw a pearl away Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes, Albeit unused to the melting mood, Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees Their medicinal gum. Set you down this: And say, besides, that in Aleppo once Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk Beat a Venetian and traduced the state, I took by th' throat the circumcised dog And smote him thus. <i>He stabs himself</i>	5 10 15 20
LODOVICO	O bloody period!	
GRATIANO	All that's spoke is marred!	
OTHELLO	I kissed thee, ere I killed thee: no way but this, Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. <i>He falls on the bed and dies</i>	25
CASSIO	This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon, For he was great of heart.	
LODOVICO	O, Spartan dog, More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea, Look on the tragic loading of this bed: This is thy work. The object poisons sight: Let it be hid. <i>The curtains are drawn</i> Gratiano, keep the house And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor, For they succeed on you. To you, Lord Governor, Remains the censure of this hellish villain: The time, the place, the torture, O, enforce it! Myself will straight aboard, and to the state This heavy act with heavy heart relate. <i>Exeunt</i>	30 35 40

*RICHARD II***Passage A**

KING RICHARD

Why, uncle, what's the matter?

YORK

O, my liege,

Pardon me if you please. If not, I, pleased

Not to be pardoned, am content withal.

Seek you to seize and grip into your hands

5

The royalties and rights of banished Hereford?

Is not Gaunt dead? And doth not Hereford live?

Was not Gaunt just? And is not Harry true?

Did not the one deserve to have an heir?

Is not his heir a well-deserving son?

10

Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time

His charters and his customary rights.

Let not tomorrow then ensue today.

Be not thyself; for how art thou a king

But by fair sequence and succession?

15

Now afore God – God forbid I say true –

If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,

Call in the letters patents that he hath

By his attorneys general to sue

His livery, and deny his offered homage,

20

You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,

You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,

And prick my tender patience to those thoughts

Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

KING RICHARD

Think what you will, we seize into our hands

25

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

YORK

I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell.

What will ensue hereof there's none can tell;

But by bad courses may be understood

That their events can never fall out good. *Exit*

30

**RICHARD II****Passage B**

RICHARD	Let it command a mirror hither straight That it may show me what a face I have Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.	
BOLINGBROKE	Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.	
	<i>Exit attendant</i>	
NORTHUMBERLAND	Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.	5
RICHARD	Fiend, thou torments me ere I come to hell.	
BOLINGBROKE	Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.	
NORTHUMBERLAND	The commons will not then be satisfied.	
RICHARD	They shall be satisfied. I'll read enough When I do see the very book indeed Where all my sins are writ; and that's myself.	10
	<i>Enter attendant with a glass</i>	
	Give me that glass, and therein will I read. No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck So many blows upon this face of mine And made no deeper wounds? O, flattering glass, Like to my followers in prosperity, Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face That every day under his household roof Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face That like the sun did make beholders wink? Is this the face which faced so many follies, That was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke? A brittle glory shineth in this face. As brittle as the glory is the face, <i>(he throws the glass down)</i>	15
	For there it is, cracked in an hundred shivers.	20
	Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport: How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.	25
BOLINGBROKE	The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed The shadow of your face.	
RICHARD	Say that again!	30
	'The shadow of my sorrow' – ha, let's see. 'Tis very true. My grief lies all within, And these external manner of laments Are merely shadows to the unseen grief That swells with silence in the tortured soul.	35

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*THE WINTER'S TALE*

**Passage A**

LEONTES	Was he met there? His train? Camillo with him?	
LORD	Behind the tuft of pines I met them. Never Saw I men scour so on their way. I eyed them Even to their ships.	
LEONTES	How blest am I	5
	In my just censure, in my true opinion! Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accursed In being so blest! There may be in the cup A spider steeped, and one may drink, depart, And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge	10
	Is not infected: but if one present Th'abhorred ingredient to his eye, make known How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides, With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider. Camillo was his help in this, his pander.	15
	There is a plot against my life, my crown. All's true that is mistrusted. That false villain Whom I employed was pre-employed by him. He has discovered my design, and I Remain a pinched thing; yea, a very trick	20
	For them to play at will. How came the posterns So easily open?	
LORD	By his great authority; Which often hath no less prevailed than so On your command.	25
LEONTES	I know't too well. ( <i>To Hermione</i> ) Give me the boy. I am glad you did not nurse him;	
	Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you Have too much blood in him.	30
HERMIONE	What is this? Sport?	
LEONTES	Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her. Away with him, and let her sport herself With that she's big with: for 'tis Polixenes Has made thee swell thus.	35
	<i>Mamillius is led out</i>	
HERMIONE	But I'd say he had not, And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying, Howe'er you lean to th'nayward.	
LEONTES	You, my lords, Look on her, mark her well: be but about To say she is a goodly lady and The justice of your hearts will thereto add, 'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable'.	40

*THE WINTER'S TALE***Passage B**

FLORIZEL	Worthy Camillo, What colour for my visitation shall I Hold up before him?	
CAMILLO	Sent by the King your father To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir, The manner of your bearing towards him, with What you, as from your father, shall deliver – Things known betwixt us three – I'll write you down, The which shall point you forth at every sitting What you must say: that he shall not perceive But that you have your father's bosom there And speak his very heart.	5      10
FLORIZEL	I am bound to you. There is some sap in this.	
CAMILLO	A course more promising Than a wild dedication of yourselves To unpathed waters, undreamed shores, most certain To miseries enough: no hope to help you, But as you shake off one to take another; Nothing so certain as your anchors, who Do their best office if they can but stay you Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know Prosperity's the very bond of love, Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together Affliction alters.	15      20   25
PERDITA	One of these is true: I think affliction may subdue the cheek, But not take in the mind.	
CAMILLO	Yea? Say you so? There shall not at your father's house these seven years Be born another such.	30
FLORIZEL	My good Camillo, She is as forward of her breeding as She is i'th'rear' our birth.	
CAMILLO	I cannot say 'tis pity She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress To most that teach.	35
PERDITA	Your pardon, sir; for this I'll blush you thanks.	
FLORIZEL	My prettiest Perdita! But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo – Preserver of my father, now of me, The medicine of our house – how shall we do? We are not furnished like Bohemia's son, Nor shall appear in Sicilia.	40    45
CAMILLO	My lord, Fear none of this. I think you know my fortunes Do all lie there. It shall be so my care To have you royally appointed as if The scene you play were mine.	50

**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING**

**Passage A**

URSULA

Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

HERO

No; rather I will go to Benedick  
And counsel him to fight against his passion.  
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders  
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know  
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

5

URSULA

O, do not do your cousin such a wrong!  
She cannot be so much without true judgement –  
Having so swift and excellent a wit  
As she is prized to have – as to refuse  
So rare a gentleman as Signor Benedick.

10

HERO

He is the only man of Italy,  
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

URSULA

I pray you be not angry with me, madam,  
Speaking my fancy; Signor Benedick,  
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,  
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

15

HERO

Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

URSULA

His excellence did earn it ere he had it.  
When are you married, madam?

20

HERO

Why, every day, tomorrow. Come, go in;  
I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel  
Which is the best to furnish me tomorrow.

URSULA (*to Hero*)

She's limed, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

HERO (*to Ursula*)

If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;  
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

25

*Exeunt Hero and Ursula*

BEATRICE (*coming forward*)

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?  
Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?  
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!  
No glory lives behind the back of such.  
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,  
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.  
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee  
To bind our loves up in a holy band.

30

For others say thou dost deserve, and I  
Believe it better than reportingly.

35

*Exit*

**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING**

**Passage B**

- BENEDICK (*aside to Claudio*) You are a villain; I jest not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you. 5
- CLAUDIO Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.
- DON PEDRO What, a feast, a feast?
- CLAUDIO I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too? 10
- BENEDICK Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.
- DON PEDRO I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit. 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit.' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit.' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise.' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues.' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning. There's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy. 20
- CLAUDIO For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not. 25
- DON PEDRO Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.
- CLAUDIO All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden. 30
- DON PEDRO But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?
- CLAUDIO Yes, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick, the married man'?
- BENEDICK Fare you well, boy; you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. (*To Don Pedro*) My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company. Your brother the Bastard is fled from Messina. You have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. 35 40
- Exit*

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**2 Unseen texts**

**EITHER** (a) **Text A** (page 13) is part of a transcribed radio commentary on a football match between Newcastle United and Derby County, with two commentators taking part.

**Text B** (page 14) is taken from *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* (1997) by J.K. Rowling. It is a commentary on a Quidditch match (a game invented by Rowling which involves players riding on broomsticks and competing for the Snitch) between Slytherin and Gryffindor, two houses at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Harry's house is Gryffindor and he is playing in the team. The commentator is a student, Lee Jordan.

Compare the two texts, commenting on the ways in which they reflect differences and similarities between conversations in real life and dialogue in literature.

You should refer in your answer to:

- the significance of context and situation
- genre, purpose and audience
- language functions
- how attitudes and values are conveyed.

(35 marks)

**OR** (b) **Text C** (page 15) is a transcribed extract from a conversation between a Derby mother (M) and her 13 year old son (B) at a mealtime.

**Text D** (page 16) is taken from the short story 'Odour of Chrysanthemums' by D.H. Lawrence, first published in 1914. It is set in a Derbyshire mining community, and the family is awaiting the return of their father for the family meal.

Compare the two texts, commenting on the ways in which they reflect differences and similarities between conversation in real life and talk in literature.

You should refer in your answer to:

- the significance of context and situation
- family relationships
- functions of interaction
- how attitudes and values are conveyed.

(35 marks)

**END OF QUESTION 2**

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**TEXTS FOR QUESTION 2(a)**


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**Text A**

A transcribed commentary on a football match between Newcastle United and Derby County  
(BBC Radio Derby: Commentators GR and IH)

- GR: Here's Burton (.) on the ball for the first time (.) good pass up into the box. Darryl Powell there (.) goes to the by-line forces it back (*voice rises*) but cover is good (.) it is Charret and he knocks it away for Derby County's fourth corner (..) fifth corner (..) fifth corner of the game (.) all in the second half actually (..) Schoor is going to take the corner (.) Derby trail two-nil (..) here it comes (.) from the left-hand side not good enough (.) it's headed out by Rob Lee (.) big chase back for Darryl Powell (.) nearly back to the half way line (.) he gets it, played it to Prior (..) Prior is tackled very late (*voice rises*) that's free-kick and it might be a booking actually as well (..) Yes (.) Spencer Prior left on the deck and is that Charrett (..) he's been booked for a late tackle on Spencer Prior Derby with the free-kick (.) twenty yards into the Newcastle half in the wide left channel (.) we must start counting down the time (.) there's just about eighteen minutes of regular time to go at St James's Park (..) the two goals (..) thirteen minutes Dabizas header (.) seventeen minutes Stephen Glass (.) a shot after a lovely move that started when Newcastle cleared a Derby free-kick in their own goalmouth (.) right down the field and Glass scored from it (..) tough few weeks for Derby County (.) let's see who's in town next Saturday (.) Manchester United (..) on the following Wednesday Arsenal and then Leeds United (.) Derby take the free-kick (.) it's up into the box it's headed down (*voice rises uncontrollably*) it's in the net (.) and I think Burton's turned it home (..) the header back was by Darryl Pov (...) by er (...) Paulo Wanchope back into the middle and bustling forward Dean Burton got a piece of it and sent it up into the roof of the net (..) it's Newcastle two (.) Derby County one
- IH: Well it was a good free-kick er(...) nicely placed wasn't it (.) to the far post and Darryl er(...) Paulo Wanchope (.) who I think's improved in the air this season (.) got up in classic style for goal scorer goal poacher it was a goal goal poacher's sort of goal just er(...) bustled the ball in off his chest or his shoulder or certainly his body and just went into the (..) into (.) Newcastle (.) into the top of the net and er(...) Newcastle (.) I said a minute or two ago (.) I should like to see this defence under a bit of pressure (.) Newcastle's and er(...) well of its type a good goal although Newcastle defensively will be asking questions about it (.) particularly why Wanchope wasn't under greater challenge but did the job er(...) and Derby County right back in this game (..) I've been saying all along I think that if Derby can get a goal with this wind (.) it's big influence this wind (..) they've started getting corners now and they've started getting parity in this game
- GR: Newcastle two (.) Derby one (.) Dean Burton's first goal of the season and Newcastle kick it off again (.) we've had a bit of a delay while the referee was seeing something about the goal net over on that far side (..) flag up for offside here on er(...) Alan Shearer and that'll be a free-kick to Derby some fifteen to twenty yards inside their own half
- IH: I'm pleased for Burton (.) he's played well at times in his corner at Derby (.) he hasn't got the goals he really ought to have done and it's drained his confidence a bit (..) it'll be interesting to see how he plays after he's scored now wasn't it and he er(...) certainly is a mobile sort of player and he's given Derby a bit since he came on.

**Key**

- (.) = brief pause  
(..) = pause  
(...) = long pause

**Text B**

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**TEXTS FOR QUESTION 2(b)**

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**Text C**

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## Text D

From a short story, 'Odour of Chrysanthemums', by D.H. Lawrence, first published in 1914.

The girl looked at her mother piteously.

'Let's have our teas, mother, should we?' said she.

The mother called John to table. She opened the door once more and looked out across the darkness of the lines. All was deserted: she could not hear the winding-engines.

'Perhaps,' she said to herself, 'he's stopped to get some ripping<sup>1</sup> done.'

They sat down to tea. John, at the end of the table near the door, was almost lost in the darkness. Their faces were hidden from each other. The girl crouched against the fender slowly moving a thick piece of bread before the fire. The lad, his face a dusky mark on the shadow, sat watching her who was transfigured in the red glow. 5

'I do think it's beautiful to look in the fire,' said the child.

'Do you?' said her mother. 'Why?'

'It's so red, and full of little caves – and it feels so nice, and you can fair smell it.'

'It'll want mending directly,' replied her mother, 'and then if your father comes he'll carry on and say there never is a fire when a man comes home sweating from the pit. A public-house is always warm enough.' 10

There was silence till the boy said complainingly: 'Make haste, our Annie.'

'Well, I am doing! I can't make the fire do it no faster, can I?'

'She keeps wafflin' it about so's to make 'er slow,' grumbled the boy. 15

'Don't have such an evil imagination, child,' replied the mother.

Soon the room was busy in the darkness with the crisp sound of crunching. The mother ate very little. She drank her tea determinedly, and sat thinking. When she rose her anger was evident in the stern unbending of her head. She looked at the pudding in the fender, and broke out: 20

'It is a scandalous thing as a man can't even come home to his dinner! If it's crozzled up to a cinder I don't see why I should care. Past his very door he goes to get to a public-house, and here I sit with his dinner waiting for him –'

She went out. As she dropped piece after piece of coal on the red fire, the shadows fell on the walls, till the room was almost in total darkness. 25

'I canna see,' grumbled the invisible John. In spite of herself, the mother laughed.

'You know the way to your mouth,' she said. She set the dustpan outside the door. When she came again like a shadow on the hearth, the lad repeated, complaining sulkily:

'I canna see.'

'Good gracious!' cried the mother irritably, 'you're as bad as your father if it's a bit dusk!' 30

Nevertheless she took a paper spill from the sheaf on the mantelpiece and proceeded to light the lamp that hung from the ceiling in the middle of the room. As she reached up, her figure displayed itself just rounding with maternity.

'Oh, mother – !' exclaimed the girl.

'What?' said the woman, suspended in the act of putting the lamp glass over the flame. The copper reflector shone handsomely on her, as she stood with uplifted arm, turning to face her daughter. 35

'You've got a flower in your apron!' said the child, in a little rapture at this unusual event.

'Goodness me!' exclaimed the woman, relieved. 'One would think the house was afire.' She replaced the glass and waited a moment before turning up the wick. A pale shadow was seen floating vaguely on the floor. 40

**Glossary:** 1. 'ripping' – a mining term, referring to the preparation of a coal seam for further excavation.

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**Text A:** Transcript of a radio commentary on a football match between Newcastle United and Derby County.

**Text B:** Extract from J.K. ROWLING, *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*, (Bloomsbury Publishing Plc) 1997

**Text C:** Transcript of a conversation between a mother and her son.

**Text D:** Extract from D.H. LAWRENCE, *The Odour of Chrysanthemums*, (Cambridge) 1914. Reproduced by permission of Pollinger Limited and the Estate of Frieda Lawrence Ravagli. © Cambridge Edition of the D.H. Lawrence short stories established from the original sources.