



General Certificate of Education
Advanced Level Examination
June 2013

English Language and Literature (Specification B)

ELLB3

Unit 3 Talk in Life and Literature

Monday 3 June 2013 1.30 pm to 3.30 pm

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book.

Time allowed

- 2 hours

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 ELLB3.
- Answer **one** question from Section A and **Question 5** in Section B.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work that 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 96.
- All questions carry equal marks.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
 - use good English
 - organise information clearly
 - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

Advice

- You are recommended to spend **one hour** on Section A and **one hour** on Section B, including planning.

Section A – Talk in Life and Literature

Answer **one** question from this section and **Question 5** in Section B (printed on page 11).

The set plays for this unit are *King Lear*, *The Way of the World*, *The Crucible* and *Waiting for Godot*.

Read the passage from the play that you have studied and answer the question related to it.

NB: the questions are **different** on each play.

EITHER

King Lear – William Shakespeare

Question 1

0	1
---	---

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents **attitudes to duty** in this passage. In your answer you **must** consider how the playwright uses literary, linguistic and rhetorical devices and conventions to create **specific** dramatic effects.

(48 marks)

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and servants

LEAR

Good morrow to you both.

CORNWALL

Hail to your grace.

Kent is here set at liberty

REGAN

I am glad to see your highness.

LEAR

Regan, I think you are. I know what reason
I have to think so. If thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adult'ress. (*To Kent*) O, are you free?
Some other time for that. – Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-toothed unkindness like a vulture here –
(*laying his hand on his heart*)
I can scarce speak to thee – thou'lt not believe
With how depraved a quality – O Regan!

REGAN

I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

LEAR

Say? How is that?

REGAN

I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance,
She have restrained the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground and to such wholesome end
As clears her from all blame.

LEAR

My curses on her.

Turn over ►

OR

The Way of the World – William Congreve

Question 2

0 2

Explore the ways in which Congreve presents **Mrs Millamant** in this passage. In your answer you **must** consider how the playwright uses literary, linguistic and rhetorical devices and conventions to create **specific** dramatic effects.

(48 marks)

Enter MRS. MILLAMANT, WITWOUD *and* MINCING

MIRABELL

Here she comes i' faith full sail, with her fan spread and her streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders—ha, no, I cry her mercy.

MRS. FAINALL

I see but one poor empty sculler, and he tows her woman after him.

MIRABELL

You seem to be unattended, madam. You used to have the *beau monde* throng after you, and a flock of gay fine perukes hovering round you.

WITWOUD

Like moths about a candle. I had like to have lost my comparison for want of breath!

MILLAMANT

Oh I have denied myself airs today. I have walked as fast through the crowd—

WITWOUD

As a favourite in disgrace; and with as few followers.

MILLAMANT

Dear Mr. Witwoud, truce with your similitudes; for I am as sick of 'em—

WITWOUD

As a physician of a good air—I cannot help it madam, though 'tis against myself.

MILLAMANT

Yet again! Mincing, stand between me and his wit.

WITWOUD

Do Mrs. Mincing, like a screen before a great fire. I confess I do blaze today, I am too bright.

MRS. FAINALL

But dear Millamant, why were you so long?

MILLAMANT

Long! Lord, have I not made violent haste? I have asked every living thing I met for you; I have enquired after you as after a new fashion.

WITWOUD

Madam, truce with your similitudes! No, you met her husband and did not ask him for her.

MIRABELL

By your leave Witwoud, that were like enquiring after an old fashion, to ask a husband for his wife.

WITWOUD

Hum; a hit, a hit, a palpable hit, I confess it.

MRS. FAINALL

You were dressed before I came abroad.

MILLAMANT

Ay, that's true—oh but then I had—Mincing what had I?
Why was I so long?

MINCING

Oh mem, your la'ship stayed to peruse a pecquet of letters.

MILLAMANT

Oh ay, letters—I had letters—I am persecuted with letters—I hate letters—nobody knows how to write letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why. They serve one to pin up one's hair.

WITWOUD

Is that the way? Pray madam, do you pin up your hair with all your letters? I find I must keep copies.

MILLAMANT

Only with those in verse, Mr. Witwoud, I never pin up my hair with prose. I fancy one's hair would not curl if it were pinned up with prose. I think I tried once Mincing?

MINCING

Oh mem, I shall never forget it.

MILLAMANT

Ay, poor Mincing tift and tift all the morning.

MINCING

Till I had the cremp in my fingers I'll vow mem, and all to no purpose. But when your la'ship pins it up with poetry, it sits so pleasant the next day as anything and is so pure and so crips.

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

OR

The Crucible – Arthur Miller

Question 3

0 3

Explore the ways in which Miller presents **courage** in this passage. In your answer you **must** consider how the playwright uses literary, linguistic and rhetorical devices and conventions to create **specific** dramatic effects.

(48 marks)

[Alone. PROCTOR walks to her, halts. It is as though they stood in a spinning world. It is beyond sorrow, above it. He reaches out his hand as though toward an embodiment not quite real, and as he touches her, a strange soft sound, half laughter, half amazement, comes from his throat. He pats her hand. She covers his hand with hers. And then, weak, he sits. Then she sits, facing him.]

PROCTOR: The child?

ELIZABETH: It grows.

PROCTOR: There is no word of the boys?

ELIZABETH: They're well. Rebecca's Samuel keeps them.

PROCTOR: You have not seen them?

ELIZABETH: I have not. *[She catches a weakening in herself and downs it.]*

PROCTOR: You are a – marvel, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: You – have been tortured?

PROCTOR: Aye.

[Pause. She will not let herself be drowned in the sea that threatens her.]

They come for my life now.

ELIZABETH: I know it.

[Pause.]

PROCTOR: None – have yet confessed?

ELIZABETH: There be many confessed.

PROCTOR: Who are they?

ELIZABETH: There be a hundred or more, they say. Goody Ballard is one; Isaiah Goodkind is one. There be many.

PROCTOR: Rebecca?

ELIZABETH: Not Rebecca. She is one foot in Heaven now; naught may hurt her more.

PROCTOR: And Giles?

ELIZABETH: You have not heard of it?

PROCTOR: I hear nothin', where I am kept.

ELIZABETH: Giles is dead.

[He looks at her incredulously.]

PROCTOR: When were he hanged?

ELIZABETH *[quietly, factually]*: He were not hanged. He would not answer aye or nay to his indictment; for if he denied the charge they'd hang him surely, and auction out his property. So he stand mute, and died Christian under the law. And so his sons will have his farm. It is the law, for he could not be condemned a wizard without he answer the indictment, aye or nay.

PROCTOR: Then how does he die?

ELIZABETH [*gently*]: They press him, John.

PROCTOR: Press?

ELIZABETH: Great stones they lay upon his chest until he plead aye or nay. [*With a tender smile for the old man*] They say he give them but two words. 'More weight,' he says. And died.

PROCTOR [*numbed – a thread to weave into his agony*]: 'More weight.'

ELIZABETH: Aye. It were a fearsome man, Giles Corey.

[*Pause.*]

PROCTOR [*with great force of will, but not quite looking at her*]: I have been thinking I would confess to them, Elizabeth. [*She shows nothing.*] What say you? If I give them that?

ELIZABETH: I cannot judge you, John.

[*Pause.*]

PROCTOR [*simply – a pure question*]: What would you have me do?

ELIZABETH: As you will, I would have it. [*Slight pause*] I want you living, John. That's sure.

PROCTOR [*pauses, then with a flailing of hope*]: Giles' wife? Have she confessed?

ELIZABETH: She will not.

[*Pause.*]

PROCTOR: It is a pretence, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: What is?

PROCTOR: I cannot mount the gibbet like a saint. It is a fraud. I am not that man. [*She is silent.*] My honesty is broke, Elizabeth; I am no good man. Nothing's spoiled by giving them this lie that were not rotten long before.

ELIZABETH: And yet you've not confessed till now. That speak goodness in you.

PROCTOR: Spite only keeps me silent. It is hard to give a lie to dogs. [*Pause, for the first time he turns directly to her.*] I would have your forgiveness, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: It is not for me to give, John, I am –

PROCTOR: I'd have you see some honesty in it. Let them that never lied die now to keep their souls. It is pretence for me, a vanity that will not blind God nor keep my children out of the wind. [*Pause.*] What say you?

ELIZABETH [*upon a heaving sob that always threatens*]: John, it come to naught that I should forgive you, if you'll not forgive yourself.

[*Now he turns away a little, in great agony.*]

It is not my soul, John, it is yours.

[*He stands, as though in physical pain, slowly rising to his feet with a great immortal longing to find his answer. It is difficult to say, and she is on the verge of tears.*]

Only be sure of this, for I know it now: Whatever you will do, it is a good man does it.

OR

Waiting for Godot – Samuel Beckett

Question 4

0	4
---	---

Explore the ways in which Beckett presents **the relationship of Pozzo and Lucky** in this passage. In your answer you **must** consider how the playwright uses literary, linguistic and rhetorical devices and conventions to create **specific** dramatic effects.

(48 marks)

This text cannot be reproduced here due to third-party copyright restrictions.

This text cannot be reproduced here due to third-party copyright restrictions.

End of Section A

Turn over for Section B

Turn over ►

There are no questions printed on this page

Section B – Talk in Life and Literature

Answer the compulsory question below on unseen Texts A and B.

Question 5

0	5
---	---

Text A is an extract from the transcript of a job interview. The applicant (A) is applying for the post of canteen assistant at an engineering factory, and is being interviewed by the Human Resources Manager (M).

Text B is an extract from *Sons and Lovers* by D.H. Lawrence (1913). Paul Morel (aged 14) is applying for his first job as a clerk at 'Thomas Jordan and Son – Surgical Appliances'. He is accompanied by his mother.

Compare the two texts, commenting on the ways in which they reflect the differences and similarities between talk in life and talk in literature. You must explore the relationship between context, purpose and audience, the use of narrative voice and the ways in which speakers' attitudes and values are conveyed.

(48 marks)

END OF QUESTIONS

Turn over for Text A

Turn over ►

Text A

Key

(.)	micropause
(...)	longer pause
[overlapping speech
(<i>italics</i>)	non-verbal communication
[<i>passage omitted</i>]	parts of the interview have been omitted

M: so what made you apply for this job

A: well (.) erm (.) er (.) I think it would fit in with the hours that I want (.) actually (.) coming back to work (.) after a bit of a [gap

M: [oh so (.) do you have any previous experience of working in a canteen

A: erm (.) er (...) I limited but I I did work for about erm (.) five years in hotels (.) in in one hotel in particular (.) em an an I did everything really (.) erm (.) from reception to (.) a bit in the canteen (.) restaurant (.) when they were short staffed (...) oh and I always enjoyed working in hotels

M: the em timetable in the canteen's quite pressurised [against lunch

A: [oh right

M: breakfast and so on has to be on (.) has to be available at the [prescribed times

A: [oh

M: how do you feel about working under a bit of pressure from time to time

A: well I'm I'm sure I could er (.) I'm sure I could sort of work under pressure (...) yeah

M: ok (...) have you done any food hygiene qualifications in the past

A: emm well (.) er (.) what what sort of qualifications

M: well (.) to work in a canteen you really need to have completed a basic food [hygiene course

A: [oh

M: which is something we would send you on

A: well I'm (.) I'm very very good round me own kitchen (.) you know (.) (*laughs*) obviously I do think hygiene matters (.) but (.) but no I haven't

[*passage omitted*]

M: have you any experience of working a till

A: (...) erm (.) not really no (.) not (.) no no

M: how are you with er computers and (...)

A: well (.) I go on the internet and I (.) you know (.) use (...) a (.) google and I use e er e (.) er shopping and things like that (.) so I'm I'm able to use it (*laughs*) yeah (.) obviously [yeah

M: [ok

[passage omitted]

M: erm (.) how do you feel a about wearing a uniform

A: not keen I have to say (.) I'm I'm not used to [wearing a

M: [it is a requirement

A: what's the uniform like

M: er (.) [I've

A: [(laughs)

M: it's a (.) er (.) checked uniform (.) erm (.) with a hat

A: you (.) you provide [it then

M: [we provide the uniform (.) you're responsible for laundering your own uniform

A: ok (...) well if (.) if that (.) that has to meet requirements then obviously

yeah [I'd (.) I'd go with it

M: [obviously we (...) present a nice image to [our customers

A: [mmm (.) mm [yeah yeah

M: [ok

Interview finishes with polite exchanges and interviewer saying the company would be in touch within two weeks to let candidate know if she had been successful or not.

Turn over for Text B

Turn over ►

Text B

He went down to the glass office. A red-faced, white-whiskered old man looked up. He reminded Paul of a pomeranian dog. Then the same little man came up the room. He had short legs, was rather stout, and wore an alpaca jacket. So, with one ear up, as it were, he came stoutly and inquiringly down the room.

‘Good-morning!’ he said, hesitating before Mrs Morel, in doubt as to whether she were a customer or not.

‘Good-morning. I came with my son, Paul Morel. You asked him to call this morning.’

‘Come this way,’ said Mr Jordan, in a rather snappy little manner intended to be businesslike.

They followed the manufacturer into a grubby little room, upholstered in black American leather, glossy with the rubbing of many customers. On the table was a pile of trusses, yellow wash-leather hoops tangled together. They looked new and living. Paul sniffed the odour of new wash-leather. He wondered what the things were. By this time he was so much stunned that he only noticed the outside things.

‘Sit down!’ said Mr Jordan, irritably pointing Mrs Morel to a horse-hair chair. She sat on the edge in an uncertain fashion. Then the little old man fidgeted and found a paper.

‘Did you write this letter?’ he snapped, thrusting what Paul recognized as his own notepaper in front of him.

‘Yes,’ he answered.

At that moment he was occupied in two ways: first, on feeling guilty for telling a lie, since William had composed the letter; second, in wondering why his letter seemed so strange and different, in the fat, red hand of the man, from what it had been when it lay on the kitchen table. It was like part of himself, gone astray. He resented the way the man held it.

‘Where did you learn to write?’ said the old man crossly.

Paul merely looked at him shamedly, and did not answer.

‘He *is* a bad writer,’ put in Mrs Morel apologetically. Then she pushed up her veil. Paul hated her for not being prouder with this common little man, and he loved her face clear of the veil.

‘And did you say you know French?’ inquired the little man, still sharply.

‘Yes,’ said Paul.

‘What school did you go to?’

‘The Board-school.’

‘And did you learn it there?’

‘No – I – –’ The boy went crimson and got no further.

‘His godfather gave him lessons,’ said Mrs Morel, half-pleading and rather distant.

Mr Jordan hesitated. Then, in his irritable manner – he always seemed to keep his hands ready for action – he pulled another sheet of paper from his pocket, unfolded it. The paper made a crackling noise. He handed it to Paul.

‘Read that,’ he said.

It was a note in French, in thin, flimsy foreign handwriting that the boy could not decipher. He stared blankly at the paper.

“‘Monsieur,’” he began; then he looked in great confusion at Mr Jordan. ‘It’s the – it’s the – –’

He wanted to say ‘handwriting’, but his wits would no longer work even sufficiently to supply him with the word. Feeling an utter fool, and hating Mr Jordan, he turned desperately to the paper again.

“‘Sir – Please send me” – er – er – I can’t tell the – er – “two pairs – *gris fil bas* – grey thread stockings” – er – er – “*sans* – without” – er – I can’t tell the words – er – “*doigts* – fingers” – er – I can’t tell the – –’

He wanted to say ‘handwriting’, but the word still refused to come. Seeing him stuck, Mr Jordan snatched the paper from him.

“‘Please send by return two pairs grey thread stockings without *toes*.”’

'Well,' flashed Paul, "'*doigts*" means "fingers" – as well – as a rule – –'

The little man looked at him. He did not know whether '*doigts*' meant 'fingers'; he knew that for all *his* purposes it meant 'toes'.

'Fingers to stockings!' he snapped.

'Well, it *does* mean fingers,' the boy persisted.

He hated the little man, who made such a clod of him. Mr Jordan looked at the pale, stupid, defiant boy, then at the mother, who sat quiet and with that peculiar shut-off look of the poor who have to depend on the favour of others.

'And when could he come?' he asked.

'Well,' said Mrs Morel, 'as soon as you wish. He has finished school now.'

'He would live in Bestwood?'

'Yes; but he could be in – at the station – at quarter to eight.'

'H'm!'

It ended by Paul's being engaged as junior spiral clerk at eight shillings a week.

END OF TEXTS

There are no questions printed on this page

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COPYRIGHT-HOLDERS AND PUBLISHERS

Permission to reproduce all copyright material has been applied for. In some cases, efforts to contact copyright-holders have been unsuccessful and AQA will be happy to rectify any omissions of acknowledgements in future papers if notified.

Question 1 *King Lear* by William Shakespeare, published by Penguin Books Ltd, 1972.

Question 2 *The Way of the World* by William Congreve, published by A & C Black (Publishers) Ltd, 1994.

Question 3 Extract from *The Crucible* by Arthur Miller. Copyright © Arthur Miller, 1952, 1953, 1954. Copyright renewed © Arthur Miller, 1980, 1981, 1982, used by permission of The Wylie Agency (UK) Limited.

Question 4 *Waiting for Godot* by Samuel Beckett, published by Faber and Faber Ltd, 2006.

Question 5:

Text A Private data.

Text B *Sons and Lovers* by D.H. Lawrence, published by Penguin Books Ltd, 1965.

Copyright © 2013 AQA and its licensors. All rights reserved.