



General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Examination
January 2013

English Language and Literature (Specification A)

ELLA2

Unit 2 Analysing Speech and its Representation

Friday 18 January 2013 9.00 am to 10.30 am

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book.

Time allowed

- 1 hour 30 minutes

Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Examining Body** for this paper is AQA. The **Paper Reference** is ELLA2.
- Answer Question 1 from Section A and **one** other question from 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 75.
- Question 1 carries 45 marks and Questions 2–11 carry 30 marks each.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
 - use good English
 - organise information clearly
 - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

Advice

- You are advised to spend 50 minutes on Section A and 40 minutes on Section B.

Re-sit candidates

- The following texts will be examined for the **final** time in this paper:

Equus and *The Caretaker*

These texts should therefore be attempted **only** by candidates who are **re-sitting** these texts.

Section A – Analysing Speech

Question 1

0 1 Read **Texts A** and **B**.

Text A is a transcript of a Cornish fisherman, Dave, talking to a visitor, Sam, about the state of the fishing industry in his home port.

Text B is an article from *The Guardian* newspaper online reporting on the effects of rising sea temperatures on fish species.

Compare how information and attitudes about fishing are conveyed by the speakers in the two texts.

In your answer you should comment on:

- vocabulary, and grammatical, stylistic and speech features
- the influence of context on the ways in which speakers convey attitudes and ideas.

(45 marks)

Key

(.)	micropause
(1.0)	pause in seconds
<u>underlining</u>	particular emphasis of a word
[overlap
:::	elongation of a word

Text A

Dave: about twenty five thirty years ago we had (.) er (.) thirty three trawlers (2.0) and probably about thirty smaller boats fishing (1.0) now we're down to ten trawlers (1.0) three of them are up for sale

Sam: [hmm

Dave: [and about twenty smaller boats fishing (1.0) we've seen a big big decline in fishing

Sam: do you think it will eventually (.) just decline altogether

Dave: we:::ll (.) I think of what we've got (1.0) the Joanne's for sale (.) the skipper on that is seventy four and he still goes to sea (1.0) so he's trying to sell that boat (2.0) we've got another two boats in harbour that (.) er (.) that I'm sure will be for sale soon (.) he's

seventy eight and he still fishes now (.) so (.) er I think they'll be up for sale and we'll end up with a very small fleet

Sam:

[yeah

Dave:

] but we've gone now to a smaller boat fleet (.) like (.)

is what we call twenty (.) thirty foot boats and they're doing okay (1.0) they're picking mackerel and bass at the moment (0.5) they're doing all right (1.0) but it's all single handed boats (.) they can't afford to have a crew on them

Sam:

do they fish mainly mackerel

Dave:

yeah (.) the small boats fish mackerel

Sam:

the bigger boats (.) do they (.) do they (.) how do they fish (.) are they trawlers or

what

Dave:

] well we got eight trawlers and two scallop boats

Sam:

] yeah

Dave:

] trawlers now are catching squid (.)

squids turned up about the last three weeks (1.0) squid season's now until November (0.5) and then cuttles (.) the cuttlefish (.) inky fish (.) they turn up and then the lemon sole season starts (.) so they all have different seasons (0.5) the fish

Sam:

] how is (.) how is it (.)

like (.) how is it like stock wise (.) is it

Dave:

] stocks are not too bad at the moment (.) I know

they say are doing bad but they've caught quite a bit of fish (0.5) there's a lot of squid coming in (1.0) and a lot of haddock this year (.) which we've never known before (1.0) we've probably a hundred ton of haddock landed this year on the market (0.5) and since I've been on that market (.) which is probably about forty years (.) I don't think we've seen one ton a year (1.0) so I don't know where that's turned up from

Turn over for Text B

Turn over ►

Text B**Global warming brings exotic fish to British waters but at a cost**

Global warming is leading to “profound” population changes in most common fish species in waters off the UK, according to the first “big picture” study of rising sea temperatures.

Marine biologist Steve Simpson, of Bristol University, said: “The bad news for traditional fisheries is that the nine that were in decline were things like cod, haddock, pollock, ling – species of fish that have been a very important component of our fishery.

“Those that were increasing were more exotic species like red mullet, grey gurnard and John Dory.

“Over time with effective management and an appropriate response in consumer demand, European seas have the potential to yield productive and sustainable fisheries into the future. There will be more opportunities for fisheries based on species we’re not really focusing on at the moment.”

The north-east Atlantic has been described as the “cauldron of climate change” with some scientists reporting that over the last 30 years warming has increased at a rate four times the global average. Because waters around the British Isles are shallow and varied, they can be “invaded” more easily.

Simpson said, “We are seeing many more southerly warm-water species faring well on the European shelf. This means more small-bodied faster-growing species with shorter generation times and potentially more diversity.”

More work is now being done to try to predict which fish will continue to flourish – or decline.

There was a mixed reaction to the report in Brixham, Devon, one of England’s busiest fishing ports. Merchant Nigel Ward, who runs the Brixham Seafish Company, said he believed the seasons that certain species were found in had changed. For example, the lemon sole season used to end in June – now they are still being caught at the end of September.

He welcomed the idea of species like red mullet thriving. “We can find markets for many of these fish. Tastes are changing – people are more willing to experiment.”

Rick Smith, managing director of Brixham Trawler Agents, who has more than 35 years experience of fishing at sea, was more sceptical.

Local fishermen had been celebrating a “fantastic” haddock season this year. “I’ve known it happen twice before – once in the sixties, then again in the seventies. These things come and go,” he said.

Smith added they had always caught fish such as red mullet, gurnard and John Dory, though in previous years there was little or no market for much of it.

Fishmongers and restaurant owners say that haddock and cod are still the visitors’ favourite fish in Brixham.

“But it is changing,” said Dan Brenchley, head chef at the new Simply Fish restaurant. “People are more willing to try fish like mullet, gurnard and dab.”

Turn over for Section B

Turn over ►

Section B – Analysing the Representation of Speech

Answer **one** question from this section.

EITHER*Great Expectations* – Charles Dickens**Question 2**

0	2
---	---

How does Dickens use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to create a sense of mystery in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel? (30 marks)

What nervous folly made me start, and awfully connect it with the footstep of my dead sister, matters not. It was past in a moment, and I listened again, and heard the footstep stumble in coming on. Remembering then, that the staircase lights were blown out, I took up my reading-lamp and went out to the stair-head. Whoever was below had stopped on seeing my lamp, for all was quiet.

“There is some one down there, is there not?” I called out, looking down.

“Yes,” said a voice from the darkness beneath.

“What floor do you want?”

“The top. Mr. Pip.”

“That is my name – There is nothing the matter?”

“Nothing the matter,” returned the voice. And the man came on.

I stood with my lamp held out over the stair-rail, and he came slowly within its light. It was a shaded lamp, to shine upon a book, and its circle of light was very contracted; so that he was in it for a mere instant, and then out of it. In the instant, I had seen a face that was strange to me, looking up with an incomprehensible air of being touched and pleased by the sight of me.

Moving the lamp as the man moved, I made out that he was substantially dressed, but roughly; like a voyager by sea. That he had long iron grey hair. That his age was about sixty. That he was a muscular man, strong on his legs, and that he was browned and hardened by exposure to weather. As he ascended the last stair or two, and the light of my lamp included us both, I saw, with a stupid kind of amazement, that he was holding out both his hands to me.

“Pray what is your business?” I asked him.

“My business?” he repeated, pausing. “Ah! Yes. I will explain my business, by your leave.”

“Do you wish to come in?”

“Yes,” he replied; “I wish to come in, Master.”

I had asked him the question inhospitably enough, for I resented the sort of bright and gratified recognition that still shone in his face. I resented it, because it seemed to imply that he expected me to respond to it. But, I took him into the room I had just left, and, having set the lamp on the table, asked him as civilly as I could, to explain himself.

He looked about him with the strangest air – an air of wondering pleasure, as if he had some part in the things he admired – and he pulled off a rough outer coat, and his hat. Then, I saw that his head was furrowed and bald, and that the long iron grey hair grew only on its sides. But, I saw nothing that in the least explained him. On the contrary, I saw him next moment, once more holding out both his hands to me.

“What do you mean?” said I, half suspecting him to be mad.

He stopped in his looking at me, and slowly rubbed his right hand over his head. “It’s disapinting to a man,” he said, in a coarse broken voice, “arter having looked for’ard so distant, and come so fur; but you’re not to blame for that – neither on us is to blame for that. I’ll speak in half a minute. Give me half a minute, please.”

He sat down on a chair that stood before the fire, and covered his forehead with his large brown veinous hands. I looked at him attentively then, and recoiled a little from him; but I did not know him.

“There’s no one nigh,” said he, looking over his shoulder, “is there?”

“Why do you, a stranger coming into my rooms at this time of night, ask that question?” said I.

“You’re a game one,” he returned, shaking his head at me with a deliberate affection, at once most unintelligible and most exasperating; “I’m glad you’ve grow’d up, a game one! But don’t catch hold of me. You’d be sorry arterwards to have done it.”

I relinquished the intention he had detected, for I knew him! Even yet, I could not recal a single feature, but I knew him! If the wind and the rain had driven away the intervening years, had scattered all the intervening objects, had swept us to the churchyard where we first stood face to face on such different levels, I could not have known my convict more distinctly than I knew him now, as he sat in the chair before the fire.

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

OR

*Eden Close – Anita Shreve***Question 3**

0 3

How does Shreve use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present Andrew's relationship with Eden in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel? (30 marks)

"What the hell are you doing?" he snaps angrily, trying to catch his breath.

"I'm just swimming," she says, surprised by his tone. "What is it?"

"I thought you'd . . ."

He turns and heads back toward shore. He holds his chest where his heart is palpitating and walks around the perimeter of the clearing, with the other hand on his hip. She does not follow him, remains in the water where he has left her. When he circles close to shore, he sees her making waves with her fingers, idly stroking the surface. He lunges into the pond, pulling his feet high and clear until the water reaches above his knees. He dives forward in her direction. He bobs in front of her, lifts her in his arms, cradling her, then rolls her in the air and lets her belly-flop into the water. She comes up sputtering, gasping. She makes a broad sweep with her forearm, spewing the water in his direction. He dives, catches an ankle, drags her under. He holds her there, kisses her, but she pushes at his shoulders, propelling herself to the surface. When he comes up for air, she is laughing. He grabs her around the waist, pulls her onto her back, slides her over himself. She turns abruptly, plunges his head under water, and leapfrogs over his body. When he stumbles to his feet, he sees that she is already halfway to shore. She runs dripping up onto the grass, quickly feels with her feet where the blanket is and sits down, hugging herself. Home free.

"You're an asshole sometimes, you know that, Andy?"

The word is a song note he thought he might never hear again. It lifts him up, makes him as buoyant as a child's inflatable toy in a pool. He bobs happily, watching her, then slithers out of the water to the blanket. He sits beside her.

"I fell asleep," he says, "and when I woke up I was disoriented. I thought you'd . . ."

"Drowned?"

"Yes."

She touches his shoulder, runs her hand down his arm.

"I'm sorry," she says.

"I just feel . . .," he says.

"I'm responsible for myself."

"It's more than that."

"It's hard to believe now," she says, "but I once wished that *you* would drown."

He looks at the surface of the pond, returned to its glassy, golden state. "I love you," he says.

She squeezes his forearm. "You think you know me, but you don't."

"I know enough."

"I could say I love you too, but I don't know what it is."

"I do," he says.

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

OR

The Lovely Bones – Alice Sebold

Question 4

0	4
---	---

How does Sebold use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to give an impression of Susie's heaven in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel? (30 marks)

"I'm Holly," she said. Because she wanted no trace of an accent in her heaven, she had none.

I stared at her black hair. It was shiny like the promises in magazines. "How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Three days."

"Me too."

I sat down on the swing next to her and twisted my body around and around to tie up the chains. Then I let go and spun until I stopped.

"Do you like it here?" she asked.

"No."

"Me either."

So it began.

We had been given, in our heavens, our simplest dreams. There were no teachers in the school. We never had to go inside except for art class for me and jazz band for Holly. The boys did not pinch our backsides or tell us we smelled; our textbooks were *Seventeen* and *Glamour* and *Vogue*.

And our heavens expanded as our relationship grew. We wanted many of the same things.

Franny, my intake counselor, became our guide. Franny was old enough to be our mother—mid-forties—and it took Holly and me a while to figure out that this had been something we wanted: our mothers.

In Franny's heaven, she served and was rewarded by results and gratitude. On Earth she had been a social worker for the homeless and destitute. She worked out of a church named Saint Mary's that served meals to women and children only, and she did everything there from manning the phones to swatting the roaches—karate-chop style. She was shot in the face by a man looking for his wife.

Franny walked over to Holly and me on the fifth day. She handed us two Dixie Cups of lime Kool-Aid and we drank. "I'm here to help," she said.

I looked into her small blue eyes surrounded by laugh lines and told her the truth. "We're bored."

Holly was busy trying to reach her tongue out far enough to see if it had turned green.

"What do you want?" Franny asked.

“I don’t know,” I said.

“All you have to do is desire it, and if you desire it enough and understand why — really know — it will come.”

It seemed so simple and it was. That’s how Holly and I got our duplex.

I hated our split-level on Earth. I hated my parents’ furniture, and how our house looked out onto another house and another house and another — an echo of sameness riding up over the hill. Our duplex looked out onto a park, and in the distance, just close enough to know we weren’t alone, but not too close, we could see the lights of other houses.

Eventually I began to desire more. What I found strange was how much I desired to know what I had not known on Earth. I wanted to be allowed to grow up.

“People grow up by living,” I said to Franny. “I want to live.”

“That’s out,” she said.

“Can we at least watch the living?” asked Holly.

“You already do,” she said.

“I think she means whole lives,” I said, “from beginning to end, to see how they did it. To know the secrets. Then we can pretend better.”

“You won’t experience it,” Franny clarified.

“Thank you, Brain Central,” I said, but our heavens began to grow.

There was the high school still, all the Fairfax architecture, but now there were roads leading out.

“Walk the paths,” Franny said, “and you’ll find what you need.”

So that’s when Holly and I set out. Our heaven had an ice cream shop where, when you asked for peppermint stick ice cream, no one ever said, “It’s seasonal”; it had a newspaper where our pictures appeared a lot and made us look important; it had real men in it and beautiful women too, because Holly and I were devoted to fashion magazines. Sometimes Holly seemed like she wasn’t paying attention, and other times she was gone when I went looking for her. That was when she went to a part of heaven we didn’t share. I missed her then, but it was an odd sort of missing because by then I knew the meaning of forever.

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

OR

Strange Meeting – Susan Hill

Question 5

0	5
---	---

How does Hill use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present Hilliard's feelings in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel? (30 marks)

This extract cannot be reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

This extract cannot be reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

OR

A Man For All Seasons – Robert Bolt

Question 6

0 6

How does Bolt use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Henry in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?
(30 marks)

HENRY, *in a cloth of gold, runs out of the sunlight half-way down the steps, and blows a blast on his pilot's whistle. All kneel. In the silence he descends slowly to their level, blowing softly ...*

MORE Your Majesty does my house more honour than I fear my household can bear.

HENRY No ceremony, Thomas! No ceremony! (*They rise.*) A passing fancy – I happened to be on the river. (*Holds out shoe, proudly.*) Look, mud.

MORE We do it in better style, Your Grace, when we come by the road.

HENRY Oh, the road! There's the road for me, Thomas, the river, my river ... By heaven what an evening! I fear we come upon you unexpectedly, Lady Alice.

ALICE (*shocked*) Oh no, Your Grace – (*remembering*) that is yes, but we are ready for you – ready to entertain Your Grace that is.

MORE This is my daughter Margaret, sir. She has not had the honour to meet Your Grace. (*She curtseys low.*)

HENRY (*looks her over, then*) Why, Margaret, they told me you were a scholar.

MARGARET *is confused.*

MORE Answer, Margaret.

MARGARET Among women I pass for one Your Grace.

NORFOLK and ALICE *exchange approving glances.*

HENRY Antiquone modo Latine loqueris, an Oxoniensi?
[Is your Latin the old Latin, or Oxford Latin?]

MARGARET Quem me docuit pater, Domine.
[My father's Latin, Sire.]

HENRY Bene. Optimus est. Graecamne linguam quoque te docuit?
[Good. That is the best. And has he taught you Greek too?]

MARGARET Graecam me docuit non pater meus sed mei patris amicus, Johannes Coletus, Sancti Pauli Decanus. In litteris Graecis tamen, non minus quam Latinis, ars magistri minuitur discipuli stultitia.

[Not my father, Sire, but my father's friend, John Colet, Dean of St Paul's. But it is with the Greek as it is with the

Latin; the skill of the master is lost in the pupil's lack of it.]

Her Latin is better than his; he is not altogether pleased.

- HENRY** Ho! (*He walks away from her, talking; she begins to rise from her curtsey, MORE gently presses her down again before the King turns.*) Take care, Thomas: 'There is no end to the making of books and too much reading is a weariness of the flesh.' (*Back to MARGARET.*) Can you dance, too?
- MARGARET** Not well, Your Grace.
- HENRY** Well, *I* dance superlatively! (*Plants his leg before her face.*) That's a dancer's leg, Margaret! (*She has the wit to look straight up and smile at him. All good humour he pulls her to her feet; sees NORFOLK grinning the grin of a comrade.*) Hey, Norfolk? (*Indicates NORFOLK's leg with much distaste.*) Now *that's* a wrestler's leg. But I can throw him. (*Seizes NORFOLK.*) Shall I show them, Howard? (*NORFOLK is alarmed for his dignity. To MARGARET.*) Shall I?
- MARGARET** (*looking at NORFOLK, gently*) No, Your Grace.
- HENRY** (*releases NORFOLK, seriously*) You are gentle. (*To MORE, approving.*) That's good. (*To MARGARET.*) You shall read to me. (*MARGARET is about to demur.*) No no, you shall read to me. Lady Alice, the river's given me an appetite.
- ALICE** If Your Grace would share a very simple supper.
- HENRY** It would please me to. (*Preparing to lead off, sees MARGARET again.*) I'm something of a scholar too; did you know?
- MARGARET** All the world knows Your Grace's Book, asserting the seven sacraments of the Church.
- HENRY** Ah yes. Between ourselves, your father had a hand in that; eh, Thomas?
- MORE** Here and there, Your Grace. In a minor capacity.
- HENRY** (*looking at him*) He seeks to shame me with his modesty ... (*Turns to ALICE.*) On second thoughts we'll follow, Lady Alice, Thomas and I will follow. (*He waves them off. They bow, withdraw, prepare for second bow.*) Wait! (*Raises whistle to lips; then*) Margaret, are you fond of music?
- MARGARET** Yes, Your Grace.
- HENRY** (*beckons her to him; holds out whistle*) Blow. (*She is uncertain.*) Blow. (*She does.*) Louder! (*She does and at once music without, stately and oversweet. Expressions of pleasure all round.*) I brought them with me, Lady Alice; take them in!

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

OR

All My Sons – Arthur Miller

Question 7

0 7

How does Miller use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to create conflict in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?
(30 marks)

GEORGE: Dad came to work that day. The night foreman came to him and showed him the cylinder heads . . . they were coming out of the process with defects. There was something wrong with the process. So Dad went directly to the phone and called here and told Joe to come down right away. But the morning passed. No sign of Joe. So Dad called again. By this time he had over a hundred defectives. The Army was screaming for stuff and Dad didn't have anything to ship. So Joe told him . . . on the phone he told him to weld, cover up the cracks in any way he could, and ship them out.

CHRIS: Are you through now?

GEORGE [*surging up at him*]: I'm not through now! [*Back to ANN*] Dad was afraid. He wanted Joe there if he was going to do it. But Joe can't come down . . . he's sick. Sick! He suddenly gets the flu! Suddenly! But he promised to take responsibility. Do you understand what I'm saying? On the telephone you can't have responsibility! In a court you can always deny a phone call and that's exactly what he did. They knew he was a liar the first time, but in the appeal they believed that rotten lie and now Joe is a big shot and your father is the patsy. [*He gets up.*] Now what're you going to do? Eat his food, sleep in his bed? Answer me; what're you going to do?

CHRIS: What're you going to do, George?

GEORGE: He's too smart for me, I can't prove a phone call.

CHRIS: Then how dare you come in here with that rot?

ANN: George, the court . . .

GEORGE: The court didn't know your father! But you know him. You know in your heart Joe did it.

CHRIS [*whirling him around*]: Lower your voice or I'll throw you out of here!

GEORGE: She knows. She knows.

CHRIS [*to ANN*]: Get him out of here, Ann. Get him out of here.

ANN: George, I know everything you've said. Dad told that whole thing in court, and they . . .

GEORGE [*almost a scream*]: The court did not know him, Annie!

ANN: Shhh!—But he'll say anything, George. You know how quick he can lie.

GEORGE [*turning to CHRIS, with deliberation*]: I'll ask you something, and look me in the eye when you answer me.

CHRIS: I'll look you in the eye.

GEORGE: You know your father . . .

CHRIS: I know him well.

GEORGE: And he's the kind of boss to let a hundred and twenty-one cylinder heads be repaired and shipped out of his shop without even knowing about it?

CHRIS: He's that kind of boss.

GEORGE: And that's the same Joe Keller who never left his shop without first going around to see that all the lights were out.

CHRIS [*with growing anger*]: The same Joe Keller.

GEORGE: The same man who knows how many minutes a day his workers spend in the toilet.

CHRIS: The same man.

GEORGE: And my father, that frightened mouse who'd never buy a shirt without somebody along—that man would dare do such a thing on his own?

CHRIS: On his own. And because he's a frightened mouse this is another thing he'd do;—throw the blame on somebody else because he's not man enough to take it himself. He tried it in court but it didn't work, but with a fool like you it works!

GEORGE: Oh, Chris, you're a liar to yourself!

ANN [*deeply shaken*]: Don't talk like that!

CHRIS [*sits facing GEORGE*]: Tell me, George. What happened? The court record was good enough for you all these years, why isn't it good now? Why did you believe it all these years?

GEORGE [*after a slight pause*]: Because you believed it . . . That's the truth, Chris. I believed everything, because I thought you did. But today I heard it from his mouth. From his mouth it's altogether different than the record. Anyone who knows him, and knows your father, will believe it from his mouth. Your Dad took everything we have. I can't beat that. But she's one item he's not going to grab. [*He turns to ANN.*] Get your things. Everything they have is covered with blood. You're not the kind of a girl who can live with that. Get your things.

CHRIS: Ann . . . you're not going to believe that, are you?

ANN [*she goes to him*]: You know it's not true, don't you?

GEORGE: How can he tell you? It's his father. [*To CHRIS*] None of these things ever even cross your mind?

CHRIS: Yes, they crossed my mind. Anything can cross your mind!

GEORGE: *He knows, Annie. He knows!*

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

OR

Othello – William Shakespeare

Question 8

0 8

How does Shakespeare use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Iago in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play? (30 marks)

IAGO

And what's he then that says I play the villain,
 When this advice is free I give, and honest,
 Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
 To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
 Th'inclining Desdemona to subdue
 In any honest suit. She's framed as fruitful
 As the free elements; and then for her
 To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism,
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
 His soul is so enfettered to her love,
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I then a villain
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will the blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows
 As I do now. For whiles this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear:
 That she repeals him for her body's lust,
 And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all.

Enter Roderigo

How now, Roderigo?

RODERIGO I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound
 that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is
 almost spent; I have been tonight exceedingly well
 cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so
 much experience for my pains; and so, with no money
 at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

IAGO

How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hath cashiered Cassio.
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.
Content thyself awhile. By th'mass, 'tis morning:
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted.
Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. *Exit Roderigo*

Two things are to be done.

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress:
I'll set her on.
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way.
Dull not device by coldness and delay. *Exit*

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

OR*Pack of Lies* – Hugh Whitmore**Question 9**

0	9
---	---

How does Whitmore use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Barbara's reaction to all the lies and deceit in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play? (30 marks)

This extract cannot be reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

This extract cannot be reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

This extract cannot be reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

Re-sit questions

For re-sit candidates only

Answer **one** question.

EITHER

Equus – Peter Shaffer

Re-sit Question

1	0
---	---

How does Shaffer use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Frank's view of Alan in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play? (30 marks)

[FRANK STRANG *comes into the square, his hat in his hand. He is nervous and embarrassed.*]

DYSART [*welcoming*]: Hallo, Mr Strang.

FRANK: I was just passing. I hope it's not too late.

DYSART: Of course not. I'm delighted to see you.

FRANK: My wife doesn't know I'm here. I'd be grateful to you if you didn't enlighten her, if you receive my meaning.

DYSART: Everything that happens in this room is confidential, Mr Strang.

FRANK: I hope so . . . I hope so . . .

DYSART [*gently*]: Do you have something to tell me?

FRANK: As a matter of fact I have. Yes.

DYSART: Your wife told me about the photograph.

FRANK: I know, it's not that! It's *about* that, but it's – worse . . . I wanted to tell you the other night, but I couldn't in front of Dora. Maybe I should have. It might show her where all that stuff leads to, she drills into the boy behind my back.

DYSART: What kind of thing is it?

FRANK: Something I witnessed.

DYSART: Where?

FRANK: At home. About eighteen months ago.

DYSART: Go on.

FRANK: It was late. I'd gone upstairs to fetch something. The boy had been in bed hours, or so I thought.

DYSART: Go on.

FRANK: As I came along the passage I saw the door of his bedroom was ajar. I'm sure he didn't know it was. From inside I heard the sound of this chanting.

DYSART: Chanting?

Question 10 continues on the next page

Turn over ►

FRANK: Like the Bible. One of those lists his mother's always reading to him.

DYSART: What kind of list?

FRANK: Those Begats. So-and-so begat, you know. Genealogy.

DYSART: Can you remember what Alan's list sounded like?

FRANK: Well, the *sort* of thing. I stood there absolutely astonished.

The first word I heard was . . .

ALAN [*rising and chanting*]: *Prince!*

DYSART: Prince?

FRANK: Prince begat Prince. That sort of nonsense.

[ALAN *moves slowly to the centre of the circle, downstage.*]

ALAN: And Prance begat Prankus! And Prankus begat Flankus!

FRANK: I looked through the door, and he was standing in the moonlight in his pyjamas, right in front of that big photograph.

DYSART: The horse with the huge eyes?

FRANK: Right.

ALAN: Flankus begat Spankus. And Spankus begat Spunkus the Great, who lived three score years!

FRANK: It was all like that. I can't remember the exact names, of course. Then suddenly he knelt down.

DYSART: In front of the photograph?

FRANK: Yes. Right there at the foot of his bed.

ALAN [*kneeling*]: And Legwus begat Neckwus. And Neckwus begat Fleckwus, the King of Spit. And Fleckwus spoke out of his chinkle-chankle!

[*He bows himself to the ground.*]

DYSART: What?

FRANK: I'm sure that was the word. I've never forgotten it. Chinkle-chankle.

[ALAN *raises his head and extends his hands up in glory.*]

ALAN: And he said 'Behold – I give you Equus, my only begotten son!'

DYSART: Equus?

FRANK: Yes. No doubt of that. He repeated that word several times. 'Equus my only begotten son.'

ALAN [*reverently*]: Ek . . . wus!

DYSART [*suddenly understanding: almost 'aside'*]: Ek . . . Ek . . .

FRANK [*embarrassed*]: And then . . .

DYSART: Yes: what?

FRANK: He took a piece of string out of his pocket. Made up into a noose. And put it in his mouth.

[ALAN *bridles himself with invisible string, and pulls it back.*]

And then with his other hand he picked up a coat hanger. A wooden coat hanger, and – and –

DYSART: Began to beat himself?

[ALAN, in mime, begins to thrash himself, increasing the strokes in speed and viciousness.

Pause.]

FRANK: You see why I couldn't tell his mother . . . Religion. Religion's at the bottom of all this!

DYSART: What did you do?

FRANK: Nothing. I coughed – and went back downstairs.

[The boy starts guiltily – tears the string from his mouth – and scrambles back to bed.]

DYSART: Did you ever speak to him about it later? Even obliquely?

FRANK [*unhappily*]: I can't speak of things like that, Doctor. It's not in my nature.

DYSART [*kindly*]: No. I see that.

FRANK: But I thought you ought to know. So I came.

DYSART [*warmly*]: Yes. I'm very grateful to you. Thank you.

[Pause.]

FRANK: Well, that's it . . .

DYSART: Is there anything else?

FRANK [*even more embarrassed*]: There is actually. One thing.

DYSART: What's that?

FRANK: On the night that he did it – that awful thing in the stable –

DYSART: Yes?

FRANK: That very night, he was out with a girl.

DYSART: How d'you know that?

FRANK: I just know.

DYSART [*puzzled*]: Did he tell you?

FRANK: I can't say any more.

DYSART: I don't quite understand.

FRANK: Everything said in here is confidential, you said.

DYSART: Absolutely.

FRANK: Then ask him. Ask him about taking a girl out, that very night he did it . . . [*Abruptly.*] Goodbye, Doctor.

[He goes. DYSART looks after him.]

FRANK *resumes his seat.*]

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

OR

The Caretaker – Harold Pinter

Re-sit Question

1	1
---	---

How does Pinter use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Davies in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play? (30 marks)

This extract cannot be reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

This extract cannot be reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

This extract cannot be reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

END OF QUESTIONS

There are no questions printed on this page

There are no questions printed on this page

There are no questions printed on this page

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: Text A – transcript of a Cornish fisherman.
Text B – copyright Guardian News & Media Ltd 2011.

Question 2: from *Great Expectations* by Charles Dickens, published by Penguin, 1996.

Question 3: from *Eden Close* by Anita Shreve, published by Abacus, 1994. Copyright © 1994 by Anita Shreve.

Question 4: pages 18–20 from *The Lovely Bones* by Alice Sebold, published by Picador, 2002.

Question 5: extract from *Strange Meeting* by Susan Hill, published by Penguin. Copyright © Susan Hill, 1971, 1989. Reproduced by permission of Sheil Land Associates Ltd.

Question 6: from *A Man For All Seasons* by Robert Bolt, published by Heinemann Educational Publishers, 1996. Copyright © 1960 Plain Plays Ltd.

Question 7: from *All My Sons* by Arthur Miller, published by Penguin, 2000. Copyright © 1947, The Estate of Arthur Miller. All rights reserved.

Question 8: from *Othello* by William Shakespeare, published by Penguin, 2005.

Question 9: excerpt from *Pack of Lies* by Hugh Whitmore. Copyright © Hugh Whitmore 1983. Reprinted by permission of Oberon Books Ltd.

Question 10: pages 49–52 from *Equus* by Peter Shaffer, published by Penguin, 2006, England. Copyright © Peter Shaffer, 1973, 1974. All rights reserved. Reproduced by permission of Penguin Books Ltd.

Question 11: from *The Caretaker* by Harold Pinter, published by Faber and Faber Ltd, 2000.

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