



General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Level Examination  
June 2013

# English Language and Literature (Specification A)

## ELLA3

**Unit 3 Comparative Analysis and Text Adaptation**

**Monday 3 June 2013 1.30 pm to 4.00 pm**

**For this paper you must have:**

- an AQA 12-page answer book.

### **Time allowed**

- 2 hours 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 ELLA3.
- Answer **three** questions in total: Question 1 in Section A and **either** Questions 2 and 3 **or** Questions 4 and 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 100.
- Section A carries 60 marks, while Section B carries 40 marks.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
  - use good English
  - organise information clearly
  - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

### **Advice**

- You should spend 1 hour 30 minutes answering Section A and 1 hour answering Section B.

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**Section A – Analytical Comparison**

You must answer Question 1.

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**Question 1**

0	1
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Read the three texts printed on the following pages. These texts are linked by the fact that they are all about particular medical conditions.

**Text A** is a part of a private conversation.

**Text B** is an extract from a website.

**Text C** is an extract from a novel by Simon Mawer.

Compare Texts A, B and C, showing how the writers and speakers convey their ideas and feelings about the subject matter.

Your analysis should include consideration of the following:

- the writers' or speakers' choices of vocabulary, grammar and style
- the relationship between texts and the significance of context on language use.

*(60 marks)*

**Text A**

*This transcript is part of a private conversation between two friends at work; the two friends are called Malcolm and Jane and they are discussing Jane's physical condition.*

**Key**

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

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation.

- Malcolm: so what is it about the (2.0) can you tell me about this (.) the kind of affliction that you've got then
- Jane: erm (.) well actually erm it's (.) it's more than an affliction (.) it's it's an actual disease (.) called Raynaud's disease
- Malcolm: ri::::ght (.) so what (.) what are the characteristics of this actual disease
- Jane: well (1.0) yer just cold all the time (1.0) an yer extremities just don't get warm
- Malcolm: right (1.0) in what ways then
- Jane: yeah right yeah well (0.5) yer so cold that the erm (1.0) blood is temporarily prevented (.) from getting to yer finger tips (.) yer toes (.) yer nose (.) they go a little bit numb (.) an then they just kinda go a bluey colour
- Malcolm: a bluey colour
- Jane: yea:::h (.) an it's rea:::lly painful (.) yer freezin an it just feels like the ends of yer fingers are gonna drop (.) off
- Malcolm: so what happens say (.) like when you get back into the warmth
- Jane: well when yer come into the warmth (.) they start to tingle (1.0) an it's not a nice tingle (0.5) it feels like yer finger ends they're thumpin (1.0) an the pain is rea:::lly bad then
- Malcolm: what (.) like excruciatin
- Jane: oh yeah (.) right yeah (.) a lot

**Turn over for Text B**

**Turn over ►**

**Text B**

*The following is taken from an internet health site.  
(Note: underlined words and phrases are live hyperlinks.)*

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

**Turn over for Text C**

**Turn over ►**

**Text C**

*The following is from a novel entitled Mendel's Dwarf by Simon Mawer. Ben Lambert, the central character and narrator of the novel, is a doctor who has been born a dwarf. He has made it his life's work to decode the human gene that has made him as he is. In this section, he reflects on an incident from his childhood where he has been mocked for his condition by his classmates and is then spoken to by his headmaster.*

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

**End of Section A**

**Turn over for Section B**

**Turn over ►**

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**Section B – Adaptation of Texts for an Audience**

Answer **either** Questions 2 **and** 3 below  
**or** Questions 4 **and** 5 on page 11.

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**EITHER**

*Cupcakes and Kalashnikovs* – Eleanor Mills (Ed)

Read the source material which follows and answer **both** questions.

**Text D** is from ‘Mountainsides of Hell’ by Julie Flint.

**Question 2**

0	2
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Imagine that you are a Kurdish survivor of Saddam Hussein’s regime who is living in England today. You have been asked to write an account of your experiences in a Turkish refugee camp. Your account will be used as part of a book charting the effects of the injustices of Saddam’s dictatorship.

Write your account of your time in the refugee camp.

You should adapt the source material, using your own words as far as possible, without using direct quotations from the original text. Your account should be approximately 300–400 words in length.

In your adaptation you should:

- use language appropriately to address purpose and audience
- write accurately and coherently, applying relevant ideas and concepts.

(25 marks)

**AND****Question 3**

0	3
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Write a commentary which explains the choices you made when writing your account, commenting on the following:

- how language and form have been used to suit audience and purpose
- how vocabulary and other stylistic features have been used to shape meaning and to achieve particular effects.

You should aim to write about 150–250 words in this commentary.

(15 marks)



## Text D

## JULIE FLINT

### 1948–

In this account of what she [Julie Flint] calls a ‘non-camp’ for refugees just across the border of north-west Iraq, she brings to life the horrific conditions prompted by Saddam Hussein’s 1991 expulsion of the Kurdish people.

### Mountainsides of Hell

14 April 1991, *Observer*

It rained all night long, at first spottily but then with extraordinary energy. No one slept for the crying of hungry, frozen children terrified by the wind and lightning. In the morning, what the world is pleased to call a ‘refugee camp’ was a giant mudbath set at a 45-degree angle with everything on it, animal and vegetable, clinging on for dear life.

By midday, six little graves marked out by stones recorded the night’s death toll in just one corner of this human ant-heap. In the tent where she had given birth to her first child two days earlier, crammed in with 14 other women and children after an 80-mile walk from Iraq, a 24-year-old Kurdish woman held out a sneezing, wheezing bundle. ‘Take it to England,’ she implored. Her husband, a teacher, looked on speechless, unable to relinquish his first-born but equally unable to condemn the baby to near-certain death. Outside the tent, a two-year-old with a grossly distended stomach stood howling in the mud, bent double, bottom bare and legs covered in diarrhoea.

Nothing prepares you for the awfulness of this non-camp just across the border of north-west Iraq, one of more than half-a-dozen refugee concentrations along the border and arguably the worst. None of the television pictures does it justice. No words convey the misery of it – except, perhaps, the laconic observation of a man in a green dressing-gown that ‘this place is no good even for animals’.

[...]

The slippery ridges in between [the valleys] look like something out of Dante’s *Inferno*, covered in the smoke of a thousand bonfires and carpeted with the horns, hooves and bloated entrails of slaughtered goats. Blackened by smoke, and amputated for firewood, trees look as if they have been napalmed.

There is no natural shelter for the 250,000 refugees estimated to be on both sides of the Uludere mountain, no natural materials with which to build shelter, no water apart from small springs on the highest slopes.

[...]

It is especially difficult for refugees who are, in their vast majority, townspeople and who lack the communal support systems and outdoor habits of most Kurdish villagers. ‘Everything is missing here,’ a middle-aged man says in all seriousness. ‘Especially the WC.’ On this mountain, people are packed so tightly that some walked for miles to find a nook where they can squat in privacy; others, lacking the strength to walk that far, defecate between the tents. There is diarrhoea everywhere.

Those who have blankets have to choose between wrapping themselves in them, selfishly, or using them to make a tent that can shelter an entire family.

In this vast bog, cemented by a sense of shock and something bordering on despair, there are pockets of manic energy: a woman sweeps the mud; a man looking for firewood digs up a giant root in preference to a dozen more accessible branches; a group of exhausted children play tag with a ball made from a piece of plastic. But most people sit quietly, adults looking inquiringly at foreigners – ‘Doctor?’ – and little children gazing out like catatonics.

**Text D continues on the next page**

**Turn over ►**

They all look like weathered tramps and it comes as a shock when a filthy, ragged man says in perfect English: ‘We are very dirty, but most of us here have Masters. I myself have an MA in Arabic Literature.’

The mountainside shakes off its lethargy whenever a tractor laden with supplies donated by local Kurds claws its way up the only path there is. Young men attack it like piranhas, oblivious of the Turkish soldiers who whip them with wooden switches and club them with rifle butts; oblivious, too, of anything that is not a bag of bread, a box of biscuits or a sack of macaroni. [...] ‘Please excuse our people,’ said a young teacher. ‘We don’t have food, water or blankets. We don’t have anything.’

This is the ‘camp’ that Turkish officers said was deemed too dreadful for US Secretary of State James Baker to visit. As the Red Crescent set up the first medical centre, refugees were fighting each other with knives to get the first snatch at the tractors, first shot at the parachuted supplies which, in the absence of any organisation on the ground, only encouraged the survival of the fittest.

Despite the cold and the hunger, water is the biggest problem. As the days tick by and winter snows melt, increasingly few have the energy to climb high into the mountains to pack no-longer-virgin snow into vegetable bags that look horribly like body bags. They turn instead to rivers that are thick with mud – good enough for washing feet, shoes and clothes, but not good enough for filling babies’ bottles, although many do.

In the absence of water, one woman cooked macaroni in a bone-dry pan. Beside her a family that had just killed its last goat cut it up by smashing it with rocks. At the bottom of the hill a tractor tried to drag a water trailer up the path, but got stuck in the mud. ‘Can you believe,’ said an old man, ‘that this is the end of the twentieth century?’

While the international community masters the logistical nightmare presented by this avalanche in Turkey’s backward south-eastern corner, the supplies being sent by local people, for the moment the bulk of the refugees’ sustenance, often miss the mark.

All along the mountain paths brightly-coloured clothes are trampled into the mud, flung aside in the frenzied rush for food. Dozens of wooden cradles are abandoned with every truckload, too large for the makeshift tents and no substitute for a mother’s warmth in the nights when temperatures drop below freezing. Broken loaves of bread lie everywhere: distribution is a problem even when supply is not.

The Turkish commandos who control the border and have set up camp at the bottom of the mountain make it quite clear that they have only one duty – security. ‘We are just here to keep the people safe,’ says a lieutenant, who passes his time playing chess. ‘We are not responsible for food or water. Our work is to keep people safe from terrorism.’

Relations between the troops and the refugees are bad, with the Kurds’ consensus being that ‘we have left a large prison for a small one’.

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[...] indicates where a passage has been omitted.

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**OR**

*A House Somewhere: Tales of Life Abroad* – Don George and Anthony Sattin (Eds)

Read the source material which follows and answer **both** questions.

**Text E** is from 'Waiting for Juan' by Chris Stewart.

**Question 4**

**0 4**

Imagine that you are Petra and you decide to tell your family about Juan. Write the letter home where you explain the details of your life and relationship with Juan.

Write your letter, deciding to which member of your family it is addressed.

You should adapt the source material, using your own words as far as possible, without using direct quotations from the original text. Your letter should be approximately 300–400 words in length.

In your adaptation you should:

- use language appropriately to address purpose and audience
- write accurately and coherently, applying relevant ideas and concepts.

(25 marks)

**AND**

**Question 5**

**0 5**

Write a commentary which explains the choices you made when writing your letter, commenting on the following:

- how language and form have been used to suit audience and purpose
- how vocabulary and other stylistic features have been used to shape meaning and to achieve particular effects.

You should aim to write about 150–250 words in this commentary.

(15 marks)

**Turn over for Text E**

**Turn over ►**

## Text E

This episode began one July evening on the road outside Orgiva. I was standing by the car, talking to a cousin of Manolo's, when suddenly there was a yelling and shouting and a woman came stumbling round the corner in a state of hysteria.

'Please help,' she babbled in Spanish. 'He's going to kill her – he's gone really crazy – go now, please . . . !'

'Wait,' I said. 'Tell me what you want me to do and where and what's happening . . .'

'Just go, now, please, over there!' she implored.

So I got in the car and headed off in the direction the woman had indicated, wondering what on earth I was letting myself in for, but knowing I had to go anyway. After about a kilometre I came across two people standing by the side of the road. One was Petra, a slight Danish woman with long, light brown hair, which she had swept in front of her face in a vain attempt to hide behind it. The other was her lover Juan, a man I knew a little as a result of having sheared his sheep a few times. Though barely taller than Petra, Juan seemed somehow to be towering over her with a look of clenched menace.

Petra acknowledged my arrival with a terrified glance. 'Please don't leave me alone with him, Chris, he's going to kill me.'

'Cristóbal, what are you doing here?' demanded Juan with a look of fury.

I got out of the car and Petra explained as well as she could what was going on. 'I'm leaving him, Chris. I can't stand his moods and his wildness any more. And he can't accept that I'm leaving like this so he keeps grabbing me and shaking me and trying to make me say I'll stay. And now he says he's going to kill me – we've called the police but just please don't leave me alone with him. Stay till the police get here.'

Petra was crying now and rubbing her bruised arms. 'Okay,' I said. 'I'll stay until you tell me I can go.'

All this we said in English. It didn't seem necessary somehow to translate it for the benefit of Juan.

'What are you saying? Speak Spanish,' he shouted.

'Petra is telling me what's going on and I'm staying here until she says I can go,' I said to Juan.

'You can go now. I don't want you here.'

'No. Here I stay till Petra says I can go,' I repeated.

Juan bristled – a stocky man, with teeth mostly knocked out, nose well broken and a stubbly moustache. He muscled up to me. I held my ground.

'Cristóbal, a man does not get in the way of another man and his woman,' he snarled.

'He does, Juan, when there is violence, so here I stay.'

Little by little, as our group moved back and forth between the house, from which Petra was getting her belongings, and the van where she was stowing them, Juan began to get aggressive with me. He didn't hit me, but there was a lot of the pushing and shoving with chest puffed out that men do as a prelude to slamming their fists into each others' faces. 'We used to be friends, Cristóbal,' Juan growled. 'But now you have a serious enemy.'

Anyway, I did my stuff and stuck to Petra like glue, and after about half an hour a Guardia Civil patrol car appeared and two policemen got out. One was a pleasant-faced young man who was obviously a trainee, the other a little runt of a man with a thick grey moustache and a strut like a bantam-cock.

'Show me your papers, passport . . .' he snapped at Petra. 'And you,' he turned to me. 'What are you doing here?'

'I'm staying to make sure that my friend doesn't get hurt.'

'Well, you can clear off now,' he said, with a look of distaste.

'I'm staying until this woman says I can go,' I told him with what I hoped was an answering sneer. It was immediately obvious that this noble little custodian of the law

thought that if Juan wanted to beat up his girlfriend then that was his own affair and none of us should be interfering.

The bantam disappeared into the house with Petra to check her papers, and Juan and I were left outside in the dark with the young apprentice. Juan was still being aggressive towards me. ‘You’re not going to arrive home alive tonight, Cristóbal,’ he said. ‘Juan,’ I warned him. ‘It’s all very well to threaten a man, but to do it in front of the Señor Guardia here is surely foolishness, no?’ I was a little emboldened by the young policeman’s cosh and his gun and his silly green hat.

In the end the Guardia escorted Petra to the police station, and as she left she assured me that she had friends who would collect her and that she would be all right. ‘Thanks, Chris,’ she said. ‘I’ll be fine now.’

[...]

Back to bed. I thought about Petra and Juan. I had thought their affair was romantic – but maybe not. Petra was a generous soul, sexy and optimistic and always game for something interesting. She had come out to Orgiva after growing tired of an office job in Copenhagen, and fallen in with a Spanish-Moroccan bloke from Ceuta. Together they travelled back and forth to Morocco, trawling for artefacts which they would sell at a stall in the market. Then Paco, the partner, decided he was going to India to do some work on his karma, while Petra took up with an installation artist and part-time welder, whom she had met in Alicante. All seemed to go well for a while and she would return in high spirits with her new lover to stay with friends in the mountain villages. And then one day, I was out wandering in the hills of the Contraviesa when I found myself in the middle of a big flock of sheep. Standing at the back, tending them with a stick and a couple of scruffy-looking dogs, was Petra – the very same Petra who had once worked as a stationery buyer for a mobile phone company.

The sheep, she said, belonged to Juan. I knew Juan a little and had found him a quiet, reserved sort of a man. I liked him. Petra went on to tell me how she had cast her lot with him and moved into his ramshackle *cortijo* to share the shepherd’s life. Sometimes I would come across her in town in her van, loading up with sacks of feed and shepherd’s necessities. And then she told me how the two of them had left the flock in the charge of a cousin or two, and headed off round Spain in the van for a holiday – a thing Juan never would have dreamed of doing before.

So, all in all, it seemed that Petra enriched Juan’s life, and Juan and his pastoral existence was really something of a revelation to Petra. ‘Oh, it’s wonderful, Chris,’ she would tell me eagerly. ‘It’s opened out a whole new world for me. I can’t tell you the pleasure I get from living up on the mountain with the sheep, getting to know this new way of life.’ Her eyes would glisten with excitement as she said this, so I knew it was so.

[...]

In the town a few weeks after Feria I ran into Petra for the first time since the night of violence. She embraced me warmly.

‘For Chrissake lay off, Petra!’ I said, backing off. ‘You want to try and get me killed again?’

‘No, don’t worry about it, Chris. I just wanted to thank you for being so wonderful that night.’

‘It’s all very well to say “Don’t worry”, but there’s a dangerous maniac out there with a big knife and if he sees his blonde all over me in the high street then I’m meat.’

‘Oh, Juan is all right. He’s not a dangerous maniac at all. In fact I must rush because I’m just going to pick him up and take him to hospital . . .’

‘You what?!’

**Text E continues on the next page**

**Turn over ►**

‘He’s got kidney stones and the pain makes him crazy. That was partly what made him so aggressive that night; he was crazy with pain and I had refused to take him to hospital.’

‘Petra, why on earth didn’t you say any of this then?’ I asked, appalled.

‘Perhaps I was wrong that night. Juan is usually as gentle as a lamb. Anyway I must fly. Bye!’

I told Manolo what Petra had said. ‘Oh – Juan is all right,’ he said. ‘He wouldn’t hurt a fly. He didn’t actually kill Pepe Díaz either, it was a heart attack. No, there’s no doubt about it, Juan wouldn’t have harmed you.’

I looked at him sideways.

‘And what about the *navajón* he keeps in his boots?’ I asked.

‘I wouldn’t know about that,’ he answered with a smile. ‘I’ve never had any cause to look inside them.’

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[...] indicates where a passage has been omitted.

**END OF QUESTIONS**

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**Text A:** private data.

**Text B:** <http://www.netdoctor.co.uk/diseases/facts/neckpains.htm>

**Text C:** extract from *Mendel's Dwarf* by Simon Mawer reprinted by permission of Peters Fraser & Dunlop [www.petersfraserdunlop.com](http://www.petersfraserdunlop.com) on behalf of Simon Mawer.

**Text D:** from 'Mountainsides of Hell' by Julie Flint, in *Cupcakes and Kalashnikovs*, edited by Eleanor Mills, published by Constable, 2005.

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