



General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Level Examination  
June 2011

# English Language and Literature (Specification A)

## ELLA3

### Unit 3 Comparative Analysis and Text Adaptation

Friday 24 June 2011 9.00 am to 11.30 am

**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**

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Read the three texts printed on the following pages. These texts are linked by their subject matter, food.

**Text A** is an extract from a conversation on a television programme.

**Text B** is an extract from a novel by Andrew Davidson.

**Text C** is an extract from a newspaper article by Jeremy Clarkson.

Compare Texts A, B and C, showing how the writers or speakers convey their feelings about food.

Your analysis should include consideration of the following:

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

*(60 marks)*

**Text A**

*In this transcript of part of a conversation, Dave and Si, known from television as The Hairy Bikers, have watched a chef cook a local seafood dish. They then taste the cooked food and give their reaction to it.*

Extract is not reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

**Turn over for Text B**

**Turn over ►**

## Text B

*The following is an extract from a novel The Gargoyle by Andrew Davidson, where the unnamed narrator has suffered terrible burns in a car accident and is recovering in hospital. A mysterious woman called Marianne Engel befriends him, visits him and, on this occasion, brings him a range of foods.*

Marianne Engel had previously brought me snacks, but it was obvious that this meal was far more substantial. She opened the hampers – one for hot items and the other, packed with ice, for cool – and started to lay out the food. There was a freshly baked round of focaccia, still smelling of wood smoke, and bottles of olive oil and balsamic vinegar. She danced a swirl of black across the surface of the yellow, and then dipped a chunk of the focaccia into the leopardated liquid. She said the familiar prayer before she lifted the bread to my mouth: “*Jube, Domine benedicere.*”<sup>1</sup>

She’d also brought cheeses: Camembert, Gouda, blue, Iranian goat. She asked my favorite and when I picked the goat she smiled broadly. Next, some steaming wraps that looked like crepes but had a most bawdy smell. Gorgonzola pancakes were not for everyone, she explained, but she hoped I liked them. I did. There were cantaloupe balls wrapped in thin slices of prosciutto, the fruity orange peeking through the meaty pink.

She continued to excavate the hampers. Bastardly plump green olives, fat with red pimiento<sup>2</sup> stuffing, lounged contentedly in a yellow bowl. A plateful of tomatoes soaked in black vinegar with snowy nuggets of bocconcini<sup>3</sup>. Sheaves of pita and cups brimming with hummus and tzatziki. Oysters, crabs, and scallops drowning a wonderful death in a marinara ocean; little wedges of lemon balanced on the plate’s edge like life preservers waiting to be thrown in. Pork sausages with peppercorn rims. Dolmathes<sup>4</sup>, trying hard to be swarthy and macho in their little green suits, scented with sweet red wine. Thick rings of calamari. Souvlaki<sup>5</sup> shared skewers with sweet buttered onions and braised peppers. There was a shoulder of lamb so well cooked it fell apart if you only looked at it while thinking about a fork, surrounded by a happy little family of roast potatoes.

I sat trapped under the culinary avalanche, unable to move for fear of tipping a plate over. “There’s no way we can eat all this.”

“Finishing isn’t the point.” She pulled a bottle out of the chilled hamper. “Besides, I’m sure the nurses will be happy to help with the leftovers. You won’t tell them I was drinking alcohol, will you? I like retsina<sup>6</sup> because you can taste the earth in it.”

The nurses soon hovered around the door like a flock of hungry seagulls. I felt a strange manly pride, the one we get when being seen on a date with a beautiful woman. The nurses giggled and made a few comments before dispersing to their rounds. Marianne Engel lifted morsel after morsel to my lips. “Try this ... You’re going to love it ... Have more.”

We made a determined effort, but it was predestined that we’d never be able to finish the meal.

<sup>1</sup> A religious incantation meaning, “Please Lord will you bless?”

<sup>2</sup> A type of chilli pepper

<sup>3</sup> Mild white cheese from Italy

<sup>4</sup> Stuffed grapevine leaves from Greece

<sup>5</sup> Skewered meat and vegetables from Greece

<sup>6</sup> A Greek white wine

## Text C

*The following is an extract from an article published in The Sunday Times by television presenter and writer, Jeremy Clarkson. Here he writes about a recent experience of eating food containing a hot chilli sauce.*

It's an American chilli sauce that was bought by my wife as a joky Christmas present. And, like all joky Christmas presents, it was put in a drawer and forgotten about. It's called limited-edition Insanity private reserve and it came in a little wooden box, along with various warning notices. "Use this product one drop at a time," it said. "Keep away from eyes, pets and children. Not for people with heart or respiratory problems. Use extreme caution."

Unfortunately, we live in a world where everything comes with a warning notice. Railings. Vacuum cleaners. Energy drinks. My quad bike has so many stickers warning me of decapitation, death and impalement that they become a nonsensical blur.

The result is simple. We know these labels are drawn up to protect the manufacturer legally, should you decide one day to insert a vacuum-cleaner pipe up your bottom, or to try to remove your eye with a teaspoon. So we ignore them. They are meaningless. One drop at a time! Use extreme caution! On a sauce. Pah. Plainly it was just American lawyer twaddle.

I like a hot sauce. My bloody marys<sup>1</sup> are known to cure squints. And at an Indian restaurant I will often order a vindaloo, sometimes without the involvement of a wager. So when I accidentally found that bottle of Insanity, I poured maybe half a teaspoonful onto my paella. And tucked in.

Burns victims often say that when they are actually on fire, there is no pain. It has something to do with the body pumping out adrenaline in such vast quantities that the nerve endings stop working. Well, it wasn't like that for me.

The pain started out mildly, but I knew from past experience that this would build to a delightful fiery sensation. I was even looking forward to it. But the moment soon passed. In a matter of seconds I was in agony. After maybe a minute I was frightened that I might die. After five I was frightened that I might not.

The searing fire had surged throughout my head. My eyes were streaming. Molten lava was flooding out of my nose. My mouth was a shattered ruin. Even my hair hurt.

And all the time I was thinking: "If it's doing this to my head, what in the name of all that's holy is it doing to my innards?" I felt certain that at any moment my stomach would open and everything – my intestines, my liver, my heart, even – would simply splosh onto the floor. This is not an exaggeration. I really did think I was dissolving from the inside out.

Trying to keep calm, I raced, screaming, for the fridge and ate handfuls of crushed ice. This made everything worse. So, dimly remembering that Indians use bread when they've overdone the chillies, I cut a slice, threw it away and ate what remained of the very expensive Daylesford loaf, like a dog. Nothing was working. And such was my desperation, I downed two litres of skimmed milk – something I would never normally touch with a barge pole. I was sweating profusely as my body frenziedly sought to realign its internal thermostat. I felt sick but didn't dare regurgitate the poison for fear of the damage it would cause on the way out.

Even now, the following morning, I feel weak, shell-shocked, like I may die at any moment. And all I'd ingested was a drop.

Source: © The Times 10 2009

**End of Section A**  
**Turn over for Section B**

<sup>1</sup> A fiery alcoholic drink

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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 9.

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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 'How It Feels to be Forcibly Fed' by Djuna Barnes.

**Question 2**

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You are part of a team making a radio programme about the suffragettes and their struggle for women's rights. Your section of the programme deals with their experiences of being force-fed.

Write your section of the programme.

You should adapt the source material, using your own words as far as possible. You should not use direct quotations from Barnes's article. Your section of the programme 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**

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Write a commentary which explains the choices you made when writing your section of the radio programme, 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**

I shall be strictly professional, I assured myself. If it be an ordeal, it is familiar to my sex at this time; other women have suffered it in acute reality. Surely I have as much nerve as my English sisters? Then I held myself steady. I thought so, and I caught sight of my face in the glass. It was quite white; and I was swallowing convulsively.

And then I knew my soul stood terrified before a little yard of red rubber tubing.

The doctor was saying, 'Help her upon the table.'

He was tying thin, twisted tapes about his arm; he was testing his instruments. He took the loose end of the sheet and began to bind me: he wrapped it round and round me, my arms tight to my sides, wrapped it up to my throat so that I could not move. I lay in as long and unbroken lines as any corpse – unbroken, definite lines that stretched away beyond my vision, for I saw only the skylight. My eyes wandered, outcasts in a world they knew.

It was the most concentrated moment of my life.

Three of the men approached me. The fourth stood at a distance, looking at the slow, crawling hands of a watch. The three took me not unkindly, but quite without compassion, one by the head, one by the feet; one sprawled above me, holding my hands down at my hips.

All life's problems had now been reduced to one simple act – to swallow or to choke. As I lay in passive revolt, a quizzical thought wandered across my beleaguered mind: This, at least, is one picture that will never go into the family album.

Oh, this ridiculous perturbation! – I reassured myself. Yet how imagination can obsess! It is the truth that the lights of the windows – pictures of a city's skyline – the walls, the men, all went out into a great blank as the doctor leaned down. Then suddenly the dark broke into a blotch of light, as he trailed the electric bulb up and down and across my face, stopping to examine my throat to make sure I was fully capable of swallowing.

He sprayed both nostrils with a mixture of cocaine and disinfectant. As it reached my throat, it burned and burned.

There was no progress on this pilgrimage. Now I abandoned myself. I was in the valley, and it seemed years that I lay there watching the pitcher as it rose in the hand of the doctor and hung, a devilish, inhuman menace. In it was the liquid food I was to have. It was milk, but I could not tell what it was, for all things are alike when they reach the stomach by a rubber tube.

He had inserted the red tubing, with the funnel at the end, through my nose into the passages of the throat. It is utterly impossible to describe the anguish of it.

The hands above my head tightened into a vise, and like answering vises the hands at my hips and those at my feet grew rigid and secure.

Unbidden visions of remote horrors danced madly through my mind. There arose the hideous thought of being gripped in the tentacles of some monster devil fish in the depths of a tropic sea, as the liquid slowly sensed its way along innumerable endless passages that seemed to traverse my nose, my ears, the inner interstices of my throbbing head. Unsuspected nerves thrilled pain tidings that racked the area of my face and bosom. They seared along my spine. They set my heart at catapultic plunging.

An instant that was an hour, and the liquid had reached my throat. It was ice cold, and sweat as cold broke out upon my forehead.

Still my heart plunged on with the irregular, meaningless motion that sunlight reflected from a mirror casts upon a wall. A dull ache grew and spread from my shoulders into the whole area of my back and through my chest.

**Text D continues on the next page**

**Turn over ►**

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The pit of my stomach had lapsed long ago, had gone out into absolute vacancy. Things around began to move lethargically; the electric light to my left took a hazy step or two toward the clock, which lurched forward to meet it; the windows could not keep still. I, too, was detached and moved as the room moved. The doctor's eyes were always just before me. And I knew then that I was fainting. I struggled against surrender. It was the futile defiance of nightmare. My utter hopelessness was a pain. I was conscious only of head and feet and that spot where someone was holding me by the hips.

Still the liquid trickled irresistibly down the tubing into my throat; every drop seemed a quart, and every quart slid over and down into space. I had lapsed into a physical mechanism without power to oppose or resent the outrage to my will.

The spirit was betrayed by the body's weakness. There it is – the outraged will. If I, playacting, felt my being burning with revolt at this brutal usurpation of my own functions, how they who actually suffered the ordeal in its acutest horror must have flamed at the violation of the sanctuaries of their spirits.

I saw in my hysteria a vision of a hundred women in grim prison hospitals, bound and shrouded on tables just like this, held in the rough grip of callous warders while white-robed doctors thrust rubber tubing into the delicate interstices of their nostrils and forced into their helpless bodies the crude fuel to sustain the life they longed to sacrifice.

Science had at last, then, deprived us of the right to die.

Still the liquid trickled irresistibly down the tubing into my throat.



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OR

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

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

**Text E** is from *Lost Japan* by Alex Kerr.

**Question 4**

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You are part of a team making a radio programme about the experience of living in a foreign country. Your section of the programme deals with Japan towards the end of the twentieth century.

Write your section of the programme.

You should adapt the source material, using your own words as far as possible. You should not use direct quotations from Kerr's article. Your section of the programme 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
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Write a commentary which explains the choices you made when writing your section of the radio programme, 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 ►**

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**Text E**

In retrospect, the late 1970s in Kyoto were the turning point of an era. Diane, David Kidd, many of my other foreign friends and I were all living in a dream of ancient Japan, because in those days it was still possible to believe in the dream. Around Tenmangu was wilderness and rice paddies, and the streets of Kameoka were still lined with wooden houses and the big *kura* of saké-makers, lending it the feel of a feudal castle town. The mountains had yet to be covered with steel pylons, and the wave of concrete and plastic had yet to overtake the town. Our actions at the time may have been a bit eccentric, but they still had some air of reality. It was possible, as we sometimes did on summer nights during the seminar at Oomoto, to walk all the way through town back to Tenmangu wearing kimono and *hakama* (trousers). To do so today would be so divorced from modern Japanese surroundings as to seem wholly ridiculous.

Time passed, and the early 1980s saw the renovation of Tenmangu advance steadily. I wired the house for electricity, swept away the cobwebs and installed glass doors along the verandah. With the exit of the spiders, Diane did not feel quite at home any more and she moved out as well. I turned my attention to the *doma*, an earthen-floored room used as the kitchen, which took up about a third of the floor space in Tenmangu.

First, the head priest of Kuwayama Shrine, my landlord, performed a Shinto purification ritual for the old earthen oven and the well – fire and water. Then my friends and I set about transforming the *doma* into a studio space by removing the oven and capping the well. I put in a long table where I could do calligraphy, and mount and back paintings. The other rooms of the house had ceilings, but the *doma*, in order to allow smoke from the oven to escape, was open all the way up to the rafters, like Chiiori. But the rafters were so crammed with lumber and old sliding doors that it was impossible to see them. We carried out the detritus, and swept down one hundred and fifty years of accumulated soot, enough to fill ten large garbage bags. In doing so, a wide expanse of rafters and crossbeams magically appeared. This airy room is now my workspace.

Though the age of mosquito nets, candles and kimonos has ended, a special world lives on at Tenmangu even now. This is a very simple thing: nature. When I return to Tenmangu after a trip to Tokyo or abroad, I always find that the cycle of the seasons has shifted a bit, and new natural phenomena await me. According to the old Chinese calendar, the year is divided into twenty-four mini-seasons, with names like ‘Clear and Bright’, ‘White Dew’, ‘Great Heat’, ‘Little Cold’ and ‘Squirming Insects’. Each has its own flavour.

The god of Tenmangu was originally a tenth-century courtier named Michizane, famed for his love of plum blossoms; as a result, the thousands of Tenmangu shrines across the country invariably have a plum tree planted in the grounds. The mystique of plums is that they bloom at the end of winter, when snow is still on the ground. Soon spring comes, and the old cherry tree in the garden blooms, along with azaleas, peaches and wildflowers. But my favourite season comes later, around the end of May or the beginning of June, when the rainy season starts. The frogs in the surrounding paddies start croaking, and my friends calling from Tokyo are amazed to find that they can hear them even over the phone line. Little emerald gems, the frogs hop about and ornament the leaves and stepping stones. Then lotuses burst into bloom, and the heavy rain drums pleasantly on the roof of my bedroom. Sleeping during the rainy season is always a joy.

Then one evening, a lone firefly appears in the garden. With a friend, I climb down behind the garden to the creek bed below, and we wait in silence in the darkness. After a while, from the thickets on either side of the ravine, glowing clouds of fireflies come floating out. In the summer, the village children come to swim in the pool below the waterfall. My cousin Edan, a little blond imp, spent a whole summer playing under the waterfall. From my living room I can hear the children’s voices as

they dive into the pool. The trees on the mountain slope beyond sway in the breeze, and a black kite lazily spreads its long wings high above. The end of the summer brings typhoons and autumn's crimson maple leaves, yellow ginkgo, ruby nandina berries and, at the end, hanging onto the bare branches of winter, orange persimmon fruit. On winter days, frost descends on the garden, and each blade of grass sparkles like diamonds in the morning sun. Frog emeralds, frost diamonds, nandina rubies – these are Tenmangu's jewel box.

But these seasonal changes are being slowly erased from today's Japan. For example, in most cities it is standard practice in autumn to cut off the branches of trees lining the streets, in order to prevent falling leaves. To modern Japanese, falling leaves are not a thing of beauty; they are messy and to be avoided. This accounts for the stunted appearance of the trees which one encounters in most public places in Japan. Recently, a friend here told me, 'Just going to look at the mountain wilderness – what a bore! It is only when you have something to do that nature becomes interesting. You know, like golf or skiing.' This may explain why people feel compelled to bulldoze so many golf courses and ski slopes into the mountainsides. My wilderness remains that of the Chinese poets, my nature that of Basho's haiku. A frog jumps into an old pond; just that sound brings me joy. Nothing else is needed.

## END OF QUESTIONS

**There are no questions printed on this page**

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**Text A:** a transcript of part of a conversation from *The Hairy Bikers' Tour of Britain* from the BBC.

**Text B:** from *The Gargoyle* by Andrew Davidson. First published in Great Britain by Canongate Books Ltd, 14 High Street, Edinburgh, EH1 1TE.

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