

General Certificate of Education
January 2006
Advanced Subsidiary Examination



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

NA3M

**Unit 3 The Study of the Language of Prose and Speech
(Modern Texts)**

Tuesday 17 January 2006 9.00 am to 10.30 am

For this paper you must have:

- a 12-page answer book

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

Instructions

- Use blue or black ink or ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The *Examining Body* for this paper is AQA. The *Paper Reference* is NA3M.
- Answer **one** question from Section A and Question 5 in Section B.
- Do all rough work in the answer book. Cross through any work you do not want marked.

Information

- The texts prescribed for this paper **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 200.
- There are 100 marks for each question (Sections A and B).
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers. All questions should be answered in continuous prose. Quality of Written Communication will be assessed in all answers.
- *The Wasp Factory* is examined for the last time in this paper. The question set on this novel, on pages 10–11 of this paper should therefore be attempted **only** by candidates who are **re-sitting** *The Wasp Factory*.

**SECTION A – The Study of the Language of Prose
(Modern Texts)**

Answer **one** question from this section.

EITHER

Eden Close – Anita Shreve

1 Read the extract printed below.

Explore the presentation of Eden's independent nature here and elsewhere in the novel.

In your answer you should consider:

- choices of form, style, vocabulary and narrative viewpoint
- the ways in which attitudes and values are conveyed to the reader.

His afternoons are as rhythmic as the mornings. After he and Eden have been together each day, he drives to the mall in search of gifts for her she cannot keep. He has become, as a result of this habit, a devotee of the mall. He has bought her a peach-colored cotton sundress and a copy of *Ethan Frome*, which he plans to read to her. He has bought her a box of chocolates, which they devoured one day after swimming. He has bought her sunscreen lotion for her face and a wide-brimmed straw hat. Today he has bought her something special, the most ingenious of his purchases.

"I'm going swimming," she says, stretching and sitting up.

"I'll come with you," he says.

"No. I can do it myself now."

He is about to protest, but stops. There is no reason she can't swim on her own. Her sense of direction is uncanny. He has noticed that she has entered and come out of the water at exactly the same spot each day. He wonders how she does it: does she feel the path with her feet, or does she hear her way?

Propped up on one elbow, he watches her walk to the pond, wade out up to her waist, then dive forward to begin her crawl to the other side. He likes watching her swim. Her strokes are neat, mathematical, and he takes pride in seeing her strength return with each passing day. She can easily finish twenty laps now, and if they had more time, she might do thirty.

He lies back with his hands under his head. He thinks he hears, very faintly, a distant rumble of thunder. The strangling heat wave, now in its eighth day, has broken all records. It is as if the entire town and its environs were waiting breathlessly for the siege to break. He hopes it is thunder that he has heard, and that it will come soon, this afternoon, bringing with it a soaking, rinsing rain. He imagines the rain, bouncing up from the cracked ground, dripping from the wet leaves, falling onto his face and shoulders as he shuts his eyes and turns his face gratefully up to a cloudburst. . . .

He wakes with a start, annoyed to see he has been dozing. He has no idea how long he has been unconscious: seconds? minutes? He stands awkwardly and too fast, feeling hollow as he does so. He scans the pond. There is no sign of Eden. He glances around the clearing, but she is not there either. He calls her name, the first time hesitantly, the second time abruptly, as he runs to the water's edge.

"Eden!" he shouts, as if he were cross with her.

The surface of the pond is eerily smooth.

"Holy Christ!" he yells now, flailing into the pond. His heart is loose inside his chest. His lungs are huge balloons, pushing against his ribs. The water is molasses. It is like the nightmares he used to have as a boy when he couldn't run fast enough in his dreams. "Jesus God," he cries as he pitches forward to swim, not knowing in which direction to head.

To his right, he sees a ripple, then a hand. She rockets straight up in the water not twenty feet to the side of him, panting hard. She smiles. She listens for him. She waves in his general direction.

“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.

Turn over for the next question

OR

An Evil Cradling – Brian Keenan

2 Read the extract printed below.

How are reactions to violence conveyed here and elsewhere in the book?

In your answer you should consider:

- choices of form, style, vocabulary and narrative viewpoint
- the ways in which attitudes and values are conveyed to the reader.

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

Turn over for the next question

OR*Enduring Love* – Ian McEwan

3 Read the extract printed below.

Explore the presentation here of Joe's visit to the site of the tragedy, and the importance of this visit to the novel as a whole.

In your answer you should consider:

- choices of form, style, vocabulary and narrative viewpoint
- the ways in which attitudes and values are conveyed to the reader.

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Turn over for the next question

OR

A Handful of Dust – Evelyn Waugh

4 Read the extract printed below.

How does Evelyn Waugh present Tony Last's powerlessness here and elsewhere in the novel?

In your answer you should consider:

- choices of form, style and vocabulary
- the ways in which attitudes and values are conveyed to the reader.

'This is going to be hell,' said Tony.

It was ten minutes before Milly came. She emerged from the gloom with a porter in front carrying her suitcase and a child dragging back on her arm behind her. Milly's wardrobe consisted mainly of evening dresses, for during the day she usually spent her time sitting before a gas fire in her dressing-gown. She made an insignificant and rather respectable appearance. 'Sorry if I'm late,' she said. 'Winnie here couldn't find her shoes. I brought her along too. I knew you wouldn't mind really. She travels on a half ticket.'

Winnie was a plain child with large gold-rimmed spectacles. When she spoke she revealed that two of her front teeth were missing.

'I hope you don't imagine she's coming with us.'

'Yes, that's the idea,' said Milly. 'She won't be any trouble – she's got her puzzle.'

Tony bent down to speak to the little girl. 'Listen,' he said. 'You don't want to come to a nasty big hotel. You go with this kind gentleman here. He'll take you to a shop and let you choose the biggest doll you can find and then he'll drive you back in his motor to your home. You'll like that, won't you?'

'No,' said Winnie. 'I want to go to the seaside. I won't go with that man. I don't want a doll. I want to go to the seaside with my mummy.'

Several people besides the detectives were beginning to take notice of the oddly assorted group.

'Oh God!' said Tony. 'I suppose she's got to come.'

The detectives followed at a distance down the platform. Tony settled his companions in a Pullman car. 'Look,' said Milly, 'we're travelling first class. Isn't that fun? We can have tea.'

'Can I have an ice?'

'I don't expect they've got an ice. But you can have some nice tea.'

'But I want an ice.'

'You shall have an ice when you get to Brighton. Now be a good girl and play with your puzzle or mother won't take you to the seaside again.'

'The Awful Child of popular fiction,' said Jock as he left Tony.

Winnie sustained the part throughout the journey to Brighton. She was not inventive but she knew the classic routine thoroughly, even to such commonplace but alarming devices as breathing heavily, grunting and complaining of nausea.

Rooms at the hotel had been engaged for Tony by the solicitors. It was therefore a surprise to the reception clerk when Winnie arrived. 'We have reserved in your name double and single communicating rooms, bathroom and sitting-room,' he said. 'We did not understand you were bringing your daughter. Will you require a further room?'

'Oh, Winnie can come in with me,' said Milly.

The two detectives who were standing near-by at the counter exchanged glances of disapproval.

Tony wrote *Mr and Mrs Last* in the Visitors' Book.

'And daughter,' said the clerk with his finger on the place.

Tony hesitated. 'She is my niece,' he said, and inscribed her name on another line, as *Miss Smith*.

The detective, registering below, remarked to his colleague, 'He got out of that all right. Quite smart. But I don't like the look of this case. Most irregular. Sets a nasty, respectable note bringing a kid into it. We've got the firm to consider. It doesn't do them any good to get mixed up with the King's Proctor.'

'How about a quick one?' said his colleague indifferently.

Upstairs, Winnie said, 'Where's the sea?'

'Just there across the street.'

'I want to go and see it.'

'But it's dark now, pet. You shall see it to-morrow.'

'I want to see it to-night.'

'You take her to see it now,' said Tony.

'Sure you won't be lonely?'

'Quite sure.'

'We won't be long.'

'That's all right. You let her see it properly.'

Tony went down to the bar where he was pleased to find the two detectives. He felt the need of male company. 'Good evening,' he said.

They looked at him askance. Everything in this case seemed to be happening as though with deliberate design to shock their professional feelings. 'Good evening,' said the senior detective. 'Nasty, raw evening.'

'Have a drink.'

Since Tony was paying their expenses in any case, the offer seemed superfluous, but the junior detective brightened instinctively and said, 'Don't mind if I do.'

'Come and sit down. I feel rather lonely.'

They took their drinks to a table out of hearing of the barman. 'Mr Last, sir, this is all *wrong*,' said the senior detective. 'You haven't no business to recognize us at all. I don't know what they'd say at the office.'

'Best respects,' said the junior detective.

'This is Mr James, my colleague,' said the senior detective. 'My name is Blenkinsop. James is new to this kind of work.'

'So am I,' said Tony.

'A pity we've such a nasty week-end for the job,' said Blenkinsop, 'very damp and blowy. Gets me in the joints.'

'Tell me,' said Tony. 'Is it usual to bring children on an expedition of this kind?'

'It is *not*.'

'I thought it couldn't be.'

'Since you ask me, Mr Last, I regard it as most irregular and injudicious ...'

Turn over for the re-sit question

RE-SIT QUESTION – TO BE ATTEMPTED BY RE-SIT CANDIDATES ONLY.**Re-sit question (RQ)***The Wasp Factory* – Iain Banks

Read the extract printed below.

Examine the presentation of Frank's relationship with younger members of his family here and elsewhere in the novel.

In your answer you should consider:

- choices of form, style, vocabulary and narrative viewpoint
- the ways in which attitudes and values are conveyed to the reader.

I killed little Esmerelda because I felt I owed it to myself and to the world in general. I had, after all, accounted for two male children and thus done womankind something of a statistical favour. If I really had the courage of my convictions, I reasoned, I ought to redress the balance at least slightly. My cousin was simply the easiest and most obvious target.

Again, I bore her no personal ill-will. Children aren't real people, in the sense that they are not small males and females but a separate species which will (probably) grow into one or the other in due time. Younger children in particular, before the insidious and evil influence of society and their parents have properly got to them, are sexlessly open and hence perfectly likeable. I did like Esmerelda (even if I thought her name was a bit soppy) and played with her a lot when she came to stay. She was the daughter of Harmsworth and Morag Stove, my half-uncle and half-aunt by my father's first marriage; they were the couple who had looked after Eric when he was younger. They would come over from Belfast to stay with us in the summers sometimes; my father used to get on well with Harmsworth, and because I looked after Esmerelda they could have a nice relaxing holiday here. I think Mrs Stove was a little worried about trusting her daughter to me that particular summer, as it was the one after I'd struck young Paul down in his prime, but at nine years of age I was an obviously happy and well-adjusted child, responsible and well-spoken and, when it was mentioned, demonstrably sad about my younger brother's demise. I am convinced that only my genuinely clear conscience let me convince the adults around me that I was totally innocent. I even carried out a double-bluff of appearing slightly guilty *for the wrong reasons*, so that adults told me I shouldn't blame myself because I hadn't been able to warn Paul in time. I was brilliant.

I had decided I would try to murder Esmerelda before she and her parents even arrived for their holiday. Eric was away on a school cruise, so there would only be me and her. It would be risky, so soon after Paul's death, but I had to do something to even up the balance. I could feel it in my guts, in my bones; I *had* to. It was like an itch, something I had no way of resisting, like when I walk along a pavement in Porteneil and I accidentally scuff one heel on a paving stone. I *have* to scuff the other foot as well, with as near as possible the same weight, to feel good again. The same if I brush one arm against a wall or a lamp-post; I must brush the other one as well, soon, or at the very least scratch it with the other hand. In a whole range of ways like that I try to keep balanced, though I have no idea why. It is simply something that must be done; and, in the same way, I had to get rid of *some* woman, tip the scales back in the other direction.

I had taken to making kites that year. It was 1973, I suppose. I used many things to make them: cane and dowelling and metal coathangers and aluminium tentpoles, and paper and plastic sheeting and dustbin bags and sheets and string and nylon rope and twine and all sorts of little straps and buckles and bits of cord and elastic bands and strips of wire and pins and screws and nails and pieces cannibalised from model yachts and various toys. I made a hand winch with a double handle and a ratchet and room for half a kilometre of twine on the drum; I made different types of tails for the kites that needed them, and dozens of kites large and small, some stunts. I kept them in the shed and eventually had to put the bikes outside under a tarpaulin when the collection got too large.

That summer I took Esmerelda kiting quite a lot. I let her play with a small, single-string kite while I used a stunter. I would send it swooping over and under hers, or dive it down to the sands while I stood on a dune cliff, pulling the kite down to nick tall towers of sand I'd built, then pulling up again, the kite trailing a spray of sand through the air from the collapsing tower. Although it took a while and I crashed a couple of times, once I even knocked a dam down with a kite. I swooped it so that on each pass it caught the top of the dam wall with one corner, gradually producing a nick in the sand barrier which the water was able to flow through, quickly going on to overwhelm the whole dam and the sand-house village beneath.

Then one day I was standing there on a dune top, straining against the pull of the wind in the kite, gripping and hauling and sensing and adjusting and twisting, when one of those twists became like a strangle around Esmerelda's neck, and the idea was there. Use the kites.

I thought about it calmly, still standing there as though nothing had passed through my mind but the continual computation guiding the kite, and I thought it seemed reasonable. As I thought about it, the notion took its own shape, blossoming, as it were, and escalating into what I finally conceived as my cousin's nemesis. I grinned then, I recall, and brought the stunter down fast and acute across the weeds and the water, the sand and the surf, scudding it in across the wind to jerk and zoom just before it hit the girl herself where she sat on the dune top holding and spasmodically jerking the string she held in her hand, connected to the sky. She turned, smiled and shrieked then, squinting in the summer light.

End of Section A

Turn over for Section B

SECTION B – The Study of the Language of Speech

Answer Question 5.

- 5 Read the following transcript of spoken English. It is taken from Radio 5 Live, where an athletics commentator, 'X', talks to a British runner, 'Y'.

Explore the ways in which the two speakers convey their thoughts and feelings in this extract.

In your answer you should comment on:

- the choice of vocabulary and the use of grammatical and stylistic features
- the attitudes and values conveyed by the speakers.

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END OF QUESTIONS

All names have been removed from the transcript in order to maintain confidentiality.

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