General Certificate of Education
January 2007
Advanced Subsidiary Examination

ASSESSMENT and QUALIFICATIONS ALLIANCE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE (SPECIFICATION B) **NTB2**
Unit 2 The Changing Language of Literature

Thursday 11 January 2007 1.30 pm to 3.00 pm

For this paper you must have:
- an 8-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 NTB2.
- **Answer the compulsory question on the pair of extracts from the texts you have studied.**
- Do all rough work in the answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.

Information
- The texts prescribed for this paper **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- You will be marked on your ability to use an appropriate form and style of writing, to organise relevant information clearly and coherently, and to use specialist vocabulary where appropriate. The legibility of your handwriting and the accuracy of your spelling, punctuation and grammar will also be considered.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 50.
- *The Pilgrim's Progress* by John Bunyan and *The Power and the Glory* by Graham Greene will be examined for the final time in this paper. The extracts from this text pairing should therefore be attempted **only** by candidates who are **re-sitting** this text pairing.

Answer the compulsory question on **the pair of extracts from the texts you have studied**.

Robinson Crusoe* and *The Coral Island **Pages 4 and 5**

Discuss these two extracts, commenting on:

- the ideas in **each extract** and the ways in which they are presented, **including each writer's use of episodes involving pirates and mutineers**
- how the writers' language choices in **each extract** help to reveal attitudes and values
- what the language of the **two extracts** shows us about the changes in language and style over time
- how far you think the ideas, attitudes and values in **each extract** are characteristic of those found in the **whole text**.

The Scarlet Letter* and *The Color Purple **Pages 6 and 7**

Discuss these two extracts, commenting on:

- the ideas in **each extract** and the ways in which they are presented, **including each writer's presentation of the heroine's strength of character**
- how the writers' language choices in **each extract** help to reveal attitudes and values
- what the language of the **two extracts** shows us about the changes in language and style over time
- how far you think the ideas, attitudes and values in **each extract** are characteristic of those found in the **whole text**.

Tom Brown's Schooldays* and *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone **Pages 8 and 9**

Discuss these two extracts, commenting on:

- the ideas in **each extract** and the ways in which they are presented, **including each writer's presentation of conflict at school**
- how the writers' language choices in **each extract** help to reveal attitudes and values
- what the language of the **two extracts** shows us about the changes in language and style over time
- how far you think the ideas, attitudes and values in **each extract** are characteristic of those found in the **whole text**.

Black Beauty* and *Watership Down **Pages 10 and 11**

Discuss these two extracts, commenting on:

- the ideas in **each extract** and the ways in which they are presented, **including each writer's presentation of the animals' relationship with humans**
- how the writers' language choices in **each extract** help to reveal attitudes and values
- what the language of the **two extracts** shows us about the changes in language and style over time
- how far you think the ideas, attitudes and values in **each extract** are characteristic of those found in the **whole text**.

The Hound of the Baskervilles* and *The No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency **Pages 12 and 13**

Discuss these two extracts, commenting on:

- the ideas in **each extract** and the ways in which they are presented, **including each writer's introduction of the central character**
- how the writers' language choices in **each extract** help to reveal attitudes and values
- what the language of the **two extracts** shows us about the changes in language and style over time
- how far you think the ideas, attitudes and values in **each extract** are characteristic of those found in the **whole text**.

FOR RE-SIT CANDIDATES <u>ONLY</u>

The Pilgrim's Progress* and *The Power and the Glory **Pages 14 and 15**

Discuss these two extracts, commenting on:

- the ideas in **each extract** and the ways in which they are presented, **including each writer's presentation of the hero's relationship with his travelling companion**
- how the writers' language choices in **each extract** help to reveal attitudes and values
- what the language of the **two extracts** shows us about the changes in language and style over time
- how far you think the ideas, attitudes and values in **each extract** are characteristic of those found in the **whole text**.

END OF QUESTIONS

TURN TO THE RELEVANT PAGES FOR THE EXTRACTS FROM THE TEXTS YOU HAVE STUDIED

Extract 1

As the Ship lay almost two Leagues from the Shore, we had a full View of them as they came, and a plain Sight of the Men even of their Faces, because the Tide having set them a little to the *East* of the other Boat, they row'd up under Shore, to come to the same Place, where the other had landed, and where the Boat lay.

By this Means, I say, we had a full View of them, and the Captain knew the Persons and Characters of all the Men in the Boat, of whom he said, that there were three very honest Fellows, who he was sure were led into this Conspiracy by the rest, being over-power'd and frighted.

But that as for the Boatswain, who it seems was the chief Officer among them, and all the rest, they were as outragious as any of the Ship's Crew, and were no doubt made desperate in their new Enterprize, and terribly apprehensive he was, that they would be too powerful for us.

I smil'd at him, and told him, that Men in our Circumstances were past the Operation of Fear: That seeing almost every Condition that could be, was better than that which we were suppos'd to be in, we ought to expect that the Consequence, whether Death or Life, would be sure to be a Deliverance: I ask'd him, What he thought of the Circumstances of my Life? And, Whether a Deliverance were not worth venturing for? And where, Sir, said I, is your Belief of my being preserv'd here on purpose to save your Life, which elevated you a little while ago? For my Part, said I, there seems to be but one Thing amiss in all the Prospect of it; *What's that?* Says he; why, said I, 'Tis, that as you say, there are three or four honest Fellows among them, which should be spar'd; had they been all of the wicked Part of the Crew, I should have thought God's Providence had singled them out to deliver them into your Hands; for depend upon it, every Man of them that comes a-shore are our own, and shall die, or live, as they behave to us.

As I spoke this with a rais'd Voice and chearful Countenance, I found it greatly encourag'd him; so we set vigorously to our Business: We had upon the first Appearance of the Boat's coming from the Ship, consider'd of separating our Prisoners, and had indeed secur'd them effectually.

Two of them, of whom the Captain was less assur'd than ordinary, I sent with *Friday*, and one of the three (deliver'd Men) to my Cave, where they were remote enough, and out of Danger of being heard or discover'd, or of finding their way out of the Woods, if they could have deliver'd themselves: Here they left them bound, but gave them Provisions, and promis'd them if they continu'd there quietly, to give them their Liberty in a Day or two; but that if they attempted their Escape, they should be put to Death without Mercy: They promis'd faithfully to bear their Confinement with Patience, and were very thankful that they had such good Usage, as to have Provisions, and a Light left them; for *Friday* gave them Candles (such as we made our selves) for their Comfort; and they did not know but that he stood Sentinel over them at the Entrance.

The other Prisoners had better Usage; two of them were kept pinion'd indeed, because the Captain was not free to trust them; but the other two were taken into my Service upon their Captain's Recommendation, and upon their solemnly engaging to live and die with us; so with them and the three honest Men, we were seven Men, well arm'd; and I made no doubt we shou'd be able to deal well enough with the Ten that were a coming, considering that the Captain had said, there were three or four honest Men among them also.

from **Daniel Defoe**, *Robinson Crusoe*

Immediately after coming aboard, the crew were too busily engaged in working the ship and getting in the boat to attend to me, so I remained leaning against the bulwarks close to the gangway, watching their operations. I was surprised to find that there were no guns of any kind in the vessel, which had more of the appearance of a fast-sailing trader than a pirate. But I was struck with the neatness of everything. The brass work of the binnacle and about the tiller, as well as the copper belaying-pins, were as brightly polished as if they had just come from the foundry. The decks were pure white, and smooth. The masts were clean-scraped and varnished, except at the cross-trees and truck, which were painted black. The standing and running rigging was in the most perfect order, and the sails white as snow. In short, everything, from the single narrow red stripe on her low black hull to the trucks on her tapering masts, evinced an amount of care and strict discipline that would have done credit to a ship of the Royal Navy. There was nothing lumbering or unseemly about the vessel, excepting, perhaps, a boat, which lay on the deck with its keel up between the fore and mainmasts. It seemed dis-proportionately large for the schooner; but, when I saw that the crew amounted to between thirty and forty men, I concluded that this boat was held in reserve, in case of any accident compelling the crew to desert the vessel.

As I have before said, the costumes of the men were similar to that of the captain. But in head gear they differed not only from him but from each other, some wearing the ordinary straw hat of the merchant service, while others wore cloth caps and red worsted night-caps. I observed that all their arms were sent below; the captain only retaining his cutlass and a single pistol in the folds of his shawl. Although the captain was the tallest and most powerful man in the ship, he did not strikingly excel many of his men in this respect, and the only difference that an ordinary observer would have noticed was, a certain degree of open candour, straightforward daring, in the bold, ferocious expression of his face, which rendered him less repulsive than his low-browed associates, but did not by any means induce the belief that he was a hero. This look was, however, the indication of that spirit which gave him the pre-eminence among the crew of desperadoes who called him captain. He was a lion-like villain; totally devoid of personal fear, and utterly reckless of consequences, and, therefore, a terror to his men, who individually hated him, but unitedly felt it to be their advantage to have him at their head.

But my thoughts soon reverted to the dear companions whom I had left on shore, and as I turned towards the Coral Island, which was now far away to leeward, I sighed deeply, and the tears rolled slowly down my cheeks as I thought that I might never see them more.

'So you're blubbering, are you, you obstinate whelp?' said the deep voice of the captain, as he came up and gave me a box on the ear that nearly felled me to the deck. 'I don't allow any such weakness aboard o' this ship. So clap a stopper on your eyes or I'll give you something to cry for.'

I flushed with indignation at this rough and cruel treatment, but felt that giving way to anger would only make matters worse, so I made no reply, but took out my handkerchief and dried my eyes.

'I thought you were made of better stuff,' continued the captain, angrily; 'I'd rather have a mad bulldog aboard than a water-eyed puppy. But I'll cure you, lad, or introduce you to the sharks before long. Now go below, and stay there till I call you.'

from **R.M. Ballantyne**, *The Coral Island*

Extract 3

"And I! – how am I to live longer, breathing the same air with this deadly enemy?" exclaimed Arthur Dimmesdale, shrinking within himself, and pressing his hand nervously against his heart, – a gesture that had grown involuntary with him. "Think for me, Hester! Thou art strong. Resolve for me!"

"Thou must dwell no longer with this man," said Hester, slowly and firmly. "Thy heart must be no longer under his evil eye!"

"It were far worse than death!" replied the minister. "But how to avoid it? What choice remains to me? Shall I lie down again on these withered leaves, where I cast myself when thou didst tell me what he was? Must I sink down there, and die at once?"

"Alas, what a ruin has befallen thee!" said Hester, with the tears gushing into her eyes. "Wilt thou die for very weakness? There is no other cause!"

"The judgment of God is on me," answered the conscience-stricken priest. "It is too mighty for me to struggle with!"

"Heaven would show mercy," rejoined Hester, "hadst thou but the strength to take advantage of it."

"Be thou strong for me!" answered he. "Advise me what to do."

"Is the world then so narrow?" exclaimed Hester Prynne, fixing her deep eyes on the minister's, and instinctively exercising a magnetic power over a spirit so shattered and subdued, that it could hardly hold itself erect. "Doth the universe lie within the compass of yonder town, which only a little time ago was but a leaf-strewn desert, as lonely as this around us? Whither leads yonder forest-track? Backward to the settlement, thou sayest! Yes; but onward, too! Deeper it goes, and deeper, into the wilderness, less plainly to be seen at every step; until, some few miles hence, the yellow leaves will show no vestige of the white man's tread. There thou art free! So brief a journey would bring thee from a world where thou hast been most wretched, to one where thou mayest still be happy! Is there not shade enough in all this boundless forest to hide thy heart from the gaze of Roger Chillingworth?"

"Yes, Hester; but only under the fallen leaves!" replied the minister, with a sad smile.

"Then there is the broad pathway of the sea!" continued Hester. "It brought thee hither. If thou so choose, it will bear thee back again. In our native land, whether in some remote rural village or in vast London, – or, surely, in Germany, in France, in pleasant Italy, – thou wouldst be beyond his power and knowledge! And what hast thou to do with all these iron men, and their opinions? They have kept thy better part in bondage too long already!"

"It cannot be!" answered the minister, listening as if he were called upon to realize a dream. "I am powerless to go. Wretched and sinful as I am, I have had no other thought than to drag on my earthly existence in the sphere where Providence hath placed me. Lost as my own soul is, I would still do what I may for other human souls! I dare not quit my post, though an unfaithful sentinel, whose sure reward is death and dishonor, when his dreary watch shall come to an end!"

"Thou art crushed under this seven years' weight of misery," replied Hester, fervently resolved to buoy him up with her own energy. "But thou shalt leave it all behind thee! It shall not cumber thy steps, as thou treadest along the forest-path; neither shalt thou freight the ship with it, if thou prefer to cross the sea. Leave this wreck and ruin here where it hath happened! Meddle no more with it! Begin all anew! Hast thou exhausted possibility in the failure of this one trial? Not so! The future is yet full of trial and success. There is happiness to be enjoyed! There is good to be done! Exchange this false life of thine for a true one. Be, if thy spirit summon thee to such a mission, the teacher and apostle of the red men. Or, – as is more thy nature, – be a scholar and a sage among the wisest and the most renowned of the cultivated world. Preach! Write! Act! Do any thing, save to lie down and die!"

from **Nathaniel Hawthorne**, *The Scarlet Letter*

Dear God,

Harpo staying with us this week-end. Friday night after Mr. —— and Shug and me done gone to bed, I heard this somebody crying. Harpo sitting out on the steps, crying like his heart gon break. Oh, boo-hoo, and boo-hoo. He got his head in his hands, tears and snot running down his chin. I give him a hansker. He blow his nose, look up at me out of two eyes close like fists.

What happen to your eyes? I ast.

He clam round in his mind for a story to tell, then fall back on the truth.

Sofia, he say.

You still bothering Sofia? I ast.

She my wife, he say.

That don't mean you got to keep on bothering her, I say. Sofia love you, she a good wife. Good to the children and good looking. Hardworking. Godfearing and *clean*. I don't know what more you want.

Harpo sniffle.

I want her to do what I say, like you do for Pa.

Oh, Lord, I say.

When Pa tell you to do something, you do it, he say. When he say not to, you don't. You don't do what he say, he beat you.

Sometime beat me anyhow, I say, whether I do what he say or not.

That's right, say Harpo. But not Sofia. She do what she want, don't pay me no mind at all. I try to beat her, she black my eyes. Oh, boo-hoo, he cry. Boo-hoo-hoo.

I start to take back my hansker. Maybe push him and his black eyes off the step. I think bout Sofia. She tickle me. I used to hunt game with a bow and arrow, she say.

Some womens can't be beat, I say. Sofia one of them. Besides, Sofia love you. She probably be happy to do most of what you say if you ast her right. She not mean, she not spiteful. She don't hold a grudge.

He sit there hanging his head, looking retard.

Harpo, I say, giving him a shake, Sofia *love* you. You *love* Sofia.

He look up at me best he can out his fat little eyes. Yes ma'am? he say.

Mr. —— marry me to take care of his children. I marry him cause my daddy made me. I don't love Mr. —— and he don't love me.

But you his wife, he say, just like Sofia mine. The wife spose to mind.

Do Shug Avery mind Mr. —— ? I ast. She the woman he wanted to marry. She call him Albert, tell him his drawers stink in a minute. Little as he is, when she git her weight back she can sit on him if he try to bother her.

Why I mention weight. Harpo start to cry again. Then he start to be sick. He lean over the edge of the step and vomit and vomit. Look like every piece of pie for the last year come up. When he empty I put him in the bed next to Shug's little room. He fall right off to sleep.

from **Alice Walker**, *The Color Purple*

Extract 5

"Huzza, there's going to be a fight between Slogger Williams and Tom Brown!"

The news ran like wildfire about, and many boys who were on their way to tea at their several houses turned back, and sought the back of the chapel, where the fights come off.

"Just run and tell East to come and back me," said Tom to a small School-house boy, who was off like a rocket to Harrowell's, just stopping for a moment to poke his head into the School-house hall, where the lower boys were already at tea, and sing out, "Fight! Tom Brown and Slogger Williams."

Up start half the boys at once, leaving bread, eggs, butter, sprats, and all the rest to take care of themselves. The greater part of the remainder follow in a minute, after swallowing their tea, carrying their food in their hands to consume as they go. Three or four only remain, who steal the butter of the more impetuous, and make to themselves an unctuous feast.

In another minute East and Martin tear through the quadrangle, carrying a sponge, and arrive at the scene of action just as the combatants are beginning to strip.

Tom felt he had got his work cut out for him, as he stripped off his jacket, waistcoat, and braces. East tied his handkerchief round his waist, and rolled up his shirt-sleeves for him: "Now, old boy, don't you open your mouth to say a word, or try to help yourself a bit, – we'll do all that; you keep all your breath and strength for the Slogger." Martin meanwhile folded the clothes, and put them under the chapel rails; and now Tom, with East to handle him, and Martin to give him a knee, steps out on the turf, and is ready for all that may come: and here is the Slogger too, all stripped, and thirsting for the fray.

It doesn't look a fair match at first glance: Williams is nearly two inches taller, and probably a long year older than his opponent, and he is very strongly made about the arms and shoulders, – "peels well," as the little knot of big fifth-form boys, the amateurs, say; who stand outside the ring of little boys, looking complacently on, but taking no active part in the proceedings. But down below he is not so good by any means; no spring from the loins, and feebleish, not to say shipwrecky about the knees. Tom, on the contrary, though not half so strong in the arms, is good all over, straight, hard, and springy, from neck to ankle, better perhaps in his legs than anywhere. Besides, you can see by the clear white of his eye, and fresh bright look of his skin, that he is in tip-top training, able to do all he knows; while the Slogger looks rather sodden, as if he didn't take much exercise and ate too much tuck. The time-keeper is chosen, a large ring made, and the two stand up opposite one another for a moment, giving us time just to make our little observations.

"If Tom'll only condescend to fight with his head and heels," as East mutters to Martin, "we shall do."

But seemingly he won't, for there he goes in, making play with both hands. Hard all, is the word; the two stand to one another like men; rally follows rally in quick succession, each fighting as if he thought to finish the whole thing out of hand. "Can't last at this rate," say the knowing ones, while the partisans of each make the air ring with their shouts and counter-shouts, of encouragement, approval, and defiance.

"Take it easy, take it easy – keep away, let him come after you," implores East, as he wipes Tom's face after the first round with a wet sponge, while he sits back on Martin's knee, supported by the Madman's long arms, which tremble a little from excitement.

"Time's up," calls the timekeeper.

"There he goes again, hang it all!" growls East, as his man is at it again, as hard as ever. A very severe round follows, in which Tom gets out and out the worst of it, and is at last hit clean off his legs, and deposited on the grass by a right-hander from the Slogger.

Loud shouts rise from the boys of Slogger's house, and the School-house are silent and vicious, ready to pick quarrels anywhere.

"Two to one in half-crowns on the big un," says Rattle, one of the amateurs, a tall fellow, in thunder-and-lightning waistcoat, and puffy good-natured face.

"Done!" says Groove, another amateur of quieter look, taking out his note-book to enter it, for our friend Rattle sometimes forgets these little things.

from **Thomas Hughes**, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*

Extract 6

Extract 6 is not reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

Extract 7

My new master was an unmarried man. He lived at Bath, and was much engaged in business. His doctor advised him to take horse exercise, and for this purpose he bought me. He hired a stable a short distance from his lodgings, and engaged a man named Filcher as groom. My master knew very little about horses, but he treated me well, and I should have had a good and easy place but for circumstances of which he was ignorant. He ordered the best hay with plenty of oats, crushed beans, and bran, with vetches, or rye grass, as the man might think needful. I heard the master give the order, so I knew there was plenty of good food, and I thought I was well off.

For a few days all went on well; I found that my groom understood his business. He kept the stable clean and airy, and he groomed me thoroughly; and was never otherwise than gentle. He had been an ostler in one of the great hotels in Bath. He had given that up, and now cultivated fruit and vegetables for the market; and his wife bred and fattened poultry and rabbits for sale. After a while it seemed to me that my oats came very short; I had the beans, but bran was mixed with them instead of oats, of which there were very few; certainly not more than a quarter of what there should have been. In two or three weeks this began to tell upon my strength and spirits. The grass food, though very good, was not the thing to keep up my condition without corn. However, I could not complain, nor make known my wants. So it went on for about two months; and I wondered my master did not see that something was the matter. However, one afternoon he rode out into the country to see a friend of his – a gentleman farmer, who lived on the road to Wells. This gentleman had a very quick eye for horses; and after he had welcomed his friend, he said, casting his eye over me:

"It seems to me, Barry, that your horse does not look so well as he did when you first had him. Has he been well?"

"Yes, I believe so," said my master, "but he is not nearly so lively as he was; my groom tells me that horses are always dull and weak in the autumn, and that I must expect it."

"Autumn! fiddlesticks!" said the farmer. "Why, this is only August; and with your light work and good food he ought not to go down like this, even if it were autumn. How do you feed him?"

My master told him. The other shook his head slowly, and began to feel me over.

"I can't say who eats your corn, my dear fellow, but I am much mistaken if your horse gets it. Have you ridden very fast?"

"No! very gently."

"Then just put your hand here," said he, passing his hand over my neck and shoulder; "he is as warm and damp as a horse just come up from grass. I advise you to look into your stable a little more. I hate to be suspicious, and, thank heaven, I have no cause to be, for I can trust my men, present or absent; but there are mean scoundrels, wicked enough to rob a dumb beast of his food; you must look into it." And turning to his man who had come to take me: "Give this horse a right good feed of bruised oats, and don't stint him."

"Dumb beast!" yes, we are; but if I could have spoken I could have told my master where his oats went to. My groom used to come every morning about six o'clock, and with him a little boy, who always had a covered basket with him. He used to go with his father into the harness room where the corn was kept, and I could see them when the door stood ajar, fill a little bag with oats out of the bin and then he used to be off.

Five or six mornings after this, just as the boy had left the stable, the door was pushed open and a policeman walked in, holding the child tight by the arm; another policeman followed, and locked the door on the inside, saying, "Show me the place where your father keeps his rabbits' food."

from **Anna Sewell**, *Black Beauty*

‘Food’s no problem, then. The whole place ought to be full of rabbits. I suppose –’

‘If you really have finished,’ interrupted Cowslip, ‘– and there’s no hurry; do take your time – you could try carrying. It’s easy with these roots – easier than anything except lettuce. You simply bite on one, take it back to the warren and put it in the great burrow. I generally take two at a time, but then I’ve had a lot of practice. Rabbits don’t usually carry food, I know, but you’ll learn. It’s useful to have a store. The does need some for their young when they’re getting bigger; and it’s particularly convenient for all of us in bad weather. Come back with me and I’ll help if you find the carrying difficult at first.’

It took Hazel some trouble to learn to grip half a carrot in his mouth and carry it, like a dog, across the field and back to the warren. He had to put it down several times. But Cowslip was encouraging and he was determined to keep up his position as the resourceful leader of the newcomers. At his suggestion they both waited at the mouth of one of the larger holes to see how his companions were shaping. They all seemed to be making an effort and doing their best, although the smaller rabbits – especially Pipkin – clearly found the task an awkward one.

‘Cheer up, Pipkin,’ said Hazel. ‘Think how much you’ll enjoy eating it tonight. Anyway, I’m sure Fiver must find it as hard as you: he’s just as small.’

‘I don’t know where he is,’ said Pipkin. ‘Have you seen him?’

Now that Hazel thought about it, he had not. He became a little anxious, and, as he returned across the field with Cowslip, did his best to explain something of Fiver’s peculiar temperament. ‘I do hope he’s all right,’ he said. ‘I think perhaps I’ll go and look for him when we’ve carried this next lot. Have you any idea where he might be?’

He waited for Cowslip to reply but he was disappointed. After a few moments Cowslip said, ‘Look, do you see those jackdaws hanging round the carrots? They’ve been a nuisance for several days now. I must get someone to try to keep them off until we’ve finished carrying. But they’re really too big for a rabbit to tackle. Now sparrows –’

‘What’s that got to do with Fiver?’ asked Hazel sharply.

‘In fact,’ said Cowslip, breaking into a run, ‘I’ll go myself.’

But he did not engage the jackdaws and Hazel saw him pick up another carrot and start back with it. Annoyed, he joined Buckthorn and Dandelion and the three of them returned together. As they came up to the warren bank he suddenly caught sight of Fiver. He was sitting half-concealed under the low spread of a yew tree on the edge of the copse, some way from the holes of the warren. Putting down his carrot, Hazel ran across, scrambled up the bank and joined him on the bare ground under the low, close boughs. Fiver said nothing and continued to stare over the field.

‘Aren’t you coming to learn to carry, Fiver?’ asked Hazel at length. ‘It’s not too difficult once you get the hang of it.’

‘I’ll have nothing to do with it,’ answered Fiver in a low voice. ‘Dogs – you’re like dogs carrying sticks.’

‘Fiver! Are you trying to make me angry? I’m not going to get angry because you call me stupid names. But you’re letting the others do all the work.’

‘I’m the one who ought to get angry,’ said Fiver. ‘But I’m no good at it, that’s the trouble. Why should they listen to me? Half of them think I’m mad. You’re to blame, Hazel, because you know I’m not and still you won’t listen.’

‘So you don’t like this warren any better even now? Well, I think you’re wrong. Everyone makes mistakes sometimes. Why shouldn’t you make a mistake, like everybody else? Hawkbit was wrong in the heather and you’re wrong now.’

‘Those are rabbits down there, trotting along like a lot of squirrels with nuts. How can that be right?’

‘Well, I’d say they’ve copied a good idea from the squirrels and that makes them better rabbits.’

‘Do you suppose the man, whoever he is, puts the roots out there because he has a kind heart? What’s he up to?’

‘He’s just throwing away rubbish. How many rabbits have had a good meal off men’s rubbish heaps? Shot lettuces, old turnips? You know we all do, when we can. It’s not poisoned, Fiver, I can tell you that. And if he wanted to shoot rabbits he’s had plenty of chances this morning. But he hasn’t done it.’

Fiver seemed to grow even smaller as he flattened himself on the hard earth. ‘I’m a fool to try to argue,’ he said miserably. ‘Hazel – dear old Hazel – it’s simply that I *know* there’s something unnatural and evil twisted all round this place.’

from **Richard Adams**, *Watership Down*

Extract 8

Extract 9

Mr Sherlock Holmes, who was usually very late in the mornings, save upon those not infrequent occasions when he stayed up all night, was seated at the breakfast table. I stood upon the hearthrug and picked up the stick which our visitor had left behind him the night before. It was a fine, thick piece of wood, bulbous-headed, of the sort which is known as a 'Penang lawyer'. Just under the head was a broad silver band, nearly an inch across. 'To James Mortimer, MRCS, from his friends of the CCH', was engraved upon it, with the date '1884'. It was just such a stick as the old-fashioned family practitioner used to carry – dignified, solid, and reassuring.

'Well, Watson, what do you make of it?'

Holmes was sitting with his back to me, and I had given him no sign of my occupation.

'How did you know what I was doing? I believe you have eyes in the back of your head.'

'I have, at least, a well-polished, silver-plated coffee-pot in front of me,' said he. 'But, tell me, Watson, what do you make of our visitor's stick? Since we have been so unfortunate as to miss him and have no notion of his errand, this accidental souvenir becomes of importance. Let me hear you reconstruct the man by an examination of it.'

'I think,' said I, following so far as I could the methods of my companion, 'that Dr Mortimer is a successful elderly medical man, well-esteemed, since those who know him give him this mark of their appreciation.'

'Good!' said Holmes. 'Excellent!'

'I think also that the probability is in favour of his being a country practitioner who does a great deal of his visiting on foot.'

'Why so?'

'Because this stick, though originally a very handsome one, has been so knocked about that I can hardly imagine a town practitioner carrying it. The thick iron ferrule is worn down, so it is evident that he has done a great amount of walking with it.'

'Perfectly sound!' said Holmes.

'And then again, there is the "friends of the CCH". I should guess that to be the Something Hunt, the local hunt to whose members he has possibly given some surgical assistance, and which has made him a small presentation in return.'

'Really, Watson, you excel yourself,' said Holmes, pushing back his chair and lighting a cigarette. 'I am bound to say that in all the accounts which you have been so good as to give of my own small achievements you have habitually underrated your own abilities. It may be that you are not yourself luminous, but you are a conductor of light. Some people without possessing genius have a remarkable power of stimulating. I confess, my dear fellow, that I am very much in your debt.'

He had never said as much before, and I must admit that his words gave me keen pleasure, for I had often been piqued by his indifference to my admiration and to the attempts which I had made to give publicity to his methods. I was proud, too, to think that I had so far mastered his system as to apply it in a way which earned his approval. He now took the stick from my hands and examined it for a few minutes with his naked eyes. Then, with an expression of interest, he laid down his cigarette, and, carrying the cane to the window, he looked over it again with a convex lens.

'Interesting, though elementary,' said he, as he returned to his favourite corner of the settee. 'There are certainly one or two indications upon the stick. It gives us the basis for several deductions.'

'Has anything escaped me?' I asked, with some self-importance. 'I trust that there is nothing of consequence which I have over-looked?'

'I am afraid, my dear Watson, that most of your conclusions were erroneous.'

from **Sir Arthur Conan Doyle**, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*

Extract 10

Mma Ramotswe had a detective agency in Africa, at the foot of Kgale Hill. These were its assets: a tiny white van, two desks, two chairs, a telephone, and an old typewriter. Then there was a teapot, in which Mma Ramotswe – the only lady private detective in Botswana – brewed redbush tea. And three mugs – one for herself, one for her secretary, and one for the client. What else does a detective agency really need? Detective agencies rely on human intuition and intelligence, both of which Mma Ramotswe had in abundance. No inventory would ever include those, of course.

But there was also the view, which again could appear on no inventory. How could any such list describe what one saw when one looked out from Mma Ramotswe's door? To the front, an acacia tree, the thorn tree which dots the wide edges of the Kalahari; the great white thorns, a warning; the olive-grey leaves, by contrast, so delicate. In its branches, in the late afternoon, or in the cool of the early morning, one might see a Go-Away Bird, or hear it, rather. And beyond the acacia, over the dusty road, the roofs of the town under a cover of trees and scrub bush; on the horizon, in a blue shimmer of heat, the hills, like improbable, overgrown termite-mounds.

Everybody called her Mma Ramotswe, although if people had wanted to be formal, they would have addressed her as Mme Mma Ramotswe. This is the right thing for a person of stature, but which she had never used of herself. So it was always Mma Ramotswe, rather than Precious Ramotswe, a name which very few people employed.

She was a good detective, and a good woman. A good woman in a good country, one might say. She loved her country, Botswana, which is a place of peace, and she loved Africa, for all its trials. I am not ashamed to be called an African patriot, said Mma Ramotswe. I love all the people whom God made, but I especially know how to love the people who live in this place. They are my people, my brothers and sisters. It is my duty to help them to solve the mysteries in their lives. That is what I am called to do.

In idle moments, when there were no pressing matters to be dealt with, and when everybody seemed to be sleepy from the heat, she would sit under her acacia tree. It was a dusty place to sit, and the chickens would occasionally come and peck about her feet, but it was a place which seemed to encourage thought. It was here that Mma Ramotswe would contemplate some of the issues which, in everyday life, may so easily be pushed to one side.

Everything, thought Mma Ramotswe, has been something before. Here I am, the only lady private detective in the whole of Botswana, sitting in front of my detective agency. But only a few years ago there was no detective agency, and before that, before there were even any buildings here, there were just the acacia trees, and the river-bed in the distance, and the Kalahari over there, so close.

In those days there was no Botswana even, just the Bechuanaland Protectorate, and before that again there was Khama's Country, and lions with the dry wind in their manes. But look at it now: a detective agency, right here in Gaborone, with me, the fat lady detective, sitting outside and thinking these thoughts about how what is one thing today becomes quite another thing tomorrow.

Mma Ramotswe set up the No. l Ladies' Detective Agency with the proceeds of the sale of her father's cattle. He had owned a big herd, and had no other children; so every single beast, all one hundred and eighty of them, including the white Brahmin bulls whose grandparents he had bred himself, went to her. The cattle were moved from the cattle post, back to Mochudi where they waited, in the dust, under the eyes of the chattering herd boys, until the livestock agent came.

They fetched a good price, as there had been heavy rains that year, and the grass had been lush. Had it been the year before, when most of that southern part of Africa had been racked by drought, it would have been a different matter. People had dithered then, wanting to hold on to their cattle, as without your cattle you were naked; others, feeling more desperate, sold, because the rains had failed year after year and they had seen the animals become thinner and thinner. Mma Ramotswe was pleased that her father's illness had prevented his making any decision, as now the price had gone up and those who had held on were well rewarded.

'I want you to have your own business,' he said to her on his death bed.

from **Alexander McCall Smith**, *The No.1 Ladies' Detective Agency*

Extract 11

Now I beheld in my Dream, that they had not journied far, but the River and the way, for a time, parted. At which they were not a little sorry, yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the River was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their Travels; *So the soul of the Pilgrims was much discouraged, because of the way*. Wherefore still as they went on, they wished for better way. Now a little before them, there was on the left hand of the Road, a *Meadow*, and a Stile to go over into it, and that *Meadow* is called *By-Path-Meadow*. Then said *Christian* to his fellow. If this Meadow lieth along by our way side, lets go over into it. Then he went to the Stile to see, and behold a Path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. 'Tis according to my wish, said *Christian*, here is the easiest going; come good *Hopeful*, and let us go over.

Numb.21.4.

By-Path-Meadow. One temptation does make way for another.

Hope. *But how if this Path should lead us out of the way?*

Chr. That's not like, said the other; look, doth it not go along by the way side? So *Hopeful*, being perswaded by his fellow, went after him over the Stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the Path, they found it very easie for their feet; and withal, they looking before them, espied a Man walking as they did, (and his name was *Vain-confidence*) so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led? he said, To the Cœlestial Gate. Look, said *Christian*, did not I tell you so? by this you may see we are right: so they followed, and he went before them. But behold the night came on, and it grew very dark; so that they that were behind, lost the sight of him that went before.

Strong Christians may lead weak ones out of the way.

See what it is to soo suddenly fall in with strangers.

He therefore that went before (*Vain-confidence* by name) not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep Pit, which was on purpose there made by the Prince of those grounds, to catch *vain-glorious* fools withall; and was dashed in pieces with his fall.

Isa. 9.16. *A Pit to catch the vain-glorious in.*

Now *Christian* and his fellow heard him fall. So they called, to know the matter, but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning. Then said *Hopeful*, Where are we now? Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way. And now it began to rain, and thunder, and lighten in a very dreadful manner, and the water rose amain.

Reasoning between Christian *and* Hopeful.

Then *Hopeful* groaned in himself, saying, *Oh that I had kept on my way!*

Chr. Who could have thought that this path should have led us out of the way?

Hope. *I was afraid on't at very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoke plainer, but that you are older then I.*

Chr. Good Brother be not offended, I am sorry I have brought thee out of the way, and that I have put thee into such eminent danger; pray my Brother forgive me, I did not do it of an evil intent.

Christians *repentance for leading of his Brother out of the way.*

Hope. *Be comforted my Brother, for I forgive thee; and believe too, that this shall be for our good.*

Chr. I am glad I have with me a merciful Brother: but we must not stand thus, let's try to go back again.

Hope. *But good Brother let me go before.*

Chr. No, if you please let me go first; that if there be any danger, I may be first therein, because by my means we are both gone out of the way.

Hope. *No, said* Hopeful, *you shall not go first, for your mind being troubled, may lead you out of the way again.*

from **John Bunyan**, *The Pilgrim's Progress*

Slowly, slumped over the pommel, the half-caste became visible, the yellow canines jutting out of the open mouth; really, the priest thought, he deserved his reward – seven hundred pesos wasn't so much, but he could probably live on it – in that dusty hopeless village – for a whole year. He giggled again; he could never take the complications of destiny quite seriously, and it was just possible, he thought, that a year without anxiety might save this man's soul. You only had to turn up the underside of any situation and out came scuttling these small absurd contradictory situations. He had given way to despair – and out of that had emerged a human soul and love – not the best love, but love all the same. The mestizo said suddenly, 'It's fate. I was told once by a fortune-teller ... a reward ...'

He held the half-caste firmly in the saddle and walked on. His feet were bleeding, but they would soon harden. An odd stillness dropped over the forest, and welled up in the mist from the ground. The night had been noisy, but now all was quiet. It was like an armistice with the guns silent on either side: you could imagine the whole world listening to what they had never heard before – peace.

A voice said 'You *are* the priest, aren't you?'

'Yes.' It was as if they had climbed out of their opposing trenches and met to fraternize among the wires in No Man's Land. He remembered stories of the European war – how during the last years men had sometimes met on an impulse between the lines.

'Yes,' he said again, and the mule plodded on. Sometimes, instructing children in the old days, he had been asked by some black lozenge-eyed Indian child, 'What is God like?' and he would answer facilely with references to the father and the mother, or perhaps more ambitiously he would include brother and sister and try to give some idea of all loves and relationships combined in an immense and yet personal passion .... But at the centre of his own faith there always stood the convincing mystery – that we were made in God's image. God was the parent, but He was also the policeman, the criminal, the priest, the maniac, and the judge. Something resembling God dangled from the gibbet or went into odd attitudes before the bullets in a prison yard or contorted itself like a camel in the attitude of sex. He would sit in the confessional and hear the complicated dirty ingenuities which God's image had thought out, and God's image shook now, up and down on the mule's back, with the yellow teeth sticking out over the lower lip, and God's image did its despairing act of rebellion with Maria in the hut among the rats. He said, 'Do you feel better now? Not so cold, eh? Or so hot?' and pressed his hand with a kind of driven tenderness upon the shoulders of God's image.

from **Graham Greene**, *The Power and the Glory*

END OF EXTRACTS

There are no extracts 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.

Extract 1: Extract from *Robinson Crusoe* by DANIEL DEFOE, by permission of Oxford University Press, 1972.

Extract 2: Extract from *The Coral Island* by R.M. BALLANTYNE, published by Penguin Books Ltd, 1982.

Extract 3: Extract from *The Scarlet Letter* by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, published by Penguin Classics, 1986.

Extract 4: approx. 500 words from *The Color Purple* by ALICE WALKER, by permission of The Women's Press (Orion), 2000.

Extract 5: pp. 289–292 from *Tom Brown's Schooldays* by THOMAS HUGHES, by permission of Oxford University Press, 1999.

Extract 6: Extract from *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone.* Copyright © J.K. ROWLING 1997.

Extract 7: Extract from *Black Beauty* by ANNA SEWELL, published by Penguin Popular Classics, 1994.

Extract 8: pp. 84–87 from *Watership Down* by RICHARD ADAMS, published by Penguin, 1993. Copyright © Richard Adams.

Extract 9: Extract from *The Hound of the Baskervilles* by SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, published by Penguin Popular Classics, 1996.

Extract 10: Extract from *The No.1 Ladies' Detective Agency* by ALEXANDER MCCALL SMITH is reproduced by permission of Polygon, an imprint of Birlinn Ltd.

Extract 11: pp. 91–92 from *The Pilgrim's Progress* by JOHN BUNYAN, by permission of Oxford University Press, 1966.

Extract 12: pp. 100–101 from *The Power and the Glory* by GRAHAM GREENE, published by Random House, 2003.