

General Certificate of Education
June 2008
Advanced Subsidiary Examination



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

NTB2

Friday 16 May 2008 9.00 am to 10.30 am

For this paper you must have:

- an 8-page answer book.

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The *Examining Body* for this paper is AQA. The *Paper Reference* is 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.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 50.
- You will be marked on your ability to use good English, to organise information clearly and to use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

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 presentation of an unexpected discovery**
- 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 secrets being revealed**
- 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 school traditions and ceremonies**
- 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 care of wounded animals**
- 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 presentation of how each detective approaches a new case**
- 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**

DANIEL DEFOE *ROBINSON CRUSOE* and
R.M. BALLANTYNE *THE CORAL ISLAND*

Extract 1

I slept none that Night; the farther I was from the Occasion of my Fright, the greater my Apprehensions were, which is something contrary to the Nature of such Things, and especially to the usual Practice of all Creatures in Fear: But I was so embarrass'd with my own frightful Ideas of the Thing, that I form'd nothing but dismal Imaginations to myself, even tho' I was now a great way off of it. Sometimes I fancy'd it must be the Devil; and Reason joyn'd in with me upon this Supposition: For how should any other Thing in human Shape come into the Place? Where was the Vessel that brought them? What Marks was there of any other Footsteps? And how was it possible a Man should come there?

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

But now I come to a new Scene of my Life. It happen'd one Day about Noon going towards my Boat, I was exceedingly surpriz'd with the Print of a Man's naked Foot on the Shore, which was very plain to be seen in the Sand: I stood like one Thunder-struck, or as if I had seen an Apparition; I listen'd, I look'd round me, I could hear nothing, nor see any Thing, I went up to a rising Ground to look farther, I went up the Shore and down the Shore, but it was all one, I could see no other Impression but that one, I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my Fancy; but there was no Room for that, for there was exactly the very Print of a Foot, Toes, Heel, and every Part of a Foot; how it came thither, I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering Thoughts, like a Man perfectly confus'd and out of my self, I came Home to my Fortification, not feeling, as we say, the Ground I went on, but terrify'd to the last Degree, looking behind me at every two or three Steps, mistaking every Bush and Tree, and fancying every Stump at a Distance to be a Man; nor is it possible to describe how many various Shapes affrighted Imagination represented Things to me in, how many wild Ideas were found every Moment in my Fancy, and what strange unaccountable Whimsies came into my Thoughts by the Way.

When I came to my Castle, for so I think I call'd it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the Ladder as first contriv'd, or went in at the Hole in the Rock, which I call'd a Door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next Morning, for never frightened I dare fled to Cover, or Fox to Earth, with more Terror of Mind than I to this Retreat.

Extract 2

In silent surprise and expectancy we continued to advance, and, a few yards farther on, beheld, under the shelter of some bread-fruit trees, a small hut or cottage. I cannot hope to convey to my readers a very correct idea of the feelings that affected us on witnessing this unexpected sight. We stood for a long time in silent wonder, for there was a deep and most melancholy stillness about the place that quite over-powered us; and when we did at length speak, it was in subdued whispers, as if we were surrounded by some awful or supernatural influence. Even Peterkin's voice, usually so quick and lively on all occasions, was hushed now; for there was a dreariness about this silent, lonely, uninhabited cottage – so strange in its appearance, so far away from the usual dwellings of man, so old, decayed, and deserted in its aspect – that fell upon our spirits like a thick cloud, and blotted out as with a pall the cheerful sunshine that had filled us since the commencement of our tour round the island.

The hut or cottage was rude and simple in its construction. It was not more than twelve feet long by ten feet broad, and about seven or eight feet high. It had one window, or rather a small frame in which a window might, perhaps, once have been, but which was now empty. The door was exceedingly low, and formed of rough boards, and the roof was covered with broad coconut and plantain leaves. But every part of it was in a state of the utmost decay. Moss and green matter grew in spots all over it. The woodwork was quite perforated with holes; the roof had nearly fallen in, and appeared to be prevented from doing so altogether by the thick matting of creeping plants and the interlaced branches which years of neglect had allowed to cover it almost entirely; while the thick, luxuriant branches of the breadfruit and other trees spread above it, and flung a deep, sombre shadow over the spot, as if to guard it from the heat and the light of day. We conversed long and in whispers about this strange habitation ere we ventured to approach it; and when at length we did so, it was, at least on my part, with feelings of awe.

At first Jack endeavoured to peep in at the window, but from the deep shadow of the trees already mentioned, and the gloom within, he could not clearly discern objects; so we lifted the latch and pushed open the door. We observed that the latch was made of iron, and almost eaten away with rust. In the like condition were also the hinges, which creaked as the door swung back. On entering, we stood still and gazed around us, while we were much impressed with the dreary stillness of the room. But what we saw there surprised and shocked us not a little. There was no furniture in the apartment save a little wooden stool and an iron pot, the latter almost eaten through with rust. In the corner farthest from the door was a low bedstead, on which lay two skeletons, embedded in a little heap of dry dust. With beating hearts we went forward to examine them. One was the skeleton of a man, the other that of a dog, which was extended close beside that of the man, with its head resting on his bosom.

Now we were very much concerned about this discovery, and could scarce refrain from tears on beholding these sad remains. After some time, we began to talk about what we had seen, and to examine in and around the hut, in order to discover some clue to the name or history of this poor man, who had thus died in solitude, with none to mourn his loss save his cat and his faithful dog. But we found nothing – neither a book nor a scrap of paper. We found, however, the decayed remnants of what appeared to have been clothing, and an old axe. But none of these things bore marks of any kind; and, indeed, they were so much decayed as to convince us that they had lain in the condition in which we found them for many years.

This discovery now accounted to us for the tree-stump at the top of the mountain with the initials cut on it; also for the patch of sugar-cane and other traces of man which we had met with in the course of our rambles over the island. And we were much saddened by the reflection that the lot of this poor wanderer might possibly be our own, after many years' residence on the island, unless we should be rescued by the visit of some vessel or the arrival of natives.

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

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE *THE SCARLET LETTER* and
ALICE WALKER *THE COLOR PURPLE*

Extract 3

sinful, and sorrow-stricken man was what Hester could not bear, and live!

“Wilt thou yet forgive me?” she repeated, over and over again. “Wilt thou not frown? Wilt thou forgive?”

“I do forgive you, Hester,” replied the minister, at length, with a deep utterance out of an abyss of sadness, but no anger. “I freely forgive you now. May God forgive us both! We are not, Hester, the worst sinners in the world. There is one worse than even the polluted priest! That old man’s revenge has been blacker than my sin. He has violated, in cold blood, the sanctity of a human heart. Thou and I, Hester, never did so!”

“Never, never!” whispered she. “What we did had a consecration of its own. We felt it so! We said so to each other! Hast thou forgotten it?”

“Hush, Hester!” said Arthur Dimmesdale, rising from the ground. “No; I have not forgotten!”

They sat down again, side by side, and hand clasped in hand, on the mossy trunk of the fallen tree. Life had never brought them a gloomier hour; it was the point whither their pathway had so long been tending, and darkening ever, as it stole along; — and yet it inclosed a charm that made them linger upon it, and claim another, and another, and, after all, another moment. The forest was obscure around them, and creaked with a blast that was passing through it. The boughs were tossing heavily about their heads; while one solemn old tree groaned dolefully to another, as if telling the sad story of the pair that sat beneath, or constrained to forebode evil to come.

And yet they lingered. How dreary looked the forest-track that led backward to the settlement, where Hester Prynne must take up again the burden of her ignominy, and the minister the hollow mockery of his good name! So they lingered an instant longer. No golden light had ever been so precious as the gloom of this dark forest. Here, seen only by his eyes, the scarlet letter need not burn into the bosom of the fallen woman! Here, seen only by her eyes, Arthur Dimmesdale, false to God and man, might be, for one moment, true!

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

“O Arthur,” cried she, “forgive me! In all things else, I have striven to be true! Truth was the one virtue which I might have held fast, and did hold fast through all extremity; save when thy good, — thy life, — thy fame, — were put in question! Then I consented to a deception. But a lie is never good, even though death threaten on the other side! Dost thou not see what I would say? That old man! — the physician! — he whom they call Roger Chillingworth! — he was my husband!”

The minister looked at her, for an instant, with all that violence of passion, which — intermixed, in more shapes than one, with his higher, purer, softer qualities — was, in fact, the portion of him which the Devil claimed, and through which he sought to win the rest. Never was there a blacker or a fiercer frown, than Hester now encountered. For the brief space that it lasted, it was a dark transfiguration. But his character had been so much enfeebled by suffering, that even its lower energies were incapable of more than a temporary struggle. He sank down on the ground, and buried his face in his hands.

“I might have known it!” murmured he. “I did know it! Was not the secret told me in the natural recoil of my heart, at the first sight of him, and as often as I have seen him since? Why did I not understand? O Hester Prynne, thou little, little knowest all the horror of this thing! And the shame! — the indelicacy! — the horrible ugliness of this exposure of a sick and guilty heart to the very eye that would gloat over it! Woman, woman, thou art accountable for this! I cannot forgive thee!”

“Thou shalt forgive me!” cried Hester, flinging herself on the fallen leaves beside him. “Let God punish! Thou shalt forgive!”

With sudden and desperate tenderness, she threw her arms around him, and pressed his head against her bosom; little caring though his cheek rested on the scarlet letter. He would have released himself, but strove in vain to do so. Hester would not let him free, lest he should look her sternly in the face. All the world had frowned on her, — for seven long years had it frowned upon this lonely woman, — and still she bore it all, nor ever once turned away her firm, sad eyes. Heaven, likewise, had frowned upon her, and she had not died. But the frown of this pale, weak,

Extract 4

This is Samuel's story, almost word for word.

The stranger who married the widow was someone Samuel had run with long before he found Christ. When the man showed up at Samuel's house with first Olivia and then Adam, Samuel felt not only unable to refuse the children, but as if God had answered his and Corrine's prayers.

He never told Corrine about the man or about the children's "mother" because he hadn't wanted any sadness to cloud her happiness.

But then, out of nowhere, I appeared. He put two and two together, remembered that his old running buddy had always been a scamp, and took me in without any questions. Which, to tell the truth, had always puzzled me, but I put it down to Christian charity. Corrine had asked me once whether I was running away from home. But I explained I was a big girl now, my family back home very large and poor, and it was time for me to get out and earn my own living.

Tears had soaked my blouse when Samuel finished telling me all this. I couldn't begin, then, to tell him the truth. But Celie, I can tell you. And I pray with all my heart that you will get this letter, if none of the others.

Pa is not our pa!

Your devoted Sister,
Nettie

Dear God,

That's it, say Shug. Pack your stuff. You coming back to Tennessee with me.

But I feels daze.

My daddy lynch. My mama crazy. All my little half-brothers and sisters no kin to me. My children not my sister and brother. Pa not pa.

You must be sleep.

Dear Nettie,

For the first time in my life I wanted to see Pa. So me and Shug dress up in our new blue flower pants that match and big floppy Easter hats that match too, cept her roses red, mine yellow, and us clam in the Packard and glide over there. They put in paved roads all up and down the county now and twenty miles go like nothing.

I saw Pa once since I left home. One day me and Mr.—— was loading up the wagon at the feed store. Pa was with May Ellen and she was trying to fix her stocking. She was bent down over her leg and twisting the stocking into a knot above her knee, and he was standing over her tap-tap-tapping on the gravel with his cane. Look like he was thinking bout hitting her with it.

Mr. —— went up to them all friendly, with his hand stuck out, but I kept loading the wagon and looking at the patterns on the sacks. I never thought I'd ever want to see him again.

Well, it was a bright Spring day, sort of chill at first, like it be round Easter, and the first thing us notice soon as we turn into the lane is how green everything is, like even though the ground everywhere else not warmed up good, Pa's land is warm and ready to go. Then all along the road there's Easter lilies and jonquils and daffodils and all kinds of little early wildflowers. Then us notice all the birds singing they little cans off, all up and down the hedge, that itself is putting out little yellow flowers smell like Virginia creeper. It all so different from the rest of the country us drive through, it make us real quiet. I know this sound funny, Nettie, but even the sun seem to stand a little longer over our heads.

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

THOMAS HUGHES *TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS* and
J.K. ROWLING *HARRY POTTER AND THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE*

Extract 5

“Gentlemen of the School-house! I am very proud of the way in which you have received my name, and I wish I could say all I should like in return. But I know I shan’t. However, I’ll do the best I can to say what seems to me ought to be said by a fellow who’s just going to leave, and who has spent a good slice of his life here. Eight years it is, and eight such years as I can never hope to have again. So now I hope you’ll all listen to me – (loud cheers of ‘that we will’) – for I’m going to talk seriously. You’re bound to listen to me, for what’s the use of calling me ‘pater,’ and all that, if you don’t mind what I say? And I’m going to talk seriously, because I feel so. It’s a jolly time, too, getting to the end of the half, and a goal kicked by us first day – (tremendous applause) – after one of the hardest and fiercest day’s play I can remember in eight years – (frantic shoutings). The School played splendidly, too, I will say, and kept it up to the last. That last charge of theirs would have carried away a house. I never thought to see anything again of old Crab there, except little pieces, when I saw him tumbled over by it – (laughter and shouting, and great slapping on the back of Jones by the boys nearest him). Well, but we beat ’em – (cheers). Ay, but why did we beat ’em? answer me that – (shouts of ‘your play’). Nonsense! ’Twasn’t the wind and kick-off either – that wouldn’t do it. ’Twasn’t because we’ve half-a-dozen of the best players in the school, as we have. I wouldn’t change Warner, and Hedge, and Crab, and the young un, for any six on their side – (violent cheers). But half-a-dozen fellows can’t keep it up for two hours against two hundred. Why is it, then? I’ll tell you what I think. It’s because we’ve more reliance on one another, more of a house feeling, more fellowship than the School can have. Each of us knows and can depend on his next hand man better – that’s why we beat ’em to-day. We’ve a union, they’ve division – there’s the secret – (cheers). But how’s this to be kept up? How’s it to be improved? That’s

the question. For I take it, we’re all in earnest about beating the School, whatever else we care about. I know I’d sooner win two School-house matches running than get the Balliol scholarship any day – (frantic cheers).

“Now, I’m as proud of the house as any one. I believe it’s the best house in the school, out-and-out – (cheers). But it’s a long way from what I want to see it. First, there’s a deal of bullying going on. I know it well. I don’t pry about and interfere; that only makes it more underhand, and encourages the small boys to come to us with their fingers in their eyes telling tales, and so we should be worse off than ever. It’s very little kindness for the sixth to meddle generally – you youngsters, mind that. You’ll be all the better football players for learning to stand it, and to take your own parts, and fight it through. But depend on it, there’s nothing breaks up a house like bullying. Bullies are cowards, and one coward makes many; so good-bye to the School-house match if bullying gets ahead here. (Loud applause from the small boys, who look meaningfully at Flashman and other boys at the tables.)

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

Extract 6

Extract 6 has been omitted due to third-party copyright constraints.

ANNA SEWELL *BLACK BEAUTY* and
RICHARD ADAMS *WATERSHIP DOWN*

Extract 7

They came slowly over the stones, and stopped at the dark figure that lay upon the ground.

One of the men jumped out, and stooped down over it. "It is Reuben!" he said, "and he does not stir."

The other man followed and bent over him. "He's dead," he said; "feel how cold his hands are."

They raised him up, but there was no life, and his hair was soaked with blood. They laid him down again, and came and looked at me. They soon saw my cut knees.

"Why, the horse has been down and thrown him! Who would have thought the black horse would have done that? Nobody thought he could fall. Reuben must have been lying here for hours! Odd, too, that the horse has not moved from the place."

Robert then attempted to lead me forward. I made a step, but almost fell again.

"Hallo! he's bad in his foot as well as his knees; look here—his hoof is cut all to pieces, he might well come down, poor fellow! I tell you what, Ned, I'm afraid it hasn't been all right with Reuben! Just think of him riding a horse over these stones without a shoe! Why, if he had been in his right senses, he would just as soon have tried to ride him over the moon. I'm afraid it has been the old thing over again. Poor Susan! she looked awfully pale when she came to my house to ask if he had not come home. She made believe she was not a bit anxious, and talked of a lot of things that might have kept him. But for all that, she begged me to go and meet him—but what must we do? There's the horse to get home as well as the body—and that will be no easy matter."

Then followed a conversation between them, till it was agreed that Robert as the groom should lead me, and that Ned must take the body. It was a hard job to get into the dog-cart, for there was no one to hold Ginger; but she knew as well as I did what was going on, and stood as still as a

stone. I noticed that, because, if she had a fault, it was that she was impatient in standing.

Ned started off very slowly with his sad load, and Robert came and looked at my foot again; then he took his handkerchief and bound it closely round, and so he led me home. I shall never forget that night walk; it was more than three miles. Robert led me on very slowly, and I limped and hobbled on as well as I could with great pain. I am sure he was sorry for me, for he often patted and encouraged me, talking to me in a pleasant voice.

At last I reached my own box, and had some corn, and after Robert had wrapped up my knees in wet cloths, he tied up my foot in a bran poultice to draw out the heat and cleanse it before the horse doctor saw it in the morning, and I managed to get myself down on the straw, and slept in spite of the pain.

The next day, after the farrier had examined my wounds, he said he hoped the joint was not injured, and if so, I should not be spoiled for work, but I should never lose the blemish. I believe they did the best to make a good cure, but it was a long and painful one; proud flesh, as they called it, came up in my knees, and was burnt out with caustic, and when at last it was healed, they put a blistering fluid over the front of both knees to bring all the hair off: they had some reason for this, and I suppose it was all right.

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

Extract 8

Extract 8 has been omitted due to third-party copyright constraints.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES* and
ALEXANDER McCALL SMITH *THE NO. 1 LADIES' DETECTIVE AGENCY*

Extract 9

‘When a crisis comes, as it will do, I will direct how you shall act. I suppose that by Saturday all might be ready?’

‘Would that suit Dr Watson?’

‘Perfectly.’

‘Then on Saturday, unless you hear to the contrary, we shall meet at the 10.30 train from Paddington.’

We had risen to depart when Baskerville gave a cry of triumph, and diving into one of the corners of the room he drew a brown boot from under a cabinet.

‘My missing boot!’ he cried.

‘May all our difficulties vanish as easily!’ said Sherlock Holmes.

‘But it is a very singular thing,’ Dr Mortimer remarked. ‘I searched this room carefully before lunch.’

‘And so did I,’ said Baskerville. ‘Every inch of it.’

‘There was certainly no boot in it then.’

‘In that case the waiter must have placed it there while we were lunching.’

The German was sent for, but professed to know nothing of the matter, nor could any inquiry clear it up. Another item had been added to that constant and apparently purposeless series of small mysteries which had succeeded each other so rapidly. Setting aside the whole grim story of Sir Charles’s death, we had a line of inexplicable incidents all within the limits of two days, which included the receipt of the printed letter, the black-bearded spy in the hansom, the loss of the new brown boot, the loss of the old black boot, and now the return of the new brown boot. Holmes sat in silence in the cab as we drove back to Baker Street, and I knew from his drawn brows and keen face that his mind, like my own, was busy in endeavouring to frame some scheme into which all these strange and apparently disconnected episodes could be fitted. All afternoon and late into the evening he sat lost in tobacco and thought.

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

‘...Well, Sir Henry, I am of one mind with you as to the advisability of your going down to Devonshire without delay. There is only one provision which I must make. You certainly must not go alone.’

‘Dr Mortimer returns with me.’

‘But Dr Mortimer has his practice to attend to, and his house is miles away from yours. With all the good will in the world, he may be unable to help you. No, Sir Henry, you must take with you someone, a trusty man, who will be always by your side.’

‘Is it possible that you could come yourself, Mr Holmes?’

‘If matters came to a crisis I should endeavour to be present in person; but you can understand that, with my extensive consulting practice and with the constant appeals which reach me from many quarters, it is impossible for me to be absent from London for an indefinite time. At the present instant one of the most revered names in England is being besmirched by a blackmailer, and only I can stop a disastrous scandal. You will see how impossible it is for me to go to Dartmoor.’

‘Whom would you recommend, then?’

Holmes laid his hand upon my arm.

‘If my friend would undertake it there is no man who is better worth having at your side when you are in a tight place. No one can say so more confidently than I.’

The proposition took me completely by surprise, but before I had time to answer Baskerville seized me by the hand and wrung it heartily.

‘Well, now, that is real kind of you, Dr Watson,’ said he. You see how it is with me, and you know just as much about the matter as I do. If you will come down to Baskerville Hall and see me through I’ll never forget it.’

The promise of adventure had always a fascination for me, and I was complimented by the words of Holmes and by the eagerness with which the baronet hailed me as a companion.

‘I will come with pleasure,’ said I. ‘I do not know how I could employ my time better.’

‘And you will report very carefully to me,’ said Holmes.

Extract 10

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