



General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Level Examination  
January 2013

## English Literature (Specification A)

## LITA3

**Unit 3    Reading for Meaning**  
**Love Through the Ages**

**Thursday 24 January 2013    9.00 am to 11.30 am**

**For this paper you must have:**

- an AQA 16-page answer book.

### **Time allowed**

- 2 hours 30 minutes

### **Instructions**

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Examining Body** for this paper is AQA. The **Paper Reference** is LITA3.
- Answer **both** questions.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work that you do not want to be marked.

### **Information**

- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 80.
- Material from your wider reading **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
  - use good English
  - organise information clearly
  - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

### **Advice**

- This unit assesses your understanding of the relationships between different aspects of English Literature.

Please read this advice carefully before you turn to the material.

### Reading

Here are the materials taken from the prescribed area for study, Love Through the Ages. You will be using this material to answer the **two** questions on the page opposite.

Read all **four** items (**A**, **B**, **C** and **D**) and their introductions several times in the light of the questions set. Your reading should be close and careful.

### Wider Reading

Both questions test your wider reading in the prescribed area for study, Love Through the Ages. In your answers you should take every opportunity, where relevant, to refer to your wider reading.

**In total**, across both questions, you should write about a minimum of **one** wider reading text from **each** of the **three** genres of poetry, drama and prose.

### Planning

It is recommended that, for **each** question, you spend around **30 minutes** reading, thinking and planning.

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Answer **both** questions.

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**Question 1**

0	1
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Read the extracts (**Item A** and **Item B**) carefully, bearing in mind that they were written at different times by different writers and are open to different interpretations.

Write a comparison of these **two** extracts.

In your answer you should consider the ways in which Coward (in **Item A**) and Hare (in **Item B**) use form, structure and language to present their thoughts and ideas. You should make relevant references to your wider reading in **drama**.

(40 marks)

**Question 2**

0	2
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Read the two items (**Item C** and **Item D**) carefully, bearing in mind that they were written at different times by different writers and are open to different interpretations.

Write a comparison of the ways in which the attitude of the lover towards the loved one is presented in these **two** items.

In your answer you should consider the ways in which Jonson (in **Item C**) and Gaskell (in **Item D**) use form, structure and language to express their thoughts and ideas. You should make relevant references to your wider reading, ensuring that you include references to both **poetry** and **prose**.

(40 marks)

**END OF QUESTIONS**

**Turn over for Item A**

**Turn over ►**

**Item A**

*Private Lives* by **Noel Coward** (1899–1973) was first performed in 1930. Amanda and Elyot, a couple who divorced five years ago, have married new partners. Coincidentally both new couples are now on honeymoon at the same place, staying in adjoining suites at the same hotel.

Each of the newly married couples has had an argument, which has led to Amanda and Elyot being left alone in their respective suites. In the following extract, Amanda has just accepted Elyot's invitation to join him on his side of their shared balcony for a drink. A small orchestra is playing in the gardens below.

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

**Turn over for Item B**

**Turn over ►**

## Item B

*Skylight* by **David Hare** (born 1947) was first performed in 1995. Kyra had an affair with Tom, a wealthy restaurant owner, when she used to work for him and live in his household. The affair ended three years ago, as soon as it was discovered by Tom's wife, Alice, who later died of cancer. In the following extract, Tom has come to Kyra's flat and has left his driver, Frank, waiting for him in his car. Tom and Kyra have been discussing Tom's son, Edward.

**TOM** ... Sometimes, I know, I can be hard on the boy.

**KYRA** And why?

**TOM** He's such a jerk. That's the reason.

**KYRA** Oh come on, Tom.

*He looks at her reproachfully a moment, then suddenly admits the truth.*

**TOM** All right, it's true. I couldn't face Alice. I couldn't. Not at the end. Any excuse. I went travelling. I opened hotels abroad. New York. Los Angeles. The further the better. I couldn't – I know it was wrong of me – do you really think I don't know it? – but, Jesus ... I could not stay in that room. All right, I'm not proud. We both knew what was happening. I kept thinking, 'It's not like a test. What's happening is chance. It's pure chance. It's simply bad luck.' But I couldn't fight it. I felt ... oh, everyone's watching. Her friends. I know what they think. This is some sort of trial of my character. And no doubt the bastards are saying I fail. *(He is suddenly vehement.)* But Edward was as bad. Don't ever think otherwise. He failed just as badly. In a different way. I came home, six friends of his lying on the floor, drinking Heineken. Drugs. Shit, I don't know ... I remember screaming, 'What the hell are you doing? Don't you know your mother is lying up there?' I was so angry. I felt this anger, I never got over it. Every day this fury that you had walked out. Walked out and left me to handle this thing. I did try to use it. I used your memory. I kept saying, 'Look, I must behave well. I must try. Because who knows? If I behave well, I still have a chance here.'

**KYRA** A chance?

**TOM** Yes.

**KYRA** What sort of chance?

**TOM** I think you know what I mean. I kept on saying, 'If I behave well, if I get through this, then maybe Kyra is going to come back.'

*Kyra stands stunned, understanding how deep his feeling is. He goes on haltingly.*

Sitting by the bed. Just awful. Looking at Alice, propped up on the pillows, her eyes liquid, cut off ... I'd think, 'Oh shit, if Kyra were with us, if Kyra were here ...'

*He stops a moment and shakes his head.*

Jesus, why weren't you? 'If Kyra were here, she'd know what to do.'

*Kyra stands absolutely taken aback, as if not knowing what to think about his shocking devotion to her. He knows how much this has affected her.*

But you ran and left us.

**KYRA** Yes. I had to.

**TOM** You did what you said people never should do.

**KYRA** I had no alternative. I had to get out of Alice's way. I had to make a new life of my own.

**TOM** And this is it, Kyra? This is the life that you made? Will you tell me, will you tell me, please, Kyra, what exactly are you doing here?

*Suddenly there are two shocked people in the room. She is holding the edge of the table. When she speaks she is very quiet.*

**KYRA** Are you going to go down? Will you speak to Frank then?

**TOM** What shall I say to him?

**KYRA** Send him away.

*Without looking at her Tom walks across the room and opens the door and goes out. Kyra is alone, dazed now, white, like a shadow. She goes into the kitchen and pours the sauce into a bowl. She puts the bowl on the table, mechanically, not really thinking. She puts a second wine glass on the table. Then she gets a loaf of bread, takes a knife and cuts slices. The room seems dark, like a painting, the little red fire burning and the shadows falling across her face. Then Tom appears at the door. He closes it but does not yet move towards her.*

**TOM** He's gone.

*He moves across the room. They take each other in their arms and she holds him tightly, hugging him desperately, and beginning to cry, shaking with grief in his arms. He puts his hand through her hair.*

Kyra, Kyra I'm back.

*He runs his hand over and over through her hair. The lights fade to darkness.*

**Turn over for Item C**

**Turn over ►**

**Item C**

The following poem by **Ben Jonson** (1572–1637) was published in 1616. It was later set to music and became a popular song.

**To Celia**

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's nectar<sup>1</sup> sup,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honouring thee  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'st it back to me;  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself but thee!

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<sup>1</sup> Jove's nectar – the food of the gods that confers immortality.



## Item D

**Elizabeth Gaskell** (1810–1865) wrote *North and South* in 1855. It is the story of Margaret Hale, who leaves the south of England to live in the northern town of Milton. During a strike at the local mill, Margaret persuades the owner, John Thornton, to speak directly to his workers. When they turn on him, Margaret tries to calm the situation, but is injured by a stone, which was thrown at Thornton by a striking worker.

The following extract begins as Thornton waits to see Margaret on the day after the riot.

His heart throbbed loud and quick. Strong man as he was, he trembled at the anticipation of what he had to say, and how it might be received. She might droop, and flush, and flutter to his arms, as to her natural home and resting-place. One moment, he glowed with impatience at the thought that she might do this, – the next, he feared a passionate rejection, the very idea of which withered up his future with so deadly a blight that he refused to think of it. He was startled by the sense of the presence of some one else in the room. He turned round. She had come in so gently, that he had never heard her; the street noises had been more distinct to his inattentive ear than her slow movements, in her soft muslin gown.

She stood by the table, not offering to sit down. Her eyelids were dropped half over her eyes; her teeth were shut, not compressed; her lips were just parted over them, allowing the white line to be seen between their curve. Her slow deep breathings dilated her thin and beautiful nostrils; it was the only motion visible on her countenance. The fine-grained skin, the oval cheek, the rich outline of her mouth, its corners deep set in dimples, – were all wan and pale today; the loss of their usual natural healthy colour being made more evident by the heavy shadow of the dark hair, brought down upon the temples, to hide all sign of the blow she had received. Her head, for all its drooping eyes, was thrown a little back, in the old proud attitude. Her long arms hung motionless by her sides. Altogether she looked like some prisoner, falsely accused of a crime that she loathed and despised, and from which she was too indignant to justify herself.

Mr Thornton made a hasty step or two forwards; recovered himself, and went with quiet firmness to the door (which she had left open), and shut it. Then he came back, and stood opposite to her for a moment, receiving the general impression of her beautiful presence, before he dared to disturb it, perhaps to repel it, by what he had to say.

‘Miss Hale, I was very ungrateful yesterday —’

‘You had nothing to be grateful for,’ said she, raising her eyes, and looking full and straight at him. ‘You mean, I suppose, that you believe you ought to thank me for what I did.’ In spite of herself — in defiance of her anger — the thick blushes came all over her face, and burnt into her very eyes; which fell not nevertheless from their grave and steady look. ‘It was only a natural instinct; any woman would have done just the same. We all feel the sanctity of our sex as a high privilege when we see danger. I ought rather,’ said she, hastily, ‘to apologize to you, for having said thoughtless words which sent you down into the danger.’

‘It was not your words; it was the truth they conveyed, pungently as it was expressed. But you shall not drive me off upon that, and so escape the expression of my deep gratitude, my —’ he was on the verge now; he would not speak in the haste of his hot passion; he would weigh each word. He would; and his will was triumphant. He stopped in mid career.

‘I do not try to escape from anything,’ said she. ‘I simply say, that you owe me no gratitude; and I may add, that any expression of it will be painful to me, because I do not feel that I deserve it. Still, if it will relieve you from even a fancied obligation, speak on.’

‘I do not want to be relieved from any obligation,’ said he, goaded by her calm manner. ‘Fancied, or not fancied — I question not myself to know which — I choose to believe that I owe my very life to you — ay — smile, and think it an exaggeration if you will. I believe it, because it adds a value to that life to think — oh, Miss Hale!’ continued he, lowering his voice to such a tender intensity of passion that she shivered and trembled before him, ‘to think circumstance so wrought, that whenever I exult in existence henceforward, I may say to myself, “All this gladness in life, all honest pride in doing my work in the world, all this keen sense of being, I owe to her!” And it

doubles the gladness, it makes the pride glow, it sharpens the sense of existence till I hardly know if it is pain or pleasure, to think that I owe it to one — nay, you must, you shall hear' — said he, stepping forwards with stern determination — 'to one whom I love, as I do not believe man ever loved woman before.' He held her hand tight in his. He panted as he listened for what should come. He threw the hand away with indignation, as he heard her icy tone; for icy it was, though the words came faltering out, as if she knew not where to find them.

'Your way of speaking shocks me. It is blasphemous. I cannot help it, if that is my first feeling. It might not be so, I dare say, if I understood the kind of feeling you describe. I do not want to vex you; and besides, we must speak gently, for mamma is asleep; but your whole manner offends me —'

**END OF ITEMS**

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