

General Certificate of Education  
June 2007  
Advanced Subsidiary Examination



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

**NA3M**

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

Friday 25 May 2007 9.00 am to 10.30 am

**For this paper you must have:**

- a 12-page answer book.

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

**Instructions**

- Use blue or black ink or ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The *Examining Body* for this paper is AQA. The *Paper Reference* is NA3M.
- Answer **one** question from Section A and Question 5 in Section B.
- Do all rough work in the answer book. Cross through any work you do not want 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 200.
- All questions (Sections A and B) carry 100 marks.
- You will be marked on your ability to use good English, to organise information clearly and to use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

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

Answer **one** question from this Section.

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**EITHER**

*Eden Close* – Anita Shreve

**1** Read the extract printed below.

In what ways does Shreve explore the importance of sexuality here and elsewhere in the novel?

In your answer you should consider:

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

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**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

**OR***An Evil Cradling* – Brian Keenan**2** Read the extract printed below.

How does Keenan present the relationship between himself and John McCarthy here and elsewhere in the book?

In your answer you should consider:

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

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**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

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**OR***Enduring Love* – Ian McEwan**3** Read the extract printed below.

How does McEwan present Jean Logan here and elsewhere in the novel?

In your answer you should consider:

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

‘I don’t know why you’ve come,’ she said. ‘I hope it isn’t to satisfy your curiosity. Since we don’t know each other, I’d rather not hear condolences, consolations, that kind of thing, if you don’t mind.’ The attempt to say this without emotion conveyed it all the more powerfully by way of brisk and breathy phrasing. She tried to soften the effect by smiling wonkily and adding, ‘I mean, I’m trying to save you the awkward bits.’

I nodded and attempted to sip the scalding tea from the small china bucket in my hands. For her, suffering the way she was, a social encounter like this must have been like drunk driving – hard to gauge the right conversational speed, easy to overcompensate with reckless steering.

It was difficult to see her beyond the terms of her bereavement. Was the brown stain on her pale blue cashmere sweater, just below her right breast, anything other than the self-neglect of the grieving? Her hair was greasy and pulled back harshly across her scalp and held in a ragged bun by a red rubber band. Grief too, or was it a certain kind of academic style? I knew from the newspaper stories that she taught history at the University. If you knew nothing you might guess by her face that she was a sedentary sort of person with a heavy cold. Her nose was sharpened and bloomed pink at the tip and at its base, around the nostrils, from the friction of sodden tissues. (I had seen the empty box on the floor at my feet.) But it was an attractive face, almost beautiful, almost plain, a long pale uncluttered oval, with thin lips and near-invisible eyebrows and lashes. The eyes were an irresolute sandy colour. She gave the impression of a stringy kind of independence, and of a temper easily lost.

I said to her, ‘I don’t know if any of the others, the people who were there, have been to see you. My guess is they haven’t. I know you don’t need me to tell you that your husband was a very courageous man, but perhaps there are things you want to know about what happened. The Coroner’s Court doesn’t sit for another six weeks...’

I tailed off, uncertain why the Coroner had come into my thoughts. Jean Logan still sat on the edge of her chair, hunched forward over her mug, breathing its heat into her face, perhaps to soothe her eyes. She said, ‘You thought I’d like to go over the details of how he lost his life.’

Her sourness surprised me and made me meet her gaze. ‘There could be something you want to know,’ I said, speaking more slowly than before. I felt more at ease with her antagonism than with the embarrassment of her sadness...

‘There are things I want to know,’ Jean Logan said, and the anger in her voice was suddenly there. ‘I’ve got lots of questions for all sorts of people. But I don’t think they’re going to give me the answers. They pretend they don’t even understand the questions.’ She paused and swallowed hard. I had tapped into a repeating voice in her head, I was overhearing the thoughts that tormented her all night. Her sarcasm was too theatrical, too energetic and I felt the weight of exhausted reiteration behind it. ‘I’m the mad one, of course. I’m irrelevant, I’m in the way. It’s not convenient to answer my questions because they don’t fit the story. There, there Mrs Logan! Don’t go fretting about things that don’t concern you and aren’t important anyway. We know it’s your husband, the father of your children, but we’re in charge and please don’t get in the way...’

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Father and children were the words that undid her. She set down the mug, snatched a balled-up tissue from the sleeve of her sweater and pressed it, screwed it, into the space between her eyes. She went to rise from her chair but its lowness defeated her. I felt that empty, numbing neutrality that comes when one person in the room appears to monopolise all the available emotion. There was nothing for me to do for the moment but wait. I thought she was probably the kind of woman who hates to be seen crying. Lately she would have got used to it. I looked past her, into the garden, past the cherry tree and saw the first evidence of the children. Partly obscured by shrubbery was a tent, a brown igloo-style tent on a patch of lawn. The struts had collapsed on one side and it was teetering into a flower bed. It had a sodden, abandoned look. Had he put it up for them not long before he died, or had they erected it to make contact with the sporty outdoor spirit that had fled the house? Perhaps they needed somewhere to sit and be beyond the penumbra of their mother's pain.

Jean Logan was silent. Her hands were clasped tightly in front of her and she stared at the floor, still needing to be, as it were, alone. The skin between her nose and her thin upper lip was raw. My numbness disappeared with the simple thought that what I was seeing was love, and the slow agony of its destruction. Imagining what it would mean, to lose Clarissa, through death or by my own stupidity, sent a hot pricking sensation up through the skin of my back and I felt myself drowning in the small room's lack of decent air. It was urgent that I return to London and save our love. I had no course of action in mind, but I would have been glad to get to my feet and make an excuse. Jean Logan looked up and said, 'I'm sorry. I'm glad that you came. It was kind of you to make the journey.'

I said something conventionally polite. The muscles in my thighs and arms were tensed, as though ready to push me out of my chair, back towards Maida Vale. What I saw in Jean's grief reduced my own situation to uncomplicated elements, to a periodic table of simple good sense: when it's gone you'll know what a gift love was. You'll suffer like this. So go back and fight to keep it. Everything else, Parry included, is irrelevant.

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

OR

*A Handful of Dust* – Evelyn Waugh

## 4 Read the extract printed below.

Explore the presentation and role of Dr Messinger here and elsewhere in the novel.

In your answer you should consider:

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

Dr Messinger, though quite young, was bearded, and Tony knew few young men with beards. He was also very small, very sunburned and prematurely bald; the ruddy brown of his face ended abruptly along the line of his forehead, which rose in a pale dome; he wore steel-rimmed spectacles and there was something about his blue serge suit which suggested that the wearer found it uncomfortable.

Tony admitted that he was considering taking a cruise.

‘I am going away shortly,’ said Dr Messinger, ‘to Brazil. At least it may be Brazil or Dutch Guiana. One cannot tell. The frontier has never been demarcated. I ought to have started last week, only my plans were upset. Do you by any chance know a Nicaraguan calling himself alternately Ponsonby and FitzClarence?’

‘No, I don’t think I do.’

‘You are fortunate. That man has just robbed me of two hundred pounds and some machine guns.’

‘Machine guns?’

‘Yes, I travel with one or two, mostly for show, you know, or for trade, and they are not easy to buy nowadays. Have you ever tried?’

‘No.’

‘Well you can take it from me that it’s not easy. You can’t just walk into a shop and order machine guns.’

‘No, I suppose not.’

Still, at a pinch I can do without them. But I can’t do without two hundred pounds.’

Tony had, open on his knee, a photograph of the harbour at Agadir. Dr Messinger looked over his shoulder at it. ‘Ah yes,’ he said, ‘interesting little place. I expect you know Zingermaun there?’

‘No, I’ve not been there yet.’

‘You’d like him – a very straight fellow. He used to do quite a lot, selling ammunition to the Atlas caids before the pacification. Of course it was easy money with the capitulations, but he did it better than most of them. I believe he’s running a restaurant now in Mogador.’ Then he continued dreamily, ‘The pity is I can’t let the R.G.S. in on this expedition. I’ve got to find the money privately.’

It was one o’clock and the room was beginning to fill up; an Egyptologist was exhibiting a handkerchief-ful of scarabs to the editor of a church weekly.

‘We’d better go up and lunch,’ said Dr Messinger.

Tony had not intended to lunch at the Greville but there was something compelling about the invitation; moreover, he had no other engagement.

Dr Messinger lunched off apples and a rice pudding. (‘I have to be very careful what I eat,’ he said.) Tony ate cold steak and kidney pie. They sat at a window in the big dining-room upstairs. The places round them were soon filled with members, who even carried the tradition of general conversation so far as to lean back in their chairs and chat over their shoulders from table to table – a practice which greatly hindered the already imperfect service. But Tony remained oblivious to all that was said, absorbed in what Dr Messinger was telling him.



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‘... You see, there has been a continuous tradition about the City since the first explorers of the sixteenth century. It has been variously allocated, sometimes down in Matto Grosso, sometimes on the upper Orinoco in what is now Venezuela. I myself used to think it lay somewhere on the Uraricuera. I was out there last year and it was then that I established contact with the Pie-wie Indians; no white man had ever visited them and got out alive. And it was from the Pie-wies that I learned where to look. None of them had ever visited the City, of course, but they *knew about it*. Every Indian between Ciudad Bolivar and Para knows about it. But they won’t talk. Queer people. But I became blood-brother with a Pie-wie – interesting ceremony. They buried me up to the neck in mud and all the women of the tribe spat on my head. Then we ate a toad and snake and a beetle and after that I was blood-brother – well, he told me that the City lies between the head waters of the Courantyne and the Takutu. There’s a vast track of unexplored country there. I’ve often thought of visiting it.

‘I’ve been looking up the historical side too, and I more or less know how the City got there. It was the result of a migration from Peru at the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the Incas were at the height of their power. It is mentioned in all the early Spanish documents as a popular legend. One of the younger princes rebelled and led his people off into the forest. Most of the tribes had a tradition in one form or another of a strange race passing through their territory.’

‘But what do you suppose this city will be like?’

‘Impossible to say. Every tribe has a different word for it. The Pie-wies call it the “Shining” or “Glittering”, the Arekuna the “Many Watered”, the Patamonas the “Bright Feathered”, the Warau, oddly enough, use the same word for it that they use for a kind of aromatic jam they make.’

**End of Section A**

**Turn over for Section B**

**Turn over ►**

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**SECTION B – The Study of the Language of Speech**

 Answer Question 5.
 

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5 Read the transcript printed below.

In this transcript, four young men are talking during their lunch hour about the possibility of an evening out together. They are then joined by two young women during the course of the conversation. They are all known to one another.

Explore the ways in which the speakers use language in this exchange to convey their feelings and views.

In your answer you should comment on:

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

**Key**

(.)	micropause
(1.0)	pause in seconds
<u>underlining</u>	particular emphasis of a word
[	overlap
::	elongation
<i>italics</i>	non-verbal sounds

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation.

Phil:	right (.) we goin out tonight then or what
Steve:	yeah::: (.) [ 'sabout time we went ( <i>inaudible</i> )
Dave:	[Bar 66 <sup>1</sup> for me like (1.0) cheap drinks on a Thursday (.) you comin Matt
Matt:	nah::: (.) I've got a ticket for the match
Phil:	yer what (.) to go and watch that pile of shite (.) I'd rather have me (.) me eyeballs washed in acid than go an see them
Steve:	( <i>laughs</i> ) too right
Matt:	fff::: (1.0) get lost the pair of yer (.) anyhow (.) it was only five quid a ticket (1.0) I'll come on out on Sat'day though (.) the olds are off to the flicks <sup>2</sup> (.) so I'll be on me tod
Phil:	( <i>laughs</i> ) the <u>olds</u> (.) yer mean y'mam an dad (.) why don't yer speak properly
Steve:	girls girls (.) let's stop this now shall we ( <i>laughs</i> )

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<sup>1</sup> A bar

<sup>2</sup> Cinema

- Dave: yeah (1.0) it's cheapo drinks tonight though Matt (.) 'snot on a weekend (.) hey why doan yer come before the match
- Phil: [ 'sno good speakin to him Dave (.) hey yeah (.) good idea (.) yer could couldn't yer (.) then you could meet us afterwards (.) then we could go off to a club
- Matt: well:::::
- Phil: come o::n (.) we'll meet you at seven (.) what time's kick-off
- Matt: eight o'clock
- Phil: yer'll get a quick one<sup>3</sup> in before (.) an then we'll text yer to tell yer where we've got to (.) erm (.) [Yates<sup>4</sup> or (*inaudible*)
- Dave: [the [Drunken Parrot<sup>5</sup>
- Matt: [I'm a bit strapped like (.) haven't been paid yet (1.0) which club are you thinkin of (*laughs*)
- Steve: Triple X<sup>6</sup>
- Phil: (*laughs*) not a chance (*laughs*)
- Dave: (*laughing*) nah (.) nah
- (Abi and Heather enter the conversation)
- Abi: what are you lot gigglin about
- Phil: hiya
- Heather: hi
- Steve: just talkin about goin out tonight
- Abi: oh (.) where yer goin
- Phil: Steve was tellin us that he fancied goin to Triple X
- Dave and Matt: (*laugh*)
- Steve: it was a just a daft suggestion
- Abi: aww (.) you wouldn't go there would you Ste

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<sup>3</sup> A drink

<sup>4</sup> A bar

<sup>5</sup> A night club

<sup>6</sup> A lap-dancing bar

- 
- Steve: er::: (1.0) I might do (1.0) if I'd had enough to drink (*laughs*)
- Abi: God I'm well disappointed in you
- Matt: that's your chances gone mate
- Steve: yeah (.) 'sif I stood any chance with Dan around
- Heather: woo:: Steve (.) I didn't know you cared
- (*Collective laughter*)
- Matt: well I won't be joining you (.) it sounds too expensive for me
- Steve: I was just jokin about Triple X Matt
- Matt: I still don't think I can afford it (.) anyway I'm having a pizza with me old man (.) before the game
- Heather: oh:: (.) I'm goin to the match tonight Matt (.) are y'goin to The Crown<sup>7</sup> for a drink beforehand
- Dave: he was supposed to be comin to Bar 66 with us
- Matt: what it is to be in demand eh (*laughs*)

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<sup>7</sup>A public house

## END OF QUESTIONS

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Question 1

Question 2

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Question 4 Approximately 681 words from *A Handful of Dust*, by Evelyn Waugh (Penguin Books, 1951) Copyright 1934 by Evelyn Waugh. Reproduced by permission of Penguin Books Ltd.

Question 5 A conversation between six young people.

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