



General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Subsidiary Examination  
January 2009

## English Language and Literature

## ELLA2

Unit 2 Analysing Speech and Its Representation

Wednesday 14 January 2009 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 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 ELLA2.
- Answer Question 1 from Section A and **one** other question from Section B.

**Information**

- The texts prescribed for this paper **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 75.
- Question 1 carries 45 marks and Questions 2–9 carry 30 marks each.
- You will be marked on your ability to use good English, to organise information clearly and to use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

**Advice**

- You are advised to spend 50 minutes on Section A and 40 minutes on Section B.

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**SECTION A – ANALYSING SPEECH**

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**1** Read **Texts A** and **B** below.

**Text A** contains extracts from prepared talks by three students who were asked to present their thoughts on the issue of bullying to their tutor group.

**Text B** is a transcript of a spontaneous discussion which followed the talks, and gave the students opportunities to comment.

Compare how views and attitudes on bullying are conveyed in Text A and Text B.

In your answer, you should comment on:

- vocabulary, and grammatical, stylistic and speech features
- the influence of context on the ways in which speakers convey attitudes and ideas.

**Text A**

Extract 1:

**Gemma:** it really hurts you know. It causes pain. It causes ache, heartache, it causes you to lose things, sleep, self-belief, control. I have lost all of these and I am not ashamed to say it. I want you all to know. I want you all to know that I am a victim, a victim of bullying. I have now managed to pluck up the courage to tell you all face to face how I feel. I feel better because I am talking about it. I feel worse because it has been done to me. I feel worse that I bottled it up for so long. Well I am not bottling it now. I am opening up and laying myself bare for you. This is what happened to me and it really hurt me you know.

Extract 2:

**Liz:** 26 years old, successful career girl, penthouse flat on the quayside, sports car in the garage, wardrobe full of designer clothes, elegant figure, toned body, stunning smile, she has it all. But that wasn't always the case for Jenna Jewel, darling of the corporate world. Jenna was once a real plain Jane. Jane Jones to be precise and Jane has a skeleton in her closet that until now has remained her most private secret. For Jane Jones soon to be Jenna Jewel was a bully, a school bully, and she loved every minute of it because it transformed her into the person she is now.

Extract 3:

**Will:** I don't really want to talk about what's happened to me. The details are too difficult to say out loud. The spit running down your face when someone has gobbled on you. The pushing in the bogs when you're having a piss so that you look as if you've wet yourself when you come out. The laughter, the pointing, the humiliation, then the abuse that follows, snotbag, pissypants, shitbreath, and it happens not once not twice but three sometimes four times a day, every day, without fail, without respite. Can you imagine the effect that has on you? Can you? Weekends were my only escape. At least that's what I thought until the bastards found out where I live and then the fun really began.

**Text B****Key**

(.)	micropause
(1.0)	pause in seconds
<u>underlining</u>	particular emphasis of a word
[	overlap
< >	simultaneous speech
::	elongation

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation.

Tutor: well that's great (.) thanks very much you three (1.0) I think we've heard some er (.) excellent and imaginative efforts at a difficult task there (.) don't you think

Jessica: I really thought Will's one was was (.) sad n n (.) erm (.) what's the word (1.0) um (.) graphic

Katherine: realistic < Tutor: uh hu > an quite horrible at the same time (.) like you really knew what it was like Will (1.0)

Tutor: Will

Will: we::ll (1.0) it's based on someone I know actually (.) an the ex experiences he had were pretty horrible y'know (1.0) so:: (1.0) I just added some details that were like (.) made up (1.0) to protect the innocent (.) an like used the er um (.) rhetorical techniques that we'd learned about (.) in English (.) an an stuff like that

Katherine: why d'you use all the swearin Will

Tutor: good question

Will: we::ll (.) suppose I thought it'd make it more hard hittin an an (.) an provocative

Katherine: I see

Jenny: I'm not sure it needed that though Will (.) the details of the bullying are pretty bad anyway aren't they

Sam: nah nah (.) the swearing makes it stronger an shows erm (.) that he's so:: angry (.) it rea::lly helps it (.) well I thingit does me

Will: yeah (.) yeah (.)  
that's what I was lookin for

Tutor: what about Gemma's one (.) that was quite different in its approach wasn't it (0.5) what did you think of that one (2.0) Dan

**Text B continues on the next page**

**Turn over ►**

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- Dan: er:::::m (2.0) well (0.5) well I thought it was okay (.) you could see how she didn't really wanna say anything (.) but that she now had the courage an it kinda kinda (.) helped her to (.) admit it (1.0) I actually liked Liz's one though (.) the idea of of (.) bein the bully helping her to become a a (.) more p powerful person (1.0) that was unusual n quite (.) inventive
- Will: y yeah (.) I wish I'd thought of that Liz (.) sgood
- Liz: ta very much
- Tutor: right right (.) well we'll come to Liz's in a bit (0.5) goin back to yours Gemma (1.0) w w what was the purpose behind your character (.) articulatin her thoughts (.) out loud
- Gemma: erm (.) I wanted it to sound like a confession (.) n that that confession would help her (.) erm like deal with what she'd been through (.) y'know
- Tutor: okay

**End of Section A**

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**SECTION B – ANALYSING THE REPRESENTATION OF SPEECH**

Answer **one** question from this section.

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**EITHER**

*Great Expectations* – Charles Dickens

- 2 How does Dickens use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to create a sense of threat and menace in the following extract, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

“Hold your noise!” cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. “Keep still, you little devil, or I’ll cut your throat!”

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

“O! Don’t cut my throat, sir,” I pleaded in terror. “Pray don’t do it, sir.”

“Tell us your name!” said the man. “Quick!”

“Pip, sir.”

“Once more,” said the man, staring at me. “Give it mouth!”

“Pip. Pip, sir!”

“Show us where you live,” said the man. “Pint out the place!”

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside-down and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself – for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet – when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

“You young dog,” said the man, licking his lips, “what fat cheeks you ha’ got.”

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

“Darn Me if I couldn’t eat ’em,” said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, “and if I han’t half a mind to’t!”

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn’t, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly, to keep myself upon it; partly, to keep myself from crying.

“Now then, lookee here!” said the man. “Where’s your mother?”

“There, sir!” said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

“There, sir!” I timidly explained. “Also Georgiana. That’s my mother.”

“Oh!” said he, coming back. “And is that your father alonger your mother?”

“Yes, sir,” said I, “him too; late of this parish.”

“Ha!” he muttered then, considering. “Who d’ye live with – supposin’ you’re kindly let to live, which I han’t made up my mind about?”

“My sister, sir – Mrs. Joe Gargery – wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir.”

“Blacksmith, eh?” said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

**Turn over ►**

**OR***Eden Close* – Anita Shreve

- 3** How does Shreve use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to explore the way Andy feels about Eden in the following extract, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

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**OR***The Lovely Bones* – Alice Sebold

- 4 How does Sebold use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to show Susie's innocence in the following extract, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

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**Turn over ►**

OR

*Enduring Love* – Ian McEwan

- 5 How does McEwan use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to explore Parry's interactions with Joe in the following extract, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

'Are you all right?'

I said, 'There's nothing we can do but wait,' and I gestured in the direction of the road, one field away.

Parry took a couple of steps closer and looked down at Logan, then back to me. The grey-blue eyes gleamed. He was excited, but no one could ever have guessed to what extent. 'Actually, I think there is something we can do.'

I looked at my watch. It was fifteen minutes since I had phoned the emergency services. 'You go ahead,' I said. 'Do what you like.'

'It's something we can do together?' he said as he looked about for a suitable place on the ground. The wild thought came to me that he was proposing some form of gross indecency with a corpse. He was lowering himself, and with a look was inviting me to join him. Then I got it. He was on his knees.

'What we could do,' he said with a seriousness which warned against mockery, 'is to pray together?' Before I could object, which for the moment was impossible because I was speechless, Parry added, 'I know it's difficult. But you'll find it helps. At times like this, you know, it really does help.'

I took a step away from both Logan and Parry. I was embarrassed, and my first thought was not to offend a true believer. But I got a grip on myself. He wasn't concerned about offending me.

'I'm sorry,' I said pleasantly. 'It's not my thing at all.'

Parry tried to speak reasonably from his diminished height. 'Look, we don't know each other and there's no reason why you should trust me. Except that God has brought us together in this tragedy and we have to, you know, make whatever sense of it we can?' Then, seeing me make no move, he added, 'I think you have a special need for prayer?'

I shrugged and said, 'Sorry. But you go right on ahead.' I Americanised my tone to suggest a lightheartedness I did not feel.

Parry wasn't giving up. He was still on his knees. 'I don't think you understand. You shouldn't, you know, think of this as some kind of duty. It's like, your own needs are being answered? It's got nothing to do with me, really, I'm just the messenger. It's a gift.'

As he pressed harder, so the last traces of my embarrassment disappeared. 'Thanks, but no.'

Parry closed his eyes and breathed in deeply, not praying so much as gathering his strength. I decided to walk back up the hill. When he heard me moving away he got to his feet and came over. He really didn't want to let me go. He was desperate to persuade me, but he was not going to drop the patient, understanding manner. So he seemed to smile through a barrier of pain as he said, 'Please don't dismiss this. I know it's not something you'd normally do. I mean, you don't have to believe in anything at all, just let yourself do it and I promise you, I promise ...'



**OR***Waiting for Godot* – Samuel Beckett

- 6 How does Beckett use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to create an impression of Pozzo in the following extract, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

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**Turn over ►**

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**OR***The Caretaker* – Harold Pinter

- 7 How does Pinter use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to explore ideas about identity in the following extract, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

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**Turn over ►**

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OR

*Othello* – William Shakespeare

- 8 How does Shakespeare use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Cassio's feelings towards Desdemona in the following extract, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

MONTANO

But, good Lieutenant, is your General wived?

CASSIO

Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid  
That paragon's description and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in th'essential vesture of creation  
Does tire the ingener.

*Enter Second Gentleman*

How now? Who has put in?

SECOND GENTLEMAN

'Tis one Iago, Ancient to the General.

CASSIO

He's had most favourable and happy speed:  
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
The guttered rocks and congregated sands,  
Traitors encarp'd to clog the guiltless keel,  
As having sense of beauty, do omit  
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

MONTANO

What is she?

CASSIO

She that I spake of, our great Captain's Captain,  
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts  
A se'nights' speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,  
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
Give renewed fire to our extincted spirits,  
And bring all Cyprus comfort.

*Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo, and attendants*

O, behold,

The riches of the ship is come on shore!  
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.  
Hail to thee, lady! And the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round.

DESDEMONA

I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

CASSIO

He is not yet arrived; nor know I aught  
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Turn over ►

OR

*Equus* – Peter Shaffer

- 9 How does Shaffer use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to reveal Dysart's relationship with his wife in the following extract, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

HESTHER Now stop it.

DYSART Do I embarrass you?

HESTHER I suspect you're about to.

[*Pause.*]

DYSART My wife doesn't understand me, Your Honour.

HESTHER Do you understand her?

DYSART No. Obviously I never did.

HESTHER I'm sorry. I've never liked to ask but I've always imagined you weren't exactly compatible.

[*She moves to sit opposite.*]

DYSART We were. It actually worked for a bit. I mean for both of us. We worked for each other. She actually for me through a kind of briskness. A clear, red-headed, inaccessible briskness which kept me keyed up for months. Mind you, if you're kinky for Northern Hygienic, as I am, you can't find anything much more compelling than a Scottish Lady Dentist.

HESTHER It's *you* who are wicked, you know!

DYSART Not at all. She got exactly the same from me. Antiseptic proficiency. I was like that in those days. We suited each other admirably. I see us in our wedding photo: Doctor and Doctor Mac Brisk. We were brisk in our wooing, brisk in our wedding, brisk in our disappointment. We turned from each other briskly into our separate surgeries; and now there's damn all.

HESTHER You have no children, have you?

DYSART No, we didn't go in for them. Instead, she sits beside our salmon-pink, glazed brick fireplace, and knits things for orphans in a home she helps with. And I sit opposite, turning the pages of art books on Ancient Greece. Occasionally, I still trail a faint scent of my enthusiasm across her path. I pass her a picture of the sacred acrobats of Crete leaping through the horns of running bulls – and she'll say: 'Och, Martin, what an *absurred* thing to be doing! The Highland Games, now there's *norrmal* sport!' Or she'll observe, just after I've told her a story from the Iliad: 'You know, when you come to think of it, Agamemnon and that lot were nothing but a bunch of ruffians from the Gorbals, only with fancy names!' [*He rises.*] You get the picture. She's turned into a Shrink. The familiar domestic monster. Margaret Dysart: the Shrink's Shrink.

HESTHER That's cruel, Martin.

DYSART Yes. Do you know what it's like for two people to live in the same house as if they were in different parts of the world? Mentally, she's always in some drizzly kirk of her own inheriting: and I'm in some Doric temple – clouds tearing through pillars – eagles bearing prophecies out of the sky. She finds all that repulsive. All my wife has ever taken from the Mediterranean – from that whole vast intuitive culture – are four bottles of Chianti to make into lamps, and two china condiment donkeys labelled Sally and Peppy.

[*Pause.*]

[*More intimately.*] I wish there was one person in my life I could show. One instinctive, absolutely unbrisk person I could take to Greece, and stand in front of certain shrines and sacred streams and say 'Look! Life is only comprehensible through a thousand local Gods. And not just the old dead ones with names like Zeus – no, but living Geniuses of Place and Person! And not just Greece but modern England! Spirits of certain trees, certain curves of brick wall, certain chip shops, if you like, and slate roofs – just as of certain frowns in people and slouches' ... I'd say to them – 'Worship as many as you can see – and more will appear!' ... If I had a son, I bet you he'd come out exactly like his mother. Utterly worshipless. Would you like a drink?

**END OF EXTRACTS**

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Text B: a transcript involving 9 people talking.

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