



General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Level Examination  
June 2010

# English Language and Literature (Specification A)

## ELLA3

**Unit 3 Comparative Analysis and Text Adaptation**

**Thursday 24 June 2010 9.00 am to 11.30 am**

**For this paper you must have:**

- a 12-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 ELLA3.
- Answer Question 1 in Section A and **one** other question from Section B.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work that you do not want to be marked.

### **Information**

- The maximum mark for this paper is 100.
- Section A carries 60 marks, while Section B carries 40 marks.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
  - use good English
  - organise information clearly
  - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

### **Advice**

- You should spend 1 hour 30 minutes answering Section A and 1 hour answering Section B.

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**Section A – Analytical Comparison**

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**Question 1**

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Read the three texts printed on the following pages. These texts are linked by their subject matter, parents.

**Text A** is a piece of speech by a young woman.

**Text B** is an extract from a novel by Joanne Harris called *Coastliners*.

**Text C** is an extract from an autobiography by Laurie Lee called *Cider With Rosie*.

Compare Texts A, B and C, showing how the writers or speakers convey their feelings about their parent or parents.

Your analysis should include consideration of the following:

- the writers' or speaker's choices of vocabulary, grammar and style
- the relationship between texts and the significance of context on language use.

(60 marks)

**Text A**

*In this transcript of a piece of speech, a young woman talks about her parents and their backgrounds.*

**Key**

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

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation.

Louise: I am from er (.) mixed race background (1.0) erm ma mum's (1.5) originally (.) well ma mum's family were originally from Lancashire (.) erm but I was brought up in Yorkshire an that's where (.) ma mum's family lived (.) a::nd my dad is originally from Jamaica (.) a::nd came over (.) when he was (.) bout seventeen eighteen years old (1.0) a::nd erm (1.5) they met when (.) he came to Yorkshire (.) an they've been together (.) ever since (.) um what's bizarre about their meetin is (1.0) my:: grandma n granddad on ma mum's side actually knew ma dad before ma mum met him (.) and erm (.) had a h quite a high opinion of him so (0.5) erm (1.5) there's almost like a fairytale aspect to their meeting I s'pose (.) so I've got quite a diverse background (1.0) er::m music was rea::lly big in my house when I was growin up (1.0) erm my dad had er (.) typically was (1.0) erm (.) playin a lot of reggae so was into (0.5) erm people like (.) the Beatles (.) a::nd ma mum was into quite modern electronic stuff (.) like the erm (.) Human League an Adam n the Ants an things like that so:: (.) we always had (.) quite a diverse mix in the house (0.5) including (.) erm food as well (1.0) ma dad obviously (.) erm from the Caribbean (.) erm he pretty much taught ma mum to (.) to cook (.) erm the irony bein that he also taught to how to make good old English Sunday roast (.) so (.) erm I'm used to quite a mix (.) of food as well

**Turn over for Text B**

**Turn over ►**

**Text B**

*The following is an extract from a novel Coastliners by Joanne Harris where the central character, Madeleine, first of all describes her mother, then her father GrosJean. They lived on an island called Le Devin, off the coast of mainland France.*

My mother was from the mainland. That makes me only half an islander. She was from Nantes, a romantic who fell out of love with Le Devin almost as quickly as she did with my father's bleak good looks.

She was ill-equipped for life in Les Salants<sup>1</sup>. She was a talker, a singer, a woman who wept, ranted, laughed, externalized everything. My father had little to say even at the start. He was incapable of small talk. Most of his utterances were monosyllabic; his greeting was a nod. What affection he showed was given to the fishing boats which he built and sold from the yard at the back of our house. He worked outside in summer, moving his equipment into the hangar for winter, and I liked to sit close by, watching as he shaped the wood, soaking the clinkers to give them elasticity, turning the graceful lines of bow and keel, stitching the sails. These were always white or red, the island colours. A coral bead decorated the prow. Each boat was polished and varnished, never painted except for the name flying across the bows in black and white. My father favoured romantic names, *Bell Ysolde*, *Sage Héloïse* or *Blanche de Coëtquen*, names from old books, although as far as I knew he never read anything. His work was his conversation – he spent more time with his 'ladies' than with anyone else, his hands on their smooth warm hulls as sure as a lover's, but he never named a boat after any of us; not even my mother, though I know she would have liked him to. If he had, maybe she would have stayed.

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<sup>1</sup> The name of a village on the island.

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**Text C**

*The following is an extract from the autobiography Cider With Rosie by Laurie Lee. Here Lee tries to recall what his mother was like – in particular her musical ability – when he was a boy.*

In trying to recapture the presence of my Mother I am pulling at broken strings. The years run back through the pattern of her confusions. Her flowers and songs, her unshaken fidelities, her attempts at order, her relapses into squalor, her near madness, her crying for light, her almost daily weeping for her dead child-daughter, her frisks and gaieties, her fits of screams, her love of man, her hysterical rages, her justice towards each of us children – all these rode my Mother and sat on her shoulders like a roosting of ravens and doves. Equally I remember her occasional blooming, when she became secretly beautiful and alone. And those summer nights – we boys in bed – when the green of the yew trees filled the quiet kitchen, and she would change into her silk, put on her bits of jewellery, and sit down to play the piano.

She did not play well; her rough fingers stumbled, they trembled to find the notes – yet she carried the music with little rushes of grace, half-faltering surges of feeling, that went rippling out through the kitchen windows like signals from a shuttered cage. Solitary, eyes closed, in her silks and secrets, tearing arpeggios from the yellow keys, yielding, through dusty but golden chords, to the peak of that private moment, it was clearly then, in the twilight tenderness she created, that the man should have returned to her.

I would lie awake in my still-light bedroom and hear the chime of the piano below, a ragged chord, a poignant pause, then a twinkling wagtail run. Brash yet melancholy, coarse yet wistful, it would rise in a jangling burst, then break and shiver as soft as water and lap round my listening head. She would play some waltzes, and of course ‘Killarney’; and sometimes I would hear her singing – a cool lone voice, uncertainly rising, addressed to her own reflection. They were sounds of peace, half-edged with sleep, yet disturbing, almost shamefully moving. I wanted to run to her then, and embrace her as she played. But somehow I never did.

**Turn over for Section B**

**Turn over ►**

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**Section B – Adaptation of Texts for an Audience**

Answer **one** question from this section  
**either** Questions 2 **and** 3 below **or** Questions 4 **and** 5 on page 9.

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**EITHER**

*Cupcakes and Kalashnikovs* – Eleanor Mills (Ed.)

Read the source material which follows and answer **both** questions:

**Question 2**

0	2
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**Text D** is from ‘Sex and The Sisters’ by Naomi Wolf.

You have been asked to write an article for an internet encyclopaedia on Candace Bushnell, the writer whose column inspired the television show, *Sex and the City*.

Write your article using the source material but do not use direct quotations from Bushnell.

You should adapt the source material, using your own words as far as possible. Your article should be approximately 300–400 words in length, with an appropriate headline.

In your adaptation you should:

- use language appropriately to address purpose and audience
- write accurately and coherently, applying relevant ideas and concepts.

(25 marks)

**AND****Question 3**

0	3
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 Write a commentary which explains the choices you made when writing your article, commenting on the following:

- how language and form have been used to suit audience and purpose
- how vocabulary and other stylistic features have been used to shape meaning and to achieve particular effects.

You should aim to write about 150–250 words in this commentary.

(15 marks)

## Text D

When I had first heard the biographical stories told about Candace Bushnell – that she had grown up in ‘the lush pastures of Connecticut’, that her father was a rocket scientist and that her ancestors had come over on the *Mayflower* – my bullshit detector had gone wild.

Even a parking lot in Connecticut is in a lush pasture – the whole state is a lush pasture. A rocket scientist? The only place we have rocket scientists working on rockets is in Florida, with Nasa. And the descendants of the *Mayflower* pioneers can be found in low-rent suburbs and trailer parks – you can trace your connection to them on the internet.

I was not unsympathetic: the great chroniclers of the American elite have always been self-created, and Fitzgerald – from the wrong street in St Paul – was the model Bushnell made me think of. But I wanted her to ‘own’ her roots.

As she nibbled her shrimp, I asked about the ‘rocket scientist’. Her father, she explained, was a research engineer at Pratt & Whitney, which makes aeroplane and spacecraft engines in Connecticut: ‘He has a patent for the fuel cell they used in the first Apollo rocket.’

‘Your mother?’ I asked.

‘My mom was a businesswoman,’ she explained. ‘She started her own travel agency.’

Bushnell said she had grown up in Glastonbury, Connecticut, gone to the local high school, and studied at university for a year and a half.

A solidly middle-class background, I noted. But Bushnell rejected my assessment.

‘We had horses, an old house,’ she said. ‘It was a mannered town. Everybody belonged to the country club.’ Middle-class people then, she said, could live an upper-middle-class life.

Point taken – but to me, there is more drama and achievement in the gutsy rise to the top of a middle-class girl who is not to the manor born, who did not finish college, who survived for her first years in New York by waitressing.

‘I know what it is like to go to a cash machine and hope you have \$20 because without \$20 you can’t get any money out,’ she said. To me, that story – of plugging away at the dream without the silver spoon – is Bushnell’s really impressive biography.

When she arrived in New York she went to acting school and roomed with three girls who were actresses. That period of her life informs a great deal of her fiction and formed the basis of the column that became *Sex and the City*.

Now she has written a novel, *Trading Up*, in which the women are more cynical than the striving hopefuls of *Sex and the City*. In it, marriage is a berth to be manipulated by a lead character, Janey Wilcox, who turns out to have been a prostitute.

I told Bushnell I couldn’t relate to the fear that underlies the women characters’ drive for marriage – I mean, isn’t that awfully retro?

‘I don’t think the world has changed so much,’ she replied. ‘Turn on the TV – these dating shows, reality shows – it is still a world in which women feel at a disadvantage.’

‘My friends would never have sex with a man for money, or marry a man for money,’ I protested. ‘Are we just in really different worlds?’

‘I listen to a lot of women,’ she countered. ‘I overhear things. Haven’t you heard women saying, ‘If he won’t marry you, get pregnant’?’

I hadn’t personally ever heard a woman I knew say this in seriousness. Which is why I relate much more to the reality of the *Sex and the City* world she describes – of confident professional women – than the gold-diggers in her latest fiction.

Bushnell herself has left the dating life; she was, famously, married recently. Bushnell’s husband, Charles Askegard, is a principal dancer at the New York City Ballet.

**Text D continues on the next page**

**Turn over ►**

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‘I met my husband,’ she confided girlishly, ‘at a gala for the New York City Ballet. I was sitting at a different table ... we started talking ... and I thought, “This guy is so nice, and so much fun,” We both realised early on that this was something more. The truth is, you just know. We really talk about everything,’ she sighed happily.

And now *Sex and the City* is being cancelled. Why? The British press has been full of speculation that the women were getting ‘too old’ to be sympathetic and sexy in their search for love.

Bushnell responded: ‘That’s a very English thing to say! I have not heard anything like that.’

The women were certainly not getting too old. ‘It’s never too late, that’s really the point. We think that in America. They don’t in England.’

The reason the show was being cancelled was that it ‘has gone on for six great years and the actresses have been working incredibly hard’.

What will happen at the end of the current series? ‘I know a little bit, but obviously cannot give it away,’ she said firmly.

‘What happened,’ I asked, shifting approaches, ‘in real life, to the women upon whom the four characters are modelled?’

‘Loosely based,’ she corrected me. ‘Some are married. Some have achieved their aspirations – they are happy. The toxic bachelors are still toxic and looking worse every day. I think there’s going to be a big percentage of women who are never marrying – and you know what? They are not unhappy.’

As the huge topaz on her finger sparkled in the later afternoon sun, she remarked: ‘In your forties you are more accepting of your life and yourself. You are,’ said the creatrix of *Sex and the City*, and a small female empire besides, ‘able to find happiness in yourself.’

What would a happy ending be for the women?’ I asked. Meaning, of course, subtextually: would any of the single women get married?

‘A happy ending,’ Bushnell replied firmly, ‘would be if they are happy.’



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OR

*A House Somewhere: Tales of Life Abroad* – Don George and Anthony Sattin

Read the source material which follows and answer **both** questions:

**Question 4**

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**Text E** is from *Digging Mr Benny's Dead Uncle* by Rolf Potts.

You are a journalist living in Thailand who is writing a series of articles on regional characters for a local paper, aimed at British people living in Thailand. In the next edition, you are going to write about Mr Benny and his story about his uncle.

Write your article using the source material but do not use direct quotations from Mr Benny.

You should adapt the source material, using your own words as far as possible. Your article should be approximately 300–400 words in length, with an appropriate headline.

In your adaptation you should:

- use language appropriately to address purpose and audience
- write accurately and coherently, applying relevant ideas and concepts.

(25 marks)

AND

**Question 5**

0	5
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 Write a commentary which explains the choices you made when writing your article, commenting on the following:

- how language and form have been used to suit audience and purpose
- how vocabulary and other stylistic features have been used to shape meaning and to achieve particular effects.

You should aim to write about 150–250 words in this commentary.

(15 marks)

**Turn over for Text E**

**Turn over ►**

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**Text E**

After about three weeks of flawless discipline, however, I woke up one morning and decided that my hair looked a bit tousled at the edges. Seeing this as a fine excuse, I wandered into town to have Mr Benny trim my hair.

‘I have a question about your story,’ I said as Mr Benny pinned the frock around my neck.

‘What story?’

‘The story about going to Burma and digging up the bones of your Uncle Benedict.’

Mr Benny gave me a quizzical look. ‘Do I tell you that story?’

‘Yes, you told me the last time you cut my hair. It was very interesting. But I forgot to ask what happened when you got back to Thailand with your uncle’s bones. Did your family come and get them?’

‘No. They not get them.’

‘Why not? What happened to your English cousin?’

‘It’s difficult. Maybe you not want to hear about it.’ Mr Benny took out his shears and started in on his work, as if hoping I’d change the subject.

‘No, of course I want to hear about it,’ I insisted.

‘It is a big problem,’ he said. ‘My family become angry with me.’

‘Yes, but *why* did they get angry?’

Mr Benny sighed fatalistically. ‘Because I throw my Uncle Benedict’s bones into the sea.’

This bit took me by surprise. ‘Why did you do that? Didn’t your family want the bones?’

‘Oh, my England cousin want those bones. She write me a letter and say she come to Ranong and get them from me. But when I come home from Burma with those bones I get scared. In Thailand, everyone is Buddhist – and Buddhist people burn up the body when it dies. Nobody ever see no bones except for in murders. So if the police mans come to my house and see my uncle’s bones, I worry they think I kill him.’

‘So you decided to throw the bones in the sea?’

Mr Benny blushed as he snipped at my hair. ‘Before I throw the bones in the sea, I take them up to my cousin’s cousins in Bangkok. Benedict is great-grandfather to them, so I think maybe they can take those bones and wait them for my England cousin.’

‘So did they take the bones?’

‘Well, I give them that sack and say, “This is your great-grandfather Benedict.” But my Bangkok cousins are Buddhists, so they think I’m giving them a goats.’

‘They thought you were giving them *goats*?’

‘A goats.’

‘Oh, you mean a *ghost*.’

‘Yes, a goats. They get scared and call a monk to chase the goats out from their house. They yell and tell me to take those bones and go home. So I took the bus back to Ranong.’

‘You took the bones back to Ranong on the *bus*?’

‘Yes! Mr Benny not have car! I hold that sack on my legs like a baby the whole way. Ten hours on that bus. And no sleep for Mr Benny, because he not want that sack to open and his uncle’s bones fall out.’

‘But you made it home okay?’

‘I make it home. But then I not know where to put those bones. There are many dogs in Ranong. They come and sniff that sack. They *know* about my Uncle Benedict inside.’ Mr Benny swapped his shears for a hard-razor and started shaping my sideburns.

‘When I fall asleep in my home that night, I dream of dogs eating those bones. So I wake up and get a rock for that sack and go find a boat.’

‘And you threw the bones into the sea?’

‘Yes. I threw my uncle down into the sea.’

‘Wow. That’s quite a story.’

‘Quite a story,’ Mr Benny shot me a weak smile in the mirror. ‘Very difficult.’

As Mr Benny continued his work with the hard-razor, I quizzed him about his great-uncle’s life – but he didn’t know much beyond the fact that Benedict was from Boston and had worked as a trader. Mr Benny then proceeded to tell me about his own life in Burma: how the Irish priests at his grammar school had taught him English; how, at age fourteen, he’d been recruited to fight with Kuomintang nationalists against the Red Chinese in northern Burma; how he’d slipped out of his troubled homeland as a young man and eventually settled in Thailand.

I went home that morning with another garish, senior-citizen haircut, but I was happy I’d taken the trouble to chat to Mr Benny.

**END OF QUESTIONS**

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**There are no questions printed on this page**

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**Section A**

**Text A:** Transcript of a piece of speech.

**Text B:** *Coastliners*, by Joanne Harris, published by Black Swan, 2003. Reprinted by permission of The Random House Group Ltd.

**Text C:** An extract from *Cider With Rosie*, by Laurie Lee, published by Vantage, 2007.

**Section B**

**Text D:** *Cupcakes and Kalashnikovs: 100 years of the Best Journalism by Women*, edited by Eleanor Mills and Kira Cochrane, published by Constable & Robinson, 2005.

**Text E:** Digging Mr Benny's Dead Uncle © Rolf Potts 2002. Reproduced with permission from *A House Somewhere* © Lonely Planet Publications 2002.

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