



General Certificate of Education
Advanced Level Examination
January 2011

English Language and Literature (Specification A)

ELLA3

Unit 3 Comparative Analysis and Text Adaptation

Wednesday 26 January 2011 9.00 am to 11.30 am

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 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 **three** questions in total: Question 1 in Section A and **either** Questions 2 and 3 **or** Questions 4 and 5 in 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.

Section A – Analytical Comparison

You must answer Question 1.

Question 1

0	1
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Read the three texts printed on the following pages. These texts are linked by the subject matter, which is rivers.

Text A is a part of a conversation.

Text B is a poem by Stevie Smith entitled *The River God*.

Text C is an extract from an autobiography by Rory McGrath.

Compare Texts A, B and C, showing how the writers or speakers express their feelings about the rivers and their surroundings through their descriptions.

Your analysis should include consideration of the following:

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

(60 marks)

Text A

This transcript is part of a conversation in which two adults are talking about fishing and, in particular, about the River Fleet in Scotland.

Key

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

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation.

- A: okay then (0.5) so why do you like freshwater fishin so much
- B: we::::ll (2.0) pfff (.) suppose it's got something to do with the fact that (.) that er (.) I like b
bein (0.5) on the bank (.) of a (.) of a beautiful river
- A: right right (1.0) such as where
- B: er::::m (1.0) well I really think that the (.) the (.) Fleet's a lovely stretch a water
<A: yeah yeah> an not just because the fishin's so very good (.) [which it is o course (.)
is it
- A:
- B: oh ye:::ah (.) fantastic (.) superb (.) gorgeous brown trout when they're runnin
- A: right right
- B: but I jus love the overall (.) erm (1.0) wassa word (0.5) erm (.) the the ambience (.)
y'know (1.0) you've got the rollin Galloway hills all around yer (.) the water is so:::: clear
(.) it sorta (.) tinkles along <A: uhuh> almost as if (.) y'know it's (.) singin to you (1.0) an
then there's the structures (.) some rea:::lly lovely old stone bridges (0.5) an the (.) the
mighty Fleet viaduct (.) one of the very few of its kind left in the country
- A: really
- B: yeah (.) it's curved (.) an the river sorta weaves lazily under its arches (.) jus (.) jus (.) jus
beautiful

Turn over for Text B

Turn over ►

Text B

The following is a poem by Stevie Smith which she wrote about the River Mimram in Hertfordshire.

The River God

I may be smelly and I may be old,
Rough in my pebbles, reedy in my pools,
But where my fish float by I bless their swimming
And I like the people to bathe in me, especially women.
But I can drown the fools
Who bathe too close to the weir, contrary to rules.
And they take a long time drowning
As I throw them up now and then in a spirit of clowning.
Hi yih, yippity-yap, merrily I flow,
Oh I may be an old foul river but I have plenty of go.
Once there was a lady who was too bold
She bathed in me by the tall black cliff where the water runs cold,
So I brought her down here
To be my beautiful dear.
Oh will she stay with me will she stay
This beautiful lady, or will she go away?
She lies in my beautiful deep river bed with many a weed
To hold her, and many a waving reed.
Oh who would guess what a beautiful white face lies there
Waiting for me to smooth and wash away the fear
She looks at me with. Hi yih, do not let her
Go. There is no one on earth who does not forget her
Now. They say I am a foolish old smelly river
But they do not know of my wide original bed
Where the lady waits, with her golden sleepy head.
If she wishes to go I will not forgive her.

Text C

The following is an extract from Rory McGrath's autobiography Bearded Tit. Here he describes walking beside the River Cam in Cambridge with his girlfriend, JJ.

From the edges of Hertfordshire and Essex, two insignificant streams, the Rhee and the Granta respectively, join together just to the south-west of the city of Cambridge to form the Cam. The river then runs in a north-easterly direction through the city centre out into the fens joining the Great Ouse south of Ely.

Now, that last sentence doesn't feel quite right. Ah yes, it's the word 'runs'. By no stretch of the imagination does the Cam 'run'. It's as near to stagnant as a moving piece of water can be. The Cam sleepwalks. It snakes lethargically through the village of Grantchester, it idles through a meandering green corridor of willows, it gently laps the edges of a few verses of a Rupert Brooke poem, it glides haughtily past the backs of the colleges and the perpendicular Gothic magnificence of King's Chapel, it ambles glassily on, under the railway arch, under the strident A14 viaduct and wearily lets the Great Ouse carry it off to the North Sea.

That's the Cam.

No white-water rafting here, lads.

But along its length you can occasionally see something extraordinary.

Sometimes you see it and shake your head and say, with a sigh, 'Wow!' Sometimes you just have to tap the glass with the back of a knife and say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, please be upstanding and give a big, warm round of applause for ... *Alcedo atthis!*' I can vividly recall the first time I saw it. *Everybody* can vividly recall the first time they see it. I was walking JJ to work along a short stretch of the frosty banks of the Cam one November morning and we saw a darkish bird flying close to the water. Not very special-looking. It was starling-sized. I thought perhaps it was a starling.

'I think it's a starling,' said JJ.

'Mmm, it was darkish. And it was starling-sized. So you never know!' A moment later: 'There it is again.'

It flew back in the other direction and perched downstream, somewhere round a bend in the river. As we rounded this bend it meant that the slanting early sun was now behind us. The bird was perched close by. Our approach frightened it and made it fly away from us. An electric-blue flash darted low above the surface of the brown water. An unreal turquoise brilliance. Unmistakable. Spectacular. Unique ... I had seen my first kingfisher!

End of Section A

Turn over for Section B

Turn over ►

Section B – Adaptation of Texts for an Audience

Answer **either** Questions 2 **and** 3 below
or Questions 4 **and** 5 on page 9.

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 ‘Torture in Chile’ by Rose Styron.

Imagine that you were imprisoned by the Pinochet regime in Chile and on your release have been allowed to enter the USA.

Write a letter to Rose Styron at Amnesty International, a human rights organisation, about what you saw and experienced during your imprisonment.

You should adapt the source material, using your own words as far as possible, without using direct quotations from the original text. Your letter should be approximately 300–400 words in length.

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 letter, 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

The day after Kennedy's speech, Pedro was taken from prison and put on a plane to California.

I had gone out to see him, asking him about his return to Chile in 1972, following a year spent with a family in Mill Valley under a program called 'Beautiful Cities Exchange.' Pedro was from Viña del Mar, a coastal resort distinguished then by the president's summer house, now by the detention center called Ritoque. A slight, fair, shy young man with fine classic features and a quick smile, he told me the following: most students then were involved in politics at a grass roots level – community centers, student and faculty groups – and they were strong Allende supporters. After the coup Pedro decided to concentrate only on medical studies: he was neither an activist nor Marxist, and he knew none of the Movement of the Revolutionary Left (MIR) leaders. Yet after MIR leader Miguel Henriquez was killed and Carmen Castillo was shot, he was kidnapped from the apartment where he lived alone, at 3a.m. on November 18, 1974, because some unidentified neighbor had denounced him to the police. He was bound and blindfolded and taken to the torture center he later learned was Villa Grimaldi. The guards told him he was a revolutionary and demanded to know where his guns were hidden. They put him in a closet-sized cell and interrogated him for two weeks. He was hooded all the time, his hands shackled. After three days of sensory deprivation, he began to lose his sense of direction, of up and down and, after a longer spell of malnourishment, his sense of balance – physical and emotional – as well. He was then moved to a larger cell with four cots, where still hooded, he could talk to fellow inmates; one was always an informer, or a listener was posted by the door. For 45 days Pedro was subjected to a range of tortures standard in places like Chile, Uruguay and Brazil, from intensive electroshock to the wet and dry 'submarines'. In the wet submarine the bound victim is held upside down, totally immersed in a nameless liquid or excrement, to the brink of drowning. In the dry, a plastic bag is tied over the head and when the victim is near suffocation, ready to speak, he raises a finger to the tormentor. Accidental deaths via submarine are legion. Also standard are the mock executions complete with gunfire and threats to mutilate and kill one's family. Often Pedro, with constant nosebleeds, was so weak he fainted and thought himself dying; beaten, blindfolded and tied like a child, at the mercy of psychotic guards, he felt no relation to the real world, was certain no one knew or cared about him. He still has nightmares and nosebleeds, trouble with his ears and memory, and feels displaced. From there Pedro was taken to Cuatro Alamos, where, incommunicado, one's physical state is superficially repaired for eventual viewing by a judge or outside visitors. After 10 days, he was transferred from Cuatro to Tres Alamos, out of the direct hands of the Direccion de Inteligencia Nacional (DINA), Chile's Gestapo. He could receive visits and get in touch with the Red Cross and the Committee for Peace. With public light on him, he felt he would not be killed. The Red Cross conducted limited questioning and agreed to take a message to Pedro's family. The Committee sent a lawyer, Ambassador Orlando Letelier's sister Fabiola to defend him. But Pedro never came to trial. After three months in Chocobuco, Pedro was taken to Ritoque, a detention center run by the air force.

In the three months since Pedro Huertas' arrival dispelled our conviction that the administration parole program was a sham (letters from Chileans with relatives here had painted a picture of utter confusion and/or deception in pertinent Santiago offices) nine more refugees have arrived with their families.

The State Department says that of 300 cases submitted by the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration (ICEM) to our embassy, 217 were considered active in January and 61 were recommended by the Department for approval. What happened between 300 and 217, between 217 and 61? Since mid-January the Attorney General and Gen. Chapman of the Immigration Service have approved the expanding of the parole program to include a few of those who have been released from prison but wait in Santiago justly fearing rearrest.

Text D continues on the next page

Turn over ►

Others fear death if their releases are delayed, dying from too much electroshock and too many beatings, as did 27-year-old Luis Alberto Corvalon (whom I saw alive and spirited in Mexico last March, released after eleven months of daily electroshock), of a premature heart attack, and Roseta Marinetti, who died on a Mexican operating table, her insides destroyed, the ruptures still in her vagina. (A friend who came to Mexico with her told of having been hung upside down by the heels for three days). They fear hemorrhaging to death after peculiar drug injections, as have a number of young prisoners from the *poblaciones*, the poor neighborhoods around Santiago. There were 180 young citizens arrested recently in the La Pincoya poblacion. One can only guess their plight today.

Human rights organizations and Chile solidarity groups around the world worked with enormous dedication in 1975 to expose the junta, to embarrass Gen. Pinochet into freeing victims. 'Hearings' have been held in Stockholm, Helsinki, Rome, Mexico City and Athens, and reports of their commissions have led a number of responsible European governments to cut political and economic ties with Chile. The United Nations spent months sifting complaints and listening to the testimony of survivors, and they organized a politically-balanced commission that left for Chile in early summer, with prior assurances of cooperation from Pinochet. The commission was turned back at the Airport. Pinochet had changed his mind: it was not a good time to come. The UN, furious, unanimously decided to publish a full and damaging report. By thanksgiving it had pushed through a vote to condemn Chile for its violation of rights, 95–11, with 23 abstentions.

OR

A House Somewhere: Tales of Life Abroad – Don George and Anthony Sattin (Ed.)

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

Question 4

0	4
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Text E is from 'At Home on the Seine' by Mort Rosenblum.

Imagine that you are a friend of Mort Rosenblum's and that you have stayed with him many times on his boat in Paris.

Write a letter to a friend in the USA telling him or her what life is like living on a boat in the capital of France.

You should adapt the source material, using your own words as far as possible without using direct quotations from Rosenblum's original material. Your letter should be approximately 300–400 words in length.

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 letter, 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 ►

Text E

It took only one lunch on deck. The spring air was electric. Dutch barges lazed past, piloted by housewives in slippers and patrolled by stubby dogs trained to coil rope with their teeth. Tugs puffed by, their wakes sloshing the Burgundy in our glasses. On the neighbouring boats and along the quay, I watched characters Hugo had missed and Flaubert never imagined. Along with foul water, I saw waterfowl. It had to be Paris because the Eiffel Tower loomed over the golden cherubs on the Pont Alexandre III. But we were also somewhere else, in a place most Parisians seldom see.

Only a few nylon ropes, a power cable and a garden hose connected us to the real world. Suddenly, I understood why my friends loved *La Vieille* and had resolved to sell her with lumps in their throats. I had discovered the secret life of the Seine.

* * *

During the fifteen years that followed, I acquired a corner of overgrown land in Provence which looked like Cambodian jungle but turned out – after much hard labour – to be a lovely olive farm. Then my persistent search for roots brought me back to Arizona, where I bought a small bit of Tucson desert.

My problem is that I am home-impaired. As a foreign correspondent, much of my life is spent on aeroplanes, in hotels, under jeeps. I've often been homesick, but I've never been able to say for where.

In the end, I discovered that my roots are planted in water, about as firmly as a hydroponic tomato's. If anyone forgets to shut a seacock, or one of those dreaded logs finally hits the mark, my home may end up to be no more than a patch of dirty river water. Until then, however, it is bobbing happily on the Seine.

Things are a bit different, I found. When you live on the river, other Parisians constantly ask two questions: *Isn't it damp?* (the answer is yes) and *Where do you get your croissants in the morning?* (the answer is: at the bakery). Occasionally, some kindred spirit has a third: *When are you going to die and leave this to me?*

It is agreeable, as the French say, to take a candlelight cruise without leaving home. You can go away for a weekend and not pack. Your morning alarm is ducks quacking. Friends visit without coaxing. My pal Barbara fled a Stockholm winter and dropped into the nearest deck chair. When a *bateau-mouche* passed, she flung out her arms and yelled, 'Envy me.'

There are drawbacks, of course. A boat is not a great place for people who tend to drop their keys. Sleepwalkers, too, ought to think twice. Life afloat is like living in a small apartment, in a zone of frequent, quiet earthquakes.

Boats are also not the best place to teach an old cat new tricks. This lesson was made manifest early on, when a Marin County feline named Princess took up residence. Among other adjustment problems, she fell into the river one night. No-one knew it until she jumped back through a porthole onto the bed, her fluffy long hair matted and stinking, and produced a plaintive meow. She was on penicillin for two weeks. And we learned that cats, when pressed, can do the backstroke and chin-ups.

In time, a cat named Miranda moved aboard. She has fallen in five times, each time hanging onto the rudder with her claws until someone figures out how to save her. The last time, a treasured friend named Dev leapt into the Seine, ignoring a swift, roiling current, and was nearly washed towards the English Channel.

Aboard *La Vieille*, I started talking funny. When I remarked to a normal person, 'I've got dry rot in my head,' he nodded in agreement, not aware that I was referring to the bathroom ceiling.

When I moved to the river, I found a cast of old characters right off the end of my gangway. There was, for instance, Jacques Donnez, who spelt his name 'Jack', even though no-one else did. He looked like a cross between Jean-Paul Sartre and Popeye, with a raspy voice and a craggy squint behind opaque

glasses. At first, for me, he was a pleasant curiosity. By the third time he spared me from making chopsticks of a fine old boat, he was captain, sir and a friend.

Jacques was born afloat in 1939, an eighth-generation Seine boatman. He and his wife, Lisette, married on a floating church barge, and made a decent income ferrying coal, sand, grain and wine while their laundry flapped in the wind on the aft deck. But trucks and trains cut deeply into the market. In 1976, they sold the barge for scrap and came ashore. He took a job on the quay, where he could fix anything made by man and wait out anything delivered by nature. He started work early, finished late and did his level best to make the Burgundy vineyards prosper.

‘*Ouuuais, je l’aime,*’ Jacques replied once when I asked him to rhapsodise on the Seine. Trick was to watch him look at the river; his eyes were as expressive as temperature gauges. When he furrowed his brow at the rising current, it was time to get the car off the quay. He was like most hearty old marine equipment – utterly dependable as long as you check the meters. When his nose flashed red, for instance, it was not the time to have him change your bilge pump.

As 2000 approached, Jacques and the rest of us shuddered at the writing on our old quay walls. Our boat owners’ association charter ran out and port management went to a band of government bureaucrats. Captain Jacques retired to disappear somewhere upriver. And it was then that we lost the redoubtable Philippe.

For years after I moved aboard, *La Vieille* was tied up to a 126-foot barge, the standard French workhorse. Its master was Philippe, a perfect neighbour who was not wild about me writing a book. When I told him the title, *The Secret Life of the Seine*, he recoiled. ‘But if you write about it,’ he reasoned, ‘it’s not secret. Be sure to tell them about floods and leaks.’ I resolved to spare his privacy, just as everyone aboard my boat was schooled not to see into his uncurtained windows. In France you can do that.

END OF QUESTIONS

There are no questions printed on this page

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Section A

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Text B: Estate of James MacGibbon.

Text C: from *Bearded Tit*, by Rory McGrath, published by Ebury Press. Reprinted by permission of The Random House Group Ltd.

Section B

Text D: from 'Torture in Chile', by Rose Styron, in *Cupcakes and Kalashnikovs*, ed. Eleanor Mills (Constable, 2005).

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