

General Certificate of Education
January 2006
Advanced Subsidiary Examination



**ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
(SPECIFICATION B)
Unit 2 The Changing Language of Literature**

NTB2

Wednesday 11 January 2006 1.30 pm to 3.00 pm

For this paper you must have:

- an 8-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 NTB2.
- Answer the compulsory question.
- Do all rough work in the answer book. Cross through any work you do not want marked.

Information

- The texts prescribed for this paper **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers. All questions should be answered in continuous prose. Quality of Written Communication will be assessed in all answers.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 50.
- *Selected Tales of Edgar Allan Poe* and *The Big Sleep* by Raymond Chandler will be examined for the final time in this paper. The extracts from this text pairing should therefore be attempted **only** by candidates who are **re-sitting** this text pairing.

Answer Question 1.

1 Find the extracts from *the pair of texts you have studied*. Read them through carefully.

Discuss these two extracts in detail, commenting on:

- the ideas in **each extract** and the ways in which they are presented
- how the writers' language choices in **each extract** help to reveal attitudes and values
- what the language of the **two extracts** shows us about changes in language and style over time
- how far you think the ideas, attitudes and values in **each extract** are characteristic of those found in the **whole text**.

Texts

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| <i>The Pilgrim's Progress</i> and <i>The Power and the Glory</i> | pages 4 and 5 |
| <i>Robinson Crusoe</i> and <i>The Coral Island</i> | pages 6 and 7 |
| <i>The Scarlet Letter</i> and <i>The Color Purple</i> | pages 8 and 9 |
| <i>Tom Brown's Schooldays</i> and <i>Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone</i> | pages 10 and 11 |
| <i>Black Beauty</i> and <i>Watership Down</i> | pages 12 and 13 |

for RE-SIT candidates only

Selected Tales of Edgar Allan Poe and *The Big Sleep* pages 14 and 15

Selected Tales of Edgar Allan Poe: in responding to the fourth bullet point, candidates are reminded that the '**whole text**' refers to the group of tales.

END OF QUESTIONS

There are no questions printed on this page

Turn over for the extracts

Turn over ►

**JOHN BUNYAN *THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS* and
GRAHAM GREENE *THE POWER AND THE GLORY***

Extract 1

Now night being come again, and the *Giant* and his Wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the Prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel: To which he replied, They are sturdy Rogues, they chuse rather to bear all hardship, than to make away themselves. Then said she, Take them into the Castle-yard to morrow, and shew them the *Bones* and *Skulls* of those that thou hast already dispatch'd; and make them believe, e're a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when the morning was come, the *Giant* goes to them again, and takes them into the Castle-yard, and shews them, as his Wife had bidden him. These, said he, were Pilgrims as you are, once, and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Go get you down to your Den again; and with that he beat them all the way thither: they lay therefore all day on *Saturday* in a lamentable case, as before. Now when night was come, and when Mrs. *Diffidence*, and her Husband, the *Giant*, were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their Prisoners: and withal, the old *Giant* wondered, that he could neither by his blows, nor counsel, bring them to an end. And with that his Wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have pick-locks about them; by the means of which they hope to escape. And, sayest thou so, my dear, said the *Giant*, I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on *Saturday* about midnight they began to pray, and continued in Prayer till almost break of day.

Now a little before it was day, good *Christian*, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech, *What a fool, quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking Dungeon,*

On Saturday
the *Giant*
threatened, that
shortly he
would put
them in
pieces.

A Key in
Christians
bosom, called
Promise,
opens any
Lock in
Doubting
Castle.

when I may as well walk at liberty? I have a Key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, (I am perswaded) open any Lock in Doubting-Castle. Then said Hopeful, That's good news; good Brother pluck it out of thy bosom, and try: Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the Dungeon door, whose bolt (as he turned the Key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door, that leads into the Castle yard, and with his Key opened the door also. After he went to the Iron Gate, for that must be opened too, but that Lock went damnable hard, yet the Key did open it; then they thrust open the Gate to make their escape with speed; but that Gate, as it opened, made such a creaking, that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his Prisoners, felt his Limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the Kings high way again, and so were safe, because they were out of his Jurisdiction.

from **John Bunyan**, *The Pilgrim's Progress*

Extract 2

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DANIEL DEFOE *ROBINSON CRUSOE* and
R. M. BALLANTYNE *THE CORAL ISLAND*

Extract 3

Knowledge of the true God: I told him that the great Maker of all Things liv'd up there, pointing up towards Heaven: That he governs the World by the same Power and Providence by which he had made it: That he was omnipotent, could do every Thing for us, give every Thing to us, take every Thing from us; and thus by Degrees I open'd his Eyes. He listned with great Attention, and receiv'd with Pleasure the Notion of *Jesus Christ* being sent to redeem us, and of the Manner of making our Prayers to God, and his being able to hear us, even into Heaven; he told me one Day, that if our God could hear us up beyond the Sun, he must needs be a greater God than their *Benamuckee*, who liv'd but a little way off, and yet could not hear, till they went up to the great Mountains where he dwelt, to speak to him . . .

I enquir'd if he could tell me how I might come from this Island, and get among those white Men; he told me, yes, yes, I might go in *two Canoe*; I could not understand what he meant, or make him describe to me what he meant by *two Canoe*, till at last with great Difficulty, I found he meant it must be in a large great Boat, as big as *two Canoes*.

This Part of *Friday's* Discourse began to relish with me very well, and from this Time I entertain'd some Hopes, that one Time or other, I might find an Opportunity to make my Escape from this Place; and that this poor Savage might be a Means to help me to do it.

During the long Time that *Friday* has now been with me, and that he began to speak to me, and understand me, I was not wanting to lay a Foundation of religious Knowledge in his Mind; particularly I ask'd him one Time who made him? The poor Creature did not understand me at all, but thought I had ask'd who was his Father; but I took it by another handle, and ask'd him who made the Sea, the Ground we walk'd on, and the Hills, and Woods; he told me it was one old *Benamuckee*, that liv'd beyond all: He could describe nothing of this great Person, but that he was very old; much older he said than the Sea, or the Land; than the Moon, or the Stars: I ask'd him then, if this old Person had made all Things, why did not all Things worship him; he look'd very grave, and with a perfect Look of Innocence, said, *All Things do say O to him*: I ask'd him if the People who die in his Country went away any where; he said, yes, they all went to *Benamuckee*; then I ask'd him whether these they eat up went thither too, he said yes.

From these Things, I began to instruct him in the

from **Daniel Defoe**, *Robinson Crusoe*

Extract 4

At length I laid my hand on his arm, and said: ‘Bill, when a man has done all that he *can* do, he ought to leave the rest to God.’

‘Oh, Ralph,’ said my companion, in a faint voice, looking anxiously into my face, ‘I wish that I had the feelin’s about God that you seem to have, at this hour. I’m dyin’, Ralph; yet I, who have braved death a hundred times, am afraid to die. I’m afraid to enter the next world. Something within tells me there will be a reckoning when I go there. But it’s all over with me, Ralph. I feel that there’s no chance o’ my bein’ saved.’

‘Don’t say that, Bill,’ said I, in deep compassion, ‘don’t say that. “Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.”’

‘Ay, Ralph, I’ve heard the missionaries say that before now, but what good can it do me? It’s not for me that. It’s not for the likes o’ me.’

I knew not now what to say, for, although I felt sure that that word was for him as well as for me, I could not remember any other word whereby I could prove it.

After a short pause, Bill raised his eyes to mine and said: ‘Ralph, I’ve led a terrible life. I’ve been a sailor since I was a boy, and I’ve gone from bad to worse ever since I left my father’s roof. I’ve been a pirate three years now. It is true I did not choose the trade, but I was inveigled aboard this schooner and kept here by force till I became reckless and at last joined them. Since that time my hand has been steeped in human blood again and again. Your young heart would grow cold if I – But why should I go on? ’Tis of no use, Ralph; my doom is fixed.’

‘Bill,’ said I, ‘“Though your sins be red like crimson, they shall be white as snow.” “Only believe.”’

‘Only believe!’ cried Bill, starting up on his elbow; ‘I’ve heard men talk o’ believing as if it was easy. Ha! ’tis easy enough for a man to point to a rope and say, “I believe that would bear my weight”; but ’tis another thing for a man to catch hold o’ that rope, and swing himself by it over the edge of a precipice!’

The energy with which he said this, and the action with which it was accompanied, were too much for Bill. He sank back with a deep groan. As if the very elements sympathized with this man’s sufferings, a low moan came sweeping over the sea.

‘Hist! Ralph,’ said Bill, opening his eyes; ‘there’s a squall coming, lad. Look alive, boy. Clew up the foresail. Drop the mainsail peak. Them squalls come quick sometimes.’

I had already started to my feet, and saw that a heavy squall was indeed bearing down on us. It had hitherto escaped my notice, owing to my being so much engrossed by our conversation. I instantly did as Bill desired, for the schooner was still lying motionless on the glassy sea. I observed with some satisfaction that the squall was bearing down on the larboard bow, so that it would strike the vessel in the position in which she would be best able to stand the shock. Having done my best to shorten sail, I returned aft, and took my stand at the helm.

‘Now, boy,’ said Bill, in a faint voice, ‘keep her close to the wind.’

A few seconds afterwards he said: ‘Ralph, let me hear those two texts again.’

I repeated them.

‘Are ye sure, lad, ye saw them in the Bible?’

‘Quite sure,’ I replied.

from **R. M. Ballantyne**, *The Coral Island*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE *THE SCARLET LETTER* and
ALICE WALKER *THE COLOR PURPLE*

Extract 5

beheld at once the material union, and the spiritual idea, in whom they met, and were to dwell immortally together? Thoughts like these—and perhaps other thoughts, which they did not acknowledge or define—threw an awe about the child, as she came onward.

“Let her see nothing strange—no passion nor eagerness—in thy way of accosting her,” whispered Hester. “Our Pearl is a fitful and fantastic little elf, sometimes. Especially, she is seldom tolerant of emotion, when she does not fully comprehend the why and wherefore. But the child hath strong affections! She loves me, and will love thee!”

“Thou canst not think,” said the minister, glancing aside at Hester Prynne, “how my heart dreads this interview, and yearns for it! But, in truth, as I already told thee, children are not readily won to be familiar with me. They will not climb my knee, nor prattle in my ear, nor answer to my smile; but stand apart, and eye me strangely. Even little babes, when I take them in my arms, weep bitterly. Yet Pearl, twice in her little lifetime, hath been kind to me! The first time,—thou knowest it well! The last was when thou ledst her with thee to the house of yonder stern old Governor.”

“And thou didst plead so bravely in her behalf and mine!” answered the mother. “I remember it; and so shall little Pearl. Fear nothing! She may be strange and shy at first, but will soon learn to love thee!”

By this time Pearl had reached the margin of the brook, and stood on the farther side, gazing silently at Hester and the clergyman, who still sat together on the mossy tree-trunk, waiting to receive her.

“Thou wilt love her dearly,” repeated Hester Prynne, as she and the minister sat watching little Pearl. “Dost thou not think her beautiful? And see with what natural skill she has made those simple flowers adorn her! Had she gathered pearls, and diamonds, and rubies, in the wood, they could not have become her better. She is a splendid child! But I know whose brow she has!”

“Dost thou know, Hester,” said Arthur Dimmesdale, with an unquiet smile, “that this dear child, tripping about always at thy side, hast caused me many an alarm? Methought—O Hester, what a thought is that, and how terrible to dread it!—that my own features were partly repeated in her face, and so strikingly that the world might see them! But she is mostly thine!”

“No, no! Not mostly!” answered the mother with a tender smile. “A little longer, and thou needest not to be afraid to trace whose child she is. But how strangely beautiful she looks, with those wild flowers in her hair! It is as if one of the fairies, whom we left in our dear old England, had decked her out to meet us.”

It was with a feeling which neither of them had ever before experienced, that they sat and watched Pearl’s slow advance. In her was visible the tie that united them. She had been offered to the world, these seven years past, as the living hieroglyphic, in which was revealed the secret they so darkly sought to hide,—all written in this symbol,—all plainly manifest,—had there been a prophet or magician skilled to read the character of flame! And Pearl was the oneness of their being. Be the foregone evil what it might, how could they doubt that their earthly lives and future destinies were conjoined, when they

from **Nathaniel Hawthorne**, *The Scarlet Letter*

Extract 6

measure. When he think he got five yard he tare it off. That be a dollar and thirty cent, he say. You need thread?

She say, Naw suh.

He say, You can't sew thout thread. He pick up a spool and hold it gainst the cloth. That look like it bout the right color. Don't you think.

She say, Yessuh.

He start to whistle. Take two dollars. Give her a quarter back. He look at me. You want something gal? I say, Naw Suh.

I trail long behind them on the street.

I don't have nothing to offer and I feels poor.

She look up and down the street. He ain't here. He ain't here. She say like she gon cry.

Who ain't? I ast.

The Reverend Mr. ———, she say. He took the wagon.

My husband wagon right here, I say.

She clam up. I thank you kindly, she say. Us sit looking at all the folks that's come to town. I never seen so many even at church. Some be dress too. Some don't hit on much. Dust git all up the ladies dress.

She ast me Who is my husband, now I know all bout hers. She laugh a little. I say Mr. ———. She say, Sure nuff? Like she know all about him. Just didn't know he was married. He a fine looking man, she say. Not a finer looking one in the county. White or black, she say.

He do look all right, I say. But I don't think about it while I say it. Most times mens look pretty much alike to me.

How long you had your little girl? I ast.

Oh, she be seven her next birthday.

When that? I ast.

She think back. Then she say, December.

I think, November.

Dear God,

I was in town sitting on the wagon while Mr. ——— was in the dry good store. I seen my baby girl. I knowed it was her. She look just like me and my daddy. Like more us then us is ourself. She be tagging long hind a lady and they be dress just alike. They pass the wagon and I speak. The lady speak pleasant. My little girl she look up and sort of frown. She fretting over something. She got my eyes just like they is today. Like everything I seen, she seen, and she pondering it.

I think she mine. My heart say she mine. But I don't know she mine. If she mine, her name Olivia. I embroder Olivia in the seat of all her daidies. I embrody lot of little stars and flowers too. He took the daidies when he took her. She was bout two month old. Now she bout six.

I clam down from the wagon and I follow Olivia and her new mammy into a store. I watch her run her hand long side the counter, like she ain't interested in nothing. Her ma is buying cloth. She say Don't touch nothing. Olivia yawn.

That real pretty, I say, and help her mama drape a piece of cloth close to her face.

She smile. Gonna make me an my girl some new dresses, she say. Her daddy be so proud.

Who her daddy, I blurt out. It like *at last* somebody know.

She say Mr. ———. But that ain't my daddy name.

Mr. ———? I say. Who he?

She look like I ast something none of my bidniss.

The Reverend Mr. ———, she say, then turn her face to the clerk. He say, Girl you want that cloth or not? We got other customers sides you.

She say, Yes sir. I want five yards, please sir.

He snatch the cloth and thump down the bolt. He don't

from Alice Walker, *The Color Purple*

THOMAS HUGHES *TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS* and
J. K. ROWLING *HARRY POTTER AND THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE*

Extract 7

there completely, it was seldom that it remained empty, notwithstanding the veto. Small holes were cut in the front, through which the occupants watched the masters as they walked up and down, and as lesson time approached, one boy at a time stole out and down the steps, as the masters' backs were turned, and mingled with the general crowd on the forms below. Tom and East had successfully occupied the desk some half-dozen times, and were grown so reckless that they were in the habit of playing small games with fives'-balls inside, when the masters were at the other end of the big school. One day, as ill-luck would have it, the game became more exciting than usual, and the ball slipped through East's fingers, and rolled slowly down the steps, and out into the middle of the school, just as the masters turned in their walk and faced round upon the desk. The young delinquents watched their master through the look-out holes, march slowly down the school straight upon their retreat, while all the boys in the neighbourhood of course stopped their work to look on: and not only were they ignominiously drawn out, and caned over the hand then and there, but their characters for steadiness were gone from that time. However, as they only shared the fate of some three-fourths of the rest of the form, this did not weigh heavily upon them.

In fact, the only occasions on which they cared about the matter, were the monthly examinations, when the Doctor came round to examine their form, for one long awful hour, in the work which they had done in the preceding month. The second monthly examination came round soon after Tom's fall, and it was with anything but lively anticipations that he and the other lower-fourth boys came into prayers on the morning of the examination day.

from **Thomas Hughes**, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*

The lower-fourth, and all the forms below it, were heard in the great school, and were not trusted to prepare their lessons before coming in, but were whipped into school three-quarters of an hour before the lesson began by their respective masters, and there scattered about on the benches, with dictionary and grammar, hammered out their twenty lines of Virgil and Euripides in the midst of Babel. The masters of the lower school walked up and down the great school together during this three-quarters of an hour, or sat in their desks reading or looking over copies, and keeping such order as was possible. But the lower-fourth was just now an overgrown form, too large for any one man to attend to properly, and consequently the elysium or ideal form of the young scapegraces, who formed the staple of it.

Tom, as has been said, had come up from the third with a good character, but the temptations of the lower-fourth soon proved too strong for him, and he rapidly fell away, and became as unmanageable as the rest. For some weeks, indeed, he succeeded in maintaining the appearance of steadiness, and was looked upon favourably by his new master, whose eyes were first opened by the following little incident.

Besides the desk which the master himself occupied, there was another large unoccupied desk in the corner of the great school, which was untenanted. To rush and seize upon this desk, which was ascended by three steps, and held four boys, was the great object of ambition of the lower fourthers; and the contentions for the occupation of it bred such disorder, that at last the master forbade its use altogether. This of course was a challenge to the more adventurous spirits to occupy it, and as it was capacious enough for two boys to lie hid

Extract 8

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Turn over ►

ANNA SEWELL *BLACK BEAUTY* and
RICHARD ADAMS *WATERSHIP DOWN*

Extract 9

No doubt we were very foolish, but danger seemed to be all round, and there was nobody we knew to trust in, and all was strange and uncertain. The fresh air that had come in through the open door made it easier to breathe, but the rushing sound overhead grew louder, and as I looked upward, through the bars of my empty rack, I saw a red light flickering on the wall. Then I heard a cry of "Fire" outside, and the old ostler quietly and quickly came in; he got one horse out, and went to another, but the flames were playing round the trap door, and the roaring overhead was dreadful. The next thing I heard was James's voice, quiet and cheery, as it always was.

"Come, my beauties, it is time for us to be off, so wake up and come along." I stood nearest the door, so he came to me first, patting me as he came in.

"Come, Beauty, on with your bridle, my boy, we'll soon be out of this smother." It was on in no time; then he took the scarf off his neck, and tied it lightly over my eyes, and patting and coaxing he led me out of the stable. Safe in the yard, he slipped the scarf off my eyes, and shouted, "Here, somebody! take this horse while I go back for the other."

A tall broad man stepped forward and took me, and James darted back into the stable. I set up a shrill whinny as I saw him go. Ginger told me afterwards that whinny was the best thing I could have done for her, for had she not heard me outside, she would never have had the courage to come out.

There was much confusion in the yard; the horses being got out of other stables, and the carriages and gigs being pulled out of houses and sheds, lest the flames should spread further. On the other side of the yard, windows were thrown up, and people were shouting all sorts of things; but I kept my eye fixed on the stable door, where the smoke poured out thicker than ever, and I could see flashes of red light; presently I heard above all the stir and din a loud clear voice, which I knew was master's:

"James Howard! James Howard! are you there?" There was no answer, but I heard a crash of something falling in the stable, and the next moment I gave a loud joyful neigh, for I saw James coming through the smoke leading Ginger with him; she was coughing violently, and he was not able to speak.

"My brave lad!" said master, laying his hand on his shoulder, "are you hurt?"

James shook his head, for he could not yet speak.

"Aye," said the big man who held me, "he is a brave lad, and no mistake."

"And now," said master, "when you have got your breath, James, we'll get out of this place as quickly as we can," and we were moving towards the entry, when from the Market Place there came a sound of galloping feet and loud rumbling wheels.

"'Tis the fire engine! the fire engine!" shouted two or three voices, "stand back, make way!" and clattering and thundering over the stones two horses dashed into the yard with the heavy engine behind them. The fireman leaped to the ground; there was no need to ask where the fire was—it was torching up in a great blaze from the roof.

We got out as fast as we could into the broad quiet Market Place; the stars were shining, and, except the noise behind us, all was still. Master led the way to a large hotel on the other side, and as soon as the ostler came, he said, "James, I must now hasten to your mistress; I trust the horses entirely to you, order whatever you think is needed," and with that he was gone. The master did not run, but I never saw mortal man walk so fast as he did that night.

There was a dreadful sound before we got into our stalls; the shrieks of those poor horses that were left burning to death in the stable—it was very terrible! and made both Ginger and me feel very bad. We, however, were taken in and well done by.

from **Anna Sewell**, *Black Beauty*

Extract 10

‘I heard the commotion beginning before I smelt the stuff myself. The does seemed to get it first and some of them began trying to get out. But the ones who had litters wouldn’t leave the kittens and they were attacking any rabbit who came near them. They wanted to fight – to protect the kittens, you know. Very soon the runs were crammed with rabbits clawing and clambering over each other. They went up the runs they were accustomed to use and found them blocked. Some managed to turn round, but they couldn’t get back because of the rabbits coming up. And then the runs began to be blocked lower down with dead rabbits and the live rabbits tore them to pieces.’

‘I shall never know how I got away with what I did. It was a chance in a thousand. I was in a burrow near one of the holes that the men were using. They made a lot of noise putting the bramble thing in and I’ve got an idea it wasn’t working properly. As soon as I picked up the smell of the stuff I jumped out of the burrow, but I was still fairly clear-headed. I came up the run just as the men were taking the bramble out again. They were all looking at it and talking and they didn’t see me. I turned round, actually in the mouth of the hole, and went down again.’

‘Do you remember the Slack Run? I suppose hardly a rabbit went down there in our lifetime – it was so very deep and it didn’t lead anywhere in particular. No one knows even who made it. Frith must have guided me, for I went straight down into the Slack Run and began creeping along it. I was actually digging at times. It was all loose earth and fallen stones. There were all sorts of forgotten shafts and drops that led in from above, and down those were coming the most terrible sounds – cries for help, kittens squealing for their mothers, Owsla trying to give orders, rabbits cursing and fighting each other. Once a rabbit came tumbling down one of the shafts and his claws just scratched me, like a horse-chestnut burr falling in autumn. It was Celandine and he was dead. I had to tear at him before I could get over him – the place was so low and narrow – and then I went on. I could smell the bad air, but I was so deep down that I must have been beyond the worst of it.’

‘Suddenly I found there was another rabbit with me. He was the only one I met in the whole length of the Slack Run. It was Pimpernel and I could tell at once that he was in a bad way. He was spluttering and gasping, but he was able to keep going. He asked if I was all right, but all I said was, “Where do we get out?” “I can show you that,” he said, “if you can help me along.” So I followed him and every time he stopped – he kept forgetting where we were – I shoved him hard. I even bit him once. I was terrified that he was going to die and block the run. At last we began to come up and I could smell fresh air. We found we’d got into one of those runs that led out into the wood.’

‘The men had done their work badly (resumed Holly). Either they didn’t know about the wood holes or they couldn’t be bothered to come and block them. Almost every rabbit that came up in the field was shot, but I saw two get away. One was Nose-in-the-Air, but I don’t remember who the other was. The noise was very frightening and I would have run myself, but I kept waiting to see whether the Threarah would come. After a while I began to realize that there were a few other rabbits in the wood. Pine-needles was there, I remember, and Butterbur and Ash. I got hold of all I could and told them to sit tight under cover.’

‘After a long time the men finished. They took the bramble things out of the holes and the boy put the bodies on a stick –’

Holly stopped and pressed his nose under Bigwig’s flank.

‘Well, never mind about that bit,’ said Hazel in a steady voice. ‘Tell us how you came away.’

‘Before that happened (said Holly), a great hrududu came into the field from the lane. It wasn’t the one the men came in. It was very noisy and it was yellow – as yellow as charcoal: and in front there was a great silver, shining thing that it held in its huge front paws. I don’t know how to describe it to you. It looked like Inlé, but it was broad and not so bright. And this thing – how can I tell you? – it tore the field to bits. It destroyed the field.’

from **Richard Adams**, *Watership Down*

EXTRACTS FOR RE-SIT CANDIDATES ONLYEDGAR ALLAN POE *SELECTED TALES* and
RAYMOND CHANDLER *THE BIG SLEEP*

Extract 11

AT Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerscham, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, *au troisième*, No. 33, *Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St Germain*. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Rogêt. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G——, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome; for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had been sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again, without doing so, upon G.'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

'If it is any point requiring reflection,' observed Dupin, as he forebore to enkindle the wick, 'we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark.'

'That is another of your odd notions,' said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling every thing 'odd' that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of 'oddities.'

'Very true,' said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled towards him a comfortable chair.

'And what is the difficulty now?' I asked. 'Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?'

'Oh no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is very simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so excessively odd.'

'Simple and odd,' said Dupin.

'Why, yes; and not exactly that, either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair *is* so simple, and yet baffles us altogether.'

'Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault,' said my friend.

'What nonsense you *do* talk!' replied the Prefect, laughing heartily.

'Perhaps the mystery is a little *too* plain,' said Dupin.

'Oh, good heavens! who ever heard of such an idea?'

'A little *too* self-evident.'

'Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ho! ho!—ho! ho! ho!' roared our visitor, profoundly amused. 'Oh, Dupin, you will be the death of me yet!'

'And what, after all, *is* the matter on hand?' I asked.

'Why, I will tell you,' replied the Prefect, as he gave a long, steady, and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. 'I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold, were it known that I confided it to any one.'

'Proceed,' said I.

'Or not,' said Dupin.

'Well, then; I have received personal information, from a very high quarter, that a certain document of the last importance, has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession.'

'How is this known?' asked Dupin.

'It is clearly inferred,' replied the Prefect, 'from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing *out* of the robber's possession;—that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it.'

'Be a little more explicit,' I said.

'Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable.' The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

from **Edgar Allan Poe**, *Selected Tales (The Purloined Letter)*

Extract 12

He sat holding the phone down on its cradle. Moments passed. Smoke drifted from his pipe. His eyes were heavy and motionless like his hand. The bell tinkled and he reached for my card with his left hand. 'Ohls?... Al Gregory at headquarters. A guy named Philip Marlowe is in my office. His card says he's a private investigator. He wants information from me.... Yeah? What does he look like? ... Okey, thanks.'

He dropped the phone and took his pipe out of his mouth and tamped the tobacco with the brass cap of a heavy pencil. He did it carefully and solemnly, as if that was as important as anything he would have to do that day. He leaned back and stared at me some more.

'What you want?'

'An idea of what progress you're making, if any.'

He thought that over. 'Regan?' he asked finally.

'Sure.'

'Know him?'

'I never saw him. I hear he's a good-looking Irishman in his late thirties, that he was once in the liquor racket, that he married General Sternwood's older daughter and that they didn't click. I'm told he disappeared about a month back.'

'Sternwood oughta think himself lucky instead of hiring private talent to beat around in the tall grass.'

'The General took a big fancy to him. Such things happen. The old man is crippled and lonely. Regan used to sit around with him and keep him company.'

'What you think you can do that we can't do?'

'Nothing at all, in so far as finding Regan goes. But there's a rather mysterious blackmail angle. I want to make sure Regan isn't involved. Knowing where he is or isn't might help.'

'Brother, I'd like to help you, but I don't know where he is. He pulled down the curtain and that's that.'

'Pretty hard to do against your organization, isn't it, Captain?'

'Yeah – but it can be done – for a while.'

Captain Gregory of the Missing Persons Bureau laid my card down on his wide flat desk and arranged it so that its edges exactly paralleled the edges of the desk. He studied it with his head on one side, grunted, swung around in his swivel chair and looked out of his window at the barred top floor of the Hall of Justice half a block away. He was a burly man with tired eyes and the slow deliberate movements of a night watchman. His voice was toneless, flat and uninterested.

'Private dick, eh?' he said, not looking at me at all, but looking out of his window. Smoke wisped from the blackened bowl of a briar that hung on his eye tooth. 'What can I do for you?'

'I'm working for General Guy Sternwood, 3765 Alta Brea Crescent, West Hollywood.'

Captain Gregory blew a little smoke from the corner of his mouth without removing the pipe. 'On what?'

'Not exactly on what you're working on, but I'm interested. I thought you could help me.'

'Help you on what?'

'General Sternwood's a rich man,' I said. 'He's an old friend of the DA's father. If he wants to hire a full-time boy to run errands for him, that's no reflection on the police. It's just a luxury he is able to afford himself.'

'What makes you think I'm doing anything for him?'

I didn't answer that. He swung round slowly and heavily in his swivel chair and put his large feet flat on the bare linoleum that covered his floor. His office had the musty smell of years of routine. He stared at me bleakly.

'I don't want to waste your time, Captain,' I said and pushed my chair back – about four inches.

He didn't move. He kept on staring at me out of his washed-out tired eyes. 'You know the DA?'

'I've met him. I worked for him once. I know Bernie Ohls, his chief investigator, pretty well.'

Captain Gregory reached for a phone and mumbled into it: 'Get me Ohls at the DA's office.'

from **Raymond Chandler**, *The Big Sleep*

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