



General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Level Examination  
January 2012

# English Language and Literature (Specification B)

# ELLB3

Unit 3 Talk in Life and Literature

Tuesday 24 January 2012 1.30 pm to 3.30 pm

**For this paper you must have:**

- an AQA 12-page answer book.

**Time allowed**

- 2 hours

**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 ELLB3.
- Answer **one** question from Section A and **Question 5** 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 texts prescribed for this paper **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 96.
- All questions carry equal marks.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
  - use good English
  - organise information clearly
  - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

**Advice**

- You are recommended to spend **one hour** on Section A and **one hour** on Section B, including planning.

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## Section A – Talk in Life and Literature

Answer **one** question from Section A and **Question 5** in Section B (printed on page 11).

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The set plays for this unit are *Hamlet*, *The Rivals*, *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Translations*.

Read the passage from the play that you have studied and answer the question related to it.  
NB: the questions are **different** on each play.

**EITHER**

*Hamlet* – William Shakespeare

### Question 1

0	1
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Explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents **Hamlet's attitude to his mother** in this passage.

In your answer you **must** consider how the playwright uses literary, linguistic and rhetorical devices and conventions to create **specific** dramatic effects.

(48 marks)

QUEEN

This is the very coinage of your brain.

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

HAMLET

Ecstasy?

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time

And makes as healthful music. It is not madness

That I have uttered. Bring me to the test,

And I the matter will re-word, which madness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,

That not your trespass but my madness speaks.

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place

Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,

Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven.

Repent what's past. Avoid what is to come;

And do not spread the compost on the weeds

To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue.

For in the fatness of these pursy times

Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,

Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

QUEEN

O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

HAMLET

O, throw away the worser part of it,

And live the purer with the other half.

Good night. But go not to my uncle's bed.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

That monster custom, who all sense doth eat,

Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,

That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock or livery  
That aptly is put on. Refrain tonight,  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence; the next more easy;  
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
And either master the devil or throw him out  
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night.  
And when you are desirous to be blest,  
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,  
I do repent. But heaven hath pleased it so,  
To punish me with this, and this with me,  
That I must be their scourge and minister.  
I will bestow him and will answer well  
The death I gave him. So again good night.  
I must be cruel only to be kind.  
This bad begins, and worse remains behind.  
One word more, good lady.

QUEEN

What shall I do?

HAMLET

Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:  
Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed,  
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse,  
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,  
Or paddling in your neck with his damned fingers,  
Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
That I essentially am not in madness,  
But mad in craft.

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

OR

*The Rivals* – Richard Brinsley Sheridan

## Question 2

0 | 2

Explore the ways in which Sheridan presents 'caprice' in this passage. In your answer you **must** consider how the playwright uses literary, linguistic and rhetorical devices and conventions to create **specific** dramatic effects.

(48 marks)

JULIA

Must I never cease to tax my Faulkland with this teasing minute caprice? Can the idle reports of a silly boor weigh in your breast against my tried affection?

FAULKLAND

They have no weight with me, Julia. No, no: I am happy if you have been so – yet only say that you did not sing with *mirth*, say that you *thought* of Faulkland in the dance.

JULIA

I never can be happy in your absence. If I wear a countenance of content, it is to show that my mind holds no doubt of my Faulkland's truth. If I seemed sad, it were to make malice triumph, and say that I had fixed my heart on one who left me to lament his roving, and my own credulity. Believe me, Faulkland, I mean not to upbraid you, when I say that I have often dressed sorrow in smiles, lest my friends should guess whose unkindness had caused my tears.

FAULKLAND

You were ever all goodness to me. O, I am a brute, when I but admit a doubt of your true constancy!

JULIA

If ever, without such cause from you as I will not suppose possible, you find my affections veering but a point, may I become a proverbial scoff for levity, and base ingratitude.

FAULKLAND

Ah, Julia, that *last* word is grating to me. I would I had no title to your *gratitude*! Search your heart, Julia; perhaps what you have mistaken for love is but the warm effusion of a too thankful heart!

JULIA

For what quality must I love you?

FAULKLAND

For no quality! To regard me for any quality of mind or understanding were only to *esteem* me. And, for person, I have often wished myself deformed, to be convinced that I owed no obligation *there* for any part of your affection.

JULIA

Where nature has bestowed a show of nice attention in the features of a man, he should laugh at it as misplaced. I have seen men who, in *this* vain article perhaps, might rank above you; but my heart has never asked my eyes if it were so or not.

FAULKLAND

Now this is not well from *you*, Julia. I despise person in a man. Yet, if you loved me as I wish, though I were an Ethiop, you'd think none so fair.

JULIA

I see you are determined to be unkind. The *contract* which my poor father bound us in gives you more than a lover's privilege.

FAULKLAND

Again, Julia, you raise ideas that feed and justify my doubts. I would not have been more free. No, I am proud of my restraint. Yet – yet – perhaps your high respect alone for this solemn compact has fettered your inclinations, which else had made a worthier choice. How shall I be sure, had you remained unbound in thought and promise, that I should still have been the object of your persevering love?

JULIA

Then try me now. Let us be free as strangers as to what is past: *my* heart will not feel more liberty!

FAULKLAND

There now! So hasty, Julia! So anxious to be free! If your love for me were fixed and ardent, you would not loose your hold, even though I wished it!

JULIA

O, you torture me to the heart! I cannot bear it.

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

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OR

*A Streetcar Named Desire* – Tennessee Williams

**Question 3**

0	3
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Explore the ways in which Williams presents **Stella's views on marriage** in this passage. In your answer you **must** consider how the playwright uses literary, linguistic and rhetorical devices and conventions to create **specific** dramatic effects.

(48 marks)

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**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

OR

*Translations* – Brian Friel

## Question 4

0 | 4

Explore the ways in which Friel conveys a **sense of fear** in this passage. In your answer you **must** consider how the playwright uses literary, linguistic and rhetorical devices and conventions to create **specific** dramatic effects.

(48 marks)

**Doalty** You're missing the crack, boys! Cripes, you're missing the crack! Fifty more soldiers arrived an hour ago!

**Bridget** And they're spread out in a big line from Sean Neal's over to Lag and they're moving straight across the fields towards Cnoc na nGabhar!

**Doalty** Prodding every inch of the ground in front of them with their bayonets and scattering animals and hens in all directions!

**Bridget** And tumbling everything before them – fences, ditches, haystacks, turf-stacks!

**Doalty** They came to Barney Petey's field of corn – straight through it be God as if it was heather!

**Bridget** Not a blade of it left standing!

**Doalty** And Barney Petey just out of his bed and running after them in his drawers: 'You hoors you! Get out of my corn, you hoors you!'

**Bridget** First time he ever ran in his life.

**Doalty** Too lazy, the wee get, to cut it when the weather was good.

*Sarah begins putting out the seats.*

**Bridget** Tell them about Big Hughie.

**Doalty** Cripes, if you'd seen your aul fella, Owen.

**Bridget** They were all inside in Anna na mBreag's pub – all the crowd from the wake –

**Doalty** And they hear the commotion and they all come out to the street –

**Bridget** Your father in front; the Infant Prodigy footless behind him!

**Doalty** And your aul fella, he sees the army stretched across the countryside –

**Bridget** O my God!

**Doalty** And Cripes he starts roaring at them!

**Bridget** 'Visigoths! Huns! Vandals!'

**Doalty** 'Ignari! Stulti! Rustici!'

**Bridget** And wee Jimmy Jack jumping up and down and shouting, 'Thermopylae! Thermopylae!'

**Doalty** You never saw crack like it in your life, boys. Come away on out with me, Sarah, and you'll see it all.

**Bridget** Big Hughie's fit to take no class. Is Manus about?

**Owen** Manus is gone.

**Bridget** Gone where?

**Owen** He's left – gone away.



**Doalty** Where to?

**Owen** He doesn't know. Mayo, maybe.

**Doalty** What's on in Mayo?

**Owen** (*to Bridget*) Did you see George and Maire Chatach leave the dance last night?

**Bridget** We did. Didn't we, Doalty?

**Owen** Did you see Manus following them out?

**Bridget** I didn't see him going out but I saw him coming in by himself later.

**Owen** Did George and Maire come back to the dance?

**Bridget** No.

**Owen** Did you see them again?

**Bridget** He left her home. We passed them going up the back road – didn't we, Doalty?

**Owen** And Manus stayed till the end of the dance?

**Doalty** We know nothing. What are you asking us for?

**Owen** Because Lancey'll question me when he hears Manus's gone. (*back to Bridget*) That's the way George went home? By the back road? That's where you saw him?

**Bridget** Leave me alone, Owen. I know nothing about Yolland. If you want to know about Yolland, ask the Donnelly twins.

*Silence. Doalty moves over to the window.*

(*to Sarah*) He's a powerful fiddler, O'Shea, isn't he? He told our Seamus he'll come back for a night at Hallowe'en.

*Owen goes to Doalty who looks resolutely out the window.*

**Owen** What's this about the Donnellys? (*Pause.*) Were they about last night?

**Doalty** Didn't see them if they were. (*Begins whistling through his teeth.*)

**Owen** George is a friend of mine.

**Doalty** So.

**Owen** I want to know what's happened to him.

**Doalty** Couldn't tell you.

**Owen** What have the Donnelly twins to do with it? (*Pause.*) Doalty!

**Doalty** I know nothing, Owen – nothing at all – I swear to God. All I know is this: on my way to the dance I saw their boat beached at Port. It wasn't there on my way home, after I left Bridget. And that's all I know. As God's my judge. The half-dozen times I met him I didn't know a word he said to me; but he seemed a right enough sort ... (*with sudden excessive interest in the scene outside*) Cripes, they're crawling all over the place! Cripes, there's millions of them! Cripes, they're levelling the whole land!

**End of Section A**

**Turn over ►**

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**Section B – Talk in Life and Literature**

Answer the compulsory question below on unseen Texts A and B.

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**Question 5**

0	5
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**Text A** is a transcript of an exchange between a customer (C) and an assistant (S) in a jeweller's shop.

**Text B** is an extract from the opening chapter of *Middlemarch* (1872), a novel by George Eliot, in which Dorothea, the heroine, is looking at her mother's jewels with her sister Celia. Their uncle, Mr Brooke, became their guardian when they were orphaned at an early age.

**Compare the two texts**, commenting on the ways in which they reflect the differences and similarities between talk in life and talk in literature. In your answer you must explore the relationship between context, purpose and audience, the use of narrative voice and the ways in which speakers' attitudes and values are conveyed.

(48 marks)

**END OF QUESTIONS**

**Turn over for Text A**

**Turn over ►**

## Text A

- C I'm looking for something that will go with this dress just around the neck but it can be sort of grey blue couldn't it I don't think I shall find it so don't waste your time on me too much
- S what sort of –
- C you know the sort of – if I happened to see one that sort of colour (.) [*points to a piece of jewellery*] that's the type of thing only in the wrong colour that's awfully nice
- S [actually  
what if I could find something like that in that colour
- C I think even milder a colour would do
- S a cream a cream would do I think cream would be the nearest –
- C a cream would do you think do you how much are they (7 secs) [*points to a piece of jewellery: S looks up its price*]
- S two dollars fifty you can try it on
- C I don't think it would be really – (4 secs) [*keeps looking*]
- S [yes  
I'll see if we couldn't find an off-white – (.) how about a string of off-white pearls (.) would that be better? that might be better  
[*S shows the pearls to C*]
- C hmm I don't like that I think I'm too old for that honestly (2 secs) [*tries them on*]  
no I think [not [*mumbles*]  
S [they go with that even better
- C I got one I tell you (.) a very nice thing through you I got a very nice (.) thing of this sort [*points to a piece of jewellery*] only dark (.) that I thought I'd just try
- S like that (.)  
[*passage omitted*]  
[*shows C a piece of jewellery*]
- C well that's what I was looking at that sort of thing's quite nice (.) sort of ivory colour but er it's not the – oh sorry [*apologises for being in S's way*] I think it wants the grey or the blue
- S [although that isn't bad  
what about grey [*shows another piece of jewellery*]  
[*passage omitted*]
- C I think I'll leave it and think about it
- S hm okay (.) fine [*but continues searching*]
- C thank you
- S what about that one [*again shows a piece of jewellery to C*] (5 secs) they'd be too long (2 secs)
- C [*tries the piece on*] [that's the sort of colour
- S [that's a nice colour
- C [that's the colour
- S [that's a nice contrast
- C yes
- S but they'd be too long
- C oh that – you see it has to be darker

- 
- S but [ it wouldn't actually  
 C [ you wouldn't have that small would you  
 S no  
 C and it couldn't easily be made small could it [ I don't think so  
 S [ I'll have a look (4 secs)  
 C I don't think so really  
 S I'll ask the jeweller (5 secs) perhaps it's a matter of him taking a few off  
 C yes  
 S that lifts the dress  
 C it does [ that's nice  
 S [ it lifts the dress

**Key**

- sort of – speaker does not finish utterance  
 (.) pause of less than a second  
 (6 secs) pause lasting 6 seconds  
 [ overlapping speech

**Turn over for Text B**

**Turn over ►**

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**Text B**

Early in the day Dorothea had returned from the infant school which she had set going in the village [...] when Celia, who had been watching her with a hesitating desire to propose something, said –

“Dorothea dear, if you don’t mind – if you are not very busy – suppose we looked at mamma’s jewels today, and divided them? It is exactly six months since uncle gave them to you, and you have not looked at them yet.”

Celia’s face had the shadow of a pouting expression in it, the full presence of the pout being kept back by an habitual awe of Dorothea and principle; two associated facts which might show a mysterious electricity if you touched them incautiously. To her relief, Dorothea’s eyes were full of laughter as she looked up.

“What a wonderful little almanac you are, Celia! Is it six calendar or lunar months?”

“It is the last day of September now, and it was the first of April when uncle gave them to you. You know, he said he had forgotten them till then. I believe you have never thought of them since you locked them up into the cabinet here.” [...]

“Of course then, let us have them out. Why did you not tell me before? But the keys, the keys!” She pressed her hands against the sides of her head and seemed to despair of her memory.

“They are here,” said Celia, with whom this explanation had been long meditated and prearranged.

“Pray open the large drawer of the cabinet and get out the jewel box.”

The casket was soon open before them, and the various jewels spread out, making a bright parterre<sup>1</sup> on the table. It was no great collection, but a few of the ornaments were really of a remarkable beauty, the finest that was obvious at first being a necklace of purple amethysts set in exquisite gold work, and a pearl cross with five brilliants in it. Dorothea immediately took up the necklace and fastened it round her sister’s neck, where it fitted almost as closely as a bracelet...

“There, Celia! You can wear that with your Indian muslin. But this cross you must wear with your dark dresses.”

Celia was trying not to smile with pleasure. “O Dodo, you must keep the cross yourself.”

“No, no, dear, no,” said Dorothy, putting up her hand with careless deprecation.

“Yes, indeed you must; it would suit you – in your black dress, now,” said Celia, insistingly. “You *might* wear that.”

“Not for the world, not for the world. A cross is the last thing I would wear as a trinket.”

Dorothea shuddered slightly...

“But how can I wear ornaments, if you, who are the elder sister, will never wear them?”

“Nay, Celia, that is too much to ask, that I should wear trinkets to keep you in countenance. If I were to put on such a necklace as that, I should feel as if I had been pirouetting...”

Celia had unclasped the necklace and drawn it off. “It would be a little tight for your neck; something to lie down and hang would suit you better,” she said, with some satisfaction. The complete unfitness of the necklace from all points of view for Dorothea, made Celia happier in taking it. She was opening some ring-boxes, which disclosed a fine emerald with diamonds, and just then the sun passing beyond a cloud sent a bright gleam over the table.

“How very beautiful these gems are! said Dorothea, under a new current of feeling, as sudden as the gleam. “It is strange how deeply colours seem to penetrate one, like scent... They look like fragments of heaven. I think that emerald is more beautiful than any of them.”

“And there is a bracelet to match it,” said Celia. “We did not notice this at first.”

“They are lovely,” said Dorothea, slipping the ring and bracelet on her finely-turned finger and wrist, and holding them towards the window on a level with her eyes. All the while her thought was trying to justify her delight in the colours by merging them in her mystic religious joy.

“You *would* like those, Dorothea,” said Celia, rather falteringly. [...]

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<sup>1</sup> parterre: formal arrangement of flower beds

“You must keep that ring and bracelet – if nothing else. But see, these agates are very pretty – and quiet.”

“Yes! I will keep these – this ring and bracelet,” said Dorothea. Then, letting her hand fall on the table, she said in another tone – “Yet what miserable men find such things, and work at them, and sell them!”

**Key**

[...] passage omitted

**END OF TEXTS**

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**Question 1** *Hamlet*, by William Shakespeare, published by Penguin Books Ltd, 1996.

**Question 2** *The Rivals*, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, published by A&C Black Publishers Ltd, 2004.

**Question 3** *A Streetcar Named Desire*, by Tennessee Williams. Copyright © 1947 The University of the South. Reprinted by permission of Georges Borchardt, Inc. for the Estate of Tennessee Williams.

**Question 4** *Translations*, by Brian Friel, published by Faber and Faber, 1981.

**Question 5:**

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**Text B** an extract from *Middlemarch* (1872) by George Eliot, published by Chatto and Windus, London.

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