

403/01

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

ELL3: Analysis of Literary and Non-literary Texts

P.M. WEDNESDAY, 11 January 2006

(1¾ hours)

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

In addition to this question paper, you will need a 12 page answer book.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Answer **two** questions, the compulsory question in Section A and one from Section B.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

All questions carry equal marks.

In **Section A**, you will be assessed on your ability to:

- distinguish, describe and interpret variation in meaning and form, in responding to literary and non-literary texts;
- show understanding of the ways contextual variation and choices of form, style and vocabulary shape the meanings of texts;
- identify and consider the ways attitudes and values are created and conveyed in speech and writing.

In **Section B**, you will be assessed on your ability to:

- distinguish, describe and interpret variation in meaning and form, in responding to literary texts;
- respond to and analyse texts, using literary and linguistic concepts and approaches;
- identify and consider the ways attitudes and values are created and conveyed in speech and writing.

Remember that marking will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

SECTION A

Question 1 is compulsory.

1. The three texts which follow are all concerned with food and catering. Read the texts carefully and answer the question below.

Discuss the style of each text and show how different attitudes and opinions about food and/or catering are created and conveyed.

You will need to consider the following:

- the different contexts of the texts in terms of their target audiences, intended purposes and the time when they were produced;
- the literary and linguistic features of each of the texts.

Relevant features to examine include:

- structure and form;
- grammar and syntax;
- lexis and imagery;
- features of spoken language.

TEXT A is a page from *The Perfect Hostess* by Rose Henniker Heaton, a humorous guide to household management, first published in 1931. ‘De Profundis’ is a Latin phrase meaning ‘from the depth (of despair)’.

TEXT B is taken from a review of a West End restaurant by Giles Coren, *The Times Magazine* in August 2004.

TEXT C is a transcript from *Taste of the West*, a Devon and Cornwall pub food competition series shown on ITV in August 2004. The judges, including Simon Parks and Sonia Stevenson, are eating cheese pie in a Devon pub.

- (.) micropause
word underlining indicates a stressed syllable

Acknowledgements:

TEXT B is reproduced with permission from Giles Coren, *The Times Magazine*.

TEXT C is reproduced with thanks to ITV West.

TEXT A: *The Perfect Hostess***DE PROFUNDIS**

Your cook and house-parlourmaid have departed without warning; the flowers have died prematurely; the butcher has not called – it is early-closing day, and your husband telephones to say he is bringing two friends to dine in an hour's time.

ORDER OF PROCEDURE

Clear away the dead flowers, for Heaven's sake.

Take an aspirin.

Change into a becoming frock, and then see what you can find in the store cupboard but don't attempt impossibilities.

MENU

Soup (out of a tin)

Cold Meats arranged on a huge flat dish

Baked Potatoes

ALTERNATE PLAN (*Strongly Recommended*)

Tell your husband you can't possibly have them and he must take them to his club.

TEXT B: Restaurant review

Let's take the eight-quad charcuterie plate with which I started. It contained four bits of crap pink salami, some passable ordinary Parma, some smears of greasy pancetta and a dull bresaola. A tortino di melanzana was worse, much worse. An aubergine had simply been put in an oven until it was slightly deflated, and then served. It was depressed rather than cooked, and tasted like an aubergine that had just lost its job. Insalata Caprese was fridge-cold, under-ripe tomatoes served with bland old cheapo mozzarella, bouncy as a tennis ball and only half as tasty. A pizza marinara comprised horrible, sweet tinned-tasting sugo on a Jacob's cracker with none of the advertised garlic. It was like eating a kitchen clock.

TEXT C: 'Taste of the West'

Parks: it's lovely isn't it (1) it's a wonderful dish (1) probably sort of the most singularly interesting thing we've had to eat on this series

Stevenson: what's nice is that it isn't following any fashion (.) this is her own idea

Parks: yeah often in pubs and restaurants I always (.) and I'm not a vegetarian but I always feel sorry for vegetarians because they usually get (.) you know vegetable lasagne (.) cos what's interesting is if you go to a country like Italy (.) I mean often you can have a risotto in Venice with peas (.) well I mean those are classic dishes you know that are part of the gastronomic canon of that country (.) not vegetarian options (.) they're just cornerstones of how they eat (1) I think all this putting a little v on the menu says that's just for you in the little vegan or veggie ghetto

SECTION B

Answer **one** question only.

Jane Austen: Emma

Either,

2. Read the extract below, which is taken from Chapter 1, and then answer the question which follows.

Emma smiled and chatted as cheerfully as she could, to keep him from such thoughts; but when tea came, it was impossible for him not to say exactly as he had said at dinner,

‘Poor Miss Taylor! – I wish she were here again. What a pity it is that Mr. Weston ever thought of her!’

- 5 ‘I cannot agree with you, papa; you know I cannot. Mr. Weston is such a good-humoured, pleasant, excellent man, that he thoroughly deserves a good wife; – and you would not have had Miss Taylor live with us for ever and bear all my odd humours, when she might have a house of her own?’

10 ‘A house of her own! – but where is the advantage of a house of her own? This is three times as large. – And you have never any odd humours, my dear.’

‘How often we shall be going to see them and they coming to see us! – We shall be always meeting! We must begin, we must go and pay our wedding-visit very soon.’

‘My dear, how am I to get so far? Randalls is such a distance. I could not walk half so far.’

- 15 ‘No, papa, nobody thought of your walking. We must go in the carriage to be sure.’

‘The carriage! But James will not like to put the horses to for such a little way; – and where are the poor horses to be while we are paying our visit?’

20 ‘They are to be put into Mr. Weston’s stable, papa. You know we have settled all that already. We talked it all over with Mr. Weston last night. And as for James, you may be very sure he will always like going to Randalls, because of his daughter’s being housemaid there. I only doubt whether he will ever take us anywhere else. That, was your doing, papa. You got Hannah that good place. Nobody thought of Hannah till you mentioned her – James is so obliged to you!’

25 ‘I am very glad I did think of her. It was very lucky, for I would not have had poor James think himself slighted upon any account; and I am sure she will make a very good servant; she is a civil, pretty-spoken girl; I have a great opinion of her. Whenever I see her, she always curtsies and asks me how I do, in a very pretty manner; and when you have had her here to do needlework, I observe she always turns the lock of the door the right way and never bangs it.’

Examine the way Austen presents Emma and Mr Woodhouse in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- lexis
- grammar and syntax
- dialogue.

Go on to discuss the presentation of Mr Woodhouse and his relationship with Emma in the novel as a whole.

Jane Austen: Emma

Or,

3. The extract below, taken from Chapter 42, describes the visit to Donwell Abbey. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

She felt all the honest pride and complacency which her alliance with the present and future proprietor could fairly warrant, as she viewed the respectable size and style of the building, its suitable, becoming, characteristic situation, low and sheltered – its ample gardens stretching down to meadows washed by a stream, of which the Abbey, with all the old neglect of prospect, had scarcely a sight – and its abundance of timber in rows and avenues, which neither fashion nor extravagance had rooted up. – The house was larger than Hartfield, and totally unlike it, covering a good deal of ground, rambling and irregular, with many comfortable and one or two handsome rooms. – It was just what it ought to be, and it looked what it was – and Emma felt an increasing respect for it, as the residence of a family of such true gentility, untainted in blood and understanding. – Some faults of temper John Knightley had; but Isabella had connected herself unexceptionably. She had given them neither men, nor names, nor places, that could raise a blush. These were pleasant feelings, and she walked about and indulged them till it was necessary to do as the others did, and collect round the strawberry beds. – The whole party were assembled, excepting Frank Churchill, who was expected every moment from Richmond; and Mrs. Elton, in all her apparatus of happiness, her large bonnet and her basket, was very ready to lead the way in gathering, accepting, or talking – strawberries, and only strawberries, could now be thought or spoken of. – ‘The best fruit in England – every body’s favourite – always wholesome. – These the finest beds and finest sorts. – Delightful to gather for one’s self – the only way of really enjoying them. – Morning decidedly the best time – never tired – every sort good – hautboy infinitely superior – no comparison – the others hardly eatable – hautboys very scarce – Chili preferred – white wood finest flavour of all – price of strawberries in London – abundance about Bristol – Maple Grove – cultivation – beds when to be renewed – gardeners thinking exactly different – no general rule – gardeners never to be put out of their way – delicious fruit – only too rich to be eaten much of – inferior to cherries – currants more refreshing – only objection to gathering strawberries the stooping – glaring sun – tired to death – could bear it no longer – must go and sit in the shade.’

Explore the ways in which Austen presents the experiences of Emma and Mrs Elton at Donwell Abbey in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- lexis
- grammar and syntax
- the narrative voice
- direct speech.

Then go on to consider the importance of the Donwell Abbey episode to the themes and concerns of the novel as a whole.

Charlotte Brontë: Jane Eyre

Or,

4. The extract below is taken from Chapter 4, after Jane has accused Mrs Reed of cruelty and deceit. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

I was left there alone – winner of the field. It was the hardest battle I had fought, and the first victory I had gained: I stood a while on the rug, where Mr Brocklehurst had stood, and I enjoyed my conqueror’s solitude. First, I smiled to myself and felt elate; but this fierce pleasure subsided in me as fast as did the accelerated throb of my pulses. A child cannot quarrel with its elders, as I had done; cannot give its furious feelings uncontrolled play, as I had given mine; without experiencing afterwards the pang of remorse and the chill of reaction. A ridge of lighted heath, alive, glancing, devouring, would have been a meet emblem of my mind when I accused and menaced Mrs. Reed: the same ridge, black and blasted after the flames are dead, would have represented as meetly my subsequent condition, when half an hour’s silence and reflection had shown me the madness of my conduct, and the dreariness of my hated and hating position.

Something of vengeance I had tasted for the first time; as aromatic wine it seemed, on swallowing, warm and racy: its after-flavour, metallic and corroding, gave me a sensation as if I had been poisoned. Willingly would I now have gone and asked Mrs. Reed’s pardon; but I knew, partly from experience and partly from instinct, that was the way to make her repulse me with double scorn, thereby re-exciting every turbulent impulse of my nature.

I would fain exercise some better faculty than that of fierce speaking; fain find nourishment for some less fiendish feeling than that of sombre indignation. I took a book – some Arabian tales; I sat down and endeavoured to read. I could make no sense of the subject; my own thoughts swam always between me and the page I had usually found fascinating. I opened the glass-door in the breakfast-room: the shrubbery was quite still: the black frost reigned, unbroken by sun or breeze, through the grounds. I covered my head and arms with the skirt of my frock, and went out to walk in a part of the plantation which was quite sequestered: but I found no pleasure in the silent trees, the falling fir-cones, the congealed relics of autumn, russet leaves, swept by past winds in heaps, and now stiffened together. I leaned against a gate, and looked into an empty field where no sheep were feeding, where the short grass was nipped and blanched. It was a very grey day; a most opaque sky, ‘onding on snaw’, canopied all; thence flakes fell at intervals, which settled on the hard path and on the hoary lea without melting. I stood, a wretched child enough, whispering to myself over and over again, ‘What shall I do? – what shall I do?’

Discuss the ways in which Brontë presents Jane’s reactions after the argument with her aunt.

Relevant features to examine include:

- lexis
- grammar and syntax
- imagery.

Go on to consider how Brontë uses the natural world in at least two other episodes in the novel as a whole.

Charlotte Brontë: Jane Eyre

Or,

5. Read the extract below, which is taken from Chapter 26, and then answer the question which follows.

‘Good-morrow, Mrs Poole!’ said Mr Rochester. ‘How are you? and how is your charge to-day?’
 ‘We’re tolerable, sir, I thank you,’ replied Grace, lifting the boiling mess carefully on to the hob: ‘rather snappish, but not ’rageous.’

A fierce cry seemed to give the lie to her favourable report: the clothed hyena rose up, and stood
 5 tall on its hind feet.

‘Ah, sir, she sees you!’ exclaimed Grace: ‘you’d better not stay.’

‘Only a few moments, Grace: you must allow me a few moments.’

‘Take care then, sir! – for God’s sake, take care!’

The maniac bellowed: she parted her shaggy locks from her visage, and gazed wildly at her
 10 visitors. I recognized well that purple face, – those bloated features. Mrs Poole advanced.

‘Keep out of the way,’ said Mr Rochester, thrusting her aside: ‘she has no knife now, I suppose? and I’m on my guard.’

‘One never knows what she has, sir: she is so cunning: it is not in mortal discretion to fathom her craft.’

15 ‘We had better leave her,’ whispered Mason.

‘Go to the devil!’ was his brother-in-law’s recommendation.

‘Ware!’ cried Grace. The three gentlemen retreated simultaneously. Mr Rochester flung me behind him: the lunatic sprang and grappled his throat viciously, and laid her teeth to his cheek: they struggled. She was a big woman, in stature almost equalling her husband, and corpulent
 20 besides: she showed virile force in the contest – more than once she almost throttled him, athletic as he was. He could have settled her with a well-planted blow; but he would not strike: he would only wrestle. At last he mastered her arms; Grace Poole gave him a cord, and he pinioned them behind her: with more rope, which was at hand, he bound her to a chair. The operation was performed amidst the fiercest yells, and the most convulsive plunges. Mr Rochester then turned to
 25 the spectators: he looked at them with a smile both acrid and desolate.

‘That is *my wife*,’ said he. ‘Such is the sole conjugal embrace I am ever to know – such are the endearments which are to solace my leisure hours! And *this* is what I wished to have’ (laying his hand on my shoulder): ‘this young girl, who stands so grave and quiet at the mouth of hell, looking collectedly at the gambols of a demon. I wanted her just as a change after that fierce ragout. Wood
 30 and Briggs, look at the difference! Compare these clear eyes with the red balls yonder – this face with that mask – this form with that bulk; then judge me, priest of the Gospel and man of the law, and remember, with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged! Off with you now. I must shut up my prize.’

Comment in detail on how Brontë presents Mr Rochester and Bertha, his wife, in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- lexis
- grammar and syntax
- dialogue.

Go on to consider the significance of Bertha Rochester in the novel as a whole.

Kate Chopin: The Awakening and Selected Stories

Or,

6. Read the extract below, which is taken from Chapter X of ‘The Awakening’ and answer the question which follows.

There were strange, rare odors abroad – a tangle of the sea smell and of weeds and damp, new-plowed earth, mingled with the heavy perfume of a field of white blossoms somewhere near. But the night sat lightly upon the sea and the land. There was no weight of darkness; there were no shadows. The white light of the moon had fallen upon the world like the mystery and the softness of sleep.

5

Most of them walked into the water as though into a native element. The sea was quiet now, and swelled lazily in broad billows that melted into one another and did not break except upon the beach in little foamy crests that coiled back like slow, white serpents.

- 10 Edna had attempted all summer to learn to swim. She had received instructions from both the men and women; in some instances from the children. Robert had pursued a system of lessons almost daily; and he was nearly at the point of discouragement in realizing the futility of his efforts. A certain ungovernable dread hung about her when in the water, unless there was a hand near by that might reach out and reassure her.

- 15 But that night she was like the little tottering, stumbling, clutching child, who of a sudden realizes its powers, and walks for the first time alone, boldly and with over-confidence. She could have shouted for joy. She did shout for joy, as with a sweeping stroke or two she lifted her body to the surface of the water.

- 20 A feeling of exultation overtook her, as if some power of significant import had been given her to control the working of her body and her soul. She grew daring and reckless, overestimating her strength. She wanted to swim far out, where no woman had swum before.

Her unlooked-for achievement was the subject of wonder, applause, and admiration. Each one congratulated himself that his special teachings had accomplished this desired end.

- 25 “How easy it is!” she thought. “It is nothing,” she said aloud; “why did I not discover before that it was nothing. Think of the time I have lost splashing about like a baby!” She would not join the groups in their sports and bouts, but intoxicated with her newly conquered power, she swam out alone.

She turned her face seaward to gather in an impression of space and solitude, which the vast expanse of water, meeting and melting with the moonlit sky, conveyed to her excited fancy. As she swam she seemed to be reaching out for the unlimited in which to lose herself.

Discuss how Chopin presents the scene and Edna’s feelings in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- lexis
- grammar and syntax
- imagery.

Relate what you find here to the presentation of Edna in the story as a whole.

Kate Chopin: The Awakening and Selected Stories

Or,

7. The extract below is taken from the beginning of ‘La Belle Zoraïde’. Madame Delarivière wishes Zoraïde to marry M’sieur Ambroise. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

“But the truth of the matter was, Zoraïde had seen le beau Mézor dance the Bamboula in Congo Square. That was a sight to hold one rooted to the ground. Mézor was as straight as a cypress-tree and as proud looking as a king. His body, bare to the waist, was like a column of ebony and it glistened like oil.

- 5 “Poor Zoraïde’s heart grew sick in her bosom with love for le beau Mézor from the moment she saw the fierce gleam of his eye, lighted by the inspiring strains of the Bamboula, and beheld the stately movements of his splendid body swaying and quivering through the figures of the dance.

- 10 “But when she knew him later, and he came near her to speak with her, all the fierceness was gone out of his eyes, and she saw only kindness in them and heard only gentleness in his voice; for love had taken possession of him also, and Zoraïde was more distracted than ever. When Mézor was not dancing Bamboula in Congo Square, he was hoeing sugar-cane, barefooted and half naked, in his master’s field outside of the city. Doctor Langlé was his master as well as M’sieur Ambroise’s.

- 15 “One day, when Zoraïde kneeled before her mistress, drawing on Madame’s silken stockings, that were of the finest, she said:

- 20 “ ‘Nénaine, you have spoken to me often of marrying. Now, at last, I have chosen a husband, but it is not M’sieur Ambroise; it is le beau Mézor that I want and no other.’ And Zoraïde hid her face in her hands when she had said that, for she guessed, rightly enough, that her mistress would be very angry. And, indeed, Madame Delarivière was at first speechless with rage. When she finally spoke it was only to gasp out, exasperated:–

“ ‘That negro! that negro! Bon Dieu Seigneur, but this is too much!’

“ ‘Am I white, *nénaine*?’ pleaded Zoraïde.

“ ‘You white! *Malheureuse!* You deserve to have the lash laid upon you like any other slave; you have proven yourself no better than the worst.’

“ ‘I am not white,’ persisted Zoraïde, respectfully and gently. ‘Doctor Langlé gives me his slave to marry, but he would not give me his son. Then, since I am not white, let me have from out of my own race the one whom my heart has chosen.’

“ ‘However, you may well believe that Madame would not hear to that. Zoraïde was forbidden to speak to Mézor, and Mézor was cautioned against seeing Zoraïde again.’

Explore the way Chopin presents Zoraïde’s situation in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- lexis
- grammar and syntax
- imagery.

Go on to discuss Chopin’s presentation of attitudes to race in one other story.

Charles Dickens : Great Expectations

Or,

8. The extract below is taken from Chapter 19, shortly after the news of Pip's 'great expectations'. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

"My dear friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, taking me by both hands, when he and I and the collation were alone, "I give you joy of your good fortune. Well deserved, well deserved!"

This was coming to the point, and I thought it a sensible way of expressing himself.

- 5 "To think," said Mr. Pumblechook, after snorting admiration at me for some moments, "that I should have been the humble instrument of leading up to this, is a proud reward."

I begged Mr. Pumblechook to remember that nothing was to be ever said or hinted, on that point.

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, "if you will allow me to call you so –"

- 10 I murmured "Certainly," and Mr. Pumblechook took me by both hands again, and communicated a movement to his waist-coat, which had an emotional appearance, though it was rather low down, "My dear young friend, rely upon my doing my little all in your absence, by keeping the fact before the mind of Joseph. – Joseph!" said Mr. Pumblechook, in the way of a compassionate adjuration. "Joseph!! Joseph!!!" Thereupon he shook his head and tapped it, expressing his sense of deficiency in Joseph.

- 15 "But my dear young friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, "you must be hungry, you must be exhausted. Be seated. Here is a chicken had round from the Boar, here is a tongue had round from the Boar, here's one or two little things had round from the Boar, that I hope you may not despise. But do I," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again the moment after he had sat down, "see afore me, him as I ever sported with in his times of happy infancy? And may I – *may I* –?"

- 20 This *May I*, meant might he shake hands? I consented, and he was fervent, and then sat down again.

- 25 "Here is wine," said Mr. Pumblechook. "Let us drink, Thanks to Fortune, and may she ever pick out her favourites with equal judgement! And yet I cannot," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again, "see afore me One – and likeways drink to One – without again expressing – *May I – may I* –?"

I said he might, and he shook hands with me again, and emptied his glass and turned it upside down. I did the same; and if I had turned myself upside down before drinking, the wine could not have gone more direct to my head.

Explore how Dickens presents the characters and the situation in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- lexis
- grammar and syntax
- the narrative voice
- dialogue.

Go on to discuss the contribution of Mr Pumblechook and at least one other minor character to the themes of the novel as a whole.

Charles Dickens : Great Expectations

Or,

9. In the extract below, taken from the beginning of Chapter 29, Pip has returned to Satis House to meet Estella. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

BETIMES IN the morning I was up and out. It was too early yet to go to Miss Havisham's, so I loitered into the country on Miss Havisham's side of town – which was not Joe's side; I could go there to-morrow – thinking about my patroness, and painting brilliant pictures of her plans for me.

- 5 She had adopted Estella, she had as good as adopted me, and it could not fail to be her intention to bring us together. She reserved it for me to restore the desolate house, admit the sunshine into the dark rooms, set the clocks a going and the cold hearths a blazing, tear down the cobwebs, destroy the vermin – in short, do all the shining deeds of the young Knight of romance, and marry the Princess. I had stopped to look at the house as I passed; and its seared red brick walls, blocked windows, and strong green ivy clasping even the stacks of chimneys with its twigs and tendons, as
10 if with sinewy old arms, had made up a rich attractive mystery, of which I was the hero. Estella was the inspiration of it, and the heart of it, of course. But, though she had taken such strong possession of me, though my fancy and my hope were so set upon her, though her influence on my boyish life and character had been all-powerful, I did not, even that romantic morning, invest her with any attributes save those she possessed. I mention this in this place, of a fixed purpose,
15 because it is the clue by which I am to be followed into my poor labyrinth. According to my experience, the conventional notion of a lover cannot be always true. The unqualified truth is, that when I loved Estella with the love of a man, I loved her simply because I found her irresistible. Once for all; I knew to my sorrow, often and often, if not always, that I loved her against reason, against promise, against peace, against hope, against happiness, against all discouragement that
20 could be. Once for all; I loved her none the less because I knew it, and it had no more influence in restraining me, than if I had devoutly believed her to be human perfection.

Look closely at how Dickens presents Pip's thoughts and feelings in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- lexis
- grammar and syntax
- imagery
- narrative voice.

Go on to discuss the presentation of the relationship between Pip and Estella in at least two other episodes in the novel.

Ian McEwan : Enduring Love

Or,

10. The extract below is taken from Chapter 4, when Joe is in the reading room of the London Library. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

- It was, of course, not a squeaking floorboard, or the library management that agitated me. It was my emotional condition, the mental-visceral state I had yet to understand. I sat back in my chair and gathered my notes. At that stage I still had not grasped the promptings of footwear and colour. I stared at the page on my lap. The last words I had written before losing control of my thoughts
- 5 had been *'intentionality, intention, tries to assert control over the future'*. These words referred to a dog when I wrote them, but re-reading them now I began to fret. I couldn't find the word for what I felt. Unclean, contaminated, crazy, physical but somehow moral. It is clearly not true that without language there is no thought. I possessed a thought, a feeling, a sensation, and I was looking for its word. As guilt was to the past, so, what was it that stood in the same relation to the future?
- 10 Intention? No, not influence over the future. Foreboding. Anxiety about, distaste for the future. Guilt and foreboding, bound by a line from past to future, pivoting in the present – the only moment it could be experienced. It wasn't fear exactly. Fear was too focused, it had an object. Dread was too strong. Fear of the future. Apprehension then. Yes, there it was, approximately. It was apprehension.
- 15 In front of me the three sleepers did not stir. The swing doors had moved in diminishing pendulum movement, and now there was nothing but molecular reverberation, one step up from the imaginary. Who was the person who just left? Why so suddenly? I stood up. It was apprehension then. All day long I had been in this state. It was simple, it was a form of fear. A fear of outcomes. All day I'd been afraid. Was I so obtuse, not to know fear from the start? Wasn't it an elemental
- 20 emotion, along with disgust, surprise, anger and elation, in Ekman's celebrated cross-cultural study? Was not fear and the recognition of it in others associated with neural activity in the amygdala, sunk deep in the old mammalian part of our brains from where it fired its instant responses? But my own response had not been instant. My fear had held a mask to its face. Pollution, confusion, gabbling. I was afraid of my fear, because I did not yet know the cause. I was
- 25 scared of what it would do to me and what it would make me do. And I could not stop looking at the door.

Discuss the way McEwan presents Joe's thoughts and feelings in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- lexis
- grammar and syntax
- imagery.

Go on to consider the presentation of Joe's reactions to Parry elsewhere in the novel.

*Ian McEwan : Enduring Love***Or,**

11. Read the extract below, which is taken from Chapter 9, and then answer the question which follows.

When she steps into the hall, he is waiting for her by the door of his study. He has a wild look about him that she has not seen in some time. She associates this look with over-ambitious schemes, excited and usually stupid plans that very occasionally afflict the calm, organised man she loves. He's coming towards her, talking before she's even through the door. Without a kiss or any form of greeting, he's off on a tale of harassment and idiocy behind which there appears to be some kind of accusation, perhaps even anger against her, for she was quite wrong, he says, but now he is vindicated. Before she can ask him what he's talking about, in fact before she has even put down her bag, he is on another tack, telling her about a conversation he's just had with an old friend in the Particle Physics Unit on Gloucester Road, and how he thinks that this friend there might wangle him an appointment with the professor. All Clarissa wants to say is, Where's my kiss? Hug me! Take care of me! But Joe is pressing on like a man who has seen no other human for a year.

He is for the moment conversationally deaf and blind, so Clarissa raises both hands, palms turned outward in surrender and says, 'That's great, Joe. I'm going to take a bath.' Even then, he does not stop, and probably has not heard. As she turns to go towards the bedroom, he walks behind her, and follows her in, telling her over and over in different ways that he has to get back into science. She's heard this before. In fact, last time round, a real crisis two years ago, he ended by concluding that he was reconciled to his life, and that it wasn't a bad one after all – and that was supposed to be the close of the matter. He's raising his voice over the thunder of the taps, back now with the harassment tale and she hears the name Parry, and remembers. Oh yes, that. She thinks she understands Parry well enough. A lonely inadequate man, a Jesus freak who is probably living off his parents, and dying to connect with someone, anyone, even Joe.

Joe is hanging in the frame of the bathroom door like some newly discovered non-stop talking ape. Talking, but barely self-aware. She pushes past him to get back into the bedroom.

Explore the way McEwan presents Clarissa's view of Joe in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- lexis
- grammar and syntax
- imagery
- narrative perspective.

Go on to discuss the importance of Clarissa to the novel as a whole.

*Alice Walker: The Color Purple***Or,**

12. The extract below is taken from early in the novel, during Shug's convalescence. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

Dear God,

I ast Shug Avery what she want for breakfast. She say, What yall got? I say ham, grits, eggs, biscuits, coffee, sweet milk or butter milk, flapjacks. Jelly and jam.

5 She say, Is that all? What about orange juice, grapefruit, strawberries and cream. Tea. Then she laugh.

I don't want none of your damn food, she say. Just gimme a cup of coffee and hand me my cigarettes.

10 I don't argue. I git the coffee and light her cigarette. She wearing a long white gown and her thin black hand stretching out of it to hold the white cigarette looks just right. Something bout it, maybe the little tender veins I see and the big ones I try not to, make me scared. I feel like something pushing me forward. If I don't watch out I'll have hold of her hand, tasting her fingers in my mouth.

Can I sit in here and eat with you? I ast.

15 She shrug. She busy looking at a magazine. White women in it laughing, holding they beads out on one finger, dancing on top of motocars. Jumping into fountains. She flip the pages. Look dissatisfied. Remind me of a child trying to git something out a toy it can't work yet.

She drink her coffee, puff on her cigarette. I bite into a big juicy piece of home cured ham. You can smell this ham for a mile when you cooking it, it perfume up her little room with no trouble at all.

20 I lavish butter on a hot biscuit, sort of wave it about. I sop up ham gravey and splosh my eggs in with my grits.

She blow more and more smoke. Look down in her coffee like maybe its something solid at the bottom.

25 Finally she say, Celie, I believe I could drink a glass of water. And this here by the bed ain't fresh.

She hold out her glass.

I put my plate down on the card table by the bed. I go dip her up some water. I come back, pick up my plate. Look like a little mouse been nibbling the biscuit, a rat run off with the ham.

She act like nothing happen. Begin to complain bout being tired. Doze on off to sleep.

Explore the way Walker presents the characters and the situation in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- lexis
- grammar and syntax
- dialogue.

Go on to discuss the use Walker makes of domestic activities in developing the themes of the novel as a whole.

Alice Walker: The Color Purple

Or,

13. Read the extract below, taken from the middle of the novel, and then answer the question which follows.

We sit on a piece of old crate out near the edge of Miss Millie's yard. Rusty nails stick out long the bottom and when us move they creak against the wood.

Sofia job to watch the children play ball. The little boy throw the ball to the little girl, she try to catch it with her eyes shut. It roll up under Sofia foot.

- 5 Throw me the ball, say the little boy, with his hands on his hip. Throw me the ball.

Sofia mutter to herself, half to me. I'm here to watch, not to throw, she say. She don't make a move toward the ball.

- 10 Don't you hear me talking to you, he shout. He maybe six years old, brown hair, ice blue eyes. He come steaming up to where us sit, haul off and kick Sofia leg. She swing her foot to one side and he scream.

What the trouble? I ast.

Done stab his foot with a rusty nail, Sofia say.

Sure enough, blood came leaking through his shoe.

His little sister come watch him cry. He turn redder and redder. Call his mama.

- 15 Miss Millie come running. She scared of Sofia. Everytime she talk to her it like she expect the worst. She don't stand close to her either. When she git a few yards from where us sit, she motion for Billy to come there.

My foot, he say to her.

Sofia do it? she ast.

- 20 Little girl pipe up. Billy do it his own self, she say. Trying to kick Sofia leg. The little girl dote on Sofia, always stick up for her. Sofia never notice, she as deaf to the little girl as she is to her brother.

Miss Millie cut her eyes at her, put one arm round Billy shoulder and they limp into the back of the house. Little girl follow, wave bye-bye to us.

- 25 She seem to like a right sweet little thing, I say to Sofia.

Who is? She frown.

The little girl, I say. What they call her, Eleanor Jane?

Yeah, say Sofia, with a real puzzle look on her face, I wonder why she was ever born.

Look closely at the way Walker presents the attitudes of the adults and the children in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- lexis
- grammar and syntax
- dialogue.

Go on to discuss Walker's presentation of the relationship between black and white people in the novel as a whole.