

403/01

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

ELL3: Analysis of Literary and Non-literary Texts

P.M. TUESDAY, 23 May 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 about school. Read the texts carefully and answer the question below.

Discuss the style of each text and show how different attitudes towards school are created and conveyed.

You will need to consider the following:

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

Relevant features to examine include:

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

TEXT A is from *Cider with Rosie*, an autobiography of Laurie Lee's childhood, published in 1959. The writer describes his first day at the village primary school.

TEXT B is a page from Truro School's website in 2001. Truro School is a fee-paying school.

TEXT C is a transcript from *So You Think You Can Teach*, shown on Channel 5 in February 2005. Celebrities teach for a week in a primary school. Janet Street-Porter is talking to the Headteacher after teaching for a week at his school.

The following key has been used to mark some discourse features in Text C:

- (.) micropause
word underlining indicates a stressed syllable

TEXT A: an extract from *Cider with Rosie*, Laurie Lee's autobiography

The morning came when my sisters surrounded me, wrapped me in scarves, tied up my bootlaces, thrust a cap on my head, and stuffed a baked potato in my pocket.

'What's this?' I said.

'You're starting school today.'

5 'I ain't. I'm stopping 'ome.'

'You are.'

'Boo-hoo.'

I arrived at the school just three feet tall and fatly wrapped in my scarves. The playground roared like a rodeo and the potato burned through my thigh. Old boots, ragged stockings, torn trousers and skirts, went sailing and skidding around me. The rabble closed in; I was encircled; 10 grit flew in my face like shrapnel. Tall girls with frizzled hair, and huge boys with sharp elbows, began to prod me with hideous interest. They plucked at my scarves, spun me round like a top, screwed my nose and stole my potato.

From Cider with Rosie by Laurie Lee, published by Hogarth Press. Reprinted by permission of the Random House Group Ltd.

TEXT B: text and images taken from Truro School's website

School History

Truro School is slightly older than Pearson's fine Victorian Gothic Cathedral, which it overlooks from its vantage point on the hill to the south of the City.

5 The School's foundation in 1880 was a step of faith by Cornish Methodists, soon justified by a growing

reputation for 'Godliness and good learning'. This tradition is energetically maintained today.

The school became fully co-educational in 1990: we firmly believe that educating boys and girls together provides them with the best preparation for a world of work where man and woman compete as equals; and we believe that the society of the future is best served by schools which promote understanding and respect between the sexes.



10

In every field – academic, pastoral, extra-curricular or sporting – we have been judged to flourish and we flourish still.

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TEXT C: an extract from *So You Think You Can Teach* (Janet Street-Porter on primary school teaching)

5 don't get me wrong I've really enjoyed it (.) but you sit your children in desks all facing different ways (.) what a nightmare (.) in your democratic way ya don't wanna be seen as curmudgeonly old Cliff with them all facing the front because it's a bit Victorian or old fash let me just tell you it's got a lot of things going for it (.) facing the front so uh(.) when the kids (.) er when I'm reading to them they're all facing me (.) no problem (.) minute they're back at the tables it's very very difficult and so you know it's like you've got so frightened of being seen as a disciplinarian or y'know too rigid so you don't give out prizes (.) you don't have class rankings (.) no-one's a failure (.) well (.) get a grip (.) cos out there in the real world there are failures (.) so what's wrong with startin that idea at school

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SECTION B

Answer **one** question only.

Jane Austen: Emma

Either,

2. Read the extract below, which is taken from Chapter 4 and then answer the question which follows.

‘Mr. Knightley’s air is so remarkably good, that it is not fair to compare Mr. Martin with *him*. You might not see one in a hundred, with *gentleman* so plainly written as in Mr. Knightley. But he is not the only gentleman you have been lately used to. What say you to Mr. Weston and Mr. Elton? Compare Mr. Martin with either of *them*. Compare their manner of carrying themselves; 5 of walking; of speaking; of being silent. You must see the difference.’

‘Oh, yes! – there is a great difference. But Mr. Weston is almost an old man. Mr. Weston must be between forty and fifty.’

‘Which makes his good manners the more valuable. The older a person grows, Harriet, the more important it is that their manners should not be bad – the more glaring and disgusting any 10 loudness, or coarseness, or awkwardness becomes. What is passable in youth, is detestable in later age. Mr. Martin is now awkward and abrupt; what will he be at Mr. Weston’s time of life?’

‘There is no saying, indeed!’ replied Harriet, rather solemnly.

‘But there may be pretty good guessing. He will be a completely gross, vulgar farmer – totally inattentive to appearances, and thinking of nothing but profit and loss.’

15 ‘Will he, indeed, that will be very bad.’

‘How much his business engrosses him already, is very plain from the circumstance of his forgetting to inquire for the book you recommended. He was a great deal too full of the market to think of any thing else – which is just as it should be, for a thriving man. What has he to do with books? And I have no doubt that he *will* thrive and be a very rich man in time – and his being 20 illiterate and coarse need not disturb *us*.’

‘I wonder he did not remember the book’ – was all Harriet’s answer, and spoken with a degree of grave displeasure which Emma thought might be safely left to itself.

Discuss the way Austen presents Emma’s persuasion of Harriet in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax;
- lexis;
- the way the characters speak.

Go on to consider how Austen explores the idea of gentlemanly behaviour in the novel as a whole.

Jane Austen: Emma

Or,

3. The extract below, taken from Chapter 50, is the beginning of Frank Churchill's letter to Mrs Weston, in which he explains his secret engagement to Jane Fairfax. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

[*To Mrs. Weston.*]

Windsor–July.

MY DEAR MADAM,

- ‘If I made myself intelligible yesterday, this letter will be expected; but expected or not, I know it will be read with candour and indulgence. – You are all goodness, and I believe there will be need of even all your goodness to allow for some parts of my past conduct. – But I have been forgiven by one who had still more to resent. My courage rises while I write. It is very difficult for the prosperous to be humble. I have already met with such success in two applications for pardon, that I may be in danger of thinking myself too sure of your’s, and of those among your friends who have had any ground of offence. – You must all endeavour to comprehend the exact nature of my situation when I first arrived at Randall’s; you must consider me as having a secret which was to be kept at all hazards. This was the fact. My right to place myself in a situation requiring such concealment, is another question. I shall not discuss it here. For my temptation to *think* it a right, I refer every caviller to a brick house, sashed windows below, and casements above, in Highbury. I dared not address her openly; my difficulties in the then state of Enscombe must be too well known to require definition; and I was fortunate enough to prevail, before we parted at Weymouth, and to induce the most upright female mind in the creation to stoop in charity to a secret engagement. – Had she refused, I should have gone mad. – But you will be ready to say, what was your hope in doing this? – What did you look forward to? – To any thing, every thing – to time, chance, circumstance, slow effects, sudden bursts, perseverance and weariness, health and sickness. Every possibility of good was before me, and the first of blessings secured, in obtaining her promises of faith and correspondence. If you need farther explanation, I have the honour, my dear madam, of being your husband’s son, and the advantage of inheriting a disposition to hope for good, which no inheritance of houses or lands can ever equal the value of.

Consider how Austen presents Frank Churchill’s character and his account of his behaviour in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax;
- lexis.

Go on to discuss Frank Churchill’s significance to the novel and its themes.

Emily Brontë: Wuthering Heights

Or,

4. Read the extract below, which is taken from Chapter 10 (Vol 1, chapter X), and then answer the question which follows.

‘You are a dog in the manger, Cathy, and desire no one to be loved but yourself!’

‘You are an impertinent little monkey!’ exclaimed Mrs Linton, in surprise. ‘But I’ll not believe this idiocy! It is impossible that you can covet the admiration of Heathcliff – that you can consider him an agreeable person! I hope I have misunderstood you, Isabella?’

- 5 ‘No, you have not,’ said the infatuated girl. ‘I love him more than ever you loved Edgar; and he might love me, if you would let him!’

- 10 ‘I wouldn’t be you for a kingdom, then!’ Catherine declared, emphatically: and she seemed to speak sincerely. ‘Nelly, help me to convince her of her madness. Tell her what Heathcliff is: an unreclaimed creature, without refinement, without cultivation: an arid wilderness of furze and whinstone. I’d as soon put that little canary into the park on a winter’s day, as recommend you to bestow your heart on him! It is deplorable ignorance of his character, child, and nothing else, which makes that dream enter your head. Pray, don’t imagine that he conceals depths of benevolence and affection beneath a stern exterior! He’s not a rough diamond – a pearl-containing oyster of a rustic: he’s a fierce, pitiless, wolfish man. I never say to him, “Let this or that enemy alone, because it would be ungenerous or cruel to harm them”; I say, “Let them alone, because I should hate them to be wronged”: and he’d crush you like a sparrow’s egg, Isabella, if he found you a troublesome charge. I know he couldn’t love a Linton; and yet he’d be quite capable of marrying your fortune and expectations: avarice is growing with him a besetting sin. There’s my picture: and I’m his friend – so much so, that had he thought seriously to catch you, I should, perhaps, have held my tongue, and let you fall into his trap.’

Miss Linton regarded her sister-in-law with indignation.

‘For shame! for shame!’ she repeated, angrily. ‘You are worse than twenty foes, you poisonous friend!’

- 25 ‘Ah! you won’t believe me, then?’ said Catherine. ‘You think I speak from wicked selfishness?’
‘I’m certain you do,’ retorted Isabella; ‘and I shudder at you!’

Explore the way Brontë presents Catherine’s view of Heathcliff in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

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

Go on to relate what you find here to Brontë’s presentation of Heathcliff in the novel as a whole.

Emily Brontë: Wuthering Heights

Or,

5. Read the extract below which is taken from Chapter 21 (Vol II, chapter VII) and then answer the question which follows.

Linton gathered his energies, and left the hearth. The lattice was open, and, as he stepped out, I heard Cathy inquiring of her unsociable attendant, what was that inscription over the door? Hareton stared up, and scratched his head like a true clown.

‘It’s some damnable writing,’ he answered. ‘I cannot read it.’

- 5 ‘Can’t read it?’ cried Catherine; ‘I can read it: it’s English. But I want to know why it is there.’

Linton giggled – the first appearance of mirth he had exhibited.

‘He does not know his letters,’ he said to his cousin. ‘Could you believe in the existence of such a colossal dunce?’

- 10 ‘Is he all as he should be?’ asked Miss Cathy seriously; ‘or is he simple: not right? I’ve questioned him twice now, and each time he looked so stupid I think he does not understand me. I can hardly understand *him*, I’m sure!’

Linton repeated his laugh, and glanced at Hareton tauntingly; who certainly did not seem quite clear of comprehension at the moment.

- 15 ‘There’s nothing the matter, but laziness, is there, Earnshaw?’ he said. ‘My cousin fancies you are an idiot. There you experience the consequence of scorning “book-larning,” as you would say. Have you noticed, Catherine, his frightful Yorkshire pronunciation?’

‘Why, where the devil is the use on ’t?’ growled Hareton, more ready in answering his daily companion. He was about to enlarge further, but the two youngsters broke into a noisy fit of merriment; my giddy Miss being delighted to discover that she might turn his strange talk to matter of amusement.

- 20 ‘Where is the use of the devil in that sentence?’ tittered Linton. ‘Papa told you not to say any bad words, and you can’t open your mouth without one. Do try to behave like a gentleman, now do!’

- 25 ‘If thou wern’t more a lass than a lad, I’d fell thee this minute, I would; pitiful lath of a crater!’ retorted the angry boor, retreating, while his face burnt with mingled rage and mortification; for he was conscious of being insulted, and embarrassed how to resent it.

Discuss Brontë’s presentation in this extract of the three cousins: Linton, Hareton and Cathy.

Relevant features to examine include:

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

Go on to discuss Brontë’s presentation of children in the novel as a whole.

Kate Chopin: The Awakening and Selected Stories

Or,

6. Read the extract below, which is taken from Chapter XV11 of ‘The Awakening’ and then answer the question which follows.

Mrs. Pontellier did not wear her usual Tuesday reception gown; she was in ordinary house dress. Mr. Pontellier, who was observant about such things, noticed it, as he served the soup and handed it to the boy in waiting.

5 “Tired out, Edna? Whom did you have? Many callers?” he asked. He tasted his soup and began to season it with pepper, salt, vinegar, mustard – everything within reach.

“There were a good many,” replied Edna, who was eating her soup with evident satisfaction. “I found their cards when I got home; I was out.”

10 “Out!” exclaimed her husband, with something like genuine consternation in his voice as he laid down the vinegar cruet and looked at her through his glasses. “Why, what could have taken you out on Tuesday? What did you have to do?”

“Nothing. I simply felt like going out, and I went out.”

“Well, I hope you left some suitable excuse,” said her husband, somewhat appeased, as he added a dash of cayenne pepper to the soup.

“No, I left no excuse. I told Joe to say I was out, that was all.”

15 “Why, my dear, I should think you’d understand by this time that people don’t do such things; we’ve got to observe *les convenances* if we ever expect to get on and keep up with the procession. If you felt that you had to leave home this afternoon, you should have left some suitable explanation for your absence.

20 “This soup is really impossible; it’s strange that woman hasn’t learned yet to make a decent soup. Any free-lunch stand in town serves a better one. Was Mrs. Belthrop here?”

“Bring the tray with the cards, Joe. I don’t remember who was here.”

The boy retired and returned after a moment, bringing the tiny silver tray, which was covered with ladies’ visiting cards. He handed it to Mrs. Pontellier.

“Give it to Mr. Pontellier,” she said.

25 Joe offered the tray to Mr. Pontellier, and removed the soup.

Mr. Pontellier scanned the names of his wife’s callers, reading some of them aloud, with comments as he read.

30 “‘The Misses Delasidas.’ I worked a big deal in futures for their father this morning; nice girls; it’s time they were getting married. ‘Mrs. Belthrop.’ I tell you what it is, Edna; you can’t afford to snub Mrs. Belthrop. Why, Belthrop could buy and sell us ten times over. His business is worth a good, round sum to me. You’d better write her a note.”

How does Chopin present the relationship between Edna Pontellier and her husband in this extract?

Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax;
- lexis;
- the way the characters speak.

Go on to relate what you find here to Chopin’s presentation of their relationship in the story as a whole.

Kate Chopin: The Awakening and Selected Stories

Or,

7. The extract below is the beginning of “At the ’Cadian Ball”. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

Bobinôt, that big, brown, good-natured Bobinôt, had no intention of going to the ball, even though he knew Calixta would be there. For what came of those balls but heartache, and a sickening disinclination for work the whole week through, till Saturday night came again and his tortures began afresh? Why could he not love Ozéina, who would marry him tomorrow; or
 5 Fronie, or any one of a dozen others, rather than that little Spanish vixen? Calixta’s slender foot had never touched Cuban soil; but her mother’s had, and the Spanish was in her blood all the same. For that reason the prairie people forgave her much that they would not have overlooked in their own daughters or sisters.

Her eyes, – Bobinôt thought of her eyes, and weakened, – the bluest, the drowsiest, most
 10 tantalizing that ever looked into a man’s; he thought of her flaxen hair that kinked worse than a mulatto’s close to her head; that broad, smiling mouth and tiptilted nose, that full figure; that voice like a rich contralto song, with cadences in it that must have been taught by Satan, for there was no one else to teach her tricks on that ’Cadian prairie. Bobinôt thought of them all as he plowed his rows of cane.

There had even been a breath of scandal whispered about her a year ago, when she went to Assumption, – but why talk of it? No one did now. “C’est Espagnol, ça,” most of them said with lenient shoulder-shrugs. “Bon chien tient de race,” the old men mumbled over their pipes, stirred by recollections. Nothing was made of it, except that Fronie threw it up to Calixta when the two
 15 quarreled and fought on the church steps after mass one Sunday, about a lover. Calixta swore roundly in fine ’Cadian French and with true Spanish spirit, and slapped Fronie’s face. Fronie had slapped her back. “Tiens, cocotte va!” “Espèce de lionèse; prends ça, et ça!” till the curé himself was obliged to hasten and make peace between them. Bobinôt thought of it all, and would not go to the ball.

But in the afternoon, over at Friedheimer’s store; where he was buying a trace-chain, he heard
 25 some one say that Alcée Laballière would be there. Then wild horses could not have kept him away. He knew how it would be – or rather he did not know how it would be – if the handsome young planter came over to the ball as he sometimes did. If Alcée happened to be in a serious mood, he might only go to the card-room and play a round or two; or he might stand out on the galleries talking crops and politics with the old people. But there was no telling. A drink or two
 30 could put the devil in his head, – that was what Bobinôt said to himself, as he wiped the sweat from his brow with his red bandanna; a gleam from Calixta’s eyes, a flash of her ankle, a twirl of her skirts could do the same. Yes, Bobinôt would go to the ball.

Discuss the way Chopin presents Bobinôt’s thoughts about Calixta in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax;
- lexis.

Go on to consider Chopin’s presentation of romantic love in at least one other story in the collection.

Charles Dickens: Great Expectations

Or,

8. The extract below, taken from Chapter 4, is part of Pip’s account of Christmas dinner at the forge. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

Among this good company I should have felt myself, even if I hadn’t robbed the pantry, in a false position. Not because I was squeezed in at an acute angle of the tablecloth, with the table in my chest, and the Pumblechookian elbow in my eye, nor because I was not allowed to speak (I didn’t want to speak), nor because I was regaled with the scaly tips of the drumsticks of the fowls, and with those obscure corners of pork of which the pig, when living, had had the least reason to be vain. No; I should not have minded that, if they would only have left me alone. But they wouldn’t leave me alone. They seemed to think the opportunity lost, if they failed to point the conversation at me, every now and then, and stick the point into me. I might have been an unfortunate little bull in a Spanish arena, I got so smartingly touched up by these moral goads.

10 It began the moment we sat down to dinner. Mr. Wopsle said grace with theatrical declamation – as it now appears to me, something like a religious cross of the Ghost in Hamlet with Richard the Third – and ended with the very proper aspiration that we might be truly grateful. Upon which my sister fixed me with her eye, and said, in a low reproachful voice, “Do you hear that? Be grateful.”

15 “Especially,” said Mr. Pumblechook, “be grateful, boy, to them which brought you up by hand.” Mrs. Hubble shook her head, and contemplating me with a mournful presentiment that I should come to no good, asked, “Why is it that the young are never grateful?” This moral mystery seemed too much for the company until Mr. Hubble tersely solved it by saying, “Naterally wicious.” Everybody then murmured “True!” and looked at me in a particularly unpleasant and
20 personal manner.

Joe’s station and influence were something feebler (if possible) when there was company, than when there was none. But he always aided and comforted me when he could, in some way of his own, and he always did so at dinner-time by giving me gravy, if there were any. There being plenty of gravy to-day, Joe spooned into my plate, at this point, about half a pint.

Explore the way Dickens presents the adults’ treatment of Pip in the extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

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

Go on to discuss how Dickens presents the theme of ingratitude in the novel as a whole.

Charles Dickens: Great Expectations

Or,

9. The extract below is taken from Chapter 35, when Pip returns home for Mrs Joe’s funeral. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

.....she told me how Joe loved me, and how Joe never complained of anything – she didn’t say, of me; she had no need; I knew what she meant – but ever did his duty in his way of life, with a strong hand, a quiet tongue, and a gentle heart.

“Indeed, it would be hard to say too much for him,” said I; “and Biddy, we must often speak of these things, for of course I shall be often down here now. I am not going to leave poor Joe alone.”

Biddy said never a single word.

“Biddy, don’t you hear me?”

“Yes, Mr. Pip.”

“Not to mention your calling me Mr. Pip – which appears to me to be in bad taste, Biddy – what do you mean?”

“What do I mean?” asked Biddy, timidly.

“Biddy,” said I, in a virtuously self-asserting manner, “I must request to know what you mean by this?”

“By this?” said Biddy.

“Now, don’t echo,” I retorted. “You used not to echo, Biddy.”

“Used not!” said Biddy. “O Mr. Pip! Used!”

Well! I rather thought I would give up that point too. After another silent turn in the garden, I fell back on the main position.

“Biddy,” said I, “I made a remark respecting my coming down here often, to see Joe, which you received with a marked silence. Have the goodness, Biddy, to tell me why.”

“Are you quite sure, then, that you WILL come to see him often?” asked Biddy, stopping in the narrow garden walk, and looking at me under the stars with a clear and honest eye.

“Oh dear me!” said I, as if I found myself compelled to give up Biddy in despair. “This really is a very bad side of human nature! Don’t say any more, if you please, Biddy. This shocks me very much.”

For which cogent reason I kept Biddy at a distance during supper, and, when I went up to my own old little room, took as stately a leave of her as I could, in my murmuring soul, deem reconcilable with the churchyard and the event of the day. As often as I was restless in the night, and that was every quarter of an hour, I reflected what an unkindness, what an injury, what an injustice, Biddy had done me.

Discuss the way Dickens presents the attitudes of Pip and Biddy in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

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

Go on to consider how Dickens presents the relationship between Pip and Biddy in the novel as a whole.

Ian McEwan: Enduring Love

Or,

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

I honoured Parry with a friendly nod and, ignoring Clarissa at my back – I was a busy man, I would deal with them all one at a time – I said to him in what I thought was a deep and reassuring voice, ‘It’s all right.’

- 5 Perhaps I did. I was the first one to have spoken since Logan hit the ground. I reached into my trouser pocket and withdrew, of all things to have out here at this time, a mobile phone. I read the fractional widening of the young man’s eyes as respect. It was what I felt for myself anyway as I held the dense little slab in my palm, and with the thumb of the same hand jabbed three nines. I was in the world, equipped, capable, connected. When the emergency operator came on I asked
10 for police and ambulance and gave a lucid, minimal account of the accident and the balloon drifting away with the boy, and our position and the nearest access by road. It was all I could do to hold my excitement in. I wanted to shout something – commands, exhortations, inarticulate vowel sounds. I was brittle, speedy, perhaps I looked happy.

When I turned off the phone Joseph Lacey said, ‘He won’t need no ambulance.’

- 15 Greene looked up from his ankle. ‘They’ll need that to take him away.’

I remembered. Of course. This was what I needed – something to do. I was wild by now, ready to fight, run, dance, you name it. ‘He might not be dead,’ I said. ‘There’s always a chance. We’ll go down and take a look.’

- 20 As I was saying this I became aware of a tremor in my legs. I wanted to stride away down the slope, but I did not trust my balance. Uphill would be better. I said to Parry, ‘You’ll come.’ I meant it as a suggestion, but it came out as a request, something I needed from him. He looked at me, unable to speak. Everything, every gesture, every word I spoke was being stored away, gathered and piled, fuel for the long winter of his obsession.

- 25 I unclasped Clarissa’s arms from my waist and turned. It didn’t occur to me that she was trying to hold me steady. ‘Let’s go down,’ I said quietly. ‘There may be something we can do.’ I heard my softening of tone, the artful lowering of volume. I was in a soap opera. *Now he’s talking to his woman.* It was intimacy, a tight two-shot.

Discuss the way McEwan presents Joe’s behaviour and state of mind in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

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

Go on to consider how McEwan presents the growth of Parry’s obsession with Joe in the rest of the novel.

Ian McEwan: Enduring Love

Or,

11. The extract below, taken from Chapter 8, is part of Joe and Clarissa's discussion of the infant smile. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

It appears in !Kung San babies of the Kalahari at the same time as it does in American children of Manhattan's Upper West Side, and it has the same effect. In Edward O. Wilson's cool phrase, it 'triggers a more abundant share of parental love and affection'. Then he goes on, 'In the terminology of the zoologist, it is a social releaser, an inborn and relatively invariant signal that mediates a basic social relationship.'

A few years ago, science book editors could think of nothing but chaos. Now they were banging their desks for every possible slant on neo-Darwinism, evolutionary psychology and genetics. I wasn't complaining, business was good, but Clarissa had generally taken against the whole project. It was rationalism gone berserk. 'It's the new fundamentalism,' she had said one evening. 'Twenty years ago you and your friends were all socialists and you blamed the environment for everyone's hard luck. Now you've got us trapped in our genes, and there's a reason for everything!' She was perturbed when I read Wilson's passage to her. Everything was being stripped down, she said, and in the process some larger meaning was lost. What a zoologist had to say about a baby's smile could be of no real interest. The truth of that smile was in the eye and heart of the parent, and in the unfolding love which only had meaning through time.

We were having one of our late-night kitchen table sessions. I told her I thought she had spent too much time lately in the company of John Keats. A genius no doubt, but an obscurantist too who had thought science was robbing the world of wonder, when the opposite was the case. If we value a baby's smile, why not contemplate its source? Are we to say that all infants enjoy a secret joke? Or that God reaches down and tickles them? Or, least implausibly, because they learn smiling from their mothers? But then, deaf-blind babies smile too. That smile must be hard-wired, and for good evolutionary reasons. Clarissa said that I had not understood her. There was nothing wrong in analysing the bits, but it was easy to lose sight of the whole. I agreed. The work of synthesis was crucial. Clarissa said I still did not understand her, she was talking about love. I said I was too, and how babies who could not yet speak got more of it for themselves. She said no, I still didn't understand. There we had left it. No hard feelings. We had had this conversation in different forms on many occasions. What we were really talking about this time was the absence of babies from our lives.

Explore the way McEwan presents the conflict between reason and emotion in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax;
- lexis.

Go on to consider the significance of McEwan's choice of the title 'Enduring Love' in the novel as a whole.

Arundhati Roy: The God of Small Things

Or,

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

Now that he'd been re-Returned, Estha walked all over Ayemenem.

Some days he walked along the banks of the river that smelled of shit, and pesticides bought with World Bank loans. Most of the fish had died. The ones that survived suffered from fin-rot and had broken out in boils.

5 Other days he walked down the road. Past the new, freshly baked, iced, Gulf-money houses built by nurses, masons, wire-benders and bank clerks who worked hard and unhappily in faraway places. Past the resentful older houses tinged green with envy, cowering in their private driveways among their private rubber trees. Each a tottering fiefdom with an epic of its own.

He walked past the village school that his great-grandfather built for Untouchable children.

10 Past Sophie Mol's yellow church. Past the Ayemenem Youth Kung Fu Club. Past the Tender Buds Nursery School (for Touchables), past the ration shop that sold rice, sugar, and bananas that hung in yellow bunches from the roof. Cheap soft-porn magazines about fictitious South Indian sex fiends were clipped with clothes pegs to ropes that hung from the ceiling. They spun lazily in the warm breeze, tempting honest ration buyers with glimpses of ripe, naked women lying in
15 pools of fake blood.

Sometimes Estha walked past Lucky Press – old Comrade K. N. M. Pillai's printing press, once the Ayemenem office of the Communist Party, where midnight study meetings were held, and pamphlets with rousing lyrics of Marxist Party songs were printed and distributed. The flag that fluttered on the roof had grown limp and old. The red had bled away.

Discuss the way Roy presents Ayemenem in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax;
- lexis;
- dialogue.

Go on to explore how Roy presents the influence of Western culture elsewhere in the novel.

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Or,

13. Read the extract below which is taken from Chapter 7, shortly after Ammu's death, then answer the question which follows.

The church refused to bury Ammu. On several counts. So Chacko hired a van to transport the body to the electric crematorium. He had her wrapped in a dirty bedsheet and laid out on a stretcher. Rahel thought she looked like a Roman Senator. *Et tu, Ammu!* she thought and smiled, remembering Estha.

- 5 It was odd driving through bright, busy streets with a dead Roman senator on the floor of the van. It made the blue sky bluer. Outside the van windows, people, like cut-out paper puppets, went on with their paper-puppet lives. Real life was inside the van. Where real death was. Over the jarring bumps and potholes in the road, Ammu's body jiggled and slid off the stretcher. Her head hit an iron bolt on the floor. She didn't wince or wake up. There was a hum in Rahel's head, and
10 for the rest of the day Chacko had to shout at her if he wanted to be heard.

- The crematorium had the same rotten, run-down air of a railway station, except that it was deserted. No trains, no crowds. Nobody except beggars, derelicts and the police-custody dead were cremated there. People who died with nobody to lie at the back of them and talk to them. When Ammu's turn came, Chacko held Rahel's hand tightly. She didn't want her hand held. She used the
15 slickness of crematorium sweat to slither out of his grip. No one else from the family was there.

- The steel door of the incinerator went up and the muted hum of the eternal fire became a red roaring. The heat lunged out at them like a famished beast. Then Rachel's Ammu was fed to it. Her hair, her skin, her smile. Her voice. The way she used Kipling to love her children before putting them to bed: *We be of one blood, ye and I*. Her good night kiss. The way she held their
20 faces steady with one hand (squashed-cheeked, fish-mouthed) while she parted and combed their hair with the other. The way she held knickers out for Rahel to climb into. *Left leg, right leg*. All this was fed to the beast, and it was satisfied.

She was their Ammu *and* their Baba and she had loved them Double.

Explore how Roy presents Rahel's thoughts and feelings in the extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax;
- lexis;
- imagery.

Go on to consider the significance of Ammu and her fate in the novel as a whole.