

403/01

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

ELL3: Analysis of Literary and Non-literary Texts

A.M. TUESDAY, 22 May 2007

(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 Shakespeare. Read the texts carefully and then answer the question below.

Discuss the style of each text and explore how different attitudes to Shakespeare 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 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 the introduction to *'My Shakespeare'*, a documentary shown on Channel 4 in December 2004. The speaker is Patterson Joseph, an actor who intends to produce *'Romeo and Juliet'* with a local cast in Harlesden in north-west London.

TEXT B is from the preface to *Will in the World*, a biography of Shakespeare by Stephen Greenblatt, published in 2005.

TEXT C is part of the opening page from www.stratford-upon-avon.co.uk in December 2005.

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

- (.) micropause
word underlining shows a stressed syllable

TEXT A: Television documentary

Harlesden's one of those areas that people consider to be um (.) you know a ghetto and it's run down and there's violence and there's crime and there's all the rest of it (.) one of the least likeliest places to have Shakespeare to have this high art and I just think why not (.) why can't the people of Harlesden do Shakespeare (.) when I was eighteen I felt unimportant and uninteresting and when I came across drama I suddenly found I could express myself and be understood (.) Shakespeare's changed me and what I'm doing here is tryin'to encourage (.) excite (.) maybe challenge the people I grew up with to do kinda the same (.) to get articulate to say what they think to have opinions (.) why not say to the world that says you can't do it you're black and stupid or Asian and stupid or Irish and poor (.) why not say to them (.) look (.) I can do it

Reproduced from 'My Shakespeare', Channel 4, December 2004

TEXT B: Preface to a biography

A young man from a small provincial town- a man without independent wealth, without powerful family connections, and without a university education- moves to London in the late 1580s and, in a remarkably short time, becomes the greatest playwright not of his age alone but of all time. His works appeal to the learned and the unlettered, to urban sophisticates and provincial first-time theatregoers. He makes his audiences laugh and cry; he turns politics into poetry; he recklessly mingles vulgar clowning and philosophical subtlety. He grasps with equal penetration the intimate lives of kings and of beggars; he seems at one moment to have studied law, at another theology, at another ancient history, while at the same time he effortlessly mimes the accents of country bumpkins and takes delight in old wives' tales. How is an achievement of this magnitude to be explained? How did Shakespeare become Shakespeare?

*From Will in the World by Stephen Greenblatt, published by Pimlico.
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TEXT C: Web page

Welcome to Stratford-upon-Avon, the birthplace of William Shakespeare, steeped in culture and history. Set in the beautiful rural Warwickshire countryside, on the banks of the river Avon, it is one of the most important tourist destinations in the U.K. With easy road, rail and airport access, it is the perfect place for a vacation or short break. Facilities for conferences and smaller business venues are excellent. Come wander through these Stratford pages, get a taste of Olde England – and make your plans now. Here

you will find hundreds of pages of information on: accommodation, eating out, drinking and relaxing, romantic breaks, theatres, places to visit – Shakespeare's houses and the beautiful Stratford-upon-Avon with its parks and gardens on the banks of the river Avon.

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SECTION B

Answer **one** question only.

Jane Austen: Emma

Either,

2. The extract below is taken from Chapter 15 (Vol.I, Chapter xv), after the Westons' dinner party. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

... scarcely had they passed the sweep-gate and joined the other carriage, than she found her subject cut up – her hand seized – her attention demanded, and Mr. Elton actually making violent love to her: availing himself of the precious opportunity, declaring sentiments which must be already well known, hoping – fearing – adoring – ready to die if she refused him; but flattering himself that his ardent attachment and unequalled love and unexampled passion could not fail of having some effect, and in short, very much resolved on being seriously accepted as soon as possible. It really was so. Without scruple – without apology – without much apparent diffidence, Mr. Elton, the lover of Harriet, was professing himself *her* 'lover'. She tried to stop him; but vainly; he would go on, and say it all. Angry as she was, the thought of the moment made her resolve to restrain herself when she did speak. She felt that half this folly must be drunkenness, and therefore could hope that it might belong only to the passing hour. Accordingly, with a mixture of the serious and the playful, which she hoped would best suit his half and half state, she replied,

“I am very much astonished, Mr. Elton. This to *me!* you forget yourself – you take me for my friend – any message to Miss Smith I shall be happy to deliver; but no more of this to *me*, if you please.”

“Miss Smith! – Message to Miss Smith! – What could she possibly mean!” – And he repeated her words with such assurance of accent, such boastful pretence of amazement, that she could not help replying with quickness,

“Mr. Elton, this is the most extraordinary conduct! and I can account for it only in one way; you are not yourself, or you could not speak either to me, or of Harriet, in such a manner. Command yourself enough to say no more, and I will endeavour to forget it.”

But Mr. Elton had only drunk wine enough to elevate his spirits, not at all to confuse his intellects. He perfectly knew his own meaning and having warmly protested against her suspicion as most injurious, and slightly touched upon his respect for Miss Smith as her friend, – but acknowledging his wonder that Miss Smith should be mentioned at all, – he resumed the subject of his own passion, and was very urgent for a favourable answer.

Discuss how Austen presents the characters and the situation in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

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

Go on to consider the part played by mistakes and misunderstandings in the novel as a whole.

Jane Austen: Emma

Or,

3. The extract below, taken from Chapter 35 (Vol.II, Chapter xvii), takes place after dinner at Hartfield. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

The whole party were but just reassembled in the drawing-room when Mr. Weston made his appearance among them. He had returned to a late dinner, and walked to Hartfield as soon as it was over. He had been too much expected by the best judges, for surprize – but there was great joy. Mr. Woodhouse was almost as glad to see him now, as he would have been sorry to see him before.

5 John Knightley only was in mute astonishment. – That a man who might have spent his evening quietly at home after a day of business in London, should set off again, and walk half-a-mile to another man’s house, for the sake of being in mixed company till bed-time, of finishing his day in the efforts of civility and the noise of numbers, was a circumstance to strike him deeply. A man

10 who had been in motion since eight o’clock in the morning, and might now have been still, who had been long talking, and might have been silent, who had been in more than one crowd, and might have been alone! – Such a man, to quit the tranquillity and independence of his own fire-side, and on the evening of a cold sleety April day rush out again into the world! – Could he by a touch of his finger have instantly taken back his wife, there would have been a motive; but his coming would probably prolong rather than break up the party. John Knightley looked at him with

15 amazement, then shrugged his shoulders, and said, ‘I could not have believed it even of *him*.’

Mr. Weston meanwhile, perfectly unsuspecting of the indignation he was exciting, happy and cheerful as usual, and with all the right of being principal talker, which a day spent any where from home confers, was making himself agreeable among the rest; and having satisfied the inquiries of his wife as to his dinner, convincing her that none of all her careful directions to the servants had

20 been forgotten, and spread abroad what public news he had heard, was proceeding to a family communication, which, though principally addressed to Mrs. Weston, he had not the smallest doubt of being highly interesting to every body in the room. He gave her a letter, it was from Frank, and to herself; he had met with it in his way, and had taken the liberty of opening it.

Look closely at how Austen presents the attitudes of John Knightley and Mr Weston in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax;
- lexis;
- narrative style.

Go on to discuss Austen’s use of contrasting characters in the novel as a whole.

Emily Brontë: Wuthering Heights

Or,

4. The extract below is taken from Lockwood's first visit to Wuthering Heights in Chapter 1. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

Wuthering Heights is the name of Mr Heathcliff's dwelling, 'Wuthering' being a significant provincial adjective, descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed in stormy weather. Pure, bracing ventilation they must have up there at all times, indeed: one may guess the power of the north wind, blowing over the edge, by the excessive slant of a few, stunted
5 firs at the end of the house; and by a range of gaunt thorns all stretching their limbs one way, as if craving alms of the sun. Happily, the architect had foresight to build it strong: the narrow windows are deeply set in the wall, and the corners defended with large jutting stones.

Before passing the threshold, I paused to admire a quantity of grotesque carving lavished over the front, and especially about the principal door, above which, among a wilderness of crumbling
10 griffins and shameless little boys, I detected the date '1500', and the name 'Hareton Earnshaw'. I would have made a few comments, and requested a short history of the place from the surly owner, but his attitude at the door appeared to demand my speedy entrance, or complete departure, and I had no desire to aggravate his impatience, previous to inspecting the penetralium.

One step brought us into the family sitting-room, without any introductory lobby, or passage:
15 they call it here 'the house' pre-eminently. It includes kitchen and parlor, generally, but I believe at Wuthering Heights the kitchen is forced to retreat altogether into another quarter, at least I distinguished a chatter of tongues, and a clatter of culinary utensils, deep within; and I observed no signs of roasting, boiling, or baking, about the huge fire-place; nor any glitter of copper saucepans and tin cullenders on the walls. One end, indeed, reflected splendidly both light and
20 heat from ranks of immense pewter dishes, interspersed with silver jugs and tankards, towering row after row, on a vast oak dresser, to the very roof. The latter had never been underdrawn; its entire anatomy lay bare to an inquiring eye, except where a frame of wood laden with oatcakes and clusters of legs of beef, mutton, and ham, concealed it. Above the chimney were sundry villainous old guns, and a couple of horse-pistols, and, by way of ornament, three gaudily painted
25 canisters disposed along its ledge. The floor was of smooth, white stone: the chairs, high-backed, primitive structures, painted green: one or two heavy black ones lurking in the shade. In an arch, under the dresser, reposed a huge, liver-coloured bitch pointer surrounded by a swarm of squealing puppies, and other dogs haunted other recesses.

Explore how Brontë creates a sense of place in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

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

Go on to consider the importance of the house 'Wuthering Heights' as a location in the novel as a whole.

Emily Brontë: Wuthering Heights

Or,

5. The extract below, narrated by Nelly Dean, is taken from Chapter 15, (Vol. II, Chapter 1) shortly before the death of Catherine. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

In her eagerness she rose, and supported herself on the arm of the chair. At that earnest appeal he turned to her, looking absolutely desperate. His eyes wide, and wet, at last, flashed fiercely on her; his breast heaved convulsively. An instant they held asunder; and then how they met I hardly saw, but Catherine made a spring, and he caught her, and they were locked in an embrace from
5 which I thought my mistress would never be released alive. In fact, to my eyes, she seemed directly insensible. He flung himself into the nearest seat, and on my approaching hurriedly to ascertain if she had fainted, he gnashed at me, and foamed like a mad dog, and gathered her to him with greedy jealousy. I did not feel as if I were in the company of a creature of my own species; it appeared that he would not understand, though I spoke to him; so I stood off, and held my tongue,
10 in great perplexity.

A movement of Catherine's relieved me a little presently: she put up her hand to clasp his neck, and bring her cheek to his, as he held her; while he, in return, covering her with frantic caresses, said wildly –

'You teach me now how cruel you've been – cruel and false. *Why* did you despise me? *Why* did
15 you betray your own heart, Cathy? I have not one word of comfort – you deserve this. You have killed yourself. Yes, you may kiss me, and cry; and wring out my kisses and tears. They'll blight you – they'll damn you. You loved me – then what *right* had you to leave me? What right – answer me – for the poor fancy you felt for Linton? Because misery, and degradation, and death, and nothing that God or Satan could inflict would have parted us, *you*, of your own will, did it. I have
20 not broken your heart – *you* have broken it – and in breaking it, you have broken mine. So much the worse for me, that I am strong. Do I want to live? What kind of living will it be when you – oh God! would *you* like to live with your soul in the grave?'

'Let me alone. Let me alone,' sobbed Catherine. 'If I've done wrong, I'm dying for it. It is enough! You left me too; but I won't upbraid you! I forgive you. Forgive me!'

25 'It is hard to forgive, and to look at those eyes, and feel those wasted hands,' he answered. 'Kiss me again; and don't let me see your eyes! I forgive what you have done to me. I love *my* murderer – but *yours*! How can I?'

Discuss how Brontë presents Catherine, Heathcliff and their relationship in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

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

Go on to explore how Brontë presents the relationship between Heathcliff and the first Catherine in the novel as a whole.

Kate Chopin: The Awakening and Selected Stories

Or,

6. The extract below is taken from the end of the final chapter of ‘The Awakening’. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

Despondency had come upon her there in the wakeful night, and had never lifted. There was no one thing in the world that she desired. There was no human being whom she wanted near her except Robert; and she even realized that the day would come when he, too, and the thought of him would melt out of her existence, leaving her alone. The children appeared before her like
5 antagonists who had overcome her; who had overpowered and sought to drag her into the soul’s slavery for the rest of her days. But she knew a way to elude them. She was not thinking of these things when she walked down to the beach.

The water of the Gulf stretched out before her, gleaming with the million lights of the sun. The voice of the sea is seductive, never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul
10 to wander in abysses of solitude. All along the white beach, up and down, there was no living thing in sight. A bird with a broken wing was beating the air above, reeling, fluttering, circling disabled down, down to the water.

Edna had found her old bathing suit still hanging, faded, upon its accustomed peg.

She put it on, leaving her clothing in the bath-house. But when she was there beside the sea,
15 absolutely alone, she cast the unpleasant, pricking garments from her, and for the first time in her life she stood naked in the open air, at the mercy of the sun, the breeze that beat upon her, and the waves that invited her.

How strange and awful it seemed to stand naked under the sky! how delicious! She felt like some new-born creature, opening its eyes in a familiar world that it had never known.

20 The foamy wavelets curled up to her white feet, and coiled like serpents about her ankles. She walked out. The water was chill, but she walked on. The water was deep, but she lifted her white body and reached out with a long, sweeping stroke. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace.

Explore how Chopin presents the setting and Edna’s thoughts and feelings in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax;
- lexis and imagery;
- symbolism.

Go on to consider how Chopin uses the natural world elsewhere in the story ‘The Awakening’.

Kate Chopin: The Awakening and Selected Stories

Or,

7. Read the extract below, taken from section V of ‘Athénaïse’ and then answer the question which follows.

When Cazeau awoke, one morning at his usual very early hour, it was to find the place at his side vacant. This did not surprise him until he discovered that Athénaïse was not in the adjoining room, where he had often found her sleeping in the morning on the lounge. She had perhaps gone out for an early stroll, he reflected, for her jacket and hat were not on the rack where she had hung them the night before. But there were other things absent, – a gown or two from the armoire; and there was a great gap in the piles of lingerie on the shelf; and her traveling-bag was missing, and so were her bits of jewelry from the toilet tray – and Athénaïse was gone!

But the absurdity of going during the night, as if she had been a prisoner, and he the keeper of a dungeon! So much secrecy and mystery, to go sojourning out on the Bon Dieu! Well, the Michés might keep their daughter after this. For the companionship of no woman on earth would he again undergo the humiliating sensation of baseness that had overtaken him in passing the old oak-tree in the fallow meadow.

But a terrible sense of loss overwhelmed Cazeau. It was not new or sudden; he had felt it for weeks growing upon him, and it seemed to culminate with Athénaïse’s flight from home. He knew that he could again compel her return as he had done once before, – compel her to return to the shelter of his roof, compel her cold and unwilling submission to his love and passionate transports; but the loss of self-respect seemed to him too dear a price to pay for a wife.

He could not comprehend why she had seemed to prefer him above others; why she had attracted him with eyes, with voice, with a hundred womanly ways, and finally distracted him with love which she seemed, in her timid, maidenly fashion, to return. The great sense of loss came from the realization of having missed a chance for happiness, – a chance that would come his way again only through a miracle. He could not think of himself loving any other woman, and could not think of Athénaïse ever – even at some remote date – caring for him.

Discuss how Chopin presents in this extract Cazeau’s reactions when Athénaïse leaves him.

Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax;
- lexis and imagery.

Go on to consider how Chopin presents male viewpoints in two other stories in the collection.

Charles Dickens: Great Expectations

Or,

8. The extract below is taken from Chapter 14, (Vol. I, chapter xiv) just after Pip has been apprenticed to Joe. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

It is a most miserable thing to feel ashamed of home. There may be black ingratitude in the thing, and the punishment may be retributive and well deserved; but, that it is a miserable thing, I can testify.

- 5 Home had never been a very pleasant place to me, because of my sister's temper. But, Joe had sanctified it, and I had believed in it. I had believed in the best parlour as a most elegant saloon; I had believed in the front door, as a mysterious portal of the Temple of State whose solemn opening was attended with a sacrifice of roast fowls; I had believed in the kitchen as a chaste though not magnificent apartment; I had believed in the forge as the glowing road to manhood and independence. Within a single year, all this was changed. Now, it was all coarse and common, and
10 I would not have had Miss Havisham and Estella see it on any account.

How much of my ungracious condition of mind may have been my own fault, how much Miss Havisham's, how much my sister's, is now of no moment to me or to any one. The change was made in me; the thing was done. Well or ill done, excusably or inexcusably, it was done.

- 15 Once, it had seemed to me that when I should at last roll up my shirt-sleeves and go into the forge, Joe's 'prentice, I should be distinguished and happy. Now the reality was in my hold, I only felt that I was dusty with the dust of small-coal, and that I had a weight upon my daily remembrance to which the anvil was a feather. There have been occasions in my later life (I suppose as in most lives) when I have felt for a time as if a thick curtain had fallen on all its interest and romance, to shut me out from anything save dull endurance any more. Never has that
20 curtain dropped so heavy and blank, as when my way in life lay stretched out straight before me through the newly-entered road of apprenticeship to Joe.

- I remember that at a later period of my "time", I used to stand about the churchyard on Sunday evenings when night was falling, comparing my own perspective with the windy marsh view, and making out some likeness between them by thinking how flat and low both were, and how on both
25 there came an unknown way and a dark mist and then the sea.

Explore how Dickens presents Pip's state of mind in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

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

How does Dickens use Satis House to develop Pip's character in the novel as a whole?

Charles Dickens: Great Expectations

Or,

9. The extract below is an account of Mrs Joe’s funeral in Chapter 35 (Vol. II, chapter xvi). Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

“Which I meantsay, Pip,” Joe whispered me, as we were being what Mr. Trabb called “formed” in the parlour, two and two – and it was dreadfully like a preparation for some grim kind of dance; “which I meantsay, sir, as I would in preference have carried her to the church myself, along with three or four friendly ones wot come to it with willing harts and arms, but it were
5 considered wot the neighbours would look down on such and would be of opinions as it were wanting in respect.”

“Pocket-handkerchiefs out, all!” cried Mr. Trabb at this point, in a depressed business-like voice. “Pocket-handkerchiefs out! We are ready!”

10 So, we all put our pocket-handkerchiefs to our faces, as if our noses were bleeding, and filed out two and two; Joe and I; Biddy and Pumblechook; Mr and Mrs Hubble. The remains of my poor sister had been brought round by the kitchen door, and, it being a point of Undertaking ceremony that the six bearers must be stifled and blinded under a horrible black velvet housing with a white border, the whole looked like a blind monster with twelve human legs, shuffling and blundering
15 along, under the guidance of two keepers – the postboy and his comrade.

The neighbourhood, however, highly approved of these arrangements, and we were much admired as we went through the village; the more youthful and vigorous part of the community making dashes now and then to cut us off, and lying in wait to intercept us at points of vantage. At such times the more exuberant among them called out in an excited manner on our emergence round some corner of expectancy, “*Here they come!*” “*Here they are!*” and we were all but
20 cheered. In this progress I was much annoyed by the abject Pumblechook, who, being behind me, persisted all the way as a delicate attention in arranging my streaming hatband, and smoothing my cloak. My thoughts were further distracted by the excessive pride of Mr and Mrs Hubble, who were surpassingly conceited and vain – glorious in being members of so distinguished a procession.

25 And now, the range of marshes lay clear before us, with the sails of the ships on the river growing out of it; and we went into the churchyard, close to the graves of my unknown parents, Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above. And there, my sister was laid quietly in the earth while the larks sang high above it, and the light wind strewed it with beautiful shadows of clouds and trees.

Discuss how Dickens presents different impressions of the occasion in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

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

Go on to consider how Dickens presents the deaths of two other characters in the novel.

Ian McEwan: Enduring Love

Or,

10. Read the extract below, taken from Chapter 17, and then answer the question which follows.

We were like armies facing each other across a maze of trenches. We were immobilised. The only movement was that of silent accusations rippling over our heads like standards. To her I was manic, perversely obsessed, and worst of all, the thieving invader of her private space. As far as I was concerned she was disloyal, unsupportive in this time of crisis, and irrationally suspicious.

5 There were no rows, or even skirmishes, as though we sensed that a confrontation might blow us apart. We remained on tight speaking terms, we small-talked about work and exchanged messages about shopping, cooking and household repairs. Clarissa left the house every weekday to give seminars and lectures and do battle with the management. I wrote a long and dull review of five books on consciousness. When I started out in science-writing the word was more or less
10 proscribed in scientific discourse. It wasn't a subject. Now it was up there with black holes and Darwin, almost bigger than dinosaurs.

We continued our daily round because little else seemed clear. We knew we had lost heart, we had lost our heart. We were loveless, or we had lost the trick of love, and we didn't know how to begin talking about it. We slept in the same bed, but we didn't embrace. We used the same
15 bathroom, but we never saw each other naked. We were scrupulously casual because we knew that anything less, cold politeness for example, would have exposed the charade and led us into the conflict we longed to avoid. What had once seemed natural, like love-making or long talks or silent companionship, now appeared as robustly contrived as Harrison's Fourth Sea Clock, impossible as well as anachronistic to recreate. When I looked at her, brushing her hair, or bending
20 to retrieve a book from the floor, I remembered her beauty like some schoolbook fact got by heart. True, but not immediately relevant. And I could reconstruct myself in her own gaze as oafishly large and coarse, a biologically motivated bludgeon, a giant polyp of uninspired logic with which she was mistakenly associated.

Explore how McEwan presents Joe's view of his relationship with Clarissa in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax;
- lexis and imagery.

Go on to discuss McEwan's presentation of the relationship between Joe and Clarissa in the novel as a whole.

Ian McEwan: Enduring Love

Or,

11. Read the extract below, taken from Chapter 19, and then answer the question which follows.

The two men who had stopped by the table next to ours seemed to have suffered burns to the face. Their skin was a lifeless prosthetic pink, the colour of dolls, or of medical plasters, the colour of no one's skin. They shared a robotic nullity of expression. Later we learned about the latex masks, but at the time these men were a shocking sight, even before they acted. The arrival of the
 5 waiter with our desserts in stainless steel bowls was temporarily soothing. Both men wore black coats that gave them a priestly look. There was ceremony in their stillness. The flavour of my sorbet was lime, just to the green side of white. I already had a spoon in my hand but I hadn't used it. Our table was staring shamelessly.

The intruders simply stood and looked down at our neighbours who in turn looked back,
 10 puzzled, waiting. The young girl looked from her father and back to the men. The older man put down his empty fork and seemed about to speak, but he said nothing. A variety of possibilities unspooled before me at speed: a student stunt; vendors; the man, Colin Tapp, was a doctor or lawyer and these were his patients or clients; some new version of the kissogram; crazy members of the family come to embarrass. Around us the lunchtime uproar, which had dipped locally, was
 15 back to level. When the taller man drew from his coat a black stick, a wand, I inclined to the kissogram. But who was his companion who now slowly turned to survey the room? He missed our table, it was so close. His eyes, pig-like in the artificial skin, never met mine. The tall man, ready to cast his spell, pointed his wand at Colin Tapp.

And Tapp himself was suddenly ahead of us all by a second. His face showed us what we didn't
 20 understand about the spell. His puzzlement, congealed in terror, could not find a word to tell us because there was no time. The silenced bullet struck through his white shirt at his shoulder and lifted him from his chair and smacked him against the wall. The high-velocity impact forced a fine spray, a blood mist, across our table-cloth, our desserts, our hands, our sight. My first impulse was simple and self-protective: I did not believe what I was seeing. Clichés are rooted in truth: I did
 25 not believe my eyes.

Consider how McEwan presents the events leading up to the shooting of Colin Tapp in this extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax;
- lexis and imagery;
- structure and pace.

Go on to consider how McEwan creates excitement and suspense in other episodes in the novel.

Arundhati Roy: The God of Small Things

Or,

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

They never did look much like each other, Estha and Rahel, and even when they were thin-armed children, flat-chested, worm-ridden and Elvis Presley-puffed, there was none of the usual ‘Who is who?’ and ‘Which is which?’ from oversmiling relatives or the Syrian Orthodox Bishops who frequently visited the Ayemenem house for donations.

5 The confusion lay in a deeper, more secret place.

In those early amorphous years when memory had only just begun, when life was full of Beginnings and no Ends, and Everything was For Ever, Estha and Rahel thought of themselves together as Me, and separately, individually, as We or Us. As though they were a rare breed of Siamese twins, physically separate, but with joint identities.

10 Now, these years later, Rahel has a memory of waking up one night giggling at Estha’s funny dream.

She has other memories too that she has no right to have.

15 She remembers, for instance (though she hadn’t been there), what the Orangedrink Lemondrink Man did to Estha in Abhilash Talkies. She remembers the taste of the tomato sandwiches – *Estha’s* sandwiches, that *Estha* ate – on the Madras Mail to Madras.

And these are only the small things.

Anyway, now she thinks of Estha and Rahel as *Them*, because separately, the two of them are no longer what *They* were or ever thought *They’d* be.

Ever.

20 Their lives have a size and a shape now. Estha has his and Rahel hers.

Edges, Borders, Boundaries, Brinks and Limits have appeared like a team of trolls on their separate horizons. Short creatures with long shadows, patrolling the Blurry End. Gentle half-moons have gathered under their eyes and they are as old as Ammu was when she died. Thirty-one.

25 Not old.

Not young.

But a viable die-able age.

Consider how Roy presents the relationship between Rahel and Estha in the extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

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

Go on to discuss the presentation of the twins’ relationship in the novel as a whole.

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Or,

13. Read the extract below, taken from Chapter 8, and then answer the question which follows.

The man standing in the shade of the rubber trees with coins of sunshine dancing on his body, holding her daughter in his arms, glanced up and caught Ammu's gaze. Centuries telescoped into one evanescent moment. History was wrong-footed, caught off guard. Sloughed off like an old snakeskin. Its marks, its scars, its wounds from old wars and the walking backwards days all fell
5 away. In its absence it left an aura, a palpable shimmering that was as plain to see as the water in a river or the sun in the sky. As plain to feel as the heat on a hot day, or the tug of a fish on a taut line. So obvious that no one noticed.

In that brief moment, Velutha looked up and saw things that he hadn't seen before. Things that had been out of bounds so far, obscured by history's blinkers.

10 Simple things.

For instance, he saw that Rahel's mother was a woman.

That she had deep dimples when she smiled and that they stayed on long after her smile left her eyes. He saw that her brown arms were round and firm and perfect. That her shoulders shone, but her eyes were somewhere else. He saw that when he gave her gifts they no longer needed to be
15 offered flat on the palms of his hands so that she wouldn't have to touch him. His boats and boxes. His little windmills. He saw too that he was not necessarily the only giver of gifts. That *she* had gifts to give him too.

This knowing slid into him cleanly, like the sharp edge of a knife. Cold and hot at once. It only took a moment.

20 Ammu saw that he saw. She looked away. He did too. History's fiends returned to claim them. To rewrap them in its old, scarred pelt and drag them back to where they really lived. Where the Love Laws lay down who should be loved. And how. And how much.

Ammu walked up to the verandah, back into the Play.
Shaking.

Discuss how Roy presents the characters' feelings and the situation in the extract.

Relevant features to examine include:

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

Go on to consider the importance of Velutha to the novel as a whole.