

General Certificate of Education  
June 2004  
Advanced Subsidiary Examination



**ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE** **NA3P**  
**(SPECIFICATION A)**  
**Unit 3 The Study of the Language of Prose and Speech**

Monday 7 June 2004 9.00 am to 10.30 am

**In addition to this paper you will require:**  
a 12-page answer book.

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

**Instructions**

- Use blue or black ink or ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The *Examining Body* for this paper is AQA. The *Paper Reference* is NA3P.
- Answer **one** question from Section A and Question 4 in Section B.

**Information**

- The books prescribed for this paper **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 200.
- All questions (Sections A and B) carry 100 marks.
- You will be assessed on your ability to use an appropriate form and style of writing, to organise relevant information clearly and coherently, and to use specialist vocabulary, where appropriate. The degree of legibility of your handwriting and the level of accuracy of your spelling, punctuation and grammar will also be taken into account.

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**SECTION A – The Study of the Language of Prose  
(Pre-1900 texts)**

Answer **one** question from this section.

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**EITHER**

*Hard Times* – Charles Dickens

**1** Read the extract printed below.

Explore the presentation of Bounderby here and elsewhere in the novel.

In your answer you should consider:

- choices of form, style and vocabulary
- the ways in which attitudes and values are conveyed to the reader.

*Mr Bounderby*

NOT being Mrs Grundy, who *was* Mr Bounderby?

Why, Mr Bounderby was as near being Mr Gradgrind's bosom friend, as a man perfectly devoid of sentiment can approach that spiritual relationship towards another man perfectly devoid of sentiment. So near was Mr Bounderby—or, if the reader should prefer it, so far off.

He was a rich man: banker, merchant, manufacturer, and what not. A big, loud man, with a stare and a metallic laugh. A man made out of a coarse material, which seemed to have been stretched to make so much of him. A man with a great puffed head and forehead, swelled veins in his temples, and such a strained skin to his face that it seemed to hold his eyes open and lift his eyebrows up. A man with a pervading appearance on him of being inflated like a balloon, and ready to start. A man who could never sufficiently vaunt himself a self-made man. A man who was always proclaiming, through that brassy speaking-trumpet of a voice of his, his old ignorance and his old poverty. A man who was the Bully of humility.

A year or two younger than his eminently practical friend, Mr Bounderby looked older; his seven or eight and forty might have had the seven or eight added to it again, without surprising anybody. He had not much hair. One might have fancied he had talked it off; and that what was left, all standing up in disorder, was in that condition from being constantly blown about by his windy boastfulness.

In the formal drawing-room of Stone Lodge, standing on the hearth-rug, warming himself before the fire, Mr Bounderby delivered some observations to Mrs Gradgrind on the circumstance of its being his birthday. He stood before the fire, partly because it was a cool spring afternoon, though the sun shone; partly because the shade of Stone Lodge was always haunted by the ghost of damp mortar; partly because he thus took up a commanding position, from which to subdue Mrs Gradgrind.

'I hadn't a shoe to my foot. As to a stocking, I didn't know such a thing by name. I passed the day in a ditch, and the night in a pigsty. That's the way I spent my tenth birthday. Not that a ditch was new to me, for I was born in a ditch.'

Mrs Gradgrind, a little, thin, white, pink-eyed bundle of shawls, of surpassing feebleness, mental and bodily; who was always taking physic without any effect, and who, whenever she showed a symptom of coming to life, was invariably stunned by some weighty piece of fact tumbling on her; Mrs Gradgrind hoped it was a dry ditch?

'No! As wet as a sop. A foot of water in it,' said Mr Bounderby.

‘Enough to give a baby cold,’ Mrs Gradgrind considered.

‘Cold? I was born with inflammation of the lungs, and of everything else, I believe, that was capable of inflammation,’ returned Mr Bounderby. ‘For years, ma’am, I was one of the most miserable little wretches ever seen. I was so sickly, that I was always moaning and groaning. I was so ragged and dirty, that you wouldn’t have touched me with a pair of tongs.’

Mrs Gradgrind faintly looked at the tongs, as the most appropriate thing her imbecility could think of doing.

‘How I fought through it, I don’t know,’ said Bounderby. ‘I was determined, I suppose. I have been a determined character in later life, and I suppose I was then. Here I am, Mrs Gradgrind, anyhow, and nobody to thank for my being here but myself.’

Mrs Gradgrind meekly and weakly hoped that his mother—‘*My mother?* Bolted, ma’am!’ said Bounderby.

Mrs Gradgrind, stunned as usual, collapsed and gave it up.

‘My mother left me to my grandmother,’ said Bounderby; ‘and, according to the best of my remembrance, my grandmother was the wickedest and the worst old woman that ever lived. If I got a little pair of shoes by any chance, she would take ’em off and sell ’em for drink. Why, I have known that grandmother of mine lie in her bed and drink her fourteen glasses of liquor before breakfast!’

Mrs Gradgrind, weakly smiling, and giving no other sign of vitality, looked (as she always did) like an indifferently executed transparency of a small female figure, without enough light behind it.

‘She kept a chandler’s shop,’ pursued Bounderby, ‘and kept me in an egg-box. That was the cot of my infancy; an old egg-box. As soon as I was big enough to run away, of course I ran away. Then I became a young vagabond; and instead of one old woman knocking me about and starving me, everybody of all ages knocked me about and starved me. They were right; they had no business to do anything else. I was a nuisance, an incumbrance, and a pest. I know that, very well.’

His pride in having at any time of his life achieved such a great social distinction as to be a nuisance, an incumbrance, and a pest, was only to be satisfied by three sonorous repetitions of the boast.

**TURN OVER FOR THE NEXT QUESTION**

**Turn over ►**

OR

*Tess of the D'Urbervilles* – Thomas Hardy

## 2 Read the extract printed below.

Examine the presentation of the relationship between Tess and Alec D'Urberville here and elsewhere in the novel.

In your answer you should consider:

- choices of form, style and vocabulary
- the ways in which attitudes and values are conveyed to the reader.

Having mounted beside her, Alec D'Urberville drove rapidly along the crest of the first hill, chatting compliments to Tess as they went, the cart with her box being left far behind. Rising still, an immense landscape stretched around them on every side; behind, the green valley of her birth, before, a gray country of which she knew nothing except from her first brief visit to Trantridge. Thus they reached the verge of an incline down which the road stretched in a long straight descent of nearly a mile.

Ever since the accident with her father's horse Tess Durbeyfield, courageous as she naturally was, had been exceedingly timid on wheels; the least irregularity of motion startled her. She began to get uneasy at a certain recklessness in her conductor's driving.

'You will go down slowly, sir, I suppose?' she said with attempted unconcern.

D'Urberville looked round upon her, nipped his cigar with the tips of his large white centre-teeth, and allowed his lips to smile slowly of themselves.

'Why, Tess,' he answered, after another whiff or two, 'it isn't a brave bouncing girl like you who asks that? Why, I always go down at full gallop. There's nothing like it for raising your spirits.'

'But perhaps you need not now?'

'Ah,' he said, shaking his head, 'there are two to be reckoned with. It is not me alone. Tib has to be considered, and she has a very queer temper.'

'Who?'

'Why, this mare. I fancy she looked round at me in a very grim way just then. Didn't you notice it?'

'Don't try to frighten me, sir,' said Tess stiffly.

'Well, I don't. If any living man can manage this horse I can: – I won't say any living man can do it – but if such has the power, I am he.'

'Why do you have such a horse?'

'Ah, well may you ask it! It was my fate, I suppose. Tib has killed one chap; and just after I bought her she nearly killed me. And then, take my word for it, I nearly killed her. But she's queer still, very queer; and one's life is hardly safe behind her sometimes.'

They were just beginning to descend; and it was evident that the horse, whether of her own will or of his (the latter being the more likely) knew so well the reckless performance expected of her that she hardly required a hint from behind.

Down, down, they sped, the wheels humming like a top, the dog-cart rocking right and left, its axis acquiring a slightly oblique set in relation to the line of progress; the figure of the horse rising and falling in undulations before them. Sometimes a wheel was off the ground, it seemed, for many yards; sometimes a stone was sent spinning over the hedge, and flinty sparks from the horse's hoofs outshone the daylight. The fore part of the straight road enlarged with their advance, the two banks dividing like a splitting stick; and one rushed past at each shoulder.

The wind blew through Tess's white muslin to her very skin, and her washed hair flew out behind. She was determined to show no open fear, but she clutched D'Urberville's rein-arm.

'Don't touch my arm! We shall be thrown out if you do! Hold on round my waist!'

She grasped his waist, and so they reached the bottom.

'Safe, thank God, in spite of your folly!' said she, her face on fire.

'Tess – fie! that's temper!' said D'Urberville.

' 'Tis truth.'

'Well, you need not let go your hold of me so thanklessly the moment you feel yourself out of danger.'

She had not considered what she had been doing; whether he were man or woman, stick or stone, in her involuntary hold on him. Recovering her reserve she sat without replying, and thus they reached the summit of another declivity.

'Now then, again!' said D'Urberville.

'No, no!' said Tess. 'Show more sense, do, please.'

'But when people find themselves on one of the highest points in the county, they must get down again,' he retorted.

He loosened rein, and away they went a second time. D'Urberville turned his face to her as they rocked, and said, in playful raillery: 'Now then, put your arms round my waist again, as you did before, my beauty.'

'Never!' said Tess independently, holding on as well as she could without touching him.

'Let me put one little kiss on those holmberry lips, Tess; or even on that warmed cheek, and I'll stop – on my honour, I will!'

Tess, surprised beyond measure, slid farther back still on her seat, at which he urged the horse anew, and rocked her the more.

'Will nothing else do?' she cried at length, in desperation, her large eyes staring at him like those of a wild animal. This dressing her up so prettily by her mother had apparently been to lamentable purpose.

'Nothing, dear Tess,' he replied.

'Oh, I don't know – very well; I don't mind!' she panted miserably.

He drew rein, and as they slowed he was on the point of imprinting the desired salute, when, as if hardly yet aware of her own modesty, she dodged aside. His arms being occupied with the reins there was left him no power to prevent her manoeuvre.

**TURN OVER FOR THE NEXT QUESTION**

**Turn over ►**

OR

*Wuthering Heights* – Emily Brontë

## 3 Read the extract printed below.

Explore the presentation of the relationship between Nelly and Cathy here and elsewhere in the novel.

In your answer you should consider:

- choices of form, style and vocabulary
- the ways in which attitudes and values are conveyed to the reader.

The twelve years, continued Mrs Dean, following that dismal period, were the happiest of my life: my greatest troubles, in their passage, rose from our little lady's trifling illnesses, which she had to experience in common with all children, rich and poor.

For the rest, after the first six months, she grew like a larch; and could walk and talk too, in her own way, before the heath blossomed a second time over Mrs Linton's dust.

She was the most winning thing that ever brought sunshine into a desolate house – a real beauty in face – with the Earnshaws' handsome dark eyes, but the Lintons' fair skin, and small features, and yellow curling hair. Her spirit was high, though not rough, and qualified by a heart, sensitive and lively to excess in its affections. That capacity for intense attachments reminded me of her mother; still she did not resemble her; for she could be soft and mild as a dove, and she had a gentle voice, and pensive expression: her anger was never furious; her love never fierce; it was deep and tender.

However, it must be acknowledged, she had faults to foil her gifts. A propensity to be saucy was one; and a perverse will that indulged children invariably acquire, whether they be good tempered or cross. If a servant chanced to vex her, it was always: 'I shall tell papa!' And if he reproved her, even by a look, you would have thought it a heart-breaking business: I don't believe he ever did speak a harsh word to her.

He took her education entirely on himself, and made it an amusement: fortunately, curiosity, and a quick intellect urged her into an apt scholar; she learnt rapidly and eagerly, and did honour to his teaching.

Till she reached the age of thirteen, she had not once been beyond the range of the park by herself. Mr Linton would take her with him, a mile or so outside, on rare occasions; but he trusted her to no one else. Gimmerton was an unsubstantial name in her ears; the chapel, the only building she had approached, or entered, except her own home; *Wuthering Heights* and Mr Heathcliff did not exist for her; she was a perfect recluse; and, apparently, perfectly contented. Sometimes, indeed, while surveying the country from her nursery window, she would observe –

'Ellen, how long will it be before I can walk to the top of those hills? I wonder what lies on the other side – is it the sea?'

'No, Miss Cathy,' I would answer, 'it is hills again just like these.'

'And what are those golden rocks like, when you stand under them?' she once asked.

The abrupt descent of Penistone Craggs particularly attracted her notice, especially when the setting sun shone on it, and the topmost Heights; and the whole extent of landscape besides lay in shadow.

I explained that they were bare masses of stone, with hardly enough earth in their clefts to nourish a stunted tree.

'And why are they bright so long after it is evening here?' she pursued.

‘Because they are a great deal higher up than we are,’ replied I; ‘you could not climb them, they are too high and steep. In winter the frost is always there before it comes to us; and, deep into summer, I have found snow under that black hollow on the northeast side!’

‘Oh, you have been on them!’ she cried, gleefully. ‘Then I can go, too, when I am a woman. Has papa been, Ellen?’

‘Papa would tell you, Miss,’ I answered, hastily, ‘that they are not worth the trouble of visiting. The moors, where you ramble with him, are much nicer; and Thrushcross park is the finest place in the world.’

‘But I know the park, and I don’t know those,’ she murmured to herself. ‘And I should delight to look round me, from the brow of that tallest point – my little pony, Minny, shall take me some time.’

One of the maids mentioning the Fairy cave, quite turned her head with a desire to fulfil this project; she teased Mr Linton about it; and he promised she should have the journey when she got older: but Miss Catherine measured her age by months, and –

‘Now, am I old enough to go to Penistone Craggs?’ was the constant question in her mouth.

The road thither wound close by Wuthering Heights. Edgar had not the heart to pass it; so she received as constantly the answer,

‘Not yet, love, not yet.’

**TURN OVER FOR SECTION B**

**Turn over ►**

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**SECTION B – The Study of the Language of Speech**

 Answer Question 4.
 

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- 4 Read the transcript printed below. The following interaction took place on a weekly local radio show, called *Gobstopper*, where the two presenters discuss a variety of topics. Here the two presenters, Bob Fischer (BF) and Mark Drury (MD) discuss the recent performance of Middlesbrough Football Club and some of its players. You are not expected or required to have any prior knowledge of this topic.

How do the two presenters convey their feelings and opinions in this exchange?

In your answer you should comment on:

- the choice of vocabulary and the use of grammatical and stylistic features
- the attitudes and values conveyed by the speakers.

**Key**

(.)	micropause
(1.0)	pause in seconds
<u>underlining</u>	particular emphasis of a word
::	elongation of sound
< >	simultaneous speech
[	overlap
<i>italics</i>	non-verbal sounds

The spelling of some words reflects the pronunciation.

MD: but now I have a worry (.) another worry

BF: you're always full of worries you

MD: yes I know but I have [another worry

BF: [ go on

MD: we've signed Zenden<sup>1</sup> which (.) hurrah (.) good thing (.) good left sided player (.) great

BF: yep

MD: now (1.0) um (.) I've been readin' the paper durin' the course o' the week an' suddenly there's all this talk of well (.) what do we do with Juninho<sup>2</sup> (.) oh do we play him er as a as a striker or off a front man (.) I think (*in a groaning voice*) no::: (1.0) don't let's go there again

BF: it's exactly what yer gonna see

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<sup>1</sup> A footballer signed from Chelsea during the preceding week

<sup>2</sup> Middlesbrough's Brazilian midfield player



- MD: don't let's go there again
- BF: I think er I um uh (.) I would be surprised (0.5) n if not amazed if er Boro's<sup>3</sup> formation against Bolton next weekend is not (.) erm Mendieta<sup>4</sup> on the right (.) Zenden on the left (.) Greening<sup>4</sup> and Boateng<sup>4</sup> in the middle (.) Michael Ricketts<sup>4</sup> up front with Juninho just behind
- MD: and there
- BF: for one one
- MD: and there (0.5) is the problem (0.5)
- BF: go on
- MD: when is Jonathan Greening gonna be dropped (.) because
- BF: I don't think he should be  
dropped (.) I thought he was tremendous against Leeds
- MD: he was awful (.) he was awful
- BF: rubbish (.) absolute rubbish
- MD: awful awful awful
- BF: I think he's the only player that Middlesbrough have got that is prepared to take the ball to his feet an' go forward with it <MD: (*in a high pitched voice*) he doesn't> an' very rarely gives it away it
- MD: I was sat down by (.) in the south stand (.) with er the left wing (.) right er well in line with the left touchline (1.0) he will not come down the left side (.) he will not use his left foot (.) an' he was awful
- BF: I think you
- MD: an' fer the first goal he was stood wavin' pointin' at the man he should have been markin' (.) the man comes across slips the ball through (.) one nil
- BF: I think he's one of the few midfielders Boro have got that doesn't give the ball away
- MD: ooaah (.) cos he never tries to do anything with it
- BF: yes he does

**TURN OVER**  
**TRANSCRIPT CONTINUED ON PAGE 10**

<sup>3</sup> Nickname of Middlesbrough Football Club

<sup>4</sup> Other Middlesbrough players

**Turn over ►**

- MD: no he [doesn't  
BF: [brings it forward (.) knocks it about
- MD: no he doesn't
- BF: he's superb at relieving pressure on his own defence
- MD: (*grunts*) awful (1.0) awful awful awful
- BF: yer a nice lad Drury but you know nothing about football bless you (*laughs*)
- MD: sez you (*laughs incredulously*)(*BF continues to laugh*) sez you (.) right we're gonna have this out (.) wew (.) I'm sorry I cannot work with this anymore (*continued laughter from BF*) 's disgrace (*laughs*)

**END OF QUESTIONS**

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