

General Certificate of Education  
January 2008  
Advanced Subsidiary Examination



**ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE  
(SPECIFICATION A)**

**NA3P**

**Unit 3 The Study of the Language of Prose and Speech  
(Pre-1900 Texts)**

Wednesday 16 January 2008 9.00 am to 10.30 am

**For this paper you must have:**

- 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 5 in Section B.
- Do all rough work in the answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.

**Information**

- The texts prescribed for this paper **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 200.
- There are 100 marks for each question (Sections A and B).
- You will be marked on your ability to use good English, to organise information clearly and to use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

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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**

*Great Expectations* – Charles Dickens

1 Read the extract printed below.

Explore the presentation of home and family life here **and** elsewhere in the novel.

In your answer you should consider:

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

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.

Home had never been a very pleasant place to me, because of my sister's temper. But, Joe had sanctified it, and I 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 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.

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 the 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 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 there came an unknown way and a dark mist and then the sea. I was quite as dejected on the first working-day of my apprenticeship as in that after-time; but I am glad to know that I never breathed a murmur to Joe while my indentures lasted. It is about the only thing I *am* glad to know of myself in that connexion.

For, though it includes what I proceed to add, all the merit of what I proceed to add was Joe's. It was not because I was faithful, but because Joe was faithful, that I never ran away and went for a soldier or a sailor. It was not because I had a strong sense of the virtue of industry, but because Joe had a strong sense of the virtue of industry, that I worked with tolerable zeal against the grain. It is not possible to know how far the influence of any amiable honest-hearted duty-going man flies out into the world; but it is very possible to know how it has touched one's self in going by, and I know right well that any good that intermixed itself with my apprenticeship came of plain contented Joe, and not of restless aspiring discontented me.

What I wanted, who can say? How can *I* say, when I never knew? What I dreaded was, that in some unlucky hour I, being at my grimmest and commonest, should lift up my eyes and see Estella looking in at one of the wooden windows of the forge. I was haunted by the fear that she would, sooner or later, find me out, with a black face and hands, doing the coarsest part of my work, and would exult over me and despise me. Often after dark, when I was pulling the bellows for Joe, and we were singing Old Clem, and when the thought how we used to sing it at Miss Havisham's would seem to show me Estella's face in the fire, with her pretty hair fluttering in the wind and her eyes scorning me, – often at such a time I would look towards those panels of black night in the wall which the wooden windows then were, and would fancy that I saw her just drawing her face away, and would believe that she had come at last.

After that, when we went in to supper, the place and the meal would have a more homely look than ever, and I would feel more ashamed of home than ever, in my own ungracious breast.

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

OR

*What Maisie Knew* – Henry James

2 Read the extract printed below.

How does James explore conflicting feelings here **and** elsewhere in the novel?

In your answer you should consider:

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

Sir Claude was stationed at the window; he didn't so much as turn round, and it was left to the youngest of the three to take up the remark. 'Do you mean you went to see her yesterday?'

'She came to see *me*. She knocked at my shabby door. She mounted my squalid stair. She told me she had seen you at Folkestone.'

Maisie wondered. 'She went back that evening?'

'No; yesterday morning. She drove to me straight from the station. It was most remarkable. If I had a job to get off she did nothing to make it worse – she did a great deal to make it better.' Mrs Wix hung fire, though the flame in her face burned brighter; then she became capable of saying: 'Her ladyship's kind! She did what I didn't expect.'

Maisie, on this, looked straight at her stepfather's back; it might well have been for her at that hour a monument of her ladyship's kindness. It remained, as such, monumentally still, and for a time that permitted the child to ask of their companion: 'Did she really help you?'

'Most practically.' Again Mrs Wix paused; again she quite resounded. 'She gave me a ten-pound note.'

At that, still looking out, Sir Claude, at the window, laughed loud. 'So you see, Maisie, we've not quite lost it!'

'Oh no,' Maisie responded. 'Isn't that too charming?' She smiled at Mrs Wix. 'We know all about it.' Then on her friend's showing such blankness as was compatible with such a flush she pursued: 'She does want me to have you?'

Mrs Wix showed a final hesitation, which, however, while Sir Claude drummed on the window-pane, she presently surmounted. It came to Maisie that in spite of his drumming and of his not turning round he was really so much interested as to leave himself in a manner in her hands; which somehow suddenly seemed to her a greater proof than he could have given by interfering. 'She wants me to have *you!*' Mrs Wix declared.

Maisie answered this bang at Sir Claude. 'Then that's nice for all of us.'

Of course it was, his continued silence sufficiently admitted while Mrs Wix rose from her chair and, as if to take more of a stand placed herself, not without majesty, before the fire. The incongruity of her smartness, the circumference of her stiff frock, presented her as really more ready for Paris than any of them. She also gazed hard at Sir Claude's back. 'Your wife was different from anything she had ever shown me. She recognises certain proprieties.'

'Which? Do you happen to remember?' Sir Claude asked.

Mrs Wix's reply was prompt. 'The importance for Maisie of a gentlewoman, of someone who's not – well, so bad! She objects to a mere maid, and I don't in the least mind telling you what she wants me to do.' One thing was clear – Mrs Wix was now bold enough for anything. 'She wants me to persuade you to get rid of the person from Mrs Beale's.'

Maisie waited for Sir Claude to pronounce on this; then she could only understand that he on his side waited, and she felt particularly full of common sense as she met her responsibility. 'Oh, I don't want Susan with *you!*' she said to Mrs Wix.

Sir Claude, always from the window, approved. 'That's quite simple. I'll take her back.'

Mrs Wix gave a positive jump: Maisie caught her look of alarm. '“Take” her? You don't mean to go over on purpose?'

Sir Claude said nothing for a moment; after which, ‘Why shouldn’t I leave you here?’ he enquired. Maisie, at this, sprang up. ‘Oh do, oh do, oh do!’ The next moment she was interlaced with Mrs Wix, and the two, on the hearthrug, their eyes in each other’s eyes, considered the plan with intensity. Then Maisie felt the difference of what they saw in it.

‘She can surely go back alone: why should you put yourself out?’ Mrs Wix demanded.

‘Oh she’s an idiot – she’s incapable. If anything should happen to her it would be awkward: it was I who brought her – without her asking. If I turn her away, I ought with my own hand to place her again exactly where I found her.’

Mrs Wix’s face appealed to Maisie on such folly, and her manner, as directed to their companion, had, to her pupil’s surprise, an unprecedented firmness. ‘Dear Sir Claude, I think you’re perverse. Pay her fare and give her a sovereign. She has had an experience that she never dreamed of and that will be an advantage to her through life. If she goes wrong on the way it will be simply because she wants to, and, with her expenses and her remuneration – make it even what you like! – you’ll have treated her as handsomely as you always treat everyone.’

This was a new tone – as new as Mrs Wix’s cap; and it could strike a young person with a sharpened sense for latent meanings as the upshot of a relation that had taken on a new character. It brought out for Maisie how much more even than she had guessed her friends were fighting side by side. At the same time it needed so definite a justification that as Sir Claude now at last did face them she at first supposed him merely resentful of excessive familiarity. She was therefore yet more puzzled to see him show his serene beauty untroubled, as well as an equal interest in a matter quite distinct from any freedom but her ladyship’s. ‘Did my wife come alone?’ He could ask even that good-humouredly.

‘When she called on me?’ Mrs Wix *was* red now: his good humour wouldn’t keep down her colour, which for a minute glowed there like her ugly honesty. ‘No – there was someone in the cab.’ The only attenuation she could think of was after a minute to add: ‘But they didn’t come up.’

Sir Claude broke into a laugh – Maisie herself could guess what it was at: while he now walked about, still laughing, and at the fireplace gave a gay kick to a displaced log, she felt more vague about almost everything than about the drollery of such a ‘they’. She in fact could scarce have told you if it was to deepen or to cover the joke that she bethought herself to observe: ‘Perhaps it was her maid.’

Mrs Wix gave her a look that at any rate deprecated the wrong tone. ‘It was not her maid.’

‘Do you mean there are this time two?’ Sir Claude asked as if he hadn’t heard.

‘Two maids?’ Maisie went on as if she might assume he had.

The reproach of the straighteners darkened; but Sir Claude cut across it with a sudden: ‘See here; what do you mean? And what do you suppose *she* meant?’

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

OR

*Wuthering Heights* – Emily Brontë

3 Read the extract printed below.

How are attitudes to marriage presented here **and** elsewhere in the novel?

In your answer you should consider:

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

‘Nelly, will you keep a secret for me?’ she pursued, kneeling down by me, and lifting her winsome eyes to my face with that sort of look which turns off bad temper, even when one has all the right in the world to indulge it.

‘Is it worth keeping?’ I inquired less sulkily.

‘Yes, and it worries me, and I must let it out! I want to know what I should do – To-day, Edgar Linton has asked me to marry him, and I’ve given him an answer – Now, before I tell you whether it was a consent, or denial – you tell me which it ought to have been.’

‘Really, Miss Catherine, how can I know?’ I replied. ‘To be sure, considering the exhibition you performed in his presence this afternoon, I might say it would be wise to refuse him – since he asked you after that, he must either be hopelessly stupid, or a venturesome fool.’

‘If you talk so, I won’t tell you any more,’ she returned, peevishly, rising to her feet. ‘I accepted him, Nelly; be quick, and say whether I was wrong!’

‘You accepted him? then, what good is it discussing the matter? You have pledged your word, and cannot retract.’

‘But, say whether I should have done so – do!’ she exclaimed in an irritated tone; chafing her hands together, and frowning.

‘There are many things to be considered, before that question can be answered properly,’ I said sententiously. ‘First and foremost, do you love Mr Edgar?’

‘Who can help it? Of course I do,’ she answered.

Then I put her through the following catechism – for a girl of twenty-two it was not injudicious.

‘Why do you love him, Miss Cathy?’

‘Nonsense, I do – that’s sufficient.’

‘By no means; you must say why?’

‘Well, because he is handsome, and pleasant to be with.’

‘Bad,’ was my commentary.

‘And because he is young and cheerful.’

‘Bad, still.’

‘And, because he loves me.’

‘Indifferent, coming there.’

‘And he will be rich, and I shall like to be the greatest woman of the neighbourhood, and I shall be proud of having such a husband.’

‘Worst of all! And, now, say how you love him?’

‘As every body loves – You’re silly, Nelly.’

‘Not at all – Answer.’

‘I love the ground under his feet, and the air over his head, and everything he touches, and every word he says – I love all his looks, and all his actions, and him entirely, and altogether. There now!’

‘And why?’

‘Nay – you are making a jest of it; it is exceedingly ill-natured! It’s no jest to me!’ said the young lady, scowling and turning her face to the fire.

‘I’m very far from jesting, Miss Catherine,’ I replied, ‘you love Mr Edgar, because he is handsome, and young, and cheerful, and rich, and loves you. The last, however, goes for nothing – You would love him without that, probably, and with it, you wouldn’t, unless he possessed the four former attractions.’

‘No, to be sure not – I should only pity him – hate him, perhaps, if he were ugly, and a clown.’

‘But, there are several other handsome, rich young men in the world; handsomer, possibly, and richer than he is – What should hinder you from loving them?’

‘If there be any, they are out of my way – I’ve seen none like Edgar.’

‘You may see some; and he won’t always be handsome, and young, and may not always be rich.’

‘He is now; and I have only to do with the present – I wish you would speak rationally.’

‘Well, that settles it – if you have only to do with the present, marry Mr Linton.’

‘I don’t want your permission for that – I *shall* marry him; and yet, you have not told me whether I’m right.’

‘Perfectly right; if people be right to marry only for the present. And now, let us hear what you are unhappy about. Your brother will be pleased ... The old lady and gentleman will not object, I think – you will escape from a disorderly, comfortless home into a wealthy respectable one; and you love Edgar, and Edgar loves you. All seems smooth and easy – where is the obstacle?’

‘*Here!* and *here!*’ replied Catherine, striking one hand on her forehead, and the other on her breast. ‘In whichever place the soul lives – in my soul, and in my heart, I’m convinced I’m wrong!’

‘That’s very strange! I cannot make it out.’

‘It’s my secret; but if you will not mock at me, I’ll explain it; I can’t do it distinctly – but I’ll give you a feeling of how I feel.’

She seated herself by me again: her countenance grew sadder and graver, and her clasped hands trembled.

Nelly, do you never dream queer dreams?’ she said, suddenly, after some minutes’ reflection.

‘Yes, now and then,’ I answered.

‘And so do I. I’ve dreamt in my life dreams that have stayed with me ever after, and changed my ideas; they’ve gone through and through me, like wine through water, and altered the colour of my mind. And this is one – I’m going to tell it – but take care not to smile at any part of it.’

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

OR

*Persuasion* – Jane Austen

## 4 Read the extract printed below.

How does Austen present the different views held by men and women here **and** elsewhere in the novel?

In your answer you should consider:

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

‘Look here,’ said he, unfolding a parcel in his hand, and displaying a small miniature painting; ‘do you know who that is?’

‘Certainly; Captain Benwick.’

‘Yes, and you may guess who it is for. But’ (in a deep tone), ‘it was not done for her. Miss Elliot, do you remember our walking together at Lyme, and grieving for him? I little thought then – but no matter. This was drawn at the Cape. He met with a clever young German artist at the Cape, and in compliance with a promise to my poor sister, sat to him, and was bringing it home for her; and I have now the charge of getting it properly set for another! It was a commission to me! But who else was there to employ? I hope I can allow for him. I am not sorry, indeed, to make it over to another. He undertakes it;’ (looking towards Captain Wentworth), ‘he is writing about it now.’ And with a quivering lip he wound up the whole by adding, ‘Poor Fanny! she would not have forgotten him so soon’.

‘No,’ replied Anne, in a low, feeling voice, ‘that I can easily believe.’

‘It was not in her nature. She doated on him.’

‘It would not be the nature of any woman who truly loved.’

Captain Harville smiled, as much as to say, ‘Do you claim that for your sex?’ and she answered the question, smiling also, ‘Yes. We certainly do not forget you so soon as you forget us. It is, perhaps, our fate rather than our merit. We cannot help ourselves. We live at home, quiet, confined, and our feelings prey upon us. You are forced on exertion. You have always a profession, pursuits, business of some sort or other, to take you back into the world immediately, and continual occupation and change soon weaken impressions.’

‘Granting your assertion that the world does all this so soon for men (which, however, I do not think I shall grant), it does not apply to Benwick. He has not been forced upon any exertion. The peace turned him on shore at the very moment, and he has been living with us, in our little family circle, ever since.’

‘True,’ said Anne, ‘very true; I did not recollect; but what shall we say now, Captain Harville? If the change be not from outward circumstances, it must be from within; it must be nature, man’s nature, which has done the business for Captain Benwick.’

‘No, no, it is not man’s nature. I will not allow it to be more man’s nature than woman’s to be inconstant and forget those they do love, or have loved. I believe the reverse. I believe in a true analogy between our bodily frames and our mental; and that as our bodies are the strongest, so are our feelings; capable of bearing most rough usage, and riding out the heaviest weather.’

‘Your feelings may be the strongest,’ replied Anne, ‘but the same spirit of analogy will authorize me to assert that ours are the most tender. Man is more robust than woman, but he is not longer lived; which exactly explains my view of the nature of their attachments. Nay, it would be too hard upon you, if it were otherwise. You have difficulties, and privations, and dangers enough to struggle with. You are always labouring and toiling, exposed to every risk and hardship. Your home, country, friends, all quitted. Neither time, nor health, nor life, to be called your own. It would be too hard, indeed’ (with a faltering voice), ‘if woman’s feelings were to be added to all this.’



‘We shall never agree upon this question,’ Captain Harville was beginning to say, when a slight noise called their attention to Captain Wentworth’s hitherto perfectly quiet division of the room. It was nothing more than that his pen had fallen down; but Anne was startled at finding him nearer than she had supposed, and half inclined to suspect that the pen had only fallen because he had been occupied by them, striving to catch sounds, which yet she did not think he could have caught.

‘Have you finished your letter?’ said Captain Harville.

‘Not quite, a few lines more. I shall have done in five minutes.’

‘There is no hurry on my side. I am only ready whenever you are. I am in very good anchorage here’ (smiling at Anne), ‘well supplied, and want for nothing. No hurry for a signal at all. Well, Miss Elliot’ (lowering his voice), ‘as I was saying, we shall never agree, I suppose, upon this point. No man and woman would, probably. But let me observe that all histories are against you – all stories, prose and verse. If I had such a memory as Benwick, I could bring you fifty quotations in a moment on my side the argument, and I do not think I ever opened a book in my life which had not something to say upon woman’s inconstancy. Songs and proverbs all talk of woman’s fickleness. But, perhaps, you will say, these were all written by men.’

‘Perhaps I shall. Yes, yes, if you please, no reference to examples in books. Men have had every advantage of us in telling their own story. Education has been theirs in so much higher a degree; the pen has been in their hands. I will not allow books to prove anything.’

‘But how shall we prove anything?’

‘We never shall. We never can expect to prove anything upon such a point. It is a difference of opinion which does not admit of proof. We each begin, probably, with a little bias towards our own sex; and upon that bias build every circumstance in favour of it which has occurred within our own circle; many of which circumstances (perhaps those very cases which strike us the most) may be precisely such as cannot be brought forward without betraying a confidence, or in some respect, saying what should not be said.’

**End of Section A**

**Turn over for Section B**

**Turn over ►**

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**SECTION B – The Study of the Language of Speech**Answer Question 5.

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5 Read the transcript printed below.

The following is a transcript of part of a conversation which was broadcast on local radio. The rock band ‘mercedes’ are talking about the release of their first album entitled *resolved*, recorded on the *d records* label. Those involved are the radio presenter, and Sharon, Mark and Graeme, who are members of the band.

Examine the roles of the speakers in this exchange, showing how they convey their thoughts and feelings.

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.

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**Question 5 continues on the next page**

**Turn over ►**

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- Question 2      Source: *What Maisie Knew*, by Henry James, published by Wordsworth Editions Limited, 2000. Literary executor for the James family'.
- Question 3      Source: *Wuthering Heights*, by Emily Brontë, published by Penguin Classics, 1995.
- Question 4      Source: *Persuasion*, by Jane Austen, published by Penguin Popular Classics, 1994.