



General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Examination
January 2010

English Language and Literature (Specification A)

ELLA2

Unit 2 Analysing Speech and its Representation

Monday 18 January 2010 1.30 pm to 3.00 pm

For this paper you must have:

- a 12-page answer book.

Time allowed

- 1 hour 30 minutes

Instructions

- Use black ink or black 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 ELLA2.
- Answer Question 1 in Section A and **one** other question from Section B.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work that 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 75.
- Question 1 carries 45 marks and Questions 2–9 carry 30 marks each.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
 - use good English
 - organise information clearly
 - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

Advice

- You are advised to spend 50 minutes on Section A and 40 minutes on Section B.

SECTION A – ANALYSING SPEECH

1 Read **Texts A** and **B**.

Text A is the transcript of a woman, Jill, describing to her friend, Pete, an incident that occurred while she was sailing at sea with another friend, Joe.

Text B is from an interview with Ellen MacArthur which was published in *The Guardian*. Ellen MacArthur was the sailor who broke the solo non-stop round-the-world record in 2005.

Compare how information, attitudes and feelings are conveyed in the two texts.

In your answer you should comment on:

- vocabulary, and grammatical, stylistic and speech features
- the influence of context on the ways in which speakers convey attitudes and ideas.

Text A

Key

(.)	micropause
(1.0)	pause in seconds
<u> </u>	particular emphasis of a word
::	elongation of a word
[overlap of speech

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation.

Pete: how far out (.) to sea (.) were you when things went (.) wrong

Jill: must have been er (0.5) maybe a mile an a half (.) maybe a bit more (0.5) when we first notice the smoke (0.5) we'd been sailing about half an hour

Pete: that must have been [worrying

Jill: [yeah (.) but not as worrying as when we (.) we saw the flames

Pete: flames

Jill: yeah (.) fla:::mes

Pete: what [happen

Jill: [as soon as Joe saw the smoke he opened the engine cover to see what (.) an as

soon as he did flames leapt up in the air from the engine (.) it all happened so fast then (.) closed the engine cover straightaway an shouted me to get a fire extinguisher (.) an he grabbed his fleece and dived into the cabin (.) it were lucky but the sink was full of water an Joe just dumped his fleece into the sink and rushed back up (.) opened up the engine cover again and just dumped the fleece on the engine (.) I was still fiddling with the fire extinguisher (.) trying to get it going but we didn't need it (1.0) that smothered the flames but there was still a lot of smoke an then we noticed smoke coming from behind the instrument panel (1.0) Joe got on the radio then an sent a mayday call out (.) he gave the coastguard our position and explained what had happened and that we had no engine power (.) they told him a lifeboat was on its way and to stand by the radio (.)

Pete:

was the sea (.) calm or was it

Jill:

it were pretty calm (.) thank God (.) otherwise it would have been really (1.0) t tricky (.) anyway (.) after about twenty minutes the lifeboat arrived (1.0) it were one of those really big ones (.) not an inflatable and they shouted to us to take our sails down (.) we'd been sailing round in circles so we didn't drift and stayed in the same position (.) and they asked me if I wanted to be taken off on to the lifeboat but

Pete:

did you go (.) it would've been a real experience and

Jill:

no (.) I wanted to stay on Kingfisher (.) anyway they put a lifeboatman on board with us to secure the tow rope and they began to tow us back to the marina (1.5)

Turn over for Text B

Turn over ►

Text B

She braved icebergs and swells, hailstorms like a military onslaught, and monstrous waves (“they’re very long, almost like looking across a valley rather than at a steep mountain”). For three days and nights, the wind was so strong that the boat was in danger of going over. Sleep was taken in 10-minute snatches and the effort just to keep standing upright was draining, let alone having to climb the mast to make repairs, which she had to do twice. “It’s like trying to hang on to a telegraph pole in an earthquake. You get beaten up black and blue. The biggest risk isn’t falling, although there is a risk of that – it’s breaking an arm or a leg as you slam against the mast.” Nobody but herself is forcing her to do this, but isn’t it fantastic that she does?

How frightening is it? “Very”, she says. “But if you didn’t get frightened, you shouldn’t be out there. It keeps you on your toes and keeps you alive. It doesn’t stop you. In fact, it probably makes you do more. It alerts you to the fact that you need to get it right and there are no second chances. You don’t have a choice. You’re on your own and nobody is going to help you – you have to front up and deal with it. I always go saying, ‘This is going to be harder than I can imagine’ and it always is.”

Does she think that she might not survive? “You have to look at all eventualities, and not coming back is one of the things that can go wrong. If you fall off the boat, it’s all over. You weigh up the pros and the cons and you have to realise how dangerous it is, but if you worried too much about that, you’d never go. Being worried is natural in situations you’re not in control of, and I think it’s good to go into those sometimes in life. It gives you a good reality check. Once I’ve said I’m going to do it, I’ll give everything I have to achieve that – that’s how I cope with it. What am I going to do? Give up and step off the boat? None of that is very useful, so you have to pull yourself together and get to the finish line. But that’s hard when you’re so short on sleep.”

SECTION B – ANALYSING THE REPRESENTATION OF SPEECH

Answer **one** question from this section.

EITHER*Great Expectations* – Charles Dickens

- 2 How does Dickens use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present Miss Havisham’s feelings in the following extract, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

“O!” she cried, despairingly. “What have I done! What have I done!”

“If you mean, Miss Havisham, what have you done to injure me, let me answer. Very little. I should have loved her under any circumstances – Is she married?”

“Yes.”

It was a needless question, for a new desolation in the desolate house had told me so.

“What have I done! What have I done!” She wrung her hands, and crushed her white hair, and returned to this cry over and over again. “What have I done!”

I knew not how to answer, or how to comfort her. That she had done a grievous thing in taking an impressionable child to mould into the form that her wild resentment, spurned affection, and wounded pride, found vengeance in, I knew full well. But that, in shutting out the light of day, she had shut out infinitely more; that, in seclusion, she had secluded herself from a thousand natural and healing influences; that, her mind, brooding solitary, had grown diseased, as all minds do and must and will that reverse the appointed order of their Maker; I knew equally well. And could I look upon her without compassion, seeing her punishment in the ruin she was, in her profound unfitness for this earth on which she was placed, in the vanity of sorrow which had become a master mania, like the vanity of penitence, the vanity of remorse, the vanity of unworthiness, and other monstrous vanities that have been curses in this world?

“Until you spoke to her the other day, and until I saw in you a looking-glass that showed me what I once felt myself, I did not know what I had done. What have I done! What have I done!” And so again, twenty, fifty times over, What had she done!

“Miss Havisham,” I said, when her cry had died away, “you may dismiss me from your mind and conscience. But Estella is a different case, and if you can ever undo any scrap of what you have done amiss in keeping a part of her right nature away from her, it will be better to do that, than to bemoan the past through a hundred years.”

“Yes, yes, I know it. But, Pip – my Dear!” There was an earnest womanly compassion for me in her new affection. “My Dear! Believe this: when she first came to me, I meant to save her from misery like my own. At first I meant no more.”

“Well, well!” said I. “I hope so.”

“But as she grew, and promised to be very beautiful, I gradually did worse, and with my praises, and with my jewels, and with my teachings, and with this figure of myself always before her a warning to back and point my lessons, I stole her heart away and put ice in its place.”

“Better,” I could not help saying, “to have left her a natural heart, even to be bruised or broken.”

With that, Miss Havisham looked distractedly at me for a while, and then burst out again, What had she done!

Turn over ►

OR*Eden Close* – Anita Shreve

- 3** How does Shreve use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present the relationship between Andy and T.J. in the following extract, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

Extract cannot be reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

OR

The Lovely Bones – Alice Sebold

- 4 How does Sebold use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present the character of Ray Singh in the following extract, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

I knew Ray Singh had a crush on me. He had moved from England the year before but Clarissa said he was born in India. That someone could have the face of one country and the voice of another and then move to a third was too incredible for me to fathom. It made him immediately cool. Plus, he seemed eight hundred times smarter than the rest of us, and he had a crush on me. What I finally realized were affectations—the smoking jacket that he sometimes wore to school and his foreign cigarettes, which were actually his mother’s—I thought were evidence of his higher breeding. He knew and saw things that the rest of us didn’t see. That morning when he spoke to me from above, my heart plunged to the floor.

“Hasn’t the first bell rung?” I asked.

“I have Mr. Morton for homeroom,” he said. This explained everything. Mr. Morton had a perpetual hangover, which was at its peak during homeroom. He never called roll.

“What are you doing up there?”

“Climb up and see,” he said, removing his head and shoulders from my view.

I hesitated.

“Come on, Susie.”

It was my one day in life of being a bad kid—of at least feigning the moves. I placed my foot on the bottom rung of the scaffold and reached my arms up to the first crossbar.

“Bring your stuff,” Ray advised.

I went back for my book bag and then climbed unsteadily up.

“Let me help you,” he said and put his hands under my armpits, which, even though covered by my winter parka, I was self-conscious about. I sat for a moment with my feet dangling over the side.

“Tuck them in,” he said. “That way no one will see us.”

I did what he told me, and then I stared at him for a moment. I felt suddenly stupid—unsure of why I was there.

“Will you stay up here all day?” I asked.

“Just until English class is over.”

“You’re cutting English!” It was as if he said he’d robbed a bank.

“I’ve seen every Shakespeare play put on by the Royal Shakespeare Company,” Ray said. “That bitch has nothing to teach me.”

I felt sorry for Mrs. Dewitt then. If part of being bad was calling Mrs. Dewitt a bitch, I wasn’t into it.

“I like *Othello*,” I ventured.

“It’s condescending twaddle the way she teaches it. A sort of *Black Like Me* version of the Moor.”

Ray was smart. This combined with being an Indian from England had made him a Martian in Norristown.

“That guy in the movie looked pretty stupid with black makeup on,” I said.

“You mean Sir Laurence Olivier.”

Ray and I were quiet. Quiet enough to hear the bell for the end of homeroom ring and then, five minutes later, the bell that meant we should be on the first floor in Mrs. Dewitt’s class. As each second passed after that bell, I could feel my skin heat up and Ray’s look lengthen out over my body, taking in my royal blue parka and my kelly green miniskirt with my matching Danskin tights.

OR

Enduring Love – Ian McEwan

- 5 How does McEwan use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present Parry's harassment of Joe in the following extract, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

Parry came away from the tree and stood in front of me, staring at his feet. 'I'd rather we went inside,' he said, with a hint of a whine.

I said nothing and waited. He sighed and looked down the street to where I lived, and then his gaze tracked a passing car. He looked up at the piles of towering cumulus, and he examined the nails of his right hand, but he could not look at me. When he spoke at last, I think his sightline was on a crack in the pavement.

'Something's happened,' he said.

He wasn't going to continue, so I said, 'What's happened?'

He breathed in deeply through his nose. He still would not look at me. 'You know what it is,' he said sulkily.

I tried to help him. 'Are we talking about the accident?'

'You know what it is, but you want me to say it.'

I said, 'I think you'd better. I have to go soon.'

'It's all about control, isn't it?' He had flashed a look of adolescent defiance at me and now his gaze was down again.

'It's so stupid to play games. Why don't you just say it. There's nothing to be ashamed of.'

I looked at my watch. This was my best time of day for work, and I had yet to get into central London to collect a book. An empty taxi was coming towards us. Parry saw it too.

'You think you're being cool about this, but it's ridiculous. You won't be able to keep it up, and you know it. Everything's changed now. Please don't put on this act. Please . . .'

We watched the taxi go past. I said, 'You asked me to meet you because you had something to say.'

'You're very cruel,' he said. 'But you've got all the power.'

He inhaled deeply through his nose again, as though preparing himself for some difficult circus feat. He managed to look at me as he said simply, 'You love me. You love me, and there's nothing I can do but return your love.'

I said nothing. Parry drew another deep breath. 'I don't know why you've chosen me. All I know is that I love you too now, and that there's a reason for it, a purpose.'

An ambulance with a whooping siren went by and we had to wait. I was wondering how to respond, and whether a show of anger might see him off, but in the few seconds that it took for the din to recede I decided to be firm and reasonable. 'Look, Mr Parry . . .'

'Jed,' he said urgently. 'It's Jed.' His interrogative style had deserted him.

I said, 'I don't know you, I don't know where you live, or what you do, or who you are. I don't particularly want to know either. I've met you once before and I can tell you now that I have no feelings for you either way . . .'

Parry was speaking over me in a series of gasps. He was pushing his hands out before him, as though to repel my words. 'Please don't do this . . . It doesn't have to be this way, honestly. You don't have to do this to me.'

We both paused suddenly. I wondered whether to leave him now and walk up the road to find a taxi. Perhaps talking was making matters worse.

Parry crossed his arms and adopted a worldly, man-to-man tone. I thought perhaps I was being parodied. 'Look. You don't have to go about it like this. You could save us both so much misery.'

I said, 'You were following me yesterday, weren't you?'

Turn over ►

OR

Waiting for Godot – Samuel Beckett

- 6 How does Beckett use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Vladimir in the following extract, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

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OR*The Caretaker* – Harold Pinter

- 7 How does Pinter use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to explore ideas about power in the following extract, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

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Question 7 continues on the next page

Turn over ►

Turn over ►

OR

Equus – Peter Shaffer

- 8 How does Shaffer use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to reveal Dysart's feelings about his profession in the following extract, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

Darkness.

Silence.

Dim light up on the square. In a spotlight stands ALAN STRANG, a lean boy of seventeen, in sweater and jeans. In front of him, the horse NUGGET. ALAN'S pose represents a contour of great tenderness: his head is pressed against the shoulder of the horse, his hands stretching up to fondle its head. The horse in turn nuzzles his neck. The flame of a cigarette lighter jumps in the dark. Lights come up slowly on the circle. On the left bench, downstage, MARTIN DYSART, smoking. A man in his mid-forties.

dysart: With one particular horse, called Nugget, he embraces. The animal digs its sweaty brow into his cheek, and they stand in the dark for an hour – like a necking couple. And of all nonsensical things – I keep thinking about the *horse!* Not the boy: the horse, and what it may be trying to do. I keep seeing that huge head kissing him with its chained mouth. Nudging through the metal some desire absolutely irrelevant to filling its belly or propagating its own kind. What desire could that be? Not to stay a horse any longer? Not to remain reined up for ever in those particular genetic strings? Is it possible, at certain moments we cannot imagine, a horse can add its sufferings together – the non-stop jerks and jabs that are its daily life – and turn them into grief? What use is grief to a horse?

[Alan leads NUGGET out of the square and they disappear together up the tunnel, the horse's hooves scraping delicately on the wood.

dysart rises, and addresses both the large audience in the theatre and the smaller one on stage.]

You see, I'm lost. What use, I should be asking, are questions like these to an overworked psychiatrist in a provincial hospital?

They're worse than useless; they are, in fact, subversive.

[He enters the square. The light grows brighter.]

The thing is, I'm desperate. You see, I'm wearing that horse's head myself. That's the feeling. All reined up in old language and old assumptions, straining to jump clean-hoofed on to a whole new track of being I only suspect is there. I can't see it, because my educated, average head is being held at the wrong angle. I can't jump because the bit forbids it, and my own basic force – my horse-power, if you like – is too little. The only thing I know for sure is this: a horse's head is finally unknowable to me. Yet I handle children's heads – which I must presume to be more complicated, at least in the area of my chief concern . . . In a way, it has nothing to do with this boy. The doubts have been there for years, piling up steadily in this dreary place. It's only the extremity of this case that's made them active. I know that. The *extremity* is the point!

All the same, whatever the reason, they are now, these doubts, not just vaguely worrying – but intolerable... I'm sorry. I'm not making much sense. Let me start properly; in order. It began one Monday last month, with Hesther's visit.

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

OR

Othello – William Shakespeare

- 9 How does Shakespeare use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Desdemona's character in the following extract, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

OTHELLO

HAVE YOU PRAYED TONIGHT, DESDEMONA?

DESDEMONA

AY, MY LORD.

OTHELLO

IF YOU BETHINK YOURSELF OF ANY CRIME
UNRECONCILED AS YET TO HEAVEN AND GRACE,
SOLICIT FOR IT STRAIGHT.

DESDEMONA

ALACK, MY LORD, WHAT MAY YOU MEAN BY THAT?

OTHELLO

WELL, DO IT, AND BE BRIEF; I WILL WALK BY:
I WOULD NOT KILL THY UNPREPARED SPIRIT,
NO – HEAVEN FORFEND! – I WOULD NOT KILL THY SOUL.

DESDEMONA

TALK YOU OF KILLING?

OTHELLO

AY, I DO.

DESDEMONA

THEN HEAVEN

HAVE MERCY ON ME!

OTHELLO

AMEN, WITH ALL MY HEART!

DESDEMONA

IF YOU SAY SO, I HOPE YOU WILL NOT KILL ME.

OTHELLO

HUM!

DESDEMONA

AND YET I FEAR YOU: FOR YOU'RE FATAL THEN
WHEN YOUR EYES ROLL SO. WHY I SHOULD FEAR I KNOW NOT,
SINCE GUILINESS I KNOW NOT, BUT YET I FEEL I FEAR.

OTHELLO

THINK ON THY SINS.

DESDEMONA

THEY ARE LOVES I BEAR TO YOU.

OTHELLO

AY, AND FOR THAT THOU DIEST.

DESDEMONA

THAT DEATH'S UNNATURAL THAT KILLS FOR LOVING.
ALAS, WHY GNAW YOU SO YOUR NETHER LIP?
SOME BLOODY PASSION SHAKES YOUR VERY FRAME:
THESE ARE PORTENTS; BUT YET I HOPE, I HOPE
THEY DO NOT POINT ON ME.

OTHELLO

PEACE, AND BE STILL!

DESDEMONA

I WILL – SO. WHAT'S THE MATTER?

OTHELLO

THAT HANDKERCHIEF WHICH I SO LOVED AND GAVE THEE,
THOU GAV'ST TO CASSIO.

DESDEMONA NO, BY MY LIFE AND SOUL!
 SEND FOR THE MAN AND ASK HIM.

OTHELLO SWEET SOUL, TAKE HEED,
 TAKE HEED OF PERJURY: THOU ART ON THY DEATH-BED.

DESDEMONA
 AY, BUT NOT YET TO DIE.

OTHELLO YES, PRESENTLY.
 THEREFORE CONFESS THEE FREELY OF THY SIN;
 FOR TO DENY EACH ARTICLE WITH OATH
 CANNOT REMOVE NOR CHOKE THE STRONG CONCEPTION
 THAT I DO GROAN WITHAL. THOU ART TO DIE.

DESDEMONA
 THEN LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME!

OTHELLO I SAY, AMEN.

DESDEMONA
 AND HAVE YOU MERCY TOO! I NEVER DID
 OFFEND YOU IN MY LIFE; NEVER LOVED CASSIO
 BUT WITH SUCH GENERAL WARRANTY OF HEAVEN
 AS I MIGHT LOVE. I NEVER GAVE HIM TOKEN.

OTHELLO
 BY HEAVEN, I SAW MY HANDKERCHIEF IN'S HAND!
 O PERJURED WOMAN! THOU DOST STONE MY HEART,
 AND MAK'ST ME CALL WHAT I INTEND TO DO
 A MURDER, WHICH I THOUGHT A SACRIFICE.
 I SAW THE HANDKERCHIEF.

DESDEMONA HE FOUND IT THEN.
 I NEVER GAVE IT HIM. SEND FOR HIM HITHER
 LET HIM CONFESS A TRUTH.

OTHELLO HE HATH CONFESSED.

DESDEMONA
 WHAT, MY LORD?

OTHELLO
 THAT HE HATH USED THEE.

DESDEMONA HOW? UNLAWFULLY?

OTHELLO
 AY.

DESDEMONA
 HE WILL NOT SAY SO.

OTHELLO NO, HIS MOUTH IS STOPPED:
 HONEST IAGO HATH TA'EN ORDER FOR'T.

END OF QUESTIONS

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- Question 1:** Text A – a transcript of a woman, Jill describing to her friend Pete, an incident that occurred while she was sailing at sea with another friend, Joe.
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