



General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Subsidiary Examination  
June 2010

# English Language and Literature (Specification A)

## ELLA2

**Unit 2 Analysing Speech and its Representation**

**Tuesday 8 June 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 from 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.

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## Section A – Analysing Speech

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### Question 1

**0 1** Read the transcript (**Text A**) and the article (**Text B**).

**Text A** is the transcript of a university student who is talking to her friend about starting the final year of her nursing course.

**Text B** is from a speech on education given by the Prime Minister, Gordon Brown, in October 2007.

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

In your answer you should comment on:

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

### Key

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

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation.

### Text A

**Sue:** how are yer doin Kat

**Kat:** oh (.) good good

**Sue:** so how's life back at uni then

**Kat:** it's hard to (.) it's the same every year (.) it's hard to get back into (.) you don't feel like doing anything really when you're at uni cos when you've been on placement you're so used to bein on the go all the time doing practical things [an  
]yeah

**Sue:**

**Kat:** an yer just sat in a classroom listening all the time [an  
]hmm

**Sue:**

**Kat:** an it's really hard to get back into it (.) they've got all like (.) what we've got to do for our assignments and things like that

**Sue:** yeah

**Kat:** s:::o (.) it's gonna be all go again soon

**Sue:** yeah (.) does the stuff you do in the classroom though (.) does that kind of (.) complement what you're doing on placement  
(3.0)

**Kat:** no (0.5) I don't think it does (.) I mean like yeah (.) it's related topics to what you doing on placement and stuff like that but yer don't learn from it (.) you learn from your placements (.) yer don't really learn from being in a classroom (.) I never (.) never really got into classroom-based teaching really (1.0) erm (0.5) I can honestly say that in the

past two years I have learnt most from being on placement on wards and the mentors on placement an stuff (0.5) so (0.5) I mean (.) I've learnt a bit from assignments that I've done

**Sue:** yeah (.) but isn't there a kind of (.) link between what you do in the classroom and what you do on placement [an

**Kat:** [yeah

**Sue:** [but

**Kat:** [yeah there is but like I say (.) it's (.) it doesn't sort of stick (1.0) like I say (.) you learn it all from being on your placements

**Sue:** yeah

**Kat:** an most of the time (.) er (.) most of us think it's a bit of a waste of time having lectures

**Sue:** do you think that you'd learn just as well if you did placements for the whole of the three years without [any

**Kat:** [a lot better (.) a lot better (0.5) I mean (.) I think you should still have your clinical portfolio to do and that could be co-ordinated through the uni tutor and your tutorials but actual time spent in uni as opposed to placement could be cut a lot without us losing anythin

**Sue:** I'll bet you'll be glad when you've finished won't you

**Kat:** (*laughs*) I can't wait to finish an get a job (.) an focus all the time on the practical stuff (.)

it'll be cool

(*both laugh*)

**Turn over for Text B**

**Turn over ►**

**Text B**

Now I was fortunate. I went to a school that aimed high, a school that had an ethos of striving, hard work and achievement and that is what I want for every child in the country.

I have said education is my passion. Britain is full of talented people. I believe each young person has talent and potential, each has some gift to develop, each something to give to the good of the community. And the Britain I want to strive for is a Britain with no cap on ambition, no ceiling on hope, no limit to where your potential will take you, how far you can rise, a Britain where the talents of each of us can contribute to the well being and prosperity of all.

And this idea of excellence in education is not just a noble ideal, respecting the search for knowledge, the pursuit of wisdom and the fulfilment of human potential, it is also I think as everybody knows an economic imperative too.

In the past those countries who had the raw materials, the coal or the oil or the basic commodities, or the infrastructure, the ports and the communications, were the ones that had probably the most competitive advantage. Today what matters is who has the skills, the ideas, the insights, the creativity. And the countries that I believe will succeed in the future are those that will do more than just unlock some of the talents of some of their young people, the countries that will succeed will be those that strive to unlock all the talents of all of their people.

Now in the last 10 years we have moved from an education system which was below average in its performance to above average, but we now have to do much more than that. Our ambition must be nothing less than to be world class in education and to move to the top of the global education league, and it is time to say not just that we will aim high but that we can no longer tolerate failure, that it will no longer be acceptable for any child to fall behind, no longer acceptable for any school to fail its pupils, no longer acceptable for young people to drop out of education without good qualifications without us acting.

So no more toleration of second best in Britain, no more toleration of second best for Britain.

**Turn over for Section B**

**Turn over ►**

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## Section B – Analysing the Representation of Speech

Answer **one** question from this section.

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**EITHER**

*Great Expectations* – Charles Dickens

### Question 2

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 0 | 2 |
|---|---|

How does Dickens use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present Magwitch's feelings towards Pip in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

"I'm a heavy grubber, dear boy," he said, as a polite kind of apology when he had made an end of his meal, "but I always was. If it had been in my constitution to be a lighter grubber, I might ha' got into lighter trouble. Sim'larly, I must have my smoke. When I was first hired out as shepherd t'other side the world, it's my belief I should ha' turned into a molloncolly-mad sheep myself, if I hadn't a had my smoke."

As he said so, he got up from table, and putting his hand into the breast of the pea-coat he wore, brought out a short black pipe, and a handful of loose tobacco of the kind that is called negro-head. Having filled his pipe, he put the surplus tobacco back again, as if his pocket were a drawer. Then, he took a live coal from the fire with the tongs, and lighted his pipe at it, and then turned round on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire, and went through his favourite action of holding out both his hands for mine.

"And this," said he, dandling my hands up and down in his, as he puffed at his pipe; "and this is the gentleman what I made! The real genuine One! It does me good fur to look at you, Pip. All I stip'late, is, to stand by and look at you, dear boy!"

I released my hands as soon as I could, and found that I was beginning slowly to settle down to the contemplation of my condition. What I was chained to, and how heavily, became intelligible to me, as I heard his hoarse voice, and sat looking up at his furrowed bald head with its iron grey hair at the sides.

"I mustn't see my gentleman a footing it in the mire of the streets; there mustn't be no mud on *his* boots. My gentleman must have horses, Pip! Horses to ride, and horses to drive, and horses for his servant to ride and drive as well. Shall colonists have their horses (and blood'uns, if you please, good Lord!) and not my London gentleman? No, no. We'll show 'em another pair of shoes than that, Pip; won't us?"

He took out of his pocket a great thick pocket-book, bursting with papers, and tossed it on the table.

"There's something worth spending in that there book, dear boy. It's yourn. All I've got ain't mine; it's yourn. Don't you be afeerd on it. There's more where that come from. I've come to the old country fur to see my gentleman spend his money *like* a gentleman. That'll be *my* pleasure. *My* pleasure 'ull be fur to see him do it. And blast you all!" he wound up, looking round the room and snapping his fingers once with a loud snap, "blast you every one, from the judge in his wig, to the colonist a stirring up the dust, I'll show a better gentleman than the whole kit on you put together!"

"Stop!" said I, almost in a frenzy of fear and dislike, "I want to speak to you. I want to know what is to be done. I want to know how you are to be kept out of danger, how long you are going to stay, what projects you have."

"Look'ee here, Pip," said he, laying his hand on my arm in a suddenly altered and subdued manner; "first of all, look'ee here. I forgot myself half a minute ago. What I said was low; that's what it was; low. Look'ee here, Pip. Look over it. I ain't a going to be low."

OR

Eden Close – Anita Shreve

## Question 3

0 3

How does Shreve use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present Eden's attitude towards Andy in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

He was asleep when he felt a large insect crawling over his stomach. He sat up with a jolt, flailing at his chest, trying to brush it off. And then he heard her laugh – a laugh that sounded unpleasant and grating through the fog of his sleep and the pounding of his heart. He fell back against the chair. Her face was over his, too close to his own, blocking out the sun as the book had done.

'Lazybones, get out of bed. The sun is up, the witch is dead.'

'What?'

'Andy, it's almost one o'clock.'

'You should talk.'

'Want to go for a swim?'

She was wearing a pair of tight white shorts and a blue sleeveless blouse. Her arms were tanned, and when she moved away from his face, he noticed that her chest, where he could see it, was tanned too. His eyes strayed to her breasts and away again. He hoped she hadn't seen. It was a powerful reflex he was trying to cure himself of – the way, when looking at a girl, his eyes went immediately to the breasts rather than to the face. Instinctively, he began buttoning his own shirt.

'No,' he said. 'I'm reading.'

She laughed. 'Right,' she said. She picked up his book, which had slipped onto the grass, and squinted at the title: *The Myth of Sisyphus*.

'Jesus Christ, Andy. You're turning into such a fink, you know that? Anyway, you haven't been swimming in weeks. I happen to know that for a fact. It's summer, in case you haven't noticed.'

She sat on the edge of the chair. 'I'm not leaving until you say yes. I'm bored sick, and I want company.'

'Where's Sean?' he asked, the name catching in his throat. They had never spoken of Sean.

'Oh, him,' she said too casually. 'How should I know?'

'You should get a job,' he said, 'if you're so bored.'

'I'm only *fourteen*,' she whined. 'And anyway, what's it to you?'

'I worked when I was fourteen,' he said, instantly regretting it.

'Well, la-di-da. You sound like an asshole sometimes, Andy, you know that?'

'All right, all right,' he said, capitulating. 'Where?'

'The pond,' she said. 'The pool is *totally* revolting. I swear to God there's half an inch of scum on the water.'

'All right,' he said again, grudgingly. 'I'll get my suit. You go get yours.'

'I'm wearing mine,' she said.

He checked his eyes just in time, but his visual memory was flawless. That couldn't be true, he thought, but he couldn't very well challenge her.

'Listen, I'll tell you what,' he said. 'Compromise. OK? I'll walk you down to the pond, and you can swim. I'll keep you company, but I don't think I want to swim myself.' Actually what he didn't want was to go through the hassle of looking for his suit and the even greater hassle of explaining to his mother where he was going and with whom.

She shrugged and stood up. 'Suit yourself,' she said.

'That's good,' he said, appreciative of the pun.

She looked blankly up at him.

Turn over ►

OR

*The Lovely Bones* – Alice Sebold

## Question 4

0 4

How does Sebold use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present Harvey's responses to being interviewed by the police in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

When Len Fenerman had gone door to door in the neighborhood he had found nothing remarkable at George Harvey's. Mr. Harvey was a single man who, it was said, had meant to move in with his wife. She had died sometime before this. He built doll-houses for specialty stores and kept to himself. That was all anyone knew. Though friendships had not exactly blossomed around him, the sympathy of the neighborhood had always been with him. Each split-level contained a narrative. To Len Fenerman especially, George Harvey's seemed a compelling one.

No, Harvey said, he didn't know the Salmons well. Had seen the children. Everyone knew who had children and who didn't, he noted, his head hanging down and to the left a bit. "You can see the toys in the yard. The houses are always more lively," he noted, his voice halting.

"I understand you had a conversation with Mr. Salmon recently," Len said on his second trip to the dark green house.

"Yes, is there something wrong?" Mr. Harvey asked. He squinted at Len but then had to pause. "Let me get my glasses," he said. "I was doing some close work on a Second Empire."

"Second Empire?" Len asked.

"Now that my Christmas orders are done, I can experiment," Mr. Harvey said. Len followed him into the back, where a dining table was pushed against a wall. Dozens of small lengths of what looked like miniature wainscoting were lined up on top of it.

*A little strange*, Fenerman thought, *but it doesn't make the man a murderer.*

Mr. Harvey got his glasses and immediately opened up. "Yes, Mr. Salmon was on one of his walks and he helped me build the bridal tent."

"The bridal tent?"

"Each year it's something I do for Leah," he said. "My wife. I'm a widower."

Len felt he was intruding on this man's private rituals. "So I understand," he said.

"I feel terrible about what happened to that girl," Mr. Harvey said. "I tried to express that to Mr. Salmon. But I know from experience that nothing makes sense at a time like this."

"So you erect this tent every year?" Len Fenerman asked. This was something he could get confirmation on from neighbors.

"In the past, I've done it inside, but I tried to do it outside this year. We were married in the winter. Until the snow picked up, I thought it would work."

"Where inside?"

"The basement. I can show you if you want. I have all of Leah's things down there still."

But Len did not go further.

"I've intruded enough," he said. "I just wanted to sweep the neighborhood a second time."

"How's your investigation coming?" Mr. Harvey asked. "Are you finding anything?"



OR

*Enduring Love* – Ian McEwan**Question 5****0 | 5**

How does McEwan use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to convey Clarissa's attitude towards Joe in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

How was it possible to tell Mrs Logan of her husband's sacrifice without drawing her attention to our own cowardice? Or was it his folly? He was the hero, and it was the weak who had sent him to his death. Or, we were the survivors and he was the miscalculating dolt.

I was so lost in this that I did not notice Clarissa until she sat down on the other side of the table. She smiled and mouthed a kiss. She warmed her hands around a coffee mug.

'Are you thinking about it?'

I nodded. Before her kindness and our love got the better of me, I had to tell her. 'Do you remember, the day it happened, just as we were falling asleep the phone rang?'

'Mmm. Wrong number.'

'It was that guy with the pony-tail. You know, the one who wanted me to pray. Jed Parry.'

She frowned. 'Why didn't you say? What did he want?'

I didn't pause. 'He said he loved me ...'

For a fraction of time the world froze as she took this in. Then she laughed. Easily, merrily.

'Joe! You didn't tell me. You were embarrassed? You clot!'

'It was just one more thing. And then, I felt bad about not telling you, so it got harder. And then I didn't want to interrupt last night.'

'What did he say? Just, I love you, like that?'

'Yeah. He said, I feel it too. I love you ...'

Clarissa put her hand over her mouth, little-girl-style. I hadn't expected delight. 'A secret gay love affair with a Jesus freak! I can't wait to tell your science friends.'

'All right, all right.' But I felt lightened to have her teasing me. 'There's more though.'

'You're getting married.'

'Listen. Yesterday he was following me.'

'My God. He's got it bad.'

I knew I had to prise her from this levity, for all the comfort it gave. 'Clarissa, it's scary.' I told her about the presence in the library, and how I had run out into the square. She interrupted me.

'But you didn't actually see him in the library.'

'I saw his shoe as he went out the door. White trainers, with red laces. It had to be him.'

'But you didn't see his face.'

'Clarissa, it was him!'

'Don't get angry with me, Joe. You didn't see his face, and he wasn't in the square.'

'No. He'd gone.'

She was looking at me in a new way now and was moving through the conversation with the caution of a bomb disposal expert. 'Let me get this straight. You had this idea you were being followed even before you saw his shoe?'

'It was just a feeling, a bad feeling. It wasn't until I was in the library with time to think about it that I realised how it was getting to me.'

'And then you saw him.'

'Yeah. His shoe.'

She glanced at her watch and took a pull from her mug. She was going to be late for work.

'You should go,' I said. 'We can talk this evening.'

She nodded but she did not rise. 'I don't really understand what's upsetting you. Some poor fellow has a crush on you and is trailing you about. Come on, it's a joke, Joe! It's a funny story you'll be telling your friends. At worst it's a nuisance. You mustn't let it get to you.'

**Turn over ►**

**OR***Waiting for Godot* – Samuel Beckett**Question 6**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 0 | 6 |
|---|---|

How does Beckett use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present the treatment of Lucky in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

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**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

OR

*The Caretaker* – Harold Pinter**Question 7**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 0 | 7 |
|---|---|

How does Pinter use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present the character of Aston in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

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Turn over ►

OR

*Othello* – William Shakespeare

## Question 8

0 | 8

How does Shakespeare use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to convey Iago's feelings towards Othello in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

*Enter Roderigo and Iago*

RODERIGO

Tush, never tell me! I take it much unkindly  
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse  
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

IAGO

'Sblood, but you will not hear me!  
If ever I did dream of such a matter,  
Abhor me.

RODERIGO

Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

IAGO

Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,  
In personal suit to make me his Lieutenant,  
Off-capped to him: and by the faith of man,  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.  
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,  
Evades them with a bombast circumstance  
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war,  
And in conclusion  
Non-suits my mediators. For 'Certes,' says he,  
'I have already chose my officer.'  
And what was he?  
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,  
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine –  
A fellow almost damned in a fair wife –  
That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster – unless the bookish theoretic,  
Wherein the togèd consuls can propose  
As masterly as he. Mere prattle without practice  
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th'election:  
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof  
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds  
Christian and heathen, must be leed and calmed  
By debtor and creditor; this counter-caster,  
He in good time must his Lieutenant be,  
And I – God bless the mark! – his Moorship's Ancient.

RODERIGO

By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

IAGO

Why, there's no remedy. 'Tis the curse of service:  
Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
And not by old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir to th'first. Now sir, be judge yourself  
Whether I in any just term am affined  
To love the Moor.

RODERIGO

I would not follow him then.

IAGO

O, sir, content you:

I follow him to serve my turn upon him.

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

OR

*Equus* – Peter Shaffer

## Question 9

0 | 9

How does Shaffer use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to reveal Frank Strang's relationship with Dora Strang in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

FRANK: Dear, have you offered the doctor a cup of tea?

DORA: Oh dear, no, I haven't! ... And you must be dying for one.

DYSART: That would be nice.

DORA: Of course it would ... Excuse me ...

*[She goes out – but lingers on the circle, eavesdropping near the right door. ALAN stretches out under his blanket and sleeps. FRANK gets up.]*

FRANK: My wife has romantic ideas, if you receive my meaning.

DYSART: About her family?

FRANK: She thinks she married beneath her. I daresay she did. I don't understand these things myself.

DYSART: Mr Strang, I'm fascinated by the fact that Alan wouldn't ride.

FRANK: Yes, well that's him. He's always been a weird lad, I have to be honest. Can you imagine spending your week-ends like that – just cleaning out stalls – with all the things that he could have been doing in the way of Further Education?

DYSART: Except he's hardly a scholar.

FRANK: How do we know? He never really tried. His mother indulged him. She doesn't care if he can hardly write his own name, and she a school teacher that was. Just as long as he's happy, she says ...

*[DORA wrings her hands in anguish.]*

*FRANK sits again.]*

DYSART: Would you say she was closer to him than you are?

FRANK: They've always been thick as thieves. I can't say I entirely approve – especially when I hear her whispering that Bible to him hour after hour, up there in his room.

DYSART: Your wife is religious?

FRANK: Some might say excessively so. Mind you, that's her business. But when it comes to dosing it down the boy's throat – well, frankly, he's my son as well as hers. She doesn't see that. Of course, that's the funny thing about religious people. They always think their susceptibilities are more important than non-religious.

DYSART: And you're non-religious, I take it?

FRANK: I'm an atheist, and I don't mind admitting it. If you want my opinion, it's the Bible that's responsible for all this.

DYSART: Why?

FRANK: Well, look at it yourself. A boy spends night after night having this stuff read into him; an innocent man tortured to death – thorns driven into his head – nails into his hands – a spear jammed



through his ribs. It can mark anyone for life, that kind of thing. I'm not joking. The boy was absolutely fascinated by all that. He was always mooning over religious pictures. I mean real kinky ones, if you receive my meaning. I had to put a stop to it once or twice! ... [*Pause.*] Bloody religion – it's our only real problem in this house, but it's insuperable; I don't mind admitting it.

[*Unable to stand any more, DORA comes in again.*]

DORA [*pleasantly*]: You must excuse my husband, Doctor. This one subject is something of an obsession with him, isn't it, dear? You must admit.

FRANK: Call it what you like. All that stuff to me is just bad sex.

DORA: And what has that got to do with Alan?

FRANK: Everything! ... [*Seriously.*] Everything, Dora!

DORA: I don't understand. What are you saying?

[*He turns away from her.*]

**END OF QUESTIONS**

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**Question 1:** Text A – a transcript of a university student talking to her friend.

Text B – from a speech on Education, given by the Prime Minister, Gordon Brown, 31<sup>st</sup> October 2007. *Number10.gov.uk*

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**Question 7:** from *The Caretaker*, by Harold Pinter, published by Faber and Faber Ltd, 2000.

**Question 8:** from *Othello*, by William Shakespeare, published by Arden Shakespeare.

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