General Certificate of Education
Advanced Level Examination
January 2012

English Language and Literature (Specification A) ELLA3

Unit 3 Comparative Analysis and Text Adaptation

Tuesday 24 January 2012 1.30 pm to 4.00 pm

For this paper you must have:
- an AQA 12-page answer book.

Time allowed
- 2 hours 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 ELLA3.
- Answer **three** questions in total: Question 1 in Section A and **either** Questions 2 and 3 **or** Questions 4 and 5 in Section B.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work that you do not want to be marked.

Information
- The maximum mark for this paper is 100.
- Section A carries 60 marks, while Section B carries 40 marks.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
  – use good English
  – organise information clearly
  – use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

Advice
- You should spend 1 hour 30 minutes answering Section A and 1 hour answering Section B.

Section A – Analytical Comparison

You must answer Question 1.

Question 1

0 1 Read the three texts printed on the following pages. These texts are linked by the subject matter of pain or suffering.

Text A is an extract from a transcript of an adult talking.
Text B is an extract from *Nineteen Eighty-Four* by George Orwell.
Text C is an extract from a memoir by Jung Chang.

Compare Texts A, B and C, showing how the writers and speakers convey their feelings about pain or suffering.

Your analysis should include consideration of the following:

- the writers' or speaker's choices of vocabulary, grammar and style
- the relationships between texts and the significance of context on language use.

(60 marks)

Text A

This transcript is part of a conversation where an adult is talking about an accident.

Key

(.)	micropause
(1.0)	pause in seconds
underlining	particular emphasis of a word
::	elongation of a word

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation.

yeah (.) umm::: (.) s'pose one o'the most terrrifyin (.) an painful accidents that I've had was (.) when I fell offa the tractor at home (1.0) I was tryin to get home quickly (1.0) cos it was rainin an hailin y'know (1.0) so I was probably goin faster than I shoulda been (.) an I came to a bend i'the road (.) took it too fast (.) an cos of the weather (.) the road was sorta (1.0) greasy y'know (1.0) the tractor erm (.) slewed to the side o'the road (1.0) an there was a ditch (.) which the tractor erm (.) er (.) went (.) um (.) partly into (.) an I fell off of it (1.0) it was overbalanced y'know (1.0) an I landed on me arm (.) an it kinda (.) kinda (2.0) exploded (1.0) it was fuckin agony to be honest wi yer (.) an then to cap it all (1.0) the tractor tipped onto me leg (1.0) shattered the bloody ankle (1.0) I didn't know where to put meself (1.0) not that I could move o'course (1.0) s'pose I was lucky someone came by (.) an saw the tractor in the ditch (1.5) by the time they found me I'd passed out cos o'the pain

Turn over for Text B

Text B

The following piece of prose is taken from 1984*, a novel by George Orwell. In this extract, Winston Smith, a man who has persistently disobeyed the rules of The Party in a totalitarian society, faces up to his punishment for non-conformity. O'Brien, his torturer, is about to place a cage containing rats over Winston Smith's head.*

O'Brien picked up the cage and brought it across to the nearer table. He set it down carefully on the baize cloth. Winston could hear the blood singing in his ears. He had the feeling of sitting in utter loneliness. He was in the middle of a great empty plain, a flat desert drenched with sunlight, across which all sounds came to him out of immense distances. Yet the cage with the rats were not two metres away from him. They were enormous rats. They were at the age when a rat's muzzle grows blunt and fierce and his fur brown instead of grey.

"The rat," said O'Brien, still addressing his invisible audience, "although a rodent, is carnivorous. You are aware of that. You will have heard of the things that happen in the poor quarters of this town. In some streets a woman dare not leave her baby alone in the house, even for five minutes. The rats are certain to attack it. Within quite a small time they will strip it to the bones. They also attack sick or dying people. They show astonishing intelligence in knowing when a human being is helpless."

There was an outburst of squeals from the cage. It seemed to reach Winston from far away. The rats were fighting; they were trying to get at each other through the partition. He heard also a deep groan of despair. That, too, seemed to come from outside himself.

O'Brien picked up the cage, and, as he did so, pressed something in it. There was a sharp click. Winston made a frantic effort to tear himself loose from the chair. It was hopeless, every part of him, even his head, was held immovably. O'Brien moved the cage nearer. It was less than a metre from Winston's face.

"I have pressed the first lever," said O'Brien. "You understand the construction of this cage. The mask will fit over your head, leaving no exit. When I press this other lever, the door of the cage will slide up. These starving brutes will shoot out of it like bullets. Have you ever seen a rat leap through the air? They will leap onto your face and bore straight into it. Sometimes they attack the eyes first. Sometimes they burrow through the cheeks and devour the tongue."

The cage was nearer; it was closing in. Winston heard a succession of shrill cries which appeared to be occurring in the air above his head. But he fought furiously against his panic. To think, to think, even with a split second left—to think was the only hope. Suddenly the foul musty odour of the brutes struck his nostrils. There was a violent convulsion of nausea inside him, and he almost lost consciousness. Everything had gone black. For an instant he was insane, a screaming animal. Yet he came out of the blackness clutching an idea. There was one and only one way to save himself. He must interpose another human being, the *body* of another human being, between himself and the rats.

The circle of the mask was large enough now to shut out the vision of anything else. The wire door was a couple of hand-spans from his face. The rats knew what was coming now. One of them was leaping up and down, the other, an old scaly grandfather of the sewers, stood up, with his pink hands against the bars, and fiercely sniffed the air. Winston could see the whiskers and the yellow teeth. Again the black panic took hold of him. He was blind, helpless, mindless.

Text C

The following is an extract from Jung Chang's Wild Swans*, a memoir of her life in China. Here she describes her grandmother's pain.*

My grandmother was a beauty. She had an oval face, with rosy cheeks and lustrous skin. Her long, shiny black hair was woven into a thick plait reaching down to her waist. She could be demure when the occasion demanded, which was most of the time, but underneath her composed exterior she was bursting with suppressed energy. She was petite, about five feet three inches, with a slender figure and sloping shoulders, which were considered the ideal.

But her greatest assets were her bound feet, called in Chinese 'three-inch golden lilies' (*san-tsun-gin-lian*). This meant she walked 'like a tender young willow shoot in a spring breeze,' as Chinese connoisseurs of women traditionally put it. The sight of a woman teetering on bound feet was supposed to have an erotic effect on men, partly because her vulnerability induced a feeling of protectiveness in the onlooker.

My grandmother's feet had been bound when she was two years old. Her mother, who herself had bound feet, first wound a piece of white cloth about twenty feet long round her feet, bending all the toes except the big toe inward and under the sole. Then she placed a large stone on top to crush the arch. My grandmother screamed in agony and begged her to stop. Her mother had to stick a cloth into her mouth to gag her. My grandmother passed out repeatedly from the pain.

The process lasted several years. Even after the bones had been broken, the feet had to be bound day and night in thick cloth because the moment they were released they would try to recover. For years my grandmother lived in relentless, excruciating pain. When she pleaded with her mother to untie the bindings, her mother would weep and tell her that unbound feet would ruin her entire life, and that she was doing it for her own future happiness.

[…]

The practice of binding feet was originally introduced about a thousand years ago, allegedly by a concubine of the emperor. Not only was the sight of women hobbling on tiny feet considered erotic, men would also get excited playing with bound feet, which were always hidden in embroidered silk shoes. Women could not remove the binding cloths even when they were adults, as their feet would start growing again. The binding could only be loosened temporarily at night in bed, when they would put on soft-soled shoes. Men rarely saw naked bound feet, which were usually covered in rotting flesh and stank when the bindings were removed. As a child, I can remember my grandmother being in constant pain. When we came home from shopping, the first thing she would do was soak her feet in a bowl of hot water, sighing with relief as she did so. Then she would set about cutting off pieces of dead skin. The pain came not only from the broken bones, but also from her toenails, which grew into the balls of her feet.

[…] indicates where the original text has been edited.

End of Section A

Turn over for Section B

Section B – Adaptation of Texts for an Audience

Answer **either** Questions 2 **and** 3 below
or Questions 4 **and** 5 on page 9.

EITHER

Cupcakes and Kalashnikovs – Eleanor Mills (Ed.)

Read the source material which follows and answer **both** questions.

Text D is from 'Learning to be a Widow' by Mary Stott.

Question 2

0 2 You are part of a team researching advice about bereavement. Your brief is to write the text of an information sheet aimed at helping people who have been recently bereaved.

Using the information from Mary Stott's article, write the text of your information sheet. You should give your text a title.

You should adapt the source material, using your own words as far as possible but not using direct quotations from Stott's article. The text of your information sheet should be approximately 300 – 400 words in length.

In your adaptation you should:

- use language appropriately to address purpose and audience
- write accurately and coherently, applying relevant ideas and concepts.

(25 marks)

AND

Question 3

0 3 Write a commentary which explains the choices you made when writing your information sheet, commenting on the following:

- how language and form have been used to suit audience and purpose
- how vocabulary and other stylistic features have been used to shape meaning and to achieve particular effects.

You should aim to write about 150 – 250 words in your commentary.

(15 marks)

Text D

MARY STOTT

1907–2002

Learning to be a Widow

27 July 1968, *Guardian*

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

OR

A House Somewhere: Tales of Life Abroad – Don George and Anthony Sattin (Ed.)

Read the source material which follows and answer **both** questions.

Text E is from 'City of Djinns' by William Dalrymple.

Question 4

0 4 You have been asked to write an information sheet for guests staying at Mrs Puri's house, outlining some of the local customs and unusual experiences they might encounter whilst staying there.

Using the information from William Dalrymple's article, write the text of the information sheet. You should give your text a title.

You should adapt the source material, using your own words as far as possible but not using direct quotations from Dalrymple's article. The text of your information sheet should be approximately 300 – 400 words in length.

In your adaptation you should:

- use language appropriately to address purpose and audience
- write accurately and coherently, applying relevant ideas and concepts.

(25 marks)

AND

Question 5

0 5 Write a commentary which explains the choices you made when writing your information sheet, commenting on the following:

- how language and form have been used to suit audience and purpose
- how vocabulary and other stylistic features have been used to shape meaning and to achieve particular effects.

You should aim to write about 150 – 250 words in your commentary.

(15 marks)

Turn over for Text E

Text E

THE FLAT perched at the top of the house, little more than a lean-to riveted to Mrs Puri's ceiling. The stairwell exuded sticky, airless September heat; the roof was as thin as corrugated iron.

Inside we were greeted by a scene from *Great Expectations*: a thick pall of dust on every surface, a family of sparrows nesting in the blinds and a fleece of old cobwebs – great arbours of spider silk – arching the corner walls. Mrs Puri stood at the doorway, a small, bent figure in a *salwar kameez*.

[…]

In the heat of summer she rarely put on the air-conditioning. In winter she allowed herself the electric fire for only an hour a day. She recycled the newspapers we threw out; and returning from parties late at night we could see her still sitting up, silhouetted against the window, knitting sweaters for export. 'Sleep is silver,' she would say in explanation, 'but money is gold.'

This was all very admirable, but the hitch, we soon learned, was that she expected her tenants to emulate the disciplines she imposed upon herself. One morning, after only a week in the flat, I turned on the tap to discover that our water had been cut off, so went downstairs to sort out the problem. Mrs Puri had already been up and about for several hours; she had been to the *gurdwara*, said her prayers and was now busy drinking her morning glass of rice water.

'There is no water in our flat this morning, Mrs Puri.'

'No, Mr William, and I am telling you why.'

'Why, Mrs Puri?'

'You are having guests, Mr William. And always they are going to the lavatory.'

'But why should that affect the water supply?'

'Last night I counted seven flushes,' said Mrs Puri, rapping her stick on the floor. 'So I have cut off the water as protest.'

She paused to let the enormity of our crime sink in.

'Is there any wonder that there is water shortage in our India when you people are making seven flushes in one night?'

[…]

Old Mr Puri, her husband, was a magnificent-looking Sikh gentleman with a long white beard and a tin zimmer frame with wheels on the bottom. He always seemed friendly enough – as we passed he would nod politely from his armchair. But when we first took the flat Mrs Puri drew us aside and warned us that her husband had never been, well, quite the same since the riots that followed Mrs Gandhi's death in 1984.

[…]

During our first month in the flat, however, Mr Puri was on his best behaviour. Apart from twice proposing marriage to my wife, he behaved with perfect decorum.

It had been a bad monsoon. Normally in Delhi, September is a month of almost equatorial fertility and the land seems refreshed and newly-washed. But in the year of our arrival, after a parching summer, the rains had lasted for only three weeks. As a result dust was everywhere and the city's trees and flowers all looked as if they had been lightly sprinkled with talcum powder.

Nevertheless the air was still sticky with damp-heat, and it was in a cloud of perspiration that we began to unpack and to take in the eccentricities of our flat: the chiming doorbell that played both the Indian national anthem and 'Land of Hope and Glory'; the geyser, which if left on too long, would

shoot a fountain of boiling water from an outlet on the roof and bathe the terrace in a scalding shower; the pretty round building just below the garden which we at first took to be a temple, and only later discovered to be the local sewage works.

But perhaps the strangest novelty of coming to live in India – stranger even than Mrs Puri – was getting used to life with a sudden glut of domestic help. Before coming out to Delhi we had lived impecuniously in a tiny student dive in Oxford. Now we had to make the transition to a life where we still had only two rooms, but suddenly found ourselves with more than twice that number of servants. It wasn't that we particularly wanted or needed servants; but, as Mrs Puri soon made quite clear, employing staff was a painful necessity on which the prestige of her household depended.

The night we moved in, we spent our first hours dusting and cleaning before sinking, exhausted, into bed at around 2 a.m. The following morning we were woken at seven-thirty sharp by 'Land of Hope and Glory'. Half asleep, I shuffled to the door to find Ladoo, Mr Puri's bearer, waiting outside. He was holding a tray. On the tray were two glasses of milky Indian *chai*.

'*Chota hazari*, sahib,' said Ladoo. Bed tea.

'What a nice gesture,' I said returning to Olivia. 'Mrs Puri has sent us up some tea.'

'I wish she had sent it up two hours later,' said Olivia from beneath her sheets.

I finished the tea and sank down beneath the covers. Ten seconds later the Indian national anthem chimed out. I scrambled out of bed and again opened the door. Outside was a thin man with purple, betel-stained lips. He had a muffler wrapped around his head and, despite the heat, a thick donkey-jacket was buttoned tightly over his torso. I had never seen him before.

'*Mali*,' he said. The gardener.

He bowed, walked past me and made for the kitchen. From the bedroom I could hear him fiddling around, filling a bucket with water then splashing it over the plants on the roof terrace. He knocked discreetly on the bedroom door to indicate he had finished, then disappeared down the stairs. The *mali* was followed first by Murti, the sweeper, then by Prasad, the *dhobi*, and finally by Bahadur, Mrs Puri's Nepali cook. I gave up trying to sleep and went downstairs.

END OF QUESTIONS

There are no questions printed on this page

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Section A

Text A: part of a conversation about an accident.

Text B: *Nineteen Eighty Four* by George Orwell (Copyright © George Orwell, 1949) by permission of Bill Hamilton as the Literary Executor of the Estate of the Late Sonia Brownell Orwell and Secker & Warburg Ltd. *For US print rights contact Harcourt Brace.*

Text C: an extract from *Wild Swans* by Jung Chang, published in 2004 by Harper Perennial.

Section B

Text D: from 'Learning to be a Widow' by Mary Stott, in *Cupcakes and Kalashnikovs*, ed. Eleanor Mills (Constable, 2005).

Text E: Reproduced with permission from *A House Somewhere* © 2002 Lonely Planet.