

General Certificate of Education  
June 2007  
Advanced Level Examination



**ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE  
(SPECIFICATION B)  
Unit 5 Talk in Life and Literature**

**NTB5**

Monday 11 June 2007 9.00 am to 11.00 am

**For this paper you must have:**

- a 12-page answer book.

Time allowed: 2 hours

**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 NTB5.
- Answer **two** questions.
- 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 70.
- All questions carry equal marks.
- You will be marked on your ability to use good English, to organise information clearly and to use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

---

Answer **Question 1** and **either** Question 2(a) **or** Question 2(b).

Question 2(a) is printed on page 12 and Question 2(b) is printed on page 15.

Each question carries 35 marks.

---

## 1 English Drama: Pre-1770

*A Midsummer Night's Dream or Twelfth Night or Hamlet or The School for Scandal*

Passages from the above plays are printed on pages 4–11. Read the **two** passages from the play that you have studied.

Discuss the ways in which these **two** passages reveal the playwright's skills in **creating specific dramatic effects**.

In your answer you should consider:

- context (including *brief* reference to the play as a whole)
- spoken language features and discourse conventions
- literary, grammatical and rhetorical devices
- phonological features, including delivery of lines in performance
- any other relevant aspects.

(35 marks)

**END OF QUESTION 1**

**There are no questions printed on this page**

**Turn over for the passages for Question 1**

**Turn over ►**

---

**PASSAGES FOR QUESTION 1**
**A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**
**Passage A**
**HERMIA**

So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,  
 Ere I will yield my virgin patent up  
 Unto his lordship whose unwishèd yoke  
 My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

**THESEUS**

Take time to pause, and by the next new moon –  
 The sealing day betwixt my love and me  
 For everlasting bond of fellowship –  
 Upon that day either prepare to die  
 For disobedience to your father's will,  
 Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,  
 Or on Diana's altar to protest  
 For aye austerity and single life.

**DEMETRIUS**

Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield  
 Thy crazèd title to my certain right.

**LYSANDER**

You have her father's love, Demetrius –  
 Let me have Hermia's. Do you marry him.

**EGEUS**

Scornful Lysander – true, he hath my love;  
 And what is mine my love shall render him;  
 And she is mine, and all my right of her  
 I do estate unto Demetrius.

**LYSANDER**

I am, my lord, as well derived as he,  
 As well possessed. My love is more than his,  
 My fortunes every way as fairly ranked –  
 If not with vantage – as Demetrius'.  
 And – which is more than all these boasts can be –  
 I am beloved of beauteous Hermia.  
 Why should not I then prosecute my right?  
 Demetrius – I'll avouch it to his head –  
 Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
 And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,  
 Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry  
 Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

---

**A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**
**Passage B**

THESEUS

*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus  
And his love Thisbe; 'very tragical mirth'.*  
Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?  
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.  
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

PHILOSTRATE

A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,  
Which is as 'brief' as I have known a play.  
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,  
Which makes it 'tedious'. For in all the play  
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.  
And 'tragical', my noble lord, it is,  
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself,  
Which when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,  
Made mine eyes water: but more 'merry' tears  
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

THESEUS

What are they that do play it?

PHILOSTRATE

Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,  
Which never laboured in their minds till now,  
And now have toiled their unbreathed memories  
With this same play against your nuptial.

THESEUS

And we will hear it.

PHILOSTRATE

No, my noble lord,  
It is not for you. I have heard it over,  
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,  
Unless you can find sport in their intents,  
Extremely stretched, and conned with cruel pain,  
To do you service.

THESEUS

I will hear that play,  
For never anything can be amiss  
When simpleness and duty tender it.  
Go bring them in; and take your places, ladies.

---

**TWELFTH NIGHT**
**Passage A**

ORSINO

If music be the food of love, play on,  
 Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
 That strain again! It had a dying fall.  
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound  
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
 Stealing and giving odour. Enough, no more!  
 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
 O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,  
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
 Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,  
 Of what validity and pitch soe'er,  
 But falls into abatement and low price  
 Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy  
 That it alone is high fantastical.

CURIO

Will you go hunt, my lord?

ORSINO

What, Curio?

CURIO

The hart.

ORSINO

Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.  
 O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
 Methought she purged the air of pestilence.  
 That instant was I turned into a hart,  
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
 E'er since pursue me.

*Enter Valentine*

How now! What news from her?

VALENTINE

So please my lord, I might not be admitted,  
 But from her handmaid do return this answer:  
 The element itself, till seven years' heat,  
 Shall not behold her face at ample view,  
 But like a cloistress she will veiled walk,  
 And water once a day her chamber round  
 With eye-offending brine; all this to season  
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh  
 And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

ORSINO

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother –  
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
 Hath killed the flock of all affections else  
 That live in her...

---

**TWELFTH NIGHT****Passage B**

MALVOLIO To be Count Malvolio ...  
SIR TOBY Ah, rogue!  
SIR ANDREW Pistol him, pistol him!  
SIR TOBY Peace, peace!  
MALVOLIO There is example for't. The lady of the  
Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.  
SIR ANDREW Fie on him! Jezebel!  
FABIAN O, peace! Now he's deeply in. Look how  
imagination blows him.  
MALVOLIO Having been three months married to her,  
sitting in my state ...  
SIR TOBY O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!  
MALVOLIO Calling my officers about me, in my branched  
velvet gown, having come from a day-bed, where I have  
left Olivia sleeping ...  
SIR TOBY Fire and brimstone!  
FABIAN O, peace, peace!  
MALVOLIO And then to have the humour of state; and  
after a demure travel of regard – telling them I know my  
place, as I would they should do theirs – to ask for my  
kinsman Toby.  
SIR TOBY Bolts and shackles!  
FABIAN O, peace, peace, peace! Now, now!  
MALVOLIO Seven of my people, with an obedient start,  
make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance  
wind up my watch, or play with my (*fingering his  
steward's chain of office*) – some rich jewel. Toby  
approaches, curtsies there to me ...  
SIR TOBY Shall this fellow live?  
FABIAN Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,  
yet peace!  
MALVOLIO I extend my hand to him thus – quenching  
my familiar smile with an austere regard of control ...  
SIR TOBY And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips  
then?  
MALVOLIO Saying, Cousin Toby, my fortunes having  
cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of  
speech ...  
SIR TOBY What, what!  
MALVOLIO You must amend your drunkenness.

---

**HAMLET****Passage A**

OPHELIA

My lord, I have remembrances of yours  
That I have longèd long to re-deliver.  
I pray you now receive them.

HAMLET

No, not I.

I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA

My honoured lord, you know right well you did,  
And with them words of so sweet breath composed  
As made the things more rich. Their perfume lost,  
Take these again. For to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.  
There, my lord.

HAMLET Ha, ha! Are you honest?

OPHELIA My lord?

HAMLET Are you fair?

OPHELIA What means your lordship?

HAMLET That if you be honest and fair, your honesty  
should admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPHELIA Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce  
than with honesty?

HAMLET Ay, truly. For the power of beauty will sooner  
transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the  
force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness.  
This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it  
proof. I did love you once.

OPHELIA Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAMLET You should not have believed me. For virtue  
cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of  
it. I loved you not.

OPHELIA I was the more deceived.

HAMLET Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a  
breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but  
yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better  
my mother had not borne me.



---

**HAMLET**
**Passage B**

HAMLET (*coming forward*)

What is he whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow  
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand  
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,  
Hamlet the Dane.

LAERTES                   The devil take thy soul!

HAMLET

Thou prayest not well.  
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat.  
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,  
Yet have I in me something dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

KING

Pluck them asunder.

QUEEN                   Hamlet, Hamlet!

ALL

Gentlemen!

HORATIO           Good my lord, be quiet.

HAMLET

Why, I will fight with him upon this theme  
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

QUEEN

O my son, what theme?

HAMLET

I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers  
Could not with all their quantity of love  
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

KING

O, he is mad, Laertes.

QUEEN

For love of God, forbear him.

HAMLET

'Swounds, show me what thou't do.  
Woo't weep? Woo't fight? Woo't fast? Woo't tear  
thyself?  
Woo't drink up eisel? Eat a crocodile?  
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?  
To outface me with leaping in her grave?  
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.  
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw  
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,  
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,  
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,  
I'll rant as well as thou.

QUEEN                   This is mere madness.

**Turn over ►**

---

**THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL****Passage A**

SIR PETER

When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men – and I have been the miserablest dog ever since. We tiffed a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution – a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet now she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush nor a grass plat out of Grosvenor Square. I am sneered at by all my acquaintance and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune and contradicts all my humours. Yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

*Enter ROWLEY [right]*

ROWLEY

Oh, Sir Peter, your servant. How is it with you, sir?

SIR PETER

Very bad, Master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

ROWLEY

What can have happened to trouble you since yesterday?

SIR PETER

A good question to a married man!

ROWLEY

Nay, I'm sure your lady, Sir Peter, can't be the cause of your uneasiness.

SIR PETER

Why, has anybody told you she was dead?

ROWLEY

Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

SIR PETER

But the fault is entirely hers, Master Rowley, I am myself the sweetest-tempered man alive and hate a teasing temper – and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

ROWLEY

Indeed!

SIR PETER

Aye – and what is very extraordinary in all our disputes she is always in the wrong.

---

**THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL****Passage B**

SIR PETER

Well, then let our future contest be who shall be most obliging.

LADY TEAZLE

I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth and chuck me under the chin, you would, and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow who would deny me nothing – didn't you?

SIR PETER

Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive –

LADY TEAZLE

Aye, so I was, and would always take your part when my acquaintance used to abuse you and turn you into ridicule.

SIR PETER

Indeed!

LADY TEAZLE

Aye, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you and said I didn't think you so ugly by any means – and I dared say you'd make a very good sort of husband.

SIR PETER

And you prophesied right. And we shall now be the happiest couple –

LADY TEAZLE

And never differ again?

SIR PETER

No, never. Though at the same time indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very narrowly, for in all our quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

LADY TEAZLE

I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter. Indeed you always gave the provocation.

SIR PETER

Now see, my angel! Take care. Contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

LADY TEAZLE

Then don't you begin it, my love.

SIR PETER

There, now, you – you – are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

**End of Question 1****Turn over for Question 2****Turn over ►**

**2 Unseen texts**

**Answer EITHER Question 2(a) (printed below)**

**OR Question 2(b) (printed on page 15).**

**EITHER**

**Question 2(a)** **Text A** (page 13) is an extract from a transcribed exchange between a pharmacist (P) and a female customer (C) who is asking advice about her cough.

**Text B** (page 14) is an extract from the television script of a surreal comedy sketch (*Monty Python*) in which a customer is complaining to the shopkeeper that his recently purchased parrot is dead.

**Compare the two texts**, commenting on the ways in which they reflect differences and similarities between talk in life and talk in literature.

In your answer you should refer to:

- the significance of context and situation
- the functions and purposes of talk
- how attitudes and values are conveyed.

**END OF QUESTION 2(a)**

## Text A

- P good morning (.) can I help you  
 C er (...) yes I w (...) was wondering if (...) you could give me some advice I've I've actually got quite a bad cough (.)  
 P erm (.) how long have you had this cough  
 C 'bout two days  
 P 'bout two days (.) have you had a cold before or not  
 C no =  
 P = no =  
 C = no =  
 P = well what kind of cough is it a hard dry cough (.) or (...) d (...) are you getting (.) a lot of phlegm (.) or wha [ (.) t  
 C [ no (...) it's a sort of hard dry cough with a sore throat  
 P have you got a temperature (.)  
 C I don't think so =  
 P = you don't think so  
 C no  
 P but you've got a sore throat  
 C yeah (.) yeah  
 P erm (.) well what I would take (.) would be something like this erm (.) mentholated bronchial balsam (.) [ which  
 C [ yes  
 P is a cough suppressant (.) [ which stops the cough so  
 C [ yes  
 P that you don't have this irritation (.) but at [ the  
 C [ yes  
 P same time it's also got in what we call guaithenesin [ (.)  
 C [ yes  
 P which will liquefy any mucus which might be  
 C yeah  
 P (.) stuck (.) in the (.) bronchials (.) so that  
 C yeah yeah yeah  
 P it's doing two jobs at [ once (.) if you want to take it in  
 C [ yeah  
 P hot water it's also mentholated [ and it'll release some  
 C [ yeah  
 P (.) y'know menthol (.) [ so that you'll clear your  
 C [ yeah  
 P nasal passage (...) es (.) [ I would have thought that that  
 C [ yeah  
 P sounded the right thing for you

## Key

- (.) short pause  
 (...) longer pause  
 = latched talk  
 [ overlapping speech

---

**Text B**

*Mr Praline walks into the shop carrying a dead parrot in a cage. He walks to counter where shopkeeper tries to hide below cash register.*

**Praline** (JOHN)\* Hello, I wish to register a complaint ... Hello? Miss?

**Shopkeeper** (MICHAEL)\* What do you mean, miss?

**Praline** Oh, I'm sorry, I have a cold. I wish to make a complaint.

**Shopkeeper** Sorry, we're closing for lunch.

**Praline** Never mind that my lad, I wish to complain about this parrot what I purchased not half an hour ago from this very boutique.

**Shopkeeper** Oh yes, the Norwegian Blue. What's wrong with it?

**Praline** I'll tell you what's wrong with it. It's dead, that's what's wrong with it.

**Shopkeeper** No, no it's resting, look!

**Praline** Look my lad, I know a dead parrot when I see one and I'm looking at one right now.

**Shopkeeper** No, no sir, it's not dead. It's resting.

**Praline** Resting?

**Shopkeeper** Yeah, remarkable bird the Norwegian Blue, beautiful plumage, innit?

**Praline** The plumage don't enter into it – it's stone dead.

**Shopkeeper** No, no – it's just resting.

**Praline** All right then, if it's resting I'll wake it up. *(shouts into cage)*  
Hello Polly! I've got a nice cuttlefish for you when you wake up, Polly Parrot!

**Shopkeeper** *(jogging cage)* There it moved.

**Praline** No he didn't. That was you pushing the cage.

**Shopkeeper** I did not.

**Praline** Yes, you did. *(takes parrot out of cage, shouts)* Hello Polly, Polly *(bangs it against counter)* Polly Parrot, wake up. Polly. *(throws it in the air and lets it fall to the floor)* Now that's what I call a dead parrot.

**Shopkeeper** No, no it's stunned.

**Praline** Look my lad, I've had just about enough of this. That parrot is definitely deceased. And when I bought it not half an hour ago, you assured me that its lack of movement was due to it being tired and shagged out after a long squawk.

**Shopkeeper** It's probably pining for the fiords.

**Praline** Pining for the fiords, what kind of talk is that? Look, why did it fall flat on its back the moment I got it home?

**Shopkeeper** The Norwegian Blue prefers kipping on its back. Beautiful bird, lovely plumage.

**Praline** Look, I took the liberty of examining that parrot, and I discovered that the only reason that it had been sitting on its perch in the first place was that it had been nailed there.

\* The names 'John' and 'Michael' refer to actors John Cleese and Michael Palin, who play the characters of Mr Praline and the shopkeeper.

**OR**

**Question 2(b)** **Text C** (page 16) is an extract from a transcribed interview between a bank customer adviser and a bank customer who has a debt problem. They are introduced by Sarah, another bank employee.

**Text D** (page 17) is taken from the novel *Middlemarch* (1872) by George Eliot. Mr Lydgate, a doctor, is informing the banker, Mr Bulstrode, who is a relative by marriage, of his financial problems.

**Compare the two texts**, commenting on the ways in which they reflect differences and similarities between talk in life and talk in literature.

In your answer you should refer to:

- the significance of context and situation
- the functions and purposes of talk
- how attitudes and values are conveyed.

**END OF QUESTION 2(b)**

**Turn over for Texts C and D**

**Turn over ►**

---

**Text C**

- Sarah** Mr A let me introduce you to Michael Smith (.) he's our customer adviser (.) he'll be looking after you this morning (*pause*) what would you like to drink (.) tea or coffee (.)
- Michael Smith** good morning Mr A (.) come through to my office (.) have a seat (.) I understand from Sarah that you've got some credit cards that you haven't managed to pay off in full (.) and I've noticed that you've got a small personal loan and you make a lot of use of your current account (.) is that correct (.)
- Mr A** yes it is (.) but I also owe some money to um Suite Ideas (.) who I got a three-piece suite off recently
- Michael Smith** how much are we talking about
- Mr A** oh about two thousand two hundred pounds
- Michael Smith** so apart from the things we've talked about already (.) and the money to Suite Ideas (.) what other outstanding debts have you got
- Mr A** that's it (.) apart from my mortgage really
- Michael Smith** so what we're going to do this morning (.) is to spend twenty minutes doing what we call a customer service review (.) and find out a bit of background information about you (.) and see if we can save you any money on a monthly basis (.) organise your overdraft (.) and make sure that if anything were to happen to you (.) all those debts were protected with insurance (.) how would that make you feel (.)
- Mr A** oh well that would be great (.) a big relief (.) I didn't think you'd be able to do that and save me money (.)  
(*customer review takes place*)
- Michael Smith** Mr A (.) I've set you up a personal loan of five thousand five hundred pounds over five years (.) fully protected (.) so if you're sick you've got nothing to worry about (.) I've slightly increased your overdraft facility to give you a bit more flexibility (.) and again too that's protected (.) looking at all of that (.) I've worked out we could save you sixty five pounds a month (.)
- Mr A** wow (.) yeah (.) that's great (.) thanks a lot Michael (.) I appreciate it
- Michael Smith** not a problem (.) we're here to help (.) and if you've got any questions (.) just come in

**Key**

(.) short pause



**Text D**

[Lydgate] went on with the same interrupted enunciation – as if he were biting an objectionable leek.

“I have slipped into money difficulties which I can see no way out of, unless someone who trusts me and my future will advance me a sum without any other security. I had very little fortune left when I came here. I have no prospects of money from my own family. My expenses, in consequence of my marriage, have been very much greater than I had expected. The result at this moment is that it would take a thousand pounds to clear me. I mean, to free me from the risk of having all my goods sold in security of my largest debt – as well as to pay other debts – and leave anything to keep us a little beforehand with our small income. I find that it is out of the question that my wife’s father should make such an advance. That is why I mention my position to – the only other man who may be held to have some personal connection with my prosperity or ruin.”

Lydgate hated to hear himself. But he had spoken now, and had spoken with unmistakeable directness. Mr Bulstrode replied without haste, but also without hesitation.

“I am grieved, though, I confess, not surprised by this information, Mr Lydgate. For my own part, I regretted your alliance with my brother-in-law’s family, which has always been of prodigal habits, and which has already been much indebted to me for sustainment in its present position. My advice to you, Mr Lydgate, would be, that instead of involving yourself in further obligations, and continuing a doubtful struggle, you should simply become a bankrupt.”

“That would not improve my prospect,” said Lydgate, rising, and speaking bitterly, “even if it were a more agreeable thing in itself.”

“It is always a trial,” said Mr Bulstrode; “but trial, my dear sir, is our portion here, and is a needed corrective. I recommend you to weigh the advice I have given.”

**END OF TEXTS**

**There are no questions printed on this page**

**There are no questions printed on this page**

---

**There are no questions printed on this page**

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COPYRIGHT-HOLDERS AND PUBLISHERS

Permission to reproduce all copyright material has been applied for. In some cases, efforts to contact copyright-holders have been unsuccessful and AQA will be happy to rectify any omissions of acknowledgements in future papers if notified.

**Text A:** Source: from 'Analysing Talk', from *Patterns in Speech Events*, by David Langford, published by Macmillan, 1994, reproduced with permission of Palgrave Macmillan.

**Text B:** Source: PYTHON (MONTY) PICTURES LTD.

**Text C:** Source: from a student's transcript, from coursework, by Amy Beedell (Bilborough College, Nottingham).

**Text D:** Source: from *Middlemarch*, by George Eliot, published by Chatto and Windus, 1961. Jonathan Ouvry, Owner of George Eliot copyright.

Copyright © 2007 AQA and its licensors. All rights reserved.