

403/01

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

ELL3: Analysis of Literary and Non-literary Texts

P.M. THURSDAY, 11 January 2007

(1¾ hours)

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

In addition to this question paper, you will need a 12 page answer book.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Answer **two** questions, the compulsory question in Section A and one from Section B.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

All questions carry equal marks.

In **Section A**, you will be assessed on your ability to:

- distinguish, describe and interpret variation in meaning and form, in responding to literary and non-literary texts;
- show understanding of the ways contextual variation and choices of form, style and vocabulary shape the meanings of texts;
- identify and consider the ways attitudes and values are created and conveyed in speech and writing.

In **Section B**, you will be assessed on your ability to:

- distinguish, describe and interpret variation in meaning and form, in responding to literary texts;
- respond to and analyse texts, using literary and linguistic concepts and approaches;
- identify and consider the ways attitudes and values are created and conveyed in speech and writing.

Remember that marking will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

SECTION A

Question 1 is compulsory.

1. The three texts which follow are all concerned with the Royal Family. Read the texts carefully and then answer the question below.

Discuss the style of each text and explore how different attitudes towards the Royal Family are created and conveyed.

You will need to consider the following:

- the different contexts of the texts in terms of their target audiences, intended purposes and the time when they were produced;
- the literary and linguistic features of the texts.

Relevant features to examine include:

- structure and form;
- grammar and syntax;
- lexis and imagery;
- the sound of the texts;
- features of spoken language.

TEXT A is a transcript taken from a Radio 4 broadcast in 1981. The speaker is describing the ceremony of *'Trooping the Colour'*, during which the Queen, on horseback, inspects her troops.

TEXT B is the opening of *'Princess in Love'* by Anna Pasternak, published in 1994. The book is an unofficial biography about Princess Diana's private life.

TEXT C is from the editorial page of *'The Observer'* in October 2004.

The following key has been used to mark discourse features in **Text A**:

- (.) micropause
word underlining indicates a stressed syllable

TEXT A: Radio 4 broadcast

now (.) having completed the inspection (.) the Queen rides back towards us here (.) to the saluting base led by the brigade major and his four brilliant lifeguards (.) the Queen somehow looking regal (.) graceful (.) and military all at the same time and the next order will be the one word troop from Colonel Golson one of the uh (.) one hundred and thirteen words of command believe it or not (.) it it sets off a whole chain of events (.) the massed bands of all five regiments a stunning square down there to the left of musical military skill formidable in size sound experience and showmanship (.) and the Queen is riding back on Vermese (.) behaving er Vermese I mean impeccably as usual (.) and down to the left this mass of scarlet tunics sort of straining at the leash

From a BBC Radio 4 broadcast

TEXT B: ‘Princess in Love’

A froth of self-satisfaction filled the room. Women cosseted by wealth and position, sleek in smart suits and statement jewellery, tossed their heads alluringly for confident men with expansive body language and studied nonchalance. The mood was exuberant, the air alive with the fizz of irrelevant party chatter.

5 When the Princess of Wales entered that Mayfair drawing room in the late summer of 1986, none of the assembled crowd – courtiers, titled grandees, fast, eligible young blades and their safe, pretty girlfriends – would have dreamed of breaking off conversation and publicly displaying even the slightest flicker of awe. Nevertheless, an almost imperceptible collective ruffling of feathers could be detected as everyone noted that they were at exactly the right place to be.

‘Princess in Love’ by Anna Pasternak, Bloomsbury Publishing Plc 1994

TEXT C: ‘The Observer’ editorial**Hurrah for Harry****Punching paparazzi proves his passion**

DESPITE THE finest efforts of its spin doctors, the royal family seems unable to project itself as anything other than aloof. Indeed, the glacial imperiousness of ‘the Firm’ has, in recent years, become what advertisers might describe as its ‘core brand value’. Monarchists will doubtless argue that it is not the job of the royal family to build bridges with its subjects.

5 Nonetheless, the royals must give quiet thanks that at least one among them is capable of wearing his heart on his sleeve. Admittedly, there may be better ways for Prince Harry to show his passionate side than engaging in a post-nightclub fracas with a paparazzo. But it is his sheer unpredictability which makes the prince more human and more engaging than his relatives. Perhaps he has inherited it from his mother. You can almost hear her saying: ‘Give him one from me, darling.’

Reproduced by kind permission of The Observer, Sunday October 24, 2004, ‘The Editorial – Hurrah for Harry’.

SECTION B

Answer **one** question only.

Jane Austen: Emma

Either,

2. The extract below, taken from Vol. 2, Chapter 14, follows the first appearance of Mrs Elton in the novel. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

Happily it was now time to be gone. They were off; and Emma could breathe.

- ‘Insufferable woman!’ was her immediate exclamation. ‘Worse than I had supposed. Absolutely insufferable! Knightley! – I could not have believed it. Knightley! – never seen him in her life before, and call him Knightley! – and discover that he is a gentleman! A little upstart, vulgar being, with her Mr. E., and her *caro sposo*, and her resources, and all her airs of pert pretension and under-bred finery. Actually to discover that Mr. Knightley is a gentleman! I doubt whether he will return the compliment, and discover her to be a lady. I could not have believed it! And to propose that she and I should unite to form a musical club! One would fancy we were bosom friends! And Mrs. Weston! – Astonished that the person who had brought me up should be a gentlewoman! Worse and worse. I never met with her equal. Much beyond my hopes. Harriet is disgraced by any comparison. Oh! what would Frank Churchill say to her, if he were here? How angry and how diverted he would be! Ah! there I am – thinking of him directly. Always the first person to be thought of! How I catch myself out! Frank Churchill comes as regularly into my mind!’ –

- All this ran so glibly through her thoughts, that by the time her father had arranged himself, after the bustle of the Eltons’ departure, and was ready to speak, she was very tolerably capable of attending.

- ‘Well, my dear,’ he deliberately began, ‘considering we never saw her before, she seems a very pretty sort of young lady; and I dare say she was very much pleased with you. She speaks a little too quick. A little quickness of voice there is which rather hurts the ear. But I believe I am nice; I do not like strange voices; and nobody speaks like you and poor Miss Taylor. However, she seems a very obliging, pretty-behaved young lady, and no doubt will make him a very good wife. Though I think he had better not have married. I made the best excuses I could for not having been able to wait on him and Mrs. Elton on this happy occasion; I said that I hoped I *should* in the course of the summer. But I ought to have gone before. Not to wait upon a bride is very remiss. Ah! it shews what a sad invalid I am! But I do not like the corner into Vicarage-lane.’

Consider how Austen reveals the characters of Emma and Mr Woodhouse through their reactions to Mrs Elton. Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax
- lexis
- narrative style.

Go on to consider how Austen presents Mrs. Elton elsewhere in the novel.

Jane Austen: Emma

Or,

3. The extract below, taken from Vol. 3, Chapter 3, follows the incident in which Frank Churchill rescues Harriet Smith from the gipsies. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

Such an adventure as this, – a fine young man and a lovely young woman thrown together in such a way, could hardly fail of suggesting certain ideas to the coldest heart and the steadiest brain. So Emma thought, at least. Could a linguist, could a grammarian, could even a mathematician have seen what she did, have witnessed their appearance together, and heard their history of it, without feeling that circumstances had been at work to make them peculiarly interesting to each other? – How much more must an imaginist, like herself, be on fire with speculation and foresight! – especially with such a ground-work of anticipation as her mind had already made.

- 5 It was a very extraordinary thing! Nothing of the sort had ever occurred before to any young ladies in the place, within her memory; no rencontre, no alarm of the kind; – and now it had happened to the very person, and at the very hour, when the other very person was chancing to pass by to rescue her! – It certainly was very extraordinary! – And knowing, as she did, the favourable state of mind of each at this period, it struck her the more. He was wishing to get the better of his attachment to herself, she just recovering from her mania for Mr. Elton. It seemed as if every thing united to promise the most interesting consequences. It was not possible that the occurrence should not be strongly recommending each to the other.

- 10 In the few minutes' conversation which she had yet had with him, while Harriet had been partially insensible, he had spoken of her terror, her naïveté, her fervor as she seized and clung to his arm, with a sensibility amused and delighted; and just at last, after Harriet's own account had been given, he had expressed his indignation at the abominable folly of Miss Bickerton in the warmest terms. Every thing was to take its natural course, however, neither impelled nor assisted. She would not stir a step, nor drop a hint. No, she had had enough of interference. There could be no harm in a scheme, a mere passive scheme. It was no more than a wish. Beyond it she would on no account proceed.

Discuss how Austen presents Emma's thoughts in the extract. Relevant features to examine include :

- grammar and syntax
- lexis
- narrative voice.

Go on to consider the importance of match-making in the novel as a whole.

Emily Brontë: Wuthering Heights

Or,

4. In the extract below, taken from Chapter 6, Heathcliff tells Nelly Dean how he and Catherine first met the Linton family at Thrushcross Grange. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

‘While they examined me, Cathy came round; she heard the last speech, and laughed. Edgar Linton, after an inquisitive stare, collected sufficient wit to recognise her. They see us at church, you know, though we seldom meet them elsewhere. “That is Miss Earnshaw!” he whispered to his mother, “and look how Skulker has bitten her – how her foot bleeds!”

- 5 ‘ “Miss Earnshaw? Nonsense!” cried the dame; “Miss Earnshaw scouring the country with a gipsy! And yet, my dear, the child is in mourning – surely it is – and she may be lamed for life!”

- 10 ‘ “What culpable carelessness in her brother!” exclaimed Mr Linton, turning from me to Catherine. “I’ve understood from Shielders” ’ (that was the curate, sir) ‘ “that he lets her grow up in absolute heathenism. But who is this? Where did she pick up this companion? Oho! I declare he is that strange acquisition my late neighbour made, in his journey to Liverpool – a little Lascar, or an American or Spanish castaway.”

‘ “A wicked boy, at all events,” remarked the old lady, “and quite unfit for a decent house! Did you notice his language, Linton? I’m shocked that my children should have heard it.”

- 15 ‘I recommenced cursing – don’t be angry, Nelly – and so Robert was ordered to take me off. I refused to go without Cathy; he dragged me into the garden, pushed the lantern into my hand, assured me that Mr Earnshaw should be informed of my behaviour, and, bidding me march directly, secured the door again. The curtains were still looped up at one corner, and I resumed my station as spy; because, if Catherine had wished to return, I intended shattering their great glass panes to a million of fragments, unless they let her out. She sat on the sofa quietly. Mrs Linton
- 20 took off the grey cloak of the dairy maid which we had borrowed for our excursion, shaking her head and expostulating with her, I suppose: she was a young lady, and they made a distinction between her treatment and mine. Then the woman-servant brought a basin of warm water, and washed her feet; and Mr Linton mixed a tumbler of negus, and Isabella emptied a plateful of cakes into her lap, and Edgar stood gaping at a distance. Afterwards, they dried and combed her
- 25 beautiful hair, and gave her a pair of enormous slippers, and wheeled her to the fire; and I left her, as merry as she could be, dividing her food between the little dog and Skulker, whose nose she pinched as she ate; and kindling a spark of spirit in the vacant blue eyes of the Lintons – a dim reflection from her own enchanting face. I saw they were full of stupid admiration; she is so immeasurably superior to them – to everybody on earth, is she not, Nelly?’

Explore how Brontë presents the scene and the characters in the extract. Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax
- lexis
- dialogue.

Go on to discuss the presentation of Thrushcross Grange elsewhere in the novel.

Or,

5. In the extract below, taken from Chapter 24, the younger Catherine tells Nelly of a visit to her cousin Linton Heathcliff. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

‘One time, however, we were near quarrelling. He said the pleasantest manner of spending a hot July day was lying from morning till evening on a bank of heath in the middle of the moors, with the bees humming dreamily about among the bloom, and the larks singing high up over head, and the blue sky and bright sun shining steadily and cloudlessly. That was his most perfect idea of heaven’s happiness; mine was rocking in a rustling green tree, with a west wind blowing, and bright white clouds flitting rapidly above; and not only larks, but throstles, and blackbirds, and linnets, and cuckoos pouring out music on every side, and the moors seen at a distance, broken into cool dusky dells; but close by great swells of long grass undulating in waves to the breeze; and woods and sounding water, and the whole world awake and wild with joy. He wanted all to lie in an ecstasy of peace; I wanted all to sparkle, and dance in a glorious jubilee. I said his heaven would be only half alive; and he said mine would be drunk: I said I should fall asleep in his; and he said he could not breathe in mine, and began to grow very snappish. At last, we agreed to try both, as soon as the right weather came; and then we kissed each other and were friends.

‘After sitting still an hour, I looked at the great room with its smooth uncarpeted floor, and thought how nice it would be to play in, if we removed the table; and I asked Linton to call Zillah in to help us, and we’d have a game at blindman’s buff; she should try to catch us; you used to, you know, Ellen. He wouldn’t: there was no pleasure in it, he said; but he consented to play at ball with me. We found two in a cupboard, among a heap of old toys: tops, and hoops, battledores, and shuttlecocks. One was marked C., and the other H.; I wished to have the C., because that stood for Catherine, and the H. might be for Heathcliff, his name; but the bran came out of H., and Linton didn’t like it. I beat him constantly: and he got cross again, and coughed, and returned to his chair. That night, though, he easily recovered his good humour: he was charmed with two or three pretty songs – *your* songs, Ellen; and when I was obliged to go, he begged and entreated me to come the following evening; and I promised. Minny and I went flying home as light as air; and I dreamt of Wuthering Heights and my sweet, darling cousin, till morning.

How does Brontë present the two cousins and the contrasts between them in the extract?

Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax
- lexis and imagery.

Go on to consider Brontë’s presentation of **one** other pair of contrasting characters in the novel.

Kate Chopin : The Awakening and Selected Stories

Or,

6. The extract below is taken from Chapter XXXVIII which is close to the end of ‘The Awakening’. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

She let herself in at the gate, but instead of entering she sat upon the step of the porch. The night was quiet and soothing. All the tearing emotion of the last few hours seemed to fall away from her like a somber, uncomfortable garment, which she had but to loosen to be rid of. She went back to that hour before Adèle had sent for her; and her senses kindled afresh in thinking of Robert’s words, the pressure of his arms, and the feeling of his lips upon her own. She could picture at that moment no greater bliss on earth than possession of the beloved one. His expression of love had already given him to her in part. When she thought that he was there at hand, waiting for her, she grew numb with the intoxication of expectancy. It was so late; he would be asleep perhaps. She would awaken him with a kiss. She hoped he would be asleep that she might arouse him with her caresses.

Still, she remembered Adèle’s voice whispering, “Think of the children; think of them.” She meant to think of them; that determination had driven into her soul like a death wound – but not to-night. To-morrow would be time to think of everything.

Robert was not waiting for her in the little parlor. He was nowhere at hand. The house was empty. But he had scrawled on a piece of paper that lay in the lamplight:

“I love you. Good-by – because I love you.”

Edna grew faint when she read the words. Then she stretched herself out there, never uttering a sound. She did not sleep. She did not go to bed. The lamp sputtered and went out. She was still awake in the morning, when Celestine unlocked the kitchen door and came in to light the fire.

How does Chopin present Edna’s thoughts and feelings in the extract? Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax
- lexis and imagery.

Go on to consider Chopin’s presentation of the relationship between Edna and Robert in the story as a whole.

Or,

7. The extract below is the second half of ‘The Story of an Hour’ in which Louise Mallard is told that her husband has died in an accident. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

There would be no one to live for her during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

5 And yet she had loved him – sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

“Free! Body and soul free!” she kept whispering.

10 Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. “Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door – you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven’s sake open the door.”

“Go away. I am not making myself ill.” No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

15 Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

20 She arose at length and opened the door to her sister’s importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister’s waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine’s piercing cry; at Richards’ quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

25 But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease – of joy that kills.

Explore how Chopin presents Louise’s state of mind and emotions in the extract. Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax
- lexis and imagery.

Go on to discuss how Chopin handles the endings of at least **two** other stories in the collection.

Charles Dickens : Great Expectations

Or,

8. The extract below is taken from Chapter 11, during Pip’s second visit to Satis House. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

I crossed the staircase landing, and entered the room she indicated. From that room, too, the daylight was completely excluded, and it had an airless smell that was oppressive. A fire had been lately kindled in the damp old-fashioned grate, and it was more disposed to go out than to burn up, and the reluctant smoke which hung in the room seemed colder than the clearer air – like our own
 5 marsh mist. Certain wintry branches of candles on the high chimney-piece faintly lighted the chamber: or, it would be more expressive to say, faintly troubled its darkness. It was spacious, and I dare say had once been handsome, but every discernible thing in it was covered with dust and mould, and dropping to pieces. The most prominent object was a long table with a tablecloth spread on it, as if a feast had been in preparation when the house and the clocks all stopped
 10 together. An epergne or centre-piece of some kind was in the middle of this cloth; it was so heavily overhung with cobwebs that its form was quite undistinguishable; and, as I looked along the yellow expanse out of which I remember its seeming to grow, like a black fungus, I saw speckled-legged spiders with blotchy bodies running home to it, and running out from it, as if some circumstance of the greatest public importance had just transpired in the spider community.
 15 I heard the mice too, rattling behind the panels, as if the same occurrence were important to their interests. But, the black-beetles took no notice of the agitation, and groped about the hearth in a ponderous elderly way, as if they were short-sighted and hard of hearing, and not on terms with one another.
 These crawling things had fascinated my attention and I was watching them from a distance,
 20 when Miss Havisham laid a hand upon my shoulder. In her other hand she had a crutch-headed stick on which she leaned, and she looked like the Witch of the place.
 “This,” said she, pointing to the long table with her stick, “is where I will be laid when I am dead. They shall come and look at me here.”

Discuss how Dickens creates a sense of place in this extract. Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax
- lexis and imagery
- narrative style.

Go on to consider the importance of at least **one** other location in the novel.

Or,

9. The extract below is taken from Chapter 39 in which Magwitch reveals himself as Pip's benefactor. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

I got away from him, without knowing how I did it, and mended the fire in the room where we had been together, and sat down by it, afraid to go to bed. For an hour or more, I remained too stunned to think; and it was not until I began to think, that I began fully to know how wrecked I was, and how the ship in which I had sailed was gone to pieces.

- 5 Miss Havisham's intentions towards me, all a mere dream; Estella not designed for me; I only suffered in Satis House as a convenience, a sting for the greedy relations, a model with a mechanical heart to practise on when no other practice was at hand; those were the first smarts I had. But, sharpest and deepest pain of all – it was for the convict, guilty of I knew not what crimes, and liable to be taken out of those rooms where I sat thinking, and hanged at the Old
10 Bailey door, that I had deserted Joe.

- I would not have gone back to Joe now, I would not have gone back to Biddy now, for any consideration: simply, I suppose, because my sense of my own worthless conduct to them was greater than every consideration. No wisdom on earth could have given me the comfort that I should have derived from their simplicity and fidelity; but I could never, never, never, undo what I
15 had done.

- In every rage of wind and rush of rain, I heard pursuers. Twice, I could have sworn there was a knocking and whispering at the outer door. With these fears upon me, I began either to imagine or recal that I had had mysterious warnings of this man's approach. That, for weeks gone by, I had passed faces in the streets which I had thought like his. That, these likenesses had grown more
20 numerous, as he, coming over the sea, had drawn nearer. That, his wicked spirit had somehow sent these messengers to mine, and that now on this stormy night he was as good as his word, and with me.

Explore how Dickens presents Pip's thoughts and feelings in this extract. Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax
- lexis and imagery.

Go on to discuss the importance of the relationship between Pip and Magwitch in the novel as a whole.

Ian McEwan : Enduring Love

Or,

10. Read the extract below which is taken from Chapter 7 and then answer the question which follows.

‘What possible reason would you have for thinking I love you?’ I tried to make the question sound sincere, and not merely rhetorical. I was quite interested to know, although I also wanted to get away.

‘Don’t,’ Parry said through a whisper. ‘Please don’t.’ His lower lip was trembling.

5 But I pressed on. ‘As I remember it, we spoke at the bottom of the hill. I can understand if you felt strange after the accident. I certainly did.’

At this point, to my great surprise, Parry put his hands over his face and started to cry. He was also trying to say something which I could not hear at first. Then I made it out. ‘Why? Why? Why?’ he kept on saying. And then, when he had recovered a little he said, ‘What have I done to
10 you? Why are you keeping this up?’ The question made him cry again. I came away from the wall where I had been standing and walked a few paces from him. He stumbled after me, trying to regain his voice. ‘I can’t control my feelings the way you can,’ he said. ‘I know this gives you power over me, but there’s nothing I can do about it.’

‘Believe me, I have no feelings to control,’ I said.

15 He was watching my face with a kind of hunger, a desperation. ‘If it’s a joke, it’s time to stop. It’s doing us both damage.’

‘Look,’ I said. ‘I’ve got to go now. I don’t expect to hear from you again.’

‘Oh God,’ he wailed. ‘You say that, and then you make that face. What is it you *really* want me to do?’

20 I was feeling suffocated. I turned and walked away quickly towards the Edgware Road. I heard him come running up behind me. Then he was plucking at my sleeve, and trying to take my arm. ‘Please, please,’ he said in a gabble. ‘You can’t leave it like that. Tell me something, give me one little thing. The truth, or just a part of the truth. Just say that you’re torturing me. I won’t ask the reason. But please tell me that’s what you’re doing.’

25 I pulled my arm away and stopped. ‘I don’t know who you are. I don’t understand what you want, and I don’t care. Now, will you leave me alone?’

Look closely at how McEwan presents the conflict between Joe and Jed in the extract. Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax
- lexis and imagery
- narrative voice.

Go on to discuss the presentation of the conflict between Joe and Jed elsewhere in the novel.

*Ian McEwan : Enduring Love***Or,**

11. The extract below is Appendix II, written by Jed Parry three years after admittance to a secure mental hospital. Read the extract and then answer the question which follows.

Tuesday

Dear Joe, I was awake at dawn. I slipped out of bed, put on my dressing gown and without disturbing the night staff went and stood by the east window. See how willing I can be when you're kind to me! You're right, when the sun comes up behind the trees they turn black. The twigs at the very top are tangled against the sky, like the insides of some machine with wires. But I wasn't thinking about that because it was a cloudless day and what rose up above the treetops ten minutes later was nothing less than the resplendence of God's glory and love. Our love! First bathing me, then warming me through the pane. I stood there, shoulders back, my arms hanging loosely at my sides, taking deep breaths. The old tears streaming. But the joy! The thousandth day, my thousandth letter, and you telling me that what I'm doing is right! At first you didn't see the sense of it, and you cursed our separation. Now you know that every day I spend here brings you one tiny step closer to that glorious light, His love, and the reason you know it now when you didn't before is because you are close enough to feel yourself turning helplessly and joyfully towards his warmth. No going back now, Joe! When you are His, you also become mine. This happiness is almost an embarrassment to me. I'm meant to be a prisoner. The bars are on the windows, the ward is locked at night, I spend my days and nights in the company of the shuffling, muttering, dribbling idiots, and the ones who aren't shuffling have to be restrained. The nurses, especially the men, are brutes who really ought to be inmates and have somehow scraped through to the other side. Cigarette smoke, windows that won't open, urine, TV ads. That's the world I've described to you a thousand times. I ought to be going under. Instead I feel more purpose than I've ever known in my life. I've never felt so free. I'm soaring, I'm so happy, Joe! If they'd known how happy I was going to be here they would have let me out. I have to stop writing to hug myself. I'm earning our happiness day by day and I don't care if it takes me a lifetime. A thousand days – this is my birthday letter to you. You know it already, but I need to tell you again that I adore you. I live for you. I love you. Thank you for loving me, thank you for accepting me, thank you for recognising what I am doing for our love. Send me a new message soon, and remember – faith is joy.

Jed

Explore how McEwan presents Jed's state of mind in the extract. Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax
- lexis and imagery.

Go on to discuss the various ways in which McEwan brings the novel to a close.

Arundhati Roy : The God of Small Things

Or,

12. Read the extract below which is taken from Chapter 5 and then answer the question which follows.

So there it was then, History and Literature enlisted by commerce. Kurtz and Karl Marx joining palms to greet rich guests as they stepped off the boat.

Comrade Namboodiripad's house functioned as the hotel's dining room, where semi-suntanned tourists in bathing suits sipped tender coconut water (served in the shell), and old communists, who now worked as fawning bearers in colourful ethnic clothes, stooped slightly behind their trays of drinks.

In the evenings (for that Regional Flavour) the tourists were treated to truncated kathakali performances ('Small attention spans,' the Hotel People explained to the dancers). So ancient stories were collapsed and amputated. Six-hour classics were slashed to twenty-minute cameos.

The performances were staged by the swimming pool. While the drummers drummed and the dancers danced, hotel guests frolicked with their children in the water. While Kunti revealed her secret to Karna on the river bank, courting couples rubbed suntan oil on each other. While fathers played sublimated sexual games with their nubile teenaged daughters, Poothana suckled young Krishna at her poisoned breast. Bhima disembowelled Dushasana and bathed Draupadi's hair in his blood.

The back verandah of the History House (where a posse of Touchable policemen converged, where an inflatable goose was burst) had been enclosed and converted into the airy hotel kitchen. Nothing worse than kebabs and caramel custard happened there now. The Terror was past. Overcome by the smell of food. Silenced by the humming of cooks. The cheerful chop-chop-chopping of ginger and garlic. The disembowelling of lesser mammals – pigs, goats. The dicing of meat. The scaling of fish.

Something lay buried in the ground. Under grass. Under twenty-three years of June rain.

A small forgotten thing.

Nothing that the world would miss.

A child's plastic wristwatch with the time painted on it.

Ten to two it said.

Look closely at how Roy presents the History House in the extract. Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax
- lexis and imagery
- structure.

Go on to discuss the importance of the History House in the novel as a whole.

Or,

13. Read the extract below which is taken from Chapter 9 and then answer the question which follows.

They were, all three of them, wearing saris (old ones, torn in half) that day, Estha was the draping expert. He pleated Sophie Mol's pleats. Organized Rahel's pallu and settled his own. They had red bindis on their foreheads. In the process of trying to wash out Ammu's forbidden kohl, they had smudged it all over their eyes, and on the whole looked like three raccoons trying to pass
5 off as Hindu ladies. It was about a week after Sophie Mol arrived. A week before she died. By then she had performed unfalteringly under the twins' perspicacious scrutiny and had confounded all their expectations.

She had:

(a) Informed Chacko that even though he was her Real Father, she loved him less than Joe –
10 (which left him available – even if not inclined – to be the surrogate father of certain two-egg persons greedy for his affection).

(b) Turned down Mammachi's offer that she replace Estha and Rahel as the privileged plaiter of Mammachi's nightly rat's tail and counter of moles.

(c) (& Most Important) – Astutely gauged the prevailing temper, and not just rejected, but
15 rejected outright and extremely rudely, all of Baby Kochamma's advances and small seductions.

As if this were not enough, she also revealed herself to be human. One day the twins returned from a clandestine trip to the river (which had excluded Sophie Mol), and found her in the garden in tears, perched on the highest point of Baby Kochamma's Herb Curl, 'Being Lonely,' as she put it. The next day Estha and Rahel took her with them to visit Velutha.

20 They visited him in saris, clumping gracelessly through red mud and long grass (*Nictitating ictitating tating ating ting ing*) and introduced themselves as Mrs Pillai, Mrs Eapen and Mrs Rajagopalan.

Explore how Roy presents Sophie Mol and her relationship with the twins in the extract. Relevant features to examine include:

- grammar and syntax
- lexis and imagery
- structure.

Go on to consider the role and significance of Sophie Mol in the novel as a whole.