

General Certificate of Education
January 2004
Advanced Level Examination



**ENGLISH LANGUAGE (SPECIFICATION A)
Unit 4 Language Investigation**

EA4W

Thursday 22 January 2004 9.00 am to 11.30 am

In addition to this paper you will require:
a 12-page answer book.

Time allowed: 2 hours 30 minutes

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 EA4W.

Information

- The maximum mark for this paper is 60.
- Mark allocations are shown in brackets.
- You will be assessed on your ability to use an appropriate form and style of writing, to organise relevant information clearly and coherently, and to use specialist vocabulary, where appropriate. The degree of legibility of your handwriting and the level of accuracy of your spelling, punctuation and grammar will also be taken into account.

Advice

- It is recommended that you spend at least 30 minutes studying the extracts and planning your investigation. When you write your answer, the majority of your time should be devoted to analysis of data.

Language Investigation

Your task is to carry out a language investigation using **some or all** of the data that has been provided for you.

Description of Extracts

Extract 1 (page 3) is an autopsy report written in 1937.

Extract 2 (page 4) is taken from *The Undertaking: Life Studies from the Dismal Trade*, a collection of essays written by Thomas Lynch (writer and undertaker) published in 1998.

Extract 3 (pages 5 – 7) is taken from a leaflet published in 2003 by Scottish Widows. It is selling life assurance which is an insurance policy that pays money to the family or beneficiaries when the policy holder dies.

Extract 4 (pages 8 – 9) is an essay entitled “Shepard’s Funeral” by Fergal Keane, a BBC foreign correspondent, from *Letter to Daniel: Despatches from the heart*, published in 1996.

Extract 5 (page 10) is taken from Monty Python’s *Dead Parrot* sketch, first broadcast on BBC2 TV in 1969.

Extract 6 (page 11) is a poem by Grace Nichols entitled “Tropical Death”, published in 1984 in *The Fat Black Woman’s Poems*.

Suggested structure for writing up your investigation

1: Aim(s)

State the aim or aims of your investigation.

2: Method

Explain the linguistic frameworks you are using to analyse your data.

3: Analysis

Present a detailed analysis of your data.

4: Conclusion

Draw your conclusions in response to your aim(s) and based on your analysis.

5: Evaluation

Evaluate the validity of your conclusions and suggest any further research that might be undertaken.

(60 marks)

Extract 1

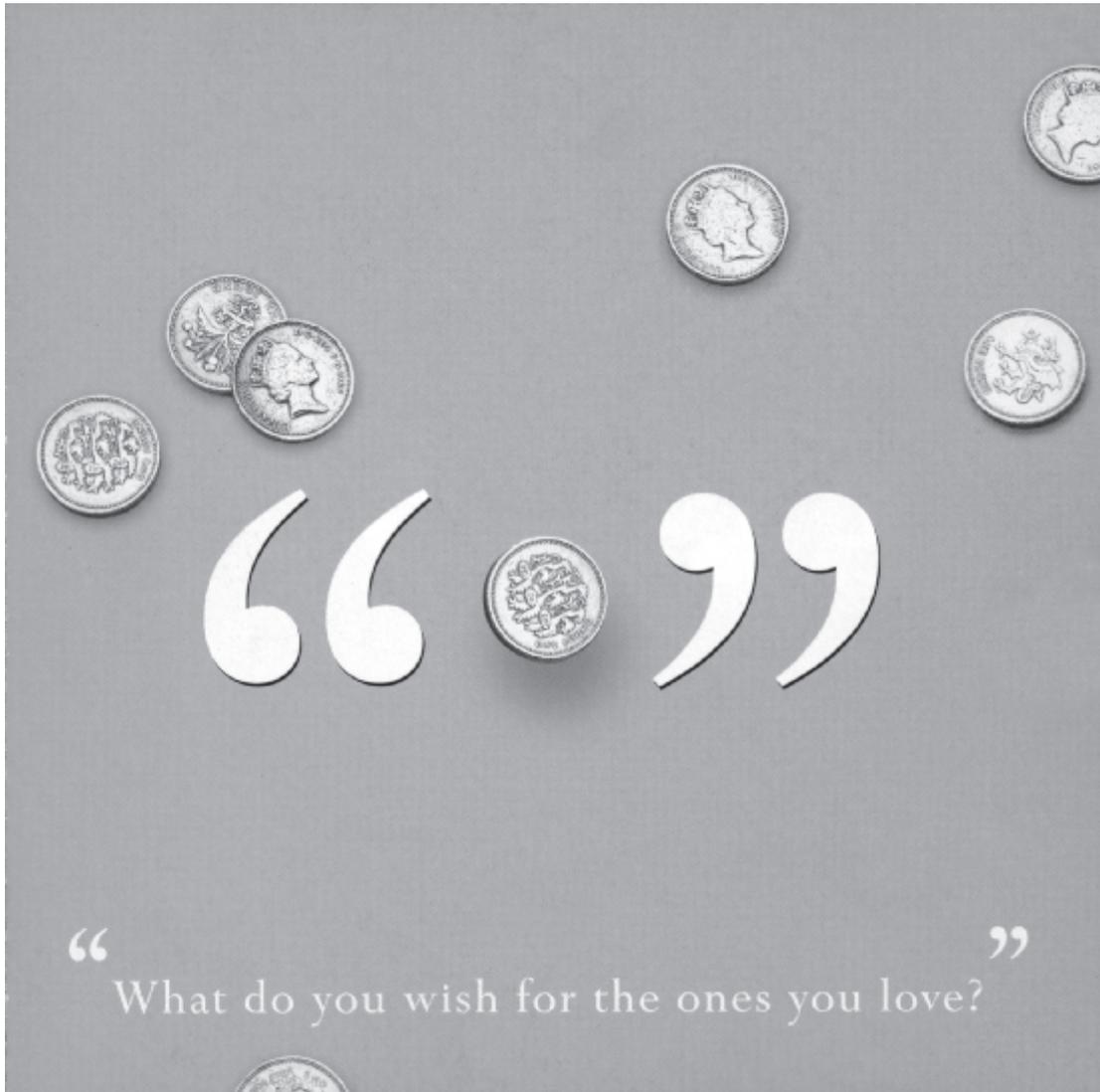
Extract 1 from Autopsy Report, 1937, not reproduced here, due to third-party copyright constraints.

Turn over ►

Extract 2

Extract 2 from *The Undertaking: Life Studies from the Dismal Trade* (Random House), 1998, not reproduced here, due to third-party copyright constraints.

Extract 3



EXTRACT 3 CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGE

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Extract 3 continued

“ I want my partner to feel safe and secure ”

Are you protecting the things that really matter?

Life assurance isn't just about covering everyday essentials, like the mortgage and day to day bills - although clearly those are important too. It's about taking steps to ensure that your loved ones could still have the future you want them to have and the freedom to do what they want to do.

At Scottish Widows, we understand that everyone's circumstances change over the years. So on certain occasions for example if you get married or take out a mortgage we make it easy to increase your level of cover to meet those changes.

While our life assurance offers a high level of cover, our monthly payments are low - as you can see from the table opposite. And once taken out, your payments for life assurance are guaranteed never to increase.

£100,000 Life Assurance cover, 20 year level term.		
	Female	Male
Scottish Widows	£6.40	£7.80
Egg	£7.02	£8.70
Marks & Spencer	£7.75	£9.25
Eagle Star	£8.03	£9.47

* Monthly payments, aged 30 next birthday, non smoker

Source: Moneyfacts Life and Pensions December 2002
Payments vary with term, sum assured, age, sex and smoker status. No critical illness cover or payment cover is included. This is subject to your family being the main beneficiaries and assumes acceptance at standard rates.

Extract 3 continued

“It doesn't cost much to protect the dreams you have for your family.

We all have hopes and dreams for the future. We want our loved ones to feel secure. We want more for our children than we had ourselves. And we work hard to ensure that our family can be whatever they want to be.

The Level Term Assurance Plan from Scottish Widows is a simple, low cost form of life assurance that can protect your dreams and wishes for your family. While no amount of money would ever replace you, the right amount of life assurance cover could ensure that if you die unexpectedly, your family won't be held back by lack of cash.

With our Level Term Assurance Plan you can choose the length of time you want the cover to run for, and the level of cover that's right for you. So it's a simple way to give you and your family peace of mind for an affordable payment each month.

”

“ I want my daughter's dreams to come true.

”

Source: Scottish Widows leaflet, 2003

Turn over ►

Extract 4

SHEPARD'S FUNERAL**Mabopane, August 1993**

Black township violence claimed more than 17 000 lives in the years leading up to South Africa's historic election of 1994. Often, hundreds of people would be killed each month. Few were untouched by the violence.

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Death came to my personal world this week. It took away Shepard Gopi in a matter of seconds. He was a gentle human being whom I knew mostly as a husky voice floating in the warm darkness of my backyard. Shepard was the boyfriend of Paulina, an equally gentle person, who has worked for the BBC for some ten years. He had a job in a large furniture store, had his own car and seemed to all of us to be a happy man, a man who looked to the future. He divided his time between my house and that of a friend in nearby Alexandra township. When I returned home last Friday night, I found Paulina sitting at the kitchen table weeping, my wife doing what she could to offer consolation.

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The facts, as explained to me, were brutally simple: the previous night Shepard had gone to Alexandra to meet his friend. They went to a drinking club and talked for several hours. When Shepard came out, a group of gunmen surrounded him. One of the gang opened fire with an automatic rifle and shot Shepard ten times. On a street where the rubbish is piled in mounds, Shepard Gopi, Shepard of the laughing voice, died in a pool of his own blood. The following day his father arrived at my house, carrying his son's clothes and a few other personal belongings. This was how Paulina learned of her lover's death.

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As she sat weeping at the kitchen table I felt at a loss as to what to say, how to console her. But Paulina knew, far better than I, that this was death without sense, without reason, without meaning. 'These are terrible times. Why are we killing each other?' she asked. The answer, of course, was one that most people wanted to shy away from, a truth that lurked in the darkness. It lay in recognizing that the humanity had drained out of a great many people, that for the young men who killed Shepard it was as easy to take his life away as it would have been to allow him to live.

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The generation that produced Shepard's killers had grown up believing that violence should be their first resort. They had good 'teachers': policemen who shot first and asked questions later, secret police who tortured and murdered with impunity, and distant political leaders who urged them to make their townships ungovernable, their schools into places of revolution. But while the grown-ups have decided it is time to talk, the generation they have spawned have begun to lose themselves in fields of blood. I have encountered such wild-eyed young men on the streets of the townships time and time again in the past month.

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They are the people who place burning tyres around the necks of their victims, they make up the gangs that enforce school boycotts and strikes, they are the people who have, of late, taken to digging up the corpses of their enemies and setting them alight. This final act of desecration encapsulates the brutalization, the nihilism which is eating its way into the social fabric of those townships where violence has become endemic.

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Before I lose myself in despair, let me return to the short life of Shepard, or more particularly to his funeral. With four of Paulina's friends packed into the car we set off early for the black homeland of Bophutatswana, to the township of Mabopane where the funeral was to take place.

It was a bright, warm morning, and the journey north took us barely forty minutes. This was a township quite different from the ones I had spent so much time in recently. There was order and quiet, with no barricades and no prowling armoured vehicles. We followed a long line of buses and cars to the dusty graveyard, which rose out of the bush about a mile from the township. At the graveside, the family congregated under an awning which had been specially erected. Behind them were singers from one of the burial societies to which township residents pay a sum each month to secure a decent funeral for family members.

The wind came up from the east and sent clouds of dust from the open grave drifting over the mourners. We coughed and turned our faces away. Some women began to sing a lament, one of those old cries of pain that seem to rise out of the ground and fill every pocket of space. One by one we walked to the grave and took a handful of earth, which we cast down on to the coffin of poor dead Shepard.

A notice handed around to mourners noted that he had been born in 1961, and shot dead thirty-two years later. As the diggers began to shovel earth down into the grave, I wept for Shepard and his family and for Paulina, but also for the burned and mutilated dead who had crowded my dreams after the last terrible month in the townships. As we walked away from the graveyard, the minister who had performed the burial service came up to me. 'Thank you for coming,' he said, 'thank you so much. You see,' he said, 'it is that love that is important.'

Standing amid the streams of mourners, I held on to his words: knowing that, in their simplicity, they spoke volumes about this country's amazing capacity for hope in the face of fear, brutality and so much loss.

Source: FERGAL KEANE, Letter to Daniel: Despatches from the heart (Penguin) 1996

Extract 5

Dead Parrot

The Cast:

Praline

John Cleese

Shopkeeper

Michael Palin

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The Sketch:

A customer enters a pet shop.

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

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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?

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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?

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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!

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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.

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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.

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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.

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Shopkeeper Well of course it was nailed there. Otherwise it would muscle up to those bars and voom.

Praline Look matey, *(picks up parrot)* this parrot wouldn't voom if I put four thousand volts through it. It's bleeding demised.

Shopkeeper It's not, it's pining.

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Praline It's not pining, it's passed on. This parrot is no more. It has ceased to be. It's expired and gone to meet its maker. This is a late parrot. It's a stiff. Bereft of life, it rests in peace. If you hadn't nailed it to the perch it would be pushing up the daisies. It's rung down the curtain and joined the choir invisible. This is an ex-parrot.

Source: An extract from Monty Python's Dead Parrot Sketch 1969

Extract 6
Tropical Death

The fat black woman want
 a brilliant tropical death
 not a cold sojourn
 in some North Europe far/forlorn

The fat black woman want 5
 some heat/hibiscus at her feet
 blue sea dress
 to wrap her neat

The fat black woman want
 some bawl 10
 no quiet jerk tear wiping
 a polite hearse withdrawal

The fat black woman want
 all her dead rights
 first night 15
 third night
 nine night
 all the sleepless droning
 red-eyed wake nights

In the heart 20
 of her mother's sweetbreast
 In the shade
 of the sun leaf's cool bless
 In the bloom
 of her people's bloodrest 25

the fat black woman want
 a brilliant tropical death yes

Source: Grace Nichols, "Tropical Death", *The Fat Black Woman's Poems*
 (TimeWarner Books UK) 1984

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Extract 5 from Monty Python's Dead Parrot Sketch(Python (Monty) Pictures Ltd) 1969

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