



General Certificate of Education
Advanced Level Examination
June 2012

English Literature (Specification A)

LITA3

Unit 3 Reading for Meaning
Love Through the Ages

Wednesday 20 June 2012 9.00 am to 11.30 am

For this paper you must have:

- a 16-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 LITA3.
- Answer **both** questions.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work that you do not want to be marked.

Information

- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 80.
- Material from your wider reading **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
 - use good English
 - organise information clearly
 - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

Advice

- This unit assesses your understanding of the relationships between different aspects of English Literature.

Please read this advice carefully before you turn to the material.

Reading

Here are the materials taken from the prescribed area for study, Love Through the Ages. You will be using this material to answer the **two** questions on the page opposite.

Read all **four** items (**A**, **B**, **C** and **D**) and their introductions several times in the light of the questions set. Your reading should be close and careful.

Wider Reading

Both questions test your wider reading in the prescribed area for study, Love Through the Ages.

In total, across both questions, you should write about a minimum of **one** wider reading text from **each** of the **three** genres of poetry, drama and prose.

Planning

It is recommended that, for **each** question, you spend around **30 minutes** reading, thinking and planning.

Answer **both** questions.

Question 1

0	1
---	---

Read the two drama extracts (**Item A** and **Item B**) carefully, bearing in mind that they were written at different times by different writers and are open to different interpretations.

Write a comparison of these **two** extracts.

In your answer you should consider the ways in which Shakespeare (in **Item A**) and Pinter (in **Item B**) use form, structure and language to present their thoughts and ideas. You should make relevant references to your wider reading in **drama**.

(40 marks)

Question 2

0	2
---	---

Read the two extracts (**Item C** and **Item D**) carefully, bearing in mind that they were written at different times by different writers and are open to different interpretations.

Write a comparison of the ways in which the separation of lovers and its consequences are presented in these **two** extracts.

In your answer you should consider the ways in which Mayor (in **Item C**) and Byron (in **Item D**) use form, structure and language to present their thoughts and ideas. You should make relevant references to your wider reading, ensuring that you include references to both **poetry** and **prose**.

(40 marks)

END OF QUESTIONS

Turn over for Item A

Turn over ►

Item A

Richard III, by **William Shakespeare**, was first performed in 1592 and is set during the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. Richard, the hunchbacked youngest son of the late Duke of York, has told the audience of his plans to become King.

The following extract is from Act 1, Scene 2. Lady Anne, of the House of Lancaster, has been grieving over the coffin of her father-in-law, King Henry VI. Pallbearers and two gentlemen are in attendance. When Richard enters Anne curses him, since he was responsible for the deaths of both her father-in-law and her husband.

She spits at him

RICHARD Why dost thou spit at me?

ANNE Would it were mortal poison for thy sake.

RICHARD Never came poison from so sweet a place.

ANNE Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight. Thou dost infect mine eyes.

RICHARD Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

ANNE Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead.

RICHARD I would they were, that I might die at once,

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,

Shamed their aspects with store of childish drops.

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,

No, when my father York and Edward wept

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made

When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him,

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death

And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks

Like trees bedashed with rain. In that sad time

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear.

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to friend nor enemy.

My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word.

But now thy beauty is proposed my fee,

My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to speak.

She looks scornfully at him

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast

And let the soul forth that adareth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

He kneels, pulling open his shirt. She grips the sword and moves as if to stab him.

Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry,

But 'twas thy beauty that provokèd me.

Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabbed young Edward,

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

She lets the sword fall

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

ANNE Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,

I will not be thy executioner.

RICHARD Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

ANNE I have already.

RICHARD That was in thy rage.
 Speak it again, and even with the word,
 This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
 Shall for thy love kill a far truer love.
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

ANNE I would I knew thy heart.

RICHARD 'Tis figured in my tongue.

ANNE I fear me both are false.

RICHARD Then never man was true.

ANNE Well, well, put up your sword.

RICHARD Say then my peace is made.

ANNE That shalt thou know hereafter.

RICHARD But shall I live in hope?

ANNE All men, I hope, live so.

RICHARD Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

He puts the ring on her finger

Look how my ring encompasseth thy finger.
 Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart.
 Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
 And if thy poor devoted servant may
 But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
 Thou dost confirm his happiness forever.

ANNE What is it?

RICHARD That it may please you leave these sad designs
 To him that hath most cause to be a mourner
 And presently repair to Crosby House,
 Where, after I have solemnly interred
 At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king
 And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
 I will with all expedient duty see you.
 For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
 Grant me this boon.

ANNE With all my heart, and much it joys me, too,
 To see you are become so penitent.
 Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

RICHARD Bid me farewell.

ANNE 'Tis more than you deserve,
 But since you teach me how to flatter you,
 Imagine I have said farewell already.

Exeunt two with Anne

GENTLEMAN Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

RICHARD No, to Whitefriars; there attend my coming.

Pallbearers carry the coffin away. All leave the stage except Richard.

Was ever woman in this humour wooed?
 Was ever woman in this humour won?
 I'll have her but I will not keep her long.

Turn over for Item B

Turn over ►

Item B

The Homecoming by **Harold Pinter** was first performed in 1965. Teddy comes back after six years to his childhood home in London with his wife Ruth, who is also from this area. They left England shortly after being married and without Ruth having met Teddy's family.

The following extract takes place after midnight. Ruth has been talking to Teddy's brother Lenny. He is wearing pyjamas and a dressing-gown; she is fully clothed. They are alone.

Silence.

LENNY. You and my brother are newly-weds, are you?

RUTH. We've been married six years.

LENNY. He's always been my favourite brother, old Teddy. Do you know that? And my goodness we are proud of him here, I can tell you. Doctor of Philosophy and all that ... leaves quite an impression. Of course, he's a very sensitive man, isn't he? Ted. Very. I've often wished I was as sensitive as he is.

RUTH. Have you?

LENNY. Oh yes. Oh yes, very much so. I mean, I'm not saying I'm not sensitive. I am. I could just be a bit more so, that's all.

RUTH. Could you?

LENNY. Yes, just a bit more so, that's all.

Pause.

I mean, I am very sensitive to atmosphere, but I tend to get desensitized, if you know what I mean, when people make unreasonable demands on me. For instance, last Christmas I decided to do a bit of snow-clearing for the Borough Council, because we had a heavy snow over here that year in Europe. I didn't have to do this snow-clearing – I mean I wasn't financially embarrassed in any way – it just appealed to me, it appealed to something inside me. What I anticipated with a good deal of pleasure was the brisk cold bite in the air in the early morning. And I was right. I had to get my snowboots on and I had to stand on a corner, at about five-thirty in the morning, to wait for the lorry to pick me up, to take me to the allotted area. Bloody freezing. Well, the lorry came, I jumped on the tailboard, headlights on, dipped, and off we went. Got there, shovels up, fags on, and off we went, deep into the December snow, hours before cockcrow. Well, that morning, while I was having my mid-morning cup of tea in a neighbouring cafe, the shovel standing by my chair, an old lady approached me and asked me if I would give her a hand with her iron mangle. Her brother-in-law, she said, had left it for her, but he'd left it in the wrong room, he'd left it in the front room. Well, naturally, she wanted it in the back room. It was a present he'd given her, you see, a mangle, to iron out the washing. But he'd left it in the wrong room, he'd left it in the front room, well that was a silly place to leave it, it couldn't stay there. So I took time off to give her a hand. She only lived up the road. Well, the only trouble was when I got there I couldn't move this mangle. It must have weighed about half a ton. How this brother-in-law got it up there in the first place I can't even begin to envisage. So there I was, doing a bit of shoulders on with the mangle, risking a rupture, and this old lady just standing there, waving me on, not even lifting a little finger to give me a helping hand. So after a few minutes I said to her, now look here, why don't you stuff this iron mangle up your arse? Anyway, I said, they're out of date, you want to get a spin drier. I had a good mind to give her a workover there and then, but as I was feeling jubilant with the snow-clearing I just gave her a short-arm jab to the belly and jumped on a bus outside. Excuse me, shall I take this ashtray out of your way?

RUTH. It's not in my way.

LENNY. It seems to be in the way of your glass. The glass was about to fall. Or the ashtray. I'm rather worried about the carpet. It's not me, it's my father. He's obsessed with order and clarity. He doesn't like mess. So, as I don't believe you're smoking at the moment, I'm sure you won't object if I move the ashtray.

He does so.

And now perhaps I'll relieve you of your glass.

RUTH. I haven't quite finished.

LENNY. You've consumed quite enough, in my opinion.

RUTH. No, I haven't.

LENNY. Quite sufficient, in my own opinion.

RUTH. Not in mine, Leonard.

Pause.

LENNY. Don't call me that, please.

RUTH. Why not?

LENNY. That's the name my mother gave me.

Pause.

Just give me the glass.

RUTH. No.

Pause.

LENNY. I'll take it, then.

RUTH. If you take the glass ... I'll take you.

Pause.

LENNY. How about me taking the glass without you taking me?

RUTH. Why don't I just take you?

Pause.

LENNY. You're joking.

Pause.

You're in love, anyway, with another man. You've had a secret liaison with another man. His family didn't even know. Then you come here without a word of warning and start to make trouble.

She picks up the glass and lifts it towards him.

RUTH. Have a sip. Go on. Have a sip from my glass.

He is still.

Sit on my lap. Take a long cool sip.

She pats her lap. Pause.

She stands, moves to him with the glass.

Put your head back and open your mouth.

LENNY. Take that glass away from me.

RUTH. Lie on the floor. Go on. I'll pour it down your throat.

LENNY. What are you doing, making me some kind of proposal?

She laughs shortly, drains the glass.

RUTH. Oh, I was thirsty.

She smiles at him, puts the glass down, goes into the hall and up the stairs.

He follows into the hall and shouts up the stairs.

LENNY. What was that supposed to be? Some kind of proposal?

Silence.

Turn over for Item C

Turn over ►

Item C

The Rector's Daughter by **Flora Macdonald Mayor** was published in 1924. It tells the story of Mary Jocelyn, who is the daughter of the rector of Dedmayne, Canon Jocelyn. After many years of loneliness and selfless devotion to her father, Mary thinks that she has found love in a relationship with her father's friend, Mr. Robert Herbert. Mary's friend, Dora, encourages her hopes of marriage. Mr. Herbert, however, meets another woman and they become engaged.

Life passed as usual at Dedmayne. Canon Jocelyn was writing his sermon for the Cathedral, so that he was rather particularly immersed in his own thoughts. One evening at dinner Mary sat without saying a word. To-night she felt that if she spoke she would rail. "And he would not care if I railed or if I were dead."

After dinner she did not go as usual into the drawing-room. She rushed to the nursery. A large yellow moon was shining in. She could see the furniture quite well: the children's little chairs, nurse's low chair, the dolls'-house, and her dear rocking-horse—all looking like ghosts. It seemed a room of the dead. She remembered her last visit there, full of baseless hopes that the room might be itself again. Now it and all it contained were in their graves for ever. "And Mother is dead," she thought, "and Ruth, and old nurse, and the children that used to play here are more dead than the real dead—the boys are quite lost to me, and Father, the father who used to carry me on his shoulder, is deadest of all, for he never, *never* shows what he used to be." She cried out: "I am thirty-six, and I may go on fifty years. I take after father's family; they all drag on to ninety."

"If there were children," she thought, "they would make everything happy, including the grown-up people. But a house without children has nothing, and is nothing, and the grown-up people in it are dead, even if they have to wait fifty years to be buried."

She sat on till she heard the bell ring for prayers.

But her father was not as indifferent as she thought.

After prayers, when he was bidding good-night, he laid his hand on her shoulder and said, "I think we are letting ourselves get too silent. I have been missing your laugh at dinner. Shall we ask Dora to come and cheer us up? No one knows better than I do that I am a dull companion for a young thing like you. She who made it bright for us all is gone."

She kissed him, hoping that the tears which rushed to her eyes would not fall on his cheek. She could tell him nothing. She had been having toothache, she said. "That has made me stupid. But I will ask Dora. Thank you for suggesting it." She felt he would think her cold and ungrateful, but for once he understood her. He had observed the growing attachment of his daughter and Mr. Herbert. In old age's procrastinating way—for old age often thinks there is immeasurable time for important things though hurry for trifles—he had contemplated a possible engagement at some distant date. He grieved for her, but doing as he would be done by, he let fall no word of sympathy. He had some fear of a scene. He remembered her as a schoolgirl, effusive and given to repentant outbursts. After the disastrous fashion of his generation, he would not trouble himself to see that time had passed, and she had grown out of that stage years ago.

She walked to the door. Then she felt she must not miss the chance. She turned back and said, "I don't mind loneliness, I shouldn't mind anything if I thought you cared."

If he had repelled her she would not have been heart-broken, but she could not have helped despising him. At last he let his real feeling out. He said, stammering with the unusual effort, "I do care—I care very much."

She wanted no more. She said, "Do you, Father? Thank you," and went upstairs.

Turn over for Item D

Turn over ►

Item D

The following poem was written by **Lord Byron** (1788–1824).

When We Two Parted

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever the years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder, thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this!

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well.
Long, long shall I rue thee
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?
With silence and tears.

END OF ITEMS

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.

Copyright © 2012 AQA and its licensors. All rights reserved.