



General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Subsidiary Examination  
June 2015

# English Language and Literature (Specification A)

## ELLA2

### Unit 2 Analysing Speech and its Representation

Tuesday 2 June 2015 9.00 am to 10.30 am

**For this paper you must have:**

- an AQA 12-page answer book.

#### Time allowed

- 1 hour 30 minutes

#### Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Paper Reference** is ELLA2.
- Answer Question 1 from Section A and **one** other question from Section B.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work that 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 75.
- Question 1 carries 45 marks and Questions 2–9 carry 30 marks each.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
  - use good English
  - organise information clearly
  - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

#### Advice

- You are advised to spend 50 minutes on Section A and 40 minutes on Section B.

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**Section A – Analysing Speech**
**Answer Question 1.**


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0	1
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 Read **Texts A** and **B**.

**Text A** is a transcript of three neighbours, Steph, Justin and Angela, talking about the effects of a violent storm that had occurred the previous day.

**Text B** is an extract from a speech given by Barack Obama, the President of the United States of America, preparing the people of the country for the impact of an approaching hurricane.

Compare how information and attitudes about the storms are conveyed by the speakers in the two texts.

In your answer you should comment on:

- vocabulary, and grammatical, stylistic and speech features
- the influence of context on the ways in which speakers convey attitudes and ideas.

[45 marks]

**Key**

(.)	micropause
(1.0)	pause in seconds
<u>underlining</u>	particular emphasis of a word
[	overlapping speech
::	elongation of a word

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation.

**Text A**

**Steph:** what a mess (.) what a mess the (.) er (.) wind's made of that (.) did either of you see it happen (.)

**Justin:** no (.) I was in [the

**Angela:** [yes (.) did (.) did you

**Steph:** yes (.) oh yes (.) it gave me the fright of my life (1.0) I was just coming back from the shops (.) I was just across the road when I [saw

**Justin:** [how (.) what happened

**Steph:** well (.) the wind was tremendous (.) I've never felt it as strong as long as I've lived up here (.) have you Ange (.)

- Angela:** no (.) no (.) I've lived up here for (.) er (.) for over er (.) thirty years and I've never known anything like it (.)
- Steph:** yeah (.) yeah (.) I know (.) me neither (0.5) anyway (.) just as I got to the corner there was an enormous gust (.) I thought that I was going to get blown over (.) an then there was this massive cracking sound an when I turned I saw the whole roof of that house there just lift into the air (1.0) it was like a massive kite (.) just lifted into the air and (.) and (.) sort of (.) er (.) just hung in the air (.) like it was hovering or some
- Justin:** [thing  
how long did it [hang  
oh just
- Steph:** a second or so (.) an then it just (.) sort of (.) er (.) flipped upside [down  
and just crashed into
- Angela:** the front garden (1.0) there (.) I saw it from my kitchen window (.) I thought for a moment it was coming my way (0.5) but it didn't (.) thank God
- Justin:** I suppose we got off quite lightly compared to some places (.) did you see on the news this morning all the flooding around the coast (.)
- Steph:** yes (.) and all those homes that fell into the sea (0.5) I felt rea::lly sorry for that poor woman (0.5) her whole house just (.) just slid into the sea (0.5) an there wasn't a bloody thing she could do about [it
- Angela:** [yeah (.) an wasn't it near there where the lifeboat station got washed into the sea (.) I mean (.) when even the lifeboat place goes (.) you've got to wonder
- Justin:** hmm (.) I know (0.5) and the thing is (.) according to the scientists it looks like we've got more of this (.) er (.) unpredictable weather to look forward to in the future
- Steph:** thanks for that Justin
- Angela:** yeah (.) cheers Justin  
(both laugh)

**Turn over for Text B**

**Turn over ►**

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**Text B**

We anticipate that the center of the storm is going to hit landfall sometime this evening. But because of the nature of this storm, we are certain that this is going to be a slow-moving process through a wide swath of the country, and millions of people are going to be affected.

So the most important message that I have for the public right now is, please listen to what your state and local officials are saying. When they tell you to evacuate, you need to evacuate. Do not delay. Don't pause; don't question the instructions that are being given, because this is a serious storm and it could potentially have fatal consequence if people haven't acted quickly.

But keep in mind that for folks who are not following instructions, if you are not evacuating when you've been asked to evacuate, you're putting first responders at danger. We're going to have to have search-and-rescue teams in and around multiple states all at the same time. And although we've got Coast Guard and the Department of Defense all positioned, if the public is not following instructions, that makes it more dangerous for people and it means that we could have fatalities that could have been avoided.

Transportation is going to be tied up for a long time. And probably the most significant impact for a lot of people, in addition to flooding, is going to be getting power back on. We anticipate that there are going to be a lot of trees down, a lot of water. And despite the fact that the power companies are working very closely with their various state officials and local officials to make sure that they are bringing in as many assets as possible and getting those ready in preparation for the storm, the fact is that a lot of these emergency crews are not going to be able to get into position to start restoring power until some of these winds have died down. And because of the nature of this storm, that may take several days.

But right now, the key is to make sure that the public is following instructions. For those of you who still need additional information about how to respond, you can go to [Ready.gov](http://Ready.gov) – that's [Ready.gov](http://Ready.gov). And that website should provide you with all the information that your family needs in terms of how you can prepare for this storm.

Our thoughts and prayers go out to all the people who are potentially affected. We are extraordinarily grateful for our first responders, because they're going to be working 24/7 around the clock, non-stop. And I want to make sure that our thoughts and prayers go out to all those who may end up be dealing with a very difficult situation over the next several days.

Last point I'll make, though – this is going to be a big storm. It's going to be a difficult storm. The great thing about America is when we go through tough times like this we all pull together. We look out for our friends. We look out for our neighbors. And we set aside whatever issues we may have otherwise to make sure that we respond appropriately and with swiftness. And that's exactly what I anticipate is going to happen here.

**End of Section A**

**Turn over for Section B**

**Turn over ►**

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## Section B – Analysing the Representation of Speech

Answer **one** question from this section.

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**Either**

*The Return of the Native* – Thomas Hardy

0	2
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How does Hardy use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present a sense of competition in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

**[30 marks]**

Blackbarrow had again become blended with night when Wildeve ascended the long acclivity at its base. On his reaching the top a shape grew up from the earth immediately behind him. It was that of Eustacia's emissary. He slapped Wildeve on the shoulder. The feverish young innkeeper and ex-engineer started like Satan at the touch of Ithuriel's spear.

'The meeting is always at eight o'clock, at this place,' said Venn, 'and here we are – we three.'

'We three?' said Wildeve, looking quickly round.

'Yes; you, and I, and she. This is she.' He held up the letter and parcel.

Wildeve took them wonderingly. 'I don't quite see what this means,' he said. 'How do you come here? There must be some mistake.'

'It will be cleared from your mind when you have read the letter. Lanterns for one.' The reddleman struck a light, kindled an inch of tallow-candle which he had brought, and sheltered it with his cap.

'Who are you?' said Wildeve, discerning by the candlelight an obscure rubicundity of person in his companion. 'You are the reddleman I saw on the hill this morning – why, you are the man who –'

'Please read the letter.'

'If you had come from the other one I shouldn't have been surprised,' murmured Wildeve as he opened the letter and read. His face grew serious: –

TO MR. WILDEVE, – After some thought I have decided once and for all that we must hold no further communication. The more I consider the matter the more I am convinced that there must be an end to our acquaintance. Had you been uniformly faithful to me throughout these two years you might now have some ground for accusing me of heartlessness; but if you calmly consider what I bore during the period of your desertion, and how I passively put up with your courtship of another without once interfering, you will, I think, own that I have a right to consult my own feelings when you come back to me again. That these are not what they were towards you may, perhaps, be a fault in me, but it is one which you can scarcely reproach me for when you remember how you left me for Thomasin.

The little articles you gave me in the early part of our friendship are returned by the bearer of this letter. They should rightly have been sent back when I first heard of your engagement to her.

EUSTACIA.

By the time that Wildeve reached her name the blankness with which he had read the first half of the letter intensified to mortification. 'I am made a great fool of, one way and another,' he said pettishly. 'Do you know what is in this letter?'

The reddleman hummed a tune.

'Can't you answer me?' asked Wildeve warmly.

'Ru-um-tum-tum,' sang the reddleman.

Wildeve stood looking on the ground beside Venn's feet, till he allowed his eyes to travel upwards over Diggory's form, as illuminated by the candle, to his head and face. 'Ha-ha! Well, I suppose I deserve it, considering how I have played with them both,' he said at last, as much to himself as to Venn. 'But of all the odd things that ever I knew the oddest is that you should so run counter to your own interests as to bring this to me.'

'My interests?'

'Certainly. 'Twas your interest not to do anything which would send me courting Thomasin again, now she has accepted you – or something like it. Mrs. Yeobright says you are likely to marry her. 'Tisn't true, then?'

'Good lord! I heard of this before, but didn't believe it. When did she say so?'

Wildeve began humming as the reddleman had done.

'I don't believe it now,' cried Venn.

'Ru-um-tum-tum,' sang Wildeve.

'O Lord – how we can imitate!' said Venn contemptuously. 'Well, I'll have this out. I'll go straight to her.'

Diggory withdrew with an emphatic step, Wildeve's eye passing over his form in withering derision, as if he were no more than a heath-cropper. When the reddleman's figure could no longer be seen Wildeve himself descended and plunged into the rayless hollow of the vale.

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

or

*In a Dry Season* – Peter Robinson

0 3

How does Robinson use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present a sense of awkwardness in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

**[30 marks]**

The doorbell rang.

Banks went to answer it. Curious, Annie let the manuscript drop on her lap. ‘Maybe it’s that hard-working DS Hatchley of yours?’

‘On a Sunday morning? That’d be stretching credibility *too* far.’

Banks opened the door. Annie heard a woman’s voice, then Banks stepped back slowly and in she walked. Blonde hair, black eyebrows, attractive, good figure, nicely dressed in a pastel skirt and a white blouse.

She noticed Annie out of the corner of her eye and turned. For a moment, she seemed speechless, a slight flush suffusing her pale complexion, then she moved forward and said, ‘Hello, I don’t think we’ve been introduced.’

Feeling foolish, Annie took the manuscript off her stomach and stood up. ‘Annie Cabbot,’ she said. ‘DS Cabbot.’ She felt acutely aware of her bare legs and feet.

‘Sandra Banks,’ said the other. ‘Pleased to meet you.’

Banks closed the door and stood behind them looking uncomfortable. ‘DS Cabbot and I were just discussing the Thornfield Reservoir case,’ he said. ‘Maybe you’ve read about it?’

Sandra looked down at Annie’s bare feet, then gave Banks a withering glance. ‘Yes, of course,’ she said. ‘And on a Sunday morning, too. Such devotion to duty.’ She started moving back towards the door.

Annie felt herself blush to her roots.

‘Anyway,’ Banks gibbered on, ‘it’s really nice to see you. Would you like some coffee or something?’

Sandra shook her head. ‘No, I don’t think so. I just came up to Eastvale to see to some things at the community centre. I’m staying with Harriet and David. While I was in the area, I thought I’d drop by to get some papers signed and talk to you about our son, but it’ll do some other time. No hurry. Don’t let me interrupt your brain-storming session.’

As she spoke she grasped the handle and opened the door. ‘Nice meeting you, DS Cabbot,’ she said over her shoulder, and with that she was gone.



Annie stood facing Banks in silence for a few moments, aware only of her fast and loud heartbeat and burning skin. ‘I didn’t know what to say,’ she said. ‘I felt foolish, embarrassed.’

‘Why should you?’ said Banks. ‘I’ve already told you, Sandra and I have been separated for almost a year.’

*But you still love her,* Annie thought. Where did that come from? She pushed the thought away. ‘Yes, I know. It was just a shock, meeting her like that.’

Banks gave a nervous laugh. ‘You can say that again. Look, let’s have some more coffee and go sit outside, okay? Put Vivian Elmsley and her problems on the back burner for a while. It’s a beautiful day, shame to waste it staying indoors. Maybe this afternoon we can go for a long walk? Fremlington Edge?’

‘Okay.’ Annie followed him outside, still feeling dazed. She sat on a striped deck-chair, feeling the warmth of the canvas against the backs of her bare thighs, the feeling that always reminded her of summers in St Ives. Banks was reading the *Sunday Times* book section, trying to pretend everything was just fine, but she knew he was rattled, too. Perhaps even more than she was. After all, he had been married to the woman for more than twenty years.

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

or

*The Lovely Bones* – Alice Sebold

0 4

How does Sebold use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present Ruana Singh in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

**[30 marks]**

When my father knocked on the door of Ray Singh’s house, he was struck dumb by Ray’s mother, Ruana. It was not that she was immediately welcoming, and she was far from sunny, but something about her dark hair, and her gray eyes, and even the strange way she seemed to step back from the door once she opened it, all of these things overwhelmed him.

He had heard the offhand comments the police made about her. To their mind she was cold and snobbish, condescending, odd. And so that was what he imagined he would find.

“Come in and sit,” she’d said to him when he pronounced his name. Her eyes, on the word *Salmon*, had gone from closed to open doorways—dark rooms where he wanted to travel firsthand.

He almost lost his balance as she led him into the small cramped front room of their house. There were books on the floor with their spines facing up. They came out three rows deep from the wall. She was wearing a yellow sari and what looked like gold lamé capri pants underneath. Her feet were bare. She padded across the wall-to-wall and stopped at the couch. “Something to drink?” she asked, and he nodded his head.

“Hot or cold?”

“Hot.”

As she turned the corner into a room he couldn’t see, he sat down on the brown plaid couch. The windows across from him under which the books were lined were draped with long muslin curtains, which the harsh daylight outside had to fight to filter through. He felt suddenly very warm, almost close to forgetting why that morning he had double-checked the Singhs’ address.

A little while later, as my father was thinking of how tired he was and how he had promised my mother to pick up some long-held dry cleaning, Mrs. Singh returned with tea on a tray and put it down on the carpet in front of him.

“We don’t have much furniture, I’m afraid. Dr. Singh is still looking for tenure.”

She went into an adjoining room and brought back a purple floor pillow for herself, which she placed on the floor to face him.

“Dr. Singh is a professor?” my father asked, though he knew this already, knew more than he was comfortable with about this beautiful woman and her sparsely furnished home.

“Yes,” she said, and poured the tea. It was quiet. She held out a cup to him, and as he took it she said, “Ray was with him the day your daughter was killed.”

He wanted to fall over into her.

“That must be why you’ve come,” she continued.

“Yes,” he said, “I want to talk to him.”

“He’s at school right now,” she said. “You know that.” Her legs in the gold pants were tucked to her side. The nails on her toes were long and unpolished, their surface gnarled from years of dancing.

“I wanted to come by and assure you I mean him no harm,” my father said. I watched him. I had never seen him like this before. The words fell out of him like burdens he was delivering, back-logged verbs and nouns, but he was watching her feet curl against the dun-colored rug and the way the small pool of numbed light from the curtains touched her right cheek.

“He did nothing wrong and loved your little girl. A schoolboy crush, but still.”

Schoolboy crushes happened all the time to Ray’s mother. The teenager who delivered the paper would pause on his bike, hoping that she would be near the door when she heard the thump of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* hit the porch. That she would come out and, if she did, that she would wave. She didn’t even have to smile, and she rarely did outside her house—it was the eyes, her dancer’s carriage, the way she seemed to deliberate over the smallest movement of her body.

When the police had come they had stumbled into the dark front hall in search of a killer, but before Ray even reached the top of the stairs, Ruana had so confused them that they were agreeing to tea and sitting on silk pillows. They had expected her to fall into the grooves of the patten they relied on with all attractive women, but she only grew more erect in posture as they tried harder and harder to ingratiate themselves, and she stood upright by the windows while they questioned her son.

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

or

*Strange Meeting* – Susan Hill

0 5

How does Hill use representations of speech and other stylistic techniques to present Hilliard's feelings about his home and family in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the novel?

**[30 marks]**

'You look as if you were going to a wedding, mother.' Though in truth she might always have been dressed for some wedding – or garden party or dinner or opera, she was a provincial woman who bought the type of clothes designed for some London society hostess. She said, 'I do have standards.' As a boy he had been embarrassed by the grandeur of her costume, when she came to see him at school. They said, 'Who is she? Who is she?'

'Hilliard's mother.'

'Only Hilliard? Good Lord!'

The sun shone, too, on the round walnut table which stood between them, on the Meissen figurine, and the copy of *Blackwood's* and the bowl of roses. Roses.

'I am dressed to come with you to the railway station.'

He was silent for a moment. Somewhere, around the side of the house, Plummet began to mow the lawn.

'Look, actually I do have to go fairly soon, mother. I've got some things to do in London . . . shopping . . . and . . .'

'You won't be staying for luncheon?'

'I – no. I'd better be off.'

'Is there anything you like to have in your parcels? Anything in particular? It is so awfully difficult to know. Your father was asking.'

'Whatever you like. Anything, thank you.'

'Fruit? Sweets?'

'Yes.'

'You used to be fond of muscatels and almonds, as a small boy. Mary will bake you plum cakes, of course, they are so much better than anything we could buy.'

'I don't mind what you send, mother. Anything.'

'Fortnum's are very reliable, I think? You do get what we ask for? They send out things of good quality?'

'Yes, yes.'

'Now you are to complain, John, if anything is not quite right. We pay enough for the parcels, they should not put in substitutes, or anything which is not of the best.'

'Mother, the parcels are perfectly all right, don't go on about things. I'm grateful for whatever you send, that's all. Don't trouble.'

'I like to trouble. That is the least I can do.'

He did not reply. Looking at his mother then, she seemed less of a stranger than she had ever been, almost closer, now, than Beth. He could hardly believe it. She had not changed, she looked no older. There had been no real communication between them since he came home, no more than throughout his life. Yet for this time, he loved her.

He knew little enough about her, however, did not even know tiny, factual things – as, what particular illnesses she had suffered in childhood, where she had first met his father, what she did in the mornings after breakfast, when she shut herself up in her sitting room overlooking the bay and would not see anyone, how much money she had to spend.

Her hands were folded together, palm to palm, in front of her. What kind of a woman? Would he be able to say anything at all about her when he got back to France?

From the bowl on the table in front of him came the terrible scent of roses.

‘I had better go. I really ought to leave quite soon.’

‘Is there a great deal you have to carry?’

‘Oh, no. Anyway, I’ve got used to lugging things about.’

‘Then perhaps we might walk. As it’s such a fine morning. As you are going before it gets too hot. Perhaps we could walk to the railway station?’

No, he thought, no. He wanted to leave Cliff House alone, to turn the bend by the blackthorn hedge and go out of their sight, he wanted to go.

He said, ‘All right, mother. If you feel like it. I’ll get my bags downstairs.’

Constance Hilliard nodded. And went to get ready also, to put on a huge, cream-coloured hat and pin it with pearl-headed pins, to change her shoes and take up the lace parasol, to look like a Queen, walking down the gravelled drive and along the lane and up to the main street of Hawton towards the station.

They said nothing. He saw that people looked at her, and he was no longer embarrassed by her extravagance of dress and her height and her coolness of manner, for he understood, suddenly, that she was obliged to make the best of what she had, here in this dull, restricted neighbourhood, and that she was perhaps unhappy, after all, bored with herself. He saw that she was beautiful.

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

or

*A Man for All Seasons* – Robert Bolt

0 6

How does Bolt use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Richard Rich in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

[30 marks]

**Cromwell** (*pouring wine*) What kind of thing would you repeat or report?

**Rich** Well, nothing said in friendship – may I say ‘friendship’?

**Cromwell** If you like. D’you believe that – that you would never repeat or report anything etcetera?

**Rich** Why yes!

**Cromwell** No, but seriously.

**Rich** Yes!

**Cromwell** (*puts down the bottle. Not sinister, but rather as a kindly teacher with a promising pupil.*) Rich; seriously.

**Rich** (*pauses, then bitterly*) It would depend what I was offered.

**Cromwell** Don’t say it just to please me.

**Rich** It’s true. It would depend what I was offered.

**Cromwell** (*patting his arm*) Everyone knows it; not many people can say it.

**Rich** There are *some* things one wouldn’t do for anything. Surely.

**Cromwell** Mm – that idea’s like these lifelines they have on the embankment: comforting, but you don’t expect to have to use them. (*Briskly.*) Well, congratulations!

**Rich** (*suspicious*) On what?

**Cromwell** I think you’d make a good Collector of Revenues for York Diocese.

**Rich** (*gripping on to himself*) Is it in your gift?

**Cromwell** Effectively.

**Rich** (*conscious cynicism*) What do I have to do for it?

**Cromwell** Nothing. (*He lectures, pacing pedantically up and down.*) It isn’t like that, Rich. There are no rules. With rewards and penalties – so much wickedness purchases so much worldly prospering — (*He breaks off and stops, suddenly struck.*) Are you sure you’re not religious?

**Rich** Almost sure.

**Cromwell** Get sure. (*Resumes pacing.*) No, it’s not like that, it’s much more a matter of convenience, administrative convenience. The normal aim of administration is to keep steady this factor of convenience – and Sir Thomas would agree. Now normally when a man wants to change his woman, you let him if it’s convenient and prevent him if it’s not – normally indeed it’s of so little importance that you leave it to the priests. But the constant factor is this element of convenience.

**Rich** Whose convenience? (*Cromwell stops.*)

**Cromwell** Oh ours. But everybody’s too. (*Sets off again.*) However, in the present instance the man who wants to change his woman is our Sovereign Lord, Harry, by the Grace of God, the Eighth of that name. Which is a quaint way of saying that if he wants to change his woman he will. So *that* becomes

the constant factor. And our job as administrators is to make it as convenient as we can. I say 'our' job, on the assumption that you'll take this post at York I've offered you?

**Rich** Yes . . . yes, yes. (*But he seems gloomy.*)

**Cromwell** (*sits. Sharply*) It's a bad sign when people are depressed by their own good fortune.

**Rich** (*defensive*) I'm not depressed!

**Cromwell** You look depressed.

**Rich** (*hastily buffooning*) I'm lamenting. I've lost my innocence.

**Cromwell** You lost that some time ago. If you've only just noticed, it can't have been very important to you.

**Rich** (*much struck*) That's true! Why that's true, it can't!

**Cromwell** We experience a sense of release do we, Master Rich? An unfamiliar freshness in the head, as of open air?

**Rich** (*takes wine*) Collector of Revenues isn't bad!

**Cromwell** Not bad for a start. (*He watches Rich drink.*) Now our present Lord Chancellor – *there's* an innocent man.

**Rich** (*puts down glass. Indulgently*) The odd thing is – he *is*.

**Cromwell** (*looks at him with dislike*) Yes, I say he is. (*The light tone again.*) The trouble is, his innocence is tangled in this proposition that you can't change your woman without a divorce, and can't have a divorce unless the Pope says so. And although his present Holiness is – judged even by the most liberal standards a strikingly corrupt old person, yet he still has this word 'Pope' attached to him. And from this quite meaningless circumstance I fear some degree of . . .

**Rich** (*pleased, waving his cup*) Administrative inconvenience.

**Cromwell** (*nodding as to a pupil word perfect*) Just so. (*Deadpan.*) This goblet that he gave you, how much was it worth? (*Rich puts down cup, looks down. Quite gently.*) Come along, Rich, he gave you a silver goblet. How much did you get for it?

**Rich** Fifty shillings.

**Cromwell** Could you take me to the shop?

**Rich** Yes.

**Cromwell** Where did he get it? (*No reply.*) It was a gift from a litigant, a woman, wasn't it?

**Rich** Yes.

**Cromwell** Which court? Chancery? (*Restrains Rich from filling his glass.*) No, don't get drunk. In which court was this litigant's case?

**Rich** Court of Requests.

**Cromwell** (*grunts, his face abstracted. Becoming aware of Rich's regard he smiles*) There, that wasn't too painful was it?

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**



or

*All My Sons* – Arthur Miller

0 7

How does Miller use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present the state of mind of Kate Keller (Mother) in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

[30 marks]

**Frank** Kate! Kate!

**Mother** Frank, did you see George?

**Frank** (*extending his hand*) Lydia told me, I'm glad to . . . you'll have to pardon me. (*Pulling Mother over.*) I've got something amazing for you, Kate, I finished Larry's horoscope.

**Mother** You'd be interested in this, George. It's wonderful the way he can understand the –

**Chris** (*entering from house*) George, the girl's on the phone –

**Mother** (*desperately*) He finished Larry's horoscope!

**Chris** Frank, can't you pick a better time than this?

**Frank** The greatest men who ever lived believed in the stars!

**Chris** Stop filling her head with that junk!

**Frank** Is it junk to feel that there's a greater power than ourselves? I've studied the stars of his life! I won't argue with you, I'm telling you. Somewhere in this world your brother is alive!

**Mother** (*instantly to Chris*) Why isn't it possible?

**Chris** Because it's insane.

**Frank** Just a minute now. I'll tell you something and you can do as you please. Just let me say it. He was supposed to have died on November twenty-fifth. But November twenty-fifth was his favorable day.

**Chris** Mother!

**Mother** Listen to him!

**Frank** It was a day when everything good was shining on him, the kind of day he should've married on. You can laugh at a lot of it, I can understand you laughing. But the odds are a million to one that a man won't die on his favorable day. That's known, that's known, Chris!

**Mother** Why isn't it possible, why isn't it possible, Chris!

**George** (*to Ann*) Don't you understand what she's saying? She just told you to go. What are you waiting for now?

**Chris** Nobody can tell her to go. (*A car horn is heard.*)

**Mother** (*to Frank*) Thank you, darling, for your trouble. Will you tell him to wait, Frank?

**Frank** (*as he goes*) Sure thing.

**Mother** (*calling out*) They'll be right out, driver!

**Chris** She's not leaving, Mother.

**George** You heard her say it, he's never been sick!



**Mother** He misunderstood me, Chris! (**Chris looks at her, struck.**)

**George (to Ann)** He simply told your father to kill pilots, and covered himself in bed!

**Chris** You'd better answer him, Annie. Answer him.

**Mother** I packed your bag, darling.

**Chris** What?

**Mother** I packed your bag. All you've got to do is close it.

**Ann** I'm not closing anything. He asked me here and I'm staying till he tells me to go. (*To George.*) Till Chris tells me!

**Chris** That's all! Now get out of here, George!

**Mother (to Chris)** But if that's how he feels –

**Chris** That's all, nothing more till Christ comes, about the case or Larry as long as I'm here! (*To George.*) Now get out of here, George!

**George (to Ann)** You tell me. I want to hear you tell me.

**Ann** Go, George!

*They disappear up the driveway, Ann saying, 'Don't take it that way, Georgie! Please don't take it that way.'*

**Chris (turning to his mother)** What do you mean, you packed her bag? How dare you pack her bag?

**Mother** Chris –

**Chris** How dare you pack her bag?

**Mother** She doesn't belong here.

**Chris** Then I don't belong here.

**Mother** She's Larry's girl.

**Chris** And I'm his brother and he's dead, and I'm marrying his girl.

**Mother** Never, never in this world!

**Keller** You lost your mind?

**Mother** You have nothing to say!

**Keller (cruelly)** I got plenty to say. Three and a half years you been talking like a maniac –

**Mother smashes him across the face.**

**Mother** Nothing. You have nothing to say. Now I say. He's coming back, and everybody has got to wait.

**Chris** Mother, Mother –

**Mother** Wait, wait –

**Chris** How long? How long?

**Mother (rolling out of her)** Till he comes; forever and ever till he comes!

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

or

*Pack of Lies* – Hugh Whitmore

0 8

How does Whitmore use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Julie's relationship with Helen in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

[30 marks]

**Barbara** (*to Julie*) Don't start making yourself comfortable, Julie. Remember: homework first.

**Julie** Can't I even have a cup of tea?

**Barbara** Do you know what the time is? Your father will be home in a minute.

**Helen** Come on, Barbara, give the poor girl a cup of tea.

**Barbara** You spoil her. (*She gets up and goes to the kitchen*)

**Helen** Well, why not? (*To Julie*) Hey—I see the folk down the street are having a bonfire party tomorrow. Are you going?

**Julie** (*dismissively*) Oh no.

*She gets up, picks up her satchel, coat, scarf, and gloves, crosses into the hall and into the kitchen, putting her things down on the chair at the table. Helen follows and sits at the table*

**Helen** Too old for fireworks, huh?

**Julie** I've got better things to do.

**Barbara** Yes, she's got better things to do—like homework. (*To Julie*) Cake or biscuits?

**Julie** (*irritated*) Oh, Mum . . .! Neither, I *told* you.

**Barbara** (*to Helen*) Have you heard about this stupid diet?

**Julie** It's not stupid. Look at Sue Galleyford.

**Barbara** She's always been a big girl.

**Julie** Only because she eats so much.

**Barbara** Well, I think it's ridiculous—someone of your age . . .

*The telephone rings*

**Julie** I'll go—it's probably Maureen.

**Barbara** Hang your coat up! How many more times?

**Julie** Sorry, sorry. (*She picks up her raincoat and goes towards the hall*)

**Barbara** If it's that insurance man, tell him to ring back later.

**Julie** Okay. (*She closes the kitchen door. She hangs her raincoat on a peg and then answers the telephone*)

**Barbara** Would you like a cup of tea?

**Helen** No thanks, I'd better not.

*Barbara makes tea for Julie*

Say, whatever happened to the Pearsons?

**Barbara** The Pearsons . . .?

**Helen** Brian and Betty, down at number twenty-three.

**Barbara** They're all right, as far as I know.

**Helen** I've been round there half a dozen times and there's never anyone at home. I just wondered if they're okay.

*Julie returns*

**Julie** Who's that?

**Helen** The Pearsons.

**Julie** They've gone on holiday. (*To Barbara*) It's for you, Mum.

**Helen** (*to Julie*) At this time of the year?

**Julie** Only for a week. They're back tomorrow.

*Barbara goes to the door*

**Barbara** (*to Julie*) Who is it?

**Julie** A man.

**Barbara** What man?

**Julie** He didn't say.

**Barbara** Oh, Julie . . . (*She goes into the hall, closing the door. She goes to the telephone*)

*Julie pours tea for herself*

**Julie** Do you want some?

**Helen** No, thanks.

*Julie sips her tea; Helen watches her*

Well, now, young lady, and how are you today?

**Julie** Fine.

**Helen** Good.

**Julie** (*mock American accent*) Fine and dandy.

**Helen** Let's hope it stays that way.

**Julie** (*glancing at Helen*) Why shouldn't it?

**Helen** You tell me.

*Julie turns, frowning, to face Helen*

**Julie** What's the matter, Auntie Helen?

**Helen** I thought you weren't supposed to go riding about on motorcycles.

**Julie** Oh.

**Helen** Yes—oh.

**Julie** When did you see me?

**Helen** The other afternoon, with young Mr you-know-who.

**Julie** Malcolm.

**Helen** Yes, Malcolm. I thought all that was strictly *verboten*.

**Julie** He was only bringing me home from school—and he's very careful.

**Helen** Your momma doesn't think so.

**Julie** You know what she's like: she worries about everything.

**Helen** Only because she loves you.

**Julie** She keeps treating me like a little girl. She doesn't realize that I'm grown up.

*Helen looks at Julie; she smiles affectionately*

**Helen** No. No, and I don't suppose she ever will. (*She goes to Julie and kisses her*) Okay, I won't say a word. It'll be our secret. Don't do anything silly, do you hear me?

**Julie** (*smiling*) I won't. Thanks.

*Barbara returns*

**Barbara** Come on, Julie, what about that homework?

**Julie** (*to Helen, smiling*) See what I mean?

**Barbara** See what?

**Julie** Nothing. (*She picks up her cup of tea and goes to the door*) Who was that on the phone?

**Barbara** Someone for your father.

*Julie slings her satchel over her shoulder*

**Julie** Bye, Auntie Helen.

**Helen** Bye, sweetheart—work hard.

**Julie** I will.

*Julie exits and goes upstairs*

**Helen** She's a good girl.

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

or

*Measure for Measure* – William Shakespeare

0 9

How does Shakespeare use representations of speech and other dramatic techniques to present Claudio in the extract printed below, and in **one** other episode elsewhere in the play?

**[30 marks]**

CLAUDIO

If I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in mine arms.

ISABELLA

There spake my brother. There my father's grave  
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die.  
Thou art too noble to conserve a life  
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,  
Whose settled visage and deliberate word  
Nips youth i'th'head, and follies doth enew  
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil.  
His filth within being cast, he would appear  
A pond as deep as hell.

CLAUDIO

The precise Angelo?

ISABELLA

O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,  
The damnèd'st body to invest and cover  
In precious guards. Dost thou think, Claudio,  
If I would yield him my virginity,  
Thou might'st be freed?

CLAUDIO

O heavens, it cannot be.

ISABELLA

Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,  
So to offend him still. This night's the time  
That I should do what I abhor to name,  
Or else thou diest tomorrow.

CLAUDIO

Thou shalt not do't.

ISABELLA

O, were it but my life,  
I'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin.

CLAUDIO

Thanks, dear Isabel.

ISABELLA

Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.

CLAUDIO

Yes. Has he affections in him  
That thus can make him bite the law by th'nose,  
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin,  
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

ISABELLA

Which is the least?

CLAUDIO

If it were damnable, he being so wise,  
Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably fined? O Isabel!

ISABELLA

What says my brother?

CLAUDIO

Death is a fearful thing.

ISABELLA

And shamèd life a hateful.

CLAUDIO

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,  
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling region of thick-ribbèd ice,  
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and incertain thought  
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.  
The weariest and most loathèd worldly life  
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

ISABELLA

Alas, alas.

CLAUDIO

Sweet sister, let me live.

What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far  
That it becomes a virtue.

ISABELLA

O you beast!

O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!  
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?  
Is't not a kind of incest to take life  
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?

**END OF QUESTIONS**

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Text B – from <http://www.whitehouse.gov/the-press-office/2012/10/29/remarks-president-hurricane-sandy>  
Remarks by the President on Hurricane Sandy, President Obama, 2012.

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