



General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Level Examination  
June 2015

# English Language and Literature (Specification A)

## ELLA3

### Unit 3 Comparative Analysis and Text Adaptation

Thursday 11 June 2015 9.00 am to 11.30 am

**For this paper you must have:**

- an AQA 12-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 **Paper Reference** is ELLA3.
- Answer **three** questions in total: Question 1 in Section A and **either** Questions 2 **and** 3 **or** Questions 4 **and** 5 in 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 100.
- Section A carries 60 marks, while Section B carries 40 marks.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
  - use good English
  - organise information clearly
  - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

#### Advice

- You should spend 1 hour 30 minutes answering Section A and 1 hour answering Section B.

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**Section A – Comparative Analysis**Answer Question 1

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Read the three texts printed on the following pages. These texts are linked by the topic of earthquakes.

**Text A** is an extract from a conversation.

**Text B** is taken from a novel entitled *Sisterland* by Curtis Sittenfeld.

**Text C** is an extract from a website.

Compare all three texts, exploring how the writers and speakers use language to present their ideas and information about earthquakes and their effects.

Your analysis should include consideration of the following:

- the writers' or speakers' choice of vocabulary, grammar and style
- the relationships between texts and the significance of context on language use.

**[60 marks]**

**Text A**

This transcript is an extract from a discussion amongst a group of adults talking about their experiences of earthquakes. In this particular exchange a couple, A (female) and B (male), tell the group about an earthquake that took place in England in 2007.

**Key**

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

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation.

A: we were in bed asleep (.) weren't we

B: yes that's right (.) an the first thing I knew about it was there was this rumbling (.) like a lorry going past (1.0) a rea:::lly huge lorry (.) in fact that's what I thought it actually was

A: yeah but it was hardly likely at that time of night (.) an we never get lorries on our road

B: so I kinda came round [ an an

A: [ an you said what the hell was that

B: yeah an I jumped out of bed an looked out the window to see what it was

A: I was sound asleep (.) an really only woke up when he jumped up (1.0) I usually only wake up if he's snoring to be honest (.) so I wasn't really sure what was happenin

B: thanks for that (1.0) anyway the cupboards started to shake an the windows rattled too (.) the dog started barkin (.) an lights were goin on up and down the road

A: so I said (.) is it an earthquake (0.5) half joking really

B: an I said (.) actually I think it might be (2.0) an it turns out it was all over the country (.) runnin south to north

**Turn over for Text B**

**Turn over ►**

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**Text B**

This extract is from the novel *Sisterland* by Curtis Sittenfeld. It is taken from the Prologue to the main story which centres on an earthquake prediction for St Louis.

**Prologue**

*December 1811*  
*New Madrid, Louisiana Territory*

The first earthquake wasn't the strongest – that would come later, in February 1812 – but it must have been the most astonishing. It occurred shortly after two in the morning, and I imagine it awakening the people of New Madrid: the farmers and fur traders, the French Creoles and Indians and American pioneers. More men than women lived in the river town, and few families; the population was probably less than a thousand. The people were lying in their beds on this cold and ordinary night when without warning a tremendous cracking sound interrupted the quiet, a growing thunder, followed by the impossible fact of the quake itself: the rocking not just of their beds or floors or houses but of the land beneath them. Whether they stayed inside or hurried out, they'd have heard their animals crying, heard trees snapping, the Mississippi roaring up; so much fog and smoke filled the darkness that they would have felt the roll of the earth before they realized they could see it, too, undulating like the ocean. In some places, the ground split apart and flung up water, sand, and rocks, entire trees it had swallowed shortly before, and in turn it devoured horses and cows. Rising out of the cracks and holes was the smell of sulfur, like the wicked breath of the devil emanating from deep underground.

For hours, the convulsions didn't stop, and when eventually their bewildering rhythm changed, it was not to decrease but to intensify: Twice more, at seven in the morning and again at eleven, the earth exploded anew. And daybreak had not brought light. Still there was the chaos of vapors, the bleats and squawks of domesticated and wild animals, the collapsing trees and spewing land and mercilessly teeming river.

Only around noon did the earth settle, and only gradually. But what was left? The people's homes – one-story log or frame structures – were leveled, as were the town's stores and churches. The land was broken, the river roiling. The banks of the Mississippi had simply plunged into the water below, carrying with them houses, graveyards, and forests; canoes and keelboats had vanished under thirty-foot waves, reappeared, and vanished again.

Though it must have seemed, on the afternoon of December 16, 1811, that the world was ending, more destruction would follow. In this same remote area, another powerful quake occurred on January 23, 1812, and two weeks later, on February 7, the last and biggest. In just months, whole towns disappeared not only from the Louisiana Territory – soon to become the Territory of Missouri – but also from the Mississippi Territory and Tennessee. People claimed that the Mississippi River ran backward and that the effects of the quakes were felt hundreds of miles away: that clocks stopped in Natchez, chimneys collapsed in Louisville, and church bells rang in Boston.

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## Text C

The following text is taken from a section of the US Geological Survey website entitled 'Earthquakes for Kids'. (Please note that the images have been edited out.)

### The Science of Earthquakes

#### What is an earthquake?

An *earthquake* is what happens when two blocks of the earth suddenly slip past one another. The surface where they slip is called the *fault* or *fault plane*. The location below the earth's surface where the earthquake starts is called the *hypocenter*, and the location directly above it on the surface of the earth is called the *epicenter*.

Sometimes an earthquake has *foreshocks*. These are smaller earthquakes that happen in the same place as the larger earthquake that follows. Scientists can't tell that an earthquake is a foreshock until the larger earthquake happens. The largest, main earthquake is called the *mainshock*. Mainshocks always have *aftershocks* that follow. These are smaller earthquakes that occur afterwards in the same place as the mainshock. Depending on the size of the mainshock, aftershocks can continue for weeks, months, and even years after the mainshock!

#### What causes earthquakes and where do they happen?

The earth has four major layers: the *inner core*, *outer core*, *mantle* and *crust*. The crust and the top of the mantle make up a thin skin on the surface of our planet. But this skin is not all in one piece – it is made up of many pieces like a puzzle covering the surface of the earth. Not only that, but these puzzle pieces keep slowly moving around, sliding past one another and bumping into each other. We call these puzzle pieces *tectonic plates*, and the edges of the plates are called the *plate boundaries*. The plate boundaries are made up of many faults, and most of the earthquakes around the world occur on these faults. Since the edges of the plates are rough, they get stuck while the rest of the plate keeps moving. Finally, when the plate has moved far enough, the edges unstick on one of the faults and there is an earthquake.

#### Why does the earth shake when there is an earthquake?

While the edges of faults are stuck together, and the rest of the block is moving, the energy that would normally cause the blocks to slide past one another is being stored up. When the force of the moving blocks finally overcomes the *friction* of the jagged edges of the fault and it unsticks, all that stored up energy is released. The energy radiates outward from the fault in all directions in the form of *seismic waves* like ripples on a pond. The seismic waves shake the earth as they move through it, and when the waves reach the earth's surface, they shake the ground and anything on it, like our houses and us!

**End of Section A**

**Turn over for Section B**

**Turn over ►**

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**Section B – Adaptation of Texts for an Audience**

Answer **either** Questions 2 **and** 3 below  
**or** Questions 4 **and** 5 on page 11.

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**Either**

*Cupcakes and Kalashnikovs* – Eleanor Mills (Ed)

Read the source material which follows and answer **both** questions.

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**Text D** is from ‘Fabulously Fat’ by Erin Pizzey.

Imagine that you are a writer for your school or college magazine. You have been asked to write a piece aimed at helping young women to develop a positive image of themselves.

Using the information found in Pizzey’s piece, write your article. You should give your article an appropriate headline.

You should adapt the source material, using your own words as far as possible, without using direct quotations from the original text. Your article should be approximately 300–400 words in length.

In your adaptation you should:

- use language appropriately to address purpose and audience
- write accurately and coherently, applying relevant ideas and concepts. **[25 marks]**

**and**

0	3
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Write a commentary which explains the choices you made when writing the article, commenting on the following:

- how language and form have been used to suit audience and purpose
- how vocabulary and other stylistic features have been used to shape meaning and achieve particular effects.

You should aim to write about 150–250 words in this commentary. **[15 marks]**

**Turn over for Text D**

**Turn over ►**

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**Text D**

If you cough you'll be told it's because you're fat. If you laugh they'll tell you all fat people are jolly. If you are depressed they'll tell you it's because you are too fat. In fact anyone who doesn't look on the verge of anorexia is subject to millions of pounds of emotional blackmail.

The worst enemy of the whole conspiracy is other women. Seventy per cent of greetings between women start with a comment on whether or not one has put on or taken off weight followed by a long discussion on diets. Who has not had to sit next to something resembling a garden rake at dinner and watch her chase a limp piece of lettuce round her plate, making you feel positively porcine as you nosh your way through NW1 goulash.

However, I detect a change in the air. Just recently there was a report in the *Daily Mirror* where they had done a survey asking men whether they liked women fat or thin. I am delighted to tell you that the fatties did best. But why or how did it ever get to a situation when to be fat actually meant that many women suffered serious emotional damage or feelings of dislike for themselves and an emotional round of crash dieting followed by midnight binges that very nearly destroyed their lives?

Fat women went out of fashion in a big way when photographers and fashion designers took the brushes out of the hands of artists. Now, most artists like women in all shapes, forms and sizes, especially in the Rubens era, when they were huge, rosy and smiling. Rubens knew a lot about women as well and it was his advice to all women that the best sexual exercise available to all was scrubbing the floor with a scrubbing brush – which may well be why their bottoms are rosy with exertion and could lead to a whole new line of make up. Of course those who take language seriously now know where the term 'scrubber' came from.

However, back to the serious subject of the conspiracy. People like photographers or fashion designers – who decided to dictate what a fashionable woman should look like – are not in the business of human relations but in the business of showing off clothes which actually need clothes-horses, or photographers who are usually so insecure that they lead a vicarious life hidden behind their camera lens and only relate to women so faint with hunger and malnutrition that they are unable to be any kind of threat.

It only took a short time for the media and manufacturing market to decide that here was a huge national neurosis that could be turned into a multi-million pound business and the whole 'make them guilty' act went into full swing.

The secret of being fat and feeling fabulous is that you spend a long time actually talking to yourself about the advantages and disadvantages of being fat or not. I started with the advantages. First of all, was I, with my genetic background of huge Irish potato diggers, prepared to live on a diet of lettuce, no alcohol and a climax of a lean piece of meat once a week? I imagined the effect it would have on my love life as I lay in the arms of some romantic lover muttering sweet nothings in my ear would be that all I could think of was a pound of rare steak and it's a pity it's only Wednesday. No, I was not prepared to diet to that extent and any other extent meant that I would not fit into the normal weight range. If I was going to be outsize, I might as well indulge in anything I liked to eat and drink, and just accept the size I am, enjoying the good things about it – like the fact that you can terrorise everybody because the sight of a large, angry woman maketh even the most outraged male feel quite faint. Or you can use the other warm, maternal side which cuddles and loves all things great and small and naturally they come your way for love and protection, so you're never short of friends.

Most fat people have beautiful skin and age very slowly because the fat under the skin stops wrinkles. It's nice not to suffer from spots and to know that your skin is soft and silky compared to your best friend who lives on vinegar and whose skin feels like rhino hide but looks just great in a leotard. Because I was always fat my mother would look at my twin sister with great pride and predict a glowing future for her, while adding that I wasn't to worry as I had 'character'. I decided that 'having character' was going to be a very positive asset and they have been trying to lock me up ever since.

Fat women usually have nice large breasts which fashion has made them so self-conscious about that they wear horrible punitive machines from awful places like Evans Outsizes, which always reminds me of a fatties remand centre. I decided either to have nice comfortable bras made or not to wear one at all.



So far I've looked at the positive side. The negative side doesn't take long. Other women are my biggest problem. They run up to me with their little anxious faces asking, 'Why don't you diet?' 'Because I don't want to,' I say amiably. This usually sends them off into a frenzy. It is interesting, if I ever watch old interviews on the work I do at Chiswick, to see how women journalists go on at great length on how big I am and what I am wearing. Whereas male journalists get on with the job of talking about the mothers and kids. I do waste a lot of time defending myself over my utter lack of shame at not being the same size as everybody else – not really for my own benefit, but for all those beautiful put-down women who need to know that they can love and be loved and that attraction is not a physical thing. It is very mystical and comes from one warm loving human being to another.

Finally, here comes the government health warning bit. Fat makes you have high blood-pressure. Well – as Dr Nixon, who knows more about these matters than anyone else I know, points out – there are as many thinnies as fatties running around with high blood-pressure. You won't live as long as a skinny. I don't want to if I have to give up all the things I like.

**Turn over for the next questions**

**Turn over ►**

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or

*A House Somewhere: Tales of Life Abroad* – Don George and Anthony Sattin

Read the source material which follows and answer **both** questions.

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**Text E** is from ‘Coming Home in Massachusetts’ by Simon Winchester.

Imagine that you are a writer for your school or college magazine and that you have interviewed Simon Winchester. You have been asked to write a piece contrasting the benefits and drawbacks of travelling with those of settling down in one place.

Using the information found in Winchester’s piece, write your article. You should give your article an appropriate headline.

You should adapt the source material, using your own words as far as possible, without using direct quotations from the original text. Your article should be approximately 300–400 words in length.

In your adaptation you should:

- use language appropriately to address purpose and audience
- write accurately and coherently, applying relevant ideas and concepts. **[25 marks]**

and

0 5

Write a commentary which explains the choices you made when writing the article, commenting on the following:

- how language and form have been used to suit audience and purpose
- how vocabulary and other stylistic features have been used to shape meaning and achieve particular effects.

You should aim to write about 150–250 words in this commentary. **[15 marks]**

**Turn over for Text E**

**Turn over ►**

## Text E

*LAST WEEK a man with a flat-bed trailer came to take away my tractor, so he could fit it with a backhoe.*

This sentence, which I found myself writing the other day in an email home to my aged parents in England, is not one I could have ever imagined myself writing, or even thinking of writing, as little as a year ago. Back then I lived something of a dashing existence, either wandering across the remoter parts of the planet or, when settled, inhabiting a world of gritty and costly apartments in capital cities, of business-class travel and fancy cafés and edgy urban chatter. I wasn't at all sure what a flat-bed trailer was, I certainly had no idea of the functions of a backhoe – glory be! – and to my certain knowledge tractors were merely burbling little beasts that chugged around in farmers' fields in that curious beyond one saw from train windows and which was known as 'the country'. The notion that I'd ever own or want to own one, or live and take my ease among those to whom they were a customary form of transport, was well beyond what I prided myself in considering my fairly acute powers of imagination.

Well – that was then and this is now. Now I own a tractor. I own two tractors, in fact. And last week a man with a flat-bed trailer came to take one of them away, to fix it up with a backhoe – something which weighs half a ton, needs greasing every week and costs a very great deal more than I expected. And all of this (which includes learning how to wield a mysterious device that I now know to be a grease gun) has happened because, after fifty-seven fairly exciting, exacting, sophisticated and mainly metropolitan years, I have become – voluntarily and, so far as I can tell, forever and for good – a hayseed.

The notion of settling anywhere was to me once utterly alien. I was sixteen when I began to travel seriously; I hitchhiked the entire circumference of populated North America one summer, and it was then that I developed a taste for the risks and rewards of solitary wandering. Over the following years, thanks to the indulgence of a number of newspaper editors, I lived in (or perhaps more appropriately, I was *based* in) Africa, India, Ireland, China and the United States. I believe I travelled to every country on the planet – except for a scattering of those Central Asian entities that are now called 'the 'stans' – and I was able for a long while to say with the pride of an inverse snob that I had never been either to Peru or to the Hamptons. (Both I have been to lately and am happy to say that for each, once is quite enough.)

I have had more homes than I can remember, more telephone numbers, more email addresses; and friends who are kind enough to keep me in their little black books grumble at the 'W' page, dominated as it is by so many rubbings-out and fillings-in. *Can't you ever settle down?* they ask in kindly-weary exasperation. *Of course,* they add, *we envy you mightily.*

And for a while I used to think they did, especially if their lives depended on the catching of morning commuter trains and the sitting in soft-sided office cubes and the looking forward to games of golf on summer weekends. My life, *sans* both commuter trains and weekends, did seem at first blush quite appealing, I am sure. Except that they saw their daughters' bliss on wedding days, and they curled up at firesides on winter nights; and I suspect if they remembered me at all then, they saw my life a little differently – that my unshacklement and unshacklement was not quite everything, that the solitary and the empty and the rootless can also be co-equal with the joyless, and that the life of the fancy-free was often much more fancy than, in many ways, it was truly free.

And as my years began to tick on I confess that slightly, and only intermittently, I began to ponder such matters too, and to wonder at the supposed benefits of endless wanderings. This feeling gradually strengthened until, in a sudden moment of hopeful whim last year, I bought a rambling old house and a few acres of weary farmland in the Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts. And in doing so I wondered at that very moment if I too – a little late, perhaps even a little too late – might for the first time take a shot at settling down at last. It might work, I thought. It might not. And if it didn't – well, then at least it would be another adventure out of which I could make another anecdote, to tell in some distant watering hole once the travelling had started once again.

I have plans for a thousand-and-one other tasks, as my girlfriend and I try to turn this weary old farm back into a productive little organic clutch of acres. We have plans to send out apple-finished lamb to the local restaurants (many of whom now have a policy of buying only home-made produce from local farms), of sending blossom and clover honey (for the bees arrive any day, just in time to catch the apple flowers, and we have plans for painting their hives tonight) to our friends, and to make home-smoked bacon from the pigs that soon will be snorting and snuffling their way in the pens we are building (with the help of the tractor, naturally) over by a new meadow that we have lately cleared for the horses' use.

Yes, we have plans all right. And I have plans, at last, to stay. I never imagined that there might one day be a place in Massachusetts for a wandering Englishman like me. And I confess I still find it difficult to believe that the wandering will ever stop – for, mistakenly and foolishly I now realise, there was a long time in my life when such *persona* as I had was perhaps defined by the fact of travel. I was only useful to people when I wasn't around – amusing to them when I came back and told the tales, but someone to be prodded back to the airport or the dockside, and made to go away again.

**END OF QUESTIONS**

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Question 1: Text A – Private Data.  
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Text C – from <http://earthquake.usgs.gov/learn/kids/eqscience.php>, The Science of Earthquakes by Lisa Wald, USGS.

Question 2: from 'Fabulously Fat' by Erin Pizzey in *Cupcakes and Kalashnikovs* edited by Eleanor Mills, published by Constable, 2005.

Question 4: from 'Coming Home in Massachusetts' by Simon Winchester, taken from *A House Somewhere: Tales of Life Abroad* by Don George and Anthony Sattin, published by Lonely Planet, 2002. © 2002 by Simon Winchester.

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