

A-level ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE (SPECIFICATION B)

Unit 3 Talk in Life and Literature

Friday 17 June 2016

Morning

Time allowed: 2 hours

Materials

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book.

Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Paper Reference** is ELLB3.
- Answer **one** question from Section A and **Question 5** in Section B.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work 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 96.
- All questions carry equal marks.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
 - use good English
 - organise information clearly
 - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

Advice

- You should spend **one hour** answering Section A and **one hour** answering Section B.

Section A: Talk in Life and Literature

Answer **one** question from this section and **Question 5** in Section B (printed on page 11).

The set plays for this unit are *King Lear*, *The Way of the World*, *The Crucible* and *Waiting for Godot*.

Read the passage from the play that you have studied and answer the question related to it.
NB: the questions are **different** on each play.

Either

King Lear – William Shakespeare

0 1

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents **Lear's state of mind** in this passage. In your answer you **must** consider how the playwright uses literary, linguistic and rhetorical devices and conventions to create **specific** dramatic effects.

[48 marks]

KENT

Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter.
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure.

Storm still

LEAR Let me alone.

KENT

Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR Wilt break my heart?

KENT

I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

LEAR

Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee.
But where the greater malady is fixed
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea
Thou'dst meet the bear i'the mouth. When the mind's free
The body's delicate; this tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. – Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't? But I will punish home.
No, I will weep no more! In such a night
To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.
In such a night as this! O Regan, Gonerill!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all!
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that!

KENT Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR

Prithee go in thyself; seek thine own ease.
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more; but I'll go in.
(*To the Fool*) In, boy, go first. – You houseless poverty –
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray and then I'll sleep.

Exit the Fool

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
 Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
 That thou mayst shake the superflux to them
 And show the heavens more just.

EDGAR (*within*)

Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

Enter the Fool from the hovel

FOOL Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit. Help me,
 help me!

KENT Give me thy hand. Who's there?

FOOL A spirit, a spirit! He says his name's Poor Tom.

KENT What art thou that dost grumble there i'the straw?
 Come forth.

Enter Edgar disguised as Poor Tom

EDGAR Away! The foul fiend follows me.

Through the sharp hawthorn blow the cold winds.

Humh! Go to thy bed and warm thee.

LEAR Didst thou give all to thy daughters? And art thou
 come to this?

EDGAR Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the
 foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame,
 through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire,
 that hath laid knives under his pillow and halters in his
 pew, set ratsbane by his porridge, made him proud of
 heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inched
 bridges to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless
 thy five wits! Tom's a-cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de.
 Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking!
 Do Poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend
 vexes. There could I have
 him now, and there, and there again, and there.

Storm still

LEAR

What, has his daughters brought him to this pass?

Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give 'em all?

FOOL Nay, he reserved a blanket; else we had been all shamed.

LEAR

Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

KENT He hath no daughters, sir.

LEAR

Death, traitor! Nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.

Is it the fashion that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'Twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

or

The Way of the World – William Congreve

0 2

Explore the ways in which Congreve presents **attitudes to men** in this passage. In your answer you **must** consider how the playwright uses literary, linguistic and rhetorical devices and conventions to create **specific** dramatic effects.

[48 marks]*St. James's Park**Enter* MRS. FAINALL *and* MRS. MARWOOD

MRS. FAINALL

Ay, ay, dear Marwood, if we will be happy, we must find the means in ourselves, and among ourselves. Men are ever in extremes, either doting or averse. While they are lovers, if they have fire and sense their jealousies are insupportable; and when they cease to love (we ought to think at least) they loathe. They look upon us with horror and distaste; they meet us like the ghosts of what we were, and as such fly from us.

MRS. MARWOOD

True, 'tis an unhappy circumstance of life, that love should ever die before us, and that the man so often should outlive the lover. But say what you will, 'tis better to be left than never to have been loved. To pass our youth in dull indifference, to refuse the sweets of life because they once must leave us, is as preposterous as to wish to have been born old, because we one day must be old. For my part, my youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my possession.

MRS. FAINALL

Then it seems you dissemble an aversion to mankind only in compliance with my mother's humour.

MRS. MARWOOD

Certainly—to be free. I have no taste of those insipid dry discourses with which our sex, of force, must entertain themselves apart from men. We may affect endearments to each other, profess eternal friendships, and seem to dote like lovers; but 'tis not in our natures long to persevere. Love will resume his empire in our breasts, and every heart, or soon, or late, receive and readmit him as its lawful tyrant.

MRS. FAINALL

Bless me, how have I been deceived! Why, you profess a libertine!

MRS. MARWOOD

You see my friendship by my freedom. Come, be as sincere; acknowledge that your sentiments agree with mine.

MRS. FAINALL

Never.

MRS. MARWOOD

You hate mankind.

MRS. FAINALL

Heartily, inveterately.

MRS. MARWOOD

Your husband.

MRS. FAINALL

Most transcendently! Ay, though I say it, meritoriously.

MRS. MARWOOD

Give me your hand upon it.

MRS. FAINALL

There.

MRS. MARWOOD

I join with you; what I have said has been to try you.

MRS. FAINALL

Is it possible! Dost thou hate those vipers, men?

MRS. MARWOOD

I have done hating 'em, and am now come to despise 'em; the next thing I have to do, is eternally to forget 'em.

MRS. FAINALL

There spoke the spirit of an Amazon, a Penthesilea.

MRS. MARWOOD

And yet I am thinking, sometimes, to carry my aversion further.

MRS. FAINALL

How?

MRS. MARWOOD

Faith, by marrying; if I could but find one that loved me very well, and would be thoroughly sensible of ill usage, I think I should do myself the violence of undergoing the ceremony.

MRS. FAINALL

You would not make him a cuckold?

MRS. MARWOOD

No; but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

MRS. FAINALL

Why, had not you as good do it?

MRS. MARWOOD

Oh if he should ever discover it, he would then know the worst, and be out of his pain; but I would have him ever to continue upon the rack of fear and jealousy.

MRS. FAINALL

Ingenious mischief! Would thou wert married to Mirabell.

MRS. MARWOOD

Would I were.

MRS. FAINALL

You change colour.

MRS. MARWOOD

Because I hate him.

MRS. FAINALL

So do I; but I can hear him named. But what reason have you to hate him in particular?

MRS. MARWOOD

I never loved him; he is, and always was insufferably proud.

or

The Crucible – Arthur Miller

0 3

Explore the ways in which Miller presents **Proctor's situation** in this passage. In your answer you **must** consider how the playwright uses literary, linguistic and rhetorical devices and conventions to create **specific** dramatic effects.

[48 marks]

PROCTOR: I have three children – how may I teach them to walk like men in the world, and I sold my friends?

DANFORTH: You have not sold your friends –

PROCTOR: Beguile me not! I blacken all of them when this is nailed to the church the very day they hang for silence!

DANFORTH: Mr Proctor, I must have good and legal proof that you –

PROCTOR: You are the high court, your word is good enough! Tell them I confessed myself; say Proctor broke his knees and wept like a woman; say what you will, but my name cannot –

DANFORTH [*with suspicion*]: It is the same, is it not? If I report it or you sign to it?

PROCTOR [*he knows it is insane*]: No, it is not the same! What others say and what I sign to is not the same!

DANFORTH: Why? Do you mean to deny this confession when you are free?

PROCTOR: I mean to deny nothing!

DANFORTH: Then explain to me, Mr Proctor, why you will not let –

PROCTOR [*with a cry of his soul*]: Because it is my name! Because I cannot have another in my life! Because I lie and sign myself to lies! Because I am not worth the dust on the feet of them that hang! How may I live without my name? I have given you my soul; leave me my name!

DANFORTH [*pointing at the confession in Proctor's hand*]: Is that document a lie? If it is a lie I will not accept it! What say you? I will not deal in lies, Mister! [PROCTOR *is motionless.*] You will give me your honest confession in my hand, or I cannot keep you from the rope. [PROCTOR *does not reply.*] Which way do you go, Mister?

[*His breast heaving, his eyes staring, PROCTOR tears the paper and crumples it, and he is weeping in fury, but erect.*]

DANFORTH: Marshal!

PARRIS [*hysterically, as though the tearing paper were his life*]: Proctor, Proctor!

HALE: Man, you will hang! You cannot!

PROCTOR [*his eyes full of tears*]: I can. And there's your first marvel, that I can. You have made your magic now, for now I do think I see some shred of goodness in John Proctor. Not

enough to weave a banner with, but white enough to keep it from such dogs.

[ELIZABETH, *in a burst of terror, rushes to him and weeps against his hand.*]

Give them no tear! Tears pleasure them! Show honour now, show a stony heart and sink them with it! [*He has lifted her, and kisses her now with great passion.*]

REBECCA: Let you fear nothing! Another judgement waits us all!

DANFORTH: Hang them high over the town! Who weeps for these, weeps for corruption! [*He sweeps out past them.*

HERRICK *starts to lead REBECCA, who almost collapses, but PROCTOR catches her, and she glances up at him apologetically.*]

REBECCA: I've had no breakfast.

HERRICK: Come, man.

[HERRICK *escorts them out, HATHORNE and CHEEVER behind them. ELIZABETH stands staring at the empty doorway.*]

PARRIS [*in deadly fear, to ELIZABETH*]: Go to him, Goody Proctor! There is yet time!

[*From outside a drumroll strikes the air. PARRIS is startled. ELIZABETH jerks about toward the window.*]

PARRIS: Go to him! [*He rushes out the door, as though to hold back his fate.*] Proctor! Proctor!

[*Again, a short burst of drums.*]

HALE: Woman, plead with him! [*He starts to rush out the door, and then goes back to her.*] Woman! It is pride, it is vanity. [*She avoids his eyes, and moves to the window. He drops to his knees.*]

Be his helper! – What profit him to bleed? Shall the dust praise him? Shall the worms declare his truth? Go to him, take his shame away!

ELIZABETH [*supporting herself against collapse, grips the bars of the window, and with a cry*]: He have his goodness now. God forbid I take it from him!

[*The final drumroll crashes, then heightens violently.*

HALE *weeps in frantic prayer, and the new sun is pouring in upon her face, and the drums rattle like bones in the morning air.*]

or

Waiting for Godot – Samuel Beckett

0	4
---	---

Explore the ways in which Beckett presents **attitudes to time** in this passage. In your answer you **must** consider how the playwright uses literary, linguistic and rhetorical devices and conventions to create **specific** dramatic effects.

[48 marks]

Extract removed due to copyright restrictions

End of Section A

Turn over for Section B

There are no questions printed on this page

Section B: Talk in Life and Literature

Answer the compulsory question below on unseen Texts A and B.

0	5
---	---

Text A is an extract from the transcript of a discussion between an elderly mother (**M**) and her daughter (**D**) which takes place in the mother's house. The mother, Anna, is reminiscing about her childhood.

Text B is an extract from a novel: *Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant* by Anne Tyler, published in 1982. Ezra is sorting through a drawer in his mother's house. He uses the photographs he finds to talk to his elderly, blind mother – Pearl Cody – about her past.

Compare the two texts, commenting on the ways in which they reflect the differences and similarities between *talk in life and literature*. You must explore the relationship between context, purpose and audience, the use of narrative voice and the ways in which speakers' attitudes and values are conveyed.

[48 marks]

END OF QUESTIONS

Turn over for Text A

Text A

Key:

(.)	micropause
(...)	longer pause
[overlapping speech or laughter
(<i>italics</i>)	non-verbal communication
[<i>passage omitted</i>]	parts of the conversation have been omitted

M: I used to go to me Auntie Lizzie's every Sunday when I'd been to Sunday School (.) I used to go round me Auntie Ettie's too and Auntie Lizzie's (.) em (.) and then I used to get a halfpenny

D: [halfpenny
halfpenny]

what would a halfpenny buy [*(laughs)*

M: [*(laughs)*

buy you sweets or something (.) a bar of chocolate (*laughs*) I used to go to Auntie Louie's an'all (..) cos you see I had nobody (..) my mother wasn't really well so I used to go round all these people and I got a halfpenny

D: yeah [*(laughs)*

M: [*(laughs)*

out of the goodness of their hearts (...)

my friend Joyce Moat (...) her auntie used to live at the bottom of (.) I think (.) Third Street and they used to

D: [take me
ah right]

M: take me out (...) Joyce Moat's mother

D: so you had quite

M: so (.) and if I was going out somewhere (.) you see Joyce could go because Anna's sensible (.) I hated that (.) is Anna going (.) well then you'll be all right because she's sensible (.) I used to hate it (*laughs*)

[*passage omitted*]

M: Auntie Ettie (.) she did all sewing and making things for people you see (.) she was a really beautiful seamstress you know

D: did she make clothes for you

M: yes (...) and she was going to be married

D: mmm

M: and he was killed

D: that was sad

M: down London (.) I remember she went down to London on a steamship from Tyneside there

D: mmm

M: to see him (...) then he died and she never got married any more (...) that was why that house was all set up [with wardrobe

D: [she had her

M: and everything

D: was that her (...) furniture was hers

M: yes (.) the bureau (...) they used to think I was great fun (.) I don't know (.) probably talked the hindlegs off a donkey (*laughs*) I knew everybody in that street there (.) I could go and point them all out (.) but I'm forgetting now (.) but (.) er (.) of course the lads all used to play in a great big backyard (.) I think they played cards or something (...) of course nosey parkers we were always wanting to be

D: in there
see what was happening

(*laughter*)

M: I had a good childhood but it was really hard on my mother

D: why was that (...) because she had so many children

M: well (.) obviously (.) if you had (.) you think of them

D: mmm

M: you know how many she had (.) Tom Jim Wilf Dot Ethel

D: Norman
Norman

M: and me

D: that's hard work

M: I was the last of the 600 (*laughs*)*

[*passage omitted*]

M: but difficult for me after my mother died like (...) that was the only thing I'd always wanted (.) a proper gym tunic

D: for school

M: yes and me Aunty Ettie made ours (.) mine

D: ah (.) right

M: which was different to everybody else's

D: aah

M: cos she'd made it a different style (...) that's when I got my tunic

D: aah

M: when my mother died (.) I got it for the funeral (*voice breaks*)

[*passage omitted*]

M: Miss Hannam was very good (.) she was the headmistress of the central school (.) really I should have gone to the grammar school but you had to pay to go to the grammar school

D: at that time

D: yes I think you did (.) yes

M: cos I passed all the exams (.) but (.) er (.) I didn't really want to go there anyway (...) you always want to go where your friends go

D: mmm

*Reference to Tennyson's poem 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' when 600 cavalry charged into a valley during the Crimean War. Many were killed.

Text B

Cascades of unmounted photos slid about as he worked; others poked from the moldy, crumbling albums stacked to one side. There was a shoe box full of his mother's girlhood diaries; an incomplete baby book for Cody; and a Schrafft's candy box containing old letters, all with the stamps snipped off the envelopes. There was a dim, lavender-colored corsage* squashed as stiff and hard as a dried-up mouse carcass; a single kid glove hardened with age; and a musty-smelling report card for Pearl E. Cody, fourth year, 1903, with the grades entered in a script so elegant that someone might have laid A-shaped tendrils of fine brown hair next to every subject. Ezra was fond of these belongings. He willingly went over them again and again, describing them for his mother. "There's that picture of your Aunt Melinda on her wedding day."

"Ah?"

"You are standing next to her with a fan made out of feathers."

"We'll save it," said his mother. She was still pretending they were merely sorting.

But soon enough, she forgot about that and settled back, musing, while he recited what he'd found. "Here is a picture of someone's porch."

"Porch? Whose porch?"

"I can't tell."

"What does it look like?"

"Two pillars and a dark floor, clay pot full of geraniums..."

"Am I in it?"

"No."

"Oh, well," she said, waving a hand, "maybe that was Luna's porch."

He had never heard of Luna.

To tell the truth, he didn't believe that relatives were what his mother was after. Ladies and gentlemen drifted by in a blur; he did his best to learn their names, but his mother dismissed them airily. It was herself she was hunting, he sensed. "Do you see me, at all? Is that the dinner where I wore the pale blue?" Her single-mindedness sometimes amused him, sometimes annoyed him. There was greed in the forward jutting of her chin as she waited to hear of her whereabouts. "Am I in that group? Was I on that picnic?"

He opened a maroon velvet album, each of its pulpy gray pages grown bright yellow as urine around the edges. None of the photos here was properly glued down. A sepia portrait of a bearded man was jammed into the binding alongside a Kodachrome of a pink baby in a flashy vinyl wading pool, with SEPT '63 stamped on the border. His mother poked her face out, expectant. He said, "Here's a man with a beard. I think it's your father."

"Possibly," she said, without interest.

He turned the page. "Here's a group of ladies underneath a tree."

"Ladies?"

"None of them look familiar."

"What are they wearing?"

"Long, baggy dresses," he told her. "Everything seems to be sagging at the waist."

"That would be nineteen-ten or so. Maybe lola's engagement party."

"Who was lola?"

"Look for me in a navy stripe," she told him.

"There's no stripes here."

"Pass on."

She had never been the type to gaze backward, had not filled his childhood with "When I was your age," as so many mothers did. And even now, she didn't use these photos as an excuse for reminiscing. She hardly discussed them at all, in fact—even those in which she appeared. Instead, she listened, alert, to any details he could give her about her past self. Was it that she wanted an outsider's view of her? Or did she hope to solve some mystery? "Am I smiling, or am I frowning? Would you say that I seemed happy?"

When Ezra tried to ask *her* any questions, she grew bored. "What was your mother like?" he would ask.

"Oh, that was a long time ago," she told him.

She hadn't had much of a life, it seemed to him.

**Corsage: a small decorative spray of flowers – pinned to a woman's clothing.*

END OF TEXTS

Copyright Information

For confidentiality purposes, from the November 2015 examination series, acknowledgements of third party copyright material will be published in a separate booklet rather than including them on the examination paper or support materials. This booklet is published after each examination series and is available for free download from www.aqa.org.uk after the live examination series.

Permission to reproduce all copyright material has been applied for. In some cases, efforts to contact copyright-holders may have been unsuccessful and AQA will be happy to rectify any omissions of acknowledgements. If you have any queries please contact the Copyright Team, AQA, Stag Hill House, Guildford, GU2 7XJ.

Copyright © 2016 AQA and its licensors. All rights reserved.

There are no questions printed on this page