



General Certificate of Education
Advanced Level Examination
June 2015

English Language and Literature (Specification B)

ELLB3

Unit 3 Talk in Life and Literature

Thursday 11 June 2015 9.00 am to 11.00 am

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book.

Time allowed

- 2 hours

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 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 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
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Explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents **Lear's grief** 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]

*Enter Lear with Cordelia in his arms, followed by
Second Officer and others*

LEAR

Howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones!
Had I your tongues and eyes I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever.
I know when one is dead and when one lives;
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then she lives.

KENT

Is this the promised end?

EDGAR

Or image of that horror?

ALBANY

Fall and cease!

LEAR

This feather stirs – she lives! If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

KENT

O my good master!

LEAR

Prithee away.

EDGAR

'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

LEAR

A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her; now she's gone for ever.
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou sayest? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low – an excellent thing in woman.
I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee.

SECOND OFFICER

'Tis true, my lords; he did.

LEAR

Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made him skip. I am old now

And these same crosses spoil me. – Who are you?
 Mine eyes are not o'the best, I'll tell you straight.

KENT

If Fortune brag of two she loved and hated
 One of them we behold.

LEAR

This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

KENT

The same –
 Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

LEAR

He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
 He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.

KENT

No, my good lord; I am the very man –

LEAR I'll see that straight.

KENT

That from your first of difference and decay
 Have followed your sad steps –

LEAR

You are welcome hither.

KENT

Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark and deadly.
 Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
 And desperately are dead.

LEAR

Ay, so I think.

ALBANY

He knows not what he sees, and vain is it
 That we present us to him.

EDGAR

Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER

Edmund is dead, my lord.

ALBANY

That's but a trifle here.

You lords and noble friends, know our intent:
 What comfort to this great decay may come
 Shall be applied. For us, we will resign
 During the life of this old majesty
 To him our absolute power.
 (To Edgar and Kent) You to your rights
 With boot, and such addition as your honours
 Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
 The wages of their virtue, and all foes
 The cup of their deservings. – O, see, see!

LEAR

And my poor fool is hanged! No, no, no life!
 Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
 And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more;
 Never, never, never, never, never.
 Pray you undo this button. Thank you, sir.
 Do you see this? Look on her! Look, her lips!
 Look there! Look there! *He dies*

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

or

The Way of the World – William Congreve

0 2

Explore the ways in which Congreve presents **the first meeting of Sir Rowland (Waitwell in disguise) and Lady Wishfort** 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]*Enter WAITWELL disguised as for Sir Rowland*

LADY WISHFORT

Dear Sir Rowland, I am confounded with confusion at the retrospection of my own rudeness. I have more pardons to ask than the Pope distributes in the year of Jubilee; but I hope where there is likely to be so near an alliance, we may unbend the severity of decorum, and dispense with a little ceremony.

WAITWELL

My impatience, madam, is the effect of my transport; and till I have the possession of your adorable person, I am tantalized on a rack, and do but hang, madam, on the tenter of expectation.

LADY WISHFORT

You have excess of gallantry Sir Rowland, and press things to a conclusion with a most prevailing vehemence. But a day or two for decency of marriage—

WAITWELL

For decency of funeral, madam. The delay will break my heart—or, if that should fail, I shall be poisoned. My nephew will get an inkling of my designs and poison me—and I would willingly starve him before I die—I would gladly go out of the world with that satisfaction. That would be some comfort to me, if I could but live so long as to be revenged on that unnatural viper.

LADY WISHFORT

Is he so unnatural, say you? Truly I would contribute much both to the saving of your life and the accomplishment of your revenge; not that I respect myself, though he has been a perfidious wretch to me.

WAITWELL

Perfidious to you!

LADY WISHFORT

Oh Sir Rowland, the hours that he has died away at my feet, the tears that he has shed, the oaths that he has sworn, the palpitations that he has felt, the trances, and the tremblings, the ardours and the ecstasies, the kneelings and the risings, the heart-heavings and the hand-grippings, the pangs and the pathetic regards of his protesting eyes, oh no memory can register!

WAITWELL

What, my rival! Is the rebel my rival? 'A dies!

LADY WISHFORT

No, don't kill him at once Sir Rowland, starve him gradually,
inch by inch.

WAITWELL

I'll do't. In three weeks he shall be barefoot; in a month out
at knees with begging an alms. He shall starve upward and
upward, till he has nothing living but his head, and then go
out in a stink, like a candle's end upon a save-all.

LADY WISHFORT

Well, Sir Rowland, you have the way; you are no novice
in the labyrinth of love, you have the clue. But, as I am a
person, Sir Rowland, you must not attribute my yielding to
any sinister appetite, or indigestion of widowhood, nor impute
my complacency to any lethargy of continence. I hope you do
not think me prone to any iteration of nuptials—

WAITWELL

Far be it from me—

LADY WISHFORT

If you do, I protest I must recede—or think that I have made a
prostitution of decorums, but in the vehemence of compassion,
and to save the life of a person of so much importance—

WAITWELL

I esteem it so—

LADY WISHFORT

Or else you wrong my condescension—

WAITWELL

I do not, I do not—

LADY WISHFORT

Indeed you do—

WAITWELL

I do not, fair shrine of virtue—

LADY WISHFORT

If you think the least scruple of carnality was an ingredient—

WAITWELL

Dear madam, no. You are all camphire and frankincense, all
chastity and odour—

LADY WISHFORT

Or that—

Enter FOIBLE

FOIBLE

Madam, the dancers are ready, and there's one with a letter
who must deliver it into your own hands.

LADY WISHFORT

Sir Rowland, will you give me leave? Think favourably,
judge candidly, and conclude you have found a person who
would suffer racks in honour's cause, dear Sir Rowland, and
will wait on you incessantly. *Exit*

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

or

The Crucible – Arthur Miller

0 3

Explore the ways in which Miller presents **Abigail's behaviour towards the other characters** 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]

MARY WARREN: Abby, we've got to tell. Witchery's a hangin' error, a hangin' like they done in Boston two year ago! We must tell the truth, Abby! You'll only be whipped for *dancin'*, and the other things!

ABIGAIL: Oh, *we'll* be whipped!

MARY WARREN: I never done none of it, Abby. I only looked!

MERCY [*moving menacingly toward Mary*]: Oh, you're a great one for lookin', aren't you, Mary Warren? What a grand peeping courage you have!

[*BETTY, on the bed, whimpers. ABIGAIL turns to her at once.*]

ABIGAIL: Betty? [*She goes to BETTY.*] Now, Betty, dear, wake up now. It's Abigail. [*She sits BETTY up and furiously shakes her.*] I'll beat you, Betty! [*BETTY whimpers.*] My, you seem improving. I talked to your papa and I told him everything. So there's nothing to –

BETTY [*darts off the bed, frightened of ABIGAIL, and flattens herself against the wall*]: I want my mama!

ABIGAIL [*with alarm, as she cautiously approaches BETTY*]: What ails you, Betty? Your mama's dead and buried.

BETTY: I'll fly to Mama. Let me fly! [*She raises her arms as though to fly, and streaks for the window, gets one leg out.*]

ABIGAIL [*pulling her away from the window*]: I told him everything; he knows now, he knows everything we –

BETTY: You drank blood, Abby! You didn't tell him that!

ABIGAIL: Betty, you never say that again! You will never –

BETTY: You did, you did! You drank a charm to kill John Proctor's wife! You drank a charm to kill Goody Proctor!

ABIGAIL [*smashes her across the face*]: Shut it! Now shut it!

BETTY [*collapsing on the bed*]: Mama, Mama! [*She dissolves into sobs.*]

ABIGAIL: Now look you. All of you. We danced. And Tituba conjured Ruth Putnam's dead sisters. And that is all. And mark this. Let either of you breathe a word, or the edge of a word, about the other things, and I will come to you in the black of some terrible night and I will bring a pointy reckoning that will shudder you. And you know I can do it; I saw Indians smash my dear parents' heads on the pillow next to mine, and I have seen some reddish work done at night, and I can make you wish you had never seen the sun go down! [*She goes to BETTY and roughly sits her up.*] Now, you – sit up and stop this!

[*But BETTY collapses in her hands and lies inert on the bed.*]
 MARY WARREN [*with hysterical fright*]: What's got her? [ABIGAIL *stares in fright at BETTY.*] Abby, she's going to die! It's a sin to conjure, and we –

ABIGAIL [*starting for MARY*]: I say shut it, Mary Warren!
 [*Enter JOHN PROCTOR. On seeing him, MARY WARREN leaps in fright.*]

MARY WARREN: Oh! I'm just going home, Mr Proctor.
 PROCTOR: Be you foolish, Mary Warren? Be you deaf? I forbid you leave the house, did I not? Why shall I pay you? I am looking for you more often than my cows!

MARY WARREN: I only come to see the great doings in the world.
 PROCTOR: I'll show you a great doin' on your arse one of these days. Now get you home; my wife is waitin' with your work! [*Trying to retain a shred of dignity, she goes slowly out.*]

MERCY LEWIS [*both afraid of him and strangely titillated*]: I'd best be off. I have my Ruth to watch. Good morning, Mr Proctor.
 [*MERCY sidles out. Since PROCTOR'S entrance, ABIGAIL has stood as though on tiptoe, absorbing his presence wide-eyed. He glances at her, then goes to BETTY on the bed.*]

ABIGAIL: Gah! I'd almost forgot how strong you are, John Proctor!

PROCTOR [*looking at ABIGAIL now the faintest suggestion of a knowing smile on his face*]: What's this mischief here?
 ABIGAIL [*with a nervous laugh*]: Oh, she's only gone silly somehow.

PROCTOR: The road past my house is a pilgrimage to Salem all morning. The town's mumbling witchcraft.
 ABIGAIL: Oh, posh! [*Winningly she comes a little closer, with a confidential, wicked air.*] We were dancin' in the woods last night, and my uncle leaped in on us. She took fright, is all.

PROCTOR [*his smile widening*]: Ah, you're wicked yet, aren't y'!
 [*A trill of expectant laughter escapes her, and she dares come closer, feverishly looking into his eyes.*]
 You'll be clapped in the stocks before you're twenty.
 [*He takes a step to go, and she springs into his path.*]

ABIGAIL: Give me a word, John. A soft word. [*Her concentrated desire destroys his smile.*]

PROCTOR: No, no, Abby. That's done with.

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

or

Waiting for Godot – Samuel Beckett

0	4
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Explore the ways in which Beckett presents **uncertainty** 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]

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End of Section A

Turn over for Section B

Turn over ►

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
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Text A is an extract from the transcript of a discussion between a mother (**M**) and her 17-year-old daughter (**D**) which takes place in their own home. Before the discussion, the mother had just finished listening to a broadcast of *Desert Island Discs*¹.

Text B is an extract from *Murmuring Judges* by David Hare. The scene takes place in a corridor leading to the High Court. Cuddeford is a judge and Sir Peter a barrister. Irina is the new, young barrister.

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

[48 marks]

END OF QUESTIONS

Turn over for Text A

¹ *Desert Island Discs*: a Radio 4 programme in which interviewees imagine they are cast away on a desert island. They choose a selection of music, together with a book and a luxury item which they would like to take with them to the island.

Turn over ►

Text A
Key

(.)	micropause
(...)	longer pause
[overlapping speech
(<i>italics</i>)	non-verbal communication
(<i>passage omitted</i>)	part of the interaction has been omitted

M: do you know what desert island discs is

D: um (..) I've heard of it but I'm not particularly sure what it actually is

M: (*laughs*) you've got no idea at all

D: (*laughs*) I imagine it's something to do with (.) what you take on a desert island (*laughs*) that sort of thing

M: yeah (.) yeah it is (.) it's a radio four programme

D: [ok

M: [and the (.) Kirsty Young interviews people and they have to just make different (.) you know (.) tell her what they think (.) so do you think it is just for older people

D: yeah (.) if it's on radio four that's not particularly aimed at young people is it (*laughs*) (.) so I've I've yeah I've never actually properly listened to it or anything and I wouldn't have imagined anybody

M: [ok

D: [else has

(*passage omitted*)

M: let's pretend that you are on desert island discs with Kirsty Young and she said to you ok which two pieces of music would you take with you

D: two actual pieces of music or two cds or two artists

M: um (.) two (.)

D: or shall I do both

M: (*laughs*) do both

D: ok (.) well (.) actual music (.) if I'm on a desert island I think I'm going to need to go for a bit of contrast (.) I'm thinking I'm gonna need one piece to sort of relax to and that would probably be that Adele song (*laughs*) that's just come out (.) that's quite you know the um (.) rolling in the deep or something

M: alright okay

D: yeah you know the one (*laughs*)

- M:** I don't know it no (.) carry on [(laughs)
- D:** [(laughs)
- yeah you would (.) if it came on the radio you'd recognise it
- M:** go on then what does it sound like
- D:** um (.) (*sings a little of the song*)
- M:** oh yeah yeah yeah
- D:** okay that one um (.) yeah because that would be quite chilling and quite sort of relaxing to listen to but then I think (*laughs*) if I was on a desert island I'd need (*laughs*) some upbeatness (.) I might get a bit down if I was on a desert island and then I'd need (...) like that gold dust song like a proper clubby upbeat song
- M:** dancing
- D:** yeah just so I can kind of go ohhh yeah [(laughs)
- M:** [(laughs)
- ok (.) part of the programme desert island [discs
- D:** [ok
- M:** is that you can take one item of luxury (.) oh and (.) that can be anything that you consider to be a luxury
- D:** this is going to sound so teenagery (.) but I'd probably take my laptop (*laughs*)
- M:** ok (.) but just imagine though that there's no [internet
- D:** [no
- I know (.) I mean if I was in a perfect situation and it's like an ideal thing I would take my laptop
- M:** idyllic (.) ok (.) but what if you couldn't take your laptop what would be your next luxurious item
- D:** (...) um I don't know (.) I don't really have (...) I don't know (.) that's quite difficult because most of my (.) luxurious (.) like my luxury items are technology
- M:** yeah ok
- D:** because that's what makes us isn't it (.) that's what (.) most of the things that you spend you know lots of money on or are expensive

Turn over for Text B

Turn over ►

Text B***Murmuring Judges***

CUDDEFORD: I was hoping to run into you. Because I heard you yesterday.

SIR PETER: Yesterday?

CUDDEFORD: I don't mean in court.

SIR PETER: Oh, I see. (*He smoothly introduces IRINA.*) You haven't met our new tenant?²

CUDDEFORD: No.

SIR PETER: She's just joined our chambers.³ She was a Commonwealth scholar.⁴ Irina Platt, Mr Justice Cuddeford.

CUDDEFORD: Excellent.

IRINA: How do you do?

(CUDDEFORD *smiles slyly at SIR PETER.*)

CUDDEFORD: We were just discussing Sir Peter's latest public manifestation.

IRINA: Oh, yes.

CUDDEFORD: You heard it?

IRINA: I did.

SIR PETER: I do sometimes think it's the last remaining thing the British all hold in common. It's the only time we're really one nation.

CUDDEFORD: It's true.

SIR PETER: Just for that moment, Desmond, with all our differences, all our different attitudes to life, nevertheless, before Sunday luncheon, the whole nation stops and comes together.

CUDDEFORD: Yes, yes I agree.

(SIR PETER *smiles modestly.*)

SIR PETER: It's extraordinary. Everyone listens to *Desert Island Discs*.

(IRINA *looks down, impassive.*)

CUDDEFORD: I liked the Brahms.

SIR PETER: Yes, I was saying to Irina at the Bailey⁵ this morning, I accepted to do it not in any way for myself . . .

CUDDEFORD: No.

SIR PETER: I had no personal motive at all. It's pure chance I've featured in a few eye-catching cases . . .

CUDDEFORD: Indeed.

- SIR PETER: So for that reason my name is known. I wanted to speak on the programme on behalf of the whole profession at large.
(CUDDEFORD *looks at him a moment.*)
- CUDDEFORD: I see.
- SIR PETER: Not least at this moment. People have such forbidding ideas of our character. It seemed to me not bad to show there is another side. (*He smiles.*) More human, perhaps. More fallible, even.
- CUDDEFORD: Yes. (*He frowns thoughtfully.*) I'm not sure your records quite reflected that aim.
- SIR PETER: What do you mean?
- CUDDEFORD: Edith Piaf. If 'fallible' is how you wished to appear ... It's none of my business ...
- SIR PETER: Please ...
- CUDDEFORD: Maybe 'Non, je ne regrette rien'⁶ didn't quite hit the mark.
(SIR PETER *turns to IRINA, about to defend himself, but CUDDEFORD rides over him.*)
- SIR PETER: Well ...
- CUDDEFORD: I admit it came out of a discussion of your private life.
- SIR PETER: Yes. I couldn't stop that.
- CUDDEFORD: Why should you? A whistle-stop tour of your wives. It was nice to catch up, so to speak. But I admit to one ugly moment. I thought, oh my goodness, he's out of control. But I misjudged you. You spared us 'My Way'.⁷
(SIR PETER *is a little discomfited by this in front of IRINA.*)
- SIR PETER: The Piaf meant nothing, Desmond. I just like her voice.
(CUDDEFORD *looks confidently at IRINA, enjoying himself.*)
- CUDDEFORD: Miss Platt, please ignore these old battles between us. It's probably jealousy. Peter and I started at the same time.
(*They are both smiling now.*)

² tenant: a barrister (lawyer) who gains a permanent position in 'chambers'.

³ chambers: the place where a group of barristers work.

⁴ Commonwealth scholar: a resident of a commonwealth country who receives help with tuition fees and living expenses to study at a UK university.

⁵ Bailey: the Old Bailey, the central criminal court in London.

⁶ *Non, je ne regrette rien*: translation of Edith Piaf song title: I don't regret a thing.

⁷ Frank Sinatra song which includes a famous line: 'I did it my way'.

END OF TEXTS

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Text B – *Murmuring Judges*, by David Hare, published by Faber and Faber Ltd, 1991.

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