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A-level  
**ENGLISH LANGUAGE  
(SPECIFICATION B)**

Unit 3 Developing Language

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Data Booklet

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**Text for Question 1**


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**Text A****Transcription Key:**

(.) indicates a normal pause.

Numbers within brackets indicate length of pause in seconds.

/ / indicates a phonemic transcription.

Words in capitals indicate an increase in volume.

Other contextual information is in italics in square brackets.

Dad: what sort of yoghurt do you want Leah

Leah: (5.0) purple

Dad: purple (1.0) Mia do you want a yoghurt

Mia: yeah please

Leah: purple or orange 5

Mia: yeah please (.) yes please (.) yes please (.) yes yes please

Mum: what's the matter

Mia: it's on my feet

Mum: what's on your feet (2.0) do you like walking on the grass Mia

Mia: look 10

Mum: yeah what is it

Mia: it's a /wɪbən/

Leah: and Mia's having an orange one

Dad: do you want your yoghurt

Mia: yeah 15

Dad: can you hold the spoons for me Leah

Leah: [*screaming*] there's something over here dad

Dad: it's a daddy long legs

Leah: it's a bee

Mum: it's NOT a bee [*laughing*] 20

Leah: it's it's a bee (.) it's a /paɪdəl/

Mum: it's NOT a spider

Dad: you going to take the lid Leah (2.0) [*Mia throws the spoon on the floor*] no Mia (.)  
oh Mia naughty

Mia: no no no no mine [*crying*] 25

Leah: she wants the /lɒgɪt/ back [*Mia continues crying*]

Dad: okay (.) I've got you another spoon (.) go sit back down (.) sit back down please Leah  
(1.0) what's your favourite yoghurt

Mum: what's your favourite yoghurt Leah  
[*Mum goes back into the house*] 30

Leah: I got pink

Dad: what's pink (.) that's not pink (.) what colour is it

Mia: no no no	
Leah: um (.) purple	
Dad: purple (.) that one's purple (1.0) what colour's this one	35
Leah: um (.) /bwaʊn/	
Dad: brown [ <i>Leah laughs</i> ] do you think Mia likes yoghurt (2.0) do you like yoghurt Mia	
Leah: I like my brown	
Dad: [ <i>laughing</i> ] it's not brown	
Leah: um it's chocolate	40
Dad: it's not chocolate Leah (3.0) what colour is it	
Leah: (5.0) pink	
Dad: pink (2.0) what flavour is it then if it's pink	
Leah: (5.0) /sɒbəri/	
Dad: [ <i>Mia makes happy eating sounds</i> ] is that nice Mia	45
Leah: it's pink (.) I love pink	
Mia: [ <i>crying sounds</i> ]	
Dad: [ <i>in a cross tone</i> ] what is it [ <i>sounds of a train passing for 30 seconds</i> ] it's just a train isn't it	
Leah: that's green	50
Dad: are we just playing colours now	
Mia: [ <i>crying</i> ] it's a bee	
Dad: fly gone	
Leah: there something over there (.) it's a BIG one (4.0) fly	
Dad: daddy long legs won't hurt you	55
Leah: it's very very BIG one	
Dad: how big is it	
Leah: big	
Leah: that big [ <i>stretches out hands to demonstrate the size</i> ]	
Dad: I don't think it's that big (.) bit smaller (3.0) [ <i>Leah uses hand gestures to show smaller size</i> ]	60
[ <i>Mia eats while dad and Leah talk. Mia makes noises between spoonfuls of yoghurt</i> ]	
Mia: /ja/ (.) /ja/ (.) /ja/ (.) oh dear (.) over there (3.0) [ <i>eats last spoonful of yoghurt</i> ]	
all gone	
Dad: that's bigger [ <i>laughing</i> ] you keep getting bigger every time I say (2.0) [ <i>Leah brings her hands in</i> ] bit smaller (1.0) [ <i>Leah brings her hands in further</i> ] smaller still [ <i>Leah brings her hands in further</i> ] smaller still (.) almost there teeny tiny [ <i>Leah brings her hands in until they are touching</i> ] maybe bit bigger than that (3.0) now you've made a diamond	65
Leah: [ <i>makes a triangle shape with her hands</i> ] what is it now	70
Dad: it's a triangle	
Leah: what's under it	
Dad: another triangle	
Leah: no it's a heart (3.0) one two /fri/ four FIVE (1.0) it's got FIVE legs	

## Texts for Question 2

## Text B

To Uncle RaZeen

You are really nice for taking me and my family out to the white lion for tea. You looked really funny playing with Theo fighting with your shoe. If you are coming to are house I think you will think that it is really messy because we are having an extension on are house. an did you like my chocolate cake and ice cream?



Deu Lelo,

Thank you very much for your very thoughtful letter. I look forward to seeing you house with the brand new kitchen next time. And to having two large spoonfuls of your chocolate cake next time as well.

Uncle RaZeen

Salih is the family surname.

Text C

6<sup>th</sup> July  
Why Nana needs a new bed is because Theo wants all of the bed and all the covers on the bed, he gets really hot. Last night he did that and Nana had to take the covers off him and he was really hot when Nana took the covers off him. The bed is too small for me Nana and Theo.

Why Nana needs a new bed

The problem would be solved if you and Theo stayed in your own brand new beds though, wouldn't it?

Text D

To Nana Thank you for making me and my family even though me and my family were going to Panamahatys on Friday

Oh no! I was doing a meal for everyone because you have no kitchen at the moment and thought you would like to eat here.

I am so sorry Leila, but I'm sure Mummy + Daddy will take you and Theo to the restaurant next week when I am away. Love,  
Nana xx

Love from Leila xxx Nana. #

## Text for Question 3

## Text E

**72. A Proposal of Marriage.**

My dear Kiddie,

I am sure you do not mind my putting that name because in the lovely walks we have been having during the long summer evenings I have somehow dropped into the habit of calling you by a name that I am sure no one else uses.

It is just a year since we met—that evening at the dance at the British Legion Hall. I shall never forget the date and it has been so fixed in my memory ever since that I want you very specially to receive this note on the exact anniversary.

Can you remember some of the events of the wonderful year ? I have mentioned the walks particularly because then I seemed most to have you all to myself—which I did not do at the dances or when we went to the cinema. And even when you came out on the motor bike it was not the same because I had to do the driving, whilst you were in the side-car.

Well, Kiddie dear, the first year is up to-morrow. All through I have seemed to feel that I was somehow on trial, though I have always tried to be my natural self. And I have wanted to be on trial, wanted to know how you weighed me up, wanted to know—yes, dear—wanted to know if you could learn to *love* me.

Love, Kiddie, is what I really want most to write about. I loved you from the very first moment I saw you a year ago to-morrow, and the love has gone on growing day by day, week by week, and month by month. Do you love me, Kiddie dearest? Do you love me enough to trust yourself to my keeping for always, to be my wife? I call you Kiddie now—which no one else does. Can I call you Wifie one day—which no one else could do?

I have written simply because I feel I have not the courage to ask you outright—just in case you should turn me away as not being good enough. Do please write back quickly, Kiddie, and say you'll be my own sweet darling wife !

Yours devotedly,  
Harry.

**72a. Reply, Accepting.**

My dearest Harry,

I have read your sweet letter over and over again—and kissed it too ! Of course I remember our first meeting a year ago to-day—just as

though I should forget it !—and our walks, and the dances, and the  
 cinemas, and the motor-bike rides. And I remember, too, the dearest  
 old boy in the world and how day by day and week by week my  
 interest in him grew until love itself was born. Do you really think I  
 shall make you happy, dearest ? Do you really want to call me “Wifie”  
 for ever and always ?

40

I shan’t put here the word you want—but if you’ll call round and take  
 me for a long, long walk this evening perhaps I’ll whisper it then—and  
 let you kiss me afterwards !

45

Good-bye, dearest Harry, and if I’m not a real help and a true mate to  
 you it will not be for the want of trying.

Your loving Kiddie.

50

### **72b. Reply, Refusing.**

My dear Harry,

I am very glad you wrote to me because it has given me a little extra  
 time in which to think over what has come to me both as a surprise and  
 a shock. Honestly, I have never once thought that you regarded me in  
 the light of a future wife. I have always seen in you a loyal and  
 staunch comrade and pal, and have thoroughly enjoyed the hours we  
 have spent together. At the same time, I never for one moment  
 imagined we were anything but friends.

55

Frankly, Harry, I do not love you in the sense that a girl should love  
 the boy she is going to marry. I have never once thought of marriage  
 and its responsibilities seriously. To me, you and I have just been  
 walking through life as very good friends, and I most certainly do  
 admire your character and value every minute of your friendship—but  
 not in the sense of our being linked by marriage.

60

No man could pay a girl a greater compliment than you have done  
 me, and I feel a perfect brute to refuse. At the same time, Harry, it is  
 far better for us both that I do refuse rather than that we should run our  
 heads into a life together with complete happiness lacking. Truly, I do  
 not at present think I am the marrying sort, but I do want you to know  
 how much I respect your sentiments and how deeply sorry I am to  
 bring you disappointment. All I hope is that you can forget the matter  
 and that we may still remain the best of friends.

65

70

Yours very sincerely,

Agnes.

75

## Texts for Question 4

## Text F

( 1 )

THE  
**LIFE**  
 OF  
**DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.**

CHAPTER I.

Some account of Mr. Garrick's family.....His early acquaintance with Mr. Walmsley and Dr. S. Johnson.....His voyage to Lisbon.....Return to England.... .Becomes pupil to Dr. Johnson.....Sets out in company with him for London.

ALL excellence has a right to be recorded. I shall therefore think it superfluous to apologize for writing the life of a man, who, by an uncommon assemblage of private virtues, adorned the highest eminence in a publick profession.

In a narrative of Mr. Garrick's life will unavoidably be included many theatrical anecdotes, and a variety of observations upon several comedians of both sexes, who distinguished themselves by superiority in their profession. Their merits I shall endeavour to display, and their

( 2 )

characters I intend to delineate with truth and candour.

The grandfather of Mr. Garrick was one of those unhappy French protestants, who, upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, sought for an asylum in England.

The father of Mr. Garrick, whose christian name was Peter, obtained a captain's commission in the army, and generally resided at Litchfield. His son David was born when he was on a recruiting party in Hereford ; and baptized, as appears by the register, in the church of All Saints in that city, February the 28th, 1716. His mother's maiden name was Clough, daughter to one of the vicars in Litchfield cathedral. Captain Garrick was a man of an amiable disposition, and much

respected for his affable demeanour and agreeable conversation. Mrs. Garrick, though not beautiful in her person, was very attractive in her manner ; her address was polite, and her conversation sprightly and engaging : she had the peculiar happiness, wherever she went, to please and to entertain. Though

( 3 )

restrained in their circumstances, Captain Garrick and his wife were visited by the best families in Litchfield.

Young Garrick was a most sprightly and diverting boy ; he engaged the attention of every body who knew him. Mr. Walmsley, register of the

Ecclesiastical Court in Litchfield, a gentleman much respected, of very considerable fortune, and a friend of Captain Garrick, took early notice of him ; he would often unbend himself by listening to his odd questions, and divert himself with his smart repartees and frolicsome actions. When young Garrick was about ten years of age, he was put under the care of Mr. Hunter, master of the grammar school at Litchfield. This gentleman was an odd mixture of the pedant and the sportsman ; he was a very severe disciplinarian, and a great setter of game. Happy was the boy who could slyly inform his offended master where a covey of partridges was to be found ; this notice was a certain pledge of his pardon.



**Text G**

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**END OF TEXTS**

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