

A-level ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

Paper 1 Telling Stories

Wednesday 24 May 2023

Afternoon

Time allowed: 3 hours

Materials

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book
- a copy of the set texts you have studied for Section B and Section C. These texts must **not** be annotated and must **not** contain additional notes or materials.

Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Paper Reference** is **7707/1**.
- There are **three** sections:
 - Section A: Remembered Places**
 - Section B: Imagined Worlds**
 - Section C: Poetic Voices**
- Answer **three** questions in total: the question in Section A, **one** question from Section B and **one** question from Section C.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.

Information

- The maximum mark for this paper is 100.
- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- There are 40 marks for the question in Section A, 35 marks for the question in Section B and 25 marks for the question in Section C.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
 - use good English
 - organise information clearly
 - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

Advice

It is recommended that you spend 70 minutes on Section A, 60 minutes on Section B and 50 minutes on Section C.

Section A

Remembered Places

Answer **Question 1** in this section.

Read **Text A** and **Text B** printed below and on **pages 3 and 4**.

Text A is an extract from *Foreign Correspondent: Paris in the Sixties* by Peter Lennon.

Text B is an extract from *Visiting Paris* by Mike and Sophia.

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Compare and contrast how the writer of **Text A** and the speakers of **Text B** express their ideas about their first experiences in Paris.

You should refer to both texts in your answer.

[40 marks]

Text A

Peter Lennon was an Irish journalist who moved to Paris and covered events from there for *The Guardian* newspaper throughout the 1960s. *Foreign Correspondent: Paris in the Sixties* is his account of leaving Ireland for Paris, and his reflections on his time there.

I was surprised to discover that the Eiffel Tower was on the Left Bank and not straddling the Champs-Élysées, as I had somehow imagined. I did not like the dryness of the Tuileries nor its rigid design. I missed the lushness of our parks.

5 I was fascinated by Americans in Paris. They sat, family groups, in cafés in a sort of trance. They seemed to be guarding their Americanism like something precious: as if on one level it had to be put on display and on another they were afraid it might be snatched from them by the foreigners. Nationalities were gloriously identifiable
10 in those days before international homogenization of dress. As they wandered from monument to museum I noticed they had a curious disinclination to listen to one another: the women commented on everything with a deadly, calculating enthusiasm; the men bestowed a laconic benediction in ball-game Americanese on a *Mona Lisa*, a
15 Champs or a fillet steak.

Living an underfed over-excited existence, disorientated by the absence of any familiar smugness, almost afraid amongst such strangeness, I wanted to convey to someone a sense of what I was experiencing. Jokey postcards home were not enough after the first two weeks, so I wrote, my
20 first literary letters, to Jack White.

I announced grandly that I was learning something about Paris and about Europeans and 'because I now have something to set up as a comparison I am beginning to understand certain things about Dublin and the Irish'.

25 It has been said [I wrote solemnly] that Paris does not belong to the French but to the world. That is true in the sense that the world has

moved in and claimed it, like a public claiming a national theatre. Because of this, Paris, which is the stage, and the Parisians, who are the actors, have inevitably absorbed something from their possessive public – their vulgarity, their notion of what Paris should be. Paris knows what is expected of it and can be depended on to produce the trivial, vicious, depraved, dramatic or beautiful things which its public demands. But it also has genuine splendour, a splendour of artistic and intellectual achievement so much greater than the bizarre displays of tourist ‘art’ and antics everyone is familiar with.

The real life of Paris is outside all this, among the genuine artists, the students and scholars and the French families living a regular, normal, slightly prudish life. It is the genuine animation, the sense of ‘life’ which leaves the deepest impression on me. I have lived in Ireland all my life reading about ‘life’, now for the first time I see ‘life’, cosmopolitan people playing the great game of life.

Turn over for Text B

Turn over ►

Text B

This text is part of a set of multi-speaker and one-speaker discourse involving three speakers, Isabelle, Mike and Sophia, talking about their memories of visiting or living in Paris. All three are students at a university in the East Midlands. Mike and Sophia were born in the UK. The transcript was recorded in 2013.

- Sophia:** what kind of tourists did you see there
Mike: what do you mean
Sophia: from (.) er (.) from **all** countries (.) yeah
Mike: **everywhere** (2) absolutely (.) there are **so** many different people in
 5 Paris
Sophia: yeah
Mike: you never know who you're going to see
Sophia: but I've always felt like you can **tell** (.) which people are actually
 10 Parisian and which are tourists
Mike: yeah
Sophia: usually cause they've got like (.) erm (.) camera around their necks
Mike: yeah (.) selfie stick
Sophia: yeah (*laughs*) selfie sticks I saw those
Mike: I love those
 15 **Sophia:** that's brilliant (.) but I always thought like (.) Parisians stand out (.)
 they (.) they dress so smartly and chic
Mike: yeah (.) you can tell (1) and it's like (.) there's a lot of different
 languages that you hear (.) going round as well (.) like
Sophia: In Paris (.) yeah (.) yeah (.)
 20 **Mike:** yeah (.) there's a lot of people you don't understand
Sophia: yeah
Mike: I mean like there's (.) the majority of people (.) don't really (.) aren't
 really speaking English when you're there (.) I find
Sophia: yeah (.) yeah (.) true (1) what was your impression of erm (.) the Paris
 25 (.) Parisian waiters
Mike: erm (.) like I find them a little bit rude sometimes
Sophia: did you
Mike: yeah (.) like sometimes (.) when they know that you're **English**
Sophia: hmm
 30 **Mike:** if you say (.) sometimes they'll (.) realise that you're English (.) and
 they'll start trying to speak to you in English (.) and then if you try to
 speak to them sometimes in French (.) they don't like it
Sophia: oh really
Mike: yeah
 35 **Sophia:** cause I (.) I thought (.) I always thought that if you (.) tried to speak
 French to them that they (.) they'd appreciate it much more than
 you'd be like (.) hey (1) speak English
Mike: I (.) yeah (.) I feel like sometimes (.) you get looked down at because
 of your accent (.) if your accent isn't it
 40 **Sophia:** oh really
Mike: yeah (.) that's what I felt anyway when I was in Paris

Key

- (.) indicates a pause of less than a second
 (2) indicates a longer pause (number of seconds indicated)
Bold indicates stressed syllables or words
 (*italics*) indicates contextual or additional information

Section B
Imagined Worlds

Answer **one** question in this section.

Frankenstein – Mary Shelley
Either

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Read the extract printed below. This is from the section of the novel where Justine has been convicted of the murder of William and is visited in prison by Victor and Elizabeth.

Explore the significance of characters' feelings about guilt in the novel. You should consider:

- the presentation of characters' feelings about guilt in the extract below and at different points in the novel
- the use of fantasy elements in constructing a fictional world.

[35 marks]

'In these last moments I feel the sincerest gratitude towards those who think of me with kindness. How sweet is the affection of others to such a wretch as I am! It removes more than half my misfortune; and I feel as if I could die in peace, now that my innocence is acknowledged by you, dear lady, and your cousin.'

5 Thus the poor sufferer tried to comfort others and herself. She indeed gained the resignation she desired. But I, the true murderer, felt the never-dying worm alive in my bosom, which allowed of no hope or consolation. Elizabeth also wept, and was unhappy; but hers also was the misery of innocence, which, like a cloud that passes over the fair moon, for a while hides, but cannot tarnish its brightness. Anguish and despair had
10 penetrated into the core of my heart; I bore a hell within me, which nothing could extinguish. We staid several hours with Justine; and it was with great difficulty that Elizabeth could tear herself away. 'I wish,' cried she, 'that I were to die with you; I cannot live in this world of misery.'

15 Justine assumed an air of cheerfulness, while she with difficulty repressed her bitter tears. She embraced Elizabeth, and said, in a voice of half-suppressed emotion, 'Farewell, sweet lady, dearest Elizabeth, my beloved and only friend; may heaven in its bounty bless and preserve you; may this be the last misfortune that you will ever suffer. Live, and be happy, and make others so.'

20 As we returned, Elizabeth said, 'You know not, my dear Victor, how much I am relieved, now that I trust in the innocence of this unfortunate girl. I never could again have known peace, if I had been deceived in my reliance on her. For the moment that I did believe her guilty, I felt an anguish that I could not have long sustained. Now my heart is lightened. The innocent suffers; but she whom I thought amiable and good has not betrayed the trust I reposed in her, and I am consoled.'

25 Amiable cousin! such were your thoughts, mild and gentle as your own dear eyes and voice. But I — I was a wretch, and none ever conceived of the misery that I then endured.

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

or

0 3

Read the extract printed below. This is from the section of the novel where Victor has just destroyed the partner he was making for the creature.

Explore the significance of the relationship between Victor and the creature in the novel. You should consider:

- the presentation of the relationship between Victor and the creature in the extract below and at different points in the novel
- the use of fantasy elements in constructing a fictional world.

[35 marks]

Presently I heard the sound of footsteps along the passage; the door opened, and the wretch whom I dreaded appeared. Shutting the door, he approached me, and said, in a smothered voice —

5 'You have destroyed the work which you began; what is it that you intend? Do you dare to break your promise? I have endured toil and misery: I left Switzerland with you; I crept along the shores of the Rhine, among its willow islands, and over the summits of its hills. I have dwelt many months in the heaths of England, and among the deserts of Scotland. I have endured incalculable fatigue, and cold, and hunger; do you dare destroy my hopes?'

10 'Begone! I do break my promise; never will I create another like yourself, equal in deformity and wickedness.'

15 'Slave, I before reasoned with you, but you have proved yourself unworthy of my condescension. Remember that I have power; you believe yourself miserable, but I can make you so wretched that the light of day will be hateful to you. You are my creator, but I am your master; — obey!'

20 'The hour of my weakness is past, and the period of your power is arrived. Your threats cannot move me to do an act of wickedness; but they confirm me in a resolution of not creating you a companion in vice. Shall I, in cool blood, set loose upon the earth a daemon, whose delight is in death and wretchedness. Begone! I am firm, and your words will only exasperate my rage.'

25 The monster saw my determination in my face, and gnashed his teeth in the impotence of anger. 'Shall each man,' cried he, 'find a wife for his bosom, and each beast have his mate, and I be alone? I had feelings of affection, and they were requited by detestation and scorn. Man, you may hate; but beware! Your hours will pass in dread and misery, and soon the bolt will fall which must ravish from you your happiness for ever. Are you to be happy, while I grovel in the intensity of my wretchedness? You can blast my other passions; but revenge remains — revenge, henceforth dearer than light or food! I may die; but first you, my tyrant and tormentor, shall curse the sun that gazes on your misery.'

Dracula – Bram Stoker**Either****0 4**

Read the extract printed below. This is from the section of the novel where Jonathan Harker first arrives in Transylvania.

Explore the significance of Transylvania as a location in the novel. You should consider:

- the presentation of Transylvania in the extract below and at different points in the novel
- the use of fantasy elements in constructing a fictional world.

[35 marks]

Beyond the green swelling hills of the Mittel Land rose mighty slopes of forest up to the lofty steeps of the Carpathians themselves. Right and left of us they towered, with the afternoon sun falling full upon them and bringing out all the glorious colours of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple in the shadows of the peaks, green and brown where grass and rock mingled, and an endless perspective of jagged rock and pointed crags, till these were themselves lost in the distance, where the snowy peaks rose grandly. Here and there seemed mighty rifts in the mountains, through which, as the sun began to sink, we saw now and again the white gleam of falling water. One of my companions touched my arm as we swept round the base of a hill and opened up the lofty, snow-covered peak of a mountain, which seemed, as we wound on our serpentine way, to be right before us: –

‘Look! Isten szek!’ – ‘God’s seat!’ – and he crossed himself reverently. As we wound on our endless way, and the sun sank lower and lower behind us, the shadows of the evening began to creep round us. This was emphasized by the fact that the snowy mountain-top still held the sunset, and seemed to glow out with a delicate cool pink. Here and there we passed Cszeks and Slovaks, all in picturesque attire, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. By the roadside were many crosses, and as we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. Here and there was a peasant man or woman kneeling before a shrine, who did not even turn round as we approached, but seemed in the self-surrender of devotion to have neither eyes nor ears for the outer world. There were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the trees, and here and there very beautiful masses of weeping birch, their white stems shining like silver through the delicate green of the leaves.

Turn over for the next question**Turn over ►**

or

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Read the extract printed below. This is from the section of the novel where Mina writes to Lucy soon after her marriage to Jonathan Harker.

Explore the significance of Mina's relationship with Jonathan Harker in the novel. You should consider:

- the presentation of Mina's relationship with Jonathan Harker in the extract below and at different points in the novel
- the use of fantasy elements in constructing a fictional world.

[35 marks]

Lucy, the time has come and gone. I feel very solemn, but very, very happy. Jonathan woke a little after the hour, and all was ready, and he sat up in bed, propped up with pillows. He answered his 'I will' firmly and strongly. I could hardly speak; my heart was so full that even those words seemed to choke me. The dear Sisters were so kind.

- 5 Please God, I shall never, never forget them, nor the grave and sweet responsibilities I have taken upon me. I must tell you of my wedding present. When the chaplain and the Sisters had left me alone with my husband – oh, Lucy, it is the first time I have written the words 'my husband' – left me alone with my husband, I took the book from under his pillow, and wrapped it up in white paper, and tied it with a little bit of pale blue ribbon
- 10 which was round my neck, and sealed it over the knot with sealing-wax, and for my seal I used my wedding ring. Then I kissed it and showed it to my husband, and told him that I would keep it so, and then it would be an outward and visible sign for us all our lives that we trusted each other; that I would never open it unless it were for his own dear sake or for the sake of some stern duty. Then he took my hand in his, and oh, Lucy, it was the
- 15 first time he took *his wife's* hand, and said that it was the dearest thing in all the wide world, and that he would go through all the past again to win it, if need be. The poor dear meant to have said a part of the past; but he cannot think of time yet, and I shall not wonder if at first he mixes up not only the month, but the year.

- 20 Well, my dear, what could I say? I could only tell him that I was the happiest woman in all the wide world, and that I had nothing to give him except myself, my life, and my trust, and that with these went my love and duty for all the days of my life.

The Handmaid's Tale* – Margaret Atwood*Either****0 6**

Read the extract printed below. This is from the section of the novel where Offred and Ofglen encounter a group of Japanese tourists on one of their walks.

Explore the significance of women's physical appearance in the novel. You should consider:

- the presentation of women's physical appearance in the extract below and at different points in the novel
- the use of fantasy elements in constructing a fictional world.

[35 marks]

5 It's been a long time since I've seen skirts that short on women. The skirts reach just below the knee and the legs come out from beneath them, nearly naked in their thin stockings, blatant, the high-heeled shoes with their straps attached to the feet like delicate instruments of torture. The women teeter on their spiked feet as if on stilts, but off balance; their backs arch at the waist, thrusting the buttocks out. Their heads are uncovered and their hair too is exposed, in all its darkness and sexuality. They wear lipstick, red, outlining the damp cavities of their mouths, like scrawls on a washroom wall, of the time before.

10 I stop walking. Ofglen stops beside me and I know that she too cannot take her eyes off these women. We are fascinated, but also repelled. They seem undressed. It has taken so little time to change our minds, about things like this.

Then I think: I used to dress like that. That was freedom.

Westernized, they used to call it.

15 The Japanese tourists come towards us, twittering, and we turn our heads away too late: our faces have been seen.

There's an interpreter, in the standard blue suit and red-patterned tie, with the winged-eye tie pin. He's the one who steps forward, out of the group, in front of us, blocking our way. The tourists bunch behind him; one of them raises a camera.

20 "Excuse me," he says to both of us, politely enough. "They're asking if they can take your picture."

I look down at the sidewalk, shake my head for *No*. What they must see is the white wings only, a scrap of face, my chin and part of my mouth. Not the eyes. I know better than to look the interpreter in the face. Most of the interpreters are Eyes, or so it's said.

25 I also know better than to say Yes. Modesty is invisibility, said Aunt Lydia. Never forget it. To be seen – to be *seen* – is to be – her voice trembled – penetrated. What you must be, girls, is impenetrable. She called us girls.

Beside me, Ofglen is also silent. She's tucked her red-gloved hands up into her sleeves, to hide them.

Turn over for the next question**Turn over ►**

or

0 7

Read the extract printed below. This is from the section of the novel where Offred remembers a past conversation with Moira.

Explore the significance of the past in the novel. You should consider:

- the presentation of the past in the extract below and at different points in the novel
- the use of fantasy elements in constructing a fictional world.

[35 marks]

Moira, breezing into my room, dropping her denim jacket on the floor. Got any cigs, she said.

In my purse, I said. No matches though.

5 Moira rummages in my purse. You should throw out some of this junk, she says. I'm giving an underwhore party.

A what? I say. There's no point trying to work, Moira won't allow it, she's like a cat that crawls onto the page when you're trying to read.

10 You know, like Tupperware, only with underwear. Tarts' stuff. Lace crotches, snap garters. Bras that push your tits up. She finds my lighter, lights the cigarette she's extracted from my purse. Want one? Tosses the package, with great generosity considering they're mine.

Thanks piles, I say sourly. You're crazy. Where'd you get an idea like that?

15 Working my way through college, says Moira. I've got connections. Friend of my mother's. It's big in the suburbs, once they start getting age spots they figure they've got to beat the competition. The Pornomarts and what have you.

I'm laughing. She always made me laugh.

But here? I say. Who'll come? Who needs it?

You're never too young to learn, she says. Come on, it'll be great. We'll all pee our pants laughing.

20 Is that how we lived then? But we lived as usual. Everyone does, most of the time. Whatever is going on is as usual. Even this is as usual, now.

We lived, as usual, by ignoring. Ignoring isn't the same as ignorance, you have to work at it.

25 Nothing changes instantaneously: in a gradually heating bathtub you'd be boiled to death before you knew it. There were stories in the newspapers, of course, corpses in ditches or the woods, bludgeoned to death or mutilated, interfered with as they used to say, but they were about other women, and the men who did such things were other men. None of them were the men we knew. The newspaper stories were like dreams to us, bad dreams dreamt by others. How awful, we would say, and they were, but they were awful without being believable. They were too melodramatic, they had a dimension

30 that was not the dimension of our lives.

We were the people who were not in the papers. We lived in the blank white spaces at the edges of print. It gave us more freedom.

We lived in the gaps between the stories.

The Lovely Bones – Alice Sebold**Either****0 8**

Read the extract printed below. This is from the section of the novel where Jack Salmon first visits Ruana’s house.

Explore the significance of the character of Ruana in the novel. You should consider:

- the presentation of Ruana in the extract below and at different points in the novel
- the use of fantasy elements in constructing a fictional world.

[35 marks]

5 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.

10 “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.

15 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.”

20 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.

25 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 longheld 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.

30 “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.

Turn over for the next question**Turn over ►**

or

0 9

Read the extract printed below. This is from the section of the novel where Abigail Salmon has left her family and travelled to California.

Explore the significance of journeys in the novel. You should consider:

- the presentation of journeys in the extract below and at different points in the novel
- the use of fantasy elements in constructing a fictional world.

[35 marks]

5 In the fall of 1976, when she reached California, she drove directly to the beach and stopped her car. She felt like she had driven through nothing but families for four days — squabbling families, bawling families, screaming families, families under the miraculous strain of the day by day — and she was relieved to see the waves from the windshield of her car. She couldn't help thinking of the books she had read in college. *The*

10 *Awakening*. And what had happened to one writer, Virginia Woolf. It all seemed so wonderful back then — filmy and romantic — stones in the pocket, walk into the waves. She climbed down the cliffs after tying her sweater loosely around her waist. Down below she could see nothing but jagged rocks and waves. She was careful, but I

15 My mother's desire to reach those waves, touch her feet to another ocean on the other side of the country, was all she was thinking of — the pure baptismal goal of it. Whoosh and you can start over again. Or was life more like the horrible game in gym that has you running from one side of an enclosed space to another, picking up and setting down wooden blocks without end? She was thinking *reach the waves, the waves, the waves*, and I was watching her feet navigate the rocks, and when we heard her we did so together — looking up in shock.

It was a baby on the beach.

20 In among the rocks was a sandy cove, my mother now saw, and crawling across the sand on a blanket was a baby in knitted pink cap and singlet and boots. She was alone on the blanket with a stuffed white toy — my mother thought a lamb.

25 With their backs to my mother as she descended were a group of adults — very official and frantic-looking — wearing black and navy with cool slants to their hats and boots. Then my wildlife photographer's eye saw the tripods and silver circles rimmed by wire, which, when a young man moved them left or right, bounced light off or on the baby on her blanket.

My mother started laughing.

Section C**Poetic Voices**

Answer **one** question in this section.

Refer to your AQA Poetic Voices anthology for this section.

Either**John Donne**

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Examine how Donne presents the speaker's views on the long-lasting nature of love in *The Anniversary* and **one** other poem of your choice.

[25 marks]**or**

1	1
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Examine how Donne presents attitudes towards absences in *Elegy 5. His Picture* and **one** other poem of your choice.

[25 marks]**Either****Robert Browning**

1	2
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Examine how Browning presents the speaker's intense feelings in *Prospice* and **one** other poem of your choice.

[25 marks]**or**

1	3
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Examine how Browning presents attitudes towards possession in *Porphyria's Lover* and **one** other poem of your choice.

[25 marks]

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

Either

Carol Ann Duffy

1 4

Examine how Duffy presents views on love in *Valentine* and **one** other poem of your choice.

[25 marks]

or

1 5

Examine how Duffy presents confusion in *The Cliché Kid* and **one** other poem of your choice.

[25 marks]

Either

Seamus Heaney

1 6

Examine how Heaney presents the speaker's feelings about journeys in *Night Drive* and **one** other poem of your choice.

[25 marks]

or

1 7

Examine how Heaney presents the speaker's attitude towards history in *The Tollund Man* and **one** other poem of your choice.

[25 marks]

END OF QUESTIONS

There are no questions printed on this page

There are no questions printed on this page

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