

General Certificate of Education  
January 2009  
Advanced Subsidiary Examination



**ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE  
(SPECIFICATION B)  
Unit 2 The Changing Language of Literature**

**NTB2**

Friday 9 January 2009 1.30 pm to 3.00 pm

**For this paper you must have:**

- an 8-page answer book.

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

**Instructions**

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The *Examining Body* for this paper is AQA. The *Paper Reference* is NTB2.
- **Answer the compulsory question on the pair of extracts from the texts you have studied.**
- Do all rough work in the 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.
- You will be marked on your ability to use good English, to organise information clearly, and to use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 50.

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Answer the compulsory question on **the pair of extracts from the texts you have studied.**

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***Robinson Crusoe and The Coral Island***

**Pages 4 and 5**

Discuss these two extracts, commenting on:

- the ideas in **each extract** and the ways in which they are presented, **including each writer's presentation of their characters' response to discovering a cave**
- how the writers' language choices in **each extract** help to reveal attitudes and values
- what the language of the **two extracts** shows us about the changes in language and style over time
- how far you think the ideas, attitudes and values in **each extract** are characteristic of those found in the **whole text**.

***The Scarlet Letter and The Color Purple***

**Pages 6 and 7**

Discuss these two extracts, commenting on:

- the ideas in **each extract** and the ways in which they are presented, **including each writer's presentation of a sense of fulfilment**
- how the writers' language choices in **each extract** help to reveal attitudes and values
- what the language of the **two extracts** shows us about the changes in language and style over time
- how far you think the ideas, attitudes and values in **each extract** are characteristic of those found in the **whole text**.

***Tom Brown's Schooldays and Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone***

**Pages 8 and 9**

Discuss these two extracts, commenting on:

- the ideas in **each extract** and the ways in which they are presented, **including each writer's presentation of a villainous character**
- how the writers' language choices in **each extract** help to reveal attitudes and values
- what the language of the **two extracts** shows us about the changes in language and style over time
- how far you think the ideas, attitudes and values in **each extract** are characteristic of those found in the **whole text**.

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*Black Beauty and Watership Down*

Pages 10 and 11

Discuss these two extracts, commenting on:

- the ideas in **each extract** and the ways in which they are presented, **including each writer's presentation of human concern for animals**
- how the writers' language choices in **each extract** help to reveal attitudes and values
- what the language of the **two extracts** shows us about the changes in language and style over time
- how far you think the ideas, attitudes and values in **each extract** are characteristic of those found in the **whole text**.

*The Hound of the Baskervilles and The No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency*

Pages 12 and 13

Discuss these two extracts, commenting on:

- the ideas in **each extract** and the ways in which they are presented, **including each writer's presentation of how the characters respond to people and places**
- how the writers' language choices in **each extract** help to reveal attitudes and values
- what the language of the **two extracts** shows us about the changes in language and style over time
- how far you think the ideas, attitudes and values in **each extract** are characteristic of those found in the **whole text**.

**END OF QUESTIONS**

**TURN TO THE RELEVANT PAGES FOR THE EXTRACTS  
FROM THE TEXTS YOU HAVE STUDIED**

**Turn over ►**

## Extract 1

this Place; particularly, I resolv'd to bring hither my Magazine of Powder, and all my spare Arms, viz. Two Fowling-Pieces, for I had three in all; and three Muskets, for of them I had eight in all; so I kept at my Castle only five, which stood ready mounted like Pieces of Cannon, on my out-most Fence; and were ready also to take out upon any Expedition.

Upon this Occasion of removing my Ammunition, I took occasion to open the Barrel of Powder which I took up out of the Sea, and which had been wet; and I found that the Water had penetrated about three or four Inches into the Powder, on every Side, which caking and growing hard, had preserv'd the inside like a Kernel in a Shell; so that I had near sixty Pound of very good Powder in the Center of the Cask, and this was an agreeable Discovery to me at that Time; so I carry'd all away thither, never keeping above two or three Pound of Powder with me in my Castle, for fear of a Surprize of any kind: I also carry'd thither all the Lead I had left for Bullets.

I fancy'd my self now like one of the ancient Giants, which are said to live in Caves, and Holes, in the Rocks, where none could come at them; for I perswaded my self while I was here, if five hundred Savages were to hunt me, they could never find me out; or if they did, they would not venture to attack me here.

from **Daniel Defoe**, *Robinson Crusoe*

I was now recover'd from my Surprize, and began to look round me, when I found the Cave was but very small, that is to say, it might be about twelve Foot over, but in no manner of Shape, either round or square, no Hands having ever been employ'd in making it, but those of meer Nature: I observ'd also, that there was a Place at the farther Side of it, that went in farther, but was so low, that it requir'd me to creep upon my Hands and Knees to go into it, and whither I went I knew not; so having no Candle, I gave it over for some Time; but resolv'd to come again the next Day, provided with Candles, and a Tinder-box, which I had made of the Lock of one of the Muskets, with some wild-fire in the Pan.

Accordingly the next Day, I came provided with six large Candles of my own making; for I made very good Candles now of Goat's Tallow; and going into this low Place, I was oblig'd to creep upon all Fours, as *I have said*, almost ten Yards; which by the way, I thought was a Venture bold enough, considering that I knew not how far it might go, nor what was beyond it. When I was got through the Strait, I found the Roof rose higher up, I believe near twenty Foot; but never was such a glorious Sight seen in the Island, I dare say, as it was, to look round the Sides and Roof of this Vault, or Cave; the Walls reflected 100 thousand Lights to me from my two Candles; what it was in Rock, whether Diamonds, or any other precious Stones, or Gold, which I rather suppos'd it to be, I knew not.

The Place I was in, was a most delightful Cavity, or Grotto, of its kind, as could be expected, though perfectly dark; the Floor was dry and level, and had a sort of small lose Gravel upon it, so that there was no nauseous or venomous Creature to be seen, neither was there any damp, or wet, on the Sides or Roof: The only Difficulty in it was the Entrance, which however as it was a Place of Security, and such a Retreat as I wanted, I thought that was a Convenience; so that I was really rejoyc'd at the Discovery, and resolv'd without any Delay, to bring some of those Things which I was most anxious about, to

## Extract 2

We gained the interior of the submarine cave without difficulty, and, on emerging from the waves, supported ourselves for some time by treading water, while we held the two bundles above our heads. This we did in order to let our eyes become accustomed to the obscurity. Then, when we could see sufficiently, we swam to a shelving rock, and landed in safety. Having wrung the water from our trousers, and dried ourselves as well as we could under the circumstances, we proceeded to ignite the torch. This we accomplished without difficulty in a few minutes; and no sooner did it flare up than we were struck dumb with the wonderful objects that were revealed to our gaze. The roof of the cavern just above us seemed to be about ten feet high, but grew higher as it receded into the distance, until it was lost in the darkness. It seemed to be made of coral, and was supported by massive columns of the same material. Immense icicles (as they appeared to us) hung from it in various places. These, however, were formed, not of ice, but of a species of limestone, which seemed to flow in a liquid form towards the point of each, where it became solid. A good many drops fell, however, to the rock below, and these formed little cones, which rose to meet the points above. Some of them had already met, and thus we saw how the pillars were formed, which at first seemed to us as if they had been placed there by some human architect to support the roof. As we advanced farther in, we saw that the floor was composed of the same material as the pillars; and it presented the curious appearance of ripples, such as are formed on water when gently ruffled by the wind. There were several openings on either hand in the walls, that seemed to lead into other caverns; but these we did not explore at this time. We also observed that the ceiling was curiously marked in places, as if it were the fretwork of a noble cathedral; and the walls, as well as the roof, sparkled in the light of our torch, and threw back gleams and flashes, as if they were covered with precious stones. Although we proceeded far into this cavern, we did

not come to the end of it; and we were obliged to return more speedily than we would otherwise have done, as our torch was nearly expended. We did not observe any openings in the roof, or any indications of places whereby light might enter; but near the entrance to the cavern stood an immense mass of pure white coral rock, which caught and threw back the little light that found an entrance through the cave's mouth, and thus produced, we conjectured, the pale-green object which had first attracted our attention. We concluded, also, that the reflecting power of this rock was that which gave forth the dim light that faintly illumined the first part of the cave.

Before diving through the passage again we extinguished the small piece of our torch that remained, and left it in a dry spot; conceiving that we might possibly stand in need of it, if at any future time we should chance to wet our torch while diving into the cavern.

'Now, Ralph, are you ready?' said Jack, in a low voice, that seemed to echo up into the dome above.

'Quite ready.'

'Come along then,' said he; and, plunging off the ledge of the rock into the water, we dived through the narrow entrance. In a few seconds we were panting on the rocks above, and receiving the congratulations of our friend Peterkin.

from **R.M. Ballantyne**, *The Coral Island*

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE *THE SCARLET LETTER* and  
ALICE WALKER *THE COLOR PURPLE*

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**Extract 3**

But, through the remainder of Hester's life, there were indications that the recluse of the scarlet letter was the object of love and interest with some inhabitant of another land. Letters came, with armorial seals upon them, though of bearings unknown to English heraldry. In the cottage there were articles of comfort and luxury, such as Hester never cared to use, but which only wealth could have purchased, and affection have imagined for her. There were trifles, too, little ornaments, beautiful tokens of a continual remembrance, that must have been wrought by delicate fingers, at the impulse of a fond heart. And, once, Hester was seen embroidering a baby-garment, with such a lavish richness of golden fancy as would have raised a public tumult, had any infant, thus appalled, been shown to our sombre-hued community.

In fine, the gossips of that day believed,—and Mr. Surveyor Pue, who made investigations a century later, believed,—and one of his recent successors in office, moreover, faithfully believes,—that Pearl was not only alive, but married, and happy, and mindful of her mother; and that she would most joyfully have entertained that sad and lonely mother at her fireside.

But there was a more real life for Hester Prynne, here, in New England, than in that unknown region where Pearl had found a home. Here had been her sin; here, her sorrow; and here was yet to be her penitence. She had returned, therefore, and resumed,—of her own free will, for not the sternest magistrate of that iron period would have imposed it,—resumed the symbol of which we have related so dark a tale. Never afterwards did it quit her bosom. But, in the lapse of the toilsome, thoughtful, and self-devoted years that made up Hester's life, the scarlet letter ceased to be a stigma which attracted the world's scorn and bitterness, and became a type of something to be sorrowed over, and looked upon with awe, yet with reverence too. And, as Hester Prynne had no selfish ends, nor lived in any measure for her own

profit and enjoyment, people brought all their sorrows and perplexities, and besought her counsel, as one who had herself gone through a mighty trouble. Women, more especially,—in the continually recurring trials of wounded, wasted, wronged, misplaced, or erring and sinful passion,—or with the dreary burden of a heart unyielded, because unvalued and unsought,—came to Hester's cottage, demanding why they were so wretched, and what the remedy! Hester comforted and counselled them, as best she might. She assured them, too, of her firm belief, that, at some brighter period, when the world should have grown ripe for it, in Heaven's own time, a new truth would be revealed, in order to establish the whole relation between man and woman on a surer ground of mutual happiness. Earlier in life, Hester had vainly imagined that she herself might be the destined prophetess, but had long since recognized the impossibility that any mission of divine and mysterious truth should be confided to a woman stained with sin, bowed down with shame, or even burdened with a lifelong sorrow. The angel and apostle of the coming revelation must be a woman, indeed, but lofty, pure, and beautiful; and wise, moreover, not through dusky grief, but the ethereal medium of joy; and showing how sacred love should make us happy, by the truest test of a life successful to such an end!

So said Hester Prynne, and glanced her sad eyes downward at the scarlet letter. And, after many, many years, a new grave was delved, near an old and sunken one, in that burial-ground beside which King's Chapel has since been built. It was near that old and sunken grave, yet with a space between, as if the dust of the two sleepers had no right to mingle. Yet one tombstone served for both.

from **Nathaniel Hawthorne**, *The Scarlet Letter*

## Extract 4

Dear God. Dear stars, dear trees, dear sky, dear peoples. Dear Everything. Dear God.

Thank you for bringing my sister Nettie and our children home.

Wonder who that coming yonder? ast Albert, looking up the road. Us can see the dust just afflying.

Me and him and Shug sitting out on the porch after dinner. Talking. Not talking. Rocking and fanning flies. Shug mention she don't want to sing in public no more—well, maybe a night or two at Harpo's. Think maybe she retire. Albert say he want her to try on his new shirt. I talk bout Henrietta. Sofia. My garden and the store. How things doing generally. So much in the habit of sewing something I stitch up a bunch of scraps, try to see what I can make. The weather cool for the last of June, and sitting on the porch with Albert and Shug feel real pleasant. Next week be the fourth of July and us plan a big family reunion outdoors here at my house. Just hope the cool weather hold.

Could be the mailman, I say. Cept he driving a little fast. Could be Sofia, say Shug. You know she drive like a maniac.

Could be Harpo, say Albert. But it not.

By now the car stop under the trees in the yard and all these peoples dress like old folks git out.

A big tall whitehaired man with a backward turn white collar, a little dumpty woman with her gray hair in plaits cross on top her head. A tall youngish man and two robust looking youngish women. The whitehaired man say something to the driver of the car and the car leave. They all stand down there at the edge of the drive surrounded by boxes and bags and all kinds of stuff.

By now my heart is in my mouth and I can't move.

It's Nettie, Albert say, gitting up.

All the people down by the drive look up at us. They look at the house. The yard. Shug and Albert's cars. They look round at the fields. Then they commence to walk real slow up the walk to the house.

I'm so scared I don't know what to do. Feel like my mind stuck. I try to speak, nothing come. Try to git up, almost fall. Shug reach down and give me a helping hand. Albert press me on the arm.

When Nettie's foot come down on the porch I almost die. I stand swaying, tween Albert and Shug. Nettie stand swaying tween Samuel and I reckon it must be Adam. Then us both start to moan and cry. Us totter toward one nother like us use to do when us was babies. Then us feel so weak when us touch, us knock each other down. But what us care? Us sit and lay there on the porch inside each other's arms.

After while, she say *Celie*.

I say *Nettie*.

Little bit more time pass. Us look round at a lot of peoples knees. Nettie never let go my waist. This my husband Samuel, she say, pointing up. These our children Olivia and Adam and this Adam's wife Tashi, she say.

I point up at my peoples. This Shug and Albert, I say.

Everybody say Pleased to Meetcha. Then Shug and Albert start to hug everybody one after the other.

Me and Nettie finally git up off the porch and I hug my children. And I hug Tashi. Then I hug Samuel.

from **Alice Walker**, *The Color Purple*

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**THOMAS HUGHES** *TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS* and  
**J.K. ROWLING** *HARRY POTTER AND THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE*

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**Extract 5**

to hide their scorn from him, though they neither interfered with his bullying or lived a bit the less intimately with him), made him beside himself. Come what might, he would make those boys' lives miserable. So the strife settled down into a personal affair between Flashman and our youngsters; a war to the knife, to be fought out in the little cockpit at the end of the bottom passage.

Flashman, be it said, was about seventeen years old, and big and strong of his age. He played well at all games where pluck wasn't much wanted, and managed generally to keep up appearances where it was; and having a bluff off-hand manner, which passed for heartiness, and considerable powers of being pleasant when he liked, went down with the school in general for a good fellow enough. Even in the School-house, by dint of his command of money, the constant supply of good things which he kept up, and his adroit toadyism, he had managed to make himself not only tolerated but rather popular amongst his own contemporaries; although Young Brooke scarcely spoke to him, and one or two others of the right sort showed their opinions of him whenever a chance offered. But the wrong sort happened to be in the ascendant just now, and so Flashman was a formidable enemy for small boys. This soon became plain enough. Flashman left no slander unspoken, and no deed undone, which could in any way hurt his victims, or isolate them from the rest of the house.

from **Thomas Hughes**, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*

The war in short raged fiercely; but soon, as Diggs had told them, all the better fellows in the fifth gave up trying to fag them, and public feeling began to set against Flashman and his two or three intimates, and they were obliged to keep their doings more secret, but being thorough bad fellows, missed no opportunity of torturing in private. Flashman was an adept in all ways, but above all in the power of saying cutting and cruel things, and could often bring tears to the eyes of boys in this way, which all the thrashings in the world wouldn't have wrung from them.

And as his operations were being cut short in other directions, he now devoted himself chiefly to Tom and East, who lived at his own door, and would force himself into their study whenever he found a chance, and sit there, sometimes alone, and sometimes with a companion, interrupting all their work, and exulting in the evident pain which every now and then he could see he was inflicting on one or the other.

The storm had cleared the air for the rest of the house, and a better state of things now began than there had been since Old Brooke had left; but an angry dark spot of thunder-cloud still hung over the end of the passage; where Flashman's study and that of East and Tom lay.

He felt that they had been the first rebels, and that the rebellion had been to a great extent successful; but what above all stirred the hatred and bitterness of his heart against them was that, in the frequent collisions which there had been of late, they had openly called him coward and sneak,—the taunts were too true to be forgiven. While he was in the act of thrashing them, they would roar out instances of his funking at football, or shirking some encounter with a lout of half his own size. These things were all well enough known in the house, but to have his own disgrace shouted out by small boys, to feel that they despised him, to be unable to silence them by any amount of torture, and to see the open laugh and sneer of his own associates (who were looking on, and took no trouble

**Extract 6**

**Extract 6** is not reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

**Turn over ►**

## Extract 7

and stroking me with her gentle hand; “and now if you will speak kindly to him and lead him on, I believe he will be able to do better.”

Jakes took the rein—“Come on, Blackie.” I put down my head and threw my whole weight against the collar; I spared no strength; the load moved on, and I pulled it steadily up the hill, and then stopped to take breath.

The lady had walked along the footpath, and now came across into the road. She stroked and patted my neck, as I had not been patted for many a long day.

“You see he was quite willing when you gave him the chance; I am sure he is a fine-tempered creature, and I dare say he has known better days. You won’t put that rein on again, will you?” for he was just going to hitch it up on the old plan.

“Well, ma’am, I can’t deny that having his head has helped him up the hill, and I’ll remember it another time, and thank you, ma’am; but if he went without a bearing rein I should be the laughing-stock of all the carters; it is the fashion, you see.”

“Is it not better,” she said, “to lead a good fashion, than to follow a bad one? A great many gentlemen do not use bearing reins now; our carriage horses have not worn them for fifteen years, and work with much less fatigue than those who have them; besides,” she added, in a very serious voice, “we have no right to distress any of God’s creatures without a very good reason; we call them dumb animals, and so they are, for they cannot tell us how they feel, but they do not suffer less because they have no words. But I must not detain you now; I thank you for trying my plan with your good horse, and I am sure you will find it far better than the whip. Good-day,” and with another soft pat on my neck she stepped lightly across the path, and I saw her no more.

from **Anna Sewell**, *Black Beauty*

Again I started the heavy load, and struggled on a few yards; again the whip came down, and again I struggled forward. The pain of that great cart whip was sharp, but my mind was hurt quite as much as my poor sides. To be punished and abused when I was doing my very best was so hard, it took the heart out of me. A third time he was flogging me cruelly, when a lady stepped quickly up to him, and said in a sweet, earnest voice:

“Oh! pray do not whip your good horse any more; I am sure he is doing all he can, and the road is very steep, I am sure he is doing his best.”

“If doing his best won’t get this load up, he must do something more than his best; that’s all I know, ma’am,” said Jakes.

“But is it not a very heavy load?” she said.

“Yes, yes, too heavy,” he said, “but that’s not my fault, the foreman came just as we were starting, and would have three hundredweight more put on to save him trouble, and I must get on with it as well as I can.”

He was raising the whip again, when the lady said:

“Pray, stop, I think I can help you if you will let me.”

The man laughed.

“You see,” she said, “you do not give him a fair chance; he cannot use all his power with his head held back as it is with that bearing rein; if you would take it off, I am sure he would do better—*do* try it,” she said persuasively. “I should be very glad if you would.”

“Well, well,” said Jakes, with a short laugh, “anything to please a lady of course. How far would you wish it down, ma’am?”

“Quite down, give him his head altogether.”

The rein was taken off, and in a moment I put my head down to my very knees. What a comfort it was! Then I tossed it up and down several times to get the aching stiffness out of my neck.

“Poor fellow! that is what you wanted,” said she, patting

## Extract 8

Suddenly there was another sharp sound. It ripped through the still, early morning like something spilt across a clean floor – a squealing – something frightened, something desperate. Lucy jumped out of bed and ran across to the window. Whatever it was, it was only just outside. She leaned well out, with her feet off the floor and the sill pressing breathlessly across her stomach. Tab was down below, right by the kennel. He'd got something: rat it must be, squealing like that.

'Tab!' called Lucy sharply. 'Tab! Wha' you got?'

At the sound of her voice the cat looked up for a moment and immediately looked back again at its prey. 'Tweren't no rat, though; 'twas rabbit, layin' on its side by the kennel. It looked proper bad. Kickin' out an' all.' Then it squealed again.

Lucy ran down the stairs in her night-dress and opened the door. The gravel made her hobble and she left it and went on up the flower-bed. As she reached the kennel the cat looked up and spat at her, keeping one paw pressed down on the rabbit's neck.

'Git out, Tab!' said Lucy. 'Crool thing! Let'n alone!'

She cuffed the cat, which tried to scratch her, ears laid flat. She raised her hand again and it growled, ran a few feet and stopped, looking back in sulky rage. Lucy picked up the rabbit. It struggled a moment and then held itself tense in her firm grip.

'Old still!' said Lucy. 'I ain't gon' urtcher!'

She went back to the house, carrying the rabbit.

'What you bin up to, eh?' said her father, boots scratch scratch over the tiles. 'Look at yore feet! En I told you – Wha' got there then?'

'Rabbit,' said Lucy, defensively.

'In yer night-dress an' all, catch yore bloommin' death! Wha' want with 'im, then?'

'Goner keep 'im.'

'You ain't!'

'Ah, Dad. 'E's nice.'

'E won't be n' bloommin' good t' yer. You put 'im in 'utch 'e'll only die. You can't keep would rabbit. 'N if 'e gets out 'e'll do all manner o' bloommin' 'arm.'

'But 'e's bad, Dad. Cat's bin at 'im.'

'Cat was doin' 'is job then. Did oughter 've let 'im finish be roights.'

'I wanner show 'im to Doctor.'

'Doctor's got summ'n' better to do than bide about wi' old rabbit. You jus' give 'im 'ere now.'

Lucy began to cry. She had not lived all her life on a farm for nothing and she knew very well that everything her father had said was right. But she was upset by the idea of killing the rabbit in cold blood. True, she did not really know what she could do with it in the long run. What she wanted was to show it to Doctor. She knew that Doctor thought of her as a proper farm girl – a country girl. When she showed him things she had found – a goldfinch's egg, a Painted Lady fluttering in a jam-jar or a fungus that looked exactly like orange peel – he took her seriously and talked to her as he would to a grown-up person. To ask his advice about a damaged rabbit and discuss it with him would be very grown-up. Meanwhile, her father might give way or he might not.

'I on 'y just wanted to show 'im to Doctor, Dad. I won't let 'im do no 'arm, honest. On 'y it's nice talking to Doctor.'

Although he never said so, her father was proud of the way Lucy got on with Doctor. She was proper bright kid – very likely goin' to grammar school an' all, so they told him. Doctor had said once or twice she was real sensible with these things she picked up what she showed him. Comin' to somethin', though, bloody rabbits. All same, would'n' 'urt, long's she didn' let 'un go on the place.

from **Richard Adams**, *Watership Down*

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**SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE** *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES* and  
**ALEXANDER McCALL SMITH** *THE NO. 1 LADIES' DETECTIVE AGENCY*

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**Extract 9**

rain beating upon my face and the wind whistling about my ears. God help those who wander into the Great Mire now, for even the firm uplands are becoming a morass. I found the Black Tor upon which I had seen the solitary watcher, and from its craggy summit I looked out myself across the melancholy downs. Rain squalls drifted across their russet face, and the heavy, slate-coloured clouds hung low over the landscape, trailing in grey wreaths down the sides of the fantastic hills. In the distant hollow on the left, half hidden by the mist, the two thin towers of Baskerville Hall rose above the trees. They were the only signs of human life which I could see, save only those prehistoric huts which lay thickly upon the slopes of the hills. Nowhere was there any trace of that lonely man whom I had seen on the same spot two nights before.

As I walked back I was overtaken by Dr Mortimer driving in his dog-cart over a rough moorland track, which led from the outlying farmhouse of Foulmire. He has been very attentive to us, and hardly a day has passed that he has not called at the Hall to see how we were getting on. He insisted upon my climbing into his dog-cart and he gave me a lift homewards. I found him much troubled over the disappearance of his little spaniel. It had wandered on to the moor and had never come back. I gave him such consolation as I might, but I thought of the pony on the Grimpen Mire, and I do not fancy that he will see his little dog again.

'By the way, Mortimer,' said I, as we jolted along the rough road, 'I suppose there are few people living within driving distance of this whom you do not know?'

'Hardly any, I think.'

'Can you, then, tell me the name of any woman whose initials are L.L.?'

He thought for a few minutes. 'No,' said he. 'There are a few gipsies and labouring folk for whom I can't answer, but among the farmers or gentry there is no one whose initials are those. Wait a bit, though,' he added, after a pause. 'There is Laura Lyons – her initials are L.L. – but she lives in Coombe Tracey.'

from **Sir Arthur Conan Doyle**, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*

'I cannot understand, Barrymore, how you came to conceal this important information.'

'Well, sir, it was immediately after that our own trouble came to us. And then again, sir, we were both of us very fond of Sir Charles, as we well might be considering all that he has done for us. To rake this up couldn't help our poor master, and it's well to go carefully when there's a lady in the case. Even the best of us –'

'You thought it might injure his reputation?'

'Well, sir, I thought no good could come of it. But now you have been kind to us, and I feel as if it would be treating you unfairly not to tell you all that I know about the matter.'

'Very good, Barrymore; you can go.'

When the butler had left us, Sir Henry turned to me. 'Well Watson, what do you think of this new light?'

'It seems to leave the darkness rather blacker than before.'

'So I think. But if we can only trace L.L. it should clear up the whole business. We have gained that much. We know that there is someone who has the facts if we can only find her. What do you think we should do?'

'Let Holmes know all about it at once. It will give him the clue for which he has been seeking. I am much mistaken if it does not bring him down.'

I went at once to my room and drew up my report of the morning's conversation for Holmes. It was evident to me that he had been very busy of late, for the notes which I had from Baker Street were few and short, with no comments upon the information which I had supplied, and hardly any reference to my mission. No doubt his blackmailing case is absorbing all his faculties. And yet this new factor must surely arrest his attention and renew his interest. I wish that he were here.

*October 17th* – All day today the rain poured down, rustling on the ivy and dripping from the eaves. I thought of the convict out upon the bleak, cold, shelterless moor. Poor fellow! Whatever his crimes, he has suffered something to atone for them. And then I thought of that other one – the face in the cab, the figure against the moon. Was he also out in that deluge – the unseen watcher, the man of darkness? In the evening I put on my waterproof and I walked far upon the sodden moor, full of dark imaginings, the

**Extract 10**

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**END OF EXTRACTS**

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