



**Learning
Resource Network**

**International A Level in
English Language
[2061]**

Language Analysis

EXAM PAPER-December 23

SOURCE Booklet

Source A

From 'The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus' by Christopher Marlowe (1604).

CHORUS:

Not marching now in fields of Thrasymene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt her heavenly
verse:
Only this, gentlemen,—we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:
Of riper years, to Wertenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarship grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's
name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln¹ with cunning, of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his
overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursed necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:
And this the man that in his study sits.
[Exit.]

FAUSTUS discovered in his study.

FAUSTUS:

Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenc'd, be a divine in shew,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!
Bene disserere est finis logices².

¹ swollen

Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that
end:

A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come,
Seeing, Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit
medicus³:

Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicinae sanitas⁴,
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that
end?

Is not thy common talk found aphorisms?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the
plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been
eas'd?

Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian?

² The end of logic is to dispute well

³ where the philosopher ends, there the physician
begins

⁴ The highest good is medical health

Source B

From 'Blood Brothers' by Willy Russell (1983). This is a stage musical set in Liverpool in the UK.

NARRATOR
So did y' hear the story
Of the Johnstone twins?
As like each other as two new
pins
Of one womb born, on the self
same day,
How one was kept and one
given away?
An' did you never hear how
the Johnstones died,
Never knowing that they
shared one name,
Till the day they died, when a
mother cried
My own dear sons lie slain.
An did y' never hear of the
mother so cruel,
There's a stone in place of her
heart?
Then bring her on and come
judge for yourselves
How she came to play this
part.

MRS. JOHNSTONE [*Singing*]
Once I had a husband
You know the sort of chap,
I met him at a dance
And how he came on with the
chat

TEDDY BOY⁵
Ya dancin'. I think you're a
bleedin' cracker.

MRS. JOHNSTONE
He said my eyes were deep
blue pools
My skin as soft as snow.

TEDDY BOY
Lovely.

MRS. JOHNSTONE
He told me I was sexier than
Marilyn Monroe⁶

And we went dancing.
We went dancing.
Then, of course, I found
That I was six weeks overdue.

TEDDY BOY
Y' what !??

MRS. JOHNSTONE
We got married at the registry.
An' then we had a "do".

GUESTS
Bring on the Bevvies⁷.

MRS. JOHNSTONE
We all had curly salmon
sandwiches
An' how the ale did flow.

GUESTS
Cheers.

MRS. JOHNSTONE
They said the bride was
lovelier than Marilyn Monroe.

GUESTS
And we went dancing,
Yes, we went dancing.

MRS. JOHNSTONE
Then the baby came along.
We called him

TEDDY BOY
Darren Wayne.

MRS. JOHNSTONE
Then three months on I found
that I was in the club again.

TEDDY BOY
I married a bleedin' rabbit.

MRS. JOHNSTONE
An' though I still fancied
dancing.
My husband wouldn't go.

TEDDY BOY
Get lost will ya⁸.

MRS. JOHNSTONE
With a wife he said was twice
the size of Marilyn Monroe.
No more dancing
No more dancing.
By the time I was twenty-five
I looked like forty-two.
With seven hungry mouths to
feed
And one more nearly due
Me husband, he walked out on
me
A month or two ago.

TEDDY BOY
Ta-ta⁹.

MRS. JOHNSTONE
For a girl they say who looks a
bit like Marilyn Monroe.
And they go dancing.
They go dancing.
Yes, they go dancing,
They go dancing.

⁵ Teddy boys were members of
a British youth subculture in
the 1950s-60s

⁶ A film star of the 1950s-60s

⁷ Alcoholic drinks

⁸ you

⁹ Goodbye

Source C

Three very young children (3 years old), a boy and twin girls, argue about the weather outside. They are in a kindergarten in the USA surrounded by other children and filmed by an adult.

Boy 1: It's sprinkling.

Girl 1: No, it's raining.

Boy 1: [shouts] No, it's sprinkling.

Girl 1: No, it's raining.

Boy 1: My ma told me it's sprinkling

Girl 1: The word's raining.

Boy 1: No, my mum told me it was sprinkling, not raining.

Girl 1: Well, my mother said it is raining.

Boy 1: No. My mum. Told me. It's sprinkling.

Girl 1: [unintelligible] It's raining, [pokes boy 1's face, just below eye]

Boy 1: Ow! [touches face, looks to camera]

Girl 2: [Girl 1's twin] Say sorry to him,

Girl 1: [mutters unintelligible] Sprinkling.

Boy 1: My mummy says it's sprinkling.

Girl 1: No. It's not. It's rain.

[Boy 1 reaches out towards Girl 1's mouth. Girl 1 pushes his hands away]

Girl 2: No. Stop. [Touches Boy 1's arm]

Boy 1: It's sprinkling outside.

Girl 2: It's raining.

Boy 1: [raises voice] It's not.

Girl 1: [raises voice] Yes it is. [points at Boy 1]

Boy 1: No, you're crazy. And you're not real. I'm real.

Girl 2: Watch, watch. You're going to go out there and see. We're going to go out there and watch.

Boy 1: [shouting] And it's raining!

Girl 1: You said it's raining.

Boy 1: No it's not. It's just rain.

Girl 1: It is raining [pokes boy in chest]

Boy 1: Ow! [Holds chest]

Girl 1: [softer] But it's raining.

Girl 2: [touches Boy 1's arm] Are you okay?

Girl 1: It's raining.

Boy 1: [holding chest] You poked my heart.

Girl 2: [still touching boy's arm] Are you okay?

[Boy 1 moves away]

Boy 1: You poked my heart.

Girl 2: [moves towards boy 1, holds his shirt tail] You come in. I go. I go get Heinie. And he'll [unintelligible]....

Boy 1 starts crying

Boy 1: You poked my heart.