

Comparative Textual Analysis

Text A

The poem *Daffodils* by Romantic poet William Wordsworth, published in 1804. The poem describes a country walk and an encounter with a crop of daffodils. One of the themes of Romantic poetry is an outpouring of emotions.

Text B

An extract from the novel *Rebecca* by Daphne du Maurier, published in 1938. It is a novel that deals with transition into womanhood. The extract recollects a dream of a grand estate called Manderley.

Text C

An extract giving an overview of Scotland from specialist travel website www.wonderfulworld.com: Copyright 2007.

Using integrated approaches, compare and contrast how a sense of place is created in Texts A-C.

In your response, you must analyse and evaluate how the different contexts and purposes of the texts influence linguistic choice. You must also consider how effective each text is in developing its ideas.

TEXT A *Daffodils* (1804): William Wordsworth

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed -- and gazed -- but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

TEXT B Rebecca (1938): Daphne du Maurier

No smoke came from the chimney, and the little lattice windows gaped forlorn. Then, like all dreamers, I was possessed of a sudden with supernatural powers and passed like a spirit through the barrier before me. The drive wound away in front of me, twisting and turning as it had always done, but as I advanced I was aware that a change had come upon it; it was narrow and unkept, not the drive that we had known. At first I was puzzled and did not understand, and it was only when I bent my head to avoid the low swinging branch of a tree that I realized what had happened. Nature had come into her own again and, little by little, in her stealthy, insidious way had encroached upon the drive with long, tenacious fingers. The woods, always a menace even in the past, had triumphed in the end. They crowded, dark and uncontrolled, to the borders of the drive. The beeches with white, naked limbs leant close to one another, their branches intermingled in a strange embrace, making a vault above my head like the archway of a church. And there were other trees as well, trees that I did not recognize, squat oaks and tortured elms that straggled cheek by jowl with the beeches, and had thrust themselves out of the quiet earth, along with monster shrubs and plants, none of which I remembered.

The drive was a ribbon now, a thread of its former self, with gravel surface gone, and choked with grass and moss. The trees had thrown out low branches, making an impediment to progress; again amongst this jungle growth I would recognize shrubs that had been landmarks in our time, things of culture and grace, hydrangeas whose blue heads had been famous. No hand had checked their progress, and they had gone native now, rearing to monster height without a bloom, black and ugly as the nameless parasites that grew beside them.

TEXT C Overview of Scotland (2007): www.wonderfulworld.com

Wild, rugged and remote, the Scottish Highlands are among Europe's last great areas of untamed wilderness. With a charm and grandeur of their own, the Highlands are a place where nature rules supreme. Alladale Estate is a magnificent 23,000 acre Highland estate tucked away deep in the heart of the Scottish Highlands, straddling the northern counties of Sutherland and Ross-Shire, and covering five glens, ten hill lochs and two river systems in one of Scotland's finest isolated regions.

Alladale is home to one of the most northerly remnants of the mighty forest of Caledon (Roman for 'wood on the hills') that once covered 80% of the Highlands, where it lies at the foot of the steep slopes of Glen Alladale. The rest of the glen and surrounding ridge is dotted with trees under a vast, changing sky. It is an ancient wilderness of austere rock-hewn landscapes, of quiet glens, windswept summits, of wild moorland and high cliffs, and a remoteness and purity that is simply breathtaking.

Alladale is home to Scottish wildcats, red deer, pine marten, peregrine, golden eagle and salmon; walks through this stunning landscape of rivers, mountains, waterfalls, moorland and loch sides where you can also see beautiful wild flowers, and breathe clean fresh air, are a tonic for the soul! The sheer size and scale of the Alladale Reserve is truly awe inspiring, and the stresses and strains of modern life seems far away when standing amidst it.

There are many activities to experience here from guided nature walks, fishing, stalking, hiking, canoeing, clay pigeon shooting, and horse riding to whisky tastings, ceilidh dancing and cookery demonstrations; the list is extensive. You can mountain bike, or travel in off road vehicles across the five Glens, and for golfers there are several courses nearby including the world famous Royal Dornoch, magnificent Tain, and the little 9-hole Bonar Bridge/Ardgay. Also within striking distance are the picturesque links courses of Golspie & Brora, where you may see local sheep & cows wandering the fairways, and the hidden gem of Helmsdale bordering a salmon-filled river.