



**AQA GCSE**

**English Language**

***Workbook &  
Revision Guide***

***Paper 1, Paper 2 & Non-Assessed  
Speaking Endorsement***



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*Written and edited by I.R.H.*

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## ENGLISH LANGUAGE ASSESSMENT OBJECTIVES

- **AO1:**
  - identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas
  - select and synthesise evidence from different texts
- **AO2:** Explain, comment on and analyse how writers use language and structure to achieve effects and influence readers, using relevant subject terminology to support their views
- **AO3:** Compare writers' ideas and perspectives, as well as how these are conveyed, across two or more texts
- **AO4:** Evaluate texts critically and support this with appropriate textual references
- **AO5:** Communicate clearly, effectively and imaginatively, selecting and adapting tone, style and register for different forms, purposes and audiences. Organise information and ideas, using structural and grammatical features to support coherence and cohesion of texts
- **AO6:** Candidates must use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation. (This requirement must constitute 20% of the marks for each specification as a whole.)

The following assessment objectives are for the non-assessed spoken language endorsement:

- **AO7:** Demonstrate presentation skills in a formal setting
- **AO8:** Listen and respond appropriately to spoken language, including to questions and feedback on presentations
- **AO9:** Use spoken Standard English effectively in speeches and presentations.

## ASSESSMENT OBJECTIVES (Made easy to understand)

# #1

### ENGLISH LANGUAGE ASSESSMENT OBJECTIVE 1

Read something (anything), understand what it's about both the blatant and less obvious, re-tell it in your own words, use some evidence to back up your ideas (even if they're crazy),

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# #2

## ENGLISH LANGUAGE ASSESSMENT OBJECTIVE 2

Explain and make sense of how writers use words, phrases, fancy literary styles and how they put all of it together to make you think in a particular way. Oh yes, you need to use posh words to describe it all.

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# #3

## ENGLISH LANGUAGE ASSESSMENT OBJECTIVE 3

To compare the way writers show their ideas and points of view in their different texts - similarities, differences and anything interesting (or not)

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# #4

## ENGLISH LANGUAGE ASSESSMENT OBJECTIVE 4

Evaluate - to make an overall commentary about the text by making points, using some evidence to back it up and explaining what you mean (obviously after what the writers made you think about).

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# #5

## ENGLISH LANGUAGE ASSESSMENT OBJECTIVE 5

To write clearly by making sense of what you're saying, using the right tone, style & register (formal/informal), knowing your purpose and who you're writing for. Also, it's a good idea to organise and plan your writing with great structure and grammar.

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# #6

## ENGLISH LANGUAGE ASSESSMENT OBJECTIVE 6

To show off your writing by using great vocabulary (with a wow factor), punctuation in the right places, a variety of sentence styles and immaculate spelling. Worth 20% of your exam!

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## Comprehension Builders to develop AO skills in paper 1

### PAPER 1: READING (COMPREHENSION) – I'm The King Of The Castle by Susan Hill

#### L.O.

- to understand the ways in which authors use the openings of stories to engage the reader AO1
- to understand how the conventions of literary genres may be evident in the story opening AO2
  - to understand the structural features of the passage and its place in the structure of the whole novel AO2
- to make a personal response to the passage with evaluation using inference and analysis. AO4

#### I'm The King Of The Castle

Three months ago, his grandmother died, and then they had moved to this house.

'I will not live there again, until it belongs to me,' his father had said. Though the old man lay upstairs, after a second stroke, and lingered, giving no trouble.

The boy was taken up to see him.

'You must not be afraid,' his father said nervously, 'he is a very old man, now, very ill.'

'I am never afraid,' And that was no more than the truth, though his father would not have believed it.

It will be very moving, Joseph Hooper had decided, with the three generations together and one upon his deathbed, the eldest son of the eldest son of the eldest son. For, in middle age, he was acquiring a dynastic sense.

But it had not been moving. The old man had breathed noisily, and dribbled a little, and never woken. The sick room smelled sour.

'Ah well, 'Mr Hooper had said, and coughed, 'he is very ill. You know. But I am glad you have seen him.'

Why?'

‘Well – because you are his only grandson. His heir, I suppose. Yes. It is only as it should be.’

The boy looked towards the bed. His skin is already dead, he thought, it is old and dry. But he saw that the bones of the eye-sockets, and the nose and jaw, showed through it, and gleamed. Everything about him, from the stubble of hair down to the folded line of sheet, was bleached and grey-ish white.

‘All he looks like,’ Edmund Hooper said, ‘is one of his dead old moths.’

‘That is not the way to speak! You must show respect.’

His father had led him out. Though I am only able to show respect now, he thought, to behave towards my father as I should, because he is dying, he is almost gone away from me.

Edmund Hooper, walking down the great staircase into the wood-panelled hall, thought nothing of his grandfather. But later, he remembered the moth-like whiteness of the very old skin.

Now they had moved, Joseph Hooper was master in his own house.

He said, ‘I shall be away in London a good deal. I cannot live here the whole time, even in your holidays.’

‘That won’t be anything new, will it?’

He looked away from his son’s gaze, irritated. I do my best, he thought, it is not the easiest of tasks without a woman beside me.

‘Ah, but we shall be looking into things,’ he said, ‘I shall see about getting you a friend, as well as someone to look after us in this house. Something is soon to be done.’

Edmund Hooper thought, I don’t want anything to be done about it, nobody must come here, as he walked between the yew trees at the bottom of the garden.

‘You had better not go into the Red Room without asking me. I shall keep the key in here.’

‘I wouldn’t do any harm there, why can’t I go?’ ‘Well - there are a good many valuable things. That is all. Really.’ Joseph Hooper sighed, sitting at his desk, in the room facing the long lawn. ‘And I cannot think that it will be a room to interest you much.’

For the time being, the house was to be kept as it was, until he could decide which of the furniture to be rid of, which of their own to bring.

He moved his hands uneasily about over the papers on his desk, oppressed by them, uncertain where he should begin.

Though he was accustomed to paperwork. But his father's affairs had been left in disarray, he was ashamed of the paraphernalia of death.

'Can I have the key now, then?'

'May...'

'O.K.'

'The key for the Red Room?'

'Yes.'

'Well...'

Mr. Joseph Hooper moved his hand towards the small, left-side drawer in the desk, underneath the drawer where sealing wax had always been kept. But then, said 'No, No, you had really much better be playing cricket in the sun, Edmund, something of that sort. You have been shown everything there is in the Red Room.'

'There's nobody to play cricket with.'

'Ah, well now, I shall soon be doing something about that, you shall have your friend.'

'Anyway, I don't like cricket.'

'Edmund, you will not be difficult, please, I have a good deal to do, I cannot waste time in foolish arguments.'

Hooper went out, wishing he had said nothing. He wanted nothing to be done, nobody should come here.

But he knew where to find the key.

## TASK 1 – AO1

### First responses

1. What is the passage about?
2. Which characters does it introduce, and what do we learn about them?
3. What questions does it raise for the reader?
4. What hints does it give about what will follow?
5. What impression is created of the mood and atmosphere at the start of this novel?

## TASK 2 – AO2

### Close reading

1. Look at the opening sentence and discuss narrative perspective: who is “he”? What is “this house”? What does this use of pronouns tell us about the narrative viewpoint of the passage?
2. Highlight the words that are spoken aloud, shown by the author’s use of direct speech. Reading only these sections, what impression do you have of the characters and their relationships?
3. Now read the sections that present the characters’ unspoken thoughts. How do these add to the reader’s understanding?
4. Much of the direct speech in this passage is reported without any authorial mediation, so the reader must form his/her own response to the characters. What is yours?
5. Identify the terms of address used in the passage. What are the names of the characters? Which nouns and noun phrases are used to refer to them?
6. This is a passage about members of a family: which terms of address are absent that you might expect to have seen?
7. Compare the terms of address/terms of endearment used in your own families. Summarise your understanding of the characters of Edmund and Joseph Hooper, their personalities, emotions and relationship.

### TASK 3 – AO4

1. Which details create an impression of the formality, social status and wealth of the Hooper family?
2. How is the Red Room given a sense of importance and mystery? What does it contain? Why do you think Edmund Hooper wants to go there? What does the final sentence of the passage suggest about Edmund's character and about what will follow?
3. In two columns, list the factual information about the characters and their situation that we are given in the passage, and the inferences that we make based on closer reading.
4. From reading this passage, which of the following words and phrases do you think could be used to describe the genre of this novel: comic, psychological, fantasy, mystery, realistic fiction, gothic horror, graphic novel, historical fiction, satire, memoir, science fiction, ghost story? Use details from the passage to support your point of view.



## PAPER 1: READING (COMPREHENSION) – I'm The King Of The Castle pt.2 by Susan Hill

**L.O.**

- to be able to read for inference and comprehension AO1
- to understand how writers use language to achieve effects and influence readers AO2
- to be able to support their responses with appropriate textual references AO4

### Introduction

Charles Kingshaw is running away from the house called Warings where he and his mother have recently come to stay when she was given the position of housekeeper. He is unhappy because he is being bullied by Edmund Hooper whose father owns the house and who is Mrs Kingshaw's employer. Both boys are referred to by their surnames in the novel.

### I'm King Of The Castle

The cornfield was high up. He stood in the very middle of it, now, and the sun came glaring down. He could feel the sweat running over his back, and in the creases of his thighs. His face was burning. He sat down, although the stubble pricked at him, through his jeans, and looked over at the dark line of trees on the edge of Hang Wood. They seemed very close – all the individual branches were clearly outlined. The fields around him were absolutely still.

When he first saw the crow, he took no notice. There had been several crows. This one glided down into the corn on its enormous, ragged black wings. He began to be aware of it when it rose up suddenly, circled overhead, and then dived, to land not very far away from him. Kingshaw could see the feathers on his head, shining blank in between the butter-coloured corn-stalks. Then it rose, and circled, and came down again, this time not quite landing, but flapping about his head, beating its wings and making a sound like flat leather pieces being slapped together. It was the largest crow he had ever seen. As it came down for the third time, he looked up and noticed its beak, opening in a screech. The inside of its mouth was scarlet, it had small glinting eyes.

Kingshaw got up and flapped his arms. For a moment, the bird retreated a little way off, and higher up in the sky. He began to walk rather quickly back, through the path

in the corn, looking ahead of him. Stupid to be scared of a rotten bird. What could a bird do? But he felt his own extreme isolation, high up in the cornfield.

For a moment, he could only hear the soft thudding of his own footsteps, and the silky sound of the corn, brushing against him. Then, there was a rush of air, as the great crow came beating down, and wheeled about his head. The beak opened and the hoarse caaw came out again and again, from inside the scarlet mouth.

Kingshaw began to run, not caring, now, if he trampled the corn, wanting to get away, down into the next field. He thought that the corn might be some kind of crow's food store, in which he was seen as an invader. Perhaps this was only the first of a whole battalion of crows that would rise up and swoop at him. Get on to the grass then, he thought, get on to the grass, that'll be safe, it'll go away. He wondered if it had mistaken him for some hostile animal, lurking down in the corn.

His progress was very slow through the cornfield, the thick stalks bunched together and got in his way, and he had to shove them back with his arms. But he reached the gate and climbed it, and dropped on to the grass of the field on the other side. Sweat was running down his forehead and into his eyes. He looked up. The crow kept on coming. He ran.

But it wasn't easy to run down this field, either, because of the tractor ruts. He began to leap wildly from side to side of them, his legs stretched as wide as they could go, and for a short time, it seemed that he did go faster. The crow dived again, and, as it rose, Kingshaw felt the tip of its black wing, beating against his face. He gave a sudden, dry sob. Then, his left foot caught in one of the ruts and he keeled over, going down straight forwards.

He lay with his face in the coarse grass, panting and sobbing by turns, with the sound of his own blood pumping through his ears. He felt the sun on the back of his neck, and his ankle was wrenched. But he would be able to get up. He raised his head, and wiped two fingers across his face. A streak of blood came off, from where a thistle had scratched him. He got unsteadily to his feet, taking in deep, desperate breaths of the close air. He could not see the crow.

But when he began to walk forwards again, it rose up from the grass a little way off, and began to circle and swoop. Kingshaw broke into a run, sobbing and wiping the

damp mess of tears and sweat off his face with one hand. There was a blister on his ankle, rubbed raw by the sandal strap. The crow was still quite high, soaring easily, to keep pace with him. Now, he had scrambled over the third gate, and he was in the field next to the one that belonged to Warings. He could see the back of the house. He began to run much faster.

This time, he fell and lay completely winded. Through the runnels of sweat and the sticky tufts of his own hair, he could see a figure, looking down at him from one of the top windows of the house.

Then, there was a single screech, and the terrible beating of wings, and the crow swooped down and landed in the middle of his back.

Kingshaw thought that, in the end, it must have been his screaming that frightened it off, for he dared not move. He lay and closed his eyes and felt the claws of the bird, digging into his skin, through the thin shirt, and began to scream in a queer, gasping sort of way. After a moment or two, the bird rose. He had expected it to begin pecking at him with his beak, remembering terrible stories about vultures that went for living people's eyes. He could not believe in his own escape.

He scrambled up, and ran on, and this time, the crow only hovered above, though not very high up, and still following him, but silently, and no longer attempting to swoop down. Kingshaw felt his legs go weak beneath him, as he climbed the last fence, and stood in the place from which he had started out on his walk, by the edge of the copse. He looked back fearfully. The crow circled a few times, and then dived into the thick foliage of the beech trees.

## **TASK 1– AO1**

### **First responses**

1. Explain what happens to Kingshaw in this passage.
2. How does the writer create an impression of his isolation and helplessness? Would you describe Kingshaw as a fearful boy?
3. In what ways does the passage resemble horror stories or films that you know?

## TASK 2 – AO2

### Close reading

1. This is a day in summer with good weather, and yet the author does not make it seem pleasant. Identify the descriptive details that make the natural world appear hostile and sinister to Kingshaw.
2. How does the author's description of sound in the passage emphasise Kingshaw's isolation and the horror of his encounter with the crow?
3. Examine how the author has structured the crow's attack by highlighting its approach closer and closer to Kingshaw. How does the attack reach a peak of horror? And how does the encounter with the crow close?

## TASK 3 – AO4

1. There is no speech in this passage, but the author provides some account of Kingshaw's thoughts. Identify examples where the author reveals Kingshaw's thoughts in his own words and explain what they show of his character.
2. Highlight the details that show the physical effects of fear and panic on Kingshaw. How effective are these in conveying an impression of his state of mind? Do you find the presentation of this eleven year old boy convincing? Why?
3. To what extent do you sympathise with Kingshaw?

## PAPER 1: READING (COMPREHENSION) – Birdsong by Sebastian Faulks

### L.O.

- to be able to read for inference and comprehension AO1 / AO4
- to understand how writers use language to achieve effects and influence readers AO2
- to be able to support their responses with appropriate textual references AO4

### Introduction

Set in the trenches of the First World War, this passage describes how a group of British soldiers and miners take advantage of a break in the action to venture into no man's land and bring back the bodies of their colleagues who have been killed.

### Birdsong

'Quiet, isn't it?' said Stephen.

'Tolerable,' said Ellis. 'I've got a problem. I'm trying to get a working party to go out and bring back some bodies. It's pretty quiet, as you say, and we may not have a better chance.'

'So what's the problem?'

'My men wouldn't do it unless I went too. So I said I would. Then they insisted on having at least one miner with them, but the miners' CO says it's nothing to do with them and in any case they're fed up with doing our fatigues.'

Ellis's white, freckled face was agitated. He pushed the cap back from his forehead to show a puckered hairline from which the gingerish hair had started to recede.

Stephen smiled vaguely and shook his head. 'We should all go. It doesn't matter. It's only death.'

'Well, will you tell Captain Weir to get one of his sappers out with us?'

'I can ask him. Perhaps he'd like to come too, now that his arm's better.'

'Are you serious?' said Ellis crossly.

'I don't know, Ellis. There's something about you that makes me quite unsure. Get your working party ready for twelve o'clock. I'll see you in the next firebay.'

Weir laughed drily when Stephen made the suggestion.

'There'll be rum,' said Stephen.

Weir's eyes opened in interest.

Then when the moment came it brought a sudden fear and unreality. They could never be prepared to look at death in the crude form that awaited them. Stephen felt, as he had done before at moments of extreme tension, a dislocation in his sense of time. It seemed to stutter, then freeze.

At noon on the firestep in gas masks. Taste of death, smell of it, thought Stephen. Coker slashed sandbags into gloves. 'Wear these.' Firebrace and Fielding of the miners, Ellis, white like milk, Barlow, Bates, Goddard, Allen of the infantry; Weir taking rum on top of whisky, unsteady on the step of the ladder.

'What are you doing, Brennan?'

'I'm coming too.'

They tracked out towards a shellhole, the sun bright, a lark above them. Blue sky, unseen by eyes trained on turned mud. They moved low towards a mine crater where bodies had lain for weeks uncollected. 'Try to lift him.' No sound of machine guns or snipers, though their ears were braced for noise. 'Take his arms.' The incomprehensible order through the gas mouthpiece. The arms came away softly. 'Not like that, not take his arms away'. On Weir's collar a large rat, trailing something red down his back. A crow disturbed, lifting its black body up suddenly, battering the air with its big wings. Coker, Barlow shaking their heads under the assault of risen flies coming up, transforming black skin of corpses into green by their absence. The roaring of Goddard's vomit made them laugh, snoring private mirth inside their masks. Goddard, releasing his mask, breathed in worse air than he had expelled. Weir's hands in double sandbags stretched out tentatively to a sapper's uniform, undressing the chest in search of a disc which he removed, bringing skin with it into his tunic pocket. Jack's recoil; even through coarse material, to the sponge of flesh. Bright and sleek on liver, a rat emerged from the abdomen; it levered and flopped fatly over the ribs, glutted with pleasure. Bit by bit on to stretchers, what flesh fell left in mud. Not men, but flies and flesh, thought Stephen. Brennan anxiously

stripping a torso with no head. He clasped it with both hands, dragged legless up from the crater, his fingers vanishing into buttered green flesh. It was his brother.

When they got back to the safety of the trench Jack was angry that he and Fielding had been made to go, but Weir pointed out that there were three men from their company unburied. Goddard could not stop vomiting, though his stomach was long since empty. When he was not retching, he sat on the firestep, weeping uncontrollably. He was nineteen.

Michael Weir had a rigid smile. He told Fielding and Jack they were excused fatigues for a week, then went to Stephen's dugout in the hope of whisky.

'I wonder what my father would say, he said reflectively. 'Of course they're all "doing their bit", as he put it.' Weir swallowed and licked his lips. 'It's just that his "bit" and mine seem so different.'

Stephen watched him and shook his head fondly. 'You know what I really dreaded?' he said. 'What frightened me was the thought that one of those men was going to be alive.'

Weir laughed. 'After all that time?'

Stephen said, 'It's been known.' He had a thought. 'Where's Brennan? Did you see him when we got back?'

'No.'

Stephen went along the trench looking for him. He found him sitting quietly on the firestep near the dugout where he and half a dozen others slept.

'I'm sorry, Brennan,' he said. 'That was a terrible thing for you. You needn't have come.'

'I know. I wanted to come. I feel better now.'

'You feel better?'

Brennan nodded. He had a narrow head, with thick, black greasy hair on which Stephen was looking down. When he turned his face up, its features were calm.

Stephen said, 'At least wash your hands, Brennan. Get some chloride of lime on them. Take some time off if you want to. I'll tell your sergeant you're excused fatigues.'

It's all right. I feel lucky in a way. You know last July when I fell off the firestep when the mine went up and I broke my leg? Then watching you lot go over the top. I was lucky.'

'Yes, but I'm sorry about your brother.'

'It's all right, I found him, that's the thing. I didn't let him lie there. I got him back and now he'll have a proper burial. There'll be a grave that people can see: I can come and put flowers on it when the war's over.'

Stephen was surprised by how confident Brennan was that he himself would survive. As he turned to go, Brennan began to sing softly to himself, an Irish song that he had sung on the morning when they waited to attack. His voice was a grating, persistent tenor and he knew many songs.

All night he sang for his brother, whom he had brought, home in his hands.

### TASK 1 – AO1

#### First responses

1. From the routine conversation that opens this passage, the writing moves on to present the horror of dealing with the bodies of dead soldiers. How do the men react? How did you respond when reading it?
2. Weir says that his father would say that the soldiers were all "doing their bit." How does this make him feel?
3. Why was Stephen more frightened by the thought that one of those men was going to be alive? Explain why Brennan says at the end of the chapter that he feels better, even though one of the dead soldiers was his brother.

### TASK 2 – AO2 / AO4

#### Close reading

1. Comment on the writer's presentation of the weather and the natural world alongside a scene of such horror. Where does he identify beauty? What is the effect of the description of the rat and crow in the scene?



2. Consider the contribution made to our understanding and response by the following sentences: 'Goddard, releasing his mask, breathed in worse than he had expelled.' 'It was his brother.' 'He was nineteen.' 'Michael Weir had a rigid smile.' What comment can you make about the structure of these sentences?
3. How does the passage show normal human interaction and compassion in the presence of horror and suffering? Explain your response to the closing sentence of the chapter.
4. The writer portrays the weather and natural imagery in order to contrast against the man-made horrors of war. The narrator opens the most graphically detailed paragraph by mentioning 'the sun bright, a lark above them' and 'the blue sky'. This is imagery that is associated with positivity and life. This is purposely contrasted with the images of the 'rats', 'the crow' and 'the flies' which represent death and decay.
5. The writer structured various sentences in the passage in order to emphasise different topics. Ultimately the narrator wants to focus the reader's attention at particular points in order to make the reader think and ponder. When the writer mentions 'Goddard, releasing his mask, breathed in worse air than he had expelled', he is trying to portray the actual smell and taste of death and decay lingering in the air. This is to allow the reader to empathise with Goddard and understand what he is enduring.
6. How does the passage show normal human interaction and compassion in the presence of horror and suffering? Explain your response to the closing sentence of the chapter.

## PAPER 1: READING (COMPREHENSION) – Bring Up The Bodies by Hillary Mantel

### L.O.

- To explore how Mantel conveys her themes in the extract AO1
- To examine how she uses language and structure to make it interesting AO2
- To identify historical elements of the extract and discuss in detail to build up a context AO1

### Introduction

Bring Up The Bodies by Hillary Mantel is a novel in a series dedicated to Henry VIII's court and in particular the rise and fall of Thomas Cromwell.

### Bring Up The Bodies by Hillary Mantel

#### **Falcons**

Wiltshire, September 1535 His children are falling from the sky. He watches from horseback, acres of England stretching behind him; they drop, gilt-winged, each with a blood-filled gaze. Grace Cromwell hovers in thin air. She is silent when she takes her prey, silent as she glides to his fist. But the sounds she makes then, the rustle of feathers and the creak, the sigh and ruffle of pinion, the small cluck-cluck from her throat, these are sounds of recognition, intimate, daughterly, almost disapproving. Her breast is gore-streaked and flesh clings to her claws.

Later, Henry will say, 'Your girls flew well today.' The hawk Anne Cromwell bounces on the glove of Rafe Sadler, who rides by the king in easy conversation. They are tired; the sun is declining, and they ride back to Wolf Hall with the reins slack on the necks of their mounts. Tomorrow his wife and two sisters will go out. These dead women, their bones long sunk in London clay, are now transmigrated. Weightless, they glide on the upper currents of the air. They pity no one. They answer to no one. Their lives are simple. When they look down they see nothing but their prey, and the borrowed plumes of the hunters: they see a flittering, flinching universe, a universe filled with their dinner.

All summer has been like this, a riot of dismemberment, fur and feather flying; the beating off and the whipping in of hounds, the coddling of tired horses, the nursing,

by the gentlemen, of contusions, sprains and blisters. And for a few days at least, the sun has shone on Henry. Sometime before noon, clouds scudded in from the west and rain fell in big scented drops; but the sun re-emerged with a scorching heat, and now the sky is so clear you can see into Heaven and spy on what the saints are doing.

As they dismount, handing their horses to the grooms and waiting on the king, his mind is already moving to paperwork: to dispatches from

Whitehall, galloped down by the post routes that are laid wherever the court shifts. At supper with the Seymours, he will defer any stories his hosts wish to tell: to anything the king may venture, tousled and happy and amiable as he seems tonight. When the king has gone to bed, his working night will begin.

Though the day is over, Henry seems disinclined to go indoors. He stands looking about him, inhaling horse sweat, a broad, brick-red streak of sunburn across his forehead. Early in the day he lost his hat, so by custom all the hunting party were obliged to take off theirs. The king refused all offers of substitutes. As dusk steals over the woods and fields, servants will be out looking for the stir of the black plume against darkening grass, or the glint of his hunter's badge, a gold St Hubert with sapphire eyes.

Already you can feel the autumn. You know there will not be many more days like these; so let us stand, the horseboys of Wolf Hall swarming around us, Wiltshire and the western counties stretching into a haze of blue; let us stand, the king's hand on his shoulder, Henry's face earnest as he talks his way back through the landscape of the day, the green copses and rushing streams, the alders by the water's edge, the early haze that lifted by nine; the brief shower, the small wind that died and settled; the stillness, the afternoon heat.

'Sir, how are you not burned?' Rafe Sadler demands. A redhead like the king, he has turned a mottled, freckled pink, and even his eyes look sore. He, Thomas Cromwell, shrugs; he hangs an arm around Rafe's shoulders as they drift indoors. He went through the whole of Italy – the battlefield as well as the shaded arena of the counting house – without losing his London pallor. His ruffian childhood, the days on the river, the days in the fields: they left him as white as God made him. 'Cromwell has the skin of a lily,' the king pronounces. 'The only particular in which he resembles that or any other blossom.' Teasing him, they amble towards supper.

## TASK 1- AO1

### First Responses

1. What is happening in this passage?
2. Is it set in the present day or at another time?  
What sporting or leisure activity are the men engaged in?
3. Would you describe the mood and atmosphere of the scene as relaxed or tense? Troubled or happy? Stormy or calm?
4. What do we learn from this opening passage about the life, work and personality of the main character, Thomas Cromwell?

## TASK 2 –AO2

### Close Reading

1. What is the effect of the opening sentence?
2. What does it mean? How does the rest of the first paragraph help you to understand what is happening?
3. Why do you think that Cromwell has named his hawks after members of his family?
4. What do the first two paragraphs suggest about what has happened to his wife and daughters and sisters, and about his thoughts and feelings?

## PAPER 1: READING (COMPREHENSION) – SPIES BY MICHAEL FRAYN

### L.O.

- to understand the structures that writers use to engage the reader AO1
- to be able to use the details of texts as the foundation for plausible predictions and insights about the rest of the work AO4
- to recognise some of the conventions of literary fiction and the ways in which textual cohesion is achieved. AO2

### Introduction

In this extract from chapter 2 of the novel, the narrator recalls a turning point in his childhood in England during the Second World War, when his friend Keith tells him something that sets off a complex chain of events.

### SPIES by Michael Frayn

Where the story began, though, was where most of our projects and adventures began – at Keith’s house. At the tea table, in fact – I can hear the soft clinking made by the four blue beads that weighted the lace cloth covering the tall jug of lemon barley...

No, wait. I’ve got that wrong. The glass beads are clinking against the glass of the jug because the cover’s stirring in the breeze. We’re outside, in the middle of the morning, near the chicken run at the bottom of the garden, building the transcontinental railway.

Yes, because I can hear something else, as well - the trains on the real railway, as they emerge from the cutting on to the embankment above our heads just beyond the wire fence. I can see the showers of sparks they throw up from the live rail. The jug of lemon barley isn’t our tea- it’s our elevenses, waiting with two biscuits each on a tray his mother has brought us out from the house, and set down on the red brick path beside us. It’s as she walks away, up the red brick path, that Keith so calmly and quietly drops his bombshell.

When is this? The sun’s shining as the beads clink against the jug, but I have a feeling that there’s still a trace of fallen apple blossom on the earthworks for the transcontinental railway, and that his mother’s worried about whether we’re warm

enough out there. 'You'll come inside, chaps, won't you, if you get chilly?' May still, perhaps. Why aren't we at school? Perhaps it's a Saturday or a Sunday. No, there's the feel of a weekday morning in the air; it's unmistakable, even if the season isn't. Something that doesn't quite fit here, as so often when one tries to assemble different bits to make a whole.

Or have I got everything back to front? Had the policeman already happened before this?

It's so difficult to remember what order things occurred in – but if you can't remember that, then it's impossible to work out which led to which, and what the connection was. What I remember, when I examine my memory carefully, isn't a narrative at all. It's a collection of vivid particulars. Certain words spoken, certain objects glimpsed. Certain gestures and expressions. Certain moods, certain weathers, certain times of day and states of light. Certain individual moments, which seem to mean so much, but which mean in fact so little until the hidden links between them have been found.

Where did the policeman come in the story? We watch him as he pedals slowly up the Close. His appearance has simultaneously justified all our suspicions and overtaken all our efforts, because he's coming to arrest Keith's mother... No, no- that was earlier. We're running happily and innocently up the street beside him, and he represents nothing but the hope of a little excitement out of nowhere. He cycles right past all the houses, looking at each of them in turn, goes round the turning circle at the end, cycles back down the street ... and dismounts in front of No. 12. What I remember for sure is the look on Keith's mother's face, as we run in to tell her that there's a policeman going to Auntie Dee's. For a moment all her composure's gone. She looks ill and frightened. She's throwing the front door open and not walking but running down the street...

I understand now, of course, that she and Auntie Dee and Mrs Berrill and the McAfees all lived in dread of policemen and telegraph boys, as everyone did then who had someone in the family away fighting. I've forgotten now what it had turned out to be- nothing to do with Uncle Peter, anyway. A complaint about Auntie Dee's blackout, I think. She was always rather slapdash about it.

Once again I see that look cross Keith's mother's face, and this time I think I see something else beside the fear. Something that reminds me of the look on Keith's face, when his father's discovered some dereliction in his duties towards his bicycle

or his cricket gear: a suggestion of guilt. Or is memory being overwritten by hindsight once more?

If the policeman and the look had already happened, could they by any chance have planted the first seed of an idea in Keith's mind?

I think now that most probably Keith's words came out of nowhere, that they were spontaneously created in the moment they were uttered. That they were a blind leap of pure fantasy. Or of pure intuition. Or, like so many things, of both.

From those six random words, anyway, came everything that followed, brought forth simply by Keith's uttering them and by my hearing them. The rest of our lives was determined in that one brief moment as the beads clinked against the jug and Keith's mother walked away from us, through the brightness of the morning, over the last of the fallen white blossom on the red brick path, erect, composed, and invulnerable, and Keith watched her go, with the dreamy look in his eye that I remembered from the start of so many of our projects.

'My mother', he said reflectively, almost regretfully, 'is a German spy.'

## TASK 1 - AO1

### First responses

1. Do you think that the narrator trusts the accuracy of his memory?
2. How accurately do we remember things from childhood? Discuss examples from your own early memories in which the details are jumbled or unclear.
3. Why did women at that time live "in dread of policemen and telegraph boys"?
4. What was the momentous thing that Keith told the narrator? Why would it have been so significant at the time?
5. How does the narrator create an impression of the importance of Keith's words in relation to what happened afterwards?
6. Reading his account, do you believe that Keith's mother was a German spy?

## TASK 2 – AO2

### Close reading

1. Consider how the author has structured this passage to show the difficulty of recalling distant memories. The novel is written in first person from the perspective of adulthood. Highlight the words and phrases that show the narrator contradicting or correcting himself. How does he use questions?
2. What impression of memory and of the events described is created by the writer's use of ellipsis (...) in the passage? Explain the meanings of the words 'memory' and 'hindsight'. What does the narrator's use of these words say about the act of remembering?
3. The narrator describes his memory as "a collection of vivid particulars". Which precise sights, sounds and feelings have stayed in his memory from that time? How accurately do these details reflect the things that children notice? Which other details in the passage has the writer used to show the point of view of a young boy?

## TASK 3 – AO4

The text ends with a cliff-hanger statement ('My mother', he said reflectively, almost regretfully, 'is a German spy.') To what extent has the writer made the rest of the novel exciting and engaging?



## PAPER 1: READING (COMPREHENSION) – The Reluctant Fundamentalist by Mohsin Hamid

### L.O.

- to understand the ways in which authors use the openings of stories to engage the reader AO1/AO2
- to understand how the conventions of literary genres may be evident in the story opening AO2
- to understand the structural features of the passage and its place in the structure of the whole novel AO2
- to make a personal response to the passage with evaluation using inference and analysis AO4

### The Reluctant Fundamentalist – Mohsin Hamid

Excuse me, sir, but may I be of assistance? Ah, I see I have alarmed you. Do not be frightened by my beard: I am a lover of America. I noticed that you were looking for something; more than looking, in fact you seemed to be on a mission, and since I am both a native of this city and a speaker of your language, I thought I might offer you my services.

How did I know you were American? No, not by the colour of your skin; we have a range of complexions in this country, and yours occurs often among the people of our northwest frontier. Nor was it your dress that gave you away; a European tourist could as easily have purchased in Des Moines your suit, with its single vent, and your button-down shirt. True, your hair, short-cropped, and your expansive chest—the chest, I would say, of a man who bench-presses regularly, and maxes out well above two-twenty-five—are typical of a certain type of American; but then again, sportsmen and soldiers of all nationalities tend to look alike. Instead, it was your bearing that allowed me to identify you, and I do not mean that as an insult, for I see your face has hardened, but merely as an observation.

Come, tell me, what were you looking for? Surely, at this time of day, only one thing could have brought you to the district of Old Anarkali— named, as you may be aware, after a courtesan immured for loving a prince—and that is the quest for the perfect cup of tea. Have I guessed correctly? Then allow me, sir, to suggest my favourite among these many establishments. Yes, this is the one. Its metal chairs are

no better upholstered, its wooden tables are equally rough, and it is, like the others, open to the sky. But the quality of its tea, I assure you, is unparalleled.

You prefer that seat, with your back so close to the wall? Very well, although you will benefit less from the intermittent breeze, which, when it does blow, makes these warm afternoons more pleasant. And will you not remove your jacket? So formal! Now that is not typical of Americans, at least not in my experience. And my experience is substantial: I spent four and a half years in your country. Where? I worked in New York, and before that attended college in New Jersey. Yes, you are right:

it was Princeton! Quite a guess, I must say.

What did I think of Princeton? Well, the answer to that question requires a story. When I first arrived, I looked around me at the Gothic buildings— younger, I later learned, than many of the mosques of this city, but made through acid treatment and ingenious stonemasonry to look older— and thought, This is a dream come true. Princeton inspired in me the feeling that my life was a film in which I was the star and everything was possible. I have access to this beautiful campus, I thought, to professors who are titans in their fields and fellow students who are philosopher-kings in the making.

I was, I must admit, overly generous in my initial assumptions about the standard of the student body. They were almost all intelligent, and many were brilliant, but whereas I was one of only two Pakistanis in my entering class—two from a population of over a hundred million souls, mind you— the Americans faced much less daunting odds in the selection process. A thousand of your compatriots were enrolled, five hundred times as many, even though your country's population was only twice that of mine. As a result, the non-Americans among us tended on average to do better than the Americans, and in my case I reached my senior year without having received a single B.

Looking back now, I see the power of that system, pragmatic and effective, like so much else in America. We international students were sourced from around the globe, sifted not only by well-honed standardized tests but by painstakingly customized evaluations—interviews, essays, recommendations—until the best and the brightest of us had been identified. I myself had among the top exam results in Pakistan and was besides a soccer player good enough to compete on the varsity team, which I did until I damaged my knee in my sophomore year. Students like me

were given visas and scholarships, complete financial aid, mind you, and invited into the ranks of the meritocracy. In return, we were expected to contribute our talents to your society, the society we were joining. And for the most part, we were happy to do so. I certainly was, at least at first.

## **TASK 1 – AO1**

### **First responses**

1. Where is this passage set?
2. Who is speaking and to whom?
3. Only one character speaks, but what clues are we given about the response of the man he is speaking to?
4. What do we learn from this passage about the different cultures of the two men?
5. How does the speaker know so much about America and Americans? What are his opinions about them?

## **TASK 2 – AO2**

### **Close reading**

1. Identify the questions used as topic sentences at the start of paragraphs and as discourse markers.
2. How do they create an impression of a conversation and of movement through the scene?
3. Can you suggest at appropriate points the utterances that the author suggests have been made by the American?
4. Explain how the author creates an impression of the speaker's tone being helpful and polite.
5. How does the passage create a sense of tension between the two men?

## **TASK 3 - AO1/AO4**

1. What was the speaker's experience at his American university, Princeton?
2. What does the final sentence of the passage suggest about it?
3. How can you tell that the speaker is clever? What do you think his intentions are?

4. Looking at the title of the novel and this opening section, discuss how you think the story will unfold.
5. The following quotation is a critic's response to this novel "Sharp, relevant ... makes you think." Based on what you have read, what do you think would be its appeal to readers?

## PAPER 1: READING (COMPREHENSION) – The White Tiger by Aravind Adiga

### L.O.

- to understand the structures that writers use to engage the reader AO2
- to be able to use the details of texts as the foundation for plausible predictions and insights about the rest of the work AO1 / AO4

### Introduction

A successful Indian entrepreneur called Balram has heard that the Prime Minister of China is about to visit India. Balram decides to write to the Prime Minister, giving an account of his rise from poverty. In this extract he recalls a surprise visit by a school inspector during his schooldays in a poor part of India known as the Darkness.

### The White Tiger

The inspector wrote four sentences on the board and pointed his cane at a boy:

‘Read.’

One boy after the other stood up and blinked at the wall.

‘Try Balram, sir,’ the teacher said. ‘He’s the smartest of the lot. He reads well.’

So I stood up, and read, ‘We live in a glorious land. The Lord Buddha received his enlightenment in this land. The River Ganga gives life to our plants and our animals and our people. We are grateful to God that we were born in this land.’

Good,’ the inspector said. ‘And who was the Lord Buddha?’

‘An enlightened man.’

‘An enlightened god.’

(Oops! Thirty-six million and five—!)

The inspector made me write my name on the blackboard; then he showed me his wristwatch and asked me to read the time. He took out his wallet, removed a small photo, and asked me, ‘Who is this man, who is the most important man in all our lives?’

The photo was of a plump man with spiky white hair and chubby cheeks, wearing thick earrings of gold; the face glowed with intelligence and kindness.

‘He’s the Great Socialist.’

‘Good. And what is the Great Socialist’s message for little children?’

I had seen the answer on the wall outside the temple: a policeman had written it one day in red paint.

‘Any boy in any village can grow up to become the prime minister of India. That is his message to little children all over this land.’

The inspector pointed his cane straight at me. ‘You, young man, are an intelligent, honest, vivacious fellow in this crowd of thugs and idiots. In any jungle, what is the rarest of animals – the creature that comes along only once in a generation?’

I thought about it and said:

‘The white tiger.’

‘That’s what you are, in this jungle.’

Before he left, the inspector said, ‘I’ll write to Patna asking them to send you a scholarship. You need to go to a real school – somewhere far away from here. You need a real uniform, and a real education.’

He had a parting gift for me – a book. I remember the title very well: Lessons for Young Boys from the Life of Mahatma Gandhi.

So that’s how I became the White Tiger. There will be a fourth and a fifth name too, but that’s late in the story.

Now, being praised by the school inspector in front of my teacher and fellow students, being called a ‘White Tiger’, being given a book, and being promised a scholarship: all this constituted good news, and the one infallible law of life in the Darkness is that good news becomes bad news – and soon.

My cousin-sister Reena got hitched off to a boy in the next village. Because we were the girl’s family, we were screwed. We had to give the boy a new bicycle, and cash, and a silver bracelet, and arrange for a big wedding – which we did. Mr Premier, you probably know how we Indians enjoy our weddings – I gather that these days people come from other countries to get married Indian style. Oh, we could have taught

*those foreigners a thing or two, I tell you! Film songs blasting out from a black tape recorder, and drinking and dancing all night! I got smashed, and so did Kishan, and so did everyone in the family, and for all I know, they probably poured hooch into the water buffalo's trough.*

Two or three days passed. I was in my classroom, sitting at the back, with the black slate and chalk that my father had brought me from one of his trips to Dhanbad, working on the alphabet on my own. The boys were chatting or fighting. The teacher had passed out.

Kishan was standing in the doorway of the classroom. He gestured with his fingers.

‘What is it, Kishan? Are we going somewhere?’

Still he said nothing.

‘Should I bring my book along? And my chalk?’

‘Why not?’ he said. And then, with his hand on my head, he led me out.

The family had taken a big loan from the Stork so they could have a lavish wedding and a lavish dowry for my cousin-sister. Now the Stork had called in his loan. He wanted all the members of the family working for him and he had seen me in school, or his collector had. So they had to hand me over too.

I was taken to the tea shop. Kishan folded his hands and bowed to the shopkeeper. I bowed to the shopkeeper too.

‘Who’s this?’ The shopkeeper squinted at me.

He was sitting under a huge portrait of Mahatma Gandhi, and I knew already that I was going to be in big trouble.

My brother,’ Kishan said. ‘He’s come to join me.’

Then Kishan dragged the oven out from the tea shop and told me to sit down. I sat down next to him. He brought a gunnysack; inside was a huge pile of coals. He took out a coal, smashed it on a brick, and then poured the black chunks into the oven.

‘Harder,’ he said, when I hit the coal against the brick. ‘Harder, harder.’

Finally I got it right – I broke the coal against the brick. He got up and said, ‘Now break every last coal in this bag like that.’

A little later, two boys came around from school to watch me. Then two more boys came; then two more. I heard giggling.

‘What is the creature that comes along only once in a generation?’ one boy asked loudly.

‘The coal breaker,’ another replied.

And then all of them began to laugh.

‘Ignore them,’ Kishan said. ‘They’ll go away on their own.’

He looked at me.

‘You’re angry with me for taking you out of school, aren’t you?’

I said nothing.

‘You hate the idea of having to break coals, don’t you?’

I said nothing.

He took the largest piece of coal in his hand and squeezed it.

‘Imagine that each coal is my skull: they will get much easier to break.’

He’d been taken out of school too. That happened after my cousin-sister Meera’s wedding. That had been a big affair too.

## Task 1 – AO1

### First responses

1. How does Balram distinguish himself during the inspector’s visit?
2. How does the inspector reward him?
3. Why does the inspector consider ‘White Tiger’ to be an appropriate name for Balram?
4. What is the bad news for Balram that follows all the good news?
5. What is the link between his sisters’ marriages and Balram’s eventual employment as a coal breaker in the tea shop?



## Task 2 — AO2

### Close reading

1. What do we learn in this passage about the conditions in Balram's school?
2. What is your impression of the way in which the inspection is conducted?
3. The inspector uses the metaphor of a jungle to describe the school. Is this an effective comparison?
4. Identify the ways in which Balram's life is shown to be harsh. How do the boys from school mock him in the tea shop? How does their mockery link together the scenes in the school and in the tea shop?

## TASK 3 – AO2 / AO4

1. Now look at the voice that the author has created for Balram. Which of these words would you use to describe it: confident, respectful, pragmatic, realistic, critical, humorous, formal or informal? What impression does his voice create of Balram's character?
2. Consider how the author has structured this passage. Identify the parts that hint at what will follow in the novel. What is their effect on the reader? Explain how the author has used contrast in this passage. What do the two contrasting scenes show about Balram's experience of life in India?

## PAPER 1: READING (COMPREHENSION) – Remarkable Creatures By Tracey Chevalier

### L.O.

To explore how writers engage readers by the effective use of language to create meaning AO1 / AO2

### Introduction

In 1810, a sister and brother uncover the fossilized skull of an unknown animal in the cliffs on the south coast of England. With its long snout and prominent teeth, it might be a crocodile – except that it has a huge, bulbous eye.

*Remarkable Creatures* is the story of Mary Anning, who has a talent for finding fossils, and whose discovery of ancient marine reptiles such as that ichthyosaur shakes the scientific community and leads to new ways of thinking about the creation of the world.

Working in an arena dominated by middle-class men, however, Mary finds herself out of step with her working-class background. In danger of being an outcast in her community, she takes solace in an unlikely friendship with Elizabeth Philpot, a prickly London spinster with her own passion for fossils.

The strong bond between Mary and Elizabeth sees them through struggles with poverty, rivalry and ostracism, as well as the physical dangers of their chosen obsession. It reminds us that friendship can outlast storms and landslides, anger and jealousy.

### Chapter 1 Different from all the rocks on the beach

Lightning has struck me all my life. Just once was it real. I shouldn't remember it, for I was little more than a baby. But I do remember. I was in a field, where there were horses and riders performing tricks. Then a storm blew in, and a woman – not Mam – picked me up and brought me under a tree. As she held me tight I looked up and saw the pattern of black leaves against a white sky.

Then there was a noise, like all the trees falling down round me, and a bright, bright light, which was like looking at the sun. A buzz ran right through me. It was as if I'd touched a hot coal, and I could smell singed flesh and sense there was pain, yet it weren't painful. I felt like a stocking turned inside out.

Others begun pulling at me and calling, but I couldn't make a sound. I was carried somewhere, then there was warmth all round, not a blanket, but wet. It was water

and I knew water – our house was close to the sea, I could see it from our windows. Then I opened my eyes, and it feels like they haven't been shut since.

The lightning killed the woman holding me, and two girls standing next to her, but I survived. They say I was a quiet, sickly child before the storm, but after it I grew up lively and alert. I cannot say if they're right, but the memory of that lightning still runs through me like a shiver. It marks powerful moments of my life: seeing the first crocodile skull Joe found, and finding its body myself; discovering my other monsters on the beach; meeting Colonel Birch. Other times I'll feel the lightning strike and wonder why it's come. Sometimes I don't understand, but accept what the lightning tells me, for the lightning is me. It entered me when I was a baby and never left.

I feel an echo of the lightning each time I find a fossil, a little jolt that says, "Yes, Mary Anning, you are different from all the rocks on the beach." That is why I am a hunter: to feel that bolt of lightning, and that difference, every day.

## **TASKS 1 – AO1**

### **First Responses**

1. What is your impression of the character of Mary Anning? How does she regard herself?
2. Note that this chapter is entitled 'Different from all the other rocks on the beach'. Does the title refer to more than just the rock samples?
3. What would have been the social status of a young, unmarried woman in 19th century England?

## **TASKS 2 – AO2**

### **Close Reading**

1. Explain the meaning of the first two sentences in this extract. How effective are they in engaging your interest?
2. Identify the details that Mary Anning remembers from when she was struck by lightning, and comment on the similes she uses in the second paragraph to express this unusual experience.

3. In her first person account, Mary Anning refers to other characters and events that will follow as the novel progresses. What impression does this create of her perspective on the events she describes?

## Composition Builders to develop AO skills in paper 1

### Paper 1: WRITING: CREATIVE WRITING

#### L.O.

- To focus on composition - descriptive & narrative writing, exploring types, methods, 'show don't tell' and the five senses
- To investigate the assessment objective criteria for creative writing AO5 / AO6

#### The Five Senses

The five senses can be used creatively to establish your scenes – this will easily give you 5 descriptive or even narrative paragraphs – **See, hear, smell, touch, taste.** This is because they are familiar to the human psyche and sensibilities and easy to describe.

#### STARTER

Write down the five senses and write one descriptive sentence for each one i.e.

1. ***'I can hear a cacophony of sounds plaguing the very inner reaches of my mind.'***

Now do the next four and then you will share it with the class.

- Narratives

A narrative is a form of fiction writing where you are essentially telling a story. A good story needs a structure, themes, characters, dialogue and settings.

- Descriptive Writing

This is the clear description of people, places, objects, or events using appropriate details.

- Methods

In an exam you may be asked to write the opening of a story, the climax or finale or about a transition point (the turning point of a story or a dramatic event). Or you may be asked to write a narrative based on a small prompt. You may also be given a picture prompt or a sentence to base it on.

You are assessed for AO5 (24 marks) and AO6 (16 marks). This task will be worth 40 marks in the Edexcel GCSE English Language paper 1 and therefore a significant amount!

**AO5** – Communicate clearly, effectively and imaginatively, selecting and adapting tone, style and register for different forms, purposes and audiences. Organise information and ideas, using structural and grammatical features to support coherence and cohesion of texts

**AO6** - Candidates must use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation.

## EXPRESSIVE LITERARY PHRASES

Good writing will always have a great range of imagery and literary devices on show just like the ones you analyse whilst studying novels, poetry or dramatic plays. You should also consider your own use of expressive literary phrases to make your writing stand out.

A bitterness crept into her face

A blazing blue sky poured down torrents of light

A book to beguile the tedious hours

A brave but turbulent aristocracy

A broad, complacent, admiring imbecility breathed from his nose and lips

A curious and inexplicable uneasiness

A curious vexation fretted her

A daily avalanche of vituperation

A dandified, pretty-boy-looking sort of figure

A grim and shuddering fascination

A gush of entrancing melody

A gusty breeze blew her hair about unheeded

A half-breathless murmur of amazement and incredulity

A half-uneasy, half-laughing compunction

A sudden gleam of insight

A sudden uncontrollable outburst of feeling

A super-abundance of boisterous animal spirits

A supercilious scorn and pity

A super-refinement of taste

A swaggering air of braggadocio

A sweet bewilderment of tremulous apprehension

A sweet, quiet, sacred, stately seclusion

A swift knowledge came to her  
A swift unformulated fear  
A swiftly unrolling panorama of dreams  
Beside himself in an ecstasy of pleasure  
Betokening an impulsive character  
Beyond the farthest edge of night  
Birds were fluting in the tulip-trees  
Biting sentences flew about  
Fleeting touches of something alien and intrusive  
Floating in the clouds of reverie  
Fluctuations of prosperity and adversity



**Section B: Writing**

**Q5:** Your school is asking students to contribute some creative writing for its website.

**EITHER:** Write a description as suggested by this picture:



**OR:** Write a short story that begins with the sentence: "Suddenly, I heard it. It was coming from the other side of the passage."

(24 marks for content and organisation  
16 marks for technical accuracy)  
**[40 marks]**

**Section B: Writing**

**Q5:** A new blog, titled 'Perfect Prose', are asking for creative writing contributions.

**EITHER:** Write a description suggested by this picture:



**OR:** Write the opening of a story about a time when you felt unwell.

(24 marks for content and organisation  
16 marks for technical accuracy)  
**[40 marks]**



**Section B: Writing**

**Q5:**

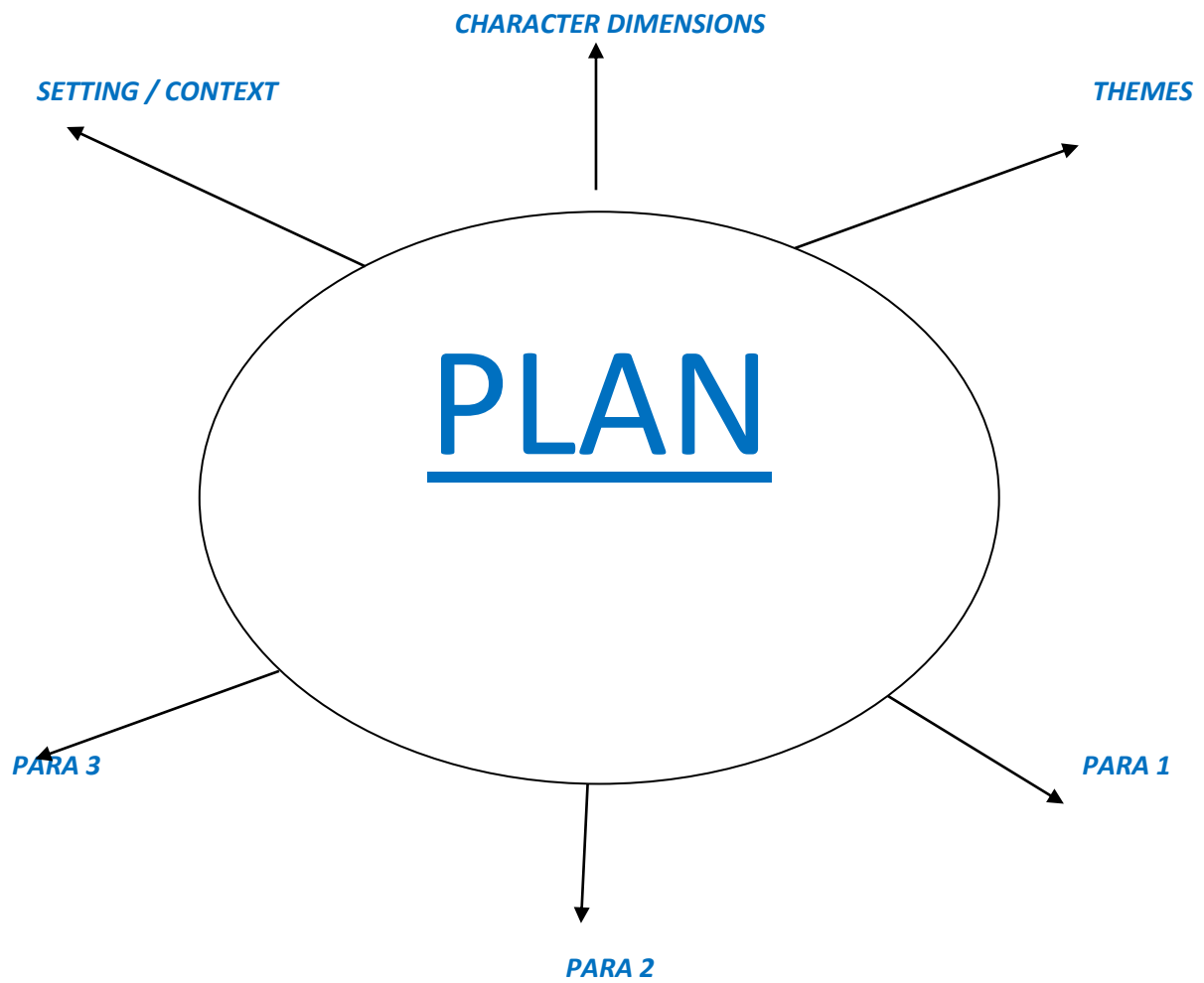
Your school is asking students to contribute some creative writing for its website.

**EITHER:** Write a description as suggested by this picture:



**OR:** Write a short story about a time when you have felt surprised or shocked.

(24 marks for content and organisation  
16 marks for technical accuracy)  
**[40 marks]**



## Examples of Great Creative Openings

### **Alexander Solzhenitsyn's - A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich**

Shukov went to sleep, and he was very happy....The boss had gotten them good rates for their work. Caesar had paid him off in the evening. He'd bought some tobacco. And he'd gotten over that sickness. Nothing had spoiled the day and it had almost been happy. There were three thousand six hundred and fifty three days like this in his sentence, from reveille to lights out.

### **Jane Austen's - Emma**

...Emma sat down to think and be miserable. It was a wretched business indeed. Such an overthrow of everything she had been wishing for. Such a development of everything most unwelcome. Such a blow for Harriet! That was the worst of all...."If I had not persuaded Harriet into liking the man, I could have borne anything. He might have doubled his presumption to me—but poor Harriet!"

### **Jack Kerouac's - On The Road**

I first met Dean not long after my wife and I split up. I had just gotten over a serious illness that I won't bother to talk about, except it had something to do with the miserably weary split-up and my feeling that everything was dead.

### **PG Wodehouse's – The Luck of the Bodkins**

Into the face of the young man who sat on the terrace of the Hotel Magnifique at Cannes there had crept a look of furtive shame, the shifty, hangdog look which announces that an Englishman is about to talk French.

### **Neil Gaimann and Terry Pratchett's - Good Omens**

It was a nice day. All the days had been nice. There had been rather more than seven of them so far, and rain hadn't been invented yet. But clouds massing east of Eden suggested that the first thunderstorm was on its way, and it was going to be a big one.

### **Edwidge Danticat's –The Dew Breaker**

My father is gone. I'm slouched in a cast-aluminium chair across from two men, one the manager of the hotel we're staying and the other a policeman. They're both waiting for me to explain what's become of him, my father.

### **F. Scott Fitzgerald's – The Great Gatsby**

In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since. 'Whenever you feel like criticising any one,' he told me, 'just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had.'

### **Paule Marshall's - Praise Song For The Widow**

With a strength born of the decision that had just come to her in the middle of the night, Avery Johnson forced the suitcase shut on the clothes piled inside and slid the lock in place.

### **Elena Ferrante's – My Brilliant Friend**

This morning Rino telephoned. I thought he wanted money again and I was ready to say no. But that was not the reason for the phone call: his mother was gone

### **Zadie Smith's – White Teeth**

Early in the morning, late in the century, Cricklewood Broadway. At 0627 hours on January 1, 1975, Alfred Archibald Jones was dressed in corduroy and sat in a fume-filled Cavalier Musketeer Estate facedown on the steering wheel, hoping judgement would not be too heavy upon him.

## Examples of Great Creative Endings

### **Sylvia Path's – The Bell Jar**

The eyes and faces all turned themselves towards me, and guiding myself by them, as by a magical thread, I stepped into the room.

### **George Orwell's – Animal Farm**

The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which.

### **Yann Martel's – The Life Of Pi**

Very few castaways can claim to have survived so long at sea as Mr. Patel, and none in the company of an adult Bengal tiger.

### **Arthur Golden - Memoirs of a Geisha**

Whatever our struggles and triumphs, however we may suffer them, all too soon they bleed into a wash, just like watery ink on paper.

### **Maurice Sendak's – Where the Wild Things Are**

Max stepped into his private boat and waved goodbye and sailed back over a year and in and out of weeks and through a day and into the night of his very own room where he found his supper waiting for him—and it was still hot.

### **Milan Kundera's - The Unbearable Lightness of Being**

Up out of the lampshade, startled by the overhead light, flew a large nocturnal butterfly that began circling the room. The strains of the piano and violin rose up weakly from below

### **Jung Chang's – Wild Swans**

As I left China farther and farther behind, I looked out of the window and saw a great universe beyond the plane's silver wing. I took one more glance over my past life, then turned to the future. I was eager to embrace the world.

### **Junichiro Tanizaki's - The Makioka Sisters**

Yukiko's diarrhoea persisted through the twenty-sixth, and was a problem on the train to Tokyo.

### **Fyodor Dostoyevsky's - Crime and Punishment**

But that is the beginning of a new story - the story of the gradual renewal of a man, the story of his gradual regeneration, of his passing from one world into another, of his initiation into a new unknown life. That might be the subject of a new story, but our present story is ended.

### **Laura Esquivel's - Like Water for Chocolate**

How wonderful the flavor, the aroma of her kitchen, her stories as she prepared the meal, her Christmas Rolls! I don't know why mine never turn out like hers, or why my tears flow so freely when I prepare them - perhaps I am as sensitive to onions as Tita, my great-aunt, who will go on living as long as there is someone who cooks her recipes.



## Comprehension Builders to develop AO skills in paper 2

### PAPER 2: READING (COMPREHENSION): Extract from Scott's diary

#### L.O.

- To explore accounts of danger in a hostile environment AO1 /AO3/AO4
- To examine how language, structure, purpose and form are used to help the reader empathise with the narrator AO2

#### Introduction

In 1911-1912 Scott led an expedition to the South Pole. After reaching the Pole, they faced a 700 mile trek back to their base camp. The weather conditions deteriorated terribly and the men weakened for want of food and water. Eventually, still with 120 miles to travel, Scott and two of his companions were caught in a blizzard. They died in their tent and this diary was discovered months later with their bodies.

#### February 2nd, 1911

Impressions The seductive folds of the sleeping-bag.

The hiss of the primus and the fragrant steam of the cooker issuing from the tent ventilator.

The small green tent and the great white road.

The whine of a dog and the neigh of our steeds.

The driving cloud of powdered snow.

The crunch of footsteps which break the surface crust.

The wind blown furrows.

The blue arch beneath the smoky cloud.

The crisp ring of the ponies' hoofs and the swish of the following sledge.

The droning conversation of the march as the driver encourages or chides his horse.

The patter of dog pads.

The gentle flutter of our canvas shelter.

Its deep booming sound under the full force of a blizzard.

The drift snow like finest flour penetrating every hole and corner – flickering up beneath one's head covering, pricking sharply as a sand blast.

The sun with blurred image peeping shyly through the wreathing drift giving pale shadowless light.

The eternal silence of the great white desert. Cloudy columns of snow drift advancing from the south, pale yellow wraiths, heralding the coming storm, blotting out one by one the sharp-cut lines of the land.

The blizzard, Nature's protest – the crevasse, Nature's pitfall – that grim trap for the unwary – no hunter could conceal his snare so perfectly – the light rippled snow bridge gives no hint or sign of the hidden danger, its position unguessable till man or beast is floundering, clawing and struggling for foothold on the brink.

The vast silence broken only by the mellow sounds of the marching column.

#### Saturday, March 25th, 1911

We have had two days of surprisingly warm weather, the sky overcast, snow falling, wind only in light airs. Last night the sky was clearing, with a southerly wind, and this morning the sea was open all about us. It is disappointing to find the ice so reluctant to hold; at the same time one supposes that the cooling of the water is proceeding and therefore that each day makes it easier for the ice to form – the sun seems to have lost all power, but I imagine its rays still tend to warm the surface water about the noon hours. It is only a week now to the date which I thought would see us all at Cape Evans.

The warmth of the air has produced a comparatively uncomfortable state of affairs in the hut. The ice on the inner roof is melting fast, dripping on the floor and streaming down the sides. The increasing cold is checking the evil even as I write. Comfort could only be ensured in the hut either by making a clean sweep of all the ceiling ice or by keeping the interior at a critical temperature little above freezing-point.

#### Sunday, March 17th, 1912

Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his Mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not – would not – give up hope to the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning – yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, 'I am just going outside and may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last. In case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment, but Providence mercifully removed him at this critical moment. He died a natural death, and we did not leave him till two hours after his death. We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far.

I can only write at lunch and then only occasionally. The cold is intense, -40° at midday. My companions are unendingly cheerful, but we are all on the verge of serious frostbites, and though we constantly talk of fetching through I don't think anyone of us believes it in his heart.

**R. SCOTT.**

[Read the extract](#)

### **TASK 1 – AO1 / AO2**

2. How does the description in the Impressions section convey the scene for the reader? Which details create a sense of the beauty of the scene? Where is there a suggestion of the danger that the explorers face? How does Scott use metaphors to create a sinister impression of the power of nature?

### **TASK 2 –AO1 / AO2 / AO4**

3. What makes the men uncomfortable in their tent?
4. Look again at the structure of sentences in the diary entry for 17th March, 1912. Why has Scott used some fragment sentences?
5. What impression does he convey of the character of Titus Oates?

## PAPER 2: READING (COMPREHENSION): Let's talk about the climb up Everest...

### interview with Sir Edmund Hillary

L.O.

- To explore how writers portray accounts of danger in a hostile environment. AO1
- To examine language, structure and imagery. AO2

### Introduction

Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay were the first climbers to reach the summit of Mount Everest in 1953.

### Interview with Sir Edmund Hillary

**Sir Edmund Hillary:** I never climbed up anything one step at a time. You read so much about how, at extreme altitudes, you take one step and then you stop and pant and puff for a while, and then take one more step. I don't ever remember doing that. You're much slower in higher altitudes because of the lack of oxygen, but I used to keep moving pretty steadily most of the time and I didn't have to stop too often for panting and puffing. I think I was pretty well adapted and acclimatized to altitude and I was very fit in those days, so I could keep moving very freely.

**Can you tell us about any specific challenges along the way as you were ascending?**

**Sir Edmund Hillary:** Well there were lots of challenges. Even the route we were climbing Mt. Everest was one of the two easiest routes on the mountain as we know now. Of course, nobody had climbed it then. But even so, there are demanding parts of it. At the bottom of the mountain, there's the ice fall, where it's a great tumbled ruin of ice that's all pouring down and filled with crevasses and ice walls. It's under slow but constant movement. It's a dangerous place because things are always tumbling down. So you have to establish a route up through that which you can get with reasonable safety. But over the years, literally dozens of people have died in the crevasses. They've been engulfed by ice walls falling down and things of that nature. I had one experience on the ice fall with Tenzing.

We were actually descending after having been further up the mountain and it was getting close towards dark so we wanted to get through the ice fall before darkness fell. We were roped together, but I was rushing down ahead in the lead. About halfway down there was a narrow crevasse, I guess it was about four feet wide, but

just a bit too wide to step across. On the lower lip was a great chunk of ice stuck against the ice wall, and we'd used that as sort of a stepping stone to get over the gap. I came rushing down the hill without thinking too carefully, I just leapt in the air and landed on the chunk of ice, whereupon the chunk of ice broke off and dropped into the crevasse with me on top of it. It was interesting how everything seemed to start going slowly, even though I was free-falling into the crevasse. My mind, obviously, was working very quickly indeed.

The great chunk of ice started tipping over and I realized, if I wasn't careful, I'd be crushed between the ice and the wall of the crevasse. So I just sort of bent my knees and leapt in the air. I was still falling, but now I was a couple of feet clear of the chunk of ice. Time really seemed to pass even though I was falling clear and I realized that unless the rope came tight fairly soon, I would come to a rather sticky end on the bottom of the crevasse. Up top, Tenzing had acted very quickly. He had thrust his ice axe into the snow, whipped the rope around it, and the rope came tight with a twang and I was stopped and swung in against the ice wall. The great chunk of ice just carried on and smashed to smithereens at the bottom of the crevasse. Then really the rest was what I would have called a routine mountaineering matter. I had my ice axe and my crampons on my feet, so I chipped steps in the side, I was able to bridge the crevasse, and I worked my way up to the top and got safely out. I wouldn't have said at any stage, because it all happened so quickly, fear really didn't have much opportunity to emerge. My only idea was to get safely out of this unfortunate predicament. And of course, without Tenzing's very competent mountaineer's response, I certainly wouldn't have made it. But once he had stopped me, then I was able to, using the techniques of mountaineering, to get myself safely to the top, again. When you've been going as long as I have, many of them have happened during the course of your life, but you tend to forget them, really. I think nature tricks us a little bit because you tend to remember the good moments rather than the uncomfortable ones. So when you leave the mountain, you remember the great moments on the mountain, and as soon as you leave the mountain, you want to go back again.

### TASKS – AO1/AO2

**1.** What were the particular challenges that Hillary recalls from climbing Everest? Explain the dangers presented by the ice fall. Identify a fact that he includes to illustrate danger.

2. What does the extract tell us about the techniques that climbers use in these conditions?
3. Hillary says that “fear really didn’t have much time to emerge.” What does he mean?
4. How does Hillary explain why he has more good memories than bad ones of his time on the mountains? What does this say about the psyche of the explorer? What does it aim to make you think about if you were ever to attempt the same feat?

### TASK – AO3

1. What similarities and differences do you recognise between Hillary’s expedition and that of Scott’s?

## PAPER 2: READING (COMPREHENSION): As I walked Out One Midsummer Morning by Laurie Lee

### L.O.

- To explore the themes in Laurie Lee's account AO1
- To investigate the use of language and structure AO2
- To compare and contrast with the Diaries of Nella Last AO3

### Introduction

During the 1930s Laurie Lee travelled from Gloucestershire in England to Spain. He spent the winter of 1935 in the village of Almuñécar and found himself witness to the outbreak of war. El Gato is the leader of the village's militia group.

### As I Walked Out One Midsummer Morning

Early next morning, four truckloads of militia drove off to Altofaro to attack the rebels. They swung singing through the streets in their bright blue shirts, waving their caps as though going to a fair. El Gato was in charge, dynamite strapped to his body; the others shared a musket between three. Once they were over the hill, we expected to hear the sounds of war break out, but the morning passed in silence.

About noon, a white aircraft swinging low from the sea, circled the village, and flew away again – leaving the clear blue sky scarred with a new foreboding above a mass of upturned faces. Many felt, till that moment, their village to be secure and forgotten; now the eye of war had spied them out.

Throughout the afternoon nothing happened. Families ate their meals in the street, seeking the assurance of one another's company. Once again the fierce sunlight obliterated everything it fell on, burning all colours to an ashen glare. When people stepped out of their houses they seemed to evaporate for a moment, as if the light had turned them to vapour; and when they passed into shadow they disappeared again, like stepping into a hole in the ground. That afternoon of waiting was the hottest I've known. Fear lay panting in the street like a dog. It was as though El Gato and his men had been swallowed up in silence, or had followed the war to another country.

But war was not far away, and after nightfall, unexpectedly, it paid its first mad call on Almuñécar. A destroyer crept into the bay, unseen by anyone, and suddenly began probing the shore with its searchlight. The beam swept over the hills, up and down the coast, and finally picked out the village and pinned it against the darkness.

Held by the blazing eye, opening so ominously from the sea, the people experienced a moment of naked panic. There seemed nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide, so they hurried down to the beach, and stood motionless in the glare, facing the invisible warship and raising their arms in a kind of massed entreaty. As the searchlight played over them they remained stiffly at attention, just letting themselves be seen. In the face of the unknown, all they could do was offer themselves in this posture of speechless acquiescence. Such pitiless brightness had never lit up their night before: friend or foe, it was a light of terror.

For a while nothing happened. The warship just sat in the darkness stroking its searchlight up and down the shore. To get a better view, I joined a group of boys who'd already climbed on to the castle wall. We could see the whole of Almuñécar below us – the crowds on the beach and the spoke of light turning on its invisible hub. As we watched, it began to play over the nearby hills and move again along the coastal road. Suddenly it picked out a lorry heading towards the village, then three more, all packed with men. The beam lazily followed them, as though escorting them home, lighting up their rifles like little thorns. One could hear distant shouting above the sound of the engines – it was El Gato's militia coming back at last.

The trucks roared into a village, horns stridently blowing, and pulled up in the warship's pool of light. The beam was abruptly switched off, followed by a moment of absolute darkness. Then there came a blinding flash from the sea.

Silence. It was as though a great fuse had blown. Then the mountains behind us thundered, a thunder that boomed and cannoned from peak to peak and tumbled in the valleys like showers of stones. There was another flash, another explosion, another hot blast of air. For a moment we imagined it might be some kind of salute to the militia. Then we heard the tearing scream of a shell.

The searchlight came on again. We could see the crowds on the beaches surging inland like a muddy wave. The destroyer fired once more, misting its searchlight with smoke, and we were no longer in doubt about its intentions. A house on our right suddenly shuddered, rose a foot in the air, and slowly collapsed like a puff-ball. A bundle of stones and trees leapt up by the river. A pall of dust drifted over the village.

After half a dozen more salvoes, the firing broke off; inexplicably, since we seemed to be at their mercy. Then the shocked silence in the village began to fill with a curious whispering and rustling, the sound of a multitude on the move. In the naked beam of



the searchlight we saw them come stumbling up the streets, bent double, crying and moaning, mothers and fathers dragging their children behind them, old folk tottering and falling down.

As the village ran for the hills, looking for patches of darkness, we saw a small boat put out from the shore, with two squat figures inside it sitting hunched at their oars and rowing frantically towards the ship.

And that was the end of the bombardment. The destroyer was found to be friendly. It had been an unfortunate error of war. A case of mistaken identity; the captain sent his apologies, slipped anchor, and sailed quietly away – leaving a few gaps in the houses, a few dead in the streets, and most of the population scattered across the hillsides.

### **TASK 1 – AO1**

#### **First responses**

1. What happens in this extract?
2. What is the mood in the village before the warship arrives? How do the villagers react when they see the ship offshore?
3. Explain the terrible mistake that is made. From his final sentence, how do you think the author felt about it?

### **TASK 2 – AO2**

#### **Close reading**

1. Explain how Laurie Lee presents the atmosphere in the village. What role does the weather play in building tension? What impression is created by the simile “Fear lay panting in the street like a dog”?
2. Read the description of the arrival of the destroyer, highlighting words and phrases that make it seem lifelike. How does this description create a sense of its power?
3. Now read aloud the paragraph that starts with “Silence.” How effectively are the sounds described?
4. How has Lee used sentences to good effect in the paragraph that starts, “The searchlight came on again”?
5. Identify the verbs that Lee has used to show the effect of the bombardment on the villagers in the next paragraph.

6. How would you describe Lee's tone in the sentences, "The destroyer was found to be friendly. It had all been an unfortunate error of war."

### **TASK 3 – AO3**

Now compare Lee's presentation of the villagers in this extract with Nella Last's account of people in Barrow. What are the similarities and differences between Lee and Last's perspective on war?

## PAPER 2: READING (COMPREHENSION): THE DIARIES OF NELLA LAST

### L.O.

- To look at how non-fiction texts explore themes and ideas AO1
- To examine the use of language and structure to create meaning and make the reader understand AO2
- To analyse the relationship between two texts on a similar theme AO3

### 'End of the beginning'

When Nella was on foot in Barrow, she occasionally remarked on the signs of a nation at war. On Sunday, 2 May 1943, she and Will were out enjoying the warm day and saw groups of Dutch and French Canadian soldiers from nearby camps 'strolling along' the roads. 'I looked at the ugly Nissen huts, at the training planes overhead, and at the gorse, so brave and gay. I felt "There will be golden gorse and larks when all the ugliness of huts and torn up country roads are past and when khaki is not general wear."' I'd a queer sadness on me somehow that not even the sunshine could dispel. But the battles that were being fought abroad rarely came up in conversation – 'Not one word of the war', she might report after a day spent in the company of others. On 24 June she remarked in her reply to M-O's Directive that month, 'it's surprising how little the war is discussed – even mentioned.' Among her WVS colleagues 'the chatter is of everything but the war. If war is discussed it's in that personal way – sons and daughters in the Services and their needs, leaves, parcels etc., points' values, Home Front recipes', and similar close-to-home concerns. 'Beyond saying "Aren't our lads doing well?" or "We gave 'em it last night again," or occasionally a queer wave passes over the town and an "It won't be long now" attitude is taken up', war news featured little in conversation.

On those infrequent occasions when Nella did dwell explicitly on war, optimism failed her.

### Thursday, 19 August

A shadow falls over me somehow. Maybe the weather, maybe the thoughts of this dreadful invasion of Europe starting. I often think 'It will indeed be a "new world" after the war. All and everyone seem hell bent on destroying everything in the old one.' Sometimes when I sit quiet a chaotic montage whirls through my tired head, the 'civilization' we boast so much about, and where it has led us. Fabulous riches

found to train men to destroy each other, to equip them with more and more death dealing weapons, when such a fraction of the thought, energy and money could have done so much good. The world is 'coming to an end' indeed. If all the bad cruel Nazis and the 'wicked' Japs were being wiped out, we could think it for betterment of all, but it seems so many of the flower of all races are going. Two women have sat side by side for four years at Centre sewing at bandages. One has lost two sons at sea – and now learns her airman son has to be 'presumed dead.' The other one's three sons work in the Yard – have good jobs. The daughter of 28 is 'reserved' as she is considered necessary as a secretary to a boss in the Yard. The other woman's daughter had to join the WAAF. I look round the big room at faces I've known and loved for over four years. My heart aches. Even in that small circle, the bravery and courage, the 'going on' when sons have been killed, when letters don't come, when their boys are taught to fight like savages if they are Commandos, when they are trained and trained and trained for bodies to be made to endure, to go kill other women's lads, to wipe all the light from other mothers' faces.

### TASK 1 - AO1

#### First responses

1. Why do people keep diaries? Do you write one?
2. Why do we find published diaries interesting?
3. Which of Nella's activities does she record in this extract? What thoughts does she express?
4. How much information has she included about the wider world?

### TASK 2 - AO1

#### Close Reading

1. What do you learn from this extract about Nella's attitude towards the war? How has her life been touched by the war?
2. What idea does she express in her comment about the golden gorse and larks? What does the contrast between these features of the natural world and the 'Nissen huts' and 'khaki' tell us about the experience of war?

### TASK 3 – AO2

1. Explain the metaphor with which Nella Last opens her diary entry on Thursday 19th August.
2. How does she explain her mood? Summarise the point she makes in the sentence that starts
3. “Fabulous riches ...” Why does she think that all these resources have been wasted?
4. What details does she give about the effects of war on the women in her Centre? Explain the effect of the short sentence, “My heart aches.”
5. What does she tell us about the many ways in which the families at home are suffering?
6. Explain the effect of Nella’s repetition of ‘and trained’. What does she mean when she refers to ‘bodies made to endure’? Who is she referring to when she mentions ‘other women’s lads’? Explain the metaphor ‘to wipe all the light from other mothers’ faces’.

### TASK 4 – AO3

1. How do Laurie Lee and Nella Last both portray their attitudes towards war and conflict?

## **PAPER 2: READING (COMPREHENSION): TRAVEL WRITING**

### **L.O.**

- To learn how to critically analyse travel writing and communicate ideas and inferences effectively AO1
- To explore the use of language and structure and how it's used to create meaning AO2
- To examine the relationship between texts from different contexts AO3

### **The Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth, Mary Moorman (Oxford University Press 1958, 1971)**

Dorothy Wordsworth lived with her brother, the poet William Wordsworth, in Cumbria. Her journal is a record of their daily lives and her observations of the natural world around her.

### **Extracts from American Notes by Charles Dickens (1842)**

Charles Dickens is best known as one of the greatest writers of fiction in the history of the English language but he also wrote non-fiction texts. These two extracts are from American Notes, a book Dickens wrote after his first trip to America in 1842. In the extracts he is travelling by train.

### **Walking Home by Simon Armitage (Faber and Faber 2012)**

The poet Simon Armitage describes his walk along the 256-mile Pennine way. He travelled as a 'modern troubadour', taking no money with him but stopping en route to give poetry readings and accepting contributions from the people he met on the way. The 'Tombstone' that he mentions is a suitcase full of books that is carried by car between each of his stops.

### **The Places In Between by Rory Stewart (Picador 2004)**

Rory Stewart's book is an account of his walk across Afghanistan in January 2012. He followed inaccessible mountain routes and relied on the help of local guides.

## The Grasmere Journals OF Dorothy Wordsworth, Mary Moorman

### Wednesday 14th

William did not rise till dinner time. I walked with Mrs C. I was ill out of spirits – disheartened. Wm and I took a long walk in the Rain.

### Thursday 15th

It was a threatening misty morning – but mild. We set off after dinner from Eusemere. Mrs Clarkson went a short way with us but turned back. The wind was furious and we thought we must have returned. We first rested in the large Boat-house, then under a furze Bush opposite Mr Clarkson's. Saw the plough going in the field. The wind seized our breath; the Lake was rough. There was a Boat by itself floating in the middle of the Bay below Water Millock. We rested again in the Water Millock Lane. The hawthorns are black and green, the birches here and there greenish but there is yet more of purple to be seen on the Twigs. We got over into a field to avoid some cows – people working, a few primroses by the roadside, wood-sorrell flower, the anemone, scentless violets, strawberries, and that starry yellow flower which Mrs C. calls pile wort. When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the water side. We fancied that the lake had floated the seeds ashore and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more and at last under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful they grew among the mossy stones about and about them, some rested their heads upon these stones as on a pillow, for weariness and the rest tossed and reeled and danced and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake, they looked so gay ever glancing ever changing. This wind blew directly over the lake to them. There was here and there a little knot and a few stragglers a few yards higher up but they were so few as not to disturb the simplicity and unity and life of that one busy highway. We rested again and again. The Bays were stormy, and we heard the waves at different distances and in the middle of the water like the sea.

## Extracts from American Notes by Charles Dickens

**A description of his trip on a train from Boston to Lowell in the USA:** A great many newspapers are pulled out, and a few of them are read. Everybody talks to you, or to anybody else who hits his fancy. If you are an Englishman, he expects that that railroad is pretty much like an English railroad. If you say 'No,' he says 'Yes?' (interrogatively), and asks in what respect they differ.

You enumerate the heads of difference, one by one, and he says 'Yes?' (still interrogatively) to each. Then he guesses you don't travel faster in England; and on your replying that you do, says 'Yes?' again (still interrogatively), and, it is quite evident, doesn't believe it.

After a long pause he remarks, partly to you and partly to his stick, that 'Yankees are reckoned to be considerable go-ahead people too,' upon which you say 'Yes,' and then he says 'Yes' again (affirmatively this time); and upon your looking out of the window, tells you that behind that hill, and some three miles from the next station, there is a clever town in a smart lo-ca-tion, where he expects you have concluded to stop.

Your answer in the negative naturally leads to more questions in reference to your intended route (always pronounced rout); and wherever you are going, you invariably learn that you can't get there without immense difficulty and danger, and that all the great sights are somewhere else.

**A visit to scenic Cairo, Illinois USA!** I'm going to send this passage to the Cairo, Illinois, tourism bureau; they may want to use it in some of their promotional material:

The scenery as we approached the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, was not at all inspiring in its influence. The trees were stunted in their growth; the banks were low and flat; the settlements and log cabins fewer in number; their inhabitants more wan and wretched than any we had encountered yet.

No songs of birds were in the air, no pleasant scents, no moving lights and shadows from swiftpassing clouds. Hour after hour, the changeless glare of the hot, unwinking sky shone upon the same monotonous objects. Hour after hour, the river rolled along as wearily and slowly as the time itself.



At length, upon the morning of the third day, we arrived at a spot so much more desolate than any we had yet beheld that the forlornest places we had passed were, in comparison with it, full of interest.

At the junction of the two rivers, on ground so flat and low that at certain seasons of the year it is inundated to the housetops, lies a breeding place of fever, ague, and death.

A dismal swamp, on which the half-built houses rot away; cleared here and there for the space of a few yards; and teeming then with rank, unwholesome vegetation, in whose baleful shade the wretched wanderers who are tempted hither droop, and die, and lay their bones.

The hateful Mississippi circling and eddying before it, and turning off upon its southern course, a slimy monster hideous to behold; a hotbed of disease, an ugly sepulchre, a grave uncheered by any gleam of promise: a place without one single quality, in earth or air or water to commend it: such is this dismal Cairo."

## Walking Home by Simon Armitage

Today's walk, or at least the first half of it, is reckoned by many to be the most pleasant and least taxing section of the whole trail, a saunter through pretty Teesdale along the banks of the Tees with no route-finding difficulties whatsoever and several picturesque and iconic landmarks to tick off along the way. That's a relief, given that I'm still reeling from what happened on Cross Fell. On the other hand it's going to give my wife and daughter, walking with me today, the impression that for the last nine days I've done nothing more than wander through buttercup meadows from one public house to the next, making friends and showing off along the way and being paid for the privilege.

To counter that notion, I go through an elaborate performance before breakfast, pulling heaps of filthy clothes from the Tombstone, describing to my wife how and where each garment came to be blackened, bloodied or saturated, and giving a mile-by-mile, blow-by-blow account of my most hair-raising experiences thus far. But she pulls back the curtains and the sun is blazing across the valley, and in a T-shirt and trainers she waits for me in the car park while I tie the very long laces of my very big boots and secure all toggles and zips. My daughter has also taken the casual rather than cautious approach, and strides out ahead of us in pink leggings, white iPod earphones, a pair of canvas shoes that are not far from being slippers, and a vest. Her coat, which she wears tied around her waist, was given to her by a man called Charles in a pub car park in West Yorkshire, who also gave me several items of clothing made entirely from organic, natural fibres to 'trial' during my walk including a very nice fleece, a luminous orange anorak and a top made out of recycled wood chippings. The exchange, even though it had been pre-arranged and was all above board, must have looked very suspicious from the street, with two cars pulling up boot to boot, two strangers shaking hands, one man producing a range of clothes from the back of his car while the other man and his daughter tried them on, followed by another handshake and the vehicles shooting off in opposite directions. Even though she wears it around her middle rather than in the prescribed manner, my daughter was particularly thrilled with her acquisition when she learned that it was 'bombproof'. Army green and slightly sinister-looking, it's made from a fabric called Ventile, developed in the Second World War for pilots at risk of being shot down over the sea. When it becomes wet the cotton in it expands, making it waterproof, apparently.

It is also windproof and much coveted by 'bushcraft' people who need to sneak up on birds and animals, because it doesn't rustle. Modelling it in the car park outside the Co-op that day, my daughter had the look of a special forces trainee, and responded to that suggestion by giving me a highly convincing karate kick between the legs (and while I was getting my breath back, a punch in the kidneys).

We're not expecting bombshells today, or even rain. The first stretch of the path loops up and over a set of crags with juniper bushes to each side, then down a grassy embankment before rejoining the river. My daughter might be out in front, proving that no map is necessary, but we're actually following Shane Harris, a colleague of Chris's from North Pennines AONB, and his wife, Cath. The juniper is a particular and peculiar feature of this area, Shane explains, and as we brush past the spiky leaves I convince myself I can smell gin. With their knotted, wrenched trunks and bleached, desiccated branches, the junipers are reminiscent of wild olive trees, giving the immediate landscape a biblical feel, as if we're walking through the Holy Land, an atmosphere which lasts until the appearance of Dine Holm quarry and stone-cutting plant on the left-hand side, which explains the fine yellowy powder coating the shrubs, the grass and eventually our feet.

Less than quarter of an hour later we're standing above High Force, silent as we approached it from upstream, but now a roaring, drumming volley of white water hurling itself over a cliff face and thundering into the deep pool seventy or so feet below. Standing on the ridge above, I can feel the pulsing power of the water in the soles of my feet and my solar plexus, and there's an even better view thirty yards downstream, looking back at the full spectacle of the falls from a stone outcrop which provides a natural viewing gallery and a photo opportunity. The noise of High Force is amplified by the semi-circular gorge into which the river is delivered, a feature which also magnifies its visual appeal. It's so perfect it could have been designed, and those Darwinism-deniers who seem to be finding increasing employment opportunities in American schools might even argue it was. To keep my daughter away from the edge I've told her the legend of Peg Powler, a green-haired water hag who is said to inhabit this valley. Wherever she goes she leaves a frothy substance on the surface, known as Peg Powler Suds, and she feeds on children, grabbing them by the ankle if they stray too close to the river.

## The Places in Between by Rory Stewart

A man called Gul Agha Karimi had written some letters to introduce me to people in Ghor. Gul Agha was a wealthy businessman, originally from this district, who owned a pizza restaurant and shop in Kabul. I was very grateful for the letters, but I did not know how he was perceived in Ghor or how his introductions would be received.

He had told me that people from one village would accompany me to the next village. The custom of escorting visitors was once common throughout Asia. In Iran, Pakistan and India, city dwellers often said to me, 'Don't worry... someone from one village will always walk with you and hand you to someone in the next... they won't let you walk alone.' But such traditions and social structures had, in reality, vanished, and in eighteen months of walking, no one had ever offered to accompany me to a neighbouring village.

Gul Agha's first letter was addressed to Dr Habibullah Sherwal, who owned the inn in Darai-e-Takht where I had just met the young commandant. I found Dr Habibullah; he glanced at the letter and simply said, 'Give me a minute to change my shoes.'

He reappeared a minute later in sunglasses with a Kalashnikov on his shoulder, locked the door and we set off. He had not been warned that I was coming, and yet without hesitating or asking any questions he set out with a stranger on a two-night journey.

Dr Habibullah was a portly man of thirty-six. He had to keep hitching his rifle up on his round shoulders, and he took small, quick steps in his tasselled brown loafers. He did not speak to me at all in the first twenty minutes walking together. I liked Abdul Haq but I preferred travelling without him. He had dominated my view of the landscape. The dangers and the geography of the country and the villages had been filtered through the mind of a man who was a Mujahid of Ismail Khan, based in Herat. Habibullah was a local. The fields through which we were walking belonged to him. The people on the road recognized him. I was pleased at last to have reached the hills and be moving further away from the vehicles and deeper into Ghor. The valleys were narrow and the Hari Rud River ran through gorges. It had not snowed for two days, but there was still a dusting of white in the hollows and on the upper slopes. Above our path were pillars of sand, and high in the cliff walls were caves used as sheep pens in the winter.

We passed a large, round fort by the river. Habibullah waited patiently outside while I wandered among the crumbling walls, half buried in snow, and climbed into a

round tower to look across the valley. The castle seemed to dominate the path from every direction. I had no way of finding out how old it was: mud bricks could be almost any age. Then, having checked I couldn't be seen from the path, I squatted down in the snow.

I had had diarrhoea for a day. I tried to avoid it by drinking only tea or purifying my water with chlorine tablets. The breads and soups, which were the staple diet, were relatively safe, but no one washed their hands and we all shared the same bowls. I was surprised that I had not caught it three days earlier when Aziz and Abdul Haq complained of stomach cramps. But I had it now and I knew that it was dehydrating me and would weaken me for walking. I still felt quite strong but, if it persisted, I would have to try some antibiotics.

When I reappeared, Habibullah was squatting on his heels in the afternoon sun. I apologized for taking so much time but he just shrugged. We started walking again, with me trying to adjust to his short steps after a week of Abdul Haq's stretched and rapid pacing. We crossed the ford below Darai-e-Takht on a small bridge marked 'ECHO – built with funds from the European Community'. It had been built five years earlier and was already crumbling, but it was an important contribution, since this ford had been frequently impassable.

When we reached the far end of the bridge, Dr Habibullah pointed at a large black rock, high on the slope behind us and said, 'Commandant Mustafa – the young man whom you just met and who shot at you – shot two Taliban from there. They died here on this ground, which is my wheat field. Before that he was nothing – a small-time mullah – but because he was the only man in this village to fight the Taliban he is now a commander.'

'And you?'

'I didn't fight the Taliban. I fought the Russians from when I was fourteen for ten years with Rabbani's Jamiat, but when the Taliban came I went to work in Iran and Herat.'

We walked that afternoon for four hours along the Hari Rud River without a break. Everyone we met greeted Habibullah with respect, wariness. Dr Habibullah embraced some of the men; others bowed over his hand and kissed it, while he looked fastidious and uninterested.

### TASK 1 – AO1 / AO2 / AO3

1. How do Dorothy Wordsworth's and Dickens' journals differ from the writing of Armitage and Stewart?
2. Which features of language show that Dickens and Wordsworth were writing during the 19th century?
3. Highlight the names of plants and wildflowers that she describes. How many of these are familiar to you?
4. What does Dorothy's knowledge of their names show about her relationship with the natural world and the kind of life she led?
5. Re-read the description of the daffodils that she saw by the lake. Which verbs has she used that give them human qualities? Which other descriptive detail personifies the daffodils?

### TASK 2 – AO1 / AO3

- Simon Armitage's account is written in the present tense. What effect has he achieved by reporting the events in this way?
- Which tense did Dorothy Wordsworth use? How do you explain her choice?
- Now look at Rory Stewart's piece. How does his choice of tense contribute to the effect of his writing?

### TASK 3 – AO1 / AO2 / AO3

*Compare the ways in which the four writers have included people in their accounts.*

1. Explain how Armitage uses his family to introduce some humour.
2. How does Dickens convey humour in his writing? What is Stewart's attitude towards Dr. Habibullah? What does his description imply about Habibullah's character? What do you understand about Habibullah's status amongst local people?
3. What is Dickens' attitude towards his fellow travellers?
4. Explain how the four writers convey an impression of the sights and sounds of the areas in which they are travelling. What part does colour play in their descriptions?
5. How do the accounts create an impression of the remoteness of the places described? Which one did you find the most effective?

#### TASK 4 – AO5 / AO6 (creative writing)

1. Why does Armitage tell his daughter the legend of Peg Powler?

#### TASK 5 – AO1 / AO2 / AO3

1. What do the texts show about the writers' purposes in travelling and the enjoyment they derive from it?
2. How do they feel about the areas in which they are walking or travelling?
3. What is Dickens' view of the area around Cairo?
4. How does the tone of the four writers differ?
5. Comment on Dickens' choice of words and phrases to describe the landscape.

## PAPER 2: (READING) COMPREHENSION: SPEECHES

### **L.O.**

- **To analyse two speeches from different contexts and comment on language and structure AO1 / AO2**
- **To look at the relationship between texts AO3**

### **Chief Joseph's surrender speech 1877**

Joseph was chief of the Nez Perce, a Native American tribe in Northwest Oregon. In 1877 the Nez Perce refused to go to a reservation, a land prescribed by the US government for Native Americans. Instead, Chief Joseph attempted to lead 800 of his people to Canada. They made a journey of 1100 miles, fighting the U.S. Army all the way. Eventually, they were trapped forty miles from their destination, where, after a fight lasting five days, the 431 surviving Nez Perce were beaten. Accepting this defeat, Chief Joseph made his speech of surrender.

### **Chief Joseph's surrender speech**

"I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. Toohulhulsote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say yes or no. He who led the young men is dead.

It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are – perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead.

Hear me, my chiefs. I am tired. My heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever."



## **Nelson Mandela Make Poverty History 2005**

Nelson Mandela addressed over 22,000 people who had gathered for the Make Poverty History Campaign in Trafalgar Square.

### **Nelson Mandela's speech at the Make Poverty History Campaign in London**

I am privileged to be here today at the invitation of The Campaign to Make Poverty History.

As you know, I recently formally announced my retirement from public life and should really not be here.

However, as long as poverty, injustice and gross inequality persist in our world, none of us can truly rest. Moreover, the Global Campaign for Action Against Poverty represents such a noble cause that we could not decline the invitation.

Massive poverty and obscene inequality are such terrible scourges of our times – times in which the world boasts breathtaking advances in science, technology, industry and wealth accumulation – that they have to rank alongside slavery and apartheid as social evils.

The Global Campaign for Action Against Poverty can take its place as a public movement alongside the movement to abolish slavery and the international solidarity against apartheid. And I can never thank the people of Britain enough for their support through those days of the struggle against apartheid. Many stood in solidarity with us, just a few yards from this spot.

Through your will and passion, you assisted in consigning that evil system forever to history. But in this new century, millions of people in the world's poorest countries remain imprisoned, enslaved, and in chains.

They are trapped in the prison of poverty. It is time to set them free. Like slavery and apartheid, poverty is not natural. It is man-made and it can be overcome and eradicated by the actions of human beings.

And overcoming poverty is not a gesture of charity. It is an act of justice. It is the protection a fundamental human right, the right to dignity and a decent life.

While poverty persists, there is no true freedom. The steps that are needed from the developed nations are clear. The first is ensuring trade justice. I have said before that trade justice is a truly meaningful way for the developed countries to show commitment to bringing about an end to global poverty.

The second is an end to the debt crisis for the poorest countries. The third is to deliver much more aid and make sure it is of the highest quality.

In 2005, there is a unique opportunity for making an impact. In September, world leaders will gather in New York to measure progress since they made the Millennium Declaration in the year 2000. That declaration promised to halve extreme poverty. But at the moment, the promise is falling tragically behind. Those leaders must now honour their promises to the world's poorest citizens.

Tomorrow, here in London, the G7 finance ministers can make a significant beginning. I am happy to have been invited to meet with them. The G8 leaders, when they meet in Scotland in July, have already promised to focus on the issue of poverty, especially in Africa.

I say to all those leaders: do not look the other way; do not hesitate. Recognise that the world is hungry for action, not words. Act with courage and vision.

I am proud to wear the symbol of this global call to action in 2005. This white band is from my country. In a moment, I want to give this band to you – young people of Britain – and ask you to take it forward along with millions of others to the G8 summit in July. I entrust it to you. I will be watching with anticipation.

We thank you for coming here today. Sometimes it falls upon a generation to be great. You can be that great generation. Let your greatness blossom.

Of course the task will not be easy. But not to do this would be a crime against humanity, against which I ask all humanity now to rise up.

Make Poverty History in 2005. Make History in 2005. Then we can all stand with our heads held high.

Thank you.

### TASKS – AO1/AO2/AO3

1. How effective are the speeches by Mandela and Joseph in persuading their audiences to share their points of view?
2. How can you tell that each one speaks for a wider group than just himself?
3. Where do they express pride in the people they represent?
4. Joseph is surrendering after losing a long struggle. To what extent do you think he preserves his dignity and gains the respect of his listeners in this speech?

5. What values and human qualities are important to these speakers? How can you tell?
6. Now look carefully at the ways in which these speakers have used **rhetorical features** and assess the effects they have achieved.
7. Pay attention to the way in which the speeches are **structured** and explain how the speakers have constructed their **arguments**.
8. How do the speakers engage their **audiences** by addressing them directly and appealing to their feelings?
9. What do you consider to be the impact of the **conclusions** of the speeches?

## Composition Builders to develop AO skills in paper 2

### PAPER 2: WRITING: CREATIVE WRITING

Showing ability to write for purpose and audience and, within the provided form.  
Using language for impact

- writing to explain
- writing to instruct/advise
- writing to argue
- writing to persuade

Allowing (where relevant) opportunities to: • give and respond to information

- select, organise and emphasise facts, ideas and key points
- cite evidence and quotation
- include rhetorical devices.

### Question Stimuli

Write to explain	Write to argue	Write to persuade	Write to instruct/advise
Explain what you think about...	Argue the case for or against the statement that...	Persuade the writer of the statement that...	Advise the reader of the best way to...

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### The range of forms that can be set:

- letter
- article
- text for a leaflet
- text of a speech
- essay.

### The features of forms that we would typically expect students to replicate in exam conditions

Letter	
As a minimum, students <b>should</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• an indication that someone is sending the letter to someone</li><li>• paragraphs.</li></ul>
More detailed/developed indicators of form <b>could</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• the use of addresses</li><li>• a date</li><li>• a formal mode of address if required e.g. Dear Sir/Madam or a named recipient</li><li>• effectively/fluent sequenced paragraphs</li><li>• an appropriate mode of signing off: Yours sincerely/faithfully.</li></ul>

Article	
As a minimum, students <b>should</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• the use of a simple title</li><li>• paragraphs.</li></ul>
More detailed/developed indicators of form <b>could</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• a clear/apt/original title</li><li>• a strapline</li><li>• subheadings</li><li>• an introductory (overview) paragraph</li><li>• effectively/fluent sequenced paragraphs.</li></ul>

<b>Text for a leaflet</b>	
As a minimum, students <b>should</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• the use of a simple title</li> <li>• paragraphs or sections.</li> </ul>
More detailed/developed indicators of form <b>could</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• a clear/apt/original title</li> <li>• organisational devices such as inventive subheadings or boxes</li> <li>• bullet points</li> <li>• effectively/fluently sequenced paragraphs.</li> </ul>

<b>Text of a speech</b>	
As a minimum, students <b>should</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• a simple address to an audience</li> <li>• sections</li> <li>• a final address to an audience.</li> </ul>
More detailed/developed indicators of form <b>could</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• a clear address to an audience</li> <li>• effective/fluently linked sections to indicate sequence</li> <li>• rhetorical indicators that an audience is being addressed throughout</li> <li>• a clear sign off e.g. 'Thank you for listening'.</li> </ul>

<b>Essay</b>	
As a minimum, students <b>should</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• a simple introduction and conclusion</li> <li>• paragraphs.</li> </ul>
More detailed/developed indicators of form <b>could</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• an effective introduction and convincing conclusion</li> <li>• effectively/fluently linked paragraphs to sequence a range of ideas.</li> </ul>

## Writing An Article

An example of how to structure and write an effective article

### Structure

The structure of an article for a newspaper, magazine or website, is usually in three parts:

- **introduction** – engaging the reader, or outlining the main point of the article to follow
- **middle** – making clear and interesting points about the topic
- **end** – a concluding paragraph that draws the points together

If the aim of an article is to persuade the reader, then the opening and closing paragraph will outline the writer's viewpoint and make it most memorable. Subheadings are sometimes used to signpost the content of each.

### Language

The language of an article depends upon the purpose and audience; usually, the vocabulary of the article will fit the topic content, and who it is targeted at. For example, you would expect an article about a recent film release to include the vocabulary of actors, scripts and performance.

A catchy, memorable headline is essential to grab your readers' attention and entice them to read the whole article.

Articles are usually written in Standard English, but colloquial sayings or phrases might be used to emphasise a point. Persuasive devices, such as rule of three, rhetorical questions and alliteration can be used to encourage the reader to agree with your point of view.

### Example

Here's an extract from an article that tries to persuade the reader to eat a more balanced, healthy diet:

#### **Eat Right: Live Longer**

It has been scientifically proven that the less junk food a person consumes, the longer they are likely to live. So why isn't everyone dumping the junk? Jordan McIntyre investigates.

#### **Fast food equals fat**

A staple part of twenty-first century British home-life is the weekly takeaway treat: finger-licking burgers, sticky ribs and crispy chicken wings are, for many, the normal

Friday night feast. The average national calorie count in the UK is a whopping 4500 a day, a key factor in the obesity cases that are soaring. Fast food is packed with fat and obesity contributes to a range of health issues - most significantly heart disease and depression. So why aren't we changing our lifestyles?

### Short on time

Families these days are spending less and less time at home during the working week. School commitments, work meetings and extra curricular activities mean that time is short and fewer people are prepared to put in the effort to prepare fresh, healthy meals.

And when time is tight, it seems we are even more willing to compromise our waistlines for a little bit of what we fancy – fast fatty food.

### Eat yourself healthy

However, Georgia Thomas of the University of Food says, 'I am convinced that it is possible to live a busy lifestyle AND prepare healthy, satisfying meals. It seems that people have simply got out of the habit of cooking. We are busy people; how do we reward ourselves? You guessed it - food.' Britain clearly needs to shift the stodge, and fast.

The article uses a short, bold headline using **alliteration** to get the reader's interest and present the topic of the article. The **rhetorical question** in the opening paragraph encourages the reader to challenge the topic.

The **subheadings** direct the reader through the text, and act as mini headlines, drawing the reader's attention. The writer uses **hyperbole**, and **colloquial** sayings to produce a lively, interesting article. This style of language is used throughout with phrases such as 'little bit of what we fancy' and 'shift the stodge' adding a conversational tone to the whole piece.

The final paragraph uses quotations from an **expert** to add credibility to the argument. You would expect the article to go on to explore how we can eat healthily and to conclude with an explanation of how easy it is to do this.



## 10 Minutes from Tragedy in Tokyo: *A Survivor's Story*

I had decided to go travelling before Uni and all of the tens of thousands of debt that come with it! I knew that if I didn't go now, then my chance would be gone. I'd spend the rest of my life chained to a desk to pay off my student debts with no chance of a week in Butlins never mind Barcelona or Buenos Aires!

The first stop in the East was Tokyo. I didn't know what to expect but when I got there I realised it was just like that film *Lost in Translation*: all bright lights and oceans of people all scurrying about going somewhere in a hurry.

I arrived on 8<sup>th</sup> March 2011.

But for what happened next that date probably wouldn't have been any more special than any other on the calendar. But that was the day when, for me at least, things would completely change.

I was in a youth hostel in the centre of the city when the quake struck. It was a surreal experience. I'd never experienced anything like it. The ground began shuffling beneath my feet. Then it stopped. It was a second, not even that, but it felt like eternity. I didn't know what to expect next.

Tokyo has a funny, surreal quality. At times it seems like any other city in any other country in the world.



Then it came.

The earth rocked underneath me as the building shuddered on its foundations. Suddenly, my brain clicked into gear: I'd seen disaster movies where they always run into door frames to protect themselves. I leapt for the nearest doorway.

And there I froze again.

What now? Do I just wait? What if the building comes down on top of me? What if I never leave the city again? I don't remember looking at what anyone else was doing. They didn't seem to matter.

But what about me?

Almost as if by magic I found myself in the street outside the hostel. It was a strange kind of magic – one that didn't require me to think. It just happened. I started walking amongst the rushing crowds away from the hostel.

But that day it felt like the weirdest place on Earth.

Lost and in a mass of people, I stopped. There was silence. There were faces all looking lost and terrified. There were people screaming, people shouting into mobile phones.

I saw everything and heard nothing. It was as if the true horror of their screams would come later. I didn't know when. I just had to wait and then the horror of what happened would grab me by the throat and stun me into the terror of the situation.

Suddenly, my eye was caught by something disappearing from the skyline. Like a bird dropping from the sky in mid-flight the horizon changed. Where there was once life there was no emptiness. Just a huge void of air.

And then it occurred to me: the hostel had collapsed along with some of the other buildings on that part of the street.

Just fallen like dominoes.  
Suddenly, I was struck. That void that now stood where the hostel once was could have consumed me too.

I was ten minutes from tragedy.

### TASK A –

**Write a short article of two paragraphs to review a film of your choice.**

Remember, you need to be concise, detailed and critical at the same time.

*You only have two paragraphs to do this in. Don't forget the **headline** and **subheading**. You are writing to **inform**.*

### TASK B –

‘Social media is a distraction from the learning and development of young people.’

Write an article for a broadsheet newspaper in which you argue for **or** against this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy)

**[40 marks]**

## Structure

A speech often follows a three part structure:

1. a highly engaging and motivational **opening**
2. a well-structured **argument** with several main points that include **objection handling**
3. a dynamic and memorable **conclusion**

## Language

A speech should be clear, coherent and should maintain a consistent point of view. The language you use will vary depending on your audience. In a speech to a professional audience, such as a business pitch or a talk to headteachers, **formal language** is more appropriate.

The purpose of a speech is often to convince listeners of a particular point of view. Language is typically persuasive.

Here are some persuasive devices you could include to make your speech more dynamic and memorable:

NB Examples are all from a speech **against** school uniforms.

Persuasive device	Definition	Example
Rhetorical question	A question posed to an audience, to which the speaker predicts the answer and gains support from the audience by asking.	<i>Wouldn't you feel happier if you could wear what you wanted to school?</i>
Rule of three	Grouping words or ideas in threes makes them memorable and persuasive.	<i>School uniforms are uncomfortable, itchy and worst of all, bland.</i>
Emotive language	Language that appeals to the emotions.	<i>Many students are forced to suffer the indignity of wearing clothes that do not match their personal style for the duration of their school</i>

Persuasive device	Definition	Example
		<i>careers.</i>
Handling objections	Consider what your opposition might say and deal with it before they do.	<i>Some people might say that uniforms save time, however...</i>
Hyperbole	Using exaggeration for effect.	<i>Millions of school children every year...</i>
Anecdote	Using real life examples to support your argument.	<i>One girl in a school in Dartford claims...</i>
Personal pronouns	Using 'we', 'I', 'you' to make your audience feel included.	<i>We all know how unimaginative school uniforms are...</i>

### Example

Here's a passage from a speech by Barack Obama about climate change. Notice how he shapes his language to match his audience and purpose:

***We**, the people, still believe that our obligations as Americans are not just to ourselves but to all prosperity. **We** will respond to the **threat** of climate change, knowing **that the failure to do so will betray our children** and future generations.*

*Some may still deny the overwhelming judgement of science, but none can avoid the **devastating impact of raging fires, crippling drought or powerful storms**. A path towards sustainable energy sources will be long and sometimes difficult, but America cannot resist this transition.*

*We **must** lead it! **We cannot concede** to other nations the technology that will power new jobs and new industries; **we must claim its promise**. That's how we will maintain our economic vitality and our national treasure. **You and I as citizens** have the power to set this country's course. **You and I as citizens** have the obligation to shape the debates of our time not only with the votes we cast but **with the voices we lift in defence** of our most ancient values and enduring ideas. **Will you join us?***

- the **audience** is American citizens
- the **purpose** is to convince people to take responsibility for acting on climate change
- note the repeated use of the **personal pronoun 'we'** within the opening paragraph to engage the listeners
- he deals with **objections** using the phrase 'Some may still deny' suggesting that the opposition are in a minority 'some' and that their position is unsteady 'may'
- in the second paragraph, Obama uses the highly **emotive** language 'devastating', 'crippling' and 'powerful' to influence his listeners and to highlight the negative impact that climate change has had on America
- Obama then ends on a powerful message, using 'we' and 'our' to suggest to the audience that they are all together and he is working with them
- he uses forceful language and **imperatives** in the repeated 'We must'
- he finishes with a **rhetorical question**, calling the audience to take action

A. 'There is too much war and conflict in the 21<sup>st</sup> century compared to the 20<sup>th</sup> century.'

Write a speech in which you argue for or against this statement.

(Total for Question 8 = 40 marks / 24 marks for organisation & content / 16 marks for technical accuracy)

B. 'Environmental responsibility should be taught from very young so that we have a chance to save our future.'

Write a speech in which you try to persuade young people to become more environmentally friendly.

(Total for Question 8 = 40 marks / 24 marks for organisation & content / 16 marks for technical accuracy)

### Section B: Writing

**Q5.** 'These days, there is no point in travelling to see the world: we can see it all on TV or on the Internet.'

Write an article for a teenage magazine in which you explain your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation)

16 marks for technical accuracy)

**[40 marks]**

**Q5.** Write a speech to deliver in a school assembly about the importance of having a healthy lifestyle.

(24 marks for content and organisation)

16 marks for technical accuracy)

**[40 marks]**

**Q5.** 'Your identity has nothing to do with the town or country or continent you come from. Being British, European, Asian or African makes no difference to who you are.'

Write an online article aimed at teenagers, giving your thoughts in response to this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation)

16 marks for technical accuracy)

**[40 marks]**

## ASSESSMENT SYMMETRY GRID

<b>PAPER 1</b> <b>Fiction</b>  <b>1 Text</b>  An extract from a novel, short story, literary prose, 19 <sup>th</sup> century or modern	<b>Question 1</b>  List 4 things  AO1   4 marks	<b>Question 2</b>  The writer's use of language  AO2	<b>Question 3</b>  The writer's use of structure  AO2	<b>Question 4</b>  To what extent do you agree? Evaluate critically.  AO4	<b>Question 5</b>  Creative Writing  Either a narrative or descriptive writing task  AO5 AO6  40 marks
<b>PAPER 2</b> <b>Non Fiction</b>  <b>2 Texts</b>  Articles, letters or speeches on a specific theme over two time periods; 20 <sup>th</sup> /21 <sup>st</sup> century and 19 <sup>th</sup> century	<b>Question 1</b>  True or False Statements  AO1   4 marks	<b>Question 2</b>  Write a Summary  AO1	<b>Question 3</b>  The writer's uses language  AO2	<b>Question 4</b>  Compare and Contrast writers' perspectives  AO3	<b>Question 5</b>  Creative Writing  Either an article, speech or letter to express your views  AO5 AO6  40 marks
		8 marks	12 marks	16 marks	



## MODELLING ANSWERS FOR EXAMS

### Paper 1

#### Overview

##### **Texts**

The texts will be extracts from literary prose fiction (such as novels and short stories) and will focus on:

- openings
- endings
- narrative or descriptive passages
- character development
- atmospheric descriptions
- scene changes
- dramatic events

Other may also be included where it is deemed an appropriate challenge to students. They will be from the 20th or 21st century and therefore pre 1914 or post 1914. All texts will be unseen.

Towards the end of this booklet, you will be able to see a collection of chapter openings, endings and developments from a range of texts to develop your reading skills.

## Section A: Reading

### Question 1 (AO1 4 MARKS)

This question requires students to **select the right information** by **taking out information** from the texts. Responses can be **either quotations** or **paraphrased** from the text. Copying out the whole sentence or section will not meet the assessment objective and you won't get the easy 4 marks for the question.

**Take out any four statements from the section provided (i.e. paragraph one or lines 1-15 etc.). You can re-word, paraphrase or take out words and shorten the statements.**

#### **Example A:**

Alexander Cold awakened at dawn, startled by a nightmare. He had been dreaming that an enormous black bird had crashed against the window with a clatter of shattered glass, flown into the house, and carried off his mother. In the dream, he had watched helplessly as it clasped her clothing in its yellow claws, flew out the same broken window, and disappeared into a sky heavy with dark clouds.

### Section A: Reading

Answer all questions in this section.  
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

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Read again the first part of the source from lines 1 to 5.

List **four** things about the bird in Alex's nightmare from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

1	<hr/>
	<hr/>
2	<hr/>
	<hr/>
3	<hr/>
	<hr/>
4	<hr/>
	<hr/>

#### Answers:

- It was black / the bird was black / it was a black bird
- It was enormous / it was enormous in size / the bird was enormous
- It crashed against the window / the bird crashed against the window
- It shattered the glass / the bird shattered the glass / the bird hit the glass and shattered it
- It flew into the house / it came inside the house
- It carried off Alex's mother / the bird to Alex's mother away
- It had yellow claws / the bird had yellow claws
- It disappeared into the dark sky / the bird disappeared in to the night sky / it disappeared in to the darkness

**Example B:**

Dusk came down; or grew up out of the sands and the sea; or curled around us from the calling docks and the bloodily smoking sun. The day was done, the sands brushed and ruffled suddenly with a sea-brush of cold wind. We gathered together all the spades and buckets and towels, empty hampers and bottles, umbrellas, bats and balls, and we went -oh, listen, Dad!- to the Fair in the dusk on the bald seaside field.

Read again the first part of the source, lines 1 to 6.

List **four** details from this paragraph that describe the evening.

A It became dusk

B Dusk came from the docks and the sun

C The day was finished

D There was a sudden cold wing

**[4 marks]**

## Question 2 (AO2 8 MARKS)

This question assesses language.

The bullet points are a guide for students to respond point by point. Thus you can first mention how words and phrases create particular meaning and then mention what it infers (or what it makes the reader think). You can then discuss literary devices such as alliteration, similes, metaphors or others that appear in the section that is shown to you. Again mention what it suggests or alludes to (what it makes the reader think!). Finally you can mention sentence forms and how the simplicity or complexity of the sentence structures, have a particular effect on purpose, meaning and the reader's response.

Remember: Focus on **words, phrases, literary devices, sentence forms**. Use the bullet points to guide you.

### **Example:**

Look in detail at this extract from **lines 6 to 11** of the source:

**What had awakened him was the noise from the storm: wind lashing the trees, rain on the rooftop, and thunder. He turned on the light with a sensation of being adrift in a boat, and pushed closer to the bulk of the large dog sleeping beside him. He pictured the roaring Pacific Ocean a few blocks from his house, spilling in furious waves against the rocks. He lay listening to the storm and thinking about the black bird and about his mother, waiting for the pounding in his chest to die down. He was still tangled in the images of his bad dream.**

**How does the writer use language here to describe the effects of the storm? You could include the writer's choice of:**

- **words and phrases**
- **language features and techniques**
- **sentence forms.**

**[8 marks]**

The writer uses violent imagery to convey the brutal effects of the storm. The wind is 'lashing' the trees, a verb implying it is so forceful it is ruthlessly thrashing them, as if nature is inflicting a cruel punishment on the landscape. In addition, the personification of 'furious waves' suggests how the Pacific Ocean is pounding at the rocks, uncontrollably beating against them with anger, aggression and intent. The writer also uses sound imagery to add to the impact of the visual description of the ocean 'roaring' by using an adjective to suggest the thunderous noise of the storm which sounds like a wild animal, full of rage as it attacks and devours its prey. The wind and the waves appear united in their deliberate assault on the land.

Alliteration is highlighted in the mention of the 'black bird' and the 'rain on the rooftop'. This creates a rhythm that accentuates the effects of the storm and what it has in store for the character experiencing its menace.

The sentences form a detailing of the environment which provides the reader with a life-like picture of the circumstances that the character finds himself in. The punctuation markers such as the colon in the initial sentence, readies the reader for the emphasised description of the storm and its effect on the trees, rooftop and the imminent thunder.

## **Or**

The writer uses violent verbs to describe the powerful effects of the storm. He says the wind is 'lashing' the trees, which suggests it is whipping them, as if trying to destroy the land. The phrase 'furious waves' reinforces this idea, with the adjective 'furious' implying the Pacific Ocean is wild, angry and aggressive as it crashes against the rocks. The ocean is also 'roaring'; a deafening noise to suggest it is attacking the land like a wild animal.

The writer says the wind is 'lashing' the trees, which makes it seem like it is hitting against them and shaking them about. The waves are described as 'furious', and this suggests that they are really angry. The writer also uses sound in 'roaring Pacific Ocean', where the adjective 'roaring' tells us the storm is very noisy.

Plan:

3 / 4 PEEs:

**\*Use subject terminology in your response\***

P – comment on the **language (words & phrases)** used in the text to answer the question

E – use a quotation to support your point

E – explain what effect is created by the language

Z – ‘zoom in’ on a key word using subject terminology

A – analyse the effect of the key word

P – comment on the **literary devices** used in the text to answer the question

E – refer to the text to support your point

E – explain how the literary device engages the audience / reader

P – comment on the **sentence forms** used in the text to answer the question

E – refer to the text to support your point

E – explain how the sentence form impacts the text and why you think it has been used

Language Subject Terminology
Use of: Powerful words Adjectives Adverbs Descriptive language and imagery– metaphor, simile, personification, alliteration, sibilance, onomatopoeia, etc.  Short sentences Long, complex sentences Sentence types: exclamative, declarative, interrogative, imperative

### Question 3 AO2 8 MARKS

**This question assesses structure.**

This requires students to respond to the structure of the whole text (looking at the shape and the way it has all been put together). For example, in the first specimen paper, the extract from 'Jamaica Inn' provided the **opportunity to consider the change in focus from the general to the specific**, from the driver to the passengers, and from outside to inside the coach. **Other features, such as change of time and place, could also be mentioned.**

**Sentence structure analysis**, whilst still appropriate, **should only be referenced where** students think that **such analysis contributes to the structure of the whole**, for example, **a recurring motif or pattern that informs meaning.**

Q3 demands an extended response and **we recommend writing in detail about two or three well-chosen structural features.**

Use the bullet points to guide you.

**Example:**

You now need to think about the whole of the source.  
This text is taken from the beginning of a novel.

**How is the text structured to interest you as a reader?**

**You could write about:**

- **what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning**
- **how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops**
- **any other structural features that interest you.**

**[8 marks]**

**Answers:**

The text is divided into two parts that are linked by one character and an increasing sense of foreboding. At the beginning, the writer immediately establishes person, place and time by focusing our attention on Alexander Cold



waking in his bedroom 'at dawn, startled by a nightmare', before narrowing to the specific details of the dream, where a huge black bird 'carried off his mother'. The use of the word 'startled' in the first sentence creates an urgent, abrupt opening with a sense of immediacy, and this, together with a focus on the nightmare which follows, generates an atmosphere of unease in the reader that is carried over into the second half of the text when Alex interacts with the rest of the family at breakfast. Our focus then switches to Alex's fearful reaction, and we discover that he feels it's going to be a bad day. The key sentence 'There had been a lot of days like that since his mother got sick' is structurally important because it is the first mention of his mother being ill. It takes us back to the nightmare at the beginning and we now understand the significance of his mother being carried off: the black bird is a symbol of death. In particular, the words 'watched helplessly' take on a new meaning for the reader at this point in the text: possibly the reason Alex feels so bad is that he can do nothing to protect his mother.

## **Or**

The text is divided into two parts: in the first half, the writer focuses our attention on a single character, Alexander Cold, before later showing how he interacts with the rest of his family. The very first line of the text explains that Alex is waking in his bed 'at dawn, startled by a nightmare', so person, place and time are immediately established. The focus then narrows to details of the dream, where a huge black bird 'carried off his mother'. The use of the word 'startled' in the first sentence creates a sudden and abrupt opening, and this, together with the focus on the nightmare which follows, instils a sense of unease in the reader. After this we switch to Alex's frightened reaction, and learn that he thinks it's going to be a bad day. The sentence 'There had been a lot of days like that since his mother got sick' is important because it is the first mention of his mother being ill. It reminds us of the nightmare at the beginning, and at this point we understand the meaning of it and that Alex is scared she might die.

Remember: What happens in the beginning – what is the reader's response

What happens after; what is the change or transition and what happens to the reader?

How does the sentence structure, paragraphs and punctuation help to keep the reader interested?

**The structure of a text can refer to:**

- the ordering of the events and particular techniques being used such as flash back or flash forward to draw the reader's attention to a particular point in time first
- the ordering of ideas
- the use of different elements, such as bullet points or **dialogue**, headings or subheadings
- withholding information until a later point to shock or interest the reader

**Using paragraphs to structure a text:**

Look at the way the key ideas in a piece are ordered. This will help you work out the structure. There is usually one important idea per paragraph, but some texts have more.

Within each paragraph, ideas can be structured in different ways. A common approach is to start with a topic sentence – the big idea – and then develop it with details or examples. Paragraphs often end with a hook to make you consider the ideas included in the paragraph that you have just read, or a link to the next paragraph.

The number and order of paragraphs, the order of the ideas, and how each paragraph is constructed are all features you can comment on when talking about structure.

Additionally, a shortened paragraph that stands out to the reader can sometimes indicate a change in viewpoint or significant point in the text that the writer may offer a counter argument.

Plan:

3 / 4 PEEs:

**\*Use subject terminology in your response\***

P – comment on the **structure** used in the beginning of the text to answer the question

E – use a quotation to support your point

E – explain what effect is created by the structure

Z – ‘zoom in’ on a key word using subject terminology

A – analyse the effect of the key word

P – comment on the **structure** used in the text to answer the question

E – refer to the text to support your point

E – explain how the structure impacts the text and why you think it has been used

You should be making points about:

Structure Subject Terminology
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Use of:
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Paragraph lengths – long and short
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Short sentences
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Long, complex sentences
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Engaging punctuation - ! ; ? : , ‘ ”
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Sentence types: exclamative, declarative, interrogative, imperative
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#### Question 4 (AO4 20 MARKS)

1. Identify the focus(es) of the pupil's statement in response to the extract.	It is useful to consider the bullet points in relation to the statement, but you <b>must</b> focus on the pupil's statement in your response.
2. Write an initial response to the pupil's statement.	Although the question asks to what extent you agree with the statement, it is okay to agree completely. You do not have to propose alternative interpretations.
3. Paying attention to the lines you have been directed to in the question, read the extract and highlight textual references <b><i>which support your response to the statement.</i></b>	
4. Look at the quotations that you have identified. Which 'methods' has the writer used to create a particular impression, or to convey certain information? It is important to use the correct terminology when writing about methods.	Has the writer chosen positive or negative words to describe character/ setting? Has she chosen words because of their connotations (associations)? <i>What techniques has the writer used to describe character/setting/mood/atmosphere?</i>
5. Identify the writer's use of syntactic (word order/choices) effects to guide your response to the event, character or setting.	Has the writer used short, simple sentences to create a sense of drama, or to emphasise a particular idea? Has the writer used elliptical and minor sentences to create an informal 'chatty' tone? Has the writer used effects like listing? What effect do they have on the reader?
6. Identify the writer's use of structural effects to guide your response to the character and add these to your mind-map.	Are there any repeated words or images? Is the extract in the first or third person? What is the effect of this? How does the extract begin and how does it end? Is there a contrast (e.g. over confident boxer at the beginning of the bout, but physically crushed by the end)? Does the focus shift during the course of the extract (e.g. from one character to another?) What is the effect of this?

The use of the statement followed by 'to what extent' enables students to **evaluate both the statement and text, and is intended to prompt a personal response.**

The statement allows students the option of agreeing, partly agreeing, or disagreeing entirely with the statement. The mark scheme rewards students for the quality of their evaluation and will not prescribe one approach over another.

Therefore you need to mention what the writer has presented, your own views and use references from the text to support your statements.

This question is testing your ability to **inference** consistently throughout your response.

**Example:**

Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source from **line 16 to the end.**

**A student said 'This part of the story, set during breakfast time, shows that Alex is struggling to cope with his mother's illness.'**

**To what extent do you agree?**

**In your response, you could:**

- **consider your own impressions of Alex**
- **evaluate how the writer shows that Alex is struggling to cope**
- **support your response with references to the text.**

**[20 marks]**

**Answers:**

I agree that Alex is struggling to cope with his mother's illness because he is angry with everyone: 'his father, his sisters, life in general – even with his mother for getting sick'. This suggests he is desperately looking for someone to blame and isn't dealing with the situation very well at all. The writer shows this through dialogue, when Alex snaps at his sisters, rather than trying to reassure them like an older brother should. The writer also shows Alex isn't coping by

comparing what his mother used to be like before she became ill to what she's like now. The metaphor 'little more than a silent ghost' suggests she has become almost an invisible presence in the life of the family.

**Or**

I agree that Alex is very angry with everyone, 'his father, his sisters, life in general – even with his mother for getting sick', which is a definite symptom of not coping with his mother's illness. His behaviour is irrational, especially blaming his mother for becoming ill, but he is a young boy, caught up in circumstances over which he has no control, and he is full of frustration and desperate to find someone to blame. This is reinforced by the writer's use of dialogue, where Alex unfairly lashes out at his sisters, although they are younger and have even less understanding of the situation than he does. The writer also shows Alex isn't coping through a comparison of past and present versions of his mother: she was an artist whose paintings were once 'explosions of colour' but now 'her oil paints dried in their tubes'. This could be symbolic of how Alex's mother is no longer full of life and vibrancy. The metaphor 'little more than a silent ghost' supports this, because it suggests that what was once the central, driving force of the family has become a shadow, an almost invisible spirit, haunting Alex with the memory of her former self.

Example:

Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source, **from line 21 to the end.**

**A student, having read this section of the text said: "The writer skilfully conveys the prejudice of the mother and the naivety of the child. It is really convincing."**

**To what extent do you agree?**

**In your response, you should:**

- **write about your own impressions of the narrator as a child and of her mother**
- **evaluate how the writer has created these impressions**
- **support your opinions with quotations from the text. [20 marks]**

I agree that the writer skilfully conveys the prejudices of the mother and the naivety of the child in this section of *Oranges Are Not The Only Fruit*. The reader can instantly recognise that the mother's prejudices are based on presumptions about people that are stereotypically perceived as an outsider, the Gypsy Women. The narrator states that his mother said 'that the women dealt in unnatural passion.' This was her reasoning to deter the narrator from going to a particular shop and instead encouraged to go to another. This allows the reader to then understand the naivety of the child. He himself is not aware by what 'unnatural passions' may be, whether they are to do with certain leanings or whether they are to do with activities that may endanger a child. The narrator remarks 'I thought she meant they put chemicals in their sweets.' Here it is clear to see that the innocent assumptions of the child are that the women's unnatural passions were just the use of additives in sweets; he does not recognise that there was possibly a sinister motivation, at least according to his mother.

The mother's prejudices are also highlighted by her refusal to let her son to go to the shops of the women and she enacts an order of segregation upon the child. The narrator states 'my mother said firmly and forever, no.' The alliterated phrase of 'firmly and forever' was a definitive blow to the child's innocence as he is being forced to keep away from other human beings of which he sees no harm in dealing with. The imperative statement, 'no', is a damning one for the child as it conveys his mother's prejudices in the most simplest of forms without her having to elaborate as to why. This is further noticed when the narrator states, 'I couldn't understand why not, and she wouldn't explain.' This shows that the mother is quite strong in her down right refusals, very keen on leaving the child in the dark and it keeps him guessing. Again his naivety shines through as he is seemingly dumbfounded and confused rather than reacting emotionally. However the reader is allowed to

peer in to his emotional characteristics later on when he states ‘I was sorry about that’ when he had been told to collect comics from another shop. The audience is then allowed to sympathise with the character and understand his innocent frustrations although the reader is made all too aware that the context is much more complex from an observer’s point of view.

### Evaluative Language

Highly imaginative	Highly creative	High standard	High quality	Exquisite
Fine	Superior	Perfect	Extensive	Outstanding
Excellent	Innovative	Inventive	Exceptional	Superb
Superior	Exemplary	Accomplished	Masterly	Very good

Worthwhile	Beneficial	Used well	Pleasing	Valuable
Able	Thorough	Useful	Powerful	Sufficient
Acceptable	Useful	Solid	Sound	Valid
Average	Responsive	Satisfactory	Effective	Appropriate
Suitable	Efficient	Competent	Relevant	Adequate

Incompetent	Inefficient	Unable	Weak
Poor	Incorrect	Unsuitable	Invalid
Lively	Comprehensive	Successful	Skilful



## Section B: Writing

### Question 5 (AO5 / AO6 40 MARKS)

Students are required to write a creative **response linked to the topic or theme of the Source in Section A**. They have the opportunity to demonstrate their **narrative** or **descriptive** writing skills in response to a written prompt or a visual image. The question will give a choice of: a descriptive and a narrative task, two descriptive or two narrative tasks.

We accept that it is likely that **descriptive pieces could well include elements of narrative**, and **narrative is very likely to include elements of descriptive writing** – but the **main focus should be descriptive for descriptive writing and narrative for narrative writing**.

The statement that precedes Q5 on Paper 1 tells students the audience and purpose of the writing. Students will be credited for their writing in terms of content and organisation (AO5) and technical accuracy (AO6). A useful skill for students will be to craft their work and leave an appropriate amount of time to check and review their work.

- **Content and Organisation:** Communicate clearly, effectively and imaginatively, selecting and adapting tone, style and register for different forms, purposes and audiences. Organise information and ideas, using structural and grammatical features to support coherence and cohesion of texts.
- **Technical Accuracy:** Use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation. This is worth 20% of the entire exam paper.
- **Five Senses:** Use the five senses to help you craft great writing; seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting and feeling. These would give you at least five paragraphs of solid writing.
- **Show Don't Tell:** apply this method to make your writing stay at the highest level. You need to let the reader imagine and form ideas around your own writing rather than detailing every moment. **Show, don't tell** is a technique often employed in various kinds of texts to enable the reader to experience the story through action, words, thoughts, senses, and feelings rather than through the author's exposition, summarization, and description. The goal is

not to drown the reader in heavy-handed adjectives, but rather to allow readers to interpret significant details in the text.

- **SHOWING** is for making the reader *feel* they're in there: feel as in smell, touch, see, hear, believe the actual experience of the characters. As John Gardner says, it's by being convincing in the reality and detail of how we evoke our imagined world - by what the characters do and say - that we persuade the reader to read the story we're telling *as if* it really happened, even though we all know it didn't. That means working with the immediate physical and emotional actions and experience of the characters: your rage beating in your ears, the wind whipping your cheeks, a beggar clutching at your coat. The more I talk about Showing, the more I call it **evoking**, sometimes **presenting**, and occasionally **channelling**.
- **TELLING** is for covering the ground, when you need to, as a narrator (whether the narrator is a character, or an implied, external narrator in a third person narrative). It's supplying information: the storyteller saying "Once upon a time", or "A volunteer army was gathered together", or "The mountains were covered in fine, volcanic ash". So it's a little more removed from the immediate experience of the moment. The more I talk about Telling, the more I call it **informing**, sometimes **explaining**, and occasionally **understanding**.
- **Telling/informing:** *The temperature had fallen overnight and the heavy frost reflected the sun's rays brightly.*
- **Showing/evoking:** *The morning air was bitter ice in her nose and mouth, and dazzling frost lay on every bud and branch.*
- **Telling/informing:** *The taller man was a carpenter, complete with the tools of his trade.*
- **Showing/evoking:** *A saw and hammer dangled from his belt and an adze was hooked into it, one thumbnail was black, and when he bowed she saw several long wood-shavings caught in his curly hair.*
- **Telling/informing:** *They stood close and wrapped their arms round each other in a passionate embrace, so that she became aware that he had been riding, and then that he was as nervous as she was.*
- **Showing/evoking:** *They gripped each other and the tweed of his jacket was rough under her cheek. His hand came up to stroke her hair; she smelled leather and horses on the skin of his wrist. He was trembling.*

- Note that though showing is often a bit longer than telling the same thing, it isn't here, and it needn't be. There is also a good case for sometimes leaving things more open and un-particularised, for the reader to read their own imagined stuff into. But, usually, you're trying to make the world and the experience of the characters come alive for us, with the vivid, immediate scratch-and-sniff of life: "convincing in the reality and detail". This is most important, of course, at the important moments of change in a story, the crucial events in the characters' journey through the plot; they, above all, must live for us as vividly as possible, by being fully embodied - fully evoked:
- **Telling/informing:** *James was tall and attractive to women, being so charming to them that they fell for him immediately and never guessed how little he cared for them.*
- **Showing/evoking:** Show us how James stands at the bar, give us what he says, show us Anna looking up into his face and seeing love in his smile... and then show us what James says, in the gents toilet, about making sure this girl - "What's her name? Anna?" - doesn't discover his address.
- Dialogue is basically always Showing - it is actual action - although do be careful that a) the character's voice is right for who they are and the way they talk is characteristic, and b) you don't use dialogue as a way of stuffing in slabs of Tell-ing which just happens to have "" round it.

## Good Story Openings: 8 lessons from famous first lines

### 1. Good story openings make us want more information

A strong story opening immediately makes you want to know more. The author tantalizes you with incomplete knowledge. Take the opening line of Donna Tartt's *The Secret History*, for example:

*The snow in the mountains was melting and Bunny had been dead for several weeks before we came to understand the gravity of our situation.*

Referring to the death of a character with an unusual nickname makes us want answers to 'who' and 'why'. Who's Bunny and why's he dead? Tartt's use of past-perfect tense ('Bunny **had been** dead for several weeks before...') extends the sense of mystery to the events following on from Bunny's death.

We intuit that we'll find out not only how and why Bunny died but the aftermath, too. The first person plural in 'our situation' conjures a cast of shadowy characters in the background. This is a lot to compress into a first sentence. The opening teases us with unanswered questions, hinting at the narrator's possible complicity (along with the involvement of other, not-yet-introduced characters).

### 2. Good opening sentences introduce a novel's themes

Many great novels open with narration or description that *doesn't* immediately suggest the themes that will run throughout. There is no absolute 'rule' for first lines (other than to craft a good sentence). Yet many celebrated novels do open with lines that establish theme.

The opening to Charles Dickens' A Tale of Two Cities is one of the most famous first lines in fiction:

*It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way – in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.*

Dickens' first line is an excellent example of a catchy first sentence. The parallel construction contrasting extreme opposites is memorable due to its repetitive, poem-like structure. It also clearly establishes theme. It suggests the book's preoccupation with historical processes (specifically the French Revolution). The societal extremes of poverty and wealth, power and powerlessness that Dickens examines are introduced by the polar opposites of his opening sentence.

### 3. Strong story beginnings make bold statements

The opening sentence of Leo Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* (Constance Garnett translation) is another famous first line from classic fiction.

*Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.*

Tolstoy's first line introduces the domestic strife that drives the story's tragic events, using a bold, sweeping statement. The opening line is effective for two reasons. On one hand, it makes a claim we might argue with. 'Happy families are just as diverse as unhappy ones,' we might object.

Secondly, the opening sentence is well constructed. The opposition between happy and unhappy families has symmetry. The sentence structure draws our attention to this opposition. It's clear structure makes us dwell on the statement and become curious about how this claim will be proven by the story.

### 4. An interesting story opening sets story development in motion

Interesting first lines of novels often begin with striking character actions that prepare the stage for further developments. The opening sentence of George Orwell's famous novella about farm animals staging a revolt introduces the antagonist, the farmer who is the villain to the revolutionary animals:

*Mr. Jones, of the Manor Farm, had locked the hen-houses for the night, but was too drunk to remember to shut the pop-holes.*

Orwell shows his character making a mistake in the first line. Because Orwell mentions Jones's oversight, it becomes significant – we surmise there will be consequences. Through this, an impending plot development (the animals managing to meet and organize rebellion) is shown from the start.

## 5. Effective openings set fitting tone

The first sentence of a novel doesn't necessarily need to focus on your protagonist or a central character. Take the first line of the first book in J.K.

Rowling's *Harry Potter* series, for example:

*Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much.*

Rowling begins the book with light, humorous description of Harry's cruel aunt and uncle. This choice is effective because Rowling continues to labour the fact that the Dursleys are completely normal, and this alerts us to (and creates contrast with) anything that departs from this idea of normality (as Rowling's magical world of wizards does).

Besides establishing a light tone fitting for a YA fantasy novel, Rowling's opening establishes the contrasts between the fantastical world Harry discovers and the oppressively 'normal' muggle/non-magical world he grew up in.

## 6. Creative first lines take licence to play with narrative time

There's nothing to say that your story absolutely *must* begin at the beginning. Many story openings cut forward to later events or recall much earlier ones than the main time-frame of the story.

Gabriel Garcia Marquez's brilliant opening sentence to his novel *One Hundred Years of Solitude* is a good example:

*Many years later, as he faced the firing squad, Colonel Aureliano Buendia was to remember that distant afternoon when his father took him to discover ice.*

There are many reasons why Marquez's opening sentence works. We have a sense of the character's future from the start, and it's a dramatic, unusual future. Why will Buendia face the firing squad? This is something we read on to find out.

Marquez's first line is a strong example of clever opening lines because it looks forwards and back simultaneously. We have a sense of the character's nostalgia for the past (his excursion with his father) along with the ominous

future that awaits him. We know we'll find out more about the character's curious past and future if we continue.

## 7. Inviting first lines of novels orient us with context

Inviting opening lines of novels lay down context for the events that follow. We're introduced to a setting or a point in narrative time.

The first line of Harper Lee's celebrated *To Kill a Mockingbird*, for example, establishes the teenage viewpoint of the narrator Scout's world:  
*When he was nearly thirteen my brother Jem got his arm badly broken at the elbow.*

The line itself perhaps doesn't rank with the greatest openings of all time: it's simple and doesn't tease any great mystery. Yet it's precisely this simplicity and the family-oriented voice of Scout that leads us into the story.

Scout reports the events of the story, from the racist trial at the story's heart to the antics of the town recluse, Boo Radley. Scout as narrator is a witness to the pain of others: Her brother's arm, her father's engagement with social injustice, or the trauma of Boo Radley.

## 8. The best first lines introduce strong narrators' voices

A great aspect of first person narrators is the immediacy of the first person pronoun, 'I'. Starting a story using first person means introducing a character's worldview and psychology from the start. J.D. Salinger does this brilliantly in *The Catcher in the Rye*, creating a vivid impression of the cynical Holden Caulfield:

*If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth.*

Holden's words come across as sarcastic and world-weary, creating a vivid portrait of a disaffected teen. The direct address to the reader takes the reader into the narrator's confidence, rapidly establishing intimacy, too. This inviting voice gets us to invest emotionally in the narrator quickly.

## EXPRESSIVE LITERARY PHRASES – For descriptive and narrative writing

A bitterness crept into her face  
A blazing blue sky poured down torrents of light  
A book to beguile the tedious hours  
A brave but turbulent aristocracy  
A broad, complacent, admiring imbecility breathed from his nose and lips  
A curious and inexplicable uneasiness  
A curious vexation fretted her  
A daily avalanche of vituperation  
A dandified, pretty-boy-looking sort of figure  
A grim and shuddering fascination  
A gush of entrancing melody  
A gusty breeze blew her hair about unheeded  
A half-breathless murmur of amazement and incredulity  
A half-uneasy, half-laughing compunction  
A new doubt assailed her  
A new marvel of the sky  
A new trouble was dawning on his thickening mental horizon  
A nimble-witted opponent  
A painful thought was flooding his mind  
A pang of jealousy not unmingled with scorn  
A sudden and stinging delight  
A sudden gleam of insight  
A sudden uncontrollable outburst of feeling  
A super-abundance of boisterous animal spirits  
A supercilious scorn and pity  
A super-refinement of taste  
A swaggering air of braggadocio



A sweet bewilderment of tremulous apprehension  
A sweet, quiet, sacred, stately seclusion  
A swift knowledge came to her  
A swift unformulated fear  
A swiftly unrolling panorama of dreams  
Beside himself in an ecstasy of pleasure  
Betokening an impulsive character  
Beyond the farthest edge of night  
Birds were fluting in the tulip-trees  
Biting sentences flew about  
Black inky night  
Blithe with the bliss of the morning  
Blown about by every wind of doctrine  
Bookish precision and professional peculiarity  
Clutch at the very heart of the usurping mediocrity  
Cold gaze of curiosity  
Collapse into a dreary and hysterical depression  
Comment of rare and delightful flavour  
Conjuring up scenes of incredible beauty and terror  
Conscious of unchallenged supremacy  
Constant indulgence of wily stratagem and ambitious craft  
Contemptuously indifferent to the tyranny of public opinion  
Day stood distinct in the sky  
Days of vague and fantastic melancholy  
Days that are brief and shadowed  
Deep shame and rankling remorse  
Deficient in affectionate or tender impulses  
Delicately emerging stars

Delicious throng of sensations  
Despite her pretty insolence  
Dignity and sweet patience were in her look  
Dim opalescence of the moon  
Dimly foreshadowed on the horizon  
Easily moved to gaiety and pleasure  
Either way her fate was cruel  
Embrace with ardour the prospect of serene leisure  
Endearing sweetness and manner  
Endeavouring to smile away his chagrin  
Endlessly shifting moods  
Endowed with all those faculties that can make the world a garden of enchantment  
Endowed with life and emphasis  
Expectation darkened into anxiety  
Experience and instinct warred within her  
Feeling humiliated by the avowal  
Felicitousness in the choice and exquisiteness in the collocation of words  
Fettered by poverty and toil  
Feverish tide of life  
Fine precision of intent  
Fitful tumults of noble passion  
Fleeting touches of something alien and intrusive  
Floating in the clouds of reverie  
Fluctuations of prosperity and adversity  
Glowing with haste and happiness  
Go straight, as if by magic, to the inner meaning  
Goaded on by his sense of strange importance  
Graceful length of limb and fall of shoulders

Great shuddering seized on her  
Green hills pile themselves upon each other's shoulders  
Grim and sullen after the flush of the morning  
He airily lampooned their most cherished prejudices  
He bowed submission  
He braced himself to the exquisite burden of life  
He condescended to intimate speech with her  
He conversed with a colourless fluency  
He could detect the hollow ring of fundamental nothingness  
He could do absolutely naught  
He drank of the spirit of the universe  
He drew near to a desperate resolve  
He evinced his displeasure by a contemptuous sneer or a grim scowl  
He was born to a lively and intelligent patriotism  
He was dimly mistrustful of it  
He was discreetly silent  
He was empty of thought  
He was entangled in a paradox  
His soul was wrung with a sudden wild homesickness  
His speech faltered  
His swift and caustic satire  
His temper was dark and explosive  
His thoughts galloped  
His thoughts were in clamouring confusion  
I yielded to the ingratiating mood of the day  
Ill-bred insolence was his only weapon  
Ill-dissimulated fits of ambition  
Imbued with a vernal freshness

Immense and careless prodigality  
Immense objects which dwarf us  
Immersed in secret schemes  
Immured in a trivial round of duty  
In a wise, superior, slightly scornful manner  
In accents of menace and wrath  
In its whole unwieldy compass  
In moments of swift and momentous decision  
In quest of something to amuse  
In requital for various acts of rudeness  
Jealousies and animosities that pricked their sluggish blood to tingling  
Joy rioted in his large dark eyes  
Judging without waiting to ponder over bulky tomes  
Kind of unscrupulous contempt for gravity  
Kiss-provoking lips  
Laden with the poignant scent of the garden honeysuckle  
Language of excessive flattery and adulation  
Lapped in soft music of adulation  
Lapse into pathos and absurdity  
Large, dark, luminous eyes that behold everything about them  
Latent vein of whimsical humour  
Lead to the strangest aberrations  
Moulded by the austere hand of adversity  
Moments of utter idleness and insipidity  
Moods of malicious reaction and vindictive recoil  
Morn, in yellow and white, came broadening out of the mountains  
Mumble only jargon of dotage  
My body is too frail for its moods

Night passes lightly in the open world, with its stars and dews and perfumes  
Nights of fathomless blackness  
No mark of trick or artifice  
Noble and sublime patience  
Nursed by brooding thought  
One gracious fact emerges here  
One long torture of soul  
One of the golden twilights which transfigure the world  
Oppressed and disheartened by an all-pervading desolation  
Oppressed with a confused sense of cumbrous material  
Perpetual gloom and seclusion of life  
Pertinent to the thread of the discussion  
Pervasive silence which wraps us in a mantle of content  
Piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon  
Platitudinous and pompously sentimental  
Plaudits of the unlettered mob  
Pleasant and flower-strewn vistas of airy fancy  
Quickened and enriched by new contacts with life and truth  
Quivering with restrained grief  
Radiant with the beautiful glamor of youth  
Ransack the vocabulary  
Red tape of officialdom  
Redolent of the night lamp  
Reflecting the solemn and unfathomable stars  
Regarded with an exulting pride  
Rehabilitated and restored to dignity  
Remorselessly swept into oblivion  
Seem to swim in a sort of blurred mist before the eyes

Seething with suppressed wrath  
Seize on greedily  
Sensuous enjoyment of the outward show of life  
Serenity beamed from his look  
Serenity of paralysis and death  
Seriousness lurked in the depths of her eyes  
Served to recruit his own jaded ideas  
Set anew in some fresh and appealing form  
She recaptured herself with difficulty  
She regarded him stonily out of flint-blue eyes  
She sat eyeing him with frosty calm  
She seemed the embodiment of dauntless resolution  
She seemed wrapped in a veil of lassitude  
She shook hands grudgingly  
She softened her frown to a quivering smile  
Taking the larger sweeps in the march of mind  
Tears of outraged vanity blurred her vision  
Teased with impertinent questions  
Tenderness breathed from her  
Tense with the anguish of spiritual struggle  
Terror filled the more remote chambers of his brain with riot  
Tethered to earth  
That which flutters the brain for a moment  
The accelerated beat of his thoughts  
The affluent splendour of the summer day  
The afternoon was filled with sound and sunshine  
The afternoon was waning  
The air and sky belonged to midsummer

The air darkened swiftly  
The meticulous observation of facts  
The mind freezes at the thought  
The mind was filled with a formless dread  
The mocking echoes of long-departed youth  
The moment marked an epoch  
The moon is waning below the horizon  
The more's the pity  
The morning beckons  
Unapproachable grandeur and simplicity  
Unaware of her bitter taunt  
Under the vivifying touch of genius  
Unearthly in its malignant glee  
Unfathomed depths and impossibilities  
Unforced and unstudied depth of feeling  
Unspoiled by praise or blame  
Unspoken messages from some vaster world  
Veiled by some equivocation  
Vibrant with the surge of human passions  
Vicissitudes of wind and weather  
Vigour and richness of resource  
Visible and palpable pains and penalties  
Whistled life away in perfect contentment  
Wholly alien to his spirit  
With a vanquished and weary sigh  
Womanly fickleness and caprice  
Words and acts easily wrenched from their true significance  
Worn to shreds by anxiety

Wrapped in a sudden intensity of reflection

Wrapped in an inaccessible mood

Wrapped in scudding rain

Wrought of an emotion infectious and splendidly dangerous

Wrought out of intense and tragic experience

Yielding to a wave of pity



## Examples:

### Addicted - Tell

James wasn't feeling too well; he was in need of a fix of drugs. He had woken up in an anxious state and needed to find his dealer to provide him with heroin. He met his dealer and purchased a wrap of the despised drug. He decided to pull out his syringe from his left pocket. He burnt the drugs on the spoon, inserted his syringe on to the base and soaked up the heroin. He injected himself and he then felt ecstatic.

### Addicted - Show

James awoke in a state of panic and dread. Something was definitely worrying him and causing him great distress. He needed something to help him relax and feel at peace. He knew who to reach out to. He called him the 'angel' because 'he' brought him *glad tidings* and he came *bearing gifts*. The angel turned up at short notice and with no hesitation James glorified his presence with immense veneration. The gift had been exchanged in return for the customary Queen's face. James was now in a frenzy where his efforts were going to be paid off and his needs would be quenched. The chalice that the angel had given him was now ready to be consumed. Without worry, James had taken it. He was given his salvation. Entering in to a state of ecstasy that nothing else could even attempt to do.

### HAPPINESS - Tell

Johnny felt ecstatic. He could not believe that he had actually won the Lottery. The joy of winning just cannot be described; the thoughts plagued him in to a state of delirium. How was he going to break the news to his family? Or to his girlfriend?

'On second thoughts, maybe not the girlfriend.'

His £5,743,231 was an astonishing amount of money, considering that he hadn't worked a day in his life.

'All this money, what can I do with it first?'

The excitement at the prospect of spending his winnings kept him on his toes; it kept him exuberant, it actually kept him in a state of temporal madness.

### Happiness – Show

Oh dear Johnny boy, what a sight he was to behold! Something great, in actual fact something magnificent had just happened to him. And to consider that his life had been shambolic up until this point was no longer an issue. Do you know that he had just made the greatest bet in the history of the underdog Smith family? You see, Johnny had never been much of a working man. To be honest, he hadn't been great at anything, come to think of it!

When he turned on his battered television set at 9.15pm that bleak and blighted evening, his life had changed completely (for better or worse, time was going to tell that story). The numbers echoed out of the compact speakers.

'17, 23....'

Oh Johnny boy! The first two numbers matched evenly with those on his stained piece of paper.

'42, 48....'

At this moment, the heavenly voice of the announcer was like a gush of enchanting melody, tickling his ears and rousing his senses.

'33....'

His legs were pinned to the ground as if he had 'Supermax' boots on (and considering his surroundings it was as dismal as a prison anyway). His mouth was wide open. His palms were sweating profusely, with his half-drunk pint slipping out of one and spilling all over the floor but who cares! His head was perspiring and a small puddle grew in the space where the onset of baldness was creeping. Yes, old age. 'A hair transplant? Well maybe that I can afford, if

all goes well; if, all, goes, well!’ The consummate professional that was the announcer rolled out his final number.

‘4....’

Johnny looked at his paper and to the screen and repeated this action. There was a momentary pause and then he let out a colossal cry. Johnny boy, congratulations to you sir!

### **Riot – Show and Tell**

I knew at this moment that everything was going to change. Forever. I couldn’t however stop myself from lifting the deformed rock in to the well of my perspiring hand. I clasped at it like a hawk with its talons wrapped around his defeated prey. I had to either throw this towards the target or regret that I hadn’t for the rest of my life. My heart yearned for recognition. It was time: so I thought.

I stretched my arm far back in a yoga-like motion, held it there for a few seconds (which seemed like an eon). I hurled my arm forward and hurled the rock towards the far distance. Will it cause damage? Surely. Will it hurt? Probably. Will it make a statement to the world? Certainly.

Everything changed when I realised my target was going to be another person just like me. Yes me. An ordinary person, in an ordinary town with an ordinary job. The victim of the rock-throw just happened to have sided with my enemy at the time. My enemy however was subjective; I may have voted for him but I didn’t vote for the monster it became. Not at all was his physical presence the issue, it was who pulled the strings behind the scenes. Besides, the frontliners were just paid to stand up for the government. They were the police, they had to exert control and maintain order even though they represented a militia more than a civil servant nowadays. I hadn’t for once thought that they also had lives, families and ultimately a job that they had to do. I knew amongst the crowd of armoured law enforcement, there had to be one sympathetic heart towards my cause, our cause.

I decided to close my eyes and yell ‘freedom!’

I took deep breaths and everything seemed to slow down. Time had stopped. All I can hear were the palpitations in my heart, the throbbing of my veins and the bellowing of my breathing. I slowly looked around from my immediate right and panned towards my left. Consciously I felt that this was the start of a terrible catastrophe. Was my protest going to be in vain? Wait a minute! Was it going to unleash the demonic demonstration of power that the deadly men of the government were capable of?

What have I done!

The first bullet penetrated the skull of a young boy not too far from me. His skull shattered, it was decimated in to the tiniest of pieces. The second rang out in to the crowd. No one was sure where it or on whom it had landed, we were too terrified to even wonder. We ran for cover, cowering behind makeshift barriers.

There was a sudden lull. A hush fell over the resistance. I decided to peek over a traffic cone that had obscured me from the shooting. An immaculately dressed officer of obvious high rank came to the fore with a yellow megaphone. He seemed official and perhaps influential in some ways. Although he was at some distance, I could still make out the cold, steely blue eyes that adorned his taut, muscular face. He lifted up his instrument and spoke in the most morose of tones.

‘Rioters must cease activities immediately. Any continuation of violence and anarchy would be met with heavy retaliation. We are the law, we are its servants.’

A sense of urgency embraced everyone around the crowd, like the grip of a vice. We all looked in to each other’s eyes and many a soul was penetrated, most were emptied in fear.

Do we continue to resist or do we risk an inevitable destruction at the hands of these people?

The countdown then started to roar out of the megaphone.



vocabulary  
and linguistic  
devices

Punctuation  
and range

engaging  
detail

accurate  
demarcation  
and complex  
spelling

Paragraphs

accurate  
punctuation

engaging  
details and  
clear  
purpose

Whooshing waves and Squelching sand, the British beach was full of people. The tide was heading out, leaving soaked sand behind. It was perfect to make sandcastles out of and many children had fully taken this opportunity (helped by the parents who enjoyed it a little too much). The sea tickled the shore with a foaming wave leaving <sup>its</sup> mark when it left. Clouds covered much of the sun however the heat was still there and the holiday makers were taking advantage.

One young ~~best~~ boy, with blue swimming shorts dug in the sand. His little blue cap protected his face whilst he played in the sun. The smell of sunscreen radiated off him because his parents didn't want their ~~son~~ son to get burned. The small rippling waves wrapped themselves around his ankles and his face lit up when they splashed against his knees. In his right hand was a blue spade and in his left was a ~~myth~~ red bucket in which he collected the salty water for the moat around his castle.



Coherent  
paragraphs

Varied  
structure

Highly  
engaging  
detail

Variety of  
structure  
phrasing  
very accurate  
spelling

assured and  
begins  
to compel  
audience

Not too far away was a mother dressed in a pink top and floral skirt. She looked towards the sea where her beloved child was playing. As her blonde hair floated in the wind, she wondered when she would get home; ~~for~~ her daughter refused to leave the deep green water. Even though she was only wading in the shallow part, her mother was scared in case she fell and never came back. After countless ~~attemp~~ attempts to remove her child, the woman decided that maybe only the pull off the ice cream van would be enough to get home.

Along the edge of the beach, ran a selection of dull buildings. Many were beach side hotels or B&Bs that were the home of several hundred holiday guests during this summertime. Interrupting the run of accommodation were souvenir shops and eateries. They were dotted at intervals along the coast. Some of the shops sold ~~buckets~~ buckets and spades but many sold gifts for the family back home: fudgem and ~~berile~~ boiled sweets were

popular choices. ~~Many places had~~ there were many places to eat, including: 2 fish and chip shops, 3 ice cream parlours and ~~an~~ an Italian restaurant. It looks very out of place on the cheap and ~~cheer~~ cheerful front. Further away, a big spire arose from behind the buildings. It was dull and full of windows which indicated that it was a church or cathedral - Maybe a visitor attraction.

consistently  
coherent  
paragraphs

"zooms"  
back out

The beach was alive with people and colour, the swimwear had a vast range of tones. From light to dark, bright to dull, this beach had it all. Many of the children were wearing trunks or swimming costumes but the adults decided to keep their modesty because the howling wind had quite a bite.

discourse  
markers  
punctuation

Overall, the guests were ~~definitely~~ enjoying their day, even if there was a wet t-shirt or two. <sup>The</sup> Smell of suncream and salt, the sound of giggles and snores and the sights of the beach, are all part of a good day out.



**A05: Upper Level 4 – 23 marks**

**This response is comfortably placed in Upper level 4. There are some compelling, original ideas and is assuredly matched to purpose and register.**

**A06: Most of Level 4 – 15 marks**

**This response meets most of level 4 here except perhaps the extensive and ambitious vocabulary.**

## Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5

A magazine has asked for contributions for their creative writing page.

Either:

Write a description of a stormy sea as suggested by this picture:

trips  
of white  
washed  
me with  
grey  
mass  
fearing  
for the  
chance  
to  
slide  
across the  
sky



Or:

Write a story that begins with the sentence: 'This was going to be a terrible day, one of those days when it's best to stay in bed because everything is going to turn out bad.'

(24 marks for content and organisation)

16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

Sophisticated  
vocabulary and  
successful linguistic  
devices

The darkness encapsulated the light, blanketing  
my sense of hope, as the ~~dark~~ grey mass  
crept across the sky. From above, only splashes

everything was silent save the ~~shaping~~  
 of water against the rocks beneath the sky.

The dull blue ferociously slammed against  
 the rocks, brutal and merciless, leaving the  
 rocks with little but a glistening sample of  
 itself. The repetition stabbed the possibility  
 of ~~the~~ <sup>any</sup> light, ~~leaving~~ providing the land  
 with external darkness.

Highly accurate spelling

<sup>strong</sup>  
 The ~~fast~~ small of salt **rebelliously** forced  
 itself into every **crevice**, covering every  
 inch of the air in its thick, heavy scent.  
 The ~~stale~~ <sup>taste</sup> of peeling paint led the eye  
 to the distant lighthouse, a star in the  
 gloomy sky. ~~With~~ <sup>Strong</sup> Prominent and tall, the white  
 structure seemed to gaze ~~the~~ <sup>down</sup>  
 look down at the wild sea, in disgust and  
 embarrassment, like a parent and a delinquent child.

Conscious crafting

~~No~~ ~~life~~ ~~from~~ **Disobediently**, the sea ~~followed~~ <sup>defied</sup> the  
 orders of the wind, and danced **erratically**  
 to its tune, splashing and hurling, spraying  
 and ~~up~~ swirling. The wind swept across the  
 sea with the strength and speed that could  
 tear the sky, like a discarded tissue.

Conscious crafting

Range of developed, complex ideas to engage

The strips of white raw wrestled with the dreary abundance of clouds, yearning for the chance to glide across the sky yet the ~~encompassing~~ constant dark sheet did ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~not~~ remain merciless and cold, denying any light ~~blew~~ through the barriers of gloom.

**Content and Organisation - Lower level 4: 20 marks**

Convincing communication; conscious crafting; range of developed, complex ideas to convincingly match descriptive purpose.

**Accuracy - Level 4: 14 marks**

Sentence demarcation consistently secure; extensive vocabulary with highly accurate spelling.

### WRITE THE OPENING PART OF A STORY ABOUT A PLACE DURING A STORM...

Storms brewed on the emotionless horizon promising nothing but winds to level even the mightiest of trees. Torrential rain poured down in icy sheets like needles upon my face. The wind didn't howl, it screamed. The rain was not falling: it was driven, hard, merciless, torrential. The trees did not sway, they creaked, bent and moaned as their fine limbs were ripped away and their autumnal leaves became not confetti, but ammunition in the gale.

A car came out of nowhere and drove right through a puddle that was doing a very good impression of a miniature lake. I was jolted out of my reverie and was dazed and drenched to the bone.

Great.

Now I had to spend the entire day like this. The added weight of the water was enough to drop my emotions to a new low. I packed my umbrella away; no need for that, now that I'm soaked. The outline of the school was barely visible even within its proximity. Its church-like structure loomed over the rest of the surrounding buildings, as if it was wanting to make its presence known.

I opened the gate to find the vast area eerily quiet. Silence – well apart from the heavy rain. I crossed the grounds to the entrance where the sounds of life emerged. The heavy bustling of the multitude of children leaked through the open doors. I entered only to be slapped in the face by the warm heat of the school.

I walked into my form room, taking a seat by the window. A thin coat of condensation lined the windows which I wiped immediately. The power of the storm could be sensed, even from the safety inside. This storm was considered one of the worst to hit Britain in a long time. Warnings were sent across the whole country ensuring everyone was prepared. This was only the beginning though. The worst was yet to come...

The day passed like usual. The same old struggle through the lessons with teacher's whose sole purpose was to cram our heads with useless 'knowledge'. We were advised to stay inside during lunch, not that it affected me. My lunch

periods in school were passed in the corner reading my books; losing myself to another world.

The weather was at breaking point during the final lesson. It was as if god had found a new dial on the weather machine to create havoc. The power had gone and the teacher struggled to maintain everyone's focus. Eventually giving up, he let us talk amongst each other. I continued gazing out the window, imagining what the scene would be elsewhere; other places which were worst hit. The storm had started a day ago, beginning with a months' worth of rainfall in just a few hours. Now the scene had changed completely.

When we were dismissed from school, it seemed a challenge to get home. Though the streets were completely deserted, the rain punished us, the wind whipped and the cold bit our fingertips as we struggled to maintain balance. Suddenly, a creaking sound, disguised by the wind, erupted from the top of the school. Squinting my eyes, I looked against the rain, up at the building to see a segment of the roof being curled away from the school. I was effortlessly removed and flung like a puppet down onto the street. A few screams emerged from the distance. I took this as a sign to hurry home, where I would hopefully be safe from this mess...

**AO5 (Content and Organisation) – 20 – Compelling and convincing ideas, sustained conscious writing with distinct structural features**

**AO6 (Technical Accuracy) – 14 – accurate spelling, a wide use of vocabulary choices as well as sentence forms for effect, not enough punctuation features to warrant full marks**

## Paper 2

### Overview

The focus for Paper 2 is attitudes/viewpoints/perspectives - looking at how writers have used texts to present a point of view, an argument etc. Correspondingly on Section B, the writing question will ask students to then present their own point of view in a piece of writing.

### **Texts**

There will be two linked texts from different time periods which will be nonfiction and literary non-fiction, such as:

- high-quality journalism
- articles
- reports
- essays
- travel writing
- accounts
- sketches
- letters
- diaries
- autobiography and biographical passages and other appropriate texts.

Over time there will be a range of different types of texts used. They will be primary sources, i.e. the original texts. One will always be 19th century and the other will either be 20th or 21st century (depending on what has been used in Paper 1) to assess 19th, 20th and 21st century texts across both papers.

## Section A: Reading

### Question 1 (AO1 4 MARKS)

This question asks **for four correct statements to be chosen from a selection of correct and incorrect statements**. If the student chooses more than four statements, only the first four selected in the order presented will be marked.

The actual mechanics of how/what they shade may change depending on what particular method we use – but we will advise students how to respond to this question.

#### Example:

0	1
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Read again the first part of **Source A** from lines 1 to 21.

Choose **four** statements below which are TRUE.

- Shade the boxes of the ones that you think are true.
- Choose a maximum of four statements.

[4 marks]

- |   |  |                          |
|---|--|--------------------------|
| A | Aberfan was a well-known place in Wales.               | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| B | The village did not have a chapel or a pub.            | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| C | Pit waste had been building up for at least 100 years. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| D | Village life centred around the coal pit.              | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| E | Mining was a new and thriving industry.                | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| F | Life for miners and their families was tough.          | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| G | There wasn't much good news in Aberfan.                | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| H | The men lived long and healthy lives.                  | <input type="checkbox"/> |



**Answers:**

A Aberfan was a well-known place in Wales. (F)

B The village did not have a chapel or a pub. (F)

C Pit waste had been building up for at least 100 years. (T)

D Village life centred around the coal pit. (T)

E Mining was a new and thriving industry. (F)

F Life for miners and their families was tough. (T)

G There wasn't much good news in Aberfan. (T)

H The men lived long and healthy lives. (F)

## Question 2 (AO1 8 MARKS)

To be successful, students need to **identify and select only the information that is relevant to the question** set. They then need to write, in continuous prose, a summary of the selected information, inferring what they understand from their reading. You can use references or evidence where appropriate however you are just dealing with the main points from each source.

Ultimately you can paraphrase in this question. Aim to write at least 4 paragraphs focusing equally on both sources. You may want to make four points about each one.

### **Example:**

You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

Both Sources give details about the places where the events occur.

**Use details from both Sources to write a summary of the differences between Aberfan and London.**

**[8 marks]**

### **Answer:**

Aberfan is a small village that 'few people have heard of'. It is 'tucked away' in a Welsh valley. This suggests that it is almost hidden from view and would have been similarly forgotten in history had it not been for the tragedy. In contrast, London is described as a 'colossal city'. It implies it is huge and filled with activity. A place that is so large that it should be safe from a natural disaster like an earthquake. Whilst both also have rivers running through them, in Aberfan it is 'black as the Styx' which differs from London with its 'great river'. It is implied that in Aberfan its blackness comes from the natural seeping coal, but with London, it is 'muddy and dull' because of man-made waste from the many warehouses along its length.

(Here you can clearly see differences being highlighted and that information has been selective and in most parts it is paraphrased).

Plan:

3 / 4 PEEs:

**\*Use subject terminology in your response\***

P – comment on the **language (words & phrases)** used in both texts to answer the question

E – use a quotation to support your point

E – explain what effect is created by the language

Z – ‘zoom in’ on a key word using subject terminology

A – analyse the effect of the key word

P – comment on the **main themes or ideas** used in the text to answer the question

E – refer to the text to support your point

E – explain how the literary device engages the audience / reader

P – comment on the **how information such as facts and figures** used in the text to answer the question

E – refer to the text to support your point

E – explain how the sentence form impacts the text and why you think it has been used

### Question 3 (AO2 12 MARKS)

#### **This question assesses language and structure**

**This question will always deal with the language part of AO2.** It can be set on either Source A or Source B depending which text offers most appropriate examples of language for students to analyse. Again focus on **words, phrases, literary devices, sentence forms**.

Thus you can first mention how words and phrases create particular meaning and then mention what it infers (or what it makes the reader think). You can then discuss literary devices such as alliteration, similes, metaphors or others that appear in the section that is shown to you (if there are any). Again mention what it suggests or alludes to (what it makes the reader think!). Finally you can mention sentence forms and how the simplicity or complexity of the sentence structures, have a particular effect on purpose, meaning and the reader's response.

Remember: Focus on **words, phrases, literary devices, sentence forms**. Use the bullet points to guide you.

#### **Example:**

You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 27 to 40**.

**How does the writer use language to describe the coal tips?**

**[12 marks]**

#### **Answer:**

The writer uses language to describe the coal tips as dark, dangerous and sinister for the reader and in doing so makes effective use of personification to single out coal tip number 7 as a 'killer with a rotten heart'. Here, the emotive adjective 'rotten' creates the impression of a malevolent being. This is because 'rotten' can have several connotations, but all of them are negative. For example, it makes a link for the reader with decay, death, but just as importantly, is suggestive of evil intent. It is as if it sets out to deliberately kill the children. This is further added to by a verb phrase 'inching ominously'

which suggests ongoing movement, slow, imperceptible but inevitable and the adverb, 'ominously' forewarns of the disaster to come. The writer appears to draw on conventions of the horror genre to pull the reader into his account – it has a clear villain and set of victims.

**Or**

The writer personifies the tip as a 'killer' which implies that it is a dark and threatening figure. This impression is added to when he uses an adjective to describe its 'rotten heart'. Importantly, 'rotten' makes a connection for the reader between the decay of the village and its build-up of waste in the coal tips, and a link with death. When the writer proceeds to describe the tip as 'inching ominously', his choice of verb captures its slow movement – that it was moving without being noticed with the word 'ominously' further implying that such movement was always going to lead to tragedy and couldn't be stopped.

Plan:

3 / 4 PEEs:

**\*Use subject terminology in your response\***

P – comment on the **language (words & phrases)** used in the text to answer the question

E – use a quotation to support your point

E – explain what effect is created by the language

Z – 'zoom in' on a key word using subject terminology

A – analyse the effect of the key word

P – comment on the **literary devices** used in the text to answer the question

E – refer to the text to support your point

E – explain how the literary device engages the audience / reader

P – comment on the **sentence forms** used in the text to answer the question

E – refer to the text to support your point

E – explain how the sentence form impacts the text and why you think it has been used

Language Subject Terminology
Use of: Powerful words Adjectives Adverbs Descriptive language and imagery– metaphor, simile, personification, alliteration, sibilance, onomatopoeia, etc.  Short sentences Long, complex sentences Sentence types: exclamative, declarative, interrogative, imperative

#### Question 4 (AO3 16 MARKS)

This question deals with AO3: compare writers' ideas and perspectives, as well as how these are conveyed, across two or more texts.

This highlights the fact that **writers craft their writing deliberately and use a range of techniques and methods in order to achieve their desired effect and create an impact on the reader.**

The focus of this question is comparison (AO3). For instance, students may be asked to compare the attitudes of the writers in the two texts.

The comparison in Q4 should be wider reaching than just basic comprehension skills.

The bullet points direct students to **consider comparing the writer's methods in both pieces** and, as such, **the students' responses** can include **reference to language and structure. Making an overall assumption is important, ultimately summarising the texts' themes and contexts.**

*To get top marks you will need to show a detailed understanding of the similarities and differences between the ideas and perspectives*

- **Compare ideas and perspectives in a perceptive way**
- **Analyse how methods are used to convey ideas and perspectives**
- **Select a judicious range of quotations from both texts**

Plan your response. Select evidence to support your points. Compare both texts in a paragraph. Link back to the question, embed a range of short relevant quotes, cross reference thoughtfully, identify how methods are used to show viewpoint.

#### **Example:**

For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

**Compare how the writers convey their different ideas and perspectives of the events that they describe.**

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different ideas and perspectives
- compare the methods they use to convey their ideas and perspectives
- support your response with references to both texts.

**[16 marks]**

**Answer:**

The writer of Source A seems dispassionate at first as he paints the picture of gloomy, isolated Aberfan as it lies 'tucked away' from sight and mind. The verb 'tucked' is more usually associated with being tucked up in bed and tends to have more positive connotations of safety and warmth. But here, the writer uses it differently, perhaps to imply complacency. He reinforces this view when he creates the sense of a malevolent 'killer' stalking its victims. He sees this disaster as 'cruel' and a 'shame' on 'God and man'. This time, the emotive connotations of shame link with God to suggest a biblical connection as with the shaming of sinners. In contrast, the writer of Source B mocks the idea of the earthquake, which seems so minor it was hardly noticed in London. One method he uses is exaggeration where he describes the incident out of all proportion, with the Midlands for example, where it merely 'broke crockery'. The reference to broken crockery is hardly momentous yet through it, the writer cleverly understates the threat at this point, something he escalates later in his report when he asks the rhetorical question: 'who can say what strange trial ... may await us?' Here the reference to 'trial' reveals the writer's view of the potential dangers a future earthquake might bring. Just as a defendant is put on trial for life, so he seems to imply that next time a similar earthquake might lead to loss of lives and so should be taken more seriously.

**Or**

In Source A, the writer is concerned that the disaster is shocking and should not have happened in the first place. He describes the village as a dangerous place to live and work and makes the point about the tips 'Almost everyone has ... seen danger in them, but mostly they are endured as a fact of life'. His choice of the word 'endured' implies that its people have put up with a lot of hardship and are brave, but shouldn't have had to face the tragedy of the



landslide. However the writer in Source B is worried about more serious earthquakes happening in the future. He engages the reader more with rhetorical questions when he asks: 'who can say what strange trial ... may await us?' Here the reference to 'trial' reinforces the idea of hardships and dangers which may continue with future earthquakes.

Plan:

3 / 4 PEEs:

- Make comments on the language and structure of the texts
- Link to the themes and ideas of the texts
- Aim for 4 comparisons

<p><b>P</b> – Both texts use ..... show .....</p> <p><b>E</b> – Use a quotation from text 1 to support your point</p> <p><b>C</b> – Compare how a similar idea is shown in text 2</p> <p><b>E</b> – Use a quotation from text 2 to support your point</p> <p><b>D</b> – Develop your ideas as much as you can focusing on why the language may be similar.</p>
<p><b>P</b> – Likewise in both texts .....</p> <p><b>E</b> – Use a quotation from text 1 to support your point</p> <p><b>C</b> – Compare how a similar idea is shown in text 2</p> <p><b>E</b> – Use a quotation from text 2 to support your point</p> <p><b>D</b> – Develop your ideas as much as you can focusing on why the ideas are similar</p>
<p><b>P</b> – However there are differences between the texts is .....</p> <p><b>E</b> – Use a quotation from text 1 to support your point</p> <p><b>C</b> – Compare how a differently an idea is shown in text 2</p> <p><b>E</b> – Use a quotation from text 2 to support your point</p> <p><b>D</b> – Develop your ideas as much as you can focusing on why the ideas are different.</p>
<p><b>P</b> – In addition the structure of the texts are similar/different</p> <p><b>E</b> – Use a quotation from text 1 to support your point</p> <p><b>C</b> – Compare how a similar idea is shown in text 2</p> <p><b>E</b> – Use a quotation from text 2 to support your point</p> <p><b>D</b> – Develop your ideas as much as you can focusing on why the structure may be similar/different.</p>

## Section B: Writing

### Question 5 (AO5/AO6 40 MARKS)

Having read a contemporary viewpoint on a topic, as well as a 19th century one, **students are provided with a statement that gives them the opportunity to consider their own viewpoint.**

**There is nothing to stop students referring to the material in Q1-4 if this is relevant, but the response should be their own ideas.** If they use material from Q1-4, it should be the students' view of this material and it should support the point(s) they are trying to make. Students will be rewarded for their ability to **produce a written text for a specified audience, purpose and form.**

- **Content and Organisation:** Communicate clearly, effectively and imaginatively, selecting and adapting tone, style and register for different forms, purposes and audiences. Organise information and ideas, using structural and grammatical features to support coherence and cohesion of texts.
- **Technical Accuracy:** Use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation. This is worth 20% of the entire exam paper.

Showing ability to write for purpose and audience and, within the provided form and using language for impact.

- writing to explain
- writing to instruct/advise
- writing to argue
- writing to persuade

Allowing (where relevant) opportunities to:

- give and respond to information
- select, organise and emphasise facts, ideas and key points
- cite evidence and quotation
- include rhetorical devices

### Question Stimuli

Write to explain	Write to argue	Write to persuade	Write to instruct/advise
Explain what you think about...	Argue the case for or against the statement that...	Persuade the writer of the statement that...	Advise the reader of the best way to...

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#### The range of forms that can be set:

- letter
- article
- text for a leaflet
- text of a speech
- essay.

#### The features of forms that we would typically expect students to replicate in exam conditions

Letter	
As a minimum, students <b>should</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• an indication that someone is sending the letter to someone</li><li>• paragraphs.</li></ul>
More detailed/developed indicators of form <b>could</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• the use of addresses</li><li>• a date</li><li>• a formal mode of address if required e.g. Dear Sir/Madam or a named recipient</li><li>• effectively/fluently sequenced paragraphs</li><li>• an appropriate mode of signing off: Yours sincerely/faithfully.</li></ul>

Article	
As a minimum, students <b>should</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• the use of a simple title</li><li>• paragraphs.</li></ul>
More detailed/developed indicators of form <b>could</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• a clear/apt/original title</li><li>• a strapline</li><li>• subheadings</li><li>• an introductory (overview) paragraph</li><li>• effectively/fluently sequenced paragraphs.</li></ul>

<b>Text for a leaflet</b>	
As a minimum, students <b>should</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• the use of a simple title</li> <li>• paragraphs or sections.</li> </ul>
More detailed/developed indicators of form <b>could</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• a clear/apt/original title</li> <li>• organisational devices such as inventive subheadings or boxes</li> <li>• bullet points</li> <li>• effectively/fluently sequenced paragraphs.</li> </ul>

<b>Text of a speech</b>	
As a minimum, students <b>should</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• a simple address to an audience</li> <li>• sections</li> <li>• a final address to an audience.</li> </ul>
More detailed/developed indicators of form <b>could</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• a clear address to an audience</li> <li>• effective/fluently linked sections to indicate sequence</li> <li>• rhetorical indicators that an audience is being addressed throughout</li> <li>• a clear sign off e.g. 'Thank you for listening'.</li> </ul>

<b>Essay</b>	
As a minimum, students <b>should</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• a simple introduction and conclusion</li> <li>• paragraphs.</li> </ul>
More detailed/developed indicators of form <b>could</b> include:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• an effective introduction and convincing conclusion</li> <li>• effectively/fluently linked paragraphs to sequence a range of ideas.</li> </ul>

### Example:

**‘Street art is an important part of modern culture, it certainly is not an act of vandalism.’**

**Write the text for the blog of your local art gallery in which you argue your point of view in response to this statement.**

**(24 marks for content and organisation  
16 marks for technical accuracy)  
[40 marks]**

### Answer:

*“Is it art?”* A question sometimes said and heard in museums, galleries, movie theatres, concert arenas, any place of creation. One such place is also the street, where the spectators often seem to wonder: “Is graffiti art or vandalism?” If we take into consideration that graffiti have been around since prehistoric times, it sounds as if this debate is all too hoary; however, we shall look at graffiti as the phenomenon of a much more recent period, and in that context, the debate is only about fifty years old. As a response to modernism and social segregation, graffiti became the means of communication and identity for young people in New York City in the 1970s. The famous story of the NYC subway graffiti culture and the almost two-decade long struggle of the authorities to eradicate tagging represent the starting point of the conversation, a hot topic of the art world even today.

### Example:

**‘Floods, earthquakes, hurricanes and landslides – we see more and more reports of environmental disasters affecting the world and its people every day.’**

**Write the text of a speech for a debate at your school or college in which you persuade young people to take more responsibility for protecting the environment.**

**(24 marks for content and organisation**

**16 marks for technical accuracy)**

**[40 marks]**

### Answer:

My fellow students at Rushmore School, today we have gathered to listen to an important topic and I would like your full attention. There is much talk about the environment in passing but we hardly take an in depth look at the problems it is facing.

**Or**

When I mention the environment, what ideas does it evoke in your heads? Does it make you think of only the pleasant landscapes that we are all too familiar with whilst watching documentaries on TV, or when we read newspaper articles or even magazine entries? Does it make you think of the many natural wonders of the world? What about the coral reefs, mountains ranges, canyons and rainforests? You do know that they won't last forever, right, that they are ephemeral? In fact, the way the world is rapidly changing and developing, most of the natural habitats that have become iconic in our lives may no longer remain in their current forms. Tragically, many of these wonderful habitats may one day vanish. Forever. All of the blame can certainly be directed towards human beings and their ill-informed conduct in the world entrusted to them by Mother Nature.

'Snow seems like it is picturesque, exciting and fun but in reality it causes accidents, inconvenience and economic disruption.'

Write an article for a broadsheet newspaper in which you explain your point of view on this issue.

(24 marks for content and organisation)

16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

Snow. The joy and/or sorrow that floods into our bodies when we wake up in the morning to see that cars are camouflaged into the driveway by a wash of a white substance. // Snow. Thinking of endless things to do on our bucket list of the day which somehow always manages to include the outdoors, i.e. building a new friendly snowman (before it melts into the ground later), sledging down a steep hill for a local (and free) exhilarating ride, and snowball fights with the ones you love. // Snow. It somehow excites you and motivates you for the most common thing associated with the cold weather, Christmas time. "I'm dreaming of a White Christmas", unless of course the snow randomly comes in April time (which is no surprise for the British weather), and Christmas Day

Increasingly sophisticated vocabulary and phrasing

Wide range of accurate punctuation



ends up looking like any other normal day. The snow makes the day special, no matter what the occasion. // It is also the telltale sign of the utterly ecstatic feeling of soon receiving the news that work or school is cancelled. That, my friends, is what you want to thank the snow. Work being cancelled for the day is the best possible outcome. // Snow. It isn't just linked to brilliant events taking place, but what about its appearance? The crisp white colouring is the definition of picturesque, created by Mother Nature herself. Watching out of your window in your pyjamas as a five-year-old kid, gazing at the aesthetically pleasing minuscule snowflakes that clump together, to create a gigantic wash of mouldable ground. The cars being camouflaged into the driveway by a wash of a white substance. The overall joy that floods into our bodies.

Varied and effective structural feature – repetition of opening to round up positive aspects before moving onto negative

What about the negative aspects? Surely, after what I've just described you'd think that they don't exist. But they do. // Snow. It is a force to be

Full range of appropriate sentence forms for effect



Register convincingly  
matched to purpose and  
audience

Sentence demarcation  
consistently secure and  
accurate

Conscious crafting

Point of view structured  
and developed

reckoned with. You may think that we have the upper-hand but you are sadly mistaken. The snow can make your practical day a living nightmare. Let's create a scenario. You have planned this day for weeks; visiting family down south in the hope to catch up before Christmas Day. Seems simple, right? Wrong. You have to catch two trains, with a fifteen-minute drive to the Station, and a 20 minute drive to your parents' house. Of course on a normal day, this would be simple but tiresome. However, when you wake up and snow/a wash of white fills up in your eyes, suddenly annoyance creeps up your spine. It is now your enemy. The snow is too thick, therefore the trains and buses are cancelled, and traffic is never-ending doom. Inconvenient. Cars are the only ~~last~~ option to travel, along with walking. Vehicles are dangerous in this weather; skidding, slipping and sliding. There is the risk of no control, leading to accidents. //

When snow is fresh, it is fun most of the time. However, the real problem lies when it melts into thin ice. In my opinion,

slippery roads and pavements are the worst conditions. Vehicles instantly have a loss of control which could lead to frightening events occurring. However, being a pedestrian, there is always the chance of falling over and being publicly embarrassed. Although it is not much of a big deal, no one likes being laughed at. This is the sorrow that floods into our bodies.

Snow. You either love it, or hate it. You can decide.

**Content and Organisation – Lower Level 4: 21 marks**

Convincing communication, with register convincingly matched to purpose and audience; highly engaging with a range of developed, complex ideas.

**Accuracy – Level 4: 15 marks**

Full range of appropriate sentences; high level of accuracy in spelling and punctuation.



## Timings Grid

Question	AOs	Marks available	Weighting (within qualification as a whole)	Suggested Timing
Paper 1: Reading the extract	Reading and planning for questions			15 minutes
Paper 1 Q1	AO1	4	2.5	5 minutes
Paper 1 Q2	AO2: Language	8	5.0	10 minutes
Paper 1 Q3	AO2: Structure	8	5.0	10 minutes
Paper 1 Q4	AO4	20	12.5	20 minutes
Paper 1 Q5	Writing to describe/narrate (AO5 and AO6)	40 (24+16)	25.0	45 minutes in total (e.g. 5 minutes planning + 35 minutes writing + 5 minutes checking/editing.)
<b>Question</b>	<b>AOs</b>	<b>Marks available</b>	<b>Weighting (within qualification as a whole)</b>	<b>Suggested Timing</b>
Paper 2: Reading the two extracts	Reading and planning for the questions			15 minutes
Paper 2 Q1	AO1	4	2.5	5 minutes
Paper 2 Q2	AO1: Synthesis	8	5.0	8 minutes
Paper 2 Q3	AO2	12	7.5	12 minutes
Paper 2 Q4	AO3	16	10.0	20 minutes in total (e.g. 5 minutes planning + 15 minutes writing up.)
Paper 2 Q5	Writing to present a point of view (AO5 and AO6)	40 (24+16)	25.0	45 minutes in total (e.g. 5 minutes planning + 35 minutes writing + 5 minutes checking/editing.)

## COMMAND WORDS

Command words are the words and phrases used in exams and other assessment tasks that tell students how they should answer the question. The following command words are taken from Ofqual's official list of command words and their meanings that are relevant to this subject.

### Analyse

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**Separate information into components and identify their characteristics.**

### Argue

**Present a reasoned case.**

### Assess

**Make an informed judgement.**

### Comment

**Present an informed opinion.**

### Compare

**Identify similarities and/or differences.**

### Contrast

**Identify differences.**

### Criticise

**Assess worth against explicit expectations.**

### Debate

**Present different perspectives on an issue.**

### Describe

**Give an account of.**

### Discuss

**Present key points.**

## **Evaluate**

State how you react when reading the text as in 'Evaluate the effects the descriptions have on you'.

## **Examine**

Investigate closely.

## **Explain**

Give reasons.

## **Find**

Select the options that are true (or false).

## **How does the writer's use of language achieve an effect?**

Describe how writers use language to achieve effects/impact (words/phrases/ language features/ language techniques/ sentence forms).

## **Illustrate**

Present clarifying examples.

## **Review**

Survey information.

## **Suggest**

Present a possible case/solution.

## **Summarise**

Present principal points without detail.

## **Support**

Use quotations/ textual references to evidence your response.

## **What do you understand?**

Retrieve and interpret information from a text/s

## KEYWORDS

<b>Alliteration</b>	The same letter at the beginning of a two or more of words close together. Usually used to stress something.
<b>Assonance</b>	The repetition of two or more vowel sounds or of two or more consonant sounds, close together. Usually in a poem.
<b>Cliché</b>	A phrase used so much it becomes meaningless.
<b>Colloquial</b>	Informal language.
<b>Emotive language</b>	Words that have strong emotional intensity.
<b>Enjambment</b>	When the sense of a poem runs over the line breaks. Example from 'The Man He Killed': "We should have set us down to wet / Right many a nipperkin."
<b>Imperative</b>	A verb used to express a wish, command or advice.
<b>Juxtapose</b>	Place two things together to show a link or emphasize a contrast between them.
<b>List</b>	A series of items separated by commas. Usually used to speed up the text and create a sense excitement.
<b>Metaphor</b>	Comparison of two things where one thing is said to be another. Powerful imagery tool, to make you imagine something.
<b>Narcissistic</b>	Excessive self-admiration and self-centeredness.
<b>Onomatopoeia</b>	Words which sound like the word they are describing, e.g. buzz, crack.
<b>Oxymoron</b>	A phrase in which the words contradict each other, usually for effect. e.g. "dumb god" (from Limbo.)
<b>Repetition</b>	A word said more than once. Usually used to stress it.
<b>Rhetorical question</b>	A question that does not require an answer, designed to make people think. Example: "Do we want to pay more taxes?"
<b>Persona</b>	Telling a poem from a first person perspective that is not the author's perspective.
<b>Personification</b>	Using a metaphor to make something seem human.
<b>Rhyme</b>	Word with endings that sounds similar to each other. Usually used to connect words.
<b>Rhythm</b>	The beat of a poem.
<b>Simile</b>	Comparing two things, but saying one is like another.

## VOCABULARY

The following vocabulary choices will make your creative writing stand out.

### Vocabulary (1-10) Definitions

1) Infinite	Without end; unbounded.
2) Gibe	To speak reproachfully or sneeringly; to taunt; a jeer or a taunt.
3) Effrontery	Unwarranted boldness of manner; impudence; audacity.
4) Meticulous	Extremely careful of details; scrupulous.
5) Acerbate	To embitter, vex, irritate. To make bad tasting.
6) Capacious	Of large capacity; roomy; spacious.
7) Sordid	Dirty; wretched; squalid; gross; ignoble.
8) Arduous	Difficult; with great exertion or labour.
9) Hallowed	Sacred, holy.
10) Acclimate situation	To accustom or become accustomed to a new environment, .

### Vocabulary (11-20)

### Definitions

1) Guttural	Rasping and gurgling; of the throat.
2) Deploy	To send out or station more widely; to extend or spread out.
3) Peculiar	Exclusive; significant of only one person or thing; odd or different.
4) Baneful	Harmful, ruinous; threatening danger.
5) Foible	A minor character weakness; a bland offense.
6) Opus	A work, especially one of significance in music, literature, etc.
7) Lupine	Wolf-like.
8) Pellucid	Clear; easily understood.
9) Ancillary	Of subordinate or auxiliary relationship.



- |             |  |
|-------------|--|
| 10) Magnate | A person of considerable rank, prestige, influence, etc. |
|-------------|--|

### **Vocabulary (21-30)**

### **Definitions**

- |                 |   |
|-----------------|---|
| 1) Apposite     | Suitable, fit, appropriate.   |
| 2) Jubilant     | Full of triumphant joy; rejoicing.  |
| 3) Supplication | An humble request.  |
| 4) Penchant     | A strong preference or liking.  |
| 5) Kiosk        | A small, open booth or stand.   |
| 6) Apprehensive | Troubled, anxious, uneasy.  |
| 7) Ecology      | The science of relationships between living things and their environment. |
| 8) Insular      | Severely bounded; narrow minded.  |
| 9) Misnomer     | An incorrect or inappropriate designation of someone or something.        |
| 10) Culinary    | Relating to cooking.  |

### **Vocabulary (31-38)**

### **Definitions**

- |               |  |
|---------------|--|
| 1) Rhetorical | Pertaining to the use of words artificially; said merely for effect rather than information. |
| 2) Awry       | Turned aside; amiss; wrong.  |
| 3) Nonpareil  | Without rival or equal.  |
| 4) Impeach    | To discredit someone's honour, character, etc.; to conduct a trial                           |
| 5) Canard     | A deliberate untruth; a misleading report, so intended.                                      |
| 6) Candid     | Frank; open; forthright; unbiased.   |
| 7) Catharsis  | A purging or relieving of physical or emotional symptoms.                                    |
| 8) Catholic   | All-inclusive; universal; widespread.  |



- |               |   |
|---------------|---|
| 9) Obsessed   | Preoccupied; burdened in mind to the exclusion of other thoughts; |
| 10) Perturbed | Disturbed and annoyed by something                                |

### Vocabulary (41-50)

### Definitions

- |                       |  |
|-----------------------|--|
| 1) Quantum            | An elemental unit of energy. A measurable amount; a sufficiency.   |
| 2) Quatrain           | A verse or stanza of four lines.   |
| 3) Rabid              | Extremely angry; raging; fanatical. Afflicted with the disease of rabies.                                    |
| 4) Rankle             | To irritate; to cause or have deep-seated, smoldering anger, dislike, bitterness, etc.                       |
| 5) Milieu             | A social environment or setting.   |
| 6) Militate           | To contend or operate against; to oppose.  |
| 7) Caucus             | A private meeting of members of a group or party to decide policy, select candidates, etc.                   |
| 8) Mortify            | To injure one's pride or dignity. To employ fasting or other self-denial for spiritual strengthening.        |
| 9) Nadir<br>observer; | Direct opposite of the highest point in space relative to the<br>figuratively, the lowest point of anything. |
| 10) Naïve             | Simple and unaffected; artless; not sophisticated.   |

### Vocabulary (51-60)

### Definitions

- |                 |  |
|-----------------|--|
| 1) Disconcerted | Confused; upset; distracted; not unified.  |
| 2) Waive        | To relinquish; to forego; to not insist upon or claim; to temporarily defer.                                 |
| 3) Subsistence  | The means of maintaining a livelihood or existence, commonly, the barest means; the act or fact of existing. |
| 4) Wary         | Cautious; watchful; suspecting and guarding against deception, danger, etc.                                  |

5) Xerography	A quick reproduction process for printed matter, etc., using light and electrostatic charging.
6) Tremulous	Shaking; trembling; timid; hesitant.
7) Zany	Funny; crazy; silly; one with such characteristics.
8) Jocund	Genial; cheerful; good natured.
9) Apathetic	Without emotion; indifferent.
10) Surcease	To be at an end; to leave off; an ending of or relief from.

## Vocabulary (61-70)

## Definitions

1) Maestro	One who conducts an orchestra or other music group; one considered a master of his art.
2) Ravage	To destroy with violence; to commit such destruction. The ruin resulting from violent attack.
3) Refute	To oppose with proof of the opposite; to prove false or wrong.
4) Miniscule	Very small; tiny.
5) Prudish	Extremely or affectedly modest.
6) Puissant	Mighty; forcible.
7) Annihilate	To utterly destroy; to completely wipe out or crush, as an enemy, opponent, fortress, etc
8) Foist	To cause acceptance of something false by slyly representing it as valid; to "palm off."
9) Halyard	A rope or tackle used for hoisting sails, flags, etc.
10) Harangue	Blustering talk; long disconnected or boring speech; talk in such a manner.

## Vocabulary (71-80)

## Definitions

- |                |   |
|----------------|---|
| 1) Hegemony    | Dominion, rulership---especially of one country or one ruler over another.  |
| 2) Larcenous   | Intending to commit theft; thieving.  |
| 3) Predatory   | Hunting to kill and devour; living by vandalism.                            |
| 4) Ultimatum   | A final demand or proposal.   |
| 5) Tandem      | Positioned one behind the other.  |
| 6) Vegetate    | To become inactive and useless.   |
| 7) Axiomatic   | Having obvious truth; self-evident.   |
| 8) Misconstrue | To interpret incorrectly.   |
| 9) Compatible  | Agreeable; suitable; combining well; getting along well together.           |
| 10) Aggregate  | A total or whole made up of distinct things. To gather into a mass or body. |

## Vocabulary (81-90)

## Definitions

- |                   |  |
|-------------------|--|
| 1) Waggish        | Frolicsome; comical; mischievously, humorous, slyly joking.                                |
| 2) Benevolent     | Disposed to do good; kind; charitable.   |
| 3) Bibliophile    | One who loves books; an appreciative collector of books.                                   |
| 4) Bereft         | Deprived of; stripped away; made destitute---especially with great emotional significance. |
| 5) Unconscionable | Unthinkably excessive; completely unreasonable; unguided or unrestrained by conscience.    |
| 6) Quandary       | Puzzlement; uncertainty; dilemma.  |
| 7) Narcissism     | Love of oneself; obvious, pronounced self-esteem.  |
| 8) Impetuous      | Acting hastily without due consideration.  |
| 9) Implacable     | Not to be appeased, thwarted, dissuaded; relentless.                                       |

10) Abdicate To formally give up a right or position.

## Vocabulary (91-100)

## Definitions

- |                 |  |
|-----------------|--|
| 1) Quandom      | Formerly; former.  |
| 2) Blasé        | Bored with pleasure; over full and tired by excess of enjoyment.   |
| 3) Boisterous   | Violent, turbulent; loudly exuberant.  |
| 4) Bombastic    | Pompous; high sounding.  |
| 5) Cant         | The specialized vocabulary of a certain occupation; argot; pretended piousness in speech; to speak in such a manner. |
| 6) Ursine       | Like a bear; of great bulk and strength.   |
| 7) Knack        | Ability to do something with ease; dexterity.  |
| 8) Dissertation | An elaborate speech; a formal presentation, spoken or written.   |
| 9) Bowdlerize   | To delete personally offensive words or passages; expurgate.   |
| 10) Nascent     | At the inception; beginning to emerge or grow.   |

## Vocabulary (101-110)

- |              |   |
|--------------|---|
| 1) Qualm     | A misgiving; a doubt; a pang of conscience                |
| 2) Unscathed | Unharmd; not injured.                                     |
| 3) Brusque   | Abrupt, curt, rough --- in speech or manner.              |
| 4) Knell     | An evil omen; to sound or portend ominously.              |
| 5) Bucolic   | Of the countryside; pastoral; rustic.                     |
| 6) Factious  | That which produces division, dissension.                 |
| 7) Cabal     | A group of people engaged in intrigue; a faction or junta |
| 8) Cache     | A secret place for hiding supplies, food, etc...          |
| 9) Cairn     | A heap of stones marking some special site.               |
| 10) Surfeit  | Too much of something; overindulgence.                    |

## Vocabulary (111-120)

- |     |                  |   |
|-----|------------------|---|
| 1)  | Objurgate        | To reprove or rebuke.   |
| 2)  | Ecumenical       | Universal; general; fostering unity.  |
| 3)  | Apiary           | A place where bees are kept and tended.                                     |
| 4)  | Zealous          | Very devoted and purposeful; fervent.                                       |
| 5)  | Apocalyptic      | Relating to a revelation; containing foresight.                             |
| 6)  | Apostasy         | Abandonment of a faith or a dedication to basic beliefs.                    |
| 7)  | Auspices         | Patronage; sponsorship; influence.  |
| 8)  | Pantheism<br>are | The doctrine that all phenomena, forces, etc. of the whole universe<br>God. |
| 9)  | Codicil          | A supplementary statement, especially as in a will.                         |
| 10) | Eclectic         | Chosen or selected from various sources; selective.                         |

## Vocabulary (121-130)

- |     |             |   |
|-----|-------------|---|
| 1)  | Horology    | The science of time measurement.                                |
| 2)  | Dissimulate | To mask or confuse by false appearance; feign; pretend.         |
| 3)  | Hortatory   | That which exhorts or consists of advice.                       |
| 4)  | Unkempt     | Slovenly; not tidy.   |
| 5)  | Annular     | Ring-shaped; forming a ring.                                    |
| 6)  | Pre-empt    | To take the place of something else; to replace unexpectedly.   |
| 7)  | Obscure     | Unclear; vague; not well known; hidden; dark.                   |
| 8)  | Subtlety    | A keen, crafty or skilful and delicate action or statement.     |
| 9)  | Huckster    | A peddler; one who is loud, persistent, overbearing in selling. |
| 10) | Hysteria    | Emotional excess.   |

## Vocabulary (131-140)

- |                        |  |
|------------------------|--|
| 1) Hustings            | The process of campaigning.  |
| 2) Edify               | To enlighten; to instruct; to increase awareness.  |
| 3) Quagmire            | Treacherously soft, miry, boggy ground.  |
| 4) Hymeneal            | Pertaining to marriage or weddings.  |
| 5) Icon                | A venerated stature or picture   |
| 6) Idiom               | Regional or class dialect; an individual style of expression which characterises a person. |
| 7) Append              | To attach; add to.   |
| 8) Idyllic<br>domestic | Simple and pleasing, especially in connection with rural and life.                         |
| 9) Jeremiad            | A doleful speech or story; a woeful tale.  |
| 10) Rote               | A fixed or inflexible way of doing something; memorization.                                |

## Vocabulary (141-150)

- |                           |   |
|---------------------------|---|
| 1) Saccharine             | Sugary; overly sweet; affectedly sweet in manner or expression.             |
| 2) Impromptu              | Without deliberation, preparation or forethought; unrehearsed.              |
| 3) Quaff                  | To drink deeply with enjoyment; such a drinking.                            |
| 4) Scrutiny               | A very intense examination; a lengthy of penetrating look.                  |
| 5) Saga                   | A long story of heroes and heroism.   |
| 6) Scourge                | To whip or otherwise punish severely. A whip or punishing device or action. |
| 7) Kine                   | Cattle; cows.   |
| 8) Timbre<br>instruments. | The quality of sound that characterizes different voices or                 |

- 9) Dissipate                      To disperse, scatter, make to disappear; to squander or waste.
- 10) Natal                         Pertaining to one's birth.

## SAMPLE EXAM PAPERS – PAPER 1

### **From Whispers in the Graveyard by Theresa Breslin**

I'm running. My chest is tight and sore. Breath rasping and whistling in my lungs. Branches whip against my face. Brambles tear at my legs and arms. There is a voice screaming. Out loud. The sound ripping through the trees, screaming and screaming. It's my voice

'Amy! Amy!'

Now I'm back at the back stream and the solid wooden fencing has been torn aside. Blasted apart as if some careless giant had passed by and trodden on it. I stare at the wood, not splintered or broken, but melted. Dissolved and warped. Curled aside to make a small space. Space enough for a child to walk through. What could do that? What power is there that would leave that mark? I hesitate, feeling the first great lurch of fear for myself.

'Amy?' I cry out.

Nothing. Beyond me the gaping dark of the cemetery.

There is a soft shudder in my head. A strange flicker which fastens on my fear. Nothing calling for me this time. No whispers in my face tonight. Why? Because Amy is in there. With one child captive, there is no need for two. Desperate, I hurl myself at the open space and barbed wire comes up to meet me, scratching through my skin, dragging at my clothes to pull me back. The thick bristles are embedded in my jacket and I am caught fast, struggling on the ground. Frantically, I unzip the front of my jacket, and draw out my arms. I leave it there and Scramble forwards to the foot of the stream.

Blood on my hands and fingernails, I scramble to the top. Then I leap over and sink down knee-deep on the other side, my legs heavy with clogged and slimy liquid. I raise one foot, looking down, expecting to see thick mud clinging there. Nothing. Then the next leg. Nothing. But I am sinking, the ground falling away beneath me. I am dropping down and it will close over my head and suffocate me.



## SECTION A – Reading

### Q1 [AO1 - Interpretation]

Read again the first part of the source, lines 1 to 4.

List **four** things from this part of the text that show running is difficult for the narrator.

- A
- B
- C
- D

[4 marks]

### Q2 [AO2 - language]

Look in detail at this extract from lines 6 - 13 of the source:

**Now I'm back at the back stream and the solid wooden fencing has been torn aside. Blasted apart as if some careless giant had passed by and trodden on it. I stare at the wood, not splintered or broken, but melted. Dissolved and warped. Curled aside to make a small space. Space enough for a child to walk through. What could do that? What power is there that would leave that mark? I hesitate, feeling the first great lurch of fear for myself.**

**'Amy?' I cry out.**

**Nothing. Beyond me the gaping dark of the cemetery.**

How does the writer use language here to describe the fence?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques

- sentence forms.

[8 marks]

**Q3 [AO2 - language]**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**.

This text is from the opening of a novel.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops
  - any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]

**Q4 [AO4 - evaluate with reference]**

Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source, **from line 14 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text said: “The writer skillfully conveys the terror felt by the narrator. It is as if you are actually there.”

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you should:

- write about your own impressions of the place
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with quotations from the text.

[20 marks]

## **SECTION B – Writing**

**Q5.** You are going to enter a creative writing competition. Your entry will be judged by a panel of people your own age.

**Either:**

**Write a description suggested by this picture: 40 marks. 24 AO5 16 AO6**



**Or**

**write the climax of a story about a place that you are trying to escape. 40 marks. 24 AO5 16 AO6**

## A High Wind in Jamaica By Richard Hughes

It was the custom that, whenever Mr. Thornton had been to St. Anne's, John and Emily should run out to meet him, and ride back with him, one perched on each of his stirrups.

That Sunday evening they ran out as soon as they saw him coming, in spite of the thunderstorm that by now was clattering over their very heads, with the lightning bounding from tree to tree, bouncing about the ground, while the thunder seemed to proceed from violent explosions in your own very core. 5

"Go back! Go back, you damned little fools!" Mr Thornton yelled furiously: "Get into the house!"

They stopped, aghast: and began to realise that after all it was a storm of more than ordinary violence. They discovered that they were drenched to the skin must have been the moment they left the house. The lightning kept up a continuous blaze: it was playing about their father's stirrup-irons; and all of a sudden they realized that he was afraid. They fled to the house, shocked to the heart: and he was in the house almost as soon as they were. 10 15

Mrs. Thornton rushed out, saying that she thought the worst was over now. Perhaps it was; but all through supper the lightning shone almost without flickering. And John and Emily could hardly eat: the memory of that momentary look on their father's face haunted them. It was an unpleasant meal altogether. he lightning kept up its play. The thunder made talking arduous, but no one was anyhow in a mood to chatter. Only thunder was heard, and the hammering of the rain. 20

But suddenly, close under the window, there burst out the most appalling inhuman shriek of terror.

"Tabby!" cried John, and they all rushed to the window. 25

But Tabby had already flashed into the house: and behind him was a whole club of wild cats in hot pursuit. John momentarily opened the dining-room door and puss slipped in, disheveled and panting. Not even then did the brutes desist: What insane fury led these jungle creatures to pursue him into the very house is unimaginable; but there they were, in the passage, caterwauling in concert: and as if at their incantation the thunder awoke anew, and the lightning nullified the meagre table lamp. It was such a din as you could not speak through. Tabby, his fur on end, pranced up and down the room, his eyes blazing, talking and sometimes exclaiming in a tone of voice the children had never heard him use before and which made their blood run cold. He had gone utterly manic: and in the passage Hell's pandemonium reigned terrifically. 30 35

Outside, above the door the fanlight was long since broken. Something black

and yelling flashed through the fanlight, landing clean in the middle of the supper table, scattering the forks and spoons and upsetting the lamp. And another and another - but already Tabby was through the window and streaking again for the bush. The whole dozen of those wild cats leapt one after the other clean through the fanlight onto the supper table, and away from there only too hot in his tracks: in a moment the whole devil-hunt and its hopeless quarry had vanished into the night. 40

## SECTION A

Read again the first part of the source, lines 1 to 9.

List **four** things from this part of the text about the weather.

A

B

C

D

[4 marks]

### Q2 [AO2 - language]

Look in detail at this extract from lines 10 to 22 of the source:

They stopped, aghast: and began to realize that after all it was a storm of more than ordinary violence. They discovered that they were drenched to the skin must have been the moment they left the house. The lightning kept up a continuous blaze: it was playing about their father's stirrup-irons; and all of a sudden they realized that he was afraid. They fled to the house, shocked to the heart: and he was in the house almost as soon as they were. 10 15

Mrs. Thornton rushed out, saying that she thought the worst was over now. Perhaps it was; but all through supper the lightning shone almost without flickering. And John and Emily could hardly eat: the memory of that momentary look on their father's face haunted them. It was an unpleasant meal altogether. he lightning kept up its play. The thunder made talking arduous, but no one was anyhow in a mood to chatter. Only thunder was heard, and the hammering of the rain. 20

How does the writer use language here to describe the ferocity of the weather?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

**[8 marks]**

### **Q3 (AO2 - Structure)**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**.

This text is from the opening of a novel.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

**[8 marks]**

### **Q4 [AO4 - evaluate with reference]**

Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source, **from line 23 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text said: "The writer skilfully conveys Tabby's fear and the determination of the wild cats in pursuit of him. It is as if you are actually there."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you should:

- write about your own impressions of the scene
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with quotations from the text. **[20 marks]**

## SECTION B WRITING

**Q5.** You are going to enter a creative writing competition. Your entry will be judged by a panel of people your own age.

**Either: Write a description suggested by this picture: 40 marks. 24 A05 16 A06**



**Or**

**Write the opening of a story about a truly remarkable event.**

**40 marks. 24 A05 16 A06**

## Animal Farm by George Orwell

On a farm run by animals, the pigs are the ruthless leaders. Boxer is an old work horse who has collapsed through old age and exhaustion. The pigs have said that they will arrange to have Boxer taken to a human hospital to recuperate and the other animals believe this. However, when the van arrives to take Boxer away, Benjamin, a donkey and the only animal that can read, sees the writing on the cart's side and announces to Clover (a horse) and the other animals that the pigs are actually sending Boxer to be slaughtered and turned into glue at the knacker's yard.

If he made a good recovery, Boxer might expect to live another three years, and he looked forward to the peaceful days that he would spend in the corner of the big pasture<sup>1</sup>. It would be the first time that he had had leisure to study and improve his mind. He intended, he said, to devote the rest of his life to learning the remaining twenty-two letters of the alphabet.

5

However, Benjamin and Clover could only be with Boxer after working hours, and it was in the middle of the day when the van came to take him away. The animals were all at work weeding turnips under the supervision of a pig, when they were astonished to see Benjamin come galloping from the direction of the farm buildings, braying<sup>2</sup> at the top of his voice. It was the first time that they had ever seen Benjamin excited--indeed, it was the first time that anyone had ever seen him gallop. "Quick, quick!" he shouted. "Come at once! They're taking Boxer away!" Without waiting for orders from the pigs, the animals broke off work and raced back to the farm buildings. Sure enough, there in the yard was a large closed van, drawn by two horses, with lettering on its side and a sly-looking man in a low-crowned bowler hat sitting on the driver's seat. And Boxer's stall<sup>3</sup> was empty.

10

15

The animals crowded round the van. "Good-bye, Boxer!" they chorused, "good-bye!"



"Fools! Fools!" shouted Benjamin, prancing round them and stamping the earth with his small hoofs. "Fools! Do you not see what is written on the side of that van?" 20

That gave the animals pause, and there was a hush. Muriel began to spell out the words. But Benjamin pushed her aside and in the midst of a deadly silence he read:

"'Alfred Simmonds, Horse Slaughterer and Glue Boiler, Willingdon. Dealer in Hides and Bone-Meal. Kennels Supplied.' Do you not understand what that means? They are taking Boxer to the knacker's!"<sup>4</sup> 25

A cry of horror burst from all the animals. At this moment the man on the box whipped up his horses and the van moved out of the yard at a smart trot. All the animals followed, crying out at the tops of their voices. Clover forced her way to the front. The van began to gather speed. Clover tried to stir her stout limbs to a gallop, and achieved a canter. "Boxer!" she cried. "Boxer! Boxer! Boxer!" And just at this moment, as though he had heard the uproar outside, Boxer's face, with the white stripe down his nose, appeared at the small window at the back of the van. 30

`Boxer!' cried Clover in a terrible voice. `Boxer! Get out! Get out quickly! They're taking you to your death!'

All the animals took up the cry of `Get out, Boxer, get out!' But the van was already gathering speed and drawing away from them. It was uncertain whether Boxer had understood what Clover had said. But a moment later his face disappeared from the window and there was the sound of a tremendous 35

drumming of hoofs<sup>5</sup> inside the van. He was trying to kick his way out. The time  
had been when a few kicks from Boxer's hoofs would have smashed the van 40  
to matchwood. But alas! his strength had left him; and in a few moments the  
sound of drumming hoofs grew fainter and died away. In desperation the animals  
began appealing to the two horses which drew the van to stop. 'Comrades<sup>6</sup>,  
comrades!' they shouted. 'Don't take your own brother to his death!' But the  
stupid brutes, too ignorant to realise what was happening, merely set back their 45  
ears and quickened their pace. Boxer's face did not reappear at the window.  
Too late, someone thought of racing ahead and shutting the five-barred gate;  
but in another moment the van was through it and rapidly disappearing down the road.  
Boxer was never seen again.

### **Glossary:**

<sup>1</sup> pasture - field

<sup>2</sup> braying – the cries made by donkeys

<sup>3</sup> stall – animal bed

<sup>4</sup> Knacker's – knacker's yard: a place where  
animals are killed then their bodies are made  
into glue.

<sup>5</sup> drumming of hoofs – hoofs are horse's feet,  
drumming means to bang and kick one's feet  
wildly.

<sup>6</sup> comrades – friends

**You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.**

## **SECTION A**

**Q1. [AO1]** Read again the first part of the source, **lines 1 to 5**.

List **four** things from this part of the text about Boxer. **[4 marks]**

**Q2. [AO2]** Look in detail at this extract from **lines 6 to 16** of the source:

However, Benjamin and Clover could only be with Boxer after working hours, and it was in the middle of the day when the van came to take him away. The animals were all at work weeding turnips under the supervision of a pig, when they were astonished to see Benjamin come galloping from the direction of the farm buildings, braying<sup>2</sup> at the top of his voice. It was the first time that they 10 had ever seen Benjamin excited--indeed, it was the first time that anyone had ever seen him gallop. "Quick, quick!" he shouted. "Come at once! They're taking Boxer away!" Without waiting for orders from the pigs, the animals broke off work and raced back to the farm buildings. Sure enough, there in the yard was a large closed van, drawn by two horses, with lettering on its side and a sly-looking man 15 in a low-crowned bowler hat sitting on the driver's seat. And Boxer's stall was empty

How does the writer use **language** here to show us what Benjamin felt about Boxer being taken away?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

**[8 marks]**

**Q3. [AO2]** You now need to think about the whole of the source.

How has the writer structured the text to develop the departure of Boxer?

You could write about:

- What the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning of the text
- how and why the writer changes the focus as the extract develops
- any other structural features that you think help to develop the meeting

**[8 marks]**

**Q4. [AO4]** Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source, from line 17 to the end.

A teacher having read this text said: “I like how the writer helps my students to feel involved in this moment. It is as if they are at the farm with the animals.”

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write about your own impressions of the characters
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with quotations from the text.

**[20 marks]**

## SECTION B WRITING

**Q5.** You are going to enter a creative writing competition. Your entry will be judged by a panel of people your own age.

**Either: Write a description suggested by this picture: 40 marks. 24 A05 16 A06**



**Or**

**Write a story starting with the sentence: ‘The end was nigh, hope was thin but trying was going to make all the difference.’**

**40 marks. 24 A05 16 A06**

## War Horse by Michael Morpurgo

The novel is about a horse's life from his early years being trained to work on a farm to his experiences in war.

My earliest memories are a confusion of hilly fields and dark, damp stables, and rats that scampered along the beams above my head. But I remember well enough the day of the horse sale. The terror of It stayed with me all my life.

I was not yet six months old, a gangling, leggy colt who had never been further than a few feet from his mother. We were parted that day in the terrible hubbub of the auction ring and I was never to see her again. She was a fine working farm horse, getting on in years but with all the strength and stamina of an Irish draught horse quite evident in her fore and hind quarters. She was sold within minutes, and before I could follow her through the gates, she was whisked out of the ring and away. But somehow I was more difficult to dispose of. Perhaps it was the wild look in my eye as I circled the ring in a desperate search for my mother, or perhaps it was that none of the farmers and gypsies there were looking for a spindly-looking half thoroughbred colt. But whatever the reason they were a long time haggling over how little I was worth before I heard the hammer go down and I was driven out through the gates and into a pen outside.

‘Not bad for three guineas, is he? Are you, my little firebrand? Not bad at all.’ The voice was harsh and thick with drink, and it belonged quite evidently to my owner. I shall not call him my master, for only one man was ever my master. My owner had a rope in his hand and was clambering into the pen followed by three or four of his red-faced friends. Each one carried a rope. They had taken off their hats and jackets and rolled up their sleeves; and they were all laughing as they came towards me. I had as yet been touched by no man and backed away from them until I felt the bars of the pen behind me and could go no further. They seemed to lunge at me all at once, but they were slow and I managed to slip past them and into the middle of the pen where I turned to face them again. They had stopped laughing now. I screamed for my mother and heard her reply echoing in the far distance. It was towards that cry that I bolted, half charging, half jumping the rails so that I caught my off foreleg as I tried to clamber over and was stranded there. I was grabbed roughly by the mane and tail and felt a rope tighten around my neck before I was thrown to the ground and held there with a man sitting it seemed on every part of me. I struggled until I was weak, kicking out violently every time I felt them relax, but they were too many and too strong for me. I felt the halter slip over my head and tighten around my neck and face. ‘So you’re quite a fighter, are you?’ said my owner, tightening the rope and smiling through gritted teeth. ‘I like a fighter. But I’ll break you one way or

the other. Quite the little fighting cock you are, but you'll be eating out of my hand quick as a twick.'

## SECTION A

**Q1 [AO1]** Read again the first part of the source, **lines 1 to 4**.

List **four** things from this part of the text that we learn about the horse's early memories. **[4 marks]**

**Q2 [AO2]** Look in detail at this extract from **lines 5 to 18** of the source.

I was not yet six months old, a gangling, leggy colt who had never 5  
been further than a few feet from his mother. We were parted that  
day in the terrible hubbub of the auction ring and I was never to see  
her again. She was a fine working farm horse, getting on in years but  
with all the strength and stamina of an Irish draught horse quite evident  
in her fore and hind quarters. She was sold within minutes, and before 10  
I could follow her through the gates, she was whisked out of the ring  
and away. But somehow I was more difficult to dispose of. Perhaps it  
was the wild look in my eye as I circled the ring in a desperate search  
for my mother, or perhaps it was that none of the farmers and gypsies  
there were looking for a spindly-looking half thoroughbred colt. But 15  
whatever the reason they were a long time haggling over how little I was  
worth before I heard the hammer go down and I was driven out through  
the gates and into a pen outside.

How does the writer use **language** here to show us what the horse felt about being up for sale?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

**[8 marks]**

**Q3 [AO2]** You now need to think about the **whole** of the source.  
How has the writer **structured** the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes the focus as the extract develops
- any other structural features that you think help to develop the introduction of the horse. **[8 marks]**

**Q4 [A4]** Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source, **from line 19 to the end.**

A teacher, having read this section of the text said: “I like how the writer helps my students to feel involved in this moment. It is as if they are there in the pen with the Horse.”

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write about your own impressions of the horse and the man
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with quotations from the text. **[20 marks]**



## **SECTION B – WRITING**

**Q5.** You have been requested to write for your school newsletter.

**Either: Write a description suggested by this picture:**

**40 marks. 24 AO5 16 AO6**



**Or**

**Write a story about the greatest feeling ever.**

**40 marks - 24 AO5 16 AO6**

## Nineteen Eighty Four by George Orwell

### Chapter One

*On a cold day in April of 1984, a man named Winston Smith returns to his home, a dilapidated apartment building called Victory Mansions. He is thin and frail; he is thirty-nine years old and it is painful for him to trudge up the stairs. Winston is a low-ranking member of the ruling Party in London, in the nation of Oceania. Everywhere Winston goes, even his own home, the Party watches him.*

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions, though not quickly enough to prevent a swirl of gritty dust from entering along with him.

The hallway smelt of boiled cabbage and old rag mats. At one end of it a coloured poster, too large for indoor display, had been tacked to the wall. It depicted simply an enormous face, more than a metre wide: the face of a man of about forty-five, with a heavy black moustache and ruggedly handsome features. Winston made for the stairs. It was no use trying the lift. Even at the best of times it was seldom working, and at present the electric current was cut off during daylight hours. It was part of the economy drive in preparation for Hate Week. The flat was seven flights up, and Winston, who was thirty-nine and had a varicose ulcer above his right ankle, went slowly, resting several times on the way. On each landing, opposite the lift-shaft, the poster with the enormous face gazed from the wall. It was one of those pictures 15 which are designed to that the eyes follow you about when you move. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption beneath it ran.

Inside the flat a fruity voice was reading out a list of figures which had something to do with the production of pig-iron. The voice came from an oblong metal plaque like a dulled mirror which formed part of the surface of the right-hand wall. Winston turned a switch and the voice sank somewhat, though the words were still distinguishable. The instrument (the telescreen, it was called) could be dimmed, but there was no way of shutting it off completely. He moved over to the window: a smallish, frail figure, the meagreness of his body merely emphasized by the blue overalls which were the uniform of the party. His hair was very fair, his face naturally cheerful, his skin roughened by coarse soap and blunt razor blades and the cold of the winter that had just ended.

Outside, even through the shut window-pane, the world looked cold. Down in the street little eddies of wind were whirling dust and torn paper into spirals, and though the sun was shining and the sky a harsh blue, there seemed to be no colour in anything, except the posters that were plastered everywhere. The black-moustachioed face gazed down from every commanding corner. There was one on the house-front immediately opposite. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption said, while the dark eyes looked deep into Winston's own. Down at street level another poster, torn at one corner, flapped fitfully in the wind, alternately covering and uncovering the single word INGSOC. In the far distance a helicopter skimmed down between the roofs, hovered for an instant like a bluebottle, and darted away again with a curving flight. It was the police patrol, snooping into people's windows. The patrols did not matter, however. Only the Thought Police mattered.

## SECTION A –

### Q1

Read again the first part of the source, lines 1 to 4.

List **four** things from this part of the text about the weather.

A

B

C

D

[4 marks]

### Q2 [AO2 - language]

Look in detail at this extract from lines 5 to 17 of the source:

The hallway smelt of boiled cabbage and old rag mats. At one end of it a coloured poster, too large for indoor display, had been tacked to the wall. It depicted simply an enormous face, more than a metre wide: the face of a man of about forty-five, with a heavy black moustache and ruggedly handsome features. Winston made for the stairs. It was no use trying the lift. Even at the best of times it was seldom working, and at present the electric current was cut off during daylight hours. It was part of the economy drive in preparation for Hate Week. The flat was seven flights up, and

Winston, who was thirty-nine and had a varicose ulcer above his right ankle, went slowly, resting several times on the way. On each landing, opposite the lift-shaft, the poster with the enormous face gazed from the wall. It was one of those pictures 15 which are designed to that the eyes follow you about when you move. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption beneath it ran.

How does the writer use language here to describe how the communal staircase?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

**[8 marks]**

### **Q3 [AO2- structure]**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**.

This text is from the opening of a novel.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

**[8 marks]**

### **Q4 [AO4 - evaluate with reference]**

Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source, **from line 28 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text said: "The writer skilfully conveys the bleakness of the street outside. It is as if you are actually in Winston's apartment, looking out of the window with him."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you should:

- write about your own impressions of the street
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with quotations from the text.

**[20 marks]**

## SECTION B - Writing

**Q5.** You have been requested to write for your school magazine.

**Either: Write a description suggested by this picture:**

**40 marks. 24 AO5 16 AO6**



**Or**

**Write the opening of a story about a confusing experience.**

**40 marks - 24 AO5 16 AO6**

## SAMPLE EXAM PAPERS – PAPER 2

### **SOURCE A: Sir Ranulph Fiennes: Coping with extreme weather**

Sir Ranulph Fiennes, who recently returned to the UK after his latest Antarctic expedition, explains the impact of extremely cold weather - and how to cope with it.

I recently returned to the UK after developing a case of frostbite on my latest expedition in Antarctica, which we nicknamed "The Coldest Journey". The epic journey, which aimed to complete the first ever trans-Antarctic crossing during the polar winter, has continued without me, with a highly experienced team of four Britons and one Canadian.

Each foray I've made into the Arctic and Antarctic has confirmed that low temperatures without the wind are relatively bearable, providing that your clothing is sufficient. In Antarctica in particular you have high altitude to deal with which lends itself to being very windy. In the polar regions, even the smallest of holes in your warm clothing can have major implications on your core temperature and survival. If you are sweating and cold air manages to get inside your layers then you are in trouble.

In extreme cold, you can't think that your natural attributes will work as well as they usually do. In my case, I'd proved in various situations that my circulation was fine, even better than colleagues on previous expeditions, yet suddenly two weeks ago, during a whiteout at -33°C, and after only 15 minutes of exposure, one hand had a problem but the other one was fine.

The cold can affect you in strange ways, mentally and physically. To be mentally prepared for such extreme and demanding environments is incredibly difficult. Carrying out detailed planning so that you are confident in the expedition and its success is key, as is developing a mental toughness when faced with difficult situations. It is imperative to stay focused and not to panic if something bad or unexpected happens.

As an expedition member, you must believe in yourself and your abilities, and know your role within the expedition inside out. Preparation is key. In a group situation, when one person is having a down day, it is important for the others



to pull him back up and motivate him and keep him focused. Everyone will have a down day, but in a team environment they will help each other and work together to reach the end goal.

To be physically prepared for extreme temperatures, training to get fit is critical, and you can try to put on weight to give you a bit of a cushion. Obviously, it also helps to research the best cold weather gear for whatever particular activity you are undertaking as well, so you are as well-equipped and warm as possible on the expedition.

What makes the Coldest Journey so unique is that it is the first attempt to traverse Antarctica during polar winter, so not only will it be cold, it will be completely dark for much of the expedition, which is also likely to affect the team's mindset.

When the weather sets in you cope with it like any other person. We play cards, draughts, backgammon, write blogs, write to the nearest and dearest, watch DVDs, listen to music ...

And the team has seven or eight furry little mascots. I had a pink elephant from my daughter, Rob Lambert the doctor has two penguins, someone else has a power gorilla. There is also a busy little mouse called Mary, who seems to be the most notable. These mascots keep the team going.

**SOURCE B: Extract from the London Journal of Flora Tristan (1840). "London's climate and the English temperament"**

Over every English town there hangs a pall compounded of the Ocean vapours that perpetually shroud the British Isles, and the heavy noxious fumes of the Cyclops' cave. No longer does timber from the forests provide fuel for the family hearth; the fuel of Hell, snatched from the very bowels of the earth, has usurped its place. It burns everywhere, feeding countless furnaces, replacing horse-power on the roads and wind-power on the rivers and the seas which surround the empire.

Above the monster city a dense fog combines with the volume of smoke and soot issuing from thousands of chimneys to wrap London in a black cloud

which allows only the dimmest light to penetrate and shrouds everything in a funeral veil.

In London melancholy is in the very air you breathe and enters in at every pore. There is nothing more gloomy or disquieting than the aspect of the city on a day of fog or rain or black frost. Only succumb to its influence and your head becomes painfully heavy, your digestion sluggish, your respiration laboured for lack of fresh air, and your whole body is overcome by lassitude. Then you are in the grip of what the English call “spleen”: a profound despair, unaccountable anguish, cantankerous hatred for those one loves the best, disgust with everything, and an irresistible desire to end one’s life by suicide. On days like this, London has a terrifying face: you seem to be lost in the necropolis of the world, breathing its sepulchral air. The light is wan, the cold humid; the long rows of identical sombre houses, each with its black iron grilles and narrow windows, resembles nothing so much as tombs stretching to infinity, whilst between them wander corpses awaiting the hour of burial.

On such black days the Englishman is under the spell of his climate and behaves like a brute beast to anybody who crosses his path, giving and receiving knocks without a word of apology on either side. A poor old man may collapse from starvation in the street, but the Englishman will not stop to help him. He goes about his business and spares no thought for anything else; he hurries to finish his daily task, not to return home, for he has nothing to say to his wife or children, but to go to his club, where he will eat a good dinner in solitude, as conversation fatigues him. Then he will drink too much, and in his drunken slumber forget the troubles which beset him during the day. Many women resort to the same remedy; all that matters is to forget that one exists. The Englishman is no more of a drunkard by nature than the Spaniard, who drinks nothing but water, but the climate of London is enough to drive the most sober Spaniard to drink.

Summer in London is scarcely more agreeable than winter; the frequent chilling rainstorms, the heavy atmosphere charged with electricity, the constant change of temperature, cause so many colds, headaches and bouts of colic that there are at least as many sick people in summer as in winter.



The climate of London is so trying that many Englishmen never become reconciled to its vagaries. Hence it is the subject of eternal complaints and maledictions.

**Perpetually – Constantly**

**Lassitude – Tiredness**

**Maledictions – Evils**

**Usurped – Taken over**

**Cantankerous - Irritable**

**Shrouds – Covers**

**Spaniard – Person from Spain**

**Melancholy – Sadness**

**Vagaries – Fancies**

## **SECTION A**

**Q.1 Read lines 1-11 of SOURCE A again (up to “you are in trouble”). From the comments below choose 4 which are TRUE.**

- a) Ranulph Fiennes is still in Antarctica.
- b) The expedition was nicknamed “The Coldest Journey”.
- c) On the expedition still are 4 Canadians and 1 Briton.
- d) Fiennes developed frostbite whilst on the expedition.
- e) Having holes in your clothing can help keep you warm.
- f) The journey aims to complete the first trans-Antarctic crossing ever.
- g) The high altitude makes it windier.
- h) Fiennes has been to the Antarctic before.

**(4 marks)**

**Q.2 You need to refer to source A and source B for this question:**

**Use details from both sources. Write a summary of DIFFERENCES in the two different texts.**

**(8 marks)**

**Q.3 You now only need to refer to Source B.**

**How does the writer use language to suggest her opinion about 19<sup>th</sup> Century London?**

**(12 marks)**

**Q.4** For this question, you need to refer to the whole of Source A together with the whole of Source B.

Compare how each source conveys their attitudes towards extreme weather.

In your answer, you should:

- compare the different attitudes
- compare the methods used to convey the attitudes
- support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

**(16 marks)**

## **SECTION B WRITING**

**Young people do not care enough about the state of the earth's environment.**

Write a letter to your local newspaper in which you argue for or against this statement.

**(24 marks for content and organisation 16 marks for technical accuracy)**

**[40 marks]**

## SOURCE A – (modern look at poverty)

### Lord Sugar says there's no such thing as real poverty in 21st century Britain

Lord Sugar says today's poor have never had it so good, with mobile phones, computers and televisions making a mockery of claims of deprivation



Lord Sugar said he doesn't look at the price of things "apart from planes and boats and things like that" Photo: BBC

Lord Sugar has dismissed the notion of poverty in 21st century Britain, claiming the poor enjoy luxuries undreamt of by former generations.

The tycoon, multi-millionaire and **presenter of The Apprentice**, said today's less well-off families have far more material benefits than the poor of his childhood.

In comments bound to generate a bitter debate over social conditions in the UK, he said: "Who are the poor these days?

"You've got some people up north and in places like that who are quite poor, but they all have mobile phones, being poor, and they've got microwave ovens, being poor, and they've got televisions, being poor.

"Compare that to 60 years ago."

Lord Sugar, the son of an East London tailor who made his fortune launching the computer firm Amstrad and is now said to be worth £1.4 billion, told The

Times: "If you really want to know what poor is like go and live where I lived in Hackney, where you didn't have a shilling for the meter."

His comments will anger social welfare campaigners, who will claim they fly in the face of reality. According to a report from the Debt Advisory Centre earlier this year, more than four million people say they often cannot afford to top up their gas meter and 4.7 million people regularly have their electricity cut off after failing to pay their bills.

But Lord Sugar is unlikely to be moved by pleading on behalf of today's deprived.

And he went on to attack **the anti-austerity rhetoric of Labour's new leader, Jeremy Corbyn.**

"I just don't see how the Labour Party are going to get into power again in the next 10, 15 years, if this is the way it's going to go," he said.

"It's out of the ark, this Robin Hood stuff, stealing from the rich to give to the poor. If they ever did get into power then people like me would just give up and leave the country."

**Lord Sugar quit the Labour Party in May, after becoming disillusioned with its "negative business policies" and "anti-enterprise concepts".**

Lord Sugar, 68, said the last time he remembers having to wait for something because he did not have the money to pay for it was when he was a teenager and wanted a new lens for his camera.

Now, he confesses, he does not bother looking at the price of most items he buys – "apart from planes and boats and things like that" – and is happy to admit he does not know the price of a pint of milk or a loaf of bread.

He said: "I never look at the price. I look at the product and if I like the shirt, I'm going to have it, and the price is whatever the price is."

**SOURCE B (19<sup>th</sup> century essay about the conditions of workhouses where the poor live and work)**

**Charles Dickens, Household Words (25th May, 1850)**

A few Sundays ago, I formed one of the congregation assembled in the chapel of a large metropolitan Workhouse. With the exception of the clergyman and clerk, and a very few officials, there were none but paupers present. The children sat in the galleries; the women in the body of the chapel, and in one of the side aisles; the men in the remaining aisle. The service was decorously performed, though the sermon might have been much better adapted to the comprehension and to the circumstances of the hearers.

The usual supplications were offered, with more than the usual significance in such a place, for the fatherless children and widows, for all sick persons and young children, for all that were desolate and oppressed, for the comforting and helping of the weak-hearted, for the raising-up of them that had fallen; for all that were in danger, necessity, and tribulation. The prayers of the congregation were desired "for several persons in the various wards, dangerously ill"; and others who were recovering returned their thanks to Heaven.

Among this congregation, were some evil-looking young women, and beetle-browed young men; but not many - perhaps that kind of characters kept away. Generally, the faces (those of the children excepted) were depressed and subdued, and wanted colour. Aged people were there, in every variety. Mumbling, blear-eyed, spectacled, stupid, deaf, lame; vacantly winking in the gleams of sun that now and then crept in through the open doors, from the paved yard; shading their listening ears, or blinking eyes, with their withered hands, poring over their books, leering at nothing, going to sleep, crouching and drooping in corners. There were weird old women, all skeleton within, all bonnet and cloak without, continually wiping their eyes with dirty dusters of pocket-handkerchiefs; and there were ugly old crones, both male and female, with a ghastly kind of contentment upon them which was not at all comforting to see. Upon the whole, it was the dragon, Pauperism, in a very weak and impotent condition; toothless, fangless, drawing his breath heavily enough, and hardly worth chaining tip.

When the service was over, I walked with the humane and conscientious gentleman whose duty it was to take that walk, that Sunday morning, through

the little world of poverty enclosed within the workhouse walls. It was inhabited by a population of some fifteen hundred or two thousand paupers, ranging from the infant newly born or not yet come into the pauper world, to the old man dying on his bed.

In a room opening from a squalid yard, where a number of listless women were lounging to and fro, trying to get warm in the ineffectual sunshine of the tardy May morning - in the "Itch Ward", not to compromise the truth - a woman such as Hogarth has often drawn was hurriedly getting on her gown, before a dusty fire. She was the nurse, or wardswoman, of that insalubrious department - herself a pauper - flabby, raw-boned, untidy - unpromising and coarse of aspect as need be. But, on being spoken to about the patients whom she had in charge, she turned round, with her shabby gown half on, half off, and fell a crying with all her might. Not for show, not querulously, not in any mawkish sentiment, but in the deep grief and affliction of her heart; turning away her dishevelled head: sobbing most bitterly, wringing her hands, and letting fall abundance of great tears, that choked her utterance. What was the matter with the nurse of the itch-ward? Oh, "the dropped child" was dead! Oh, the child that was found in the street, and she had brought up ever since, had died an hour ago, and see where the little creature lay, beneath his cloth! The dear, the pretty dear!

The dropped child seemed too small and poor a thing for death to be in earnest with, but death had taken it; and already its diminutive form was neatly washed, composed, and stretched as if in sleep upon a box. I thought I heard a voice from Heaven saying, It shall be well for thee, O nurse of the itch-ward, when some less gentle pauper does those offices to thy cold form, that such as the dropped child are the angels who behold my Father's face!

In another room, were several ugly old women crouching, witch-like, round a hearth, and chattering and nodding, after the manner of the monkeys. "All well here? And enough to eat?" A general chattering and chuckling; at last an answer from a volunteer. "Oh yes gentleman! Bless you gentleman! Lord bless the parish of St. So-and-So! It feed the hungry, Sir, and give drink to the thirsty, and it warm them which is cold, so it do, and good luck to the parish of St. So-and-So, and thankee gentleman!" Elsewhere, a party of pauper nurses were at dinner. "How do you get on?" "Oh pretty well Sir! We works hard, and we lives hard - like the sodgers!"

In another room, a kind of purgatory or place of transition, six or eight noisy madwomen were gathered together, under the superintendence of one sane attendant. Among them was a girl of two or three and twenty, very prettily dressed, of most respectable appearance, and good manners, who had been brought in from the house where she had lived as domestic servant (having, I suppose, no friends), on account of being subject to epileptic fits, and requiring to be removed under the influence of a very bad one. She was by no means of the same stuff, or the same breeding, or the same experience, or in the same state of mind, as those by whom she was surrounded; and she pathetically complained, that the daily association and the nightly noise made her worse, and was driving her mad - which was perfectly evident. The case was noted for enquiry and redress, but she said she had already been there for some weeks.

## **SECTION A**

**Q.1 Read the first paragraph of source A. From the comments below choose 4 which are TRUE.**

- i) Lord Sugar claims the poor enjoy luxuries dreamt by former generations
- j) Less well-off families do not have more benefits than the poor during his childhood
- k) Some people up North are quite poor
- l) He says that not everyone has a mobile phone
- m) Lord Sugar made his fortune by selling fruit and vegetables
- n) Lord Sugar was brought up in Tower Hamlets
- o) Some people didn't have a shilling for the meter
- p) He is the founder of the computer firm Amstrad.

**(4 marks)**

**Q.2 You need to refer to source A and source B for this question:**

**Use details from both sources. Write a summary of the DIFFERENCES in the two texts about poverty.**

**(8 marks)**

**Q.3** You now only need to refer to Source B.

How does the writer use language to describe the Victorian workhouse conditions?

**(12 marks)**

**Q.4** For this question, you need to refer to the whole of Source A together with the whole of Source B.

Compare how the writers of each source convey their attitudes towards poverty.

In your answer, you should:

- compare the different attitudes
- compare the methods used to convey the attitudes
- support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

**(16 marks)**

## **SECTION B WRITING**

There is more inequality in the 21<sup>st</sup> century than there has ever been in the last 1000 years.

Write an article for a magazine in which you argue for or against this statement.

**(24 marks for content and organisation 16 marks for technical accuracy)**

**[40 marks]**



## Source A: from Life In London magazine [2015]

### Sunday morning in London

Sundays are for relaxation, catching up with things there is little time for in the week, and quite often, recovering from the night before. Whether you're full of beans or in need of several siestas, we've got your Sunday morning covered.

Start the day by going for a walk. Hyde Park is the most obvious choice, and will likely be filled with early morning joggers. Alternatively the beautiful, very peaceful Kyoto Garden in Holland Park is a fantastic place to read a book or simply sit in the sunshine (weather permitting). Rather surprisingly, there is a small but perfectly formed green space tucked behind Charing Cross Road called the Phoenix Garden, which is both well maintained and filled with wildlife. There is another unlikely natural habitat near King's Cross station, at Camley Street Natural Park, which is run by the London Wildlife Trust. If you feel like spotting birds, fish or butterflies, there is plenty to look at here. If greenery doesn't appeal, try a walk along the Thames. Pick the Embankment area for a view of the Houses of Parliament and the Southbank Centre, or head further East for Tower Bridge and the Docklands. To really indulge in that Sunday morning feeling stroll around the City, as the streets connecting the area's imposing skyscrapers are completely deserted at weekends. If that seems like too much effort for a Sunday, the river bus operates various services daily, the two longest routes being from Embankment to as far out as Woolwich Arsenal, and Putney all the way to Blackfriars.

Sunday mornings are a great time to go shopping, as busy streets are empty and shops are uninhabited, meaning you might actually reach some of the rails at Topshop on Oxford Street. There are also a number of markets to be visited, some of which operate exclusively on a Sunday, like Columbia Road Flower Market in the East End. For clothing, pick up a bargain at the Holloway Car Boot Sale; second hand books and bric-a-brac are also sold. Farmers' markets have become trendy of late, where the focus is on fresh food from small producers at exorbitant<sup>1</sup> prices. Still, some of it is mouth-watering, such as the organic nosh offered at Marylebone Farmers' Market. If you didn't make time for brunch, the Sunday UpMarket at the Truman Brewery has stalls selling food from all over the world, from Japanese fried octopus balls to Spanish gazpacho<sup>2</sup>.

This is also an opportune day for a spot of pampering, whether this means going for a relaxing swim, having a massage or visiting the hairdressers. Splurge on a spa like the K West Spa, which offers a wide range of massages, facials and nail treatments, and benefits from a sauna, hydrotherapy pool, and brand spanking new trends like a "snow room", where the body's circulation is stimulated by immersing it in below freezing temperatures before exposing it to steam. As unpleasant as that may sound, it's very good for the skin and the immune system, although given the choice between this and a lie-down on one of their suede loungers we know what we'd be choosing. Other very reputable<sup>2</sup> spas include The Sanctuary, Aveda and Elemis.

You might not want to be induced<sup>3</sup> into a state of dreamy relaxation however. On a Sunday morning gyms are at their quietest, so you're in luck if you like solitary workouts.

So long as it's not pouring with rain, tennis enthusiasts can use the courts off Farringdon road in Islington and Southwark Park for free, and many parks have facilities like table tennis, football, boating and even fishing. Regent's Park has its very own sports centre called The Hub, as well as pitches for cricket, boules and rugby. And after all this physical activity, it'll be time for a hearty Sunday lunch and a snooze.

45

## Source B: The Streets Of London by Charles Dickens [1836]

The appearance presented by the streets of London an hour before sunrise, on a summer's morning, is most striking even to the few whose unfortunate pursuits of pleasure, or scarcely less unfortunate pursuits of business, cause them to be well acquainted with the scene. There is an air of cold, solitary desolation<sup>1</sup> about the noiseless streets which we are accustomed to see thronged at other times by a busy, eager crowd, and over the quiet, closely-shut buildings, which throughout the day are swarming with life and bustle, that is very impressive. 5

An hour wears away; the spires of the churches and roofs of the principal buildings are faintly tinged with the light of the rising sun; and the streets, slowly and almost unnoticeably, begin to resume their bustle and life. Market-carts roll slowly along: the sleepy waggoner<sup>2</sup> impatiently urging on his tired horses, or vainly trying to awaken the boy, who, luxuriously stretched on the top of the fruit-baskets, forgets, in happy oblivion<sup>3</sup>, his long-cherished curiosity to behold the wonders of London. 10

Rough, sleepy-looking animals of strange appearance, something between ostlers<sup>4</sup> and hackney-coachmen<sup>5</sup>, begin to take down the shutters of early public-houses; and little tables, with the ordinary preparations for a street breakfast, make their appearance at the customary stations. Numbers of men and women (mainly the latter), carrying upon their heads heavy baskets of fruit, toil down the park side of Piccadilly, on their way to Covent-garden, and, following each other in rapid succession, form a long straggling line from thence to the turn of the road at Knightsbridge. 15 20

Here and there, a bricklayer's labourer, with the day's dinner tied up in a handkerchief, walks briskly to his work, and occasionally a little knot of three or four schoolboys on a stolen bathing expedition rattle merrily over the pavement, their boisterous laughter contrasting forcibly with the appearance of the little sweep, who, having knocked and rung till his arm aches, and being forbidden from endangering his lungs by calling out, sits patiently down on the door-step, until the housemaid may happen to awake. 25

Covent-garden market, and the avenues leading to it, are thronged with carts of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions, from the heavy lumbering waggon, with its four brave horses, to the jingling costermonger's<sup>6</sup> cart, with its wheezing donkey. The pavement is already strewn with decayed cabbage-leaves, broken hay-bands, and all the indescribable litter of a vegetable market; men are shouting, carts backing, horses neighing, boys fighting, basket-women talking and piemen announcing the excellence of their pastry. These and a hundred other sounds form a compound discordant enough to a Londoner's ears. 30 35

## Glossary

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. desolation – despair, unhappiness            | 5. hackney-coachmen – before the invention of cars and buses, a hackney coach was an early type of taxi, but pulled by a horse |
| 2. waggoner – a person steering a wagon, a cart | 6. costermongers – a person who sells goods from a stall on the streets.   |
| 3. oblivion – ignorance,                        |  |
| 4. ostlers – an ostler works with horses        |  |

## SECTION A

**Q1 [AO1].** Read again **source A**, from **lines 1 to 18**.

Choose **four** statements below which are TRUE.

- Shade the boxes of the ones that you think are true
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.

- a) London, on a Sunday morning, offers lively activities *and* relaxing activities.
- b) Kyoto Park is a place for relaxing.
- c) Everyone knows that Phoenix Garden is behind Charing Cross Road.
- d) Camley Street Natural Park is a privately owned park.
- e) From the riverside, you can get a good view of the Houses of Parliament.
- f) The city of London is very busy at all times.
- g) The river bus offers a relaxing journey down the Thames. **[4 marks]**

**Q2 [AO1].** You need to refer to **source A** and **source B** for this question:

Use details from **both** sources. Write a summary of the **differences between a morning in London** in the two different texts. **[8 marks]**

**Q3 [AO2].** You now need to refer **only** to **source B**.

How does the writer use language to explain what the **different types of people do in London**? **[12 marks]**

**Q4 [AO3].** For this question, you need to refer to the whole of **source A** together with the whole of **source B**.

**Compare** how each source conveys **the pace/speed of life in London**.

In your answer, you should:

- compare the differences in the pace/speed of life
- compare the methods used to convey these differences
- support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

**[16 marks]**

## **SECTION B WRITING**

**Life in the countryside is better than living in an urban city.**

Write a **SPEECH** in which you are trying to persuade people to live in either the countryside or in an urban city.

**(24 marks for content and organisation 16 marks for technical accuracy)**

**[40 marks]**

## Source A: 20<sup>th</sup> century nonfiction

### Extract taken from Bill Bryson's travel book *Notes from a Small Island*.

Blackpool – and I don't care how many times you hear this, it never stops being amazing – attracts more visitors every year than Greece and has more holiday beds than the whole of Portugal. It consumes more chips per capita than anywhere else on the planet. (It gets through forty acres of potatoes a day.) It has the largest concentration of roller-coasters in Europe. It has the continent's second most popular tourist attraction, the forty-two-acre Pleasure Beach, whose 6.5 million annual visitors are exceeded in number only by those going to the Vatican. It has the most famous illuminations. And on Friday and Saturday nights it has more public toilets than anywhere else in Britain; elsewhere they call them doorways.

Whatever you may think of the place, it does what it does very well - or if not very well at least very successfully. In the past twenty years, during a period in which the number of Britons taking traditional seaside holidays has declined by a fifth, Blackpool has increased its visitor numbers by 7 per cent and built tourism into a £250-million-a-year industry - no small achievement when you consider the British climate, the fact that Blackpool is ugly, dirty and a long way from anywhere, that its sea is an open toilet, and its attractions nearly all cheap, provincial and dire.

It was the illuminations that had brought me there. I had been hearing and reading about them for so long that I was genuinely keen to see them. So, after securing a room in a modest guesthouse on a back street, I hastened to the front in a sense of some expectation. Well, all I can say is that Blackpool's illuminations are nothing if not splendid, and they are not splendid. There is, of course, always a danger of disappointment when you finally encounter something you have wanted to see for a long time, but in terms of letdown it would be hard to exceed Blackpool's light show. I thought there would be lasers sweeping the sky, strobe lights tattooing the clouds and other gasp-making dazzlements. Instead there was just a rumbling procession of old trams decorated as rocket ships or Christmas crackers, and several miles of paltry decorations on lampposts. I suppose if you had never seen electricity in action,

it would be pretty breathtaking, but I'm not even sure of that. It all just seemed tacky and inadequate on rather a grand scale, like Blackpool itself.

What was no less amazing than the meagreness of the illuminations were the crowds of people who had come to witness the spectacle. Traffic along the front was bumper to bumper, with childish faces pressed to the windows of every creeping car, and there were masses of people ambling happily along the spacious promenade. At frequent intervals hawkers sold luminous necklaces and bracelets or other short-lived diversions, and were doing a roaring trade. I read somewhere once that half of all visitors to Blackpool have been there at least ten times. Goodness knows what they find in the place. I walked for a mile or so along the prom, and couldn't understand the appeal of it - and I, as you may have realized by now, am an enthusiast for tat. Perhaps I was just weary after my long journey from Porthmadog, but I couldn't wake up any enthusiasm for it at all. I wandered through brightly lit arcades and peered in bingo halls, but the festive atmosphere that seemed to seize everyone failed to rub off on me. Eventually, feeling very tired and very foreign, I retired to a fish restaurant on a side-street, where I had a plate of haddock, chips and peas, and was looked at like I was some kind of southern pansy when I asked for tartare sauce, and afterwards took yet another early night.

### Source B: 19<sup>th</sup> century literary nonfiction

#### Extract taken from Charles Dickens' travelogue *Pictures from Italy*.

Pleasant Verona! With its beautiful old palaces, and charming country in the distance, seen from terrace walks, and stately, balustraded galleries\*. With its Roman gates, still spanning the fair street, and casting, on the sunlight of to-day, the shade of fifteen hundred years ago. With its marble-fitted churches, lofty towers, rich architecture, and quaint old quiet thoroughfares, where shouts of Montagues and Capulets\* once resounded. [...] With its fast-rushing river, picturesque old bridge, great castle, waving cypresses, and prospect so delightful, and so cheerful! Pleasant Verona!

In the midst of it, in the Piazza di Bra — a spirit of old time among the familiar realities of the passing hour — is the great Roman Amphitheatre\*. So well

preserved, and carefully maintained, that every row of seats is there, unbroken. Over certain of the arches, the old Roman numerals may yet be seen; and there are corridors, and staircases, and subterranean\* passages for beasts, and winding ways, above ground and below, as when the fierce thousands hurried in and out, intent upon the bloody shows of the arena. Nestling in some of the shadows and hollow places of the walls, now, are smiths with their forges, and a few small dealers of one kind or other; and there are green weeds, and leaves, and grass, upon the parapet. But little else is greatly changed.

When I had traversed all about it, with great interest, and had gone up to the topmost round of seats, and turning from the lovely panorama closed in by the distant Alps, looked down into the building, it seemed to lie before me like the inside of a prodigious\* hat of plaited straw, with an enormously broad brim and a shallow crown; the plaits being represented by the four-and-forty rows of seats. The comparison is a homely and fantastic one, in sober remembrance and on paper, but it was irresistibly suggested at the moment, nevertheless.

[...]

I walked through and through the town all the rest of the day, and could have walked there until now, I think. In one place, there was a very pretty modern theatre, where they had just performed the opera (always popular in Verona) of Romeo and Juliet. In another there was a collection, under a colonnade\*, of Greek, Roman, and Etruscan remains, presided over by an ancient man who might have been an Etruscan relic himself; for he was not strong enough to open the iron gate, when he had unlocked it, and had neither voice enough to be audible when he described the curiosities, nor sight enough to see them: he was so very old. In another place, there was a gallery of pictures: so abominably bad, that it was quite delightful to see them mouldering away. But anywhere: in the churches, among the palaces, in the streets, on the bridge, or down beside the river: it was always pleasant Verona, and in my remembrance always will be.



## Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

**Q1.** Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 14**.

**Choose four statements below which are true.**

**[4 marks]**

- A. More people visit Blackpool than Greece each year.
- B. There are more holiday beds in Blackpool than there are in the whole of Portugal.
- C. Blackpool has the highest rollercoasters in Europe.
- D. More people visit Pleasure Beach than the Vatican.
- E. Pleasure Beach covers over 40 acres.
- F. The number of people going to Blackpool each year has declined by a fifth.
- G. Blackpool's tourism industry has become more successful over the past twenty years.
- H. The attractions in Blackpool are expensive and upmarket.

**Q2.** You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

**Use details from both sources. Write a summary of the differences between Blackpool and Verona.**

**[8 marks]**

**Q3.** You now need to refer to **lines 8 to 21** in **Source B** only.

**How does Dickens use language to describe his impressions of the Roman Amphitheatre?**

**[12 marks]**

**Q4.** You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

**Compare how the two writers convey their different attitudes to the places they have visited.**

In your answer, you could:

In your answer, you could:

- **compare their different attitudes**
- **compare the methods they use to convey their attitudes**
- **support your ideas with references to both texts**

**[16 marks]**

**Q5. 'These days, there is no point in travelling to see the world: we can see it all on TV or on the Internet.'**

**Write an article for a teenage magazine in which you explain your point of view on this statement.**

(24 marks for content and organisation / 16 marks for technical accuracy)

**[40 marks]**

**Source A: A transcript of Emma Watson's speech to the UN in 2014 beginning the HeForShe Campaign.**

Men, I would like to take this opportunity to extend your formal invitation. Gender equality is your issue, too. Because to date, I've seen my father's role as a parent being valued less by society, despite my need of his presence as a child, as much as my mother's. I've seen young men suffering from mental illness, unable to ask for help for fear it would make them less of a man. In fact, in the UK, suicide is the biggest killer of men between 20 to 49, eclipsing road accidents, cancer and coronary heart disease. I've seen men made fragile and insecure by a distorted sense of what constitutes male success. Men don't have the benefits of equality, either.

We don't often talk about men being imprisoned by gender stereotypes, but I can see that they are, and that when they are free, things will change for women as a natural consequence. If men don't have to be aggressive in order to be accepted, women won't feel compelled to be submissive. If men don't have to control, women won't have to be controlled.

Both men and women should feel free to be sensitive. Both men and women should feel free to be strong. It is time that we all perceive gender on a spectrum, instead of two sets of opposing ideals. If we stop defining each other by what we are not, and start defining ourselves by who we are, we can all be freer, and this is what HeForShe is about. It's about freedom.

I want men to take up this mantle so that their daughters, sisters, and mothers can be free from prejudice, but also so that their sons have permission to be vulnerable and human too, reclaim those parts of themselves they abandoned, and in doing so, be a more true and complete version of themselves.

In my nervousness for this speech and in my moments of doubt I've told myself firmly: If not me, who? If not now, when? If you have similar doubts when opportunities are presented to you I hope that those words will be helpful, because the reality is that if we do nothing it will take 75 years, or for me to be nearly a hundred, before women can expect to be paid the same as men, for the same work. 15.5 million girls will be married in the next 16 years as children. And at current rates it won't be until 2086 before all rural African girls can have a secondary education.

**Source B: The following article from *Punch*, titled 'The Best Sewing Machine' is from 1859.**

The very best Sewing-Machine a man can have is a Wife. It is one that requires but a kind word to set it in motion, rarely gets out of repair, makes but little noise, is seldom the cause of dust, and, once in motion, will go on uninterruptedly for hours, without the slightest trimming, or the smallest personal supervision being necessary. It will make shirts, darn stockings, sew on buttons, mark pocket handkerchiefs, cut out pinafores, and manufacture children's frocks out of any old thing you may give it; and this it will do behind your back just as well as before your face. In fact, you may leave the house for days, and it will go on working just the same. If it does get out of order a little, from being overworked, it mends itself by being left alone for a short time, after which it returns to its sewing with greater vigour than ever.

Of course, sewing machines vary a great deal. Some are much quicker than others. It depends in a vast measure upon the particular pattern you select. If you are fortunate in picking out the choicest pattern of a Wife—one, for instance, that sings whilst working, and seems to be never so happy as when the husband's linen is in hand—the Sewing Machine may be pronounced perfect of its kind; so much so, that there is no make-shift in the world that can possibly replace it, either for love or money. In short, no gentleman's establishment is complete without one of these Sewing Machines in the house!

## Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

**Q1.** Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 8**.

**Choose four statements below which are true.**

**[4 marks]**

- A. Gender equality is not an issue for men.
- B. Young men suffer from mental illness.
- C. Suicide is the biggest killer of men in the UK.
- D. Father's roles in society are being valued more.
- E. Men are being made fragile.
- F. Men don't have the benefits of equality.
- G. Men are able to ask for help.
- H. Men and women are equal.

**Q2.** You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

**Use details from both sources. Write a summary of the differences between women described in each source.**

**[8 marks]**

**Q.3** You now need to refer to lines 10 to 23 in **Source A** only.

**In source A how does Emma Watson use language to persuade her audience to believe in her issue?**

**[12 marks]**

**Q4.** You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

**Compare how the two writers convey their attitudes towards gender.**

In your answer, you could:

In your answer, you could:

- **compare their different attitudes**
- **compare the methods they use to convey their attitudes**
- **support your ideas with references to both texts**

**[16 marks]**

**Q5.** Although we are in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, gender equality is still a big issue.'

**Write an article for a school newsletter in which you argue for or against this statement.**

(24 marks for content and organisation / 16 marks for technical accuracy)

**[40 marks]**

## MARK SCHEME & CHECKLIST

### PAPER 1

This quick guide to support your own sample assessment practice. This will give you a good indication of how to gain marks. This is not necessarily a complete mark scheme, treat this as a guidance.

<b>Q1. List four things ....</b>  <b>AO1</b> <b>Information and ideas</b>  <b>4 MARKS</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Give 1 mark for each point about the</li><li>• Responses must be true, and only drawn from lines indicated in the source.</li><li>• You may quote or paraphrase</li><li>• Responses should not be copied word for word</li></ul>
<b>Q2. How does the writer use language ...</b>  <b>AO2</b> <b>Language</b>  <b>8 MARK</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Give 1 mark for each P.E.E. point on words or phrases upto a maximum of 4</li><li>• Give 1 mark for each P.E.E. point on language devices upto a maximum of 2</li><li>• Give 1 mark for each P.E.E. point on sentence forms up to a maximum of 2</li><li>• Use correct subject terminology</li></ul>
<b>Q.3 How has the writer structured the text ...</b>  <b>AO2</b> <b>Structure</b>  <b>8 MARKS</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Give 1 mark for each P.E.E. point on what happens in the beginning of the text up to a maximum of 2.</li><li>• Give 1 mark for each P.E.E. point on what happens when the focus changes up to a maximum of 2.</li><li>• Give 1 mark for use of correct subject terminology up to a maximum of 2.</li><li>• Give 1 mark for punctuation comments up to a maximum of 2.</li></ul>

<p><b>Q.4 To what extent do you agree ...</b></p> <p><b>AO4</b></p> <p><b>20 MARKS</b></p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Give 2 marks for each P.E.E point where critical evaluation is taking place up to a maximum of 20.</li> <li>• Use correct subject terminology and evaluative language.</li> <li>• Include comments on methods and techniques</li> </ul>
<p><b>Q5. Write a description / write a narrative ...</b></p> <p><b>AO5 / AO6</b></p> <p><b>Organisation and content / technical accuracy</b></p> <p><b>40 MARKS</b></p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Give 2 marks for consistent paragraphing</li> <li>• Give 2 marks for consistent use of topic sentences</li> <li>• Give 2 marks for structure – how focus changes from one aspect to another</li> <li>• Give 2 marks for descriptive language</li> <li>• Give 2 marks for clear purpose</li> <li>• Give 2 marks for clear register (formal or informal)</li> <li>• Give 2 marks for consistent tone or a variety of tones</li> <li>• Give 2 marks for originality and effective imagination</li> <li>• Give 4 marks for using a range of imagery/linguistic devices such as similes, metaphors, alliteration, onomatopoeia etc.</li> <li>• Give up to 4 marks for accuracy in grammar (no indication of errors)</li> <li>• Give 1 mark for a range of punctuation - . , ' : ; ? ! " ( ) up to a maximum of 4</li> <li>• Give 1 mark for a range of vocabulary up to a maximum of 4 (consistent use in every paragraph)</li> <li>• Give 1 mark for accurate</li> </ul>



	<p>spelling up to a maximum of 4 (for spelling of complex words consistently)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Give 1 mark for sentence forms up to a maximum of 4 (for a range of short, long, complex, lists, rhetorical, imperative etc.)</li> </ul>
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## MARK SCHEME & CHECKLIST

### PAPER 1

This quick guide to support your own sample assessment practice. This will give you a good indication of how to gain marks. This is not necessarily a complete mark scheme, treat this as a guidance.

<b>Q1. Choose four true statements.... / four false statements ....</b>  <b>AO1</b> <b>Information and ideas</b>  <b>4 MARKS</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Give 1 mark for each correctly chosen statement from the indicated area of the text</li></ul>
<b>Q2. Write a summary of the differences ...</b> <b>AO1</b> <b>Language</b>  <b>8 MARKS</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Give 2 marks for each P.E.E. point on words or phrases upto a maximum of 4</li><li>• Use correct subject terminology</li><li>• Use evidence from the text</li></ul>
<b>Q.3 How does the writer use language...</b>  <b>AO2</b> <b>Language</b>  <b>12 MARKS</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Give 1 mark for each P.E.E. point on words or phrases upto a maximum of 4</li><li>• Give 1 mark for each P.E.E. point on language devices upto a maximum of 4</li><li>• Give 1 mark for each P.E.E. point on sentence forms up to a maximum of 4</li><li>• Use correct subject terminology</li></ul>
<b>Q.4 Compare how the two writers convey attitudes ...</b>  <b>AO3</b>  <b>16 MARKS</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Give 2 marks for each P.E.E point where comparison is taking place up to a maximum of 8</li><li>• Use correct subject terminology and evaluative language.</li><li>• Include comments on methods and techniques</li><li>• Use evidence from the text</li></ul>

**Q5. Write an article / a speech / a letter**

**To argue / to persuade / to inform**

**AO5 / AO6**

**Organisation and content / technical accuracy**

**40 MARKS**

- Give 2 marks for consistent paragraphing
- Give 2 marks for consistent use of topic sentences
- Give 2 marks for structure – how focus changes from one aspect to another
- Give 2 marks for descriptive language
- Give 2 marks for clear purpose
- Give 2 marks for clear register (formal or informal)
- Give 2 marks for consistent tone or a variety of tones
- Give 2 marks for originality and effective imagination
- Give 4 marks for using a range of imagery/linguistic devices.
- Give up to 4 marks for accuracy in grammar (no indication of errors)
- Give 1 mark for a range of punctuation - . , ' : ; ? ! " ( ) up to a maximum of 4
- Give 1 mark for a range of vocabulary up to a maximum of 4 (consistent use in every paragraph)
- Give 1 mark for accurate spelling up to a maximum of 4 (for spelling of complex words consistently)
- Give 1 mark for sentence forms up to a maximum of 4 (for a range of short, long, complex, lists, rhetorical, imperative etc.)

## NON ASSESSED SPEAKING ENDORSEMENT

This section will focus on the non assessed element of GCSE English Language pertaining to the following assessment objectives:

- **A07:** Demonstrate presentation skills in a formal setting
- **A08:** Listen and respond appropriately to spoken language, including to questions and feedback on presentations
- **A09:** Use spoken Standard English effectively in speeches and presentations.

Be aware that this endorsement is graded out of pass, merit or distinction or not classified depending on how advanced and sophisticated your presentation is and how technical your skills of presenting are.

Candidates must undertake a prepared spoken presentation on a specific topic. As a guide, the duration of the whole assessment should be no more than ten minutes.

The key requirements are:

- Presentations must be formal but may take a wide variety of forms, including talks, debates, speeches and dialogues.
- Candidates must identify the subject for their presentations in advance and agree it with their teacher.
- Presentations must be planned and organised. Candidates should be advised that lack of preparation is likely to prevent access to the criteria for the higher grades.
- Candidates may use pre-prepared notes, PowerPoint etc. to assist them during their presentations but this is not a requirement.
- As part of, or following, the presentation, candidates must listen to and respond appropriately to questions and feedback.
- Where the audience is the teacher only, the presentation and dialogue must be designed in such a way that it could have a potentially wider audience than just one person (e.g. it replicates a television interview)

## General criteria

To be awarded a Pass, Merit or Distinction a Learner must –

- be audible, and
- use Spoken Standard English which, for the purposes of the spoken language assessment, means that a Learner must –
  - be intelligible, and
  - generally use language appropriate to the formal setting of the presentation.

Pass	Merit	Distinction
<p>In addition to the general criteria, to be awarded a Pass a Learner's performance in his or her spoken language assessment must meet all of the following criteria –</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• expresses straightforward ideas / information / feelings,</li><li>• makes an attempt to organise and structure his or her presentation,</li><li>• makes an attempt to meet the needs of the audience, and</li><li>• listens to questions / feedback and provides an appropriate response in a straight forward manner.</li></ul>	<p>In addition to the general criteria, to be awarded a Merit a Learner's performance in his or her spoken language assessment must meet all of the following criteria –</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• expresses challenging ideas / information / feelings using a range of vocabulary,</li><li>• organises and structures his or her presentation clearly and appropriately to meet the needs of the audience,</li><li>• achieves the purpose of his or her presentation, and</li><li>• listens to questions / feedback responding formally and in some detail.</li></ul>	<p>In addition to the general criteria, to be awarded a Distinction a Learner's performance in his or her spoken language assessment must meet all of the following criteria –</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• expresses sophisticated ideas / information / feelings using a sophisticated repertoire of vocabulary,</li><li>• organises and structures his or her presentation using an effective range of strategies to engage the audience,</li><li>• achieves the purpose of his or her presentation, and</li><li>• listens to questions / feedback, responds perceptively and if appropriate elaborates with further ideas and information.</li></ul>

## GREAT PRESENTATIONS TOPICS

1. Are zoos really ethical?
2. What is a human right?
3. Should animals and humans have the same rights?
4. Why global warming is controversial yet important
5. Is the world really going to end or is the beginning?
6. Why e-sports are the new sport
7. Football is dead, welcome rugby
8. Being plus size is more than just an adjective
9. My teacher is the best and I will tell you why
10. I believe in the afterlife but he doesn't
11. The greater good
12. A necessary evil
13. Is artificial intelligence going to change our world?
14. Listen to me...
15. Don't listen to him or her...
16. Have you ever wondered...?
17. Brexit or shall we legislate?
18. Why I'm brilliant
19. To love one's parents is to love humanity
20. Hating others is hating yourself
21. Young people change the world more than old people
22. I prefer Cardi B, she prefers Nicki Minaj
23. I prefer Drake, he prefers Migos
24. Why you coming fast?
25. What are those!
26. The World Cup is the only time I feel proud
27. Rock vs rap
28. Singing makes me happy
29. Hugging strangers doesn't always work out for the better
30. Keep calm and carry on

## Examples:

### Why I'm Brilliant

Dear audience, I would like to share something important with you and I'm afraid you will agree; I'm brilliant and I will tell you why. I hadn't always been this way but the magic started way back four days ago...

### Why You Coming Fast

Once upon a time, there was a man named Ferdi. You see Ferdi was from the 'ends' which is a sociolectic term for the local neighbourhood, in this case Hackney. Back to Ferdi. He was a man who suffered terribly as a result of a cyclist who was coming too fast. But, something that we can all learn from this tragedy is that sometimes anger can turn in to happiness and obscurity can turn in to popularity.

### Singing Makes Me Happy

'Food Glorious food  
We're anxious to try it  
Three banquets a day  
Our favourite diet'

And that ladies and gentlemen, is my anthem for the day. One which I sing at the top of my lungs. One which hurts the ears of my cat and one that attracts angry parents to my door. I just love to sing and I will let you know why it makes me happy.

## KNOWLEDGE GAPS EVALUATION

Topic	Notes



Topic	Notes

<b>STRENGTHS</b>	<b>WEAKNESSES</b>
<b>OPPORTUNITIES</b>	<b>THREATS</b>

## PROGRESS TRACKER

Chart your progress by using this tracker each time you attempt a sample assessment, use the mark scheme to self-assess and the timing grid to develop your response times. Use the grade boundaries to estimate your grade level once you have added together the total of the two papers.

<b>PAPER 1</b>	<b>Q.1</b>	<b>Q.2</b>	<b>Q.3</b>	<b>Q.4</b>	<b>Q.5</b>	<b>Q.5</b>	<b>TOTAL</b>
<b>80 MARKS</b>	<b>4 MARKS</b>	<b>8 MARKS</b>	<b>8 MARKS</b>	<b>20 MARKS</b>	<b>24 MARKS</b>	<b>16 MARKS</b>	
	<b>AO1</b>	<b>AO2</b>	<b>AO2</b>	<b>AO4</b>	<b>AO5</b>	<b>AO6</b>	
<b>1<sup>st</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>2<sup>nd</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>3<sup>rd</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>4<sup>th</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>5<sup>th</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>6<sup>th</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>7<sup>th</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>8<sup>th</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>9<sup>th</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>10<sup>th</sup> Attempt</b>							

<b>PAPER 2</b>	<b>Q.1</b>	<b>Q.2</b>	<b>Q.3</b>	<b>Q.4</b>	<b>Q.5</b>	<b>Q.5</b>	<b>TOTAL</b>
<b>80 MARKS</b>	<b>4 MARKS</b>	<b>8 MARKS</b>	<b>12 MARKS</b>	<b>16 MARKS</b>	<b>24 MARKS</b>	<b>16 MARKS</b>	
	<b>AO1</b>	<b>AO1</b>	<b>AO2</b>	<b>AO3</b>	<b>AO5</b>	<b>AO6</b>	
<b>1<sup>st</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>2<sup>nd</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>3<sup>rd</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>4<sup>th</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>5<sup>th</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>6<sup>th</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>7<sup>th</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>8<sup>th</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>9<sup>th</sup> Attempt</b>							
<b>10<sup>th</sup> Attempt</b>							

## GRADE BOUNDARIES

**TOTAL FOR PAPER 1 & PAPER 2: 160 MARKS**

<b>LEVEL 1</b>	<b>16 MARKS</b>
<b>LEVEL 2</b>	<b>36 MARKS</b>
<b>LEVEL 3</b>	<b>56 MARKS</b>
<b>LEVEL 4</b>	<b>76 MARKS</b>
<b>LEVEL 5</b>	<b>86 MARKS</b>
<b>LEVEL 6</b>	<b>97 MARKS</b>
<b>LEVEL 7</b>	<b>108 MARKS</b>
<b>LEVEL 8</b>	<b>118 MARKS</b>
<b>LEVEL 9</b>	<b>128 MARKS</b>

**\*Estimations based on the 2018 grade boundaries; please be aware that these are subject to change every year by a few marks, either higher or lower than the ones stated above.**

## The Intervention Specialists

We are an educational consultancy focusing on specialist intervention programmes for KS3 and KS4 students in state and independent secondary schools. Our primary objective is to help 'emerging' and 'developing' students to reach 'secured' and 'mastered' levels in the core subjects of mathematics and English. Our unique approach utilises technological interfaces as well as a curriculum fast track system based on exam board assessment objectives. A group of experienced examiners and department heads of schools specialising in the core subjects have designed this project. As the education system in the UK goes through fundamental change and transition over the next few years, we are acutely aware of the need for students to excel in their Attainment 8 scores and ultimately the school's overall Progress 8 success. As the core subjects of mathematics and English are double weighted, it is imperative that these subjects are prioritised for intervention. We also believe that core subject GCSE success provides a solid foundation for students' further education and subsequent higher education aspirations.

At Xrevise we have also created a programme for gifted and talented students to incubate their raw abilities and unleash their potentials to succeed at the highest level. Much of this programme is tailored around critical thinking approaches and seminars alongside a personalised learning initiative.

- Tailored intervention – personalised learning
- In school support – intervention assistants for classrooms
- Home Support – intervention tutors
- Saturday Intervention Workshops – small classes
- Revision Seminars – whole year group

Xrevise is also producing world class resources to enable the teaching and learning of core subjects such as this workbook and revision guide. We are confident that our materials will give students the edge to succeed at the highest level.

We strongly believe that all students be given the opportunity to succeed at the highest level and support the idea of 'no child left behind.' In order to facilitate this idea we have made our services affordable for institutions of all sizes and our flexibility will provide peace of mind for school leaders and managers facing funding challenges. We invite schools to get in touch with us and we will be more than happy to work towards a great solution towards intervention needs.

**Get in touch with us:**

[info@xrevise.org](mailto:info@xrevise.org)

Xrevise Limited: Intervention Specialists / Learning Specialists  
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