

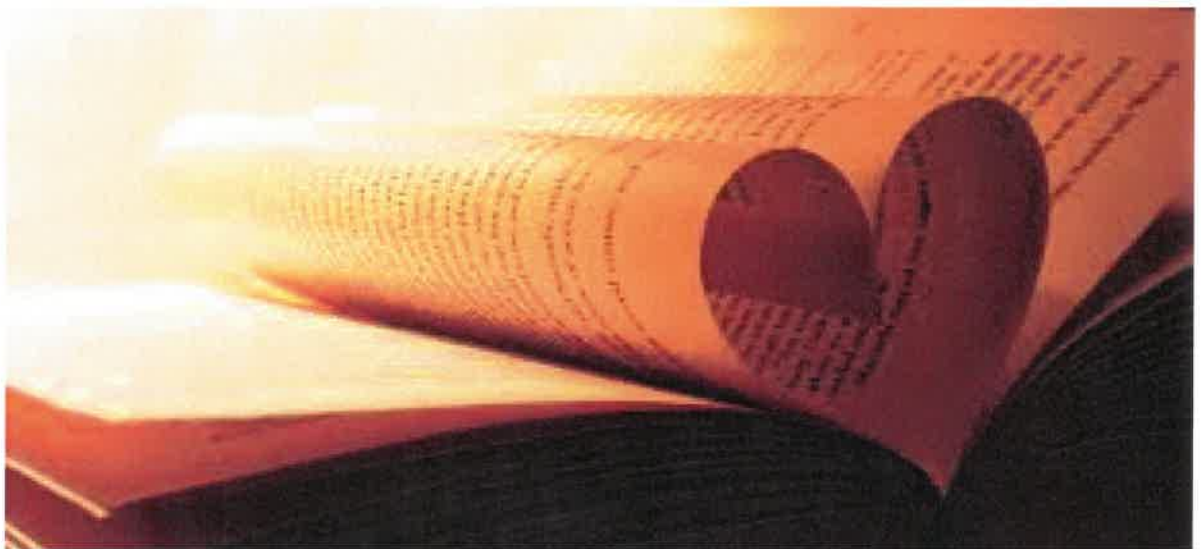
English Language

Paper 1

Explorations in

Creative Reading and

Writing



Name.....

Class.....

English Language Paper One – 80 marks; 1hr 45 mins

READ THE TEXT FIRST – spend at least 5 minutes reading the source and underlining key information

Q1 4 marks 5 mins

- List four things
- Stick to the lines they give you
- Start each answer with the key word from the question (*Hale was...*)
- Write in full sentences

Q2 8 marks 10 mins Language

- Stick to the lines they give you
- Two or three short paragraphs is enough
- Pick out feature and quote (*The writer uses the simile "like a balloon"...*) → analyse effects → repeat

Key language features to remember:

Noun	Names a thing
Adjective	Describing word
Verb	Doing word
Adverb	Words that tell you how an action is performed (-ly words)

Simile	Like or as something
Metaphor	Is something else
Personification	Making non-human thing seem human
Zoomorphic language	Person/thing described as an animal

Q3 8 marks 10 mins Structure

- Why is the writer telling us this here? → This should be the basis of your answer
- Three paragraphs:
 - Focus on what the writer focusses on at the beginning
 - Move on to something they focus on in the middle
 - Finish with how they end the extract
- Must include some terminology (see list on next page) and quotations/references to the text.

Q3 Structure Terminology

Types of Narrator	
Omniscient 3 rd person	External narrator- knowledge of more than one character's feelings (he).
First-person narrator	Told from a character's perspective (I).
Narrative Styles	
Linear	Events are told chronologically.
Non-Linear	Not in chronological order
Dual	Told from multiple perspectives.
Cyclical	Ends the same way it begins.
Structural Techniques	
Atmosphere	The mood or tone set by the writer.
Climax	The most intense or decisive point.
Dialogue	The lines spoken by characters.
Exposition	Explaining background details.
Flashback	(Analepsis) Presents past events.
Flash-forward	(Prolepsis) Presents future events.
Foreshadowing	Hints what is to come(can mislead).
Resolution	The answer or solution to conflict.
Setting	A geographical/historical moment.
Shift	A switch or change of focus.
Tension	The feeling of emotional strain.

Q4

20 marks

20 mins

To what extent do you agree?

- Always easier to agree with the statement (but you might find one small point to disagree in some way)
- Need at least three large paragraphs
- Can discuss writer's use of language or structure
- Use SEIZE to structure your paragraphs:
 - Statement (I agree...)
 - Evidence (Quotation)
 - Inference (This suggests...)
 - Zoom in (on a particular word or phrase)
 - Effect (on the reader → link this back to the question)
- Repeat

Q5

40 marks

45 mins

Creative writing – description or story

- Stick to the task
- Spend at least five minutes planning (in detail) → you must know how it ends before you start
- You can get top marks with two pages (this gives you more time to plan and edit)
- Show off your vocabulary and ability to use language features (be a bit 'arty')
- Vary your sentence lengths and starters
- For top marks you need to show off a range of accurate punctuation
- Do something interesting with your structure (start at the end, cyclical, repeat certain words or phrases throughout your writing)
- Spend at least 5 mins checking spellings, punctuation (apostrophes) and homophones (there/their/they're)

Writing a Description	Writing a Story
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Paint a picture for the reader - Five senses - Imagery (similes, metaphors) - Create an atmosphere through your choice of language - Focus on the small details – not just a building but a door, and some windows, and a roof, and a crack in the plaster - Show don't tell – not 'she was messy' but 'a rippling blanket of forms and receipts covered every inch of her antique mahogany desk' 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Keep it simple - You don't have time to tell a whole life-story - Pick a small event and turn it into something worth reading about - Do something with your structure (start at the end, include a flashback, use a recurring image or phrase, jump straight into action) - Avoid using too much dialogue (if any)

Start of Exam - 5mins

1. Read the glossary
2. Read the information box and underline:
 - Character
 - Setting
 - Place in Story



3. Read the passage WITHOUT looking at the questions. Focus on just understanding what is going on.

Q1- 5mins

Planning the answer:

4. Read the question and THINK.
5. On the question draw a box around which lines to focus on.
6. Draw a box around those lines on the insert.

When writing the answer:

7. Use full sentences
8. Only have one point per line.
9. Be careful not to repeat points.

Q2- 10mins



Planning the answer:

9. Underline the part of the question that tells you what you have to comment on. E.g. 'the strangeness of the city'.
10. Identify the mood/ tone/ feeling of the piece.
11. On the insert underline and label:
 - Words and phrases
 - Language features & techniques (Figurative language and imagery)
 - Sentence form (if aiming for top band)

When writing the answer:

12. Write an establishing sentence explaining the mood/ tone linked to the question.
13. Write three BIG paragraphs (Evidence / Label/ Analysis)
 - Refer back to the establishing sentence (Overview, ELA, ELA, ELA) or (Overview, ELAAA)
 - Do this for each bullet point from the question.



Q3- 10mins



Planning the answer:

14. Draw a box around the phrase that says, 'on the whole of the source'.
15. On top of the insert write Office Shift
 - Opening
 - Focus
 - Foreshadowing
 - Introduction
 - Contrasting
 - Ending
 - Shifts from:
 - Out/in
 - Individual/group
 - Thought/action
 - Past/present/future



16. Label each paragraph of the extract with one or more of the OFFICE SHIFT points.

When writing the answer:

17. Write your points into at least 4 PLEAL paragraphs: (Point / Label/ Evidence / Analysis)
18. Sentence stems:
 - Para 1: *The writer focuses us on ... in the opening of the extract...*
 - Para 2: *The writer builds/changes/shifts by... making the reader feel...*
 - Para 3: *The writer leaves us feeling ...*
 - Para 4: *A further structural technique use by the writer is...*

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Explorations in
Creative Reading
and Writing
Language Paper 1
1h 45m

Q4- 30mins



Planning the answer:

19. Draw a box around the phrase that says, 'Focus this part of your answer on...'
20. Draw a box around the PERSON who gives the opinion.
21. Draw a box around the section on the extract.
22. Underline the OPINION in the question. Annotate to understand.
23. IF THE STATEMENT IS POSITIVE YOU ARE GOING TO AGREE!
24. Rescan the passage. Underlining any additional language points linked to the focus of the question.
25. Write the word PLAN: at the top of the answer space.
26. In your plan put three points about the use language (add labels – simile, etc.)
27. In your plan put two points about sentence structure (add labels)

When writing the answer:

28. Write an opening sentences responding to the opinion in the question.
29. Write your 5 points from the plan into at least 5 PLEAL paragraphs (Point / Label / Evidence / Analysis / Link back to the statement)
30. Sentence stems:
 - *To some extent I agree with...PLEAL*
 - *I certainly agree that...PLEAL*
 - *However it could also be argued that...PLEAL*
 - *Overall I agree with the statement thatPLEAL*

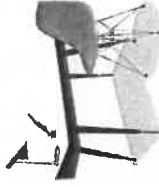
Q5- 45mins

Miss Morgan



Planning the answer: 15mins

31. Decide which of the two questions you want to. We recommend if there is the option, to do the picture one.
32. READ THE CONTEXT SENTENCE and the instruction.
33. Consider the atmosphere you want to create.
34. STEAL good vocabulary from the extract you have read and think of others.
35. Choose ONE event/moment in time (NOT DAYS OR YEARS)
36. Plan the shape of your description. OFFICE SHIFT. Zoom in OR zoom out?
37. Make sure you cover CASSSPIE in your plan.
- Colour
- Adjectives
- Sound/Smell
- Sentence Structure
- Punctuation
- Imagery
- Emotion



When writing the answer: 30mins

40. Write your description / story
41. Start each paragraph in a different way:
 - Verb: 'ing' / 'ed' word
 - Adverb: 'ly' word
 - Preposition/Place word: 'on' / 'next to' / 'near' /
 - Adjectives: describing word
42. Remember to use a semi-colon (easiest way is to use where you what have used the word 'because'.
43. Remember to use a rhetorical question – this could make a good opening sentence.
44. Remember to use brackets to create an aside.

English Language Paper 1:

Explorations in Creative Reading and Writing

Reading Section

OVERVIEW

- There are 4 questions in this section & these questions are worth 50% of the full paper.
- You will be presented with an extract from a novel or short story from the 20th or 21st Century.
- The extract will be approximately 40-50 lines in length. It will be taken from a key point in a text: perhaps the opening or a moment of extreme tension.
- The kind of texts you will get in the exam will encourage you to consider how the writer uses narrative and descriptive techniques to capture the interest of the reader.

QUESTION 2

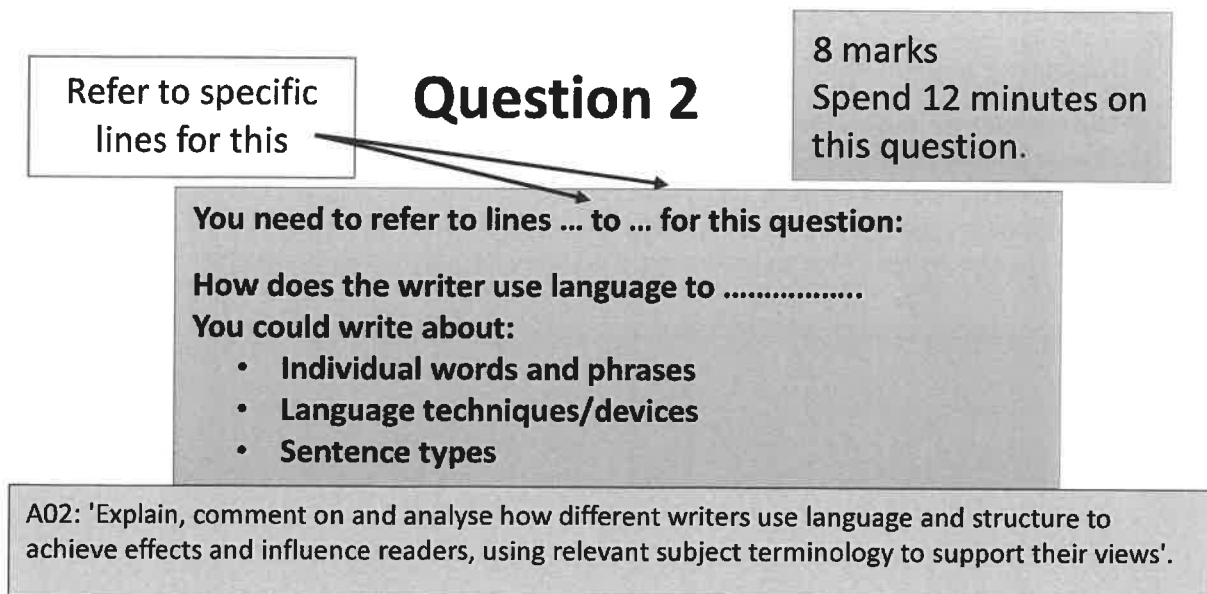
What skills do I need to demonstrate?

- Explain, comment on and analyse how writers use language to achieve effects.
- Explain, comment on and analyse how writers use language to influence readers.
- Use evidence to support ideas.
- Use relevant subject terminology to support views.

What do I need to know?

- This question is worth 8 marks.
- You should spend approximately 12 minutes answering this question.
- You should aim to write 2-3 paragraphs.

What will the question look like?



How will the question be marked?

Q2 AO2 Explain & analyse language		
Level 4	7-8	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Shows detailed, perceptive understanding of <i>language</i> features Analyses the effects of the writer's choice of <i>language</i> features Selects a judicious range of examples Uses a range of subject terminology appropriately
Level 3	5-6	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Shows clear understanding of <i>language</i> features Clearly explains the effects of the writer's choice of <i>language</i> features Selects a range of relevant examples Uses subject terminology accurately
Level 2	3-4	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Shows some understanding of <i>language</i> features Attempts to comment on the effect of <i>language</i> features Selects some relevant examples Uses some subject terminology, not always appropriately
Level 1	1-2	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Shows simple awareness of <i>language</i> Offers simple comment on the effect of <i>language</i> Simple references or examples Simple mention of subject terminology

Example Question 2

How does the writer use language to describe the weather?

You could write about:

- Individual words and phrases
- Language devices
- Sentence types

Example Texts

SOURCE A Frankenstein. *This extract is taken from the middle of a novel by Mary Shelley. In this section Frankenstein, a scientist, finally finds success in creating life from body parts of the dead.*

The specific extract is below:

IT WAS on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs

Example Text Whole Source

SOURCE A *Frankenstein*. **This extract is taken from the middle of a novel by Mary Shelley. In this section Frankenstein, a scientist, finally finds success in creating life from body parts of the dead.**

IT WAS on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! -- Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion and straight black lips.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room, continued a long time traversing my bed chamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured; and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain: I slept, indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed: when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch -- the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped, and rushed down stairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited; where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

Oh! no mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished he was ugly then; but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.

I passed the night wretchedly. Sometimes my pulse beat so quickly and hardly that I felt the palpitation of every artery; at others, I nearly sank to the ground through languor and extreme weakness. Mingled with this horror, I felt the bitterness of disappointment; dreams that had been my food and pleasant rest for so long a space were now become a hell to me; and the change was so rapid, the overthrow so complete!

Morning, dismal and wet, at length dawned, and discovered to my sleepless and aching eyes the church of Ingolstadt, white steeple and clock, which indicated the sixth hour. The porter opened the gates of the court, which had that night been my asylum, and I issued into the streets, pacing them with quick steps, as if I sought to avoid the wretch whom I feared every turning of the street would present to my view. I did not dare return to the apartment which I inhabited, but felt impelled to hurry on, although drenched by the rain which poured from a black and comfortless sky.

Example Answer

In this extract Shelley uses the literary device of pathetic fallacy, using setting to reflect Frankenstein's mood. Shelley's use of grim weather, with rain which 'pattered dismally' foreshadows and reflects Frankenstein's mood over his creation. The use of onomatopoeia in this quotation is also very effective. By describing how the rain 'pattered' as it hit the window, the reader can imagine the scene more vividly – it's as if we too can hear the raindrops. This then scares the reader and increases the tension as we begin to experience the events of this chapter as if we are in the room with Frankenstein himself.

Commentary for Example Answer

- Clear point in opening sentence, with appropriate use of subject terminology.
- Brief & precise supporting quotation.
- Exploration of interpretations that can be made from the chosen evidence.
- Use of key word analysis.

Final words of advice

- You need to avoid writing about vague, generalised effects in your answer to question 2. If you write things like 'this makes the reader want to read on', you will fail to achieve high marks.
- The best thing to do is this: read the extract, and ask yourself 'what is the desired effect the writer is aiming to achieve in this extract'? It could be a sense of boredom, energy, danger, threat, humour etc. Choose the desired effect, THEN look for the language uses which achieve this effect.
- For top marks ensure you write about language devices.
- The exam board doesn't want you writing about the length of sentences. Only write about sentences if you are REALLY confident that you can analyse the effects of specific aspects of sentence structure. **You can still get top marks without writing about sentence types.**

Your Turn. Have a go at answering this example Question 2

Re-read the beginning of Source A

...Then from somewhere, out of that howling darkness, a cry came to my ears, catapulting me back into the present and banishing all tranquillity.
I listened hard. Nothing. The tumult of the wind, like a banshee, and the banging and rattling of the window in its old, ill-fitting frame. Then yes, again, a cry, that familiar cry of desperation and anguish, a cry for help from a child somewhere out on the marsh.
There was no child. I knew that. How could there be? Yet how could I lie here and ignore even the crying of some long-dead ghost?
'Rest in peace,' I thought, but this poor one did not, could not.

How does the writer use language here to develop a frightening atmosphere?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence types

Source A – Example Text (Whole Source) *The Woman in Black* by Susan Hill.

In this extract Arthur Kipps, a solicitor's clerk, is staying at Eel Marsh House. At night he can hear a ghostly crying on the wind out over the marsh where a child died years before. Kipps believes he is not alone in the house.

...Then from somewhere, out of that howling darkness, a cry came to my ears, catapulting me back into the present and banishing all tranquillity.

I listened hard. Nothing. The tumult of the wind, like a *banshee, and the banging and rattling of the window in its old, ill-fitting frame. Then yes, again, a cry, that familiar cry of desperation and anguish, a cry for help from a child somewhere out on the marsh.

There was no child. I knew that. How could there be? Yet how could I lie here and ignore even the crying of some long-dead ghost?

'Rest in peace,' I thought, but this poor one did not, could not.

After a few moments I got up. I would go down into the kitchen and make myself a drink, stir up the fire a little and sit beside it trying, trying to shut out that calling voice for which I could do nothing, and no one had been able to do anything for ...how many years?

As I went out onto the landing, Spider the dog following me for once, two things happened together. I had the impression of someone who had just that very second before gone past me on their way from the top of the stairs to one of the other rooms, and, as a tremendous blast of wind hit the house so that it all but seemed to rock at the impact, the lights went out. I had not bothered to pick up my torch from the bedside table and now I stood in the pitch blackness, unsure for a moment of my bearings.

And the person who had gone by, and who was now in the house with me? I had seen no one, felt nothing. There had been no movement, no brush of a sleeve against mine, no disturbance of the air, I had not even heard a footstep. I had simply the absolutely certain sense of someone just having passed close to me and gone away down the corridor. Down the short narrow corridor that led to the nursery whose door had been so firmly locked and then, inexplicably, opened.

For a moment, I actually began to conjecture that there was indeed someone – another human being – living here in this house, a person who hid themselves away in that mysterious nursery and came out at night to fetch food and drink and to take the air. Perhaps it was the woman in black? Had Mrs Drablow harboured some reclusive old sister or retainer, had she left behind her a mad friend that no one had known about? My brain span all manner of wild, incoherent fantasies as I tried desperately to provide a rational explanation for the presence I had been so aware of. But then they ceased. There was no living occupant of Eel March House other than myself and Samuel Daily's dog. Whatever was about, whoever I had seen, and heard rocking, and who had passed me by just now, whoever had opened the locked door was not 'real'. No. But was 'real'? At that moment I began to doubt my own reality.

The first thing I must have was a light and I groped my way back across the bed, reached over it and got my hand to the torch at last, took a step back, stumbled over the dog who was at my heels and dropped the torch. It went spinning away across the floor and fell somewhere by the window with a crash and the faint sound of breaking glass. I cursed but managed, by crawling about on my hands and knees, to find it again and to press the switch. No light came on. The torch had broken. For the moment I was as near to weeping tears of despair and fear, frustration and tension, as I had ever been since my childhood. But instead of crying I drummed my fists upon the floorboards, in a burst of violent rage, until they throbbed.

It was Spider who brought me to my sense by scratching a little at my arm and then by licking the hand that I stretched out to her. We sat on the floor together and I hugged her warm body to me, thoroughly ashamed of myself, calmer and relieved, while the wind boomed and roared without, and again and again I heard that child's terrible cry borne on the gusts towards me.

I would not sleep again, of that I was sure, but nor did I dare to go down the stairs in that utter darkness, surrounded by the noise of the storm, unnerved by the awareness I had had of the presence of that other one. My torch was broken. I must have a candle, some light, however faint and frail, to keep me company. There was a candle near at hand. I had seen it earlier, on the table beside the small bed in the nursery.

For a very long time, I could not summon up sufficient courage to grope my way along that short passage to the room which I realised was somehow both the focus and the source of all the strange happenings in the house. I was lost to everything but my own fears, incapable of decisive, coherent thought, let alone movement. But gradually I discovered for myself the truth of the *axiom that a man cannot live indefinitely in a state of active terror. Either the emotion will increase until, at the prompting of more and more dreadful events and apprehensions, he is so overcome by it that he runs away or goes mad; or he will become by slow degrees less agitated and more in possession of himself.

*Banshee – an Irish legend. A banshee is the ghost of a woman whose presence foretells a death in the house.

*axiom - an obvious or well established idea.

How could I plan my answer?

- When re-reading the text identify how and why the text is frightening by highlighting any lines you think are important and effective.
- Use the bullet points as a guide for what you should pick out.
- Ensure you can label the features used within your examples

Language features	Evidence/ Quotes		
	Quote	Subject Terminology	Effect
Words and phrases			
Language devices			
Sentence types			

- **Only write about sentence types if you are REALLY confident in this area. You can still get top marks without writing about sentence types.**
- Each row of the table can then be used as the basis for a paragraph. If you don't write about sentence types, you could write about other powerful use of words/phrases or language techniques instead.

QUESTION 3

What skills do I need to demonstrate?

- Explain, comment on and analyse how different writers use structure to achieve effects
- Explain, comment on and analyse how different writers use structure to influence readers
- Use relevant subject terminology to support views

What do I need to know?

- This question is worth 8 marks.
- You should spend approximately 12 minutes answering this question.
- You should aim to write 2-3 paragraphs.

What will the question look like?

Question 3

8 marks
Spend 12 minutes on this question.

Make points that span the whole of the extract.

Be aware the position of the extract in the story as a whole. This may affect what is included.

You need to refer to the whole source for this question:

This extract is taken from the ... of the source.

How has the writer used structure to interest the reader?

You could write about:

- What the writer focuses on at the start
- How and why this focus changes throughout the extract
- Other structural devices

A02: 'Explain, comment on and analyse how different writers use structure to achieve effects and influence readers, using relevant subject terminology to support their views'.

How will the question be marked?

Q3 AO2 Explain & analyse structure		
Level 4	7-8	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Shows detailed, perceptive understanding of <i>structural</i> features Analyses the effects of the writer's choice of <i>structural</i> features Selects a judicious range of examples Uses a range of subject terminology appropriately
Level 3	5-6	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Shows clear understanding of <i>structural</i> features Clearly explains the effects of the writer's choice of <i>structural</i> features Selects a range of relevant examples Uses subject terminology accurately
Level 2	3-4	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Shows some understanding of <i>structural</i> features Attempts to comment on the effect of <i>structural</i> features Selects some relevant examples Uses some subject terminology, not always appropriately
Level 1	1-2	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Shows simple awareness of <i>structure</i> Offers simple comment on the effect of <i>structure</i> Simple references or examples Simple mention of subject terminology

Example Question 3 (using *Frankenstein* extract)

You need to refer to the whole source for this question:

This extract is taken from the climax of the source.

How has the writer used structure to interest the reader?

You could write about:

- What the writer focuses on at the start
- How and why this focus changes throughout the extract
- Other structural devices

Example Answer

Shelley uses structure to interest the reader through continually digressing from the main topic of the extract: the creature which Frankenstein is bringing to life. The extract begins by describing the general setting of a 'dreary night of November'. Once this setting is established, the writer moves to the specifics taking place inside the building, namely the 'accomplishment of' Frankenstein's 'toils'. However, Shelley then digresses once more to the weather, explaining that 'it was already one in the morning'. This digression from the main topic is used by the writer to create tension and suspense – we are keen to read about the creature, but the author teases us by switching to another topic (and one already covered at that) to heighten the suspense for when the creature is finally revealed later in the extract. Bereft of the facts, the reader begins to imagine the horrors which are taking place inside the building, developing the tension before what is soon to be revealed.

Shelley's use of structure changes throughout the piece to create a sense of chaos and turmoil which reflects the mindset of Frankenstein himself. In paragraph 3, the narrator uses a flashback to revisit the past, explaining that he 'had worked hard for nearly two years' and had 'deprived' himself 'of rest and health'. This disjointed narrative structure creates a chaotic atmosphere to the piece which is used by the author to reflect the feelings of Frankenstein himself who at this point is in a state of chaos and turmoil. The structure leads the reader to feel a sense of this same chaos as we struggle to understand what is happening and when.

Shelley gives the reader a constant reminder of the weather throughout the extract. From the 'dreary' night to the rain pattering 'dismally', the reader is made uncomfortable by the continual references to weather. This puts the reader in the viewpoint and perspective of Frankenstein himself, who is also clearly feeling uncomfortable because of the weather due to the fact that he continually mentions it. By forcing us to adopt the viewpoint of Frankenstein, the reader's sense of horror is heightened when he finally beholds the creature. Shelley's use of paragraph structure is also used for effect. As the extract progresses, each paragraph becomes longer and longer. This reflects how Frankenstein is getting more and more overwhelmed as time goes by, and also puts an emotional strain on the reader, who struggles to keep up with the varied content of the longer paragraphs.

Commentary for Example Answer

- Clear points; showing how the focus changes throughout.
- Brief & precise supporting quotations and examples.
- Exploration of inferences that can be made from the chosen evidence.
- Evaluation of structural features such as flashback and paragraph length towards the end of the answer moves this response higher up the levels.
- Awareness that this is the climax and therefore a tense moment.

Final words of advice

- By 'structure', this question means the focus of the piece and structural devices such as time shifts, change in setting/character etc.
- Subject terminology includes the use of words such as suggests, implies, infers etc.
- If you can, refer back in your answer to show your awareness of how ideas/characters/feelings etc. have developed from the beginning to the end of the source.
- The extract will usually be from the beginning or from a climactic moment of a text. Consider this in your response. What kind of things will usually be happening at these type of moments & do they happen in the extract provided? They usually will – it's all about finding them and writing about the impact on the reader.

Your Turn. Have a go at answering this example Question 3

You now need to think about the **whole** of the source.

How has the writer structured the text to develop the contrast between Charles' life now and his memories of Brideshead?

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 contrast

Source A – Extract from *Brideshead Revisited* by Evelyn Waugh

In this extract, Charles is serving in the army during the Second World War. His battalion have been sent to camp at an English stately home. When he arrives there, Charles realises that this is the home of his best friend from Oxford University. He spent many happy holidays there years ago.

By four in the morning the work was done. I drove in the last lorry, through tortuous lanes where the overhanging boughs whipped the wind screen; somewhere we left the lane and turned into a drive; somewhere we reached an open space where two drives converged and a ring of storm lanterns marked the heap of stores. Here we unloaded the truck and, at long last, followed the guides to our quarters, under a starless sky, with a fine drizzle of rain beginning now to fall.

I slept until my servant called me, rose wearily, dressed and shaved in silence. It was not till I reached the door that I asked the second-in-command, "What's this place called?"

He told me and, on the instant, it was as though someone had switched off the wireless, and a voice that had been bawling in my ears, incessantly, fatuously, for days beyond number, had been suddenly cut short; an immense silence followed, empty at first, but gradually, as my outraged sense regained authority, full of a multitude of sweet and natural and long-forgotten sounds -- for he had spoken a name that was so familiar to me, a conjuror's name of such ancient power, that, at its mere sound, the phantoms of those haunted late years began to take flight.

Outside the hut I stood awed and bemused between two realities and two dreams. The rain had ceased but the clouds hung low and heavy overhead. It was a still morning and the smoke from the cookhouse rose straight to the leaden sky. A cart-track, once metalled, then overgrown, now rutted and churned to mud, followed the contour of the hillside and dipped out of sight below a knoll, and on either side of it lay the haphazard litter of corrugated iron, from which rose the rattle and chatter and whistling and catcalls, all the zoo-noises of the battalion beginning a new day. Beyond and about us, more familiar still, lay an exquisite man-made landscape. It was a sequestered* place, enclosed and embraced in a single, winding valley. Our camp lay along one gentle slope; opposite us the ground led, still unravished, to the neighbourly horizon, and between us flowed a stream -- it was named the Bride and rose not two miles away at a farm called Bridesprings, where we used sometimes to walk to tea; it became a considerable river lower down before it joined the Avon -- which had been dammed here to form three lakes, one no more than a wet slate among the reeds, but the others more spacious, reflecting the clouds and the mighty beeches at their margin. The woods were all of oak and beech, the oak grey and bare, the beech faintly dusted with green by the breaking buds; they made a simple, carefully designed pattern with the green glades and the wide green spaces -- Did the fallow deer graze here still? -- and, lest the eye wander aimlessly, a Doric temple* stood by the water's edge, and an ivy-grown arch spanned the lowest of the connecting weirs.

All this had been planned and planted a century and a half ago so that, at about this date, it might be seen in its maturity. From where I stood the house was hidden by a green spur, but I knew well how and where it lay, couched among the lime trees like a hind in the bracken. Which was the mirage, which the palpable earth?

Hooper came sidling up and greeted me with his much imitated but inimitable salute. His face was grey from his night's vigil and he had not yet shaved.

"B Company relieved us. I've sent the chaps off to get cleaned up."

"Good."

"The house is up there, round the corner."

"Yes," I said.

"There's a frightful great fountain, too, in front of the steps, all rocks and sort of carved animals. You never saw such a thing."

"Yes, Hooper, I did. I've been here before."

The words seemed to ring back to me enriched from the vaults of my dungeon.

"Oh well, you know all about it. I'll go and get cleaned up."

I had been there before; I knew all about it.

"I have been here before," I said; I had been there before; first with Sebastian more than twenty years ago on a cloudless day in June, when the ditches were white with *fool's-parsley and meadowsweet and the air heavy with all the scents of summer; it was a day of peculiar splendour, such as our climate affords once, or twice a year, when leaf and flower and bird and sun-lit stone and shadow seem all to proclaim the glory of God; and though I had been there so often, in so many moods, it was to that first visit that my heart returned on this, my latest.

*Sequestered – isolated and hidden away

*Doric temple – a small stone gazebo with Greek columns.

*fool's parsley and meadowsweet – white wild flowers.

How could I plan my answer?

- Highlight the key words in the question.
- Skim read the extract.
- Highlight 3 'golden examples'
 - a. What is the focus at the beginning?
 - b. How/ where is there a key change in the middle?
 - c. What is the focus at the end? Has it changed? How?
 - d. Zooming in from something big to much smaller (& vice versa).
 - e. Shifts in time, place, tone, tension & mood.
 - f. Sudden/ gradual introduction of character.
 - g. Moving from inside to the wider world (& vice versa).
 - h. Combining external actions with internal thoughts.
 - i. Switching between different points of view.
 - j. Cyclical structure.
 - k. Positioning of key sentences & their impact on the whole text.
 - l. Contrasts/ juxtaposition of ideas.
- What is the writer trying to show/ teach the reader by including these changes?
- How does this reflect the mood of this extract as a whole? How is this typical??
- Write 3 'Statement – Quote – Inference(s)' paragraphs
 - The overall structure of the text is.....
 - At the beginning of the extract, the focus is.....
 - Around the middle of the extract.....

When you are asked to write about 'structure', – what could you cover?

Setting

- different places in the text
- changes in place
- how a place creates a mood for the story.

Viewpoint/POV

- whose perspective?
- Looking up/down, near/far/, detail/distant
- shifting from one character to another
- why....

Construction

- openings/middles/endings (denouement)
- dialogue
- rhythm
- rhyme
- description
- action

Time

- chronological, fragmented, shifting back and forth
- slow/fast pace
- (analepsis = flashback, prolepsis = flashforward)
- Linear or Non-Linear chronology?

STRUCTURE (AO2)

Narrative Voice

- narrator
- voices of others characters
- different qualities of the voices
- Consider register/tone/style/genre
- First person? Third person? Omniscient (God-Like – all knowing and seeing)?
- Tense?

Turning Points

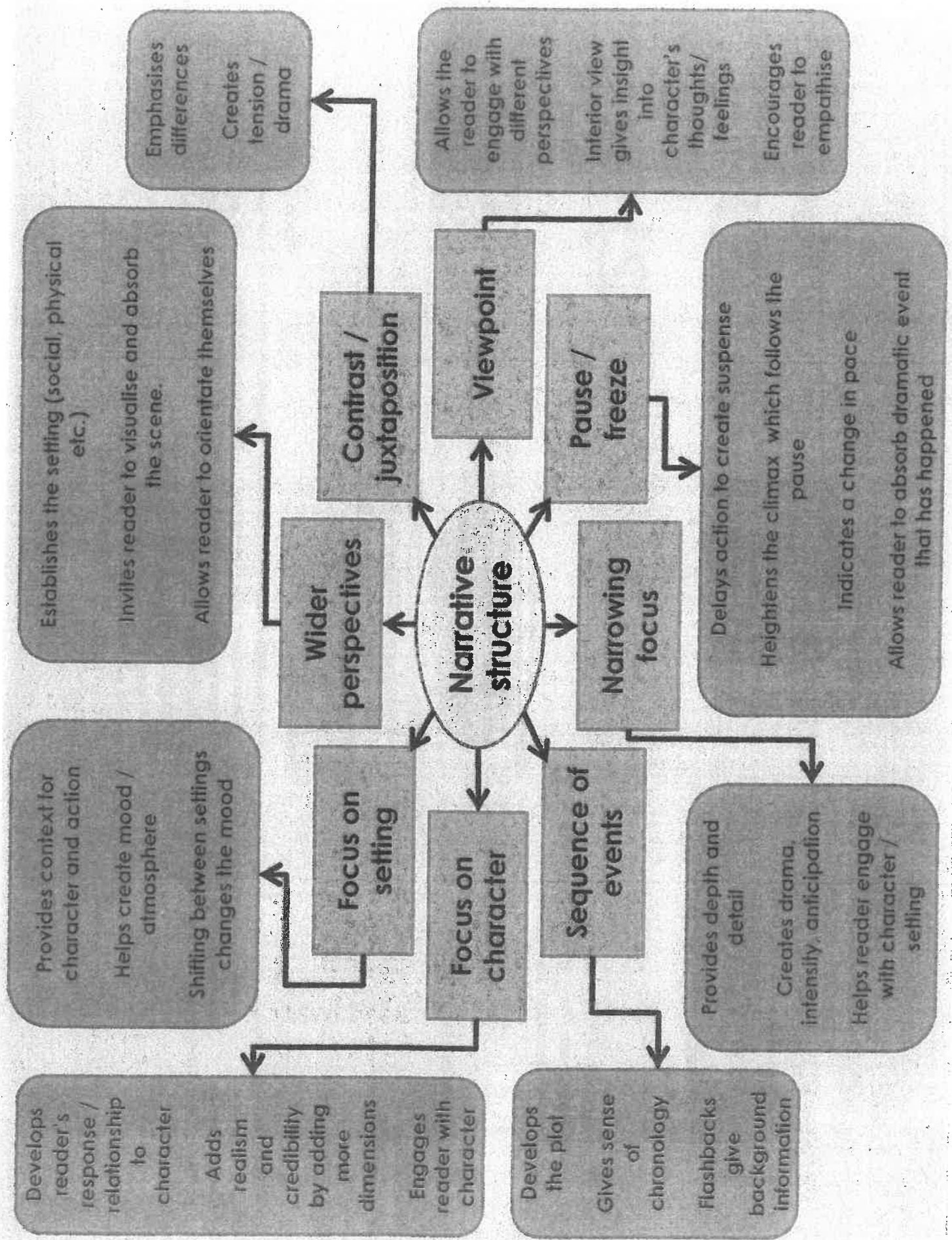
- Events
- Chapters
- Changes
- narrative shifts

Characters

- How and when they are introduced
- Characters are constructs – they are not real.
- How does the writer PRESENT and CREATE characters in texts?
- Stage directions and dialogue
- Where in the text does the character change and why?

Place

- indoors/outdoors
- exterior/interior
- wide view/close up
- shifting from one place



QUESTION 4

What skills do I need to demonstrate?

- Evaluate texts critically through commenting on:
 - The effects on the reader
 - The use of writer's methods
- Support with appropriate textual references.
- Develop a response to the focal statement.

What do I need to know?

- This question is worth 20 marks.
- You should spend approximately 24 minutes answering this question.
- You should aim to write 4-5 paragraphs.

What will the question look like?

Question 4

Make sure you focus on the extract specified.

20 marks
Spend 24 minutes on this question.

Ensure you read the statement given. (You do not need to disagree or argue against it!)

You need to refer to lines ... to ...

A student said ...

To what extent do you agree?

You could write about:

- The impression of ...
- How the writer has created these impressions
- Justify your ideas with evidence from the text

A04: 'Evaluate texts critically and support this with appropriate textual references'.

How will the question be marked?

Q4 AO4 Evaluate texts critically		
Level 4	16–20	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Critically evaluates the text in a detailed way ▪ Offers examples to explain views convincingly ▪ Analyses effects of a range of writer's choices ▪ Selects a range of relevant quotations
Level 3	11–15	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Clearly evaluates the text ▪ Offers examples from the text to explain views clearly ▪ Clearly explains the effect of writer's choices ▪ Selects some relevant quotations
Level 2	6–10	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Attempts evaluative comment on the text ▪ Offers an example from the text to explain view(s) ▪ Attempts to comment on writer's methods ▪ Selects some quotations
Level 1	1–5	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Simple evaluative comment on the text ▪ Offers simple example from the text which may explain view ▪ Simple mention of writer's methods ▪ Simple references or textual details

Example Question 4

You should focus your answer on lines 12–43

A student said 'the writer makes it just like you are inside the room with Dr Frankenstein, experiencing everything he is experiencing'.

To what extent do you agree?

In your response you could:

- Write about your impressions of Dr Frankenstein
- Analyse how the writer creates these impressions
- Back up your answers with quotations from the text.

Example Question 4 Answer

I agree that the writer goes to great lengths to make the reader feel like we are in the room, experiencing everything which Frankenstein is experiencing. One of the ways in which this is achieved is through the use of sensory description. Shelley employs a wide range of sensory description in her writing. Not only do we read what Frankenstein sees, such as 'I beheld the wretch', but we also read about what he feels and hears. When awaking from his dream, he feels a 'cold dew' on his forehead. His 'teeth chattered' and 'every limb became convulsed'. All of these images relate to how he physically felt, and allow the reader to get a complete sense of the experience. We also read about what he can hear, when the creature 'muttered some inarticulate sounds'. Through describing a range of the senses – sight, sound and touch. Shelley gives the reader such a strong and detailed account of how the narrator feels that it allows us to fully understand the situation and feel as if we are there ourselves.

Shelley also uses sentence structure to make the reader feel as if we are there with Frankenstein. The incredibly long final sentence beginning 'I took refuge in the courtyard' is made up of numerous clauses and is so long that it is difficult and breath-taking to read. This is a deliberate technique used by Shelley who wants to convey the fact that Frankenstein was feeling overwhelmed, just like the use of sentence structure. With fifty seven words and four commas, this sentence is chaotic. The chaotic sentence structure is a reflection of the chaotic emotions he is feeling. Just reading this sentence is difficult and overwhelming for the reader, resulting in us feeling very similar to Frankenstein himself.

However, there are moments in the extract where we certainly do not feel like we are experiencing the events alongside Frankenstein. When the narrator begins a flashback, explaining that he 'had worked hard for nearly two years', this alienates the reader as it is referring to a time outside of the chronological placement of this extract. This disjointed narrative structure in effect breaks the illusion that we are there with the doctor. Whilst the writer has gone to such great lengths to create a sense of realism, this structural device breaks it. Similarly, the description of Frankenstein's dreams about 'Elizabeth' transforming into his 'dead mother' inhibit the reader's feelings of being there first-hand. The use of this supernatural premonition reminds us that we are reading a work of fiction, and therefore causes the reader to feel a sense of disconnect with Frankenstein.

Commentary for Example Answer 4

- Clear point addresses the focal statement.
- Brief & precise supporting quotations.
- Identification and exploration of effects of specific methods used by the writer.
- Exploration of inferences that can be made from the chosen evidence.
- Ideas grouped together to make more perceptive and evaluated points.

Final words of advice

- This question will always be about the second half of the text and the statement will come from 'a student'.
- You do not need to argue or counter the statement given. Just explore to what extent it is shown in the extract.
- What is meant by 'methods'? At a whole-text level, think about: form, tone, mood, formality. At a word/ sentence level, think about words and phrases, techniques & sentence structure.

Your Turn. Have a go at answering this example Question 4

Focus this part of your answer on **line 21 to the end of the source**.

A student reading this extract said "I'm impressed by the way that the writer has made this situation sound like an everyday family argument. It makes me feel more involved with the characters."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write about your own reaction to characters and settings
- evaluate how the writer has used language to describe these
- support your opinions with quotations from the text.

Source A – Extract from *The Adventures of Augie March* by Saul Bellow

Augie is a teenager living in Chicago. He lives with his mother, their elderly lodger (whom they call Grandma) and his brothers, Simon and George. In this extract, Simon has convinced his boss to give Augie a part-time job on a newspaper stand – with disastrous results.

He was particularly severe with me that morning. Simon now shaved more often than before. He had a new tough manner of pulling down breath and hawking into the street. And whatever the changes were that he had undergone and was undergoing, still he hadn't lost his fine-framed independent look that he controlled me with. I was afraid of him, though I was nearly his size. Except for the face, we had the same bones.

I wasn't fated to do well at the station. Maybe Simon's threats had something to do with this, and his disgust with me when I had to be docked the first day. But I was a flop, and nearly as much as a dollar short each time, even by the third week. Since I was allowed only two bits above my carfare*--forty cents to the penny-- I couldn't cover my shortages, and Simon, grim and brief, told me on the way to the car one night that the boss had given me the boot.

"I couldn't run after people who short-changed me," I kept defending myself. "They throw the money down and grab a paper; you can't leave the stand to chase them."

At last he answered me coldly, with a cold lick of fire in his eyes, on the stationary wintriness of the black steel harness of the bridge over the dragging unnamable mixture of the river flowing backwards with its waste. "You couldn't get that money out of somebody else's change, could you!"

"What?"

"You heard me, you dumbhead!"

"Why didn't you tell me before?" I cried back.

"Tell you?" he said, pushing angrily by me. "Tell you to keep your barn buttoned, as if you didn't have any more brains than George!"

And he let the old woman yell at me, saying nothing in my defence. Before this he had always stood up for me when it was any serious matter. Now he kept aside in the low lights of the kitchen, his fist on his hip and his coat slung over his shoulder, once in a while lifting the lid on the stove where our supper stood warming, and prodding the coals. I took it hard that he was disloyal to me, but also I knew I had let him down with the boss, whom he sold a bright brother that turned out stupid. But I had been at a small news-stand under a pillar, where I seemed to get merely stragglers, and the boss gave me only the coat of a uniform, gone in the lining, with ragged cuffs and the braid shot. Alone, I had nobody to point out celebrities to me if any came that way, and I passed the time daydreaming and waiting for lunch relief and the three o'clock break, when I would watch Simon at the main stand and admire the business there--where the receipts were something to see-- the pour of money and the black molecular circulation of travellers knowing what they wanted in gum, fruit, cigarettes, the thick bulwarks* of papers and magazines, the power of the space and the span of the main chandelier. I thought that if the boss had started me here instead of in my marble corner, off on the edge where I heard only echoes and couldn't even see the trains, I would have made out better.

So I had the ignominy of being canned* and was read the riot act in the kitchen. Seemingly the old lady had been waiting for just this to happen and had it ready to tell me that there were faults I couldn't afford to have, situated where I was in life, a child of an abandoned family with no father to keep me out of trouble, nobody but two women, feeble-handed, who couldn't forever hold a cover over us from hunger, misery, crime, and the wrath of the world. Maybe if we had been sent to an orphanage, as Mama at one time thought of doing, it would have been better.

*car fare – tram/ bus fare

*bulwarks - a solid wall-like structure built for defence.

*canned - American slang for "fired"

How could I plan my answer?

READING PHASE (3 mins)

- 1) Highlight the key words in the question – what is the key statement?
- 2) Skim read the section.
- 3) Highlight 4-5 'golden quotes' that link to the statement.
- 4) Identify any language techniques/ methods in these examples.

WRITING PHASE (21 mins)

- 1) **Statement:** What is the writer trying to show/ teach the reader in the example you have chosen?
- 2) **Quote:** Provide the quote you have chosen.
- 3) **Analysis:**
 - a. Remember to use specific terms linked to word classes/ language techniques.
 - b. What do the words/ phrases in the example make you feel/think/imagine?
 - c. How do they make you behave/ respond?
 - d. How does this add to the purpose & form (type) of text as a whole?

OPTIONAL

- 1) **Statement:** *What else* (beyond the view expressed in the statement) is the writer trying to show/ teach the reader?
- 2) **Quote:** Provide a quote to support your point
- 3) **Analysis:**
 - a. Remember to use specific terms linked to word classes/ language techniques.
 - b. What do the words/ phrases in the example make you feel/think/imagine?
 - c. How do they make you behave/ respond?
 - d. How does this add to the purpose & form (type) of text as a whole?

English Language Paper 1:

Explorations in Creative Reading and Writing

Writing Section

OVERVIEW

- There is one task to complete in this section & it is worth 50% of the full paper (40 marks).
- You will have a choice of 2 tasks, one of which will have an image to help you with ideas. Only write about ONE of the tasks.
- The tasks will link in some way to the theme of the reading source from Section A.
- You should aim to spend around 45 minutes on this section; use 5 minutes of this time to PLAN your answer and another 5 minutes at the end to CHECK your work.

QUESTION 5

What skills do I need to demonstrate?

- You will need to show that you are able to produce high quality descriptive or narrative writing (planning your answer first is essential for this).
- You will need to work out the purpose, audience and form so that you shape your writing properly. Your teacher may have referred to this as PAF or GAP.
- Your writing needs to be as accurate and ambitious as possible.

What will the question look like?


Question 5: Writing

You are going to enter a **creative writing competition**. ← Purpose (entertain)

Your entry will be judged by a panel of people **your own age**. ← Audience

Either

Write a **description** suggested by this picture: ← Form



Or:

Write an **opening to a short story** about an evening at a fairground.

A05: Content and organisation (24 marks)

A06: Technical Accuracy (16 marks)

How will the question be marked?

Q5 AO5 Content and Organisation		
Level 4	19-24	<p>Content – convincing, crafted:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Convincing communication, assured use of tone, style and register, ambitious vocabulary <p>Organisation – highly structured, complex, varied:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Developed writing, fluent paragraphing, varied use of structural features
Level 3	13-18	<p>Content – clear, chosen for effect:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Consistently clear communication, appropriate use of tone, style and register, increasingly sophisticated vocabulary <p>Organisation – engaging, connected</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Engaging writing, coherent paragraphing, use of structural features
Level 2	7-12	<p>Content – mostly successful and some control</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mainly successful communication, attempts to use tone, style and register, careful use of vocabulary <p>Organisation – linked/relevant, paragraphed</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Increasing variety of ideas, attempts to use paragraphing, attempts to use structural features
Level 1	1-6	<p>Content – simple</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Simple communication, awareness of tone, style and register, simple vocabulary <p>Organisation – simple, limited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • One or two relevant ideas, random paragraph structure, simple structural features

Q5 AO6 Technical Accuracy		
Level 4	13-16	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Accurate and appropriate use of sentence demarcation, punctuation, sentence forms, Standard English and spelling
Level 3	9-12	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Mostly secure and accurate use of sentence demarcation, punctuation, sentence forms, Standard English and spelling
Level 2	5-8	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Mostly secure and sometimes accurate sentence demarcation, punctuation, sentence forms, Standard English and spelling
Level 1	1-4	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Occasional use of sentence demarcation, punctuation, sentence forms, Standard English and basic spelling

Example Question 5 / Narrative Writing

Write the opening part of a story based on a tropical island.

Narrative Writing: Example Answer

Dark. So dark. Andrew lifted his hand up in front of his face but could see nothing. His ears were ringing loudly. A fierce wind battered his aching body. Where was he? Although pitch black night engulfed him, the air was humid and heavy; he was not cold. He heard a noise behind him. Turning blindly into the darkness he called out:

“Mum? Dad? Are you there?”

Nothing. Less than nothing. He was all alone. A solitary tear ran down his cheek and it was then that he felt the unexpected sting. His chin was cut. The salty tear bore into the rawness of his flesh. Screwing his eyes shut tightly, he breathed slowly in and out. One...two...three. Half expecting it all to be a dream, he opened his eyes. No, this was real. He remembered waking up in the plane just as the screaming began. The captain had switched the lights off for the passengers to sleep, but they had jolted into action and woken those who were unlucky enough to open their eyes and see.

Everything was wrong. The plane was upside down. A flimsy oxygen mask fell in front of his face. The plane was crashing.

Slowly, very slowly, Andrew's eyes began to adjust to the darkness. He was stood on a sandy beach - unforgiving shards of coral dug into his one shoeless foot. “How did I lose a shoe?” he asked aloud, his voice echoing around the emptiness. The ringing in his ears began to subside. Somewhere, a tap was running. No, it wasn't a tap. It was the sea. Then he saw it: a bright yellow explosion was lifting up from the ocean: the sun.

As the darkness began to recede Andrew saw, for the first time, the full extent of his surroundings. He was stood on a beach. It looked like the front cover of a holiday brochure: white, unadulterated sand, palm trees leaning over towards the sea in a picture perfect pose. Despite the chaos which Andrew felt inside, the waves lapped gently against the shore. To the casual onlooker, everything seemed perfect. But then Andrew turned around and saw, for the first time, deep scars inflicted on the beachfront. Flaming shards of fractured metal stuck out of the scorched patches of sand like devilish cacti in a post-apocalyptic thriller. Except this was no movie; this was real life.

Trance-like, Andrew walked towards what he recognised to be the tail of the plane. It looked huge – at least twenty feet tall. The edges were licked with flame, the molten metal bubbling under the intensity of the heat. “Where is everyone?” Andrew whispered to himself. There had been over 100 passengers on board that plane; where were they all? Was this some kind of joke? None of it made any sense.

Commentary for Narrative Writing Example Answer

- This answer is completely appropriate as a story opening: it introduces the setting and characters, but very little action takes place.
- A flashback has been included. This keeps the reader engaged as they want to find out whether anyone else from the plane has survived.
- Paragraphs are clear and coherent.
- Varied sentence lengths are used.
- Figurative and emotive language is included.

Narrative writing: words of advice

- If you are asked to write the opening of a story, it **should not contain much action**.
- You should be introducing the characters and setting, with perhaps one event which ties it all together.
- The exam board do not want to read a complete story full of plot twists and action – they want to see your narrative writing skills in action.
- When young children write stories they are always filled with murder, blood, dragons etc. Your writing needs to be more subtle than that.

Example Question 5 / Descriptive Writing

Write a descriptive passage based on this picture:



Descriptive Writing: PART of a sample answer

Peaceful and inviting, the quiet village sits idly on the edge of the golden beach. The huts proudly bask in the nourishing warmth of the ever shining sun. Beside them, palm trees lean towards the ocean, knowing that only its waters can satisfy their longing thirst. They stand, hypnotised by the never ending gentle lapping of the crystal waves upon the shore. For thousands of years it has been so.

Somewhere, a child's laughter rings in the air. It is the sound of the carefree in a village where there is no stress or strain. No internet. No phone signal. No social media. Only the ever present gentle hum of the ocean and the promise of its plentiful bounty which is caught each day by the fishermen.

Sensing that the midday heat may be too much for some, a generous tree offers sanctuary in the shade beneath its heavy boughs. The sand, dappled with the footsteps of now departed visitors, adorns the scene like a red carpet adorns a film premiere.

Commentary for Descriptive Writing Example Answer

- A range of senses are used for the description: sight, sound, touch and smell.
- Paragraphing is clear and cohesive.
- Varied sentence lengths are used.
- Figurative and emotive language is included.

Your Turn. Have a go at planning, then answering one of these tasks:

Your local newspaper is running a creative writing competition. The winner will have their work published in the paper.

Your entry will be judged by a local author.

Either:

Write a description suggested by this picture:



Or:

Write a short story about a lonely and isolated place.

English Language

Paper 1: Fiction



INSTRUCTIONS

Paper 1 is about fiction texts. You will be given a fiction extract to read. In the first half of the exam you will have to answer questions about this extract. In the second half of the exam you will produce your own piece of creative writing. The exam is out of 80.

English Language Paper 1: Explorations in creative reading and writing (1 hour 45 minutes)

Q1: List four things about a specific part of the text (4 marks)

Q2: Analyse the writer's use of language (8 marks)

Q3: Analyse the structure of the whole text (8 marks)

Q4: You will be given a statement about the text. You need to write an essay arguing to what extent you agree with this statement (20 marks)

Q5: A choice of two writing tasks - **answer one** (40 marks)

Over the next 5 lessons, work through this booklet. At the front of the booklet there are a series of texts to read. Each one is followed by questions that will encourage you to use similar skills to those needed for the exam. There are also practice writing tasks at the back. Use this booklet and the notes in your exercise books to revise.

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

Either: Write a description suggested by this picture:



Or:

Describe an occasion when you went through a challenging experience.

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

Q. You have been invited to produce a piece of creative writing about how children play imaginatively.

Either: Write a story set on a dark night as suggested by this picture:



Or:

Write a story about a dangerous location.

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

WRITING TASKS

Q. You are going to enter a creative writing competition.

Your entry will be judged by a panel of people of your own age.

Either: Write a description suggested by this picture:



Or:

Write the opening part of a story about an exciting journey.

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

A hundred yards farther on I found another wire cunningly placed on the edge of a small stream. Beyond that lay the moor, and in five minutes I was deep in bracken and heather. Soon I was round the shoulder of the rise, in the little glen from which the mill-lade flowed. Ten minutes later my face was in the spring, and I was soaking down pints of the blessed water.

But I did not stop till I had put half a dozen miles between me and that accursed dwelling.

QUESTIONS (write in full sentences, use quotations)

Understanding

1. What conditions make the narrator's experience more uncomfortable?
2. What discovery does he make from the vantage point of the dovecote roof?
3. How does this discovery put him in more danger?

Language / Structural Analysis

4. Identify three narrow escapes that the narrator has before the end of this passage. How does the account suggest that he is smarter than his enemies?
5. How does the description of the water appeal to our senses?
6. How does the final sentence of this passage close the episode and end the chapter satisfactorily for the reader?

5: Analysing Language Techniques in a Fiction Text

Read the following extract taken from *Old Mali and the Boy* by D.R. Sherman:

On his shaven head the old man wore a puggree. His eyes were quick and like a bird's. On his upper lip were a few thin wisps of long grey hair which he thought of proudly as his moustache. The yellow brown face was scored. Straight across his forehead the deep lines ran, and in a twisting confusion across his cheeks. In between the skin was marked with a mesh of delicate wrinkles. When he smiled the lines seemed to leap, and move and grow deeper. The boy liked to watch them, and sometimes as he did he wondered whether his face would ever be like that.

He never knew what made the lines, but he liked to think that it was the cold winter winds which swept down from the Himalayas... he looked away from the old eyes. He watched the hands instead. They too were old and wrinkled, just like the face. And they never stopped working, even when the man was busy talking. It was the right hand that fascinated him, the one with the middle finger missing...

puggree = a turban

How does the writer use language to describe the old man in this extract? Complete the table below using specific quotations from the text. Try to identify three different language techniques used:

Quotation	Descriptive technique(s) used + suggestion + effect on reader

7: Identifying How Language Choice Influences Writing

Read the following two extracts adapted from *Treasure Island* by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Version One

The stranger waited just inside the inn door, looking around the corner. Once I went out into the road, but he called me back. When I didn't respond straight away, his expression changed, and he told me to come back in such an angry voice it surprised me.

Version Two

The stranger skulked just inside the inn door, peering slyly around the corner, like a cat waiting for a mouse. Once, I ventured out into the road, but he hissed at me to come back. When I did not obey instantly, a horrible change disfigured his face, and he ordered me in so violently it made me jump.

Complete the following table, analysing the effect of the writer's choice of vocabulary:

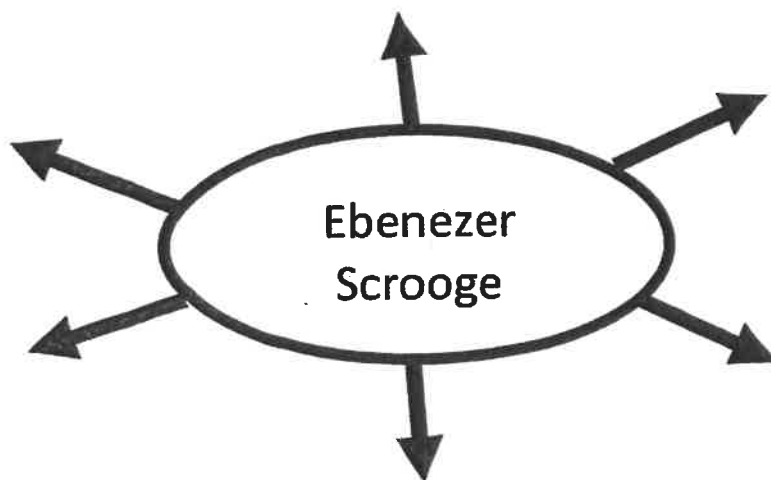
Version One	Version Two	Effect
'waited'	'skulked'	suggests he's behaving secretly or is hiding something
'looking'	'peering slyly'	
'went'		
'called me'		
'respond'		
'expression changed'		
'he told me'		
'surprised me'		

9: Extracting Details from a Fiction Text

Read this extract taken from Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, written in 1843:

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grind- stone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dogdays; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did. Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!" But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

a) Complete the mind map below by adding six things you learn about Scrooge's character in this extract:



b) Write one thing you can **infer** about Scrooge's character below:

11: Making Inferences from a Fiction Text

Read the following extract adapted from Charles Dickens' *Great Expectations*.

She was dressed in rich materials - satins, and lace, and silks - all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on - the other was on the table near her hand - her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose, had shrunk to skin and bone.

Based solely on this extract, what can you infer about Miss Havisham's character? Complete the table below with evidence to support your inferences.

Quotation	Explanation of what can be inferred + language analysis

13: Analysing the Description of a Setting

Analysing the Use of Setting

Read the following description of setting taken from John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*:

The deep green pool of the Salinas River was still in the late afternoon. Already the sun had left the valley to go climbing up the slopes of the Gabilan Mountains, and the hilltops were rosy in the sun. But by the pool among the mottled sycamores, a pleasant shade had fallen.

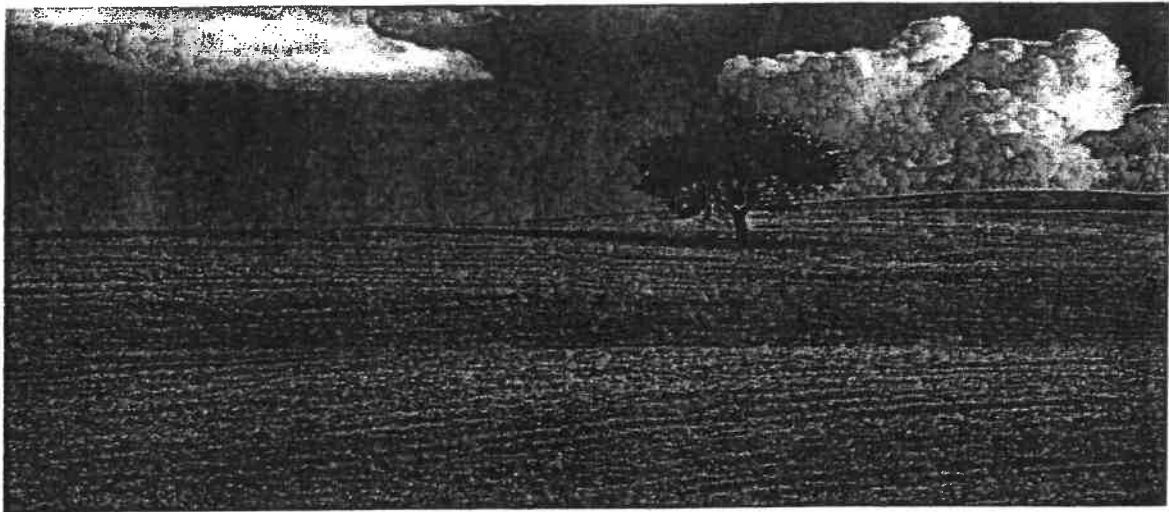
A water snake glided smoothly up the pool, twisting its periscope head from side to side; and it swam the length of the pool and came to the legs of a motionless heron that stood in the shallows. A silent head and beak lanced down and plucked it out by the head, and the beak swallowed the little snake while its tail waved frantically. A far rush of wind sounded and a gust drove through the tops of the trees like a wave. The sycamore leaves turned up their silver sides, the brown, dry leaves on the ground scudded a few feet. And row on row of tiny wind waves flowed up the pool's green surface. As quickly as it had come, the wind died, and the clearing was quiet again. The heron stood in the shallows, motionless and waiting. Another little water snake swam up the pool, turning its periscope head from side to side.

How does the writer use language to describe the setting in this extract? Complete the following table using specific quotations and analysing the effect of each quotation:

Quotation	Technique used + effect + impact on the reader

14: Using Language Techniques in our Writing

Look at the following image:



Write one detailed descriptive paragraph based on this image in the lined space below.
Do not write in the empty columns on either side.

15: Tackling Unfamiliar Language

19th and 20th century English language is often very different to the language we read today. Use a dictionary or an online resource to find the definitions of the following popular words used during this time that may appear in one of your unseen texts:

Word	Definition
<i>parlour</i>	
<i>dispensation</i>	
<i>corpulent</i>	
<i>apparition</i>	
<i>afflicted</i>	
<i>acquiescence</i>	
<i>saturated</i>	
<i>callous</i>	
<i>remnant</i>	
<i>peril</i>	
<i>acceding</i>	
<i>depraved</i>	

17: Analysing the Description of Characters

Read the following extract taken from John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* in which two friends working on a ranch together are described:

Two men emerged from the path and came into the opening by the green pool. They had walked in single file down the path, and even in the open one stayed behind the other. Both were dressed in denim trousers and in denim coats with brass buttons. Both wore black, shapeless hats and both carried tight blanket rolls slung over their shoulders. The first man was small and quick, dark of face, with restless eyes and sharp, strong features. Every part of him was defined: small, strong hands, slender arms, a thin and bony nose. Behind him walked his opposite, a huge man, shapeless of face, with large, pale eyes, with wide, sloping shoulders; and he walked heavily, dragging his feet a little, the way a bear drags his paws. His arms did not swing at his sides, but hung loosely and only moved because the hands were pendula*.

The first man stopped short in the clearing, and the follower nearly ran over him. He took off his hat and wiped the sweatband with his forefinger and snapped the moisture off. His huge companion dropped his blankets and flung himself down and drank from the surface of the green pool; drank with long gulps, snorting into the water like a horse. The small man stepped nervously beside him.

How does the writer use language to describe the characters in this extract? Complete the table below using specific quotations and analysing the effect of each quotation. Consider the writer's use of contrast in his description of the men.

Quotation	Technique used + suggestion + effect on reader

18: Using Language Techniques in our Writing

Look at the following images:



Write one detailed descriptive paragraph based on these images in the lined space below. **Do not** write in the empty columns on either side.

31: Identifying the Effects of Structural Features

Match the structural feature to its particular effect or purpose.

Sequencing	Use of direct speech by one or more characters; can bring the character to 'life'.
Dialogue	Telling a story in the time order in which it happens.
Narrative chronology	Developing a particular image over a series of sentences or paragraphs to build a stronger picture.
Narrative shifts	Used to indicate changes in time, place, topic or person. Can be an introduction or conclusion.
Repetition	Repeating words, phrases, images or ideas over parts of a text to connect them together.
Changing focus	The telling of a story from a point of view – 1 st , 2 nd or 3 rd person. Can be a character or omniscient narrator.
Extended imagery	Changing from the narrative description of small, close-up details to larger ones – or the opposite.
Tone/mood	Changing attention to different things, e.g. description of setting, character thoughts, dialogue, etc.
Narrative voice/ perspective	Putting information about a character into a particular order, e.g. appearance, behaviour, etc.
Paragraphs	The attitude of a narrator to what they are talking about, e.g. positive, negative, mocking, humorous, etc.

32: Commenting on the Effect of Opening Lines

Read the following opening lines taken from a range of fictional sources. Using the table, comment on the effect of the sentence as an opening line.

Quotation	How does this interest the reader?
1. 'The war in Zagreb began over a pack of cigarettes.'	
2. 'Lydia is dead. But they don't know this yet.'	
3. 'It was a pleasure to burn.'	
4. 'My brain was drowning in grease.'	
5. 'In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since.'	

Which of these openings do you believe is the most successful and why?

33: Analysing the Structure of a Text

Read the following extract taken from Graham Joyce's *The Tooth Fairy*. As you read, make a note of the narrative focus of each paragraph at the side of the page.

Clive was on the far side of the green pond, torturing a king-crested newt. Sam and Terry languished under a vast oak, offering their chubby white feet to the dark water. The sprawling oak leaned out across the mirroring pond, dappling the water's surface with clear reflections of leaf and branch and of acorns ripening slowly in verdant cups.

It was high summer. Pigeons cooed softly in the trees, and Clive's family picnicked nearby. Two older boys fished for perch about thirty yards away. Sam saw the pike briefly. At first he thought he was looking at a submerged log. It hung inches below the surface, utterly still, like something suspended in ice.

Green and gold, it was a phantom, a spirit from another world. Sam tried to utter a warning, but the apparition of the pike had him mesmerized. It flashed at the surface of the water as it came up to take away, in a single bite, the two smallest toes of Terry's left foot.

The thing was gone before Terry understood what had happened. He withdrew his food slowly from the water. Two tiny crimson beads glistened where his toes had been. One of the beads plumped and dripped into the water. Terry turned to Sam with a puzzled smile, as if some joke was being played. As the wound began to sting, his smile vanished and he began to scream.

TEXT 1

Bring up the Bodies by Hilary 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.

QUESTIONS (write in full sentences, use quotations)

Understanding

1. Explain what is happening in this extract.
2. When do you think the novel is set?
3. How would you describe the atmosphere in the text?
4. How is Thomas Cromwell presented?

Language / Structural Analysis

5. What is the effect of the opening sentence?
6. How does the writer's use of language appeal to the reader's senses?
7. How does the writer combine ideas of beauty, violence, tranquillity and death throughout the text?

TEXT 2

Spies by Michael Frayn

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.

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.'

QUESTIONS (write in full sentences, use quotations)

Understanding

1. Do you think the narrator trusts his memory? Why / why not?
2. Why did women at that time live “in dread of policemen and telegraph boys”?
3. What was the momentous thing that Keith told the narrator? Why would it have been so significant at the time?
4. Reading his account, do you believe that Keith’s mother was a German spy? Explain your reasoning.

Language / Structural Analysis

5. How has the writer structured the passage in order to reflect the difficulty of recalling memories?
6. What impression of memory is created through the writer’s choice of language?
7. 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? Why do you think this is?

TEXT 3

The White Tiger by Aravind Adiga

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 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.

QUESTIONS (write in full sentences, use quotations)

Understanding

1. How does Balram distinguish himself during the inspector's visit?
2. Why does the inspector consider 'White Tiger' to be an appropriate name for Balram?
3. What is the bad news for Balram that follows all the good news?

Language / Structural Analysis

4. What do we learn in this passage about the conditions in Balram's school and what is your impression of the way in which the inspection is conducted?
5. Explain the ways in which Balram's life is shown to be harsh.
6. How would you describe the narrative voice used in the passage?
7. Explain how the author has used contrast in the passage.

TEXT 4

The Thirty-Nine Steps by John Buchan

In this extract the narrator, Richard Hannay, is on the run from a gang of spies after escaping from a locked room in their farmhouse by using some explosive devices that he found there. Unable to travel away from the farm in daylight, he has now found a hiding place on top of a dovecote which he needs to climb in spite of having been injured in the explosion.

That was one of the hardest jobs I ever took on. My shoulder and arm ached like hell, and I was so sick and giddy that I was always on the verge of falling. But I managed it somehow. By the use of out-jutting stones and gaps in the masonry and a tough ivy root I got to the top in the end. There was a little parapet behind which I found space to lie down. Then I proceeded to go off into an old-fashioned swoon.

I woke with a burning head and the sun glaring in my face. For a long time I lay motionless, for those horrible fumes seemed to have loosened my joints and dulled my brain. Sounds came to me from the house – men speaking throatily and the throbbing of a stationary car. There was a little gap in the parapet to which I wriggled, and from which I had some sort of prospect of the yard. I saw figures come out – a servant with his head bound up, and then a younger man in knickerbockers. They were looking for something, and moved towards the mill. Then one of them caught sight of the wisp of cloth on the nail, and cried out to the other. They both went back to the house, and brought two more to look at it. I saw the rotund figure of my late captor, and I thought I made out the man with the lisp. I noticed that all had pistols.

For half an hour they ransacked the mill. I could hear them kicking over the barrels and pulling up the rotten planking. Then they came outside, and stood just below the dovecot, arguing fiercely. The servant with the bandage was being soundly rated. I heard them fiddling with the door of the

dovecot, and for one horrid moment I fancied they were coming up. Then they thought better of it, and went back to the house.

All that long blistering afternoon I lay baking on the roof-top. Thirst was my chief torment. My tongue was like a stick, and to make it worse I could hear the cool drip of water from the mill-lade. I watched the course of the little stream as it came in from the moor, and my fancy followed it to the top of the glen, where it must issue from an icy fountain fringed with cool ferns and mosses. I would have given a thousand pounds to plunge my face into that.

I had a fine prospect of the whole ring of moorland. I saw the car speed away with two occupants, and a man on a hill pony riding east. I judged they were looking for me, and I wished them joy of their quest.

But I saw something else more interesting. The house stood almost on the summit of a swell of moorland which crowned a sort of plateau, and there was no higher point nearer than the big hills six miles off. The actual summit, as I have mentioned, was a biggish clump of trees – firs mostly, with a few ashes and beeches. On the dovecot I was almost on a level with the tree-tops, and could see what lay beyond. The wood was not solid, but only a ring, and inside was an oval of green turf, for all the world like a big cricket-field.

I didn't take long to guess what it was. It was an aerodrome, and a secret one. The place had been most cunningly chosen. For suppose anyone were watching an aeroplane descending here, he would think it had gone over the hill beyond the trees. As the place was on the top of a rise in the midst of a big amphitheatre, any observer from any direction would conclude it had passed out of view behind the hill. Only a man very close at hand would realise that the aeroplane had not gone over but descended in the midst of the wood. An observer with a telescope on one of the higher hills might have discovered the truth, but only herds went there, and herds do not carry spy-glasses. When I looked from the dovecot I could see far away a blue line which I knew was the sea, and I grew furious to think that our enemies had this secret conning-tower to rake our waterways.

Then I reflected that if that aeroplane came back the chances were ten to one that I would be discovered. So through the afternoon I lay and prayed for the coming of darkness, and glad I was when the sun went down over the big western hills and the twilight haze crept over the moor. The aeroplane was late. The gloaming was far advanced when I heard the beat of wings and saw it vol-planning downward to its home in the wood. Lights twinkled for a bit and there was much coming and going from the house. Then the dark fell, and silence.

Thank God it was a black night. The moon was well on its last quarter and would not rise till late. My thirst was too great to allow me to tarry, so about nine o'clock, so far as I could judge, I started to descend. It wasn't easy, and half-way down I heard the back-door of the house open, and saw the gleam of a lantern against the mill wall. For some agonising minutes I hung by the ivy and prayed that whoever it was would not come round by the dovecot. Then the light disappeared, and I dropped as softly as I could on to the hard soil of the yard.

I crawled on my belly in the lee of a stone dyke till I reached the fringe of trees which surrounded the house. If I had known how to do it I would have tried to put that aeroplane out of action, but I realised that any attempt would probably be futile. I was pretty certain that there would be some kind of defence round the house, so I went through the wood on hands and knees, feeling carefully every inch before me. It was as well, for presently I came on a wire about two feet from the ground. If I had tripped over that, it would doubtless have rung some bell in the house and I would have been captured.

Paper 1 mini mock: one summer night

Source A: A short story titled 'One Summer Night' by Ambrose Bierce written in 1893.

1	The fact that Henry Armstrong was buried did not seem to him to prove that he was dead: he had always been a hard man to convince. That he really was buried, the testimony of his senses compelled him to admit. His posture – flat upon his back, with his hands crossed upon his stomach and tied with something that he easily broke without profitably altering the situation – the strict
5	confinement of his entire person, the black darkness and profound silence, made a body of evidence impossible to controvert and he accepted it without cavil.
	But dead – no; he was only very, very ill. He had, withal, the invalid's apathy ¹ and did not greatly concern himself about the uncommon fate that had been allotted to him. No philosopher was he – just a plain, commonplace person gifted, for the time being, with a pathological ² indifference: the organ that
10	he feared consequences with was torpid ³ . So, with no particular apprehension for his immediate future, he fell asleep and all was peace with Henry Armstrong.
	But something was going on overhead. It was a dark summer night, shot through with infrequent shimmers of lightning silently firing a cloud lying low in the west and portending ⁴ a storm. These brief, stammering illuminations brought out with ghastly distinctness the monuments and headstones of the
15	cemetery and seemed to set them dancing. It was not a night in which any credible witness was likely to be straying about a cemetery, so the three men who were there, digging into the grave of Henry Armstrong, felt reasonably secure.
	Two of them were young students from a medical college a few miles away; the third was a gigantic man known as Jess. For many years Jess had been employed about the cemetery as a man-
20	of-all-work and it was his favourite pleasantry that he knew 'every soul in the place.' From the nature of what he was now doing it was inferable that the place was not so populous as its register may have shown it to be. Outside the wall, at the part of the grounds farthest from the public road, were a horse and a light wagon, waiting.
	The work of excavation was not difficult: the earth with which the grave had been loosely filled a
25	few hours before offered little resistance and was soon thrown out. Removal of the casket from its box was less easy, but it was taken out, for it was a perquisite ⁵ of Jess, who carefully unscrewed the cover and laid it aside, exposing the body in black trousers and white shirt. At that instant the air sprang to flame, a cracking shock of thunder shook the stunned world and Henry Armstrong tranquilly sat up.
30	With inarticulate cries the men fled in terror, each in a different direction. For nothing on earth could two of them have been persuaded to return. But Jess was of another breed.
	In the grey of the morning the two students, pallid and haggard from anxiety and with the terror of their adventure still beating tumultuously in their blood, met at the medical college.
	'You saw it?' cried one.
	'God! yes – what are we to do?'
35	They went around to the rear of the building, where they saw a horse, attached to a light wagon, hitched to a gatepost near the door of the dissecting-room. Mechanically they entered the room. On a bench in the obscurity sat Jess. He rose, grinning, all eyes and teeth. 'I'm waiting for my pay,' he said.
39	Stretched naked on a long table lay the body of Henry Armstrong, the head defiled with blood and clay from a blow with a spade.
	1 apathy: indifference, boredom. 2 pathological: illogical, obsessive 3 torpid: inactive, lifeless 4 portending: foretelling, signalling 5 perquisite: benefit, strong point

Questions

Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes Use lines 1-7.

List four things you learn about Henry.

Q2 – 8 marks – 10 minutes

Using lines 12-17.

How does the writer use language to describe the setting?

Q3 – 8 marks – 10 minutes

Use the whole source.

How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?

Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes

Use lines 17-39.

A student said "Although we are scared of the creepy and tense atmosphere, I think the ending is actually very unexpected"

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write your own impressions about the characters
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with references to the text.

Key Words

Imagery and Language	
Alliteration	Words in a sentence/passage that begin with the same letter or sound.
Plosive alliteration	Repetition of the B or P sound at the beginning of words
Sibilance	Repetition of the S or SH sound at the beginning of words.
Metaphor	Comparing one thing to another by saying it is something else e.g. the tree was a mountain.
Simile	Comparing one thing to another using <i>like</i> or <i>as</i> e.g. the tree was like a mountain.
Personification	Giving an inanimate object human qualities.
Onomatopoeia	Words that sound like what they are e.g. <i>bong/crash/drip</i>
Repetition	Repeating a word or idea more than once.
Adjective	A describing word.
Verb (dynamic/modal)	A doing word.
Noun (abstract/concrete)	A naming word.
Pronoun	I/You/He/She/They etc.
Adverb	Describes a verb, usually ends in -ly.
Connotation	The associated meanings of a word e.g. the connotations of red might be love/danger/anger etc.
Colloquial language	Informal or slang language.
Semantic field	A group of words suggesting a theme/topic e.g. a semantic field of war – guns/bullets/army/soldier

Character	
Narrative voice	The perspective from which the story is told.
Archetype	A familiar/traditional character used seen in many stories across different cultures e.g. the villain.
Protagonist	The main character.
Setting	
Pathetic fallacy	When the weather reflects the actions/mood of the story.
Structure	
Declarative sentence	A statement e.g. <i>The sky is blue.</i>
Imperative sentence	A command e.g. <i>Stop running.</i>
Interrogative sentence	A question.
Exclamative sentence	A sentence ending with a !
Linear narrative	Narrative that follows a straight line e.g. <i>beginning – middle – end.</i>
Non-linear narrative	Often starts in the middle of the story and then goes back to the beginning may involve flashbacks.
Cyclical narrative	A story that ends where it begins.
Motif	Reoccurring ideas and themes throughout the story.
Asyndetic list	A list without conjunctions or connectives.
Climax	The point of greatest tension in the story.
Foreshadowing	Hints of what is to come in the story.

These are the main techniques that you need to learn and remember for Paper 1, Section A.

Meaning

- what is the extract about?
- what happens in the extract?
- Theme(s) of the extract - what is it really about?
- where does the extract "get to" from start to end?

Tone

- What is the mood and atmosphere of the extract? (angry, sad, nostalgic, bitter, humorous, frightening etc)

Imagery and Language

- **Alliteration** - the repeating of initial sounds.
- **Metaphor** - comparing two things by saying one is the other.
- **Simile** - comparing two things saying one is like or as the other.
- **Personification** - giving something non-human human qualities.
- **Onomatopoeia** - words that sound like the thing they describe.
- **Repetition** - does the writer repeat words or phrases?
- **What kinds of words are used?**
- **Connotation** - associations that words have
- **Ambiguity** - is the word or phrase deliberately unclear? Could it mean opposite things or many different things?
- **Word order** - are the words in an unusual order - why?
- **Adjectives** - what are the key describing words?
- **Slang or unusual words and misspellings** - Does the writer use slang or informal language?
- **Characters** - how do they speak? Do they all sound the same?

Paper 1, Section A: First Responses to Unseen Prose

Character

- who is the telling the story?
- What is the **narrative voice**? Is it first or third person?
- What characters do we meet?
- How are the characters introduced?
- What do we learn about the characters that might be important?

Setting

- What **location** is described? How do you know?
- What is the **weather** like?
- What **time** of day is it?
- What **period** is it set in? How do you know?

Structure

- **Sentences** - what shapes, styles and patterns can you see?
- **Opening** - how does the extract begin?
- **Ending** - how does the extract finish? Is there a clear resolution?
- **Flashbacks** - are any included? What do they reveal?
- **Repetition** - are any ideas or patterns repeated? Why?
- **Connections** - how do the paragraphs link together?
- **Narrative perspective** - does this stay the same throughout?
- **Linear/non linear** - is there a clear order to the events?