



**GCSE English Language
and Literature
Revision Materials 2020**

Literature Paper 1	13th May
Literature Paper 2	21st May
Language Paper 1	2nd June
Language Paper 2	5th June

Excerpt from *The Road*

When he woke in the woods in the dark and the cold of the night he'd reach out to touch the child sleeping beside him. Nights dark beyond darkness and the days more grey each one than what had gone before. Like the onset of some cold glaucoma dimming away the world. His hand rose and fell softly with each precious breath. He pushed away the plastic tarpaulin and raised himself in the stinking robes and blankets and looked toward the east for any light but there was none. **In the dream from which he'd wakened he had wandered in a cave where the child led him by the hand. Their light playing over the wet flowstone walls. Like pilgrims in a fable swallowed up and lost among the inward parts of some granitic beast. Deep stone flues where the water dripped and sang. Tolling in the silence the minutes of the earth and the hours and the days of it and the years without cease. Until they stood in a great stone room where lay a black and ancient lake. And on the far shore a creature that raised its dripping mouth from the rimstone pool and stared into the light with eyes dead white and sightless as the eggs of spiders. It swung its head low over the water as if to take the scent of what it could not see. Crouching there pale and naked and translucent, its alabaster bones cast up in shadow on the rocks behind it. Its bowels, its beating heart. The brain that pulsed in a dull glass bell. It swung its head from side to side and then gave out a low moan and turned and lurched away and loped soundlessly into the dark.**

With the first grey light he rose and left the boy sleeping and walked out to the road and squatted and studied the country to the south. Barren, silent, godless. He thought the month was October but he wasn't sure. He hadn't kept a calendar for years. They were moving south. There'd be no surviving another winter here.

When it was light enough to use the binoculars he glassed the valley below. Everything paling away into the murk. The soft ash blowing in loose swirls over the blacktop. He studied what he could see. The segments of road down there among the dead trees. Looking for anything of colour. Any movement. Any trace of standing smoke. He lowered the glasses and pulled down the cotton mask from his face and wiped his nose on the back of his wrist and then glassed the country again. Then he just sat there holding the binoculars and watching the ashen daylight congeal over the land. He knew only that the child was his warrant. He said: If he is not the word of God, God never spoke.

When he got back the boy was still asleep. He pulled the blue plastic tarp off of him and folded it and carried it out to the grocery cart and packed it and came back with their plates and some cornmeal cakes in a plastic bag and a plastic bottle of syrup. He spread the small tarp they used for a table on the ground and laid everything out and he took the pistol from his belt and laid it on the cloth and then he just sat watching the boy sleep. He'd pulled away his mask in the night and it was buried somewhere in the blankets. He watched the boy and he looked out through the trees toward the road. This was not a safe place. They could be seen from the road now it was day. The boy turned in the blankets. Then he opened his eyes. Hi, Papa, he said.

I'm right here.

I know.

An hour later they were on the road. He pushed the cart and both he and the boy carried knapsacks. In the knapsacks were essential things. In case they had to abandon the cart and make a run for it. Clamped to the handle of the cart was a chrome motorcycle mirror that he used to watch the road behind them. He shifted the pack higher on his shoulders and looked out over the wasted country. The road was empty. Below in the little valley the still grey serpentine of a river. Motionless and precise. Along the shore a burden of dead reeds. Are you okay? he said. The boy nodded. Then they set out along the blacktop in the gunmetal light, shuffling through the ash, each the other's world entire.

1. Read again the first part of the source, lines 1 to 7. List four things that you find out about where the man and the boy are. **[4 marks]**

2. Look in detail at this extract of the lines in **bold**. (extract in question paper)

How does the writer use language here to describe the man's dream?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

[8 marks]

3. You now need to think about the whole of the source. This text is from the opening of a novel. How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

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

[8 marks]

4. A student who read this extract commented that 'the writer makes the setting very unsettling and uncomfortable. The entire scene almost seems like a nightmare.'

- To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:
 - write about your own impressions of the character
 - evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
 - support your opinions with quotations from the text.

[20 marks]

Language Paper 1 Section B

Q5) (45minutes) Either: Your local newspaper is running a creative writing competition and they intend to publish the entries. Write a description based on the image below:



OR Write a story based around a difficult experience.

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

*'The Big Smoke': Smog in London!**Two non-fiction texts linked by the same theme or topic*

This is a journal entry by Flora Tristan, a Frenchwoman who visited London in 1839. Overseas visitors to London rarely commented favourably on the English weather. It was often claimed by visitors that in England there are "eight months of winter and four months of bad weather." In her journal entry, the author is complaining about the smog – air pollution from houses and factories so bad it created a thick, smoky fog.

SOURCE A: A journal entry, written in 1839

Over every English town there hangs a pall compounded of the Ocean vapours that perpetually shroud the British Isles, and the heavy noxious fumes of the Cyclops' cave. No longer does timber from the forests provide fuel for the family hearth; the fuel of Hell - coal - snatched from the very bowels of the earth, has taken its place. It burns everywhere, feeding countless furnaces, replacing horse-power on the roads and wind-power on the rivers and the seas which surround the empire.

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Above the monster city a dense fog combines with the volume of smoke and soot belching from thousands of chimneys to wrap London in a black cloud which allows only the dimmest light to penetrate and shrouds everything in a funeral veil.

In London, misery is in the very air you breathe and enters in at every pore. There is nothing more gloomy or disquieting than the aspect of the city on a day of fog or rain or black frost. Only succumb to its influence and your head becomes painfully heavy, your digestion sluggish, your breathing laboured for lack of fresh air, and your whole body is overcome by fatigue. Then you are in the grip of what the English call "spleen": a profound despair, unaccountable anguish, cantankerous hatred for those one loves the best, disgust with everything, and an irresistible desire to end one's life by suicide. On days like this, London has a terrifying face: you seem to be lost in the necropolis of the world, breathing its sepulchral air. The light is wan, the cold humid; the long rows of identical sombre houses, each with its black iron grilles and narrow windows, resembles nothing so much as tombs stretching to infinity, whilst between them wander corpses awaiting the hour of burial.

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On such black days the Englishman is under the spell of his climate and behaves like a brute beast to anybody who crosses his path, giving and receiving knocks without a word of apology on either side. A poor old man may collapse from starvation in the street, but the Englishman will not stop to help him. He goes about his business and spares no thought for anything else; he hurries to finish his daily task, not to return home, for he has nothing to say to his wife or children, but to go to his club, where he will eat a good dinner in solitude, as conversation fatigues him. Then he will drink too much, and in his drunken slumber forget the troubles which bother him during the day. Many women resort to the same remedy; all that matters is to forget that one exists. The Englishman is no more of a drunkard by nature than the Spaniard, who drinks nothing but water, but the climate of London is enough to drive the most sober Spaniard to drink.

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Summer in London is hardly any different than winter; the frequent chilling rainstorms, the heavy atmosphere charged with electricity, the constant change of temperature, cause so many colds, headaches and bouts of colic that there are at least as many sick people in summer as in winter.

SOURCE B: Taken from *The Independent newspaper, Tuesday 6th January, 2015*

Air pollution in London's Oxford Street has already breached the legal limit for the whole of 2015 – in just four days!

Air pollution in one of London's busiest roads has already exceeded the legal limit for the whole of 2015, in the space of just four days, experts have warned.

Campaign group Clean Air In London has reported that the excessive levels for nitrogen dioxide (NO₂) in Oxford Street had passed the limit set by the EU by January 4, the Evening Standard has reported. Simon Birkett, founder and director of Clean Air In London, told The Independent the EU and UK regulations limited NO₂ levels so they must not exceed 200 micrograms per cubic metre for more than 18 hours in an entire year. 5

But Mr Birkett said Oxford Street had already reached 19 hours in excess of the limit by January 4, while Putney High Street also passed the limit yesterday.

According to statistics supplied by Clean Air In London, in 2014 Oxford Street clocked up 1,361 hours where the NO₂ levels were exceeded. Putney High Street meanwhile saw a total of 999 hours where the levels were exceeded. The road with the highest number of hours where NO₂ levels were exceeded in 2014 was Brixton Road, with 1,732 hours. 10

Mr Birkett said: "The Mayor has taken a succession of backward steps on his proposed Ultra Low Emission Zone (ULEZ) since announcing it two years ago. The gap between what the Mayor says and what he needs to do and actually does has never been wider. Meanwhile, concerns about air pollution, particularly NO₂ and diesel exhaust, have risen exponentially. Leading scientists say that many roads in central London will tend to have the highest NO₂ concentrations in the world." 15

Mr Birkett has called for a ban on diesel from the worst affected areas by 2020. He said: "The Mayor seems to have a love affair with diesel that must end." 20

A spokesperson for the Mayor of London said: "At the heart of his plans is the world's first Ultra Low Emission Zone in central London from 2020, and already, progress is being made. The oldest and most polluting vehicles have been taken off the streets, and around Oxford Street alone, the Mayor's measures have reduced emissions by a third in two years. Unlike many cities, London has met EU rules on particulate matter. The number of Londoners living in areas above NO₂ limits has halved since 2008. Under this Mayoralty, emissions of NO_x (nitrogen oxides) are down by 20 per cent and PM₁₀ by 15 per cent. Furthermore, the Mayor has set out how, with government and EU support, London can meet targets for nitrogen dioxide (NO₂) emissions by 2020, ten years ahead of government predictions." 25

In November, the Government's scientific advisors were reported to be set to warn that air pollution, largely from diesel vehicle road traffic, may be to blame for as many as 60,000 early deaths in Britain each year. 30

Q1: Read lines 10-20 of **Source A**. Tick 4 statements below which are **TRUE**.

- The writer thinks smog makes London seem gloomy
- The author claims that the houses resemble tombs
- The narrow windows are why the light is so dim
- She describes Londoners as the dead, awaiting burial
- She says that the smog causes you to feel fatigued
- The author regards London as an attractive city



[4 marks]

Q2: Refer to **Source A and Source B**.

Write a summary of the writers' attitudes to air pollution in London.

[8 Marks]

Q3: Now refer to **Source A**. How does the writer use **language** to convey her opinions of smog in London?

[12 marks]

Q4: **Compare** how the two writers convey their **attitudes** to air pollution.

In your answer you should:

- compare their attitudes
- compare the methods they use to convey their attitudes.
- support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

[16 marks]

Q5: A national newspaper recently produced an article including the statement : 'Testing on animals is cruel and unecessary. Surely its better to test products on humans?' Write an argument explaining your viewpoint in the form of a letter.

[40 marks]

KEY TERMINOLOGY for exploring Language and Structure

Language Choices	Structural Techniques
Adjective	Repetition
Metaphor	Tense change
Simile	Foreshadowing
Personification	Juxtaposition
Hyperbole	Paragraphing
Alliteration	First sentence
Imagery	Last sentence
Emotive language	Enjambment
Pronouns	Perspective change
Facts	Cohesion
Rhetorical question	Parallel narrative
Superlatives	Anaphora
Onomatopoeia	Analepsis
Sibilance	

Read the following extract from Act IV Scene 3 of *Macbeth* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play, Macduff has fled to England and Malcolm. They are talking about the need for a new leader of Scotland.

MALCOLM

But I have none.

The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uprouse the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

MACDUFF

O Scotland, Scotland!

MALCOLM

If such a one be fit to govern, speak.
I am as I have spoken.

MACDUFF

Fit to govern!

No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accused
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Hath banished me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Starting with this conversation, write about how Shakespeare presents ideas about leadership.

Write about:

- how Shakespeare presents ideas about leadership in this extract
- how Shakespeare presents ideas about leadership in the play as a whole.

[30 marks] + AO4 [4 marks]

Literature Paper 1 Section B

Read the following extract from Chapter two of *The Strange Case of Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde, The Search for Mr Hyde*, and then answer the question that follows.

The lawyer stood a while when Mr. Hyde had left him, the picture of disquietude. Then he began slowly to mount the street, pausing every step or two and putting his hand to his brow like a man in mental perplexity. The problem he was thus debating as he walked, was one of a class that is rarely solved. Mr. Hyde was pale and dwarfish, he gave an impression of deformity without any nameable malformation, he had a displeasing smile, he had borne himself to the lawyer with a sort of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering and somewhat broken voice; all these were points against him, but not all of these together could explain the hitherto unknown disgust, loathing, and fear with which Mr. Utterson regarded him. "There must be something else," said the perplexed gentleman. "There is something more, if I could find a name for it. God bless me, the man seems hardly human! Something troglodytic, shall we say? Or can it be the old story of Dr. Fell? Or is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus transpires through, and transfigures, its clay continent? The last, I think; for, O my poor old Harry Jekyll, if ever I read Satan's signature upon a face, it is on that of your new friend."

How does Stevenson present the relationship between Hyde and Utterson?

- in this extract
- in the novel as a whole

[30 marks] + AO4 [4 marks]

Literature Paper 2 Section A (An Inspector Calls)

1) How and why does Sheila change in *An Inspector Calls*?

Write about:

- How Sheila responds to her family and to the Inspector
- How Priestly present Sheila by the ways he writes

OR

2) How does Priestly explore the theme of responsibility in *An Inspector Calls*?

Write about:

- Ideas about responsibility in *An Inspector Calls*
- How Priestly presents these ideas by the ways he writes

[30 Marks] + AO4 [4 Marks]

Literature Paper 2 Section B (Power and Conflict)

Compare how poets present the idea of mankind in conflict with the natural world in *Storm on the Island* and one of poem from '*Power and Conflict*'.

We are prepared: we build our houses squat,
Sink walls in rock and roof them with good slate.
This wizened earth has never troubled us
With hay, so, as you see, there are no stacks
Or stooks that can be lost. Nor are there trees

Which might prove company when it blows full
Blast: you know what I mean - leaves and branches
Can raise a tragic chorus in a gale
So that you listen to the thing you fear
Forgetting that it pummels your house too.

But there are no trees, no natural shelter.
You might think that the sea is company,
Exploding comfortably down on the cliffs
But no: when it begins, the flung spray hits
The very windows, spits like a tame cat

Turned savage. We just sit tight while wind dives
And strafes invisibly. Space is a salvo,
We are bombarded with the empty air.
Strange, it is a huge nothing that we fear.

[30 marks]

Literature Paper 2 Section C (Unseen Poetry)

Answer BOTH questions in this section

Mother, any distance greater than a single span
requires a second pair of hands.
You come to help me measure windows, pelmets, doors,
the acres of the walls, the prairies of the floors.

You at the zero-end, me with the spool of tape, recording
length, reporting metres, centimetres back to base, then leaving
up the stairs, the line still feeding out, unreeling
years between us. Anchor. Kite.

I space-walk through the empty bedrooms, climb
the ladder to the loft, to breaking point, where something
has to give;
two floors below your fingertips still pinch
the last one-hundredth of an inch...I reach
towards a hatch that opens on an endless sky
to fall or fly.

Simon Armitage

In '*Mother, any distance...*' how does Simon Armitage explore the idea of children losing their dependence on their parents? [24 marks]

Praise Song for My Mother

You were
water to me
deep and bold and fathoming

You were
moon's eye to me
pull and grained and mantling

You were
sunrise to me
rise and warm and streaming

You were
the fishes red gill to me
the flame tree's spread to me
the crab's leg/the fried plantain smell
replenishing replenishing

Go to your wide futures, you said

In both '*Mother, any distance...*' and '*Praise Song for My Mother*' the speakers explore their attitudes towards their parents.

What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present these attitudes?

[8 marks]