



YEAR 11 REVISION RESOURCES

POWER & CONFLICT QUESTIONS

LITERATURE

1. Compare how poets present the effects of memory on people in Poppies and in one other poem from Power and Conflict.
2. Compare how poets present ideas about power in Bayonet Charge and in one other poem from Power and Conflict.
3. Compare the ways poets present the power of man in Storm on the Island and in one other poem from Power and Conflict.
4. Compare the ways poets present ideas about the power of the individual in Ozymandias and in one other poem from Power and Conflict.
5. Compare the ways poets present ideas about the power of memory in The Emigrée and in one other poem from Power and Conflict.
6. Compare the ways poets present ideas about conflict in War Photographer and in one other poem from Power and Conflict.
7. Compare the ways poets present the power of memory in My Last Duchess and in one other poem from Power and Conflict.
8. Compare the ways poets present ideas about conflict in Remains and in one other poem from Power and Conflict.
9. Compare the ways poets present ideas about the power in Extract from The Prelude and in one other poem from Power and Conflict.
10. Compare the ways poets present conflict in Exposure and in one other poem from Power and Conflict.
11. Compare the ways poets present ideas about power in London and in one other poem from Power and Conflict.
12. Compare the ways poets present the ideas about power in Tissue and in one other poem in Power and Conflict.
13. Compare the ways poets present the power of memory in Kamikaze and in one other poem from Power and Conflict?
14. Compare the ways poets present the power of institutions over the individual in Checking Out Me History and in one other poem from Power and Conflict.
15. Compare the ways poets present ideas about remembering others in The Charge of the Light Brigade and in one other poem from Power and Conflict.

UNSEEN POETRY QUESTIONS

LITERATURE

1. In 'First Frost' how does the poet present the speaker's feelings towards love? (24 marks)
2. In both 'First Frost' and 'Hard Frost' the speakers describe the weather. What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present those feelings? (8 marks)

First Frost by Andrei Vosnesensky

A girl is freezing in a telephone booth,
huddled in her flimsy coat,
her face stained by tears
and smeared with lipstick.

She breathes on her thin little fingers.
Fingers like ice. Glass beads in her ears.
She has to beat her way back alone
down the icy street.
First frost. A beginning of losses.
The first frost of telephone phrases.

It is the start of winter glittering on her cheek,
the first frost of having been hurt.

Hard Frost by Andrew J Young

Frost called to the water halt
And crusted the moist snow with sparkling salt;
Brooks, their one bridges, stop,
And icicles in long stalactites drop.
And tench in water-holes
Lurk under gluey glass like fish in bowls.

In the hard-rutted lane
At every footstep breaks a brittle pane,
And tinkling trees ice-bound,
Changed into weeping willows, sweep the ground;
Dead boughs take root in ponds
And ferns on windows shoot their ghostly fronds.

But vainly the fierce frost
Interns poor fish, ranks trees in an armed host,
Hangs daggers from house-eaves
And on the windows ferny ambush weaves;
In the long war grown warmer
The sun will strike him dead and strip his armour.

Shakespeare: Macbeth EXAMPLE A Read the following extract from Act 1 Scene 7 and answer the question that follows. At this point in the play, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are considering whether to kill Duncan.

LADY MACBETH

What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

MACBETH

If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH

We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail

Starting with this extract, how does Shakespeare present Lady Macbeth as a powerful woman?

Write about:

- how Shakespeare presents Lady Macbeth as a powerful woman in this extract
- how Shakespeare presents Lady Macbeth as a powerful woman in the play as a whole [30 marks] [AO4 4 marks]

Shakespeare: Macbeth EXAMPLE B Read the following extract from Act 5 Scene 1 and answer the question that follows. At this point in the play, a doctor has been called to see Lady Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH

Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why,
then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie, my
lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we
fear who knows it, when none can call our power to
account?--Yet who would have thought the old man
to have had so much blood in him.

DOCTOR Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH

The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?--
What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more o'
that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

...

LADY MACBETH

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
hand. Oh, oh, oh!

DOCTOR

What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

GENTLEWOMAN

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the
dignity of the whole body.

DOCTOR

This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have known
those which have walked in their sleep who have died
holily in their beds.

LADY MACBETH

To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate:
come, come, come, come, give me your hand.
What's done cannot be undone.--
To bed, to bed, to bed!

Exit

Starting with this extract, how does Shakespeare present the theme of guilt?

Write about:

- how Shakespeare presents the theme of guilt in this extract
 - how Shakespeare presents the theme of guilt in the play as a whole
- [30 marks] [AO4 4 marks]

LITERATURE

AN INSPECTOR CALLS - a selection of sample questions, all worth [30 + 4 marks]
You would answer one only from each pair and have 45 minutes to do this

EITHER

Q1 How does Priestley use Sheila's changing attitudes throughout the play to present his own ideas?

Write about:

- How Sheila responds to her family and to the Inspector
- How Priestley presents the change in Sheila by the way he writes

OR:

Q2 What is important about the period of time in which Priestley set An Inspector Calls, and why did he do this?

Write about:

- The importance of the period of time in which the play was set
- How Priestley uses this period of time to present his ideas to the audience

EITHER

Q1 Why did Priestley create the Birling family as the central characters in An Inspector Calls?

Write about:

- How Priestley presents the Birlings
- What the Birling family represent and how they demonstrate Priestley's views

OR:

Q2 How does Priestley explore guilt in An Inspector Calls?

Write about:

- How Priestley presents guilt by the way he writes
- How Priestley presents different characters' reactions to guilt

EITHER

Q1 Why does Priestley present Eva Smith without the audience ever getting to see her or hear her in An Inspector Calls?

Write about:

- How Priestley presents Eva Smith
- What Eva Smith represents and how this shows Priestley's views

OR:

Q2 How does Priestley show his ideas about gender inequality in An Inspector Calls??

Write about:

- Priestley's views on gender inequality
- How Priestley presents gender inequality



Jamaica Inn

- It was a cold grey day in late November. The weather had changed overnight, when a backing wind brought a granite sky and a mizzling rain with it, and although it was now only a little after two o'clock in the afternoon the pallor of a winter evening seemed to have closed upon the hills, cloaking them in mist. It would be dark by four. The air was clammy cold, and for all the tightly
- 5 closed windows it penetrated the interior of the coach. The leather seats felt damp to the hands, and there must have been a small crack in the roof, because now and again little drips of rain fell softly through, smudging the leather and leaving a dark-blue stain like a splodge of ink.
- The wind came in gusts, at times shaking the coach as it travelled round the bend of the road, and in the exposed places on the high ground it blew with such force that the whole body of the
- 10 coach trembled and swayed, rocking between the high wheels like a drunken man.
- The driver, muffled in a greatcoat to his ears, bent almost double in his seat in a faint endeavour to gain shelter from his own shoulders, while the dispirited horses plodded sullenly to his command, too broken by the wind and the rain to feel the whip that now and again cracked above their heads, while it swung between the numb fingers of the driver.
- 15 The wheels of the coach creaked and groaned as they sank into the ruts on the road, and sometimes they flung up the soft spattered mud against the windows, where it mingled with the constant driving rain, and whatever view there might have been of the countryside was hopelessly obscured.
- The few passengers huddled together for warmth, exclaiming in unison when the coach sank
- 20 into a heavier rut than usual, and one old fellow, who had kept up a constant complaint ever since he had joined the coach at Truro, rose from his seat in a fury; and, fumbling with the window-sash, let the window down with a crash, bringing a shower of rain upon himself and his fellow-passengers. He thrust his head out and shouted up to the driver, cursing him in a high petulant voice for a rogue and a murderer; that they would all be dead before they reached
- 25 Bodmin if he persisted in driving at breakneck speed; they had no breath left in their bodies as it was, and he for one would never travel by coach again.
-
- Whether the driver heard him or not was uncertain: it seemed more likely that the stream of reproaches was carried away in the wind, for the old fellow, after waiting a moment, put up the window again, having thoroughly chilled the interior of the coach, and, settling himself once
- 30 more in his corner, wrapped his blanket about his knees and muttered in his beard.
- His nearest neighbour, a jovial, red-faced woman in a blue cloak, sighed heavily, in sympathy, and, with a wink to anyone who might be looking and a jerk of her head towards the old man, she remarked for at least the twentieth time that it was the dirtiest night she ever remembered, and she had known some; that it was proper old weather and no mistaking it for summer this
- 35 time; and, burrowing into the depths of a large basket, she brought out a great hunk of cake and plunged into it with strong white teeth.
- Mary Yellan sat in the opposite corner, where the trickle of rain oozed through the crack in the roof. Sometimes a cold drip of moisture fell upon her shoulder, which she brushed away with impatient fingers.
- 40 She sat with her chin cupped in her hands, her eyes fixed on the window splashed with mud and rain, hoping with a sort of desperate interest that some ray of light would break the heavy blanket of sky, and but a momentary trace of that lost blue heaven that had mantled Helford yesterday shine for an instant as a forerunner of fortune.

QUESTIONS

Q1 Read again the first part of the source, lines 1 to 7.

List four things from this part of the text about the weather in Cornwall. [4 marks] **Spend 5 minutes on this**

1.

2.

3.

4.

Q2 Look in detail at this extract from lines 8 to 18 of the source:

How does the writer use language here to describe the effects of the weather?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

The wind came in gusts, at times shaking the coach as it travelled round the bend of the road, and in the exposed places on the high ground it blew with such force that the whole body of the coach trembled and swayed, rocking between the high wheels like a drunken man.

The driver, muffled in a greatcoat to his ears, bent almost double in his seat in a faint attempt to gain shelter from his own shoulders, while the dispirited horses plodded sullenly to his command, too broken by the wind and the rain to feel the whip that now and again cracked above their heads, while it swung between the numb fingers of the driver.

The wheels of the coach creaked and groaned as they sank into the ruts on the road, and sometimes they flung up the soft spattered mud against the windows, where it mingled with the constant driving rain, and whatever view there might have been of the countryside was hopelessly obscured.

[8 marks] **Spend around 15 minutes on this**

Q3 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 source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks] **Spend around 15 minutes on this**

Q4 Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, from line 19 to the end.

A student, having read this section of the text said: "The writer brings the very different characters to life for the reader. It is as if you are inside the coach with them."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

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

[20 marks] **Spend around 25 minutes on this**

LANGUAGE



Either: Write a description suggested by this picture

OR

Write the opening part of a story about a place that is severely affected by the weather.

(24 marks for content and organisation 16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

PAPER 2 Section A You have two sources - modern and older - to read and four questions to answer

SOURCE A

Touching the Void by Joe Simpson (1988)

Joe Simpson and his fellow climber Simon Yates successfully climbed to the summit of the remote Siula Grande mountain in the Peruvian Andes. However, during the descent Joe broke his leg. Convinced Joe was dead, Simon cut the rope that joined them together and Joe fell into a crevasse...

I glanced at the rope stretched tautly above me. It ran up the wall and disappeared onto the slope above. There was no possibility of getting back to that slope some twenty feet above me. I looked at the wall of the crevasse close by my shoulder. On the other side another wall of ice towered up ten feet away. I was hanging in a shaft of water ice. The decision to look down came as I was in the process of turning. I swung round quickly, catching my smashed knee on the ice wall and howling in a frenzy of pain and fright. Instead of seeing the rope twisting loosely in a void beneath me, I stared blankly at the snow below my feet, not fully believing what I was seeing. A floor! There was a wide snow-covered floor fifteen feet below me. There was no emptiness, and no black void. I swore softly, and heard it whisper off the walls around me. Then I let out a cry of delight and relief which boomed round the crevasse. I yelled again and again, listening to the echoes, and laughed between the yells. I was at the bottom of the crevasse.

When I recovered my wits I looked more carefully at the carpet of snow above which I was dangling. My jubilation was quickly tempered when I spotted dark menacing holes in the surface. It wasn't a floor after all. The crevasse opened up into a pear-shaped dome, its sides curving away from me to a width of fifty feet before narrowing again. The snow floor cut through the flat end of this cavern, while the walls above me tapered in to form the thin end of the pear barely ten feet across and nearly 100 feet high. Small fragments of crusty snow patterned down from the roof.

I looked round the enclosed vault of snow and ice, familiarising myself with its shape and size. The walls opposite closed in but didn't meet. A narrow gap had been filled with snow from above to form

a cone which rose all the way to the roof. It was about fifteen feet wide at the base and as little as four or five feet across the top. A pillar of gold light beamed diagonally from a small hole in the roof, spraying bright reflections off the far wall of the crevasse. I was mesmerised by this beam and sunlight burning through the vaulted ceiling from the real world outside. It had me so fixated that I forgot about the uncertain floor below and let myself slide down the rest of the rope. I was going to reach that sunbeam. I knew it then with absolute certainty. How I would do it, and when I would reach it were not considered. I just knew. In seconds my whole outlook had changed. The weary frightened hours of night were forgotten, and the abseil which had filled me with such claustrophobic dread had been swept away.

The twelve despairing hours I had spent in the unnatural hush of this awesome place seemed suddenly to have been nothing like the nightmare I had imagined. I could do something positive. I could crawl and climb, and keep on doing so until I had escaped from this grave. Before, there had been nothing for me to do except lie on the bridge trying not to feel scared and lonely, and that helplessness had been my worst enemy. Now I had a plan.

SOURCE B

Extract from Captain Scott's Diary (1911)

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

February 2nd, 1911

Impressions

The seductive folds of the sleeping-bag.

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

The small green tent and the great white road.

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

The driving cloud of powdered snow.

The crunch of footsteps which break the surface crust.

The wind blown furrows.

The blue arch beneath the smoky cloud.

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

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

The patter of dog pads.

The gentle flutter of our canvas shelter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Saturday, March 25th, 1911

We have had two days of surprisingly warm weather, the sky overcast, snow falling, wind only in light airs. Last night the sky was clearing, with a southerly wind, and this morning the sea was open all about us. It is disappointing to find the ice so reluctant to hold; at the same time one supposes that

the cooling of the water is proceeding and therefore that each day makes it easier for the ice to form – the sun seems to have lost all power, but I imagine its rays still tend to warm the surface water about the noon hours. It is only a week now to the date which I thought would see us all at Cape Evans. The warmth of the air has produced a comparatively uncomfortable state of affairs in the hut. The ice on the inner roof is melting fast, dripping on the floor and streaming down the sides. The increasing cold is checking the evil even as I write. Comfort could only be ensured in the hut either by making a clean sweep of all the ceiling ice or by keeping the interior at a critical temperature little above freezing-point.

Sunday, March 17th, 1912

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

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

QUESTIONS

Q1 Read again the first paragraph of Source A.

Choose four statements below which are true and tick them. In your real exams you will be asked to shade in boxes to indicate your choices. [4 marks]

- A. The rope above him was loose.
- B. He could not see the end of the rope.
- C. He could have climbed back up the rope.
- D. He wasn't brave enough to look at the snow wall by him.
- E. He was suspended in a chute of water ice.
- F. He hit his elbow as he turned and he screamed in pain.
- G. There was a floor of snow below him.
- H. He was delighted to see snow fifteen feet below him.

Q2 You need to refer to Source A and Source B for this question.

Both people deal with the loss of their team member in different ways. Use details from both sources to write a summary of the different ways the people deal with the loss of their team member.

(8 marks) Spend around 15 minutes on this question

Q3 You now need to refer only to Source A, paragraphs 2, 3 and 4.
How does the writer use language to describe the crevasse?

(12 marks) **Spend about 20 minutes on this**

Q4 Both texts give accounts of experiences in extreme conditions.

Compare how the two explorers present their opinions of the extreme conditions.

In your answer, you should:

- Compare their different opinions of the conditions.
- Compare the methods they use to convey their attitudes
- Support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

[16 marks] **Spend about 25 minutes on this**

LANGUAGE

SECTION B - WRITING

'There is no point going out to hostile and dangerous environments like mountains and the south pole, as TV is now so good at bringing us images of these places into our living rooms.'



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

(24 marks for content and organisation 16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks] You need to spend around 45 minutes on this task

TOP TIPS FOR Structuring your answer

It is vital that you learn the different features of the different texts you may be asked to write, for example: articles, letters and speeches.

However, as a general rule, it is good to do the following:

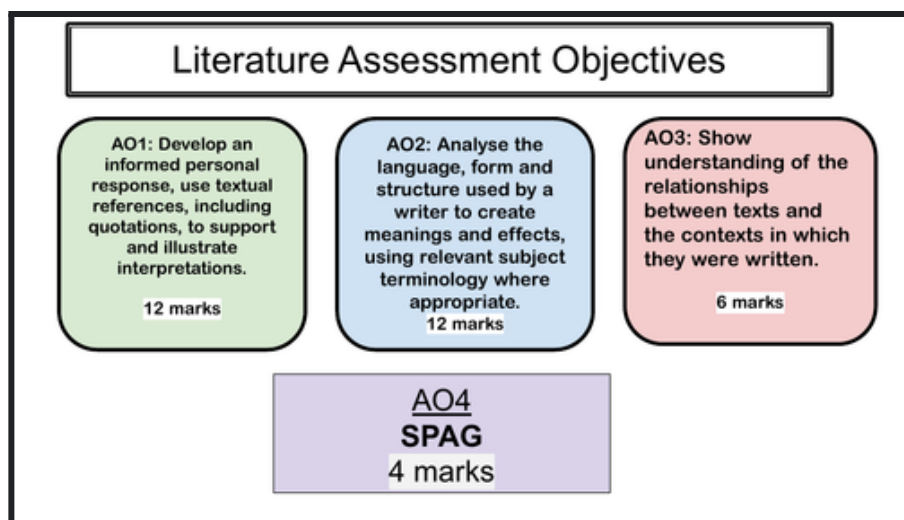
1. Introduction – introduce your topic and your point of view. Consider direct or collective address
2. Opinions - expressed and supported creatively - facts, statistics, language devices for impact
3. Anecdote – a personal story that supports your point of view.
4. Conclusion – Summarise your point of view emotively and powerfully! Maybe use some repetition.

KEY VOCABULARY-

Look up the meaning of any of the following vocabulary you are unsure of.

'An Inspector Calls'	'Macbeth'	Power and Conflict poetry
Microcosm	Manipulative	Alliteration
Patriarchy	Machiavellian	Assonance
Prejudiced	Hamartia	Repetition
Stereotypical	Regicide	Personification
Exploitative	Prophetic	Stanza
Ignorant	Soliloquy	Simile
Morality	Pathetic fallacy	Metaphor
Imperious	Morality	Cyclical Structure
Obstinate	Tragedy	Pathetic Fallacy
Narcissistic	Treason	Sensory Imagery

Look at the image below and remind yourself how important your AO2 (analysis) is in your essays:



Good luck with your revision and we're here if you need us!