

LANGUAGE PAPER 1

In the exam there will be two sections:

Section A: Reading


1 fiction text

4 questions

Section B: Writing

Choice of 2 questions

It will take **1 hour 45mins.**

AQA  **SPECIMEN MATERIAL 1**

Please write clearly in block capitals.

Centre number Candidate number

Surname _____

Forename(s) _____

Candidate signature _____

**GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE
(8700)**

Paper 1 Explorations in creative reading and writing

Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes

Materials
For this paper you must have:

- Source A – printed within the question paper.

Instructions

- Answer all questions.
- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Fill in the boxes on this page.
- You must answer the questions in the spaces provided.
- Do not write outside the box around each page or on blank pages.
- Do all rough work in this book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.
- You must refer to the insert booklet provided.
- You must not use a dictionary.

Information

- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- The maximum mark of this paper is 80.
- There are 40 marks for Section A and 40 marks for Section B.
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.
- You will be assessed on the quality of your reading in Section A.
- You will be assessed on the quality of your writing in Section B.

Advice

- You are advised to spend about 15 minutes reading through the Source and all five questions you have to answer.
- You should make sure you leave sufficient time to check your answers.

8700/1

Section A – Reading (45 mins)

Question	Marks	Focus	Method
Q1	4	What you learn/understand	4 bullet points answers. Simple and straightforward extraction of facts. No need for quotations or analysis.
Q2	8	Analysis of language	3 x PQA (or more) <i>Analysis focuses on language devices, the importance of words and sentence structures. The focus is on the effect of language on the reader.</i>
Q3	8	Analysis of structure	3 x PQA (or more) <i>Analysis focuses on structural devices, the importance of sequence – when things happen in the extract and why - and how things change or develop. The focus is on the effect of structure on the reader.</i>
Q4	16	Evaluation and analysis	This question asks you to do two things: <input type="checkbox"/> Form an opinion about the extract in response to a statement <input type="checkbox"/> Analyse the writer's methods (of both language and structure) You should use PEDAL to structure your response.

Point
Evidence
Device/technique
Analysis - make inferences and evaluate the techniques used
Link back to the question OR to your next point

What's the difference between PQA and PEDAL?

PQA is a shorter, more concise way of answering the question. The point, device and quotation need not be separate and the higher marks are in the quality of the analysis. The quotations can be much shorter (no more than 5 words at a time) and should be embedded into your own words to create a more fluid answer. For example...

Daphne du Maurier metaphorically describes the 'granite sky' which suggests that the weather is grey and almost heavy, as if the clouds are oppressive and the weather is a negative influence. She also describes the hills being cloaked 'in mist'. This metaphor further emphasises the ominous atmosphere and the reader is left to imagine the mysterious atmosphere surrounding the coach as you would be unable to see through the heavy mist.

PEDAL allows for a closer analysis of language devices and ensures that you are naming a device used whilst analysing its effect in detail.

Section B – Writing

You are advised to spend 45 minutes on Question 5.

Question	Marks	Focus	Method
5	40	<p>Writing to describe</p> <p>CHOICE OF TWO QUESTIONS</p> <p>Either: write a description suggested by an image OR Write about something that will be somehow related to the picture.</p>	<p>Use FLAP to help you plan</p> <p>Produce a highly descriptive piece rather than a story – the focus should be on the way it is written rather than what you are writing about so don't venture into heavy dialogue.</p>

Form – is the text a letter/leaflet/blog etc. and how will this influence your work?

Language – formal/informal? What language devices will you use?

Audience – Who is it aimed at and how will this influence your work?

Purpose – What are you trying to achieve? How are you going to make sure you meet your goals?

How to be successful in the Paper 1 exam:

1. Read the exam paper in full (very quickly)
2. Make sure you have a highlighter and a black pen to write with!
3. Read the questions carefully before you read the text – highlight any key words devices.
4. Answer the question in full, using these methods as a guide.

EXAM TIMINGS

HOW SHOULD I SPEND MY TIME?

The exam board suggests you spend 15 minutes reading the source.

They then suggest 45 minutes for questions 1-4 and 45 minutes for question 5.

How should you spend each 45 minutes to maximise your marks?



READING SECTION

Add up the marks available: $4 + 8 + 8 + 20 = 40$

40 marks in 45 minutes.

Roughly, you should spend a maximum of:

- Q1 – 4 minutes
- Q2 – 10 minutes
- Q3 – 10 minutes
- Q4 – 21 minutes

READING TIME

The exam board suggests spending 15 minutes reading. This is optional. You could use this time to read both the source and the questions, or to spend an extra 5 minutes on Q4 of section 1.

Read the questions BEFORE you read the source so that you know what to look for. Read with a highlighter in your hand and pick out devices/words you think will be useful later.

WRITING SECTION

Spend 5 minutes planning, 35 minutes writing and 5 minutes proof reading.

Adjust this if you think you will need more time to proof read!

QUESTION 1



- Read again the first part of the Source from lines...
- List four things from this part of the text about...

4 marks =
4 minutes

Advice:

Avoid just copying down long quotations.

Write in concise sentences – you are only expected to write two lines maximum for each mark.

Use key word quotations to keep it accurate and concise.

Use only the lines you are supposed to read.

This extract is from the opening of a novel by Daphne du Maurier. Although written in 1938 it is set in the past. In this section a coach and horses, with its passengers, is making its way through Cornwall to Jamaica Inn.

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 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 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.

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 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 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 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 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.

0 1	Read again the first part of the Source from lines 1 to 7.
	List four things from this part of the text about the weather in Cornwall. [4 marks]
1	_____
2	_____
3	_____
4	_____

This question only assesses AO1

AO1

Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas

Select and synthesise evidence from texts

Read again the first part of the Source from **lines 1 to 7**.



List **four** things from this part of the text about the **weather in Cornwall**.

[4 marks]

1 _____

2 _____

3 _____

4 _____

Read the question carefully and **highlight the key words**. What does it specifically want from you?

Advice:

Draw a quick box around the appropriate section to avoid taking information from the wrong place!

Then, highlight any information you could use, in this case about the **weather**.

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 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.

0 1

Read again the first part of the Source from lines 1 to 7.

List four things from this part of the text about the weather in Cornwall.

[4 marks]

- 1 It was cold
- 2 The weather had changed over night
- 3 It was raining
- 4 There was mist on the hills

Mark scheme

AO1

Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas

Select and synthesise evidence from texts



0 1

Read again the first part of the Source from lines 1 to 7.

List four things from this part of the text about the weather in Cornwall.

[4 marks]

- 1 The word 'granite' suggests that the sky was heavy, grey and cold like the rock.
- 2 The 'pallor of a winter evening' makes me think the weather has made everything cold and pale.
- 3 The weather has 'changed overnight' which suggests that the weather is unpredictable.
- 4 The mist is 'cloaking' the hills which suggests it is thick and heavy.

QUESTION

Which answer would receive the most marks?

Why?

That was a trick question!

Both would get 4 marks.

But, which way of answering is more efficient?

Is it worth writing long sentences when you can still get marks for shorter, more precise answers?



Give 1 mark for each point about the weather:

- responses must be true, and drawn only from lines 1 to 7 of the text
- responses must relate to the **weather**
- students may quote or paraphrase
- a paraphrased response covering more than one point should be credited for each point made – though paraphrased responses must demonstrate evidence of identification of information that is specific to the focus of the question as required by AO1
- responses that copy the whole section of the text from lines 1 to 7 verbatim should not be credited any marks as this does not provide any evidence of identification of information that is specific to the focus of the question as required by AO1.

Note: The indicative content must not be treated as exhaustive and reference must be made to the selected section of the text.

AO1	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas • Select and synthesise evidence from different texts.
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This assesses bullet point 1 identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas

Indicative content; students may include:

- it was a cold day
- the weather had changed overnight
- there was a wind
- there was mist on the hills
- the air was clammy
- the air was cold
- it was raining

The only thing to worry about is just copying long quotations word-for-word!

Without looking...

1. What do you need to remember to do when answering question 1?

2. How will you specifically gain marks?

3. How will you save time and answer efficiently?

Now You Try

Have a go at the question 1 examples on the next pages...

Extract from 'The Hunger Games'



Sixty seconds. That's how long we're required to stand on our metal circles before the sound of a gong releases us. Step off before the minute is up, and land mines blow your legs off. Sixty seconds to take in the ring of tributes all equidistant from the Cornucopia, a giant golden horn shaped like a cone with a curved tail, the mouth of which is at least twenty feet high, spilling over with the things that will give us life here in the arena. Food, containers of water, weapons, medicine, garments, fire starters. Strewn around the Cornucopia are other supplies, their value decreasing the farther they are from the horn. For instance, only a few steps from my feet lies a three-foot square of plastic. Certainly it could be of some use in a downpour. But there in the mouth, I can see a tent pack that would protect from almost any sort of weather. If I had the guts to go in and fight for it against the other twenty-three tributes. Which I have been instructed not to do.

0

1

Read again the first part of the source.

List **four** things from this part of the source about the Cornucopia.

[4 marks]

A.

B.

C.

D.

Extract from 'To Kill a Mockingbird'



Maycomb was an old town, but it was a tired old town when I first knew it. In rainy weather the streets turned to red slop; grass grew on the sidewalks, the courthouse sagged in the square. Somehow, it was hotter then: a black dog suffered on a summer's day; bony mules hitched to Hoover carts flicked flies in the sweltering shade of the live oaks on the square. Men's stiff collars wilted by nine in the morning. Ladies bathed before noon, after their three-o'clock naps, and by nightfall were like soft teacakes with frostings of sweat and sweet talcum.

People moved slowly then. They ambled across the square, shuffled in and out of the stores around it, took their time about everything. A day was twenty-four hours long but seemed longer. There was no hurry, for there was nowhere to go, nothing to buy and no money to buy it with, nothing to see outside the boundaries of Maycomb County. But it was a time of vague optimism for some of the people: Maycomb County had recently been told that it had nothing to fear but fear itself.

0

1

Read again the first part of the source.

List **four** things from this part of the source about the town of Maycomb.

[4 marks]

A.

B.

C.

D.

Extract from 'The Woman in Black'



Some minutes later, I could not tell how many, I came out of my reverie, to realize that I could no longer see very far in front of me and when I turned around I was startled to find that Eel Marsh House, too, was invisible, not because the darkness of evening had fallen, but because of a thick, damp sea-mist that had come rolling over the marshes and enveloped everything, myself, the house behind me, the end of the causeway path and the countryside ahead. It was a mist like a damp, clinging cobwebby thing, fine and yet impenetrable. It smelled and tasted quite different from the yellow filthy fog of London; that was choking and thick and still, this was salty, light and pale and moving in front of my eyes all the time. I felt confused, teased by it, as though it were made up of millions of live fingers that crept over me, hung on me and then shifted away again. My hair and face and the sleeves of my coat were already damp with a veil of moisture. Above all, it was the suddenness of it that had so unnerved and disorientated me.

0

1

Read again the first part of the source.

List **four** things from this part of the source about the weather.

[4 marks]

A.

B.

C.

D.

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand-barrow — a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man, his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulder of his soiled blue coat, his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails, and the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cover and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest —
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

in the high, old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the capstan bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering on the taste and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our signboard.

0

1

Read again the first part of the source.

List **four** things from this part of the source about the Captain.

[4 marks]

A.

B.

C.

D.

Extract from 'Of Mice and Men'



A few miles south of Soledad, the Salinas River drops in close to the hillside bank and runs deep and green. The water is warm too, for it has slipped twinkling over the yellow sands in the sunlight before reaching the narrow pool. On one side of the river the golden foothill slopes curve up to the strong and rocky Gabilan Mountains, but on the valley side the water is lined with trees- willows fresh and green with every spring, carrying in their lower leaf junctures the debris of the winter's flooding; and sycamores with mottled, white, recumbent limbs and branches that arch over the pool. On the sandy bank under the trees the leaves lie deep and so crisp that a lizard makes a great skittering if he runs among them. Rabbits come out of the brush to sit on the sand in the evening, and the damp flats are covered with the night tracks of 'coons, and with the spread pads of dogs from the ranches, and with the split-wedge tracks of deer that come to drink in the dark.

0

1

Read again the first part of the source.

List **four** things from this part of the source about the setting.

[4 marks]

A.

B.

C.

D.

Extract from 'Coraline'



She explored the garden. It was a big garden: at the very back was an old tennis court, but no-one in the house played tennis and the fence around the court had holes in it and the net had mostly rotted away; there was an old rose garden, filled with stunted, flyblown rose-bushes; there was a rockery that was all rocks; there was a fairy ring, made of squidgy brown toadstools which smelled dreadful if you accidentally trod on them. There was also a well. Miss Spink and Miss Forcible made a point of telling Coraline how dangerous the well was, on the first day Coraline's family moved in, and warned her to be sure she kept away from it. So Coraline set off to explore for it, so that she knew where it was, to keep away from it properly.

0

1

Read again the first part of the source.

List **four** things from this part of the source about the garden.

[4 marks]

A.

B.

C.

D.

QUESTION 2

2) Look in detail at this extract from lines _ to _ of the Source.

How does the writer use language here to describe _____?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

Advice:

Read the extract and highlight language devices, interesting words and sentence types.

Make clear points about the use of words/devices/sentences.

Analyse the effect on the reader in as much detail as possible.

Talk about a RANGE of devices (3 or more)

Use well chosen evidence (precise key-word quotations) to support each idea.

0 2

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

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.

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.

[8 marks]

Come up with a way to remember language devices, for example:

Adjectives

Adverbs

Alliteration

Metaphors

Onomatopoeia

Personification

Similes

Symbolism

Question 2 - Analysis of language

AO2 English Language

Skills

Level 4
'perceptive'
'detailed'
7-8 marks

- Analyses the effects of the writer's choices of language
- Selects a judicious range of textual detail
- Makes sophisticated and accurate use of subject terminology

Level 3
'clear'
'relevant'
5-6 marks

- Explains clearly the effects of the writer's choices of language
- Selects a range of relevant textual detail
- Makes clear and accurate use of subject terminology

Level 2
'some'
'attempted'
3-4 marks

- Attempts to comment on the effect of language
- Selects some appropriate textual detail
- Makes some use of subject terminology, mainly appropriately

Level 1
'Simple'
'limited comment'
1-2 marks

- Offers simple comment on the effect of language
- Selects simple references or textual details
- Makes simple use of subject terminology, not always appropriately

8 marks = 10 minutes

Persuasive Language Features

Direct address
Anecdotes
Facts
Opinions
Rhetorical questions
Emotive language
Statistics
Tripartite listing/rule of 3

Descriptive Language Features

Alliteration
Adjectives
Adverbs
Metaphors
Onomatopoeia
Personification
Similes



CHALLENGE

Explore multiple interpretations of each device/key word

Extract from 'Jamaica Inn'
by Daphne Du Marier

Advice:

First **highlight** the key words in the question. What is it specifically asking us to find?

Then, **highlight** any uses of language, important words or sentence forms.

There is not a lot of time, so annotation is unnecessary in the real exam. It is a useful skill to use when practising.



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.

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.

[8 marks]

Persuasive Language Features

Direct address
Anecdotes
Facts
Opinions
Rhetorical questions
Emotive language
Statistics
Tripartite listing/rule of 3

Descriptive Language Features

Alliteration
Adjectives
Adverbs
Metaphors
Onomatopoeia
Personification
Similes



CHALLENGE

Explore multiple interpretations of each device/key word

Advice:

Choose a range of devices you want to talk about and are confident analysing.

I would recommend 3 or more to show that you have a wide spread of knowledge.

Be concise and say a little about a lot of devices...

There is not a lot of time, so annotation is unnecessary in the real exam. It is a useful skill to use when practising.

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.

Simile and tripartite listing

– The coach 'trembled', 'swayed' and was 'rocking... like a drunken man' because of the force of the wind. This suggests that the wind has rendering the coach incapable and is stripping it of its senses and abilities as alcohol would inhibit a person.

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

Onomatopoeia – used to evoke the sounds of the coach struggling through the wet roads. You can imagine the coach almost breaking and the image of them 'sinking' makes the reader feel that they might not make it – they are drowning in the weather.

Metaphor – the horses are 'broken' by the wind which suggests that they are almost unable to go on. This pain is contrasted to the 'whip' which by comparison seems like nothing as the horses are now unable to feel it. The weather therefore sounds torturous.

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

Example Answer: How many marks?

Du Maurier uses listing to describe how the coach is affected by the weather as it 'trembled', 'swayed' and was 'rocking'. This puts an image in the reader's head of the coach moving. This makes us feel tense because we don't know what will happen next.

The coach 'creaked' and 'groaned' and is 'sinking.' This makes the reader feel that they might not make it because it sounds dangerous and like the coach is not doing well.

The horses are 'too broken by the wind and the rain to feel the whip that now and again cracked above their heads.' This makes me think the horses don't care about the whip because they are unhappy about the weather.

Advice:

- Stuck on how to start? Use the question as a sentence starter.
- Use PQA to structure your response efficiently.

Question 2 - Analysis of language	
AO2 English Language	Skills
Level 4 'perceptive' 'detailed' 7-8 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Analyses the effects of the writer's choices of languageSelects a judicious range of textual detailMakes sophisticated and accurate use of subject terminology
Level 3 'clear' 'relevant' 5-6 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Explains clearly the effects of the writer's choices of languageSelects a range of relevant textual detailMakes clear and accurate use of subject terminology
Level 2 'some' 'attempted' 3-4 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Attempts to comment on the effect of languageSelects some appropriate textual detailMakes some use of subject terminology, mainly appropriately
Level 1 'Simple' 'limited comment' 1-2 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Offers simple comment on the effect of languageSelects simple references or textual detailsMakes simple use of subject terminology, not always appropriately

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

Example Answer: How many marks?

Du Maurier uses tripartite listing to describe how the coach is affected by the weather as it 'trembled', 'swayed' and was 'rocking' in the wind. This list emphasises just how much of a struggle it is to keep driving through the harsh gusts of wind and how there is such force on the coach that it is 'like a drunken man'. This simile suggests that the wind has rendered the coach incapable – it is being stripped of its senses and abilities as alcohol would inhibit a person. The reader therefore worries for the coach and the people on board.

Onomatopoeia is also used to evoke sound as the coach is described struggling along the wet roads. You can imagine the coach almost breaking as it 'creaked' and 'groaned' and the image of them 'sinking' makes the reader feel that they might not make it – they are drowning in the weather. This is reinforced by the personification as we can almost hear the voice of the coach groaning. The reader therefore pities the coach as it fights through the weather.

The metaphorical depiction of the horses as 'broken' by the wind suggests that they are almost unable to go on. This pain is contrasted to the 'whip' which should be a punishment for them. However, by comparison, the whip seems like nothing because the horses are now unable to feel it over the pain of the wind. The weather therefore sounds torturous and we are left to pity the poor animals as they are whipped by the weather instead of the driver.

Advice:

- Stuck on how to start? Use the question as a sentence starter.
- Use PQA to structure your response efficiently.

Question 2 - Analysis of language	
AO2 English Language	Skills
Level 4 'perceptive' 'detailed' 7-8 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Analyses the effects of the writer's choices of languageSelects a judicious range of textual detailMakes sophisticated and accurate use of subject terminology
Level 3 'clear' 'relevant' 5-6 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Explains clearly the effects of the writer's choices of languageSelects a range of relevant textual detailMakes clear and accurate use of subject terminology
Level 2 'some' 'attempted' 3-4 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Attempts to comment on the effect of languageSelects some appropriate textual detailMakes some use of subject terminology, mainly appropriately
Level 1 'Simple' 'limited comment' 1-2 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Offers simple comment on the effect of languageSelects simple references or textual detailsMakes simple use of subject terminology, not always appropriately

WHAT IS PERCEPTIVE ANALYSIS?

There is no real *formula* – it means you have been impressive or insightful and shows that you have really thought about your answer! Follow the tips below to make sure you are meeting the objectives for Level 4:

Identified and named more than one device in the same quotation

Judicious aka well chosen quotations – they are small and effectively used

Question 2 - Analysis of language

AO2 English Language

Skills

Level 4
'perceptive'
'detailed'
7-8 marks

- Analyses the effects of the writer's choices of language
- Selects a judicious range of textual detail
- Makes sophisticated and accurate use of subject terminology

Detailed analysis of language – explaining HOW and WHY language is used. What is the effect on the reader? This should be specific and directly linked to the device.

Onomatopoeia is also used to evoke sound as the coach is described struggling along the wet roads. You can imagine the coach almost breaking as it 'creaked' and 'groaned' and the image of them 'sinking' makes the reader feel that they might not make it – they are drowning in the weather. This is reinforced by the personification as we can almost hear the human voice of the coach groaning. The reader therefore pities by the coach and its inhabitants.

PRACTISE YOUR ANNOTATIONS

Assessment Objective Focus

AO2:

- identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas
- select and synthesise evidence from different texts
- Identify writer's methods
- Analyse effect on reader

What's in the box?!

An annotated extract with guide questions

An extract that has no annotations but key words and phrases have been highlighted

An extract with no Annotations



Extract from 'The Book Thief' by Marcus Zusak

TASK 1

Basic

Highlight and label any language or structural devices

TASK 2

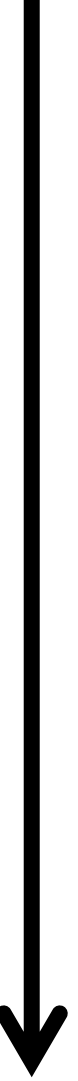
Effort

Explain the effect of these devices – what do they add to the setting/atmosphere?

TASK 3

Challenge

What hidden meanings can you think of? What might Zusak be implying?



Short sentence. Why might this be used?
How does it make you feel?

Direct address. Why might this be used?
How does it make you feel?

A beginning.

Where are my manners?

I could introduce myself properly, but it's not really necessary. **You will know me** well enough and soon enough, depending on a diverse range of variables. It suffices to say that at some point in time, **I will be standing over you, as genially as possible. Your soul will be in my arms.** A colour will be perched on my shoulder. I will carry you gently away.

At that moment, you will be lying there **(I rarely find people standing up).** You will be **caked in your own body.** There might be a discovery; a scream will dribble down the air. The only sound I'll hear after that will be my own breathing, and the **sound of the smell,** of my footsteps.

The question is, what colour will everything be at that moment when I come for you? **What will the sky be saying?**

Personally, I like a **chocolate-coloured sky.** **Dark, dark** chocolate. People say it suits me. I do, however, try to enjoy every colour I see--the whole spectrum. A billion or so flavours, none of them quite the same, and **a sky to slowly suck on.** It takes the edge off the stress. It helps me relax.

Repetition
– why
repeat this
word?

Rhetorical questions. Why use questions in this way? What is the effect on you, the reader?

Extended metaphor describing the sky as a sweet.
What does this make you think of or feel?

A beginning.

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PRACTISE YOUR ANNOTATIONS

Assessment Objective Focus

AO2:

- identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas
- select and synthesise evidence from different texts
- Identify writer's methods
- Analyse effect on reader

Extract from 'Carrie's War' by Nina Bawden



TASK 1

Basic

Highlight and label any language or structural devices

TASK 2

Effort

Explain the effect of these devices – what do they add to the setting/atmosphere?

TASK 3

Challenge

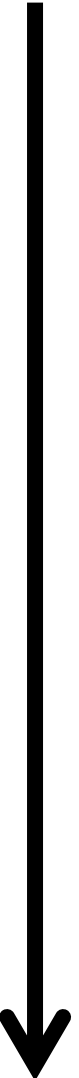
What hidden meanings can you think of? What might Bawden be implying?

What's in the box?!

An annotated extract with guide questions

An extract that has no annotations but key words and phrases have been highlighted

An extract with no Annotations



Adjectives. Why might lots of adjectives be used?
What might this tell us?

Repetition. Why might the word bully/bullied be repeated?
What might this tell you?
How does it make you feel?

Carrie's War

He wasn't an Ogre, of course. Just a tall, thin, cross man with a loud voice, pale, staring, pop-eyes, and tufts of spiky hair sticking out from each nostril. Councillor Samuel Isaac Evans was a bully. He bullied his sister. He even bullied the women who came into his shop, selling them things they didn't really want to buy and refusing to stock things that they did. 'Take it or leave it,' he'd say. 'Don't you
5 know there's a war on?'

Listing – list frightening things when talking about Mr Evans?

He would have bullied the children if he had thought they were frightened of him. But although Carrie was a little frightened, she didn't show it, and Nick wasn't frightened at all. He was frightened of Ogres and spiders and crabs and cold water and the dentist and dark nights, but he wasn't often frightened of people. Perhaps this was only because he had never had reason to be until he met Mr
10 Evans, but he wasn't afraid of him, even after that first, dreadful night, because Mr Evans had false teeth that clicked when he talked. 'You can't really be scared of someone whose teeth might fall out,' he told Carrie.

The possibility that Mr Evans' teeth might fall out fascinated Nick from the beginning, from the moment Mr Evans walked into the kitchen while they were having breakfast their first morning and
15 bared those loose teeth in what he probably thought was a smile. It looked to the children more like the kind of grin a tiger might give before it pounced on its prey. They put down their porridge spoons and stood up, politely and meekly.

Adverbs.
Why use these words to describe the children's behaviour around Mr Evans?
What does this make you think or feel towards him?

It seemed to please him. He said, 'You've got a few manners, I see. That's something! That's a bit of sugar on the pill!'

Simile. Why use a simile to describe Mr Evans? What is the effect on you, the reader?

Metaphor. Why use a metaphor to describe the children as a "pill"?
What does it tell us about Mr Evans and his attitude towards children?

Adjectives.
Simile.
Repetition.
Listing.
Adverbs.
Metaphor.

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Adjectives.
Simile.
Repetition.
Listing.
Adverbs.
Metaphor.

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It seemed to please him. He said, 'You've got a few manners, I see. That's something! That's a bit of sugar on the pill!'

Without looking...

1. What do you need to remember to do when answering question 2?

2. How will you specifically gain marks?

3. How will you make sure to get the highest level?

This structure will not necessarily get you the highest marks as you will need to find your own way to explore your interpretations to be considered 'sophisticated' and 'perceptive', but they can help you to practise if you're stuck. Choose which ones are appropriate to your answer.



Standard question

Medium difficulty question

Challenging question

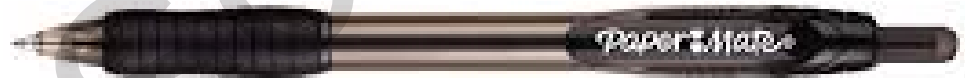
GENERIC SENTENCE STARTERS

Firstly, the writer uses _____ when he/she describes '_____'.
This is effective because...

This makes the reader think/feel/imagine...
This evokes...

This portrays...

The word '_____' emphasises/mirrors/implies...



REVISE YOUR SKILLS

Time yourself and have a go at the exam questions on the next pages.

Spend 5 minutes reading and annotating (you will have 15 in the exam).

Remember to spend only 10 minutes writing!

Extract from 'The Hunger Games' by Suzanne Collins



0	2	Look in detail at this extract.
<p>I hear his instructions in my head. "Just clear out, put as much distance as you can between yourselves and the others, and find a source of water."</p> <p>But it's tempting, so tempting, when I see the bounty waiting there before me. And I know that if I don't get it, someone else will. That the Career Tributes who survive the bloodbath will divide up most of these life-sustaining spoils. Something catches my eye. There, resting on a mound of blanket rolls, is a silver sheath of arrows and a bow, already strung, just waiting to be engaged. That's mine, I think. It's meant for me.</p> <p>I'm fast. I can sprint faster than any of the girls in our school, although a couple can beat me in distance races. But this forty-yard length, this is what I am built for. I know I can get it, I know I can reach it first, but then the question is how quickly can I get out of there? By the time I've scrambled up the packs and grabbed the weapons, others will have reached the horn, and one or two I might be able to pick off, but say there's a dozen, at that close range, they could take me down with the spears and the clubs. Or their own powerful fists. Still, I won't be the only target. I'm betting many of the other tributes would pass up a smaller girl, even one who scored an eleven in training, to take out their more fierce adversaries.</p>		
<p>How does the writer use language here to describe Katniss' dilemma? You could include the writer's choice of:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• words and phrases• language features and techniques• sentence forms. <p>[8 marks]</p>		

Extract from 'Twilight' by Stephanie Meyer



0	2	Look in detail at this extract.
<p>And then, as the room went black, I was suddenly hyperaware that Edward was sitting less than an inch from me. I was stunned by the unexpected electricity that flowed through me, amazed that it was possible to be more aware of him than I already was. A crazy impulse to reach over and touch him, to stroke his perfect face just once in the darkness, nearly overwhelmed me. I crossed my arms tightly across my chest, my hands balling into fists. I was losing my mind.</p> <p>The opening credits began, lighting the room by a token amount. My eyes, of their own accord, flickered to him. I smiled sheepishly as I realised his posture was identical to mine, fists clenched under his arms, right down to the eyes, peering sideways at me. He grinned back, his eyes somehow managing to smoulder, even in the dark. I looked away before I could start hyperventilating. It was absolutely ridiculous that I should feel dizzy.</p>		
<p>How does the writer use language here to describe Bella's feelings towards Edward? You could include the writer's choice of:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• words and phrases• language features and techniques• sentence forms. <p>[8 marks]</p>		



0	2	Look in detail at this extract.
<p>One of the nice little gusts of wind rushed down the walk, and it was a stronger one than the rest. It was strong enough to wave the branches of the trees, and it was more than strong enough to sway the trailing sprays of untrimmed ivy hanging from the wall. Mary had stepped close to the robin, and suddenly the gust of wind swung aside some loose ivy trails, and more suddenly still she jumped toward it and caught it in her hand. This she did because she had seen something under it—a round knob which had been covered by the leaves hanging over it. It was the knob of a door.</p> <p>She put her hands under the leaves and began to pull and push them aside. Thick as the ivy hung, it nearly all was a loose and swinging curtain, though some had crept over wood and iron. Mary's heart began to thump and her hands to shake a little in her delight and excitement. The robin kept singing and twittering away and tilting his head on one side, as if he were as excited as she was. What was this under her hands which was square and made of iron and which her fingers found a hole in?</p> <p>It was the lock of the door which had been closed ten years and she put her hand in her pocket, drew out the key and found it fitted the keyhole. She put the key in and turned it. It took two hands to do it, but it did turn.</p>		
<p>How does the writer use language here to describe Mary's experience in the garden? You could include the writer's choice of:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• words and phrases• language features and techniques• sentence forms. <p>[8 marks]</p>		

Extract from 'A Christmas Carol' by Charles Dickens



0	2	Look in detail at this extract.
<p>Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up on its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot-air; and, though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid colour, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to be, in spite of the face and beyond its control, rather than a part of its on expression.</p>		
<p>How does the writer use language here to describe Marley? You could include the writer's choice of:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• words and phrases• language features and techniques• sentence forms. <p>[8 marks]</p>		



0	2	Look in detail at this extract.
<p>Its master had risen and was staring with flushed cheeks and shining eyes. A few minutes later we had reached the lodgates, a maze of fantastic tracery in wrought iron, with weather-bitten pillars on either side, blotched with lichens, and surmounted by the boars' heads of the Baskervilles. The lodge was a ruin of black granite and bared ribs of rafters, but facing it was a new building, half constructed, the first fruit of Sir Charles's South African gold.</p> <p>Through the gateway we passed into the avenue, where the wheels were again hushed amid the leaves, and the old trees shot their branches in a sombre tunnel over our heads. Baskerville shuddered as he looked up the long, dark drive to where the house glimmered like a ghost at the farther end.</p>		
<p>How does the writer use language here to describe the entrance to Baskerville Hall? You could include the writer's choice of:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• words and phrases• language features and techniques• sentence forms. <p>[8 marks]</p>		

Extract from 'The Bloody Chamber' by Angela Carter



0	2	Look in detail at this extract.
<p>And I remember I tenderly imagined how, at this very moment, my mother would be moving slowly about the narrow bedroom I had left behind for ever, folding up and putting away all my little relics, the tumbled garments I would not need any more, the scores for which there had been no room in my trunks, the concert programmes I'd abandoned; she would linger over this torn ribbon and that faded photograph with all the half-joyous, half-sorrowful emotions of a woman on her daughter's wedding day. And, in the midst of my bridal triumph, I felt a pang of loss as if, when he put the gold band on my finger, I had, in some way, ceased to be her child in becoming his wife.</p>		
<p>How does the writer use language here to describe the feelings of the characters? You could include the writer's choice of:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• words and phrases• language features and techniques• sentence forms. <p>[8 marks]</p>		

Extract from 'Rebecca' by Daphne du Maurier



0	2	Look in detail at this extract.
<p>No smoke came from the chimney, and the little lattice windows gaped forlorn. Then, like all dreamers, I was possessed of a sudden with supernatural powers and passed like a spirit through the barrier before me. The drive wound away in front of me, twisting and turning as it had always done, but as I advanced I was aware that a change had come upon it; it was narrow and unkept, not the drive that we had known. At first I was puzzled and did not understand, and it was only when I bent my head to avoid the low swinging branch of a tree that I realised what had happened. Nature had come into her own again and, little by little, in her stealthy, insidious way had encroached upon the drive with long tenacious fingers. The woods, always a menace even in the past, had triumphed in the end. They crowded, dark and uncontrolled, to the borders of the drive. The beeches with white, naked limbs leant close to one another, their branches intermingled in a strange embrace, making a vault above my head like the archway of a church. And there were other trees as well, trees that I did not recognise, squat oaks and tortured elms that straggled cheek by jowl with the beeches, and had thrust themselves out of the quiet earth, along with monster shrubs and plants, none of which I remembered.</p>		
<p>How does the writer use language here to describe the house as threatening? You could include the writer's choice of:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• words and phrases• language features and techniques• sentence forms. <p>[8 marks]</p>		

QUESTION 3

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

Advice:

Reread the extract and consider what happens and when.

Can you spot any structural devices?

Analyse the effect on the reader in as much detail as possible.

Talk about a RANGE of devices (3 or more)

Use well chosen evidence (precise key-word quotations) to support each idea.

0 3

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

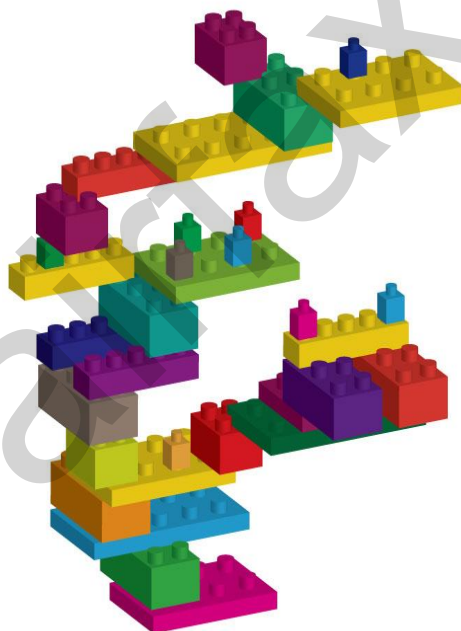
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- any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]



Question 3 - Analysis of Structure

AO2 English Language

Skills

Level 4
'perceptive'
'detailed'
7-8 marks

- Analyses the effects of the writer's choices of structure
- Selects a judicious range of textual detail
- Makes sophisticated and accurate use of subject terminology

Level 3
'clear'
'relevant'
5-6 marks

- Explains clearly the effects of the writer's choices of structure
- Selects a range of relevant textual detail
- Makes clear and accurate use of subject terminology

Level 2
'some'
'attempted'
3-4 marks

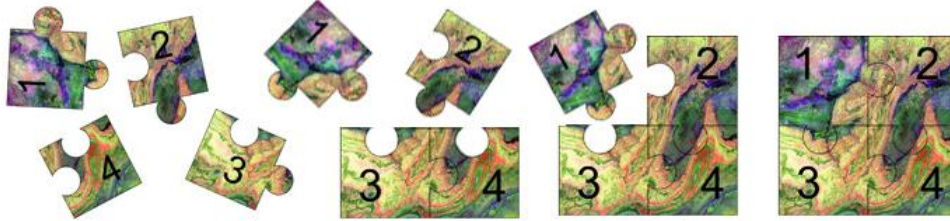
- Attempts to comment on the effect of structure
- Selects some appropriate textual detail
- Makes some use of subject terminology, mainly appropriately

Level 1
'Simple'
'limited comment'
1-2 marks

- Offers simple comment on the effect of structure
- Selects simple references or textual details
- Makes simple use of subject terminology, not always appropriately

8 marks = 10 minutes

WHAT DOES 'STRUCTURE' REALLY MEAN?



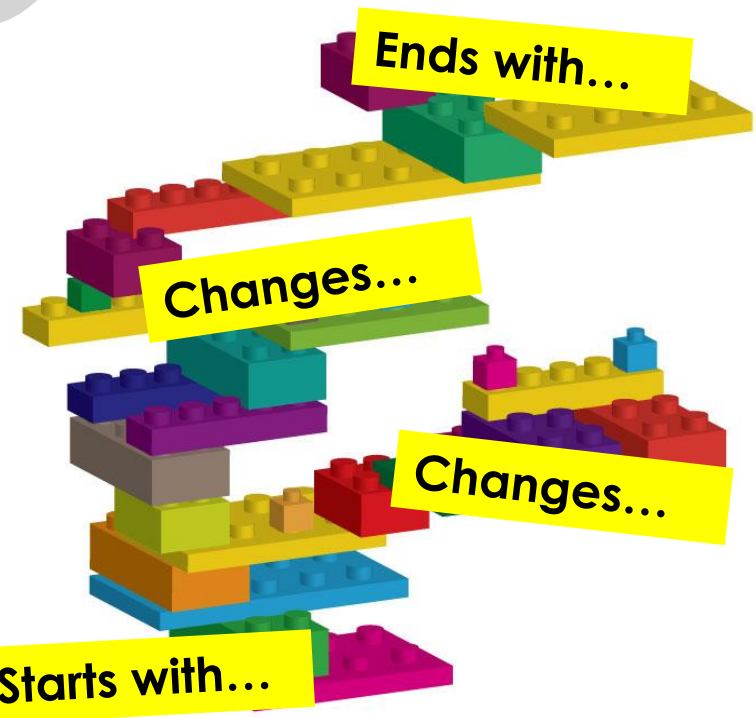
Structural devices to learn:

- a) Zooming in from something big to something smaller
- b) Shifting between different times
- c) A gradual introduction of new characters at significant points
- d) Moving from inside to the wider outside world
- e) Following a cyclical shape, that is, shifting focus through a series of points and ending up back at the beginning
- f) Combining external actions with internal thoughts
- g) Shifting between different points of view
- h) Moving from the wider outside world to inside
- i) Shifting between different places
- j) Developing and reiterating: focusing on a dominant point of view by expanding and repeating it

ADVICE

Avoid picking out sentence structures and punctuation.

The exam board is more interested in your ability to track the story – where does it go? How does it grab your attention? What changes and why?



ANOTHER WAY OF LOOKING AT IT...

From AQA's website:

Whose views?

Who is telling the story? What *perspective* is it from?

What time is it?

How is time ordered in it? What sort of *sequence* do I see?

Where am I?

What's the place, *location, setting*? How did I find out?

Who is here?

What *character(s)* have I met and how were they introduced?

What's it made of?

What shapes, styles and patterns can I see in the sentences?

1

2

3

4

5

FIVE Ws

WHEN

When do things happen?
Are there any sudden changes or surprises?

WHO

Who is introduced?
What are they like?
How are they described?

WHAT

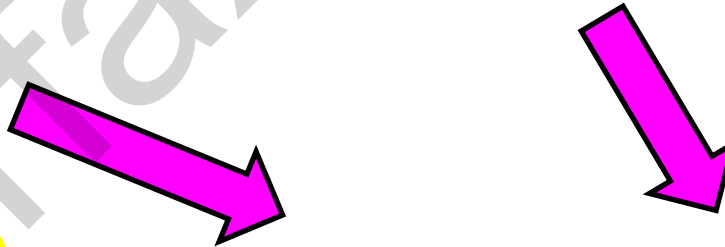
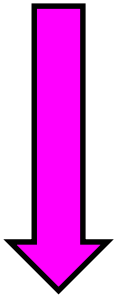
What is happening?
What is described?
What events or ideas are introduced?

WHERE

Where is it set?
What is the setting like?
How is it described?

WHY

Why are all of these ideas important?
What is the impact on the reader?



Harry Potter and his friends are in Gryffindor common room and go to visit Nearly Headless Nick's Deathday party.

Rain was still lashing the windows, which were now inky black, but inside all looked bright and cheerful. The firelight glowed over the countless squashy armchairs where people sat reading, talking, doing homework or, in the case of Fred and George Weasley, trying to find out what would happen if you fed a Filibuster firework to a salamander. Fred had "rescued" the brilliant orange, fire-dwelling lizard from a Care of Magical Creatures class and it was now smouldering gently on a table surrounded by a knot of curious people.

Harry was at the point of telling Ron and Hermione about Filch and the Kwikspell course when the salamander suddenly whizzed into the air, emitting loud sparks and bangs as it whirled wildly round the room. The sight of Percy bellowing himself hoarse at Fred and George, the spectacular display of tangerine stars showering from the salamander's mouth, and its escape into the fire, with accompanying explosions, drove both Filch and the Kwikspell envelope from Harry's mind.

By the time Halloween arrived, Harry was regretting his rash promise to go to the deathday party. The rest of the school was happily anticipating their Halloween feast; the Great Hall had been decorated with the usual live bats, Hagrid's vast pumpkins had been carved into lanterns large enough for three men to sit in, and there were rumours that Dumbledore had booked a troupe of dancing skeletons for the entertainment.

"A promise is a promise," Hermione reminded Harry bossily. "You said you'd go to the deathday party."

So at seven o'clock, Harry, Ron, and Hermione walked straight past the doorway to the packed Great Hall, which was glittering invitingly with gold plates and candles, and directed their steps instead toward the dungeons.

The passageway leading to Nearly Headless Nick's party had been lined with candles, too, though the effect was far from cheerful: These were long, thin, jet-black tapers, all burning bright blue, casting a dim, ghostly light even over their own living faces. The temperature dropped with every step they took. As Harry shivered and drew his robes tightly around him, he heard what sounded like a thousand fingernails scraping an enormous blackboard.

"Is that supposed to be music?" Ron whispered. They turned a corner and saw Nearly Headless Nick standing at a doorway hung with black velvet drapes.

"My dear friends," he said mournfully. "Welcome, welcome . . . so pleased you could come. . . ."

He swept off his plumed hat and bowed them inside.

It was an incredible sight. The dungeon was full of hundreds of pearly-white, translucent people, mostly drifting around a crowded dance floor, waltzing to the dreadful, quavering sound of thirty musical saws, played by an orchestra on a raised, black-draped platform. A chandelier overhead blazed midnight-blue with a thousand more black candles. Their breath rose in a mist before them; it was like stepping into a freezer.

External (outside) to internal (inside). Minor characters are introduced.

Zooms in to main characters and a humorous event is described.

Time passing. Description of setting.

Introduce main problem.

Contrast between positive setting of Great Hall with negative setting of the dungeon.

Introduction of unusual character.

Main event described.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

Example Answer: How many marks?

Advice:

Use PQA to structure your response efficiently.
Avoid LANGUAGE analysis.

The extract starts with negatives as it says 'Rain was still lashing the windows, which were now inky black'. It then goes on to start describing the common room and 'the countless squashy armchairs where people sat reading, talking, doing homework'. This is effective because it tells you where it's set and makes you want to read on. We then see a 'spectacular display of tangerine stars' which is interesting because you wouldn't normally see that. We want to know how it happened so it is effective. When "A promise is a promise," Hermione reminded Harry bossily. "You said you'd go to the deathday party." This shows that something might happen later on which makes us tense. The Great Hall is 'glittering invitingly with gold plates and candles'. This makes me think it is a nice place which is effective because it makes us want to see more. But, we then have to go with the characters and they end up in a dungeon full of ghosts which was 'like stepping into a freezer.' This is not as nice and the hall and we are disappointed for them.

Question 3 - Analysis of Structure	
AO2 English Language	Skills
Level 4 'perceptive' 'detailed' 7-8 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Analyses the effects of the writer's choices of structureSelects a judicious range of textual detailMakes sophisticated and accurate use of subject terminology
Level 3 'clear' 'relevant' 5-6 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Explains clearly the effects of the writer's choices of structureSelects a range of relevant textual detailMakes clear and accurate use of subject terminology
Level 2 'some' 'attempted' 3-4 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Attempts to comment on the effect of structureSelects some appropriate textual detailMakes some use of subject terminology, mainly appropriately
Level 1 'Simple' 'limited comment' 1-2 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Offers simple comment on the effect of structureSelects simple references or textual detailsMakes simple use of subject terminology, not always appropriately

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

Example Answer: How many marks?

The extract begins by creating a negative external atmosphere as Rowling describes how 'rain was still lashing the windows, which were now inky black'. This creates a tense mood and we wonder what the weather might foreshadow.

Rowling then zooms inside to start describing the common room and 'the countless squashy armchairs where people sat reading, talking, doing homework'. This is effective because it creates a more welcoming atmosphere and contrasts to the rain outside. The reader therefore feels more positive about what will happen which creates a false sense of security as we forget the darkness outside.

The description of a 'spectacular display of tangerine stars' takes this even further as we are distracted by the impressive magical abilities of those students. This is the first real reference to magic and allows us to really understand what kind of school Hogwarts is. It also hooks us because we want to see what real magic would be like when not done just for amusement.

Hermione's reminder that 'a promise is a promise' changes the tone of the extract as we begin to realise that the characters are going to have to do something they don't want to. This builds on the earlier foreshadowing as we are told they must attend a 'deathday party.' This sounds very unpleasant and is an unusual concept so we are left to wonder what will happen and whether it will be as negative as it sounds.

Finally, the Great Hall is 'glittering invitingly with gold plates and candles'. This reveals the characters' desire to go inside and the conflict between keeping their promise or doing what they want to do. Instead they end up in a dungeon full of ghosts which was 'like stepping into a freezer.' This is a negative image and ends the extract without any details of what happens at the party. The reader is therefore left wondering how the characters will cope and the sense of foreshadowing builds further.

Advice:

Use PQA to structure your response efficiently.
Avoid LANGUAGE analysis.

Question 3 - Analysis of Structure	
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Without looking...

1. What do you need to remember to do when answering question 3?

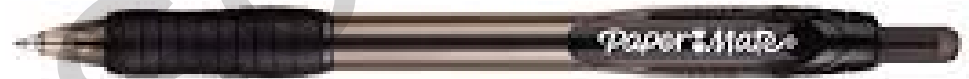
2. How will you specifically gain marks?

3. How will you move towards Level 4?

This structure will not necessarily get you the highest marks as you will need to find your own way to explore your interpretations to be considered 'sophisticated' and 'perceptive', but they can help you to practise if you're stuck. Choose which ones are appropriate to your answer.

GENERIC SENTENCE STARTERS

Firstly, the writer uses _____ when he/she describes '_____'.
The extract starts by...
This then changes when...
The focus shifts as...
This is effective because...
This makes the reader think/feel/imagine...
This evokes...



REVISE YOUR SKILLS

Time yourself and have a go at the exam questions on the next pages.

Spend 5 minutes reading and annotating (you will have 15 in the exam).

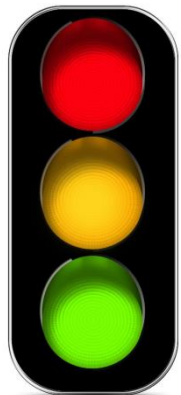
Remember to spend only 10 minutes writing!



Standard question

Medium difficulty question

Challenging question



Extract from 'Stone Cold' by Robert Swindells



'Stone Cold' follows the story of Link, a 16-year-old boy from Bradford, who becomes involved in a plot in which he is the target of a homeless killer. In this passage, Link describes the harsh realities of living on the streets.

If you think sleeping rough's just a matter of finding a dry spot where the fuzz won't move you on and getting your head down, you're wrong. Not your fault of course - if you've never tried it you've no way of knowing what it's like, so what I thought I'd do was sort of talk you through a typical night. That night in the Vaudeville alcove won't do, because there were two of us and it's worse if you're by yourself.

So you pick your spot. Wherever it is (unless you're in a squat or a derelict house or something) it's going to have a floor of stone, tile, concrete or brick. In other words it's going to be hard and cold. It might be a bit cramped, too - shop doorways often are. And remember, if it's winter you're going to be half frozen before you even start. Anyway you've got your place, and if you're lucky enough to have a sleeping bag you unroll it and get in.

Settled for the night? Well maybe, maybe not. Remember my first night? The Scouser? 'Course you do. He kicked me out of my bedroom and pinched my watch. Well, that sort of thing can happen any night, and there are worse things. You could be peed on by a drunk or a dog. Happens all the time - one man's bedroom is another man's lavatory. You might be spotted by a gang of lager louts on the look out for someone to maim. That happens all the time too, and if they get carried away you can end up dead. There are the guys who like young boys, who think because you're a dosser you'll do anything for dosh, and there's the psycho who'll knife you for your pack.

So, you lie listening. You bet you do. Footsteps. Voices. Breathing, even. Doesn't help you sleep.

Then there's your bruises. What bruises? Try lying on a stone floor for half an hour. Just half an hour. You can choose any position you fancy, and you can change position as often as you like. You won't find it comfy, I can tell you. You won't sleep unless you're dead drunk or zonked on downers. And if you are, and do, you're going to wake up with bruises on hips, shoulders, elbows, ankles and knees - especially if you're a bit thin from not eating properly. And if you do that six hours a night for six nights you'll feel like you fell out of a train. Try sleeping on concrete then.

And don't forget the cold. If you've ever tried dropping off to sleep with cold feet, even in bed, you'll know it's impossible. You've got to warm up those feet, or lie awake. And in January, in a doorway, in wet trainers, it can be quite a struggle. And if you manage it, chances are you'll need to get up for a pee, and then it starts all over again.

And those are only some of the hassles. I haven't mentioned stomach cramps from hunger, headaches from the flu, toothache, fleas and lice. I haven't talked about homesickness, depression or despair. I haven't gone into how it feels to want a girlfriend when your circumstances make it virtually impossible for you to get one - how it feels to know you're a social outcast in fact, a non-person to whom every ordinary everyday activity is closed.

So. You lie on your bruises, listening. Trying to warm your feet. You curl up on your side and your hip hurts, so you stretch out on your back so your feet stay cold and the concrete hurts your heels. You force yourself to lie still for a bit, thinking that'll help you drop off, but it doesn't. Your pack feels like a rock under your head and your nose is cold. You wonder what time it is. Can you stop listening now, or could someone still come? Distant chimes. You strain your ears, counting. One o'clock? It can't be only one o'clock, surely? I've been here hours. Did I miss a chime?

What's that? Sounds like breathing. Heavy breathing, as in maniac. Lie still. Quiet. Maybe he won't see you. Listen. Is he still there? Silence now. Creeping up, perhaps. No. Relax. Jeez, my feet are cold.

Extract from 'Holes' by Louis Sachar



In this extract we are introduced to Camp Green Lake, a juvenile imprisonment and disciplinary facility which is ironically in the middle of a sterile desert. As a punishment, the inmates of the camp have to dig 1 hole a day 5 feet wide and 5 feet deep to 'build character'. The main character, Stanley Yelnats, has just been sent to Camp Greenlake.

There is no lake at Camp Green Lake. There once was a very large lake here, the largest lake in Texas. That was over a hundred years ago. Now it is just a dry, flat wasteland.

There used to be a town of Green Lake as well. The town shrivelled and dried up along with the lake, and the people who lived there. During the summer the daytime temperature hovers around ninety-five degrees in the shade — if you can find any shade. There's not much shade in a big dry lake.

The only trees are two old oaks on the eastern edge of the "lake." A hammock is stretched between the two trees, and a log cabin stands behind that. The campers are forbidden to lie in the hammock. It belongs to the Warden. The Warden owns the shade.

Out on the lake, rattlesnakes and scorpions find shade under rocks and in the holes dug by the campers.

Here's a good rule to remember about rattlesnakes and scorpions: If you don't bother them, they won't bother you.

Usually.

Being bitten by a scorpion or even a rattlesnake is not the worst thing that can happen to you. You won't die.

Usually.

Sometimes a camper will try to be bitten by a scorpion, or even a small rattlesnake.

Then he will get to spend a day or two recovering in his tent, instead of having to dig a hole out on the lake.

But you don't want to be bitten by a yellow-spotted lizard. That's the worst thing that can happen to you. You will die a slow and painful death.

Always.

If you get bitten by a yellow-spotted lizard, you might as well go into the shade of the oak trees and lie in the hammock.

There is nothing anyone can do to you anymore.

The reader is probably asking: Why would anyone go to Camp Green Lake?

Most campers weren't given a choice. Camp Green Lake is a camp for bad boys. If you take a bad boy and make him dig a hole every day in the hot sun, it will turn

him into a good boy. That was what some people thought.

Stanley Yelnats was given a choice. The judge said, "You may go to jail, or you may go to Camp Green Lake."

Stanley was from a poor family. He had never been to camp before.

Stanley Yelnats was the only passenger on the bus, not counting the driver or the guard. The guard sat next to the driver with his seat turned around facing Stanley. A rifle lay across his lap. Stanley was sitting about ten rows back, handcuffed to his armrest. His backpack lay on the seat next to him. It contained his toothbrush, toothpaste, and a box of stationery his mother had given him. He'd promised to write to her at least once a week.

He looked out the window, although there wasn't much to see — mostly fields of hay and cotton. He was on a long bus ride to nowhere. The bus wasn't air-conditioned, and the hot, heavy air was almost as stifling as the handcuffs.

Stanley and his parents had tried to pretend that he was just going away to camp for a while, just like rich kids do. When Stanley was younger he used to play with stuffed animals, and pretend the animals were at camp. Camp Fun and Games he called it.

Sometimes he'd have them play soccer with a marble. Other times they'd run an obstacle course, or go bungee jumping off a table, tied to broken rubber bands. Now Stanley tried to pretend he was going to Camp Fun and Games. Maybe he'd make some friends, he thought. At least he'd get to swim in the lake.

He didn't have any friends at home. He was overweight and the kids at his middle school often teased him about his size. Even his teachers sometimes made cruel

comments without realizing it. On his last day of school, his math teacher, Mrs Bell, taught ratios. As an example, she chose the heaviest kid in the class and the lightest kid in the class, and had them weigh themselves. Stanley weighed three times as much as the other boy. Mrs. Bell wrote the ratio on the board, 3:1, unaware of how much embarrassment she had caused both of them.

Stanley was arrested later that day.

He looked at the guard who sat slumped in his seat and wondered if he had fallen asleep. The guard was wearing sunglasses, so Stanley couldn't see his eyes.

Stanley was not a bad kid. He was innocent of the crime for which he was convicted. He'd just been in the wrong place at the wrong time.

It was all because of his no-good-dirty-rotten-pig-stealing-great-great-grandfather!

He smiled. It was a family joke. Whenever anything went wrong, they always blamed Stanley's no-good-dirty-rotten-pig-stealing-great-great-grandfather.

Supposedly, he had a great-great-grandfather who had stolen a pig from a one-legged Gypsy, and she put a curse on him and all his descendants. Stanley and his

parents didn't believe in curses, of course, but whenever anything went wrong, it felt good to be able to blame someone. Things went wrong a lot. They always seemed to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Extract from 'Printer's Devil Court' by Susan Hill



In this extract the main character, Hugh, has occasion to return to his student lodgings and the familiar surroundings bring back peculiar and unpleasant memories of the unnatural events that occurred to him there. The true horror of the place only slowly becomes apparent...

Just before midnight I set off to walk back to the club. My route was the old one, but this corner of London had changed a good deal. Fleet Street no longer housed the hot metal presses and many of the old alleys and courts had long gone, most of them bombed to smithereens by the Blitz. Once or twice I took a wrong turn and ended up among new buildings I didn't recognise.

At one point, I retraced my steps for a hundred yards and suddenly I was thrown back in time. I realised that the old Printer's Devil Court, where I had lodged, had been laid waste and that the hospital club was now sited on part of the same ground. I thought little of it – Printer's Devil Court held no special memories for me, other than those last peculiar and unpleasant ones.

I was about to turn into the club when I noticed that there was still a passageway to one side and saw the tower of St-Luke's-at-the-Gate rising up ahead of me in the fitful moonlight. I stood stock still. London churches are always a fine sight and I was glad that this one, with a surprising number of others, had escaped destruction. The passageway ended at the back of the old graveyard, as before, and that seemed unchanged, the tombstones still leaning this way and that and even more thickly covered in moss.

And then I saw her. She was a few yards away from me, moving among the graves, pausing here and there to bend over and peer, as if trying to make out the inscriptions, before moving on again. She wore a garment of a pale silvery grey that seemed strangely gauze-like and her long hair was loose and free. She had her back to me. I was troubled to see a young woman wandering here at this time of night and started towards her, to offer to escort her away. She must have heard me because she turned and I was startled by her beauty, her pallor and even more, by the expression of distress on her face. She came towards me quickly, holding out her hand and seeming about to plead with me, but as she drew near, I noticed a curious blank and glassy look in her eyes and a coldness increased around me, more intense than that of the night alone. I waited. The nearer she came the greater the cold but I did not – why should I? – link it in any way to the young woman, but simply to the effects of standing still in this place where sunlight rarely penetrated in which had a dankness that came from the very stones and from the cold ground.

"Are you unwell?" I asked. "You should not be here alone at this time of night – let me see you safely to your home."

She appeared puzzled by my voice and her body trembled beneath the pale clothes. "You will catch your death of cold." She stretched out both her hands to me then but I shrank back, unaccountably loathe to take them. Her eyes had the same staring and yet vacant look now that she was close to me. But she was fully alive and breathing and I had no reason to fear.

"Please tell me what is wrong?"

There was a second only during which we both stood facing one another silently in that bleak and deserted place and something seemed to happen to the passing of time, which was now frozen still, now hurtling backwards, now propelling us into the present again, but then on, and forwards, faster and faster, so that the ground appeared to shift beneath my feet, yet nothing moved and when the church clock struck, it was only half past midnight.

Extract from 'The Book of Lost Things' by John Connolly



This extract begins in World War II London. The main character, David, is struggling to cope with his mother's slow death. He describes his love of books and the relationship he has with his father.

His mother was buried on a January morning. The ground was hard, and all of the mourners wore gloves and overcoats. The coffin looked too short when they lowered it into the dirt. His mother had always seemed tall in life. Death had made her small.

In the weeks that followed, David tried to lose himself in books, because his memories of his mother were inextricably interwoven with books and reading. Her books, the ones deemed 'suitable', were passed on to him, and he found himself trying to read novels that he did not understand, and poems that did not quite rhyme. He would ask his father about them sometimes, but David's father seemed to have little interest in books. He had always spent his time at home with his head buried in newspapers, little plumes of pipe smoke rising above the pages like signals sent by Indians. He was obsessed with the comings and goings of the modern world, more so than ever now that Hitler's armies were moving across Europe and the threat of attacks on their own land was growing ever more real. David's mother once said that his father used to read a lot of books, but had fallen out of the habit of losing himself in stories. Now he preferred his newspapers, with their long columns of print, each letter painstakingly laid out by hand to create something which would lose its relevance almost as soon as it appeared on the newstands, the news within already old and dying by the time it was read, quickly overtaken by events in the world beyond.

The stories in books hate the stories contained in newspapers, David's mother would say. Newspaper stories were like newly caught fish, worthy of attention only for as long as they remained fresh, which was not very long at all. They were like the street urchins hawking the evening editions, all shouty and insistent, while stories—real stories, proper made-up stories—were like stern but helpful librarians in a well-stocked library. Newspaper stories were as insubstantial as smoke, as long-lived as mayflies. They did not take root, but were instead like weeds that crawled along the ground, stealing the sunlight from more deserving tales. David's father's mind was always occupied by shrill, competing voices, each one silenced as soon as he gave it his attention only for its clamour to be instantly replaced by another. That was what David's mother would whisper to him with a smile, while his father scowled and bit his pipe, aware that they were talking about him but unwilling to give them the pleasure of knowing they were irritating him.

And so it was left to David to safeguard his mother's books, and he added them to those that had been bought with him in mind. They were the tales of knights and soldiers, of dragons and sea beasts, folk tales and fairy tales, because these were the stories that David's mother had loved as a girl and which he in turn had read to her as the illness gradually took hold of her, reducing her voice to a whisper and her breaths to the rasp of old sandpaper on decaying wood, until at last the effort was too much for her and she breathed no more. After her death, he tried to avoid these old tales for a time, for they were linked too closely to his mother to be enjoyed, but the stories would not be so easily denied and they began to call to David. They seemed to recognise something in him, or so he started to believe, something curious and fertile. He heard them talking: softly at first, then louder and more compellingly.

These stories were very old, as old as people, and they had survived because they were very powerful indeed. These were the tales that echoed in the head long after the books that contained them were cast aside. They were both an escape from reality and an alternative reality themselves. They were so old, and so strange, that they had found a kind of existence that was independent of the pages they occupied. The world of the old tales existed parallel to ours, as David's mother had once told him, but sometimes the wall separating the two became so thin and brittle that the two worlds started to blend into each other.

That was when the trouble started.

That was when the bad things came.

That was when the Crooked Man began to appear to David.

Extract from 'The War of the Worlds' by HG Wells

The War of the Worlds tells the story of Martians arriving on Earth with a plan to destroy human life and make the planet their own. The story is reported directly by a survivor of the Martian war – a writer, whose name we never learn. In this extract the Martians' cylinder opens and they appear for the first time. Their tentacles give them the appearance of snakes, and their round, dark bodies are similar to the bodies of bears.

When I returned to the common the sun was setting. Scattered groups were hurrying from the direction of Woking, and one or two persons were returning. The crowd about the pit had increased, and stood out black against the lemon yellow of the sky—a couple of hundred people, perhaps. There were raised voices, and some sort of struggle appeared to be going on about the pit. Strange imaginings passed through my mind. As I drew nearer I heard Stent's voice:

"Keep back! Keep back!"

A boy came running towards me.

"It's a-movin'," he said to me as he passed; "a-screwin' and a-screwin' out. I don't like it. I'm a-goin' 'ome, I am."

I went on to the crowd. There were really, I should think, two or three hundred people elbowing and jostling one another, the one or two ladies there being by no means the least active.

"He's fallen in the pit!" cried some one.

"Keep back!" said several.

The crowd swayed a little, and I elbowed my way through. Every one seemed greatly excited. I heard a peculiar humming sound from the pit.

"I say!" said Ogilvy; "help keep these idiots back. We don't know what's in the confounded thing, you know!"

I saw a young man, a shop assistant in Woking I believe he was, standing on the cylinder and trying to scramble out of the hole again. The crowd had pushed him in.

The end of the cylinder was being screwed out from within. Nearly two feet of shining screw projected. Somebody blundered against me, and I narrowly missed being pitched onto the top of the screw. I turned, and as I did so the screw must have come out, for the lid of the cylinder fell upon the gravel with a ringing concussion. I stuck my elbow into the person behind me, and turned my head towards the Thing again. For a moment that circular cavity seemed perfectly black. I had the sunset in my eyes.

I think everyone expected to see a man emerge—possibly something a little unlike us terrestrial men, but in all essentials a man. I know I did. But, looking, I presently saw something stirring within the shadow: greyish billowy movements, one above another, and then two luminous disks—like eyes. Then something resembling a little grey snake, about the thickness of a walking stick, coiled up out of the writhing middle, and wriggled in the air towards me—and then another.

A sudden chill came over me. There was a loud shriek from a woman behind. I half turned, keeping my eyes fixed upon the cylinder still, from which other tentacles were now projecting, and began pushing my way back from the edge of the pit. I saw astonishment giving place to horror on the faces of the people about me. I heard inarticulate exclamations on all sides. There was a general movement backwards. I saw the shopman struggling still on the edge of the pit. I found myself alone, and saw the people on the other side of the pit running off, Stent among them. I looked again at the cylinder, and ungovernable terror gripped me. I stood petrified and staring.

A big greyish rounded bulk, the size, perhaps, of a bear, was rising slowly and painfully out of the cylinder. As it bulged up and caught the light, it glistened like wet leather.

Two large dark-coloured eyes were regarding me steadfastly. The mass that framed them, the head of the thing, was rounded, and had, one might say, a face. There was a mouth under the eyes, the lipless brim of which quivered and panted, and dropped saliva. The whole creature heaved and pulsed convulsively. A lank tentacular appendage gripped the edge of the cylinder, another swayed in the air.

Those who have never seen a living Martian can scarcely imagine the strange horror of its appearance. The peculiar V-shaped mouth with its pointed upper lip, the absence of brow ridges, the absence of a chin beneath the wedgelike lower lip, the incessant quivering of this mouth, the Gorgon groups of tentacles, the tumultuous breathing of the lungs in a strange atmosphere, the evident heaviness and painfulness of movement due to the greater gravitational energy of the earth—above all, the extraordinary intensity of the immense eyes—were at once vital, intense, inhuman, crippled and monstrous. There was something fungoid in the oily brown skin, something in the clumsy deliberation of the tedious movements unspeakably nasty. Even at this first encounter, this first glimpse, I was overcome with disgust and dread.

Suddenly the monster vanished. It had toppled over the brim of the cylinder and fallen into the pit, with a thud like the fall of a great mass of leather. I heard it give a peculiar thick cry, and forthwith another of these creatures appeared darkly in the deep shadow of the aperture.

I turned and, running madly, made for the first group of trees, perhaps a hundred yards away; but I ran slantingly and stumbling, for I could not avert my face from these things.

There, among some young pine trees and furze bushes, I stopped, panting, and waited further developments. The common round the sand pits was dotted with people, standing like myself in a half-fascinated terror, staring at these creatures, or rather at the heaped gravel at the edge of the pit in which they lay. And then, with a renewed horror, I saw a round, black object bobbing up and down on the edge of the pit. It was the head of the shopman who had fallen in, but showing as a little black object against the hot western sun. Now he got his shoulder and knee up, and again he seemed to slip back until only his head was visible. Suddenly he vanished, and I could have fancied a faint shriek had reached me. I had a momentary impulse to go back and help him that my fears overruled.

Everything was then quite invisible, hidden by the deep pit and the heap of sand that the fall of the cylinder had made. Anyone coming along the road from Chobham or Woking would have been amazed at the sight—a dwindling multitude of perhaps a hundred people or more standing in a great irregular circle, in ditches, behind bushes, behind gates and hedges, saying little to one another and that in short, excited shouts, and staring, staring hard at a few heaps of sand. The barrow of ginger beer stood, a queer derelict, black against the burning sky, and in the sand pits was a row of deserted vehicles with their horses feeding out of nosebags or pawing the ground.

Extract from 'Catch 22' by Joseph Heller

The passage printed below is an extract from 'Catch-22' in which the author, Joseph Heller, wrote about the madness of war. The main character, Yossarian, is an officer in the American air force in World War 2.

Yossarian was determined to stay in the hospital forever rather than fly one more mission. He could relax in the hospital, since no one there expected him to do anything. All he was expected to do in the hospital was die or get better, and since he was perfectly all right, getting better was easy.

Being in the hospital was better than being shot at over Italy or France.

There were usually not nearly as many sick people inside the hospital as Yossarian saw outside the hospital. There was a much lower death rate inside the hospital than outside the hospital. Few people died unnecessarily. People knew a lot more about dying inside the hospital and made a neater, more orderly job of it. They couldn't dominate Death inside the hospital but they certainly made her behave.

They had taught her manners. There was none of that crude, ugly dying that was so common outside the hospital. They did not blow up in mid-air like Kraft, or freeze to death the way Snowden had frozen to death in the back of the plane. They didn't drown or get struck by lightning. They didn't get shot or stabbed. There were no famines or floods. Nobody choked to death. People bled to death like gentlemen in an operating room or expired without comment in an oxygen tent. There was none of that 'now-you-see-me-now-you-don't' business which was so much in fashion outside the hospital.

All things considered, Yossarian often preferred the hospital, even though it had its faults. The staff tended to be bossy and the rules were restrictive. Since sick people were apt to be present, he could not always depend on a lively young crowd in the same ward as him, and the entertainment was not always good. He was forced to admit that the hospitals had altered for the worse as the war continued. The decline in the quality of the guests was most marked in the combat zone where the effects of war were likely to make themselves conspicuous immediately. People got sicker and sicker the deeper he moved into combat, until finally in the hospital that last time there had been the soldier in white, who could not have been any sicker without being dead, and he soon was.

The soldier in white was constructed entirely of gauze, plaster and a thermometer, and the thermometer was merely an adornment left balanced in the empty dark hole in the bandages over his mouth each morning and afternoon by Nurse Cramer, right up to the afternoon Nurse Cramer read the thermometer and discovered he was dead. Now that Yossarian looked back, it seemed that Nurse Cramer had murdered the soldier in white. If she had not read the thermometer and reported what she had found, the soldier in white might still be lying there alive exactly as he had been lying there all along, encased from head to toe in plaster. Lying there that way might not have been much of a life, but it was all the life he had, and the decision to end it, Yossarian felt, should hardly have been Nurse Cramer's.

The soldier in white was like an unrolled bandage with a hole in it and no sound at all came from him all the time he was there. Yossarian resented the soldier in white for reminding him of a nauseating truth.

Nurse Cramer kept him spick-and-span. She brushed his bandages and scrubbed his plaster casts. She wiped the dust every day from the black rubber tubes leading in and out of him to the large jars hanging on a post by his bed. She was proud of her housework. Nurse Cramer had a cute nose and a radiant complexion dotted with adorable freckles that Yossarian detested. Her virtuous, blue eyes flooded with tears on unexpected occasions and made Yossarian mad.

'How the hell do you know he's even in there?' he asked her.

'Don't you dare talk to me that way!' she replied indignantly.

'Well, how do you? You don't even know if it's really him.'

'Who?'

'Whoever's supposed to be in all those bandages. How do you know he's even alive?'

'What a terrible thing to say!' Nurse Cramer exclaimed. 'Now you get right into bed and stop making jokes.'

'I'm not making jokes. Anybody might be in there.'

'What are you talking about?' Nurse Cramer pleaded with him in a quavering voice.

'Maybe that's where the dead man is.'

'What dead man?'

'I've got a dead man in my tent that nobody can throw out.'

Nurse Cramer turned to Dunbar desperately for help. 'Make him stop saying things like that,' she begged.

'Maybe there's no one inside,' Dunbar suggested helpfully. 'Maybe they just sent the bandages here for a joke.'

She stepped away from Dunbar in alarm. 'You're crazy,' she cried, glancing about imploringly.

'You're both crazy.'

Nurse Cramer read her thermometer and discovered to her horror that the soldier in white was dead.

'I wonder what he did to deserve it,' the fighter pilot with the golden moustache lamented.

'He went to war,' Dunbar replied.

'We all went to war,' Yossarian countered.

Yossarian was determined to stay in the hospital forever, because outside the hospital the war was still going on. Men went mad and were rewarded with medals. All over the world, boys were laying down their lives for what they had been told was their country, and no one seemed to mind, least of all the boys who were laying down their young lives. There was no end insight. The only end in sight was Yossarian's own, because outside the hospital there was still nothing funny going on. The only thing going on was a war, and no one seemed to notice except Yossarian and Dunbar. And when Yossarian tried to remind people, they drew away from him and thought he was crazy. Even Clevinger, who should have known better, had told him he was crazy the last time they had seen each other. Clevinger had stared at him and, clawing the table in rage and indignation, had shouted, 'You're crazy!'

'They're trying to kill me,' Yossarian told him calmly.

'No one's trying to kill you,' Clevinger cried.

'Then why are they shooting at me?' Yossarian asked.

'They're shooting at everyone,' Clevinger answered. 'They're trying to kill everyone.'

'And what difference does that make?'

Clevinger was already half way out of his chair, his lips quivering with emotion.

When he argued over principles in which he believed passionately, he would end up gasping furiously for air. There were many principles in which Clevinger believed passionately. He was crazy. Clevinger really thought he was right, but Yossarian had proof, because strangers he didn't know shot at him with cannons every time he flew up into the air to drop bombs on them, and it wasn't funny at all.

Extract from 'Frankenstein' by Mary Shelley

This extract from 'Frankenstein' focuses on the moment that Victor Frankenstein brings his 'creation' to life for the first time. His creation consists of the limbs of dead men, sewn together and electrocuted. On seeing what he has created Frankenstein is horrified and flees the room, wondering just what he has done.

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.

QUESTION 4

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the Source From line ____ to the end.

A student, having read this section of the text said: "_____"

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

Advice:

Reread the extract and consider whether or not you agree with the statement.

Pick out methods (language and structure) and analyse the effects on the reader. Use this to support your opinion.

Analyse the effect on the reader in as much detail as possible.

Talk about a RANGE of devices (3 or more)

Use well chosen evidence (precise key-word quotations) to support each idea.

20 marks =
21 minutes



Question 4 - Evaluation and analysis

Levels	Skills
Level 4 'perceptive' 'detailed' 16-20 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Evaluates critically and in detail the effect(s) on the reader Shows perceptive understanding of writer's methods Selects a judicious range of textual detail Develops a convincing and critical response to the focus of the statement
Level 3 'clear' 'relevant' 11-15 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Evaluates clearly the effect(s) on the reader Shows clear understanding of writer's methods Selects a range of relevant textual references Makes a clear and relevant response to the focus of the statement
Level 2 'some' 'attempted' 6-10 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Makes some evaluative comment(s) on effect(s) on the reader Shows some understanding of writer's methods Selects some appropriate textual reference(s) Makes some response to the focus of the statement
Level 1 'Simple' 'limited' 1-5 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Makes simple, limited evaluative comment(s) on effect(s) on reader Shows limited understanding of writer's methods Selects simple, limited textual reference(s) Makes a simple, limited response to the focus of the statement

Advice:

First **highlight** the key words in the question. What is it specifically asking us to do?



Be careful to focus on the section you are given...

0 4

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the Source **from line 19 to the end.**

Focus only on characters. What makes them seem realistic?

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.**

How are the characters different? How are we made to feel part of the story?

HOW means you need to talk about methods. What **devices** are used?

Develop your own ideas about the characters. How do you see them? What do you think of them? Why?

Key-word quotations are needed to support your response.

Persuasive Language Features

Direct address
Anecdotes
Facts
Opinions
Rhetorical questions
Emotive language
Statistics
Tripartite listing/rule of 3

Descriptive Language Features

Alliteration
Adjectives
Adverbs
Metaphors
Onomatopoeia
Personification
Similes



STRETCH TO TOP LEVEL
Explore multiple interpretations of each device/key word

Extract from 'Jamaica Inn' by Daphne Du Maurier



This extract is from the opening of a novel by Daphne du Maurier. Although written in 1936 it is set in the past. In this section a coach and horses, with its passengers, is making its way through Cornwall to 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 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 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.

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 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 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 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 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.

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.

0 4

Advice:

Do you agree with the statement?

Highlight any uses of language, important words or structural devices that you feel answer the question. Focus only on the section in the question.

There is not a lot of time, so annotation is unnecessary in the real exam. It is a useful skill to use when practising.

CHALLENGE

Explore multiple interpretations of each device/key word



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]

Advice:

You will not have time to plan in this much detail in your real exam, but when you are practising it is worth getting the skills right and planning your response carefully. Then you can cut down the process into a quick mind-map.

The main character seems desperate and without hope:

'hoping with a sort of desperate interest that some ray of light would break the heavy blanket of sky,'

Symbolism

Metaphor

Mary separates herself from the others even though the coach is worse where she is:

'Mary Yellan sat in the opposite corner, where the trickle of rain oozed through the crack in the roof.'

Onomatopoeia

The other characters are staying close to each other and seem to act as one :

'The few passengers huddled together for warmth, exclaiming in unison when the coach sank into a heavier rut than usual'

Metaphor

Adverb

Almost animalistic description of the woman in the blue cloak:

'burrowing into the depths of a large basket'

Metaphor

The coach is cold and unpleasant, made worse by the old man:

'the window down with a crash, bringing a shower of rain upon himself and his fellow-passengers.'

Onomatopoeia

Metaphor

Mary Yellan has some optimism:

she hopes to see 'a momentary trace of that lost blue heaven'

Symbolism

Metaphor

PLAN

0 4

CHALLENGE

Explore multiple interpretations of each device/key word

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]

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?

Example Answer: How many marks?

I agree with the statement because I think the characters are realistic. It feels like we're in the coach with them when it says an old man 'let the window down with a crash, bringing a shower of rain upon himself and his fellow passengers.' This uses onomatopoeia and a metaphor to put an image in the reader's head and make us feel like we are really there.

We also feel like we are inside the coach when it says: 'The few passengers huddled together for warmth, exclaiming in unison when the coach sank into a heavier rut than usual.' This uses a metaphor and an adverb. They are all cold and grouped together and we feel sorry for them so we can imagine how cold they are and feel like we are there. This makes us feel sorry for the passengers.

The woman in the blue cloak is made to sound like an animal because she is 'burrowing into the depths of a large basket.' This makes us think she is like an animal which is effective because it makes the reader imagine it.

Mary seems separate from the rest of the passengers. 'Mary Yellan sat in the opposite corner, where the trickle of rain oozed through the crack in the roof.' We can imagine her on her own away from the others with the rain falling onto her. She seems different to them.

Mary seems desperate but hopeful because she is 'hoping with a sort of desperate interest that some ray of light would break the heavy blanket of sky.' This uses a metaphor and symbolism. This makes us think she is unhappy with the weather and wants it to change.

However, she hopes to see 'a momentary trace of that lost blue heaven' which shows that she thinks the hope is lost. This is a metaphor and puts an image in your head of heaven being lost to her which is quite a sad image.

I therefore agree with the statement because we really imagine the characters in detail and the writer uses language to make us think.

Advice:

Use PEDAL to structure your response effectively. Make your opinion clear.

Question 4 - Evaluation and analysis

Levels	Skills
Level 4 'perceptive' 'detailed' 16-20 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Evaluates critically and in detail the effect(s) on the reader Shows perceptive understanding of writer's methods Selects a judicious range of textual detail Develops a convincing and critical response to the focus of the statement
Level 3 'clear' 'relevant' 11-15 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Evaluates clearly the effect(s) on the reader Shows clear understanding of writer's methods Selects a range of relevant textual references Makes a clear and relevant response to the focus of the statement
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Level 1 'Simple' 'limited' 1-5 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Makes simple, limited evaluative comment(s) on effect(s) on reader Shows limited understanding of writer's methods Selects simple, limited textual reference(s) Makes a simple, limited response to the focus of the statement

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?

Example Answer: How many marks?

Du Maurier brings the characters to life throughout the extract by using language to describe them in detail. For example we meet the angry old man who decides to 'let the window down with a crash, bringing a shower of rain upon himself and his fellow passengers.' This uses onomatopoeia to depict the loud 'crash' of the window and we can almost feel the shock of the other passengers as they are subjected to the 'shower of rain' he lets in. This metaphor reveals how much he has impacted the other passengers with his actions and we start to feel like we are inside the coach suffering with them.

We also feel like we are inside the coach when Du Maurier describes how 'the few passengers huddled together for warmth, exclaiming in unison when the coach sank into a heavier rut than usual.' This metaphorical sinking of the coach makes us worry for the passengers as it sounds like the coach is in real danger. In addition, the adverb 'in unison' suggests that the passengers are so tense during their journey that they are 'huddled' together and reacting as one to the problems caused by the weather. We are left feeling just as uneasy as they are and therefore feel like we too are part of their unified group.

Du Maurier also depicts the difference between each passenger. One character who stands out is a woman in a blue cloak as she is made to sound like an animal 'burrowing into the depths of a large basket.' The image of her 'burrowing' is effective because it implies that she is trying to escape from the weather by searching for cake, just as certain animals would burrow into a nest to protect themselves. However, unlike an animal, the woman does not seem scared – she 'winks' at the other characters and seems to be enjoying the experience.

On the other hand, Mary seems separate from the rest of the passengers as she is 'sat in the opposite corner, where the trickle of rain oozed through the crack in the roof.' We get the impression that Mary is more isolated and is different to the rest of the characters as she is 'opposite' to them. She is also unfortunate in that the rain is starting to 'ooze' and fall onto her. This onomatopoeia is unpleasant and mirrors the mood of her character as she seems both slow to react and unhappy within her surroundings.

Mary seems desperate but also desperately optimistic because she is 'hoping with a sort of desperate interest that some ray of light would break the heavy blanket of sky.' This uses a metaphor to describe the sky like a heavy blanket, an image that is simultaneously suffocating and soft. A blanket should be cosy, but in this case it appears oppressive and is pushing down on the coach passengers. The symbolism of light here represents joy and we feel pity for Mary as she is 'desperate' to see some glimpse of happiness in the dark. This vivid description of the heavy sky makes us feel part of the coach as we are left as demoralised as the other characters.

Finally, Mary is described as hoping to see 'a momentary trace of that lost blue heaven.' This metaphor portrays the sky as a 'lost blue heaven' as it has been hidden by the dark weather outside. The ominous quality of this description foreshadows negativity to come and the symbolism of a 'lost... heaven' suggests that they are currently making their way into hell. We therefore feel sorry for the passengers and are equally as tense as they are to find our way out of the night.

How could we improve this answer further?

Question 4 - Evaluation and analysis	
Levels	Skills
Level 4 'perceptive' 'detailed' 16-20 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Evaluates critically and in detail the effect(s) on the reader Shows perceptive understanding of writer's methods Selects a judicious range of textual detail Develops a convincing and critical response to the focus of the statement
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Without looking...

1. What do you need to remember to do when answering question 4?

2. How will you specifically gain marks?

3. How will you move towards Level 4?

This structure will not necessarily get you the highest marks as you will need to find your own way to explore your interpretations to be considered 'sophisticated' and 'perceptive', but they can help you to practise if you're stuck. Choose which ones are appropriate to your answer.

GENERIC SENTENCE STARTERS

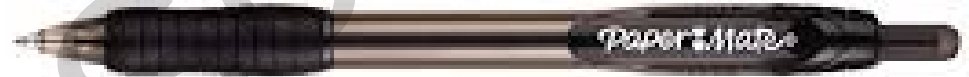
Firstly, I agree that... because...
The writer uses _____ when he/she describes
'_____'.
The word '_____' is effective because...
The use of _____ makes the reader
think/feel/imagine...
This evokes...
This therefore proves that...

REVISE YOUR SKILLS

Time yourself and have a go at the exam questions on the next pages.

Spend 5 minutes reading and annotating (you will have 15 in the exam).

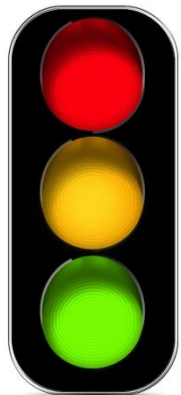
Remember to spend only 20 minutes writing!



Standard question

Medium difficulty question

Challenging question



Extract from 'Divergent' by Veronica Roth



In a post-apocalyptic Chicago, survivors are divided into five factions based on their dispositions: Abnegation, for the selfless; Amity, for the peaceful; Candor, for the honest; Dauntless, for the brave; and Erudite, for the intellectual. Each year, all sixteen-year-olds take an aptitude test that determines the faction for which they are best suited. After receiving the results, test takers choose a faction at the Choosing Ceremony, no matter what their results were. In this extract Tris and her brother are preparing for their test.

There is one mirror in my house. It is behind a sliding panel in the hallway upstairs. Our faction allows me to stand in front of it on the second day of every third month, the day my mother cuts my hair.

I sit on the stool and my mother stands behind me with the scissors, trimming. The strands fall on the floor in a dull, blond ring. When she finishes, she pulls my hair away from my face and twists it into a knot. I note how calm she looks and how focused she is. She is well-practiced in the art of losing herself. I can't say the same of myself.

I sneak a look at my reflection when she isn't paying attention—not for the sake of vanity, but out of curiosity. A lot can happen to a person's appearance in three months. In my reflection, I see a narrow face, wide, round eyes, and a long, thin nose—I still look like a little girl, though sometime in the last few months I turned sixteen. The other factions celebrate birthdays, but we don't. It would be self-indulgent.

"There," she says when she pins the knot in place. Her eyes catch mine in the mirror. It is too late to look away, but instead of scolding me, she smiles at our reflection.

I frown a little. Why doesn't she reprimand me for staring at myself?

"So today is the day," she says.

"Yes," I reply.

"Are you nervous?"

I stare into my own eyes for a moment. Today is the day of the aptitude test that will show me which of the five factions I belong in. And tomorrow, at the Choosing Ceremony, I will decide on a faction; I will decide the rest of my life; I will decide to stay with my family or abandon them.

"No," I say. "The tests don't have to change our choices."

"Right." She smiles. "Let's go eat breakfast."

"Thank you. For cutting my hair."

She kisses my cheek and slides the panel over the mirror. I think my mother could be beautiful, in a different world. Her body is thin beneath the gray robe. She has high cheekbones and long eyelashes, and when she lets her hair down at night, it hangs in waves over her shoulders. But she must hide that beauty in Abnegation.

We walk together to the kitchen. On these mornings when my brother makes breakfast, and my father's hand skims my hair as he reads the newspaper, and my mother hums as she clears the table—it is on these mornings that I feel guiltiest for wanting to leave them.

The bus stinks of exhaust. Every time it hits a patch of uneven pavement, it jostles me from side to side, even though I'm gripping the seat to keep myself still.

My older brother, Caleb, stands in the aisle, holding a railing above his head to keep himself steady. We don't look alike. He has my father's dark hair and hooked nose and my mother's green eyes and dimpled cheeks. When he was younger, that collection of features looked strange, but now it suits him. If he wasn't Abnegation, I'm sure the girls at school would stare at him. He also inherited my mother's talent for selflessness. He gave his seat to a surly Candor man on the bus without a second thought.

The Candor man wears a black suit with a white tie—Candor standard uniform. Their faction values honesty and sees the truth as black and white, so that is what they wear.

The gaps between the buildings narrow and the roads are smoother as we near the heart of the city. The building that was once called the Sears Tower—we call it the Hub—emerges from the fog, a black pillar in the skyline. The bus passes under the elevated tracks. I have never been on a train, though they never stop running and there are tracks everywhere. Only the Dauntless ride them.

Five years ago, volunteer construction workers from Abnegation repaved some of the roads. They started in the middle of the city and worked their way outward until they ran out of materials. The roads where I live are still cracked and patchy, and it's not safe to drive on them. We don't have a car anyway.

Caleb's expression is placid as the bus sways and jolts on the road. The gray robe falls from his arm as he clutches a pole for balance. I can tell by the constant shift of his eyes that he is watching the people around us—striving to see only them and to forget himself. Candor values honesty, but our faction, Abnegation, values selflessness.

The bus stops in front of the school and I get up, scooting past the Candor man. I grab Caleb's arm as I stumble over the man's shoes. My slacks are too long, and I've never been that graceful.

The Upper Levels building is the oldest of the three schools in the city: Lower Levels, Mid-Levels, and Upper Levels. Like all the other buildings around it, it is made of glass and steel. In front of it is a large metal sculpture that the Dauntless climb after school, daring each other to go higher and higher. Last year I watched one of them fall and break her leg. I was the one who ran to get the nurse.

"Aptitude tests today," I say. Caleb is not quite a year older than I am, so we are in the same year at school. He nods as we pass through the front doors. My muscles tighten the second we walk in. The atmosphere feels hungry, like every sixteen-year-old is trying to devour as much as he can get of this last day. It is likely that we will not walk these halls again after the Choosing Ceremony—once we choose, our new factions will be responsible for finishing our education.

Our classes are cut in half today, so we will attend all of them before the aptitude tests, which take place after lunch. My heart rate is already elevated.

"You aren't at all worried about what they'll tell you?" I ask Caleb. We pause at the split in the hallway where he will go one way, toward Advanced Math, and I will go the other, toward Faction History.

He raises an eyebrow at me. "Are you?" I could tell him I've been worried for weeks about what the aptitude test will tell me—Abnegation, Candor, Erudite, Amity, or Dauntless? Instead I smile and say, "Not really."

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4

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, from 'The bus stinks...' to the end.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: "This part of the text starts to build tension as we feel a shared sense of uneasiness with Tris."

To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of the atmosphere and environment
- evaluate how the writer uses language to create this atmosphere
- support your opinions with quotations from the text.

[20 marks]

Extract from 'The Woman in Black' by Susan Hill



Set in Victorian England, *The Woman in Black* introduces us to Arthur Daly, who is a lawyer. In this extract, Arthur arrives and tries to find out more about his new job. However, all is not as it seems...

Outside, all was quiet, so that all I heard was the sound of my own footsteps as I began to walk briskly across the gravel, and even this sound was softened the moment I struck out over the grass toward the causeway path. Across the sky, a few last gulls went flying home. Once or twice, I glanced over my shoulder, half expecting to catch sight of the black figure of the woman following me. But I had almost persuaded myself now that there must have been some slope or dip in the ground upon the other side of that graveyard and beyond it, perhaps a lonely dwelling, tucked down out of sight, for the changes of light in such a place can play all manner of tricks and, after all, I had not actually gone out there to search for her hiding place, I had only glanced around and seen nothing. Well, then. For the time being I allowed myself to remain forgetful of the extreme reaction of Mr. Jerome to my mentioning the woman that morning.

On the causeway path it was still quite dry underfoot but to my left I saw that the water had begun to seep nearer, quite silent, quite slow. I wondered how deeply the path went under water when the tide was at height. But, on a still night such as this, there was plenty of time to cross in safety, though the distance was greater, now I was traversing it on foot, than it had seemed when we trotted over in Keckwick's pony cart, and the end of the causeway path seemed to be receding into the grayness ahead. I had never been quite so alone, nor felt quite so small and insignificant in a vast landscape before, and I fell into a not unpleasant brooding, philosophical frame of mind, struck by the absolute indifference of water and sky to my presence.

Some minutes later, I could not tell how many, I came out of my reverie, to realize that I could no longer see very far in front of me and when I turned around I was startled to find that Eel Marsh House, too, was invisible, not because the darkness of evening had fallen, but because of a thick, damp sea-mist that had come rolling over the marshes and enveloped everything, myself, the house behind me, the end of the causeway path and the countryside ahead. It was a mist like a damp, clinging cobwebby thing, fine and yet impenetrable. It smelled and tasted quite different from the yellow filthy fog of London; that was choking and thick and still, this was salty, light and pale and moving in front of my eyes all the time. I felt confused, teased by it, as though it were made up of millions of live fingers that crept over me, hung on me and then shifted away again. My hair and face and the sleeves of my coat were already damp with a veil of moisture. Above all, it was the suddenness of it that had so unnerved and disorientated me.

For a short time, I walked slowly on, determined to stick to my path until I came out onto the safety of the country road. But it began to dawn upon me that I should as likely as not become very quickly lost once I had left the straightness of the causeway, and might wander all night in exhaustion. The most obvious and sensible course was to turn and retrace my steps the few hundred yards I had come and to wait at the house until either the mist cleared, or Keckwick arrived to fetch me, or both.

That walk back was a nightmare. I was obliged to go step by slow step, for fear of veering off onto the marsh, and then into the rising water. If I looked up or around me, I was at once baffled by the moving, shifting mist, and so on I stumbled, praying to reach the house, which was farther away than I had imagined.

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4

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, from 'some minutes later' to the end.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: "This part of the text, explaining how nervous and unsafe Arthur feels, reminds me of the eerily quiet setting at the start."

To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of the characters
- evaluate how the writer creates a sense of frustration and negativity
- support your opinions with quotations from the text.

[20 marks]

Extract from 'Martyn Pig' by Kevin Brooks



Martyn begins the first-person narrative of his story with a description of some of the difficulties that he has faced, including having a drunken and violent father; a mother who disappeared from his life early on because of that father; and a name that has triggered series of taunts and endless bullying.

It's hard to know where to start with this. I suppose I could tell you all about where I was born, what it was like when Mum was still around, what happened when I was a little kid, all that kind of stuff, but it's not really relevant. Or maybe it is. I don't know. Most of it I can't remember, any-way. It's all just bits and pieces of things, things that may or may not have happened – scraps of images, vague feelings, faded photographs of nameless people and forgotten places – that kind of thing. Anyway, let's get the name out of the way first.

Martyn Pig.

Martyn with a Y, Pig with an I and one G.

Martyn Pig.

Yeah, I know. Don't worry about it. It doesn't bother me any more. I'm used to it. Mind you, there was a time when nothing else seemed to matter. My name made my life unbearable. Martyn Pig. Why? Why did I have to put up with it? The startled looks, the sneers and sniggers, the snorts, the never-ending pig jokes, day in, day out, over and over again. Why? Why me? Why couldn't I have a normal name?

Keith Watson, Darren Jones – something like that. Why was I lumbered with a name that turned heads, a name that got me noticed? A funny name. Why? And it wasn't just the name-calling I had to worry about, either, it was everything. Every time I had to tell someone my name I'd start to feel ill. Physically ill. Sweaty hands, the shakes, bellyache. I lived for years with the constant dread of having to announce myself.

'Name?'

'Martyn Pig.'

'Pardon?'

'Martyn Pig.'

'Pig?'

'Yes.'

'Martyn Pig?'

'Yes. Martyn with a Y, Pig with an I and one G.'

Unless you've got an odd name yourself you wouldn't know what it's like. You wouldn't understand. They say that sticks and stones may break your bones but words will never hurt you. Oh yeah? Well, whoever thought that one up was an idiot. An idiot with an ordinary name, probably.

Words hurt. Porky, Piggy, Pigman, Oink, Bacon, Stinky, Snorter, Porker, Grunt ...

I blamed my dad. It was his name. I asked him once if he'd ever thought of changing it.

'Changing what?' he'd muttered, without looking up from his newspaper.

'Our name. Pig.'

He reached for his beer and said nothing.

'Dad?'

'What?'

'Nothing. It doesn't matter.'

It took me a long time to realise that the best way to deal with name-calling is to simply ignore it. It's not easy, but I've found that if you let people do or think what they want and don't let your feelings get too mixed up in it, then after a while they usually get bored and leave you alone.

It worked for me, anyway. I still have to put up with curious looks whenever I give my name. New teachers, librarians, doctors, dentists, newsagents, they all do it: narrow their eyes, frown, look to one side – is he joking? And then the embarrassment when they realise I'm not. But I can cope with that. Like I said, I'm used to it. You can get used to just about anything given enough time.

At least I don't get called Porky any more. Well ... not very often. This – what I'm going to tell you about – it all happened just over a year ago. It was the week before Christmas. Or Xmas, as Dad called it. Exmas. It was the week before Exmas. A Wednesday. I was in the kitchen filling a plastic bin-liner with empty beer bottles and Dad was leaning in the doorway, smoking a cigarette, watching me through bloodshot eyes.

'Don't you go takin' 'em to the bottle bank,' he said.

'No, Dad.'

'Bloody emviroment this, emviroment that ... if anyone wants to use my empty bottles again they'll have to pay for 'em. I don't get 'em for nothing, you know.'

'No.'

'Why should I give 'em away? What's the emviroment ever done for me?'

'Mmm.'

'Bloody bottle banks ...'

He paused to puff on his cigarette. I thought of telling him that there's no such thing as the emviroment, but I couldn't be bothered. I filled the bin-liner, tied it, and started on another. Dad was gazing at his reflection in the glass door, rubbing at the bags under his eyes. He could have been quite a handsome man if it wasn't for the drink. Handsome in a short, thuggish kind of way. Five foot seven, tough-guy mouth, squarish jaw, oily black hair. He could have looked like one of those bad guys in films – the ones the ladies can't help falling in love with, even though they know they're bad – but he didn't. He looked like what he was: a drunk. Fat little belly, florid skin, yellowed eyes, sagging cheeks and a big fat neck. Old and worn out at forty.

He leaned over the sink, coughed, spat, and flicked ash down the plughole. 'That bloody woman's coming Friday.'

'That bloody woman' was my Auntie Jean. Dad's older sister. A terrible woman. Think of the worst person you know, then double it, and you'll be halfway to Auntie Jean. I can hardly bear to describe her, to tell you the truth. Furious is the first word that comes to mind. Mad, ugly and furious. An angular woman, cold and hard, with crispy blue hair and a face that makes you shudder. I don't know what colour her eyes are, but they look as if they never close. They have about as much warmth as two depthless pools. Her mouth is thin and pillar-box red, like something drawn by a disturbed child. And she walks faster than most people run. She moves like a huntress, quick and quiet, homing in on her prey. I used to have nightmares about her. I still do. She always came over the week before Christmas.

0	4	Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, from 'At least I don't get called...' to the end.
A student, having read this section of the text, said: "This part of the text portrays the Martyn's relationship with his father and his aunt and hints that his family is not a happy one."		
To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:		
<ul style="list-style-type: none">consider your own impressions of the charactersevaluate how the writer creates a sense of frustration and negativitysupport your opinions with quotations from the text.		
[20 marks]		

Extract from 'Anita and Me' by Meera Syal



The story revolves around Meena, a British Punjabi girl (the "me" of the title), and her relationship with her English neighbour Anita as they grow up in the fictional Midlands village of Tollington in the 1970s. In this extract, Anita has been invited round for dinner with Meena's family.

Anita turned up alone and empty-handed, wearing her new school jumper with a pair of flared jeans. 'Tracey didn't want to come,' was the first thing she said to my parents who stood by the door, as they did for all our visitors, ready to take her coat.

'Oh, that's okay, darling,' said mama, ushering her in and waving at papa to remove one of the place settings from the dining table. I had insisted that we sit at the table, something we never did with Indian guests since we usually ate in shifts. But tonight, I had set the table myself, even putting Sunil's high chair next to mama's place, and told her, 'Don't just run to and from the kitchen burning your fingers like you normally do. I want us to sit and talk, you know, like you're supposed to do at dinners.' I could have asked mama to tap-dance on top of the telly wearing false boobs and, playing the spoons and she might have considered it, so anxious was she to mop the brow of our motherless guest.

I knew Anita well enough not to expect a great display of mourning, but even I was surprised by her complete lack of emotion, or indeed, social graces. She watched Top of the Pops through all papa's attempts to engage her in friendly chit chat, during which he steered clear of anything that might possibly be connected with Mothers. 'So Anita ... um, how's school?' Anita grunted and turned up the volume control, shifting away from Sunil who was edging towards her holding the edge of the sofa, desperate to make friends with this new face, 'Your par... your father; does he take you or do you go by bus?' Anita stifled a yawn and reached for another crisp from our nick-nacks bowl, as mama called it which was now almost empty.

Mama had gone to the trouble of preparing two menus which was fortunate considering Anita's reaction when the serving of various curries we placed in front of her. 'What's that!' she demanded, as if confronted with a festering sheep's head on a platter. 'Oh that's mattar-paneer,' mama said proudly, always happy to educate the sad English palate. 'A sort of Indian cheese, and these are peas with it, of course ...'

'Cheese and peas?' said Anita faintly. 'Together?'

'Well,' mama went on hurriedly. 'This is chicken curry ... You have had chicken before, haven't you?'

'What's that stuff round it?'

'Um, just gravy, you know, tomatoes, onions, garlic...' Mama was losing confidence now, she trailed off as she picked up Anita's increasing panic.

'Chicken with tomatoes? What's garlic?'

'Don't you worry!' papa interjected heartily, fearing a culinary cat fight was about to shatter his fragile peace. 'We've also got fish fingers and chips. Is tomato sauce too dangerous for you?'

Anita's relief made her oblivious to his attempt at a joke. She simply picked up her knife and fork and rested her elbows on the table, waiting to be served with something she could recognise. 'I'll have fish fingers, mum! Um, please!' I called out after her. I could tell from the set of mama's back that her charity was wearing a little thin. Although I had yet to cast Anita in the mould of one of the Rainbow orphan kids, I did wonder if food was a problem at her house after seeing her eat. Any romantic idea I had about witty stories over the dinner table disappeared when Anita made a fortress of her arms and chewed stolidly behind it, daring anyone to approach and disturb her concentration or risk losing an eye if they attempted to steal a chip. She looked up only twice, once when my parents began eating, as always, with their fingers, using their chapatti as scoops to ferry the banquet of curries into their mouths.

Anita stopped in mid-chew, looking from her knife and fork to mama and papa's fingers with faint disgust, apparently unaware that all of us had a great view of a lump of half masticated fishfinger sitting on her tongue.

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4

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, from 'Mama had gone...' to the end.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: "This part of the text, explaining how Anita behaves with Meena's family, shows how there is a huge difference in culture between them."

To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of how Anita behaves
- evaluate how the writer describes her behaviour
- support your opinions with quotations from the text.

[20 marks]

Extract from 'To Kill a Mockingbird' by Harper Lee

The story takes place in the fictional "tired old town" of Maycomb, Alabama. It focuses on six-year-old Jean Louise Finch (Scout), who lives with her older brother, Jem, and their widowed father, Atticus, a middle-aged lawyer. Jem and Scout befriend a boy named Dill, who visits Maycomb to stay with his aunt each summer.

When he was nearly thirteen, my brother Jem got his arm badly broken at the elbow. When it healed, and Jem's fears of never being able to play football were assuaged, he was seldom self-conscious about his injury. His left arm was somewhat shorter than his right; when he stood or walked, the back of his hand was at right angles to his body, his thumb parallel to his thigh. He couldn't have cared less, so long as he could pass and punt.

When enough years had gone by to enable us to look back on them, we sometimes discussed the events leading to his accident. I maintain that the Ewells started it all, but Jem, who was four years my senior, said it started long before that. He said it began the summer Dill came to us, when Dill first gave us the idea of making Boo Radley come out.

Maycomb was an old town, but it was a tired old town when I first knew it. In rainy weather the streets turned to red slop; grass grew on the sidewalks, the courthouse sagged in the square. Somehow, it was hotter then: a black dog suffered on a summer's day; bony mules hitched to Hoover carts flicked flies in the sweltering shade of the live oaks on the square. Men's stiff collars wilted by nine in the morning. Ladies bathed before noon, after their three-o'clock naps, and by nightfall were like soft teacakes with frostings of sweat and sweet talcum.

People moved slowly then. They ambled across the square, shuffled in and out of the stores around it, took their time about everything. A day was twenty-four hours long but seemed longer. There was no hurry, for there was nowhere to go, nothing to buy and no money to buy it with, nothing to see outside the boundaries of Maycomb County. But it was a time of vague optimism for some of the people: Maycomb County had recently been told that it had nothing to fear but fear itself.

We lived on the main residential street in town—Atticus, Jem and I, plus Calpurnia

our cook. Jem and I found our father satisfactory: he played with us, read to us, and treated us with courteous detachment.

Calpurnia was something else again. She was all angles and bones; she was nearsighted; she squinted; her hand was wide as a bed slot and twice as hard. She was always ordering me out of the kitchen, asking me why I couldn't behave as well as Jem when she knew he was older, and calling me home when I wasn't ready to come. Our battles were epic and one-sided. Calpurnia always won, mainly because Atticus always took her side. She had been with us ever since Jem was born, and I had felt her tyrannical presence as long as I could remember.

Our mother died when I was two, so I never felt her absence. She was a Graham from Montgomery; Atticus met her when he was first elected to the state legislature. He was middle-aged then, she was fifteen years his junior. Jem was the product of their first year of marriage; four years later I was born, and two years later our mother died from a sudden heart attack. They said it ran in her family. I did not miss her, but I think Jem did. He remembered her clearly, and sometimes in the middle of a game he would sigh at length, then go off and play by himself behind the car-house. When he was like that, I knew better than to bother him.

When I was almost six and Jem was nearly ten, our summertime boundaries (within calling distance of Calpurnia) were Mrs. Henry Lafayette Dubose's house two doors to the north of us, and the Radley Place three doors to the south. We were never tempted to break them. The Radley Place was inhabited by an unknown entity the mere description of whom was enough to make us behave for days on end; Mrs. Dubose was plain hell.

That was the summer Dill came to us.

0

4

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, from 'We lived on the main residential street in town...' to the end.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: "This part of the text really develops the characters and brings them to life for the reader."

To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of the characters
- evaluate how the writer uses language to describe
- support your opinions with quotations from the text.

[20 marks]

Extract from 'Treasure Island' by Robert Louis Stevenson



An old sailor, calling himself "the captain"—real name "Billy" Bones—comes to lodge at the Admiral Benbow Inn on the west English coast during the mid-1700s, paying the innkeeper's son, Jim Hawkins, a few pennies to keep a lookout for a one-legged "seafaring man."

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand-barrow — a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man, his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulder of his soiled blue coat, his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails, and the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cover and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest —
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

in the high, old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the capstan bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering on the taste and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our signboard.

"This is a handy cove," says he at length; "and a pleasant sittyated grog-shop. Much company, mate?"

My father told him no, very little company, the more was the pity.

"Well, then," said he, "this is the berth for me. Here you, matey," he cried to the man who trundled the barrow; "bring up alongside and help up my chest. I'll stay here a bit," he continued. "I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there for to watch ships off. What you mought call me? You mought call me captain. Oh, I see what you're at — there"; and he threw down three or four gold pieces on the threshold. "You can tell me when I've worked through that," says he, looking as fierce as a commander.

And indeed bad as his clothes were and coarsely as he spoke, he had none of the appearance of a man who sailed before the mast, but seemed like a mate or skipper

accustomed to be obeyed or to strike. The man who came with the barrow told us the mail had set him down the morning before at the Royal George, that he had inquired what inns there were along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, and described as lonely, had chosen it from the others for his place of residence. And that was all we could learn of our guest.

He was a very silent man by custom. All day he hung round the cove or upon the cliffs with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner of the parlour next the fire and drank rum and water very strong. Mostly he would not speak when spoken to, only look up sudden and fierce and blow through his nose like a fog-horn; and we and the people who came about our house soon learned to let him be. Every day when he came back from his stroll he would ask if any seafaring men had gone by along the road.

At first we thought it was the want of company of his own kind that made him ask this question, but at last we began to see he was desirous to avoid them. When a seaman did put up at the Admiral Benbow (as now and then some did, making by the coast road for Bristol) he would look in at him through the curtained door before he entered the parlour; and he was always sure to be as silent as a mouse when any such was present. For me, at least, there was no secret about the matter, for I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarms. He had taken me aside one day and promised me a silver fourpenny on the first of every month if I would only keep my "weather-eye open for a seafaring man with one leg" and let him know the moment he appeared.

Often enough when the first of the month came round and I applied to him for my wage, he would only blow through his nose at me and stare me down, but before the week was out he was sure to think better of it, bring me my four-penny piece, and repeat his orders to look out for "the seafaring man with one leg."

How that personage haunted my dreams, I need scarcely tell you.

0	4	Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, from 'And indeed bad as his clothes...' to the end.
<p>A student, having read this section of the text, said: "This part of the text, explaining how the Captain behaves and scares Jim Hawkins, engages the reader in the story and creates a tense atmosphere."</p> <p>To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">consider your own impressions of how Jim feels about the Captainevaluate how the writer creates a tense atmospheresupport your opinions with quotations from the text.		
[20 marks]		

QUESTION 5

CREATIVE WRITING QUESTION.

Either:

- Write a description suggested by this picture

Or:

- Write the opening part of a story about...

Advice:

Spend at least 5 minutes planning before you write.

Avoid lots of dialogue – focus on descriptive language.

Experiment with structure, paragraphs and sentence lengths.

Show off your vocabulary.

Proof read your work carefully checking for accuracy.

40 marks =
45 minutes



Question 5 - Creative writing for purpose

Focus and marks

AO5 Content and Organisation

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

[24 marks]

AO6 Technical Accuracy

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

[16 marks]

Skills

Content

- ☐ Register is appropriate for audience (e.g. formal/informal)
- ☐ Matched to purpose (to describe)
- ☐ Ambitious vocabulary
- ☐ Language devices

Organisation

- ☐ Use of structural features
- ☐ A range of connected ideas
- ☐ Accurate paragraphs
- ☐ Use of discourse markers (connectives)

- ☐ Sentences are accurately constructed
- ☐ Wide range of punctuation is used
- ☐ High level of accuracy
- ☐ Uses a full range of appropriate sentence forms
- ☐ Uses Standard English (e.g. no slang words/phrases)
- ☐ Control of grammar
- ☐ High level of accuracy in spelling, including ambitious vocabulary
- ☐ Ambitious use of vocabulary



Advice:

1. Plan your introduction and conclusion.
2. Add in your main points for each paragraph.
3. Decide on an order for your paragraphs
4. Think where you might use certain language features or structures.
5. Number your paragraphs once you have planned to decide on an effective structure.

LANGUAGE DEVICES

ALLITERATION
ADJECTIVES
ADVERBS
METAPHORS
ONOMATOPOEIA
PERSONIFICATION
SIMILES
EMOTIVE LANGUAGE
RHETORICAL QUESTIONS
SIBILANCE
JUXAPOSITION
PUNCTUATION
SENSORY IMAGERY

INTRODUCTION

- ☐ Rain building
- ☐ Gradual
- ☐ Wind howling
- ☐ Rumble of train
- ☐ DESCRIBE SETTING

1

PLAN 'to describe'

- ☐ Introduce main character – tension built through anxious thoughts
- ☐ Looking out of window seeing storm build

2

- ☐ Power cut.
- ☐ Panic.
- ☐ Describe lots of noises – panicked voices, overwhelming
- ☐ Darkness
- ☐ Cold rush of air

5

- ☐ Describe wave hitting
- ☐ Onomatopoeia
- ☐ Metaphor/personification. Suffocation. Eating/engulfing the train.
- ☐ Dragging it down to the depths.

4

- ☐ Other characters – children playing to contrast with outside environment
- ☐ Other passengers tense

3

CONCLUSION

- ☐ The wave recedes and trickles back out to sea as if it never existed
- ☐ Sibilance reflecting the water disappearing...

6

Level		Skills
Level 4 19-24 marks Compelling, Convincing	Upper Level 4 22-24 marks	Content <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Register is convincing and compelling for audience Assuredly matched to purpose Extensive and ambitious vocabulary with sustained crafting of linguistic devices Organisation <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Varied and inventive use of structural features Writing is compelling, incorporating a range of convincing and complex ideas Fluently linked paragraphs with seamlessly integrated discourse markers
	Lower Level 4 19-21 marks	Content <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Register is convincingly matched to audience Convincingly matched to purpose Extensive vocabulary with conscious crafting of linguistic devices Organisation <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Varied and effective structural features Writing is highly engaging with a range of developed complex ideas Consistently coherent use of paragraphs with integrated discourse markers
Level 3 13-18 marks Consistent, Clear	Upper Level 3 16-18 marks	Content <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Register is consistently matched to audience Consistently matched to purpose Increasingly sophisticated vocabulary and phrasing, chosen for effect with a range of successful linguistic devices Organisation <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Effective use of structural features Writing is engaging, using a range of clear connected ideas Coherent paragraphs with integrated discourse markers
	Lower Level 3 13-15 marks	Content <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Register is generally matched to audience Generally matched to purpose Vocabulary clearly chosen for effect and appropriate use of linguistic devices Organisation <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Usually effective use of structural features Writing is engaging, with a range of connected ideas Usually coherent paragraphs with
Level 2 7-12 marks Some success	Upper Level 2 10-12 marks	Content <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Some sustained attempt to match register to audience Some sustained attempt to match purpose Conscious use of vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices Organisation <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Some use of structural features Increasing variety of linked and relevant ideas Some use of paragraphs and some use of discourse markers
	Lower Level 2 7-9 marks	Content <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Attempts to match register to audience Attempts to match purpose Begins to vary vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices Organisation <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Attempts to use structural features Some linked and relevant ideas Attempt to write in paragraphs with some discourse markers, not always appropriate
Level 1 1-6 marks Simple, Limited	Upper Level 1 4-6 marks	Content <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Simple awareness of register/audience Simple awareness of purpose Simple vocabulary; simple linguistic devices Organisation <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Evidence of simple structural features One or two relevant ideas, simply linked Random paragraph structure
	Lower Level 1 1-3 marks	Content <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Occasional sense of audience Occasional sense of purpose Simple vocabulary Organisation <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Limited or no evidence of structural features One or two unlinked ideas No paragraphs

CONTENT AND ORGANISATION

TECHNICAL ACCURACY

Level	Skills
Level 4 13-16 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☐ Sentence demarcation is consistently secure and consistently accurate ☐ Wide range of punctuation is used with a high level of accuracy ☐ Uses a full range of appropriate sentence forms for effect ☐ Uses Standard English consistently and appropriately with secure control of complex grammatical structures ☐ High level of accuracy in spelling, including ambitious vocabulary ☐ Extensive and ambitious use of vocabulary
Level 3 9-12 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☐ Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and mostly accurate ☐ Range of punctuation is used, mostly with success ☐ Uses a variety of sentence forms for effect ☐ Mostly uses Standard English appropriately with mostly controlled grammatical structures ☐ Generally accurate spelling, including complex and irregular words ☐ Increasingly sophisticated use of vocabulary
Level 2 5-8 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☐ Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and sometimes accurate ☐ Some control of a range of punctuation ☐ Attempts a variety of sentence forms ☐ Some use of Standard English with some control of agreement ☐ Some accurate spelling of more complex words ☐ Varied use of vocabulary
Level 1 1-4 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☐ Occasional use of sentence demarcation ☐ Some evidence of conscious punctuation ☐ Simple range of sentence forms ☐ Occasional use of Standard English with limited control of agreement ☐ Accurate basic spelling ☐ Simple use of vocabulary

Example Answer: How many marks?

Can you annotate the devices that have been used for **impact**?

Drip, drip, drip... The pitter patter of rain hit the windows, each droplet making a loud 'plop' as it struck the glass and metal of the train. The wind brushed past in excitement, its fingers grasping the frame of the train as it blew and cried with delight. The sea growled in reply and the little train rattled onwards, oblivious, making its way along the Brighton coast.

Amy had always loved the rain. Her eyes glowed with excitement as she watched the storm brewing outside. Her fingers tapped gently on the window and she smiled quietly to herself.

'Mummy, mummy – look!'

A pudgy finger stabbed against the window, leaving greasy streaks all over the clean glass panes. Amy's nose twitched with annoyance and she sniffed loudly. Following the pointing finger, she looked outside just in time to see the first flashes of lightening as the storm began to truly wake. She shivered with delight.

'Mummy!'

The child would not be ignored and clamoured for his mother's attention. Amy glanced over to the dishevelled pile of clothes in the opposite corner. The harassed looking woman was so tired, so worn down that she seemed almost blurry at the edges. The purple smudges under each eye betrayed a hectic life and the toddler in her lap wriggled busily as the mother tried to smooth his hair and keep him still. Meanwhile, his brother was brewing a storm of his own -

'MUMMY!' he wailed, his lower lip trembling, his voice quivering with frustrated emotions.

Amy sighed as she heard the dam break and the little boy began to howl. His tears flowed even more heavily than the rain outside the train windows. The carriage made a collective sigh as they anticipated the prolonged tantrum that the little boy presented. Amy shifted in her seat, facing away from the screaming child and stammering parent, trying her best to dampen the sounds of comfort and pain with the sounds of the wind and rain. She was just leaning forward to look further out to sea when she felt the jolt of the train and fell onto the glass. Her face hit the window with a loud clunk and she snapped her neck backwards in a bid to escape further injury.

The breaks squealed and the train ground to a halt. The tempest continued to rage. With a sudden flash the lights of the train flickered once and went out. Amy swore quietly under her breath and stood up to explore. Her carriage had exploded with sound: children were roaring in indignation as the adults around them took up the cry of panic. The wind chuckled and the rain danced about them. The sea was building its courage outside.

Another flash. Surely it could not be? Amy's stomach somersaulted and skipped with the sheer terror of the sight that met her eyes: the sea was growing. Its mouth was gaping open, its jaws wide, ready to engulf the tiny toy of a train that was their safety. Her cry of horror was lost to the sudden screech of metal as the train jolted forward once more.

The water fell on them like a bomb, exploding in every direction and tearing into the train's frame. Amy felt herself flung backwards and heard the roar of the ocean as it scratched and tore at the windows. Her hands closed on the person closest to her: the trembling form of the toddler, his tears pouring freely as his wordless desolation consumed him. Amy could not see his mother, but she held the child close and closed her eyes.

'You're going to be okay,' she whispered into his ear. 'The sea is just playing with us. Do you like to play games?'

The boy sniffled and began to still in her arms... She prayed that her words were true. The swirl of water did seem like it was receding - the soft squelch of seawater made a sucking sound as it pulled back from the train. The lights were still out, but Amy could feel the suffocation lifting its fingers from her chest. The carriage seemed to sigh with relief as the train moved forward once more into the darkness.

The chug and crunch of metal on metal rang through the carriage and the people held their breath as they lurched onwards. The wind's voice lessened and became a sigh. Silently, the silhouettes and shadows moved together, reaching out their fingers towards each other. Amy cradled the little boy and took a tentative step towards his mother. She stopped and whispered to him.

'Mummy?' His voice this time was quiet. Scared. Less demanding and more desperate.

His mother's sob was deafening and she crushed them both in the warm embrace of her arms. The lights flashes on once more and the carriage glowed with relief. Safe.



REVISE YOUR SKILLS

Time yourself and have a go at the creative writing questions on the next pages.

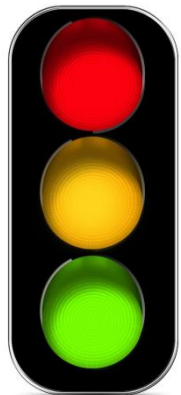
Spend 5 minutes planning. Use the blank planning sheet if you can print one.

Remember to spend only 35 minutes writing and the last 5 minutes **proof reading**.



WANT MORE?

Get some images from Google to keep practising with.
Can you time yourself every time?



PLAN

WRITE

CHECK

Write a description
suggested by this
picture:



LANGUAGE DEVICES

ALLITERATION
ADJECTIVES
ADVERBS
METAPHORS
ONOMATOPOEIA
PERSONIFICATION
SIMILES
EMOTIVE LANGUAGE
RHETORICAL QUESTIONS
SIBILANCE
JUXAPOSITION
PUNCTUATION
SENSORY IMAGERY

INTRODUCTION

1

PLAN
'to
describe'

CONCLUSION

6

Write a description
suggested by this
picture:



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ALTERNATIVE QUESTIONS

- ☐ Write the opening part of a story about extreme weather.
- ☐ Write the opening part of a story about exploration.
- ☐ Write the opening part of a story about...

Choose a topic of your choice.

Keep practising as much as you can and don't forget to use the mark scheme.

HOW TO DO WELL IN THE LANGUAGE EXAM: PAPER 1

Question 1	Question 2	Question 3
Question 4	Question 5	General tips