FAIRFAX
SINCERITAS LABORIS

KS4 GCSE

English Language

Revision Pack

Paper One : Explorations in Creative Reading and Writing

(1 hour 45 minutes, 80 marks, 50%)

Paper Two: Writers' Viewpoints and Perspectives

(1 hour 45 minutes, 80 marks, 50%)

AQA

Key Words

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

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

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

Paper 1, Section A:
First Responses to Unseen Prose

Meaning

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

Tone

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

Imagery and Language

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

Character

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

Setting

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

Structure

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

Of Mice and Men, John Steinbeck

First published in 1937.

Old Candy turned slowly over. His eyes were wide open. He watched George carefully.
Lennie said, “Tell about that place, George.”
“I jus’ tol’ you, jus’ las’ night.”
“Go on—tell again, George.”
“Well, it’s ten acres,” said George. “Got a little win’mill. Got a little shack on it, an’ a chicken run. Got a kitchen, orchard, cherries, apples, peaches, ‘cots, nuts, got a few berries. They’s a place for alfalfa and plenty water to flood it. They’s a pig pen—”
“An’ rabbits, George.”
“No place for rabbits now, but I could easy build a few hutches and you could feed alfalfa to the rabbits.”
“Damn right, I could,” said Lennie. “You God damn right I could.”
George’s hands stopped working with the cards. His voice was growing warmer. “An’ we could have a few pigs. I could build a smoke house like the one gran’pa had, an’ when we kill a pig we can smoke the bacon and the hams, and make sausage an’ all like that. An’ when the salmon run up river we could catch a hundred of ‘em an’ salt ‘em down or smoke ‘em. We could have them for breakfast. They ain’t nothing so nice as smoked salmon. When the fruit come in we could can it—and tomatoes, they’re easy to can. Ever’ Sunday we’d kill a chicken or a rabbit. Maybe we’d have a cow or a goat, and the cream is so God damn thick you got to cut it with a knife and take it out with a spoon.”
Lennie watched him with wide eyes, and old Candy watched him too. Lennie said softly, “We could live offa the fatta the lan’.”
“Sure,” said George. “All kin’s a vegetables in the garden, and if we want a little whisky we can sell a few eggs or something, or some milk. We’d jus’ live there. We’d belong there. There wouldn’t be no more runnin’ round the country and gettin’ fed by a Jap cook. No, sir, we’d have our own place where we belonged and not sleep in no bunk house.”
“Tell about the house, George,” Lennie begged.
“Sure, we’d have a little house an’ a room to ourself. Little fat iron stove, an’ in the winter we’d keep a fire goin’ in it. It ain’t enough land so we’d have to work too hard. Maybe six, seven hours a day. We wouldn’t have to buck no barley eleven hours a day. An’ when we put in a crop, why, we’d be there to take the crop up. We’d know what come of our planting.”
“An’ rabbits,” Lennie said eagerly. “An’ I’d take care of ‘em. Tell how I’d do that, George.”
“Sure, you’d go out in the alfalfa patch an’ you’d have a sack. You’d fill up the sack and bring it in an’ put it in the rabbit cages.”
“They’d nibble an’ they’d nibble,” said Lennie, “the way they do. I seen ‘em.”
“Ever’ six weeks or so,” George continued, “them does would throw a litter so we’d have plenty rabbits to eat an’ to sell. An’ we’d keep a few pigeons to go flyin’ around the win’mill like they done when I was a kid.” He looked raptly at the wall over Lennie’s head. “An’ it’d be our own, an’ nobody could can us. If we don’t like a guy we can say, ‘Get the hell out,’ and by God he’s got to do it. An’ if a fren’ come along, why we’d have an extra bunk, an’ we’d say, ‘Why don’t you spen’ the night?’ an’ by God he would. We’d have a setter dog and a couple stripe cats, but you gotta watch out them cats don’t get the little rabbits.”
Lennie breathed hard. “You jus’ let ‘em try to get the rabbits. I’ll break their God damn necks. I’ll . . . . I’ll smash ‘em with a stick.” He subsided, grumbling to himself, threatening the future cats which might dare to disturb the future rabbits.
George sat entranced with his own picture.
When Candy spoke they both jumped as though they had been caught doing something reprehensible.
Candy said, “You know where’s a place like that?”
George was on guard immediately. “S’pose I do,” he said. “What’s that to you?”

Paper 1, Section A:
First Responses to Unseen Prose

Meaning

Tone

Imagery and Language

Character

Setting

Structure

Rebecca, Daphne du Maurier

First published in Great Britain 1938

Chapter One

Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me I stood by the iron gate leading to the drive, and for a while I could not enter, for the way was barred to me. There was a padlock and chain upon the gate. I called in my dream to the lodge-keeper, and had no answer, and peering closer through the rusted spokes of the gate I saw that the lodge was uninhabited.

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 unkempt, 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 realized 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 recognize, 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.

The drive was a ribbon now, a thread of its former self, with gravel surface gone, and choked with grass and moss. The trees had thrown out low branches, making an impediment to progress; the gnarled roots looked like skeleton claws. Scattered here and again amongst this jungle growth I would recognize shrubs that had been landmarks in our time, things of culture and grace, hydrangeas whose blue heads had been famous. No hand had checked their progress, and they had gone native now, rearing to monster height without a bloom, black and ugly as the nameless parasites that grew beside them.

Paper 1, Section A:
First Responses to Unseen Prose

Meaning

Tone

Imagery and Language

Character

Setting

Structure

Passing, Nella Larson

First published in 1929.

Again she looked up, and for a moment her brown eyes politely returned the stare of the other's black ones, which never for an instant fell or wavered. Irene made a little mental shrug. Oh well, let her look! She tried to treat the woman and her watching with indifference, but she couldn't. All her efforts to ignore her, it, were futile. She stole another glance. Still looking. What strange languorous eyes she had!

And gradually there rose in Irene a small inner disturbance, odious and hatefully familiar. She laughed softly, but her eyes flashed.

Did that woman, could that woman, somehow know that here before her very eyes on the roof of the Drayton sat a Negro?

Absurd! Impossible! White people were so stupid about such things for all that they usually asserted that they were able to tell; and by the most ridiculous means, finger-nails, palms of hands, shapes of ears, teeth, and other equally silly rot. They always took her for an Italian, a Spaniard, a Mexican, or a gipsy. Never, when she was alone, had they even remotely seemed to suspect that she was a Negro. No, the woman sitting there staring at her couldn't possibly know.

Nevertheless, Irene felt, in turn, anger, scorn, and fear slide over her. It wasn't that she was ashamed of being a Negro, or even of having it declared. It was the idea of being ejected from any place, even in the polite and tactful way in which the Drayton would probably do it, that disturbed her.

But she looked, boldly this time, back into the eyes still frankly intent upon her. They did not seem to her hostile or resentful. Rather, Irene had the feeling that they were ready to smile if she would. Nonsense, of course. The feeling passed, and she turned away with the firm intention of keeping her gaze on the lake, the roofs of the buildings across the way, the sky, anywhere but on that annoying woman. Almost immediately, however, her eyes were back again. In the midst of her fog of uneasiness she had been seized by a desire to outstare the rude observer. Suppose the woman did know or suspect her race. She couldn't prove it.

Suddenly her small fright Increased. Her neighbour had risen and was coming towards her. What was going to happen now?

Paper 1, Section A:
First Responses to Unseen Prose

Meaning

Tone

Imagery and Language

Character

Setting

Structure

THE GREAT GATSBY, F. SCOTT FIZGERALD

FIRST PUBLISHED 1925

CHAPTER 3

Every Friday five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York — every Monday these same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves. There was a machine in the kitchen which could extract the juice of two hundred oranges in half an hour if a little button was pressed two hundred times by a butler's thumb.

At least once a fortnight a corps of caterers came down with several hundred feet of canvas and enough coloured lights to make a Christmas tree of Gatsby's enormous garden. On buffet tables, garnished with glistening hors-d'oeuvre, spiced baked hams crowded against salads of harlequin designs and pastry pigs and turkeys bewitched to a dark gold. In the main hall a bar with a real brass rail was set up, and stocked with gins and liquors and with cordials so long forgotten that most of his female guests were too young to know one from another.

By seven o'clock the orchestra has arrived, no thin five-piece affair, but a whole pitful of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos, and low and high drums. The last swimmers have come in from the beach now and are dressing up-stairs; the cars from New York are parked five deep in the drive, and already the halls and salons and verandas are gaudy with primary colors, and hair shorn in strange new ways, and shawls beyond the dreams of Castile. The bar is in full swing, and floating rounds of cocktails permeate the garden outside, until the air is alive with chatter and laughter, and casual innuendo and introductions forgotten on the spot, and enthusiastic meetings between women who never knew each other's names.

The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun, and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music, and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier minute by minute, spilled with prodigality, tipped out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath; already there are wanderers, confident girls who weave here and there among the stouter and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the centre of a group, and then, excited with triumph, glide on through the sea-change of faces and voices and colour under the constantly changing light.

Suddenly one of the gypsies, in trembling opal, seizes a cocktail out of the air, dumps it down for courage and, moving her hands like Frisco, dances out alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader varies his rhythm obligingly for her, and there is a burst of chatter as the erroneous news goes around that she is Gilda Gray's understudy from the *Follies*. The party has begun.

I believe that on the first night I went to Gatsby's house I was one of the few guests who had actually been invited. People were not invited — they went there. They got into automobiles which bore them out to Long Island, and somehow they ended up at Gatsby's door. Once there they were introduced by somebody who knew Gatsby, and after that they conducted themselves according to the rules of behavior associated with amusement parks. Sometimes they came and went without having met Gatsby at all, came for the party with simplicity of heart that was its own ticket of admission.

Paper 1, Section A:
First Responses to Unseen Prose

Meaning

Tone

Imagery and Language

Character

Setting

Structure

His Dark Materials – Northern Light, Philip Pullman

First published in 1995

The Decanter of Tokay

Lyra and her daemon moved through the darkening Hall, taking care to keep to one side, out of sight of the kitchen. The three great tables that ran the length of the Hall were laid already, the silver and the glass catching what little light there was, and the long benches were pulled out ready for the guests. Portraits of former Masters hung high up in the gloom along the walls. Lyra reached the dais and looked back at the open kitchen door and, seeing no one, stepped up beside the high table. The places here were laid with gold, not silver, and the fourteen seats were not oak benches but mahogany chairs with velvet cushions.

Lyra stopped beside the Master's chair and flicked the biggest glass gently with a fingernail. The sound rang clearly through the Hall.

"You're not taking this seriously," whispered her daemon.

"Behave yourself."

Her daemon's name was Pantalaimon, and he was currently in the form of a moth, a dark brown one so as not to show up in the darkness of the Hall.

"They're making too much noise to hear from the kitchen," Lyra whispered back. "And the Steward doesn't come in till the first bell. Stop fussing."

But she put her palm over the ringing crystal anyway, and Pantalaimon fluttered ahead and through the slightly open door of the Retiring Room at the other end of the dais. After a moment he appeared again.

"There's no one there," he whispered. "But we must be quick."

Crouching behind the high table, Lyra darted along and through the door into the Retiring Room, where she stood up and looked around. The only light in here came from the fireplace, where a bright blaze of logs settled slightly as she looked, sending a fountain of sparks up into the chimney. She had lived most of her life in the College, but had never seen the Retiring Room before: only Scholars and their guests were allowed in here, and never females. Even the maidservants didn't clean in here. That was the Butler's job alone.

Pantalaimon settled on her shoulder.

"Happy now? Can we go?" he whispered.

"Don't be silly! I want to look around!"

It was a large room, with an oval table of polished rosewood on which stood various decanters and glasses, and a silver smoking-mill with a rack of pipes. On a sideboard nearby there was a little chafing-dish and a basked of poppy-heads.

"They do themselves well, don't they, Pan?" she said under her breath.

She sat in one of the green leather armchairs. It was so deep she found herself nearly lying down, but she sat up again and tucked her legs under her to look at the portraits on the walls. More old Scholars, probably: robed, bearded and gloomy, they stared out of their frames in solemn disapproval.

"What d'you think they talk about?" Lyra said, or began to say, because before she'd finished the question she heard voices outside the door.

“Behind the chair – quick!” whispered Pantalaimon, and in a flash Lyra was out of the armchair and crouching behind it. It wasn’t the best one for hiding behind: she’d chosen one in the very centre of the room, and unless she kept very quiet…

Paper 1, Section A:
First Responses to Unseen Prose

Meaning

Tone

Imagery and Language

Character

Setting

Structure

Chronicle of a Death Foretold, Gabriel Garcia Marquez

First published in 1981

ON THE DAY THEY WERE GOING TO KILL him, Santiago Nasar got up at five-thirty in the morning to wait for the boat the bishop was coming on. He'd dreamed he was going through a grove of timber trees where a gentle drizzle was falling, and for an instant he was happy in his dream, but when he awoke he felt completely spattered with bird shit. "He was always dreaming about trees," Plácida Linero, his mother, told me twenty-seven years later, recalling the details of that distressing Monday. "The week before, he'd dreamed that he was alone in a tinfoil airplane and flying through the almond trees without bumping into anything," she said to me. She had a well-earned reputation as an accurate interpreter of other people's dreams, provided they were told her before eating, but she hadn't noticed any ominous augury in those two dreams of her son's, or in the other dreams of trees he'd described to her on the mornings preceding his death.

Nor did Santiago Nasar recognise the omen. He had slept little and poorly, without getting undressed, and he woke up with a headache and a sediment of copper stirrup on his palate, and he interpreted them as the natural havoc of the wedding revels that had gone on until after midnight. Furthermore: all the many people he ran into after leaving his house at five minutes past six and until he was carved up like a pig an hour later remembered him as being a little sleepy but in a good mood, and he remarked to all of them in a casual way that it was a very beautiful day. No one was certain if he was referring to the state of the weather. Many people coincided in recalling that it was a radiant morning with a sea breeze coming in through the banana groves, as was to be expected in a fine February of that period. But most agreed that the weather was funereal, with a cloudy, low sky and the thick smell of still waters, and that at the moment of the misfortune a thin drizzle was falling like the one Santiago Nasar had seen in his dream grove. I was recovering from the wedding revels in the apostolic lap of Maria Alejandrina Cervantes, and I only awakened with the clamour of the alarm bells, thinking they had turned them loose in honour of the bishop.

Santiago Nasar put on a shirt and pants of white linen, both items unstarched, just like the ones he'd put on the day before for the wedding. It was his attire for special occasions. If it hadn't been for the bishop's arrival, he would have dressed in his khaki outfit and the riding boots he wore on Mondays to go to The Divine Face, the cattle ranch he'd inherited from his father and which he administered with very goodjudgment but without much luck. In the country he wore a .357 Magnum on his belt, and its armoured bullets, according to what he said, could cut a horse in two through the middle. During the partridge season he would also carry his falconry equipment. In the closet he kept a Mannlicher Schoenauer .30-06 rifle, a .300 Holland & Holland Magnum rifle, a .22 Hornet with a double-powered telescopic sight, and a Winchester repeater. He always slept the way his father had slept, with the weapon hidden in the pillowcase, but before leaving the house that day he took out the bullets and put them in the drawer of the night table. "He never left it loaded," his mother told me. I knew that, and I also knew that he kept the guns in one place and hid the ammunition in another far removed so that nobody, not even casually, would yield to the temptation of loading them inside the house. It was a wise custom established by his father ever since one morning when a servant girl had shaken the case to get the pillow out and the pistol went off as it hit the floor and the bullet wrecked the cupboard in the room, went through the living room wall, passed through the dining room of the house next door with the thunder of war, and turned a life-size saint on the main altar of the church on the opposite side of the square to plaster dust. Santiago Nasar, who was a young child at the time, never forgot the lesson of that accident.

The last image his mother had of him was of his fleeting passage through the bedroom. He'd wakened her while he was feeling around trying to find an aspirin in the bathroom medicine chest, and she turned on the light and saw him appear in the doorway with a glass of water in his hand. So she

would remember him forever. Santiago Nasar told her then about the dream, but she didn't pay any great attention to the trees.

Paper 1, Section A:
First Responses to Unseen Prose

Meaning

Tone

Imagery and Language

Character

Setting

Structure

Paper 1, Section B:
First Responses to Unseen Non-fiction

Summary:

What is the text about ?

Where is it set?

Who is writing it and why?

Tone:

What is the tone of the writing?

Happy? Sad?

Argumentative?

Descriptive?

Excited? Sarcastic? Thoughtful?

Language and imagery:

What language devices are used?

Similes? Metaphors? Rule of 3? Rhetorical questions?

Repetition?

What sentence structures or paragraph lengths are used?

Structure:

How is the text put together?

Is there a repetition of the core argument?

Does it use a chronological structure?

Does it use argument and counter-argument?

Do we zoom/shift focus?

Key viewpoints:

What are main points that the text is making?

What does the writer feel about the subject matter?

What does he/she want the reader to feel/think?

Charles Darwin in the Galapagos Islands

I have not as yet noticed by far the most remarkable feature in the natural history of this archipelago; it is, that the different islands to a considerable extent are inhabited by a different set of beings. My attention was first called to this fact by the Vice-Governor, Mr. Lawson, declaring that the tortoises differed from the different islands, and that he could with certainty tell from which island any one was brought. I did not for some time pay sufficient attention to this statement, and I had already partially mingled together the collections from two of the islands. I never dreamed that islands, about 50 or 60 miles apart, and most of them in sight of each other, formed of precisely the same rocks, placed under a quite similar climate, rising to a nearly equal height, would have been differently tenanted; but we shall soon see that this is the case. It is the fate of most voyagers, no sooner to discover what is most interesting in any locality, than they are hurried from it; but I ought, perhaps, to be thankful that I obtained sufficient materials to establish this most remarkable fact in the distribution of organic beings. The inhabitants, as I have said, state that they can distinguish the tortoises from the different islands; and that they differ not only in size, but in other characters. Captain Porter has described those from Charles and from the nearest island to it, namely, Hood Island, as having their shells in front thick and turned up like a Spanish saddle, whilst the tortoises from James Island are rounder, blacker, and have a better taste when cooked. M. Bibron, moreover, informs me that he has seen what he considers two distinct species of tortoise from the Galapagos, but he does not know from which islands. The specimens that I brought from three islands were young ones: and probably owing to this cause neither Mr. Gray nor myself could find in them any specific differences. I have remarked that the marine Amblyrhynchus was larger at Albemarle Island than elsewhere; and M. Bibron informs me that he has seen two distinct aquatic species of this genus; so that the different islands probably have their representative species or races of the Amblyrhynchus, as well as of the tortoise. My attention was first thoroughly aroused, by comparing together the numerous specimens, shot by myself and several other parties on board, of the mocking-thrushes, when, to my astonishment, I discovered that all those from Charles Island belonged to one species (Mimus trifasciatus) all from Albemarle Island to M. parvulus; and all from James and Chatham Islands (between which two other islands are situated, as connecting links) belonged to M. melanotis. These two latter species are closely allied, and would by some ornithologists be considered as only well-marked races or varieties; but the Mimus trifasciatus is very distinct. Unfortunately most of the specimens of the finch tribe were mingled together; but I have strong reasons to suspect that some of the species of the sub-group Geospiza are confined to separate islands. If the different islands have their representatives of Geospiza, it may help to explain the singularly large number of the species of this sub-group in this one small archipelago, and as a probable consequence of their numbers, the perfectly graduated series in the size of their beaks.

Summary:

Tone:

Language and imagery:

Paper 1, Section B:
First Responses to Unseen Non-fiction

Structure:

Key viewpoints:

‘End of the beginning’

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

Thursday, 19 August.
A shadow falls over me somehow. Maybe the weather, maybe the thoughts of this dreadful invasion of Europe starting. I often think ‘It will indeed be a “new world” after the war. All and everyone seem hell bent on destroying everything in the old one.’ Sometimes when I sit quiet a chaotic montage whirls through my tired head, the ‘civilization’ we boast so much about, and where it has led us. Fabulous riches found to train men to destroy each other, to equip them with more and more death dealing weapons, when such a fraction of the thought, energy and money could have done so much good. The world is ‘coming to an end’ indeed. If all the bad cruel Nazis and the ‘wicked’ Japs were being wiped out, we could think it for betterment of all, but it seems so many of the flower of all races are going. Two women have sat side by side for four years at Centre sewing at bandages. One has lost two sons at sea – and now learns her airman son has to be ‘presumed dead.’ The other one’s three sons work in the Yard – have good jobs. The daughter of 28 is ‘reserved’ as she is considered necessary as a secretary to a boss in the Yard. The other woman’s daughter had to join the WAAF. I look round the big room at faces I’ve known and loved for over four years. My heart aches. Even in that small circle, the bravery and courage, the ‘going on’ when sons have been killed, when letters don’t come, when their boys are taught to fight like savages if they are Commandos, when they are trained and trained and trained for bodies to be made to endure, to go kill other women’s lads, to wipe all the light from other mothers’ faces.

Summary:

Paper 1, Section B:
First Responses to Unseen Non-fiction

Structure:

Tone:

Key viewpoints:

Language and imagery:

Let's talk about the climb up Everest, one step at a time

interview with Sir Edmund Hilary

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

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

Sir Edmund Hillary: Well there were lots of challenges. Even the route we were climbing Mt. Everest was one of the two easiest routes on the mountain as we know now. Of course, nobody had climbed it then. But even so, there are demanding parts of it. At the bottom of the mountain, there's the ice fall, where it's a great tumbled ruin of ice that's all pouring down and filled with crevasses and ice walls. It's under slow but constant movement. It's a dangerous place because things are always tumbling down. So you have to establish a route up through that which you can get with reasonable safety. But over the years, literally dozens of people have died in the crevasses. They've been engulfed by ice walls falling down and things of that nature. I had one experience on the ice fall with Tenzing. We were actually descending after having been further up the mountain and it was getting close towards dark so we wanted to get through the ice fall before darkness fell. We were roped together, but I was rushing down ahead in the lead. About half-way down there was a narrow crevasse, I guess it was about four feet wide, but just a bit too wide to step across. On the lower lip was a great chunk of ice stuck against the ice wall, and we'd used that as sort of a stepping stone to get over the gap. I came rushing down the hill without thinking too carefully, I just leapt in the air and landed on the chunk of ice, whereupon the chunk of ice broke off and dropped into the crevasse with me on top of it. It was interesting how everything seemed to start going slowly, even though I was free-falling into the crevasse. My mind, obviously, was working very quickly indeed. The great chunk of ice started tipping over and I realized, if I wasn't careful, I'd be crushed between the ice and the wall of the crevasse. So I just sort of bent my knees and leapt in the air. I was still falling, but now I was a couple of feet clear of the chunk of ice. Time really seemed to pass even though I was falling clear and I realized that unless the rope came tight fairly soon, I would come to a rather sticky end on the bottom of the crevasse. Up top, Tenzing had acted very quickly. He had thrust his ice axe into the snow, whipped the rope around it, and the rope came tight with a twang and I was stopped and swung in against the ice wall. The great chunk of ice just carried on and smashed to smithereens at the bottom of the crevasse. Then really the rest was what I would have called a routine mountaineering matter. I had my ice axe and my crampons on my feet, so I chipped steps in the side, I was able to bridge the crevasse, and I worked my way up to the top and got safely out. I wouldn't have said at any stage, because it all happened so quickly, fear really didn't have much opportunity to emerge. My only idea was to get safely out of this unfortunate predicament. And of course, without Tenzing's very competent mountaineer's response, I certainly wouldn't have made it. But once he had stopped me, then I was able to, using the techniques of mountaineering, to get myself safely to the top, again. When you've been going as long as I have, many of them have happened during the course of your life, but you tend to forget them, really. I think nature tricks us a little bit because you tend to remember the good moments rather than the uncomfortable ones. So when you leave the mountain, you remember the great moments on the mountain, and as soon as you leave the mountain, you want to go back again.

Summary:

Paper 1, Section B:
First Responses to Unseen Non-fiction

Structure:

Tone:

Key viewpoints:

Language and imagery:

Going to the moon

extract from President Kennedy's speech at Rice University, Texas

Those who came before us made certain that this country rode the first waves of the industrial revolutions, the first waves of modern invention, and the first wave of nuclear power, and this generation does not intend to founder in the backwash of the coming age of space. We mean to be a part of it--we mean to lead it. For the eyes of the world now look into space, to the moon and to the planets beyond, and we have vowed that we shall not see it governed by a hostile flag of conquest, but by a banner of freedom and peace. We have vowed that we shall not see space filled with weapons of mass destruction, but with instruments of knowledge and understanding.

Yet the vows of this Nation can only be fulfilled if we in this Nation are first, and, therefore, we intend to be first.

We set sail on this new sea because there is new knowledge to be gained, and new rights to be won, and they must be won and used for the progress of all people. For space science, like nuclear science and all technology, has no conscience of its own. Whether it will become a force for good or ill depends on man, and only if the United States occupies a position of pre-eminence can we help decide whether this new ocean will be a sea of peace or a new terrifying theatre of war.

There is no strife, no prejudice, no national conflict in outer space as yet. Its hazards are hostile to us all. Its conquest deserves the best of all mankind, and its opportunity for peaceful cooperation may never come again.

But why, some say, the moon? Why choose this as our goal? And they may well ask why climb the highest mountain? Why, 35 years ago, fly the Atlantic? Why does Rice play Texas[1]?

We choose to go to the moon. We choose to go to the moon in this decade and do the other things, not because they are easy, but because they are hard, because that goal will serve to organize and measure the best of our energies and skills, because that challenge is one that we are willing to accept, one we are unwilling to postpone, and one which we intend to win, and the others, too.

It is for these reasons that I regard the decision last year to shift our efforts in space from low to high gear as among the most important decisions that will be made during my incumbency in the office of the Presidency.

Summary:

Paper 1, Section B:
First Responses to Unseen Non-fiction

Structure:

Tone:

Key viewpoints:

Language and imagery:

Florence Nightingale's letter to *The Times* on 'Trained Nurses for the Sick Poor'

The beginning has been made, the first crusade has been fought and won, to bring real nursing, trained nursing to the bedsides of cases wanting real nursing among the London sick poor, in the only way in which real nurses can be so brought to the sick poor, and this by providing a real home within reach of their work for the nurses to live in – a home which gives what real family homes are supposed to give:- materially, a bedroom for each, dining and sitting rooms in common, all meals prepared and eaten in the home; morally, direction, support, sympathy in a common work, further training and instruction in it, proper rest and recreation, and a head of the home, who is also and pre-eminently trained and skilled head of the nursing.

Nursing requires the most undivided attention of anything I know, and all the health and strength both of mind and body. The very thing that we find in these poor sick is that they lose the feeling of what it is to be clean. The district nurse has to show them their room clean for once; in other words, to do it herself; to sweep and dust away, to empty and wash out all the appalling dirt and foulness; to air and disinfect; rub the windows, sweep the fireplace, carry out and shake the bits of old sacking and carpet, and lay them down again; fetch fresh water and fill the kettle; wash the patient and the children, and make the bed. Every home she has thus cleaned has always been kept so. She found it a pigsty, she left it a tidy, airy room.

The present Association wants to foster the spirit of work (not relief) in the district nurse, and for her to foster the same in her sick poor.

If a hospital must first of all be a place which shall do the sick no harm, how much more must the sick poor's room be made a place not to render impossible recovery from the sickness which it has probably bred? This is what the London District Nurses do; they nurse the room as well as the patient, and teach the family to nurse the room.

Hospitals are but an intermediate stage of civilization. At present, hospitals are the only place where the sick poor can be nursed, or, indeed, often the sick rich. But the ultimate object is to nurse all sick at home.

The district nurse costs money, and the district homes cost money. Each district nurse must have, before she is qualified:

1. a month's trial in district work;
2. a year's training in hospital nursing;
3. three months' training in district nursing, under the Superintendant-General.

For anything like a "National," or even a "Metropolitan" concern, a capital of £20,000 and an income of £5,000 a year are wanted. Of this a great part is wanted at once, to set on foot three district homes; to pay and maintain their superintendents, nurses, and probationers; to create a hospital training school in which to train.

What has been done at present is to establish one district home under the charge and training of Miss Florence Lees, as Superintendent-General, with five hospital trained nurses and three nurse candidates, and to carry on the previously existing work of the East London Nursing Society with six nurses.32 The Central Home was opened at 23, Bloomsbury-Square, in December last, the nursing work having been begun in the neighbourhood from a temporary abode, in July. The Nightingale Training School at St Thomas's Hospital is at present giving the year's hospital training to six, to be increased to 12, admitted candidates.

I ask the public not to add one more charity or relief agency to the many that are already, but to support a charity—truly "metropolitan" in its scope, and truly "national" if carried out—which never has been before.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Summary:

Paper 1, Section B:
First Responses to Unseen Non-fiction

Structure:

Tone:

Key viewpoints:

Language and imagery:

Paper 1, Section B- Writing

Use each of the following images to plan pieces of creative writing.

Paper 2, Section B- Writing

Plan answers to these sample questions:

1. People often enjoy reading about the interests and hobbies of others. Choose something you are interested in and know a lot about. Write about this in a way which will inform other people.
2. Choose an event from your past that has been significant to you. Explain what happened and your feelings about it.
3. Write a letter to a friend, who has recently moved away from your area, informing him or her of recent events in your life and of your plans for the next few months. Your letter should be lively and interesting.
4. Write a speech for a Governor's meeting where you, as a student, aim to try to persuade Governors to change the rules about some controversial issue in your school or college.
5. You are a journalist. Write an advice column aimed at teachers about the best ways to keep fit for the job.
6. Write an article for a tabloid newspaper where you aim to argue the case that too much media attention is given to celebrities
7. Write a letter to your local newspaper. Argue in your letter that something must be done to reduce under-age drinking.
8. Some people believe that stealing, whether it's eggs from a bird's nest, or food from a supermarket, is always wrong. Others believe that sometimes stealing can be excused.
   You are going to make a speech in your class debate. The topic is: 'Stealing is always wrong'.
   Write out your speech, in full rather than note from, arguing for or against the statement.
9. Comment on what you consider to be some of the more unfair school rules and give reasons for why you disagree with them.
10. What is happening in the world around you that makes you hopeful for the future?