ENGLISH LITERATURE & LANGAUGE

GCSE REVISION BOOKLET

Laugh-Learn-Love
Language & Literature
TURTON ENGLISH

YOU	YOUR TEACHER
You need to do **ALL** of the activities highlighted in green each week. The other bits are extras – either for top grades or extra support on a unit you are struggling with.	We will give feedback for any exam practice pieces that you do as part of this revision work.
This revision will be due in every **TUESDAY**. If it isn't all done (and if you don't have a note from home explaining why not) then your teacher will organise a consequence.	We will check that you've done your revision and keep in contact with your parents to make sure that we all support you the best way we can.
You may not like some of the activities but all of the pupils that got the top marks in the year last year said that this system helped them a lot. So give it a go.	We might suggest a different activity if you've tried one of types of activities and it's really not worked for you if you have discussed this with us BEFORE the due date.
If there is an activity that requires you to memorise something then you will need 3 x 15 minute sessions (this works MUCH better than just one hour session). Doing look/cover/write/check seems to work well.	We might give you random tests in class to check that you have memorised the info.
Any extra exam questions that you do of course will be the way to really smash this.	We will do our best to feedback on anything extra that you do as quickly as possible.

Spend 60-90 minutes per week on English revision.

I understand that if I commit to this I will do well in my exams.

Pupil signature:

Date due in EVERY TUES.	Topics for revision this week LANGUAGE	Activities to do DO THESE!!!!! LANGUAGE	Topics for revision this week LITERATURE	Activities to do DO THESE!!!!! LITERATURE
16th Jan	READING PROSE • Question 1 • 20th Century Prose	• Write down definition of prose and definition of non-fiction – what is difference? • Read 5 prose extracts from 20th Century (**pages 1-13**) • Consider differences and similarities between them using a table – look at plot/character/themes/context • Create timeline for 20th Century using at least 3 website sources, with 20 items on the timeline that affect prose. • Memorise the question one information on the knowledge organiser. (**page 14**) • Get your family to test you. • Do 2 x question 1 questions under timed conditions and hand in for marking. (**page 15-53**)	INSPECTOR CALLS • Plot • Character • Theme • Quotes	• Memorise the key plot on the knowledge organiser. (**page 54**) • Get your family to test you • Memorise the key character info on the knowledge organiser. • Get your family to test you. • Memorise the key themes on the knowledge organiser. • Get your family to test you. • Create a huge A3 mind map (using colour, thickness of lines and images to categorise your information in various ways) showing connections between: themes/characters/plot • Memorise your key 20 quotes (in order) from your quote book. • Get your family to test you on this.
23th Jan	WRITING PROSE • Narrative 'rules' • Descriptive 'rules'	• Write down definition of narrative and definition of descriptive writing – what is difference? • Read 2 examples of excellent narrative/descriptive writing (**pages 55-56**). • Memorise the narrative and descriptive rules on the knowledge organiser. (**page 57**) • Get your family to test you. • If you are aiming at grade 7/8/9 then you could also create a table to show which of the rules the excellent examples in (**page 55 -56**) stick to and which they break? Then write a paragraph explaining the effect of sticking to/breaking the rules.	ANTHOLOGY POETRY • Message • Theme • Quotes	• Memorise the key content of each poem on the knowledge organiser – you could write these in your own words first. (**pages 58 or 59**) • Get your family to test you. • Memorise the key themes on the knowledge organiser. • Get your family to test you. • Memorise which key poems fit each theme on the knowledge organiser. • Get your family to test you. • Create a huge A3 mind map (using colour, thickness of lines and images to categorise your information in various ways) showing connections between: themes/content • Memorise your key 20 quotes (in order) from your quote book. • Get your family to test you on this.

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30th Jan	READING NON-FICTION • 19th and 21st century non-fiction • Question 1	• Remind yourself of the definitions of and differences between prose and non-fiction? • Read 4 non-fiction extracts. 2 from the 21st Century and 2 from the 19th Century **(pages 60-81)** • Consider differences and similarities between them in pairs using a table or Venn diagram – look at language/values of society/writer perspectives • Create timeline for 19th Century using at least 3 website sources, with 20 items on the timeline that affect non-fiction. • Memorise the question one information on the knowledge organiser. **(page 82)** • Get your family to test you. • Do 2 x question 1 questions under timed conditions and hand in for marking. **(pages 83-114)**	UNSEEN POETRY • Reading and interpreting unseen poetry	• Write down your own definition of poetry using at least 5 different websites/sources to help you. • Write a paragraph about how poetry differs to prose. • Write another paragraph explaining how poetry differs to drama. • Read at least 2 poems that you haven't read before. Either the other cluster in your anthology that you haven't studied **(page 115-123)** • For each poem – answer the questions on this sheet **(page 124)** • Memorise the 'The Exam' section on the knowledge organiser **(page 125)** • Get your family to test you.
6th Feb	WRITING NON-FICTION • P.A	• Read the example question and how to get good marks section on the knowledge organiser **(page 126)**. • Memorise 'The Exam' section on the knowledge organiser • Get your family to test you. • Memorise the 'Purpose' information on the knowledge organiser. • Get your family to test you. • Memorise the "Types of Texts' information on the knowledge organiser. • Get your family to test you. • Memorise the "Audience' information on the knowledge organiser. • Get your family to test you. • Then identify the P.A.T. for 2 of these non-fiction texts. **(pages 60-81.)**	19TH CENTURY PROSE (XMAS/J&H) • Plot • Character • Theme • Quotes	• Memorise the key plot on the knowledge organiser. **(Page 127 or 128)** • Get your family to test you. • Memorise the key character info on the knowledge organiser. • Get your family to test you. • Memorise the key themes on the knowledge organiser. • Get your family to test you. • Create a huge A3 mind map (using colour, thickness of lines and images to categorise your information in various ways) showing connections between: themes/characters/plot (use **page 129** if it helps.) • Memorise your key 20 quotes (in order) from your quote book. • Get your family to test you on this.

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13th Feb	READING PROSE • Recap Question 1 • Language techniques • Question 2	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the 'Question 1' section on the Knowledge Organiser (**page 14**). • Write down a definition (in your own words) for each of the 'Know Your Basics' from the knowledge organiser (**page 14**). • If you are looking for grade 6/7/8/9 do the same thing for the 'Language' section of the knowledge organiser. • Find one example for each of the 'Know Your Basics' from any of these texts. **(page 15-53)** • If you are looking for grade 6/7/8/9 do the same thing for the 'Language' section of the knowledge organiser. • Give a three adjective effect for each of the examples that you have found (e.g. "She **burnt** his heart" – metaphor – pain, permanent, ferocious). • Memorise the 'Know your Basics' section on the knowledge organiser. (**page 14**). • Get your family to test you. • Memorise the question two section on the knowledge organiser. (**page 14**). • Get your family to test you. • If you are looking for grade 6/7/8/9 do the same thing for the 'Language' section of the knowledge organiser. • Do 2 x question 2 questions under timed conditions and hand in for marking. **(page 15-53)**	SHAKESPEARE • Plot • Character • Theme • Quotes	• Memorise the key plot on the knowledge organiser. **(page 130 or 131)** • Get your family to test you. • Memorise the key character info on the knowledge organiser. • Get your family to test you. • Memorise the key themes on the knowledge organiser. • Get your family to test you. • Create a huge A3 mind map (using colour, thickness of lines and images to categorise your information in various ways) showing connections between: themes/characters/plot • Memorise your key 20 quotes (in order) from your quote book. • Get your family to test you on this.

Date due in **EVERY TUES.**	Topics for revision this week LANGUAGE	**Activities to do** **DO THESE!!!!!** **LANGUAGE**	Topics for revision this week LITERATURE	**Activities to do** **DO THESE!!!!!** **LITERATURE**
20th Feb (Hand in next week after half term)	WRITING PROSE • Recap 'The Rules' • Planning	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the 'Narrative Rules' and 'Descriptive Rules' section on the Knowledge Organiser **(page 57)**. • Memorise the 'Exam' section on the knowledge organiser. **(page 57)** • Get your family to test you. • Plan the same descriptive writing task **(pages 132-136)** in three different ways and decide which you like best. 1. Draw a six box grid over the picture and use that to label your six zoom-ins. 2. Do a spider diagram with six ideas then add at least six further branches out to expand on those ideas. 3. Write a couple of words for each of the five senses describing the picture. • Plan the same narrative writing task **(pages 132-136)** in three different ways and decide which you like best. 1. Draw a six box grid over the picture and use that to label your six zoom-ins. 2. Do a spider diagram with six ideas then add at least six further branches out to expand on those ideas. 3. Create a flow chart with three words in the following boxes: setting, character, problem, climax, resolution (or not!) • Using your preferred planning technique, plan 2 narrative and 2 descriptive tasks – 8 minutes each task maximum. **(pages 132 - 136)**	AN INSPECTOR CALLS • Recap: plot/ character/ theme/ quotes • Literary techniques • Context	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the 'Plot', 'Character' and 'Themes' section on the Knowledge Organiser **(page 54)**. • Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on your 20 quotes from your quote book. • Write down a definition (in your own words) for each of the 'Key terms' from the knowledge organiser **(page 54)**. • Find one example for each of the 'Key terms' in your 20 key quotes. • Give a three adjective effect for each of the examples that you have found (e.g. "Fiddlesticks" – dramatic irony – arrogant, foolish, and untrustworthy). • Memorise the 'Key Terms' section on the knowledge organiser. **(page 54)** • Get your family to test you. • Memorise the 'Context' section on the knowledge organiser. **(page 54)** • Get your family to test you. • Check that you have each of the five key context ideas written in your quote book – each one linked to at least one of your 20 key quotes. • If you are aiming at a grade 7/8/9, do a little research into the literary/social/historical context of the play and make sure you have a mix of all three types of context on your 20 key quotes.

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27th Feb (Hand in last week's revision)		**MOCK EXAMS**		**MOCK EXAMS**
6th March		**MOCK EXAMS**		**MOCK EXAMS**
13th March	READING NON-FICTION • Recap question one • Connectives • Question two	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the 'Question One' section on the Knowledge Organiser **(page 82)**. • Write down ten connectives for the word 'but' (for example: however). • Memorise the question two information on the knowledge organiser. **(page 82)** • Get your family to test you. • Do 2 question 2 questions under timed conditions and hand in for marking. **(pages 83-114)**	ANTHOLOGY POETRY • Recap: content /themes /quotes • Poetic techniques • Context	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the 'Content' and 'Themes' section on the Knowledge Organiser **(page 58 or 59)**. • Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on your 20 quotes from your quote book. • Write down a definition (in your own words) for each of the words in bold in the 'Key Terms' from the knowledge organiser **(page 58 or 59)**. If you are aiming at a grade 6/7/8/9 you might like to do a few of the others as well. • Give one example for each of the bold 'Key terms' in your 20 key quotes. If you are aiming at a grade 6/7/8/9 you might like to do a few of the others as well • Give a three adjective effect for each of the examples that you have found (e.g. "bloody life in my bloody hands" – repetition – guilt, horror, anger). • Memorise the bold 'Key Terms' section on the knowledge organiser. **(page 58 or 59)**. If you are aiming at a grade 6/7/8/9 you might like to do a few of the others as well. • Get your family to test you. • You have already memorised the context (it is in bold in the content section) on the knowledge organiser. **(page 58 or 59)** • Check that you have each of the context ideas for your key poems written in your quote book – each one linked to at least one of your 20 key quotes. • If you are aiming at a grade 7/8/9, do a little research into the literary/social/historical context of the poems and make sure you have a mix of all three types of context on your 20 key quotes.

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20th March	WRITING NON-FICTION • Recap PAT • How to plan	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the 'Purpose' section on the Knowledge Organiser (**page 126**). • Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the 'Audience' section on the Knowledge Organiser. **(page 126)** • Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the 'Type of text' section on the Knowledge Organiser. **(page 126)** • Have a go at writing an answer to one of the writing non-fiction exam questions (**page 137)** for 20 minutes without writing a plan. • Then pick a different question and spend 5 minutes creating a spider diagram of ideas that you could include and spend 15 minutes writing it. It could look something like this (**page 138)** Compare your two answers – what is the difference? • Plan 2 of the other questions using a spider diagram with at least 6 ideas and ideally a second layer of more detailed ideas too. You need to be able to plan in under 5 minutes.	UNSEEN POETRY • Recap: reading and interpreting an unseen poem • Poetic techniques	• Write down as many of the ten questions that you can remember that you had to answer for the unseen poems earlier in your revision. • Check your answers **(page 124)** • Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on 'The Exam' section on the knowledge organiser **(page 125)** • Find a quote from any unseen poems of each of the techniques in bold on the knowledge organiser **(page 125).** You can get unseen poems from here **(page 115-123)**

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27th March	READING PROSE • Recap Q1 & Q2 • Whole-text structure techniques • Q3	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the 'Question 1' and 'Question 2' section on the Knowledge Organiser (**page 14**). • Write down a definition (in your own words) for each of the 'Know Your Basics' from the knowledge organiser (**page 14**). • If you are looking for grade 6/7/8/9 do the same thing for the 'Language' section of the knowledge organiser. • Find one example for each of the 'Structure' from any of these texts. **(page 1-13)** • Give a three word effect for each of the examples that you have found (e.g. "He saw the **whole** dark sky" – widening focus – vastness, overwhelming, tiny). • Memorise the question three section on the knowledge organiser. **(page 14)** • Get your family to test you. • Do 2 x question 3 questions under timed conditions and hand in for marking. **(page 15-53)**	19TH CENTURY PROSE (XMAS/J&H) • Recap: plot, character, themes, quotes • Literary techniques • Context	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the key plot on the knowledge organiser. **(page 127 or 128)** • Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the key character info on the knowledge organiser. • Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the key themes on the knowledge organiser. • Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on your key 20 quotes (in order) from your quote book. • Write down a definition (in your own words) for each of the 'Vocabulary' from the knowledge organiser (**page 127 or 128**). • Choose 5 words that you are not familiar with and write them in a sentence about your text. • Memorise the 'Vocabulary' section on the knowledge organiser. **(page 127 or 128)** • Get your family to test you. • Memorise the 'Context' section on the knowledge organiser. **(page 127 or 128)** • Get your family to test you. • Check that you have each of the seven key context ideas written in your quote book – each one linked to at least one of your 20 key quotes. • If you are aiming at a grade 7/8/9, do a little research into the literary/social/historical context of the play and make sure you have a mix of all three types of context on your 20 key quotes.

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2nd April (Hand in after Easter)	WRITING PROSE • Recap 'the rules' and planning • SPaG	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on 'the rules' section for both narrative and descriptive writing on the Knowledge Organiser (**page 57**). • Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on 'the exam section on the Knowledge Organiser (**page 57**). • Plan one task in under 6 minutes from any of the five papers **(pages 132 - 136)** • Look through your English books and see what your most common errors are – write down five (you could consider: capital letters, question marks, commas, apostrophes, spelling homophones, tenses, paragraphs). • Either ask your teacher for a specific activity or do some from BBC Bitesize (http://www.bbc.co.uk/education/topics/z2b2tyc) • Keep going until you have got rid of three of your SPaG problems.	SHAKESPEARE • Recap: plot, character, themes, quotes • Literary techniques • Context	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the key plot on the knowledge organiser. **(page 130 or 131)** • Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the key character info on the knowledge organiser. **(page 130 or 131)** • Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the key themes on the knowledge organiser. **(page 130 or 131)** • Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on your key 20 quotes (in order) from your quote book. • Write down a definition (in your own words) for each of the 'Vocabulary' from the knowledge organiser (**page 130 or 131**). • Choose 5 words from the 'vocabulary' list on the knowledge organiser that you are not familiar with and write them in a sentence about your text. • Memorise the 'Vocabulary' section on the knowledge organiser. **(page 130 or 131)** • Get your family to test you. • Memorise the 'Context' section on the knowledge organiser. **(page 130 or 131)** • Get your family to test you. • Check that you have each of the six key context ideas written in your quote book – each one linked to at least one of your 20 key quotes. • If you are aiming at a grade 7/8/9, do a little research into the literary/social/historical context of the play and make sure you have a mix of all three types of context on your 20 key quotes.

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10th April (Hand in after Easter)	READING NON-FICTION • Recap question 1 & 2 • Language techniques • Question 3	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on question 1 and question 2 section for both narrative and descriptive writing on the Knowledge Organiser (**page 82**). • Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on 'the exam section on the Knowledge Organiser (**page 82**). • Re-do a question 1 and a question 2 in 20 mins from any of the Turton exam papers (**pages 83-114**) • Test yourself on 'I AM A FORESTER' or 'A HARMLESS RIME' or whatever your teacher has taught you about persuasive language techniques. • Find an example of each of the techniques from any of these texts (**pages 60-81**) • Memorise the question three information on the knowledge organiser. (**page 82**) • Get your family to test you. • Do 2 x question 3 questions under timed conditions and hand in for marking. (**pages 83-114**)	AN INSPECTOR CALLS • Recap: plot, character, themes, quotes, Literary techniques, context • Planning • Analysis paragraph	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the key plot, characters, themes, vocabulary and context on the knowledge organiser. (**page 54**). • Write down your key 20 quotes in single words/letter (for example 'fire and blood and anguish' could become just 'fire' or just 'f'). • Use your list of 20 quotes to plan an essay question – do a spidergram of ideas before you choose quotes. You will need 6-8 ideas with quotes. (**page 139**) • Look at these example paragraphs (one is a grade 5 and one is a grade 8 (**page 197**). Choose the one that is the grade that you are more aiming for and write down 3 key differences between it and your own analysis paragraphs. • Write one analysis paragraph for your essay plan.

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17th April (Hand in this and previous two weeks as well!!!)	WRITING NON-FICTION • Recap PAT and planning? • SPAG	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the 'Purpose', 'Audience' and 'Type of Text' section on the Knowledge Organiser **(page 126)**. • Plan 2 of the other questions **(page 137)** using a spider diagram with at least 8 ideas. You need to be able to plan in less than 6 minutes. • Look through your English books and see what your most common errors are – write down five (you could consider: capital letters, question marks, commas, apostrophes, spelling homophones, tenses, paragraphs). • Either ask your teacher for a specific activity or do some from BBC Bitesize http://www.bbc.co.uk/education/topics/z2b2tyc) • Keep going until you have got rid of three of your SPaG problems.	ANTHOLOGY POETRY • Recap: content, themes, quotes, poetic techniques, context • Planning • Comparison analysis paragraph	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the key content, themes, vocabulary and context on the knowledge organiser. **(pages 58 or 59)**. • Write down your key 20 quotes in single words/letter (for example "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" could become just "king or just 'k'). • Use your list of 20 quotes to plan an essay question. You will need to put your quotes in pairs as you are being tested on comparison. You could use a grid with two columns to do this. **(pages 140-153)** • Look at these example paragraphs, one is a grade 5 and one is a grade 7 **(page 154)**. Choose the one that is the grade that you are more aiming for and write down 3 key differences between it and your own analysis paragraphs. • Write one analysis paragraph for your essay plan.

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24th April	READING PROSE • Recap questions 1, 2 and 3 • Inference • Question 4	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the 'Question 1' and 'Question 2' and 'Question 3' section on the Knowledge Organiser **(page 14)**. • Do question 1, 2 and 3 from one of these papers that you are least familiar with in timed conditions – 30 minutes total. **(pages 15-53)** • Choose any five words from the texts **(pages 15-53)** and then do a spider diagram with as many associations/ inference ideas as you can. For example: "shrieking" = high, loud, excitement, fear, female, childish, wide-eyed, bright OR "potatoes" = earthy, cheap, vegetable, healthy, filling, jacket, eyes, chips, Western, hidden, underground, • Memorise the question four section on the knowledge organiser. **(page 14)** • Get your family to test you. Do 1 x question 4 questions under timed conditions and hand in for marking. **(page 15-53)**	UNSEEN POETRY • Recap: understanding a new poem • Recap: poetic techniques • Inference • Comparison analysis	• Answer the 10 questions **(page 124)** – very short answers on 1 or 2 poems that you don't know **(page 115-123)** • Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on 'The Exam' section on the knowledge organiser **(page 125)** • Test yourself on the poetic techniques from the knowledge organiser **(page 125)**. • Choose any five words from any poem that you don't know from the same links as above and then do a spider diagram with as many associations/ inference ideas as you can. For example: "shrieking" = high, loud, excitement, fear, female, childish, wide-eyed, bright OR "potatoes" = earthy, cheap, vegetable, healthy, filling, jacket, eyes, chips, Western, hidden, underground, • Look at these example paragraphs, one is a grade 5 and one is a grade 7 **(page 155).** Choose the one that is the grade that you are more aiming for and write down 3 key differences between it and your own analysis. • Write one comparative analysis paragraph for any two poems that you don't know from the same links as above. Just use this question: How does the poet convey emotions in these two poems?

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1st May	WRITING PROSE • Recap the rules, planning and SPaG • Language techniques	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on 'the rules' and 'the exam' section for both narrative and descriptive writing on the Knowledge Organiser (**page 57**). • Plan one task in under 6 minutes from any of the five papers (**pages 132 - 136**) • Remind yourself by looking back in your pink book which are your five main SPaG issues. Then do a few more activities either from here (http://www.bbc.co.uk/education/topics/z2b2tyc) or just a Google search. • Write down an example for any of the language techniques that you aren't familiar with. (**page 57**). • Write down your own example for each of the sentence starts (**page 57**). • Choose a task (**pages 132 - 136**) that you've not done and spend 20 minutes on it (5 mins planning then 15 minutes writing). Make sure you have the Knowledge Organiser with you so that you can do everything from it that you should. (**page 57**).	XMAS CAROL OR J&H • Recap: plot, character, themes, quotes, literary techniques and context • Planning • Analysis paragraph	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the key plot, characters, themes, vocabulary and context on the knowledge organiser. (**page 127 or 128**). • Write down your key 20 quotes in single words/letter (for example 'fire and blood and anguish' could become just 'fire' or just 'f'). • Use your list of 20 quotes to plan an essay question – do a spidergram of ideas before you choose quotes. You will need 6-8 ideas with quotes. (**pages 157-163 for Christmas Carol**) OR (**pages 164-173 for Jekyll & Hyde**). • Look at these example paragraphs (one is a grade 5 and one is a grade 8 (**page 198**). Choose the one that is the grade that you are more aiming for and write down 3 key differences between it and your own analysis paragraphs. • Write one analysis paragraph for each of your essay plans.

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8th May	READING NON-FICTION • Recap question 1, 2 & 3 and language techniques • Inference • Question 4	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the 'Question 1' and 'Question 2' and 'Question 3' section on the Knowledge Organiser (**page 82**). • Do question 1, 2 and 3 from one of these papers that you are least familiar with in timed conditions – 30 minutes total. (**pages 83-114**) • Choose any five words from these texts (**pages 60-81**) and then do a spider diagram with as many associations/ inference ideas as you can. For example: "shrieking" = high, loud, excitement, fear, female, childish, wide-eyed, bright OR "potatoes" = earthy, cheap, vegetable, healthy, filling, jacket, eyes, chips, Western, hidden, underground, • Memorise the question four section on the knowledge organiser. (**page 82**) • Get your family to test you. • Do 1 x question 4 questions under timed conditions and hand in for marking. (**pages 83-114**)	SHAKESPEARE • Recap: plot, character, themes, quotes, literary techniques and context • Planning • Analysis paragraph	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the key plot, characters, themes, vocabulary and context on the knowledge organiser. (**Page 130 or 131**). • Write down your key 20 quotes in single words/letter (for example 'Look like th' innocent flower. But be the serpent under't." could become "serpent" or just 's'). • Use your list of 20 quotes to plan an essay question – do a spidergram of ideas before you choose quotes. You will need 6-8 ideas with quotes. (**Pages 174-179 for Macbeth**) OR (**pages 180-194 for Romeo & Juliet**). • Look at these example paragraphs (one is a grade 5 and one is a grade 8 (**page 196**). Choose the one that is the grade that you are more aiming for and write down 3 key differences between it and your own analysis paragraphs. • Write one analysis paragraph for your essay plan. • Take a look at the full papers below so you know what they look like. EITHER ASK YOUR ENGLISH TEACHER FOR NEW PAPERS OR YOUR YEAR 10 EXAM PAPERS ARE HERE: PAPER 1 - http://filestore.aqa.org.uk/resources/english/AQA-87021-SQP-V1.PDF PAPER 2 – http://filestore.aqa.org.uk/resources/english/AQA-87022-SQP.PDF

Date due in EVERY TUES.	Topics for revision this week LANGUAGE	Activities to do DO THESE!!!!! LANGUAGE	Topics for revision this week LITERATURE	Activities to do DO THESE!!!!! LITERATURE
15th May	WRITING NON-FICTION • Recap PAT, planning and SPaG • Language techniques	• Test yourself, *without first checking back*, on the 'Purpose', 'Audience' and 'Type of Text' section on the Knowledge Organiser (**page 126**). • Plan 2 of the other questions (**page 137**) using a spider diagram with at least 6 ideas. You need to be able to plan in less than 6 minutes. • Do a few more SPaG activities either from here http://www.bbc.co.uk/education/topics/z2b2tyc) or just a Google search. • Write down an example for of any of the IAMAFORESTER techniques that you aren't familiar with. (**page 126**). • Write down your own example for each of the sentence starts (**page 126**). • Choose a task (**page 137**) that you've not done and spend 20 minutes on it (5 mins planning then 15 minutes writing). Make sure you have the Knowledge Organiser with you. (**page 126**).	ENGLISH LITERATURE FULL PAPERS	***THIS IS YOUR LAST WEEK OF REVISION FOR LITERATURE. NEXT WEEK ARE THE ACTUAL EXAMS.*** • Do a full paper (either paper one or paper two – whichever you feel least confident about) in timed conditions so you know what they feel like. EITHER ASK YOUR ENGLISH TEACHER FOR NEW PAPERS OR YOUR YEAR 10 EXAM PAPERS ARE HERE: PAPER 1 - http://filestore.aqa.org.uk/resources/english/AQA-87021-SQP-V1.PDF PAPER 2 – http://filestore.aqa.org.uk/resources/english/AQA-87022-SQP.PDF
22rd May	ENGLISH LANGUAGE FULL PAPERS • Timing	• Make yourself a timing sheet for paper one and paper two. Use all of the knowledge organisers to do it. (**pages 126, 82, 57, 14**). Adjust them if you know your teacher has said that you need a bit longer or shorter on one section of the exam. Then get someone to test you on them. • Do a last check that you know your knowledge organisers and have practiced all of the questions. • Take a look at the full papers below so you know what they look like. EITHER ASK YOUR ENGLISH TEACHER FOR NEW PAPERS OR YOUR YEAR 10 EXAM PAPERS ARE HERE: PAPER 1 - http://filestore.aqa.org.uk/resources/no_index/AQA-87001-SQP.PDF PAPER 2 – http://filestore.aqa.org.uk/resources/english/AQA-87002-SIN.PDF http://filestore.aqa.org.uk/resources/english/AQA-87002-SQP.PDF	EXAMS	***Tuesday 22nd May – 9am*** *1. Christmas Carol OR Jekyll & Hyde* *2. Macbeth OR Romeo & Juliet* ***Friday 25th May – 9am*** *1. An Inspector Calls* *2. Anthology Poetry* *3. Unseen Poetry*

Date due in EVERY TUES.	Topics for revision this week LANGUAGE	Activities to do DO THESE!!!!! LANGUAGE	Topics for revision this week LITERATURE	Activities to do DO THESE!!!!! LITERATURE
29th May (Need to take to English teacher on Monday after half term if you want feedback for Tues exam)	ENGLISH LANGUAGE FULL PAPERS	***THIS IS YOUR LAST WEEK OF REVISION FOR ENGLISH LANGUAGE. NEXT WEEK IS THE ACTUAL EXAMS EXAMS*** • Do a full paper (either paper one or paper two – whichever you feel least confident about) in timed conditions so you know what they feel like. EITHER ASK YOUR ENGLISH TEACHER FOR NEW PAPERS OR YOUR YEAR 10 EXAM PAPERS ARE HERE: PAPER 1 - http://filestore.aqa.org.uk/resources/no_index/AQA-87001-SQP.PDF PAPER 2 – http://filestore.aqa.org.uk/resources/english/AQA-87002-SIN.PDF http://filestore.aqa.org.uk/resources/english/AQA-87002-SQP.PDF		
5th June	EXAMS	***Tuesday 5th June – 9am*** *1. Reading Prose (Creative reading)* *2. Writing Prose (Creative writing)* ***Friday 8th June – 9am*** *1. Reading Non-Fiction* *2. Writing Non-Fiction*		

Story openings

I'm the King of the Castle

by Susan Hill

Three months ago, his grandmother died, and then they had moved to this house.

'I will not live there again, until it belongs to me,' his father had said. Though the old man lay upstairs, after a second stroke, and lingered, giving no trouble.

The boy was taken up to see him.

'You must not be afraid,' his father said nervously, 'he is a very old man, now, very ill.'

'I am never afraid,' And that was no more than the truth, though his father would not have believed it.

It will be very moving, Joseph Hooper had decided, with the three generations together and one upon his deathbed, the eldest son of the eldest son of the eldest son. For, in middle age, he was acquiring a dynastic sense.

But it had not been moving. The old man had breathed noisily, and dribbled a little, and never woken. The sick room smelled sour.

'Ah well, 'Mr Hooper had said, and coughed, 'he is very ill. You know. But I am glad you have seen him.'

Why?'

'Well – because you are his only grandson. His heir, I suppose. Yes. It is only as it should be.'

The boy looked towards the bed. His skin is already dead, he thought, it is old and dry. But he saw that the bones of the eye-sockets, and the nose and jaw, showed through it, and gleamed. Everything about him, from the stubble of hair down to the folded line of sheet, was bleached and grey-ish white.

'All he looks like,' 'Edmund Hooper said, 'is one of his dead old moths.'

'That is not the way to speak! You must show respect.'

His father had led him out. Though I am only able to show respect now, he thought, to behave towards my father as I should, because he is dying, he is almost gone away from me.

Edmund Hooper, walking down the great staircase into the wood-panelled hall, thought nothing of his grandfather. But later, he remembered the moth-like whiteness of the very old skin.

Now they had moved, Joseph Hooper was master in his own house.

He said, 'I shall be away in London a good deal. I cannot live here the whole time, even in your holidays.'

'That won't be anything new, will it?

He looked away from his son's gaze, irritated. I do my best, he thought, it is not the easiest of tasks without a woman beside me.

'Ah, but we shall be looking into things, 'he said, 'I shall see about getting you a friend, as well as someone to look after us in this house. Something is soon to be done.'

Edmund Hooper thought, I don't want anything to be done about it, nobody must come here, as he walked between the yew trees at the bottom of the garden.

'You had better not go into the Red Room without asking me. I shall keep the key in here.'

'I wouldn't do any harm there, why can't I go?'
'Well - there are a good many valuable things. That is all. Really.' Joseph Hooper sighed, sitting at his desk, in the room facing the long lawn. 'And I cannot think that it will be a room to interest you much.'

For the time being, the house was to be kept as it was, until he could decide which of the furniture to be rid of, which of their own to bring.

He moved his hands uneasily about over the papers on his desk, oppressed by them, uncertain where he should begin.

Though he was accustomed to paperwork. But his father's affairs had been left in disarray, he was ashamed of the paraphernalia of death.

'Can I have the key now, then?'

'*May*...'

'O.K.'

'The key for the Red Room?'

'Yes.'

'Well...'

Mr. Joseph Hooper moved his hand towards the small, left-side drawer in the desk, underneath the drawer where sealing wax had always been kept. But then, said 'No, No, you had really much better be playing cricket in the sun, Edmund, something of that sort. You have been shown everything there is in the Red Room.'

'There's nobody to play cricket with.'

'Ah, well now, I shall soon be doing something about that, you shall have your friend.'

'Anyway, I don't like cricket.'

'Edmund, you will not be difficult, please, I have a good deal to do, I cannot waste time in foolish arguments.'

Hooper went out, wishing he had said nothing. He wanted nothing to be done, nobody should come here.

But he knew where to find the key.

Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha

by Roddy Doyle

We were coming down our road. Kevin stopped at a gate and bashed it with his stick. It was Missis Quigley's gate; she was always looking out the window but she never did anything.

–Quigley!

–Quigley!

–Quigley Quigley Quigley!

Liam and Aidan turned down their culdesac. We said nothing; they said nothing. Liam and Aidan had a dead mother. Missis O'Connell was her name.

–It'd be brilliant, wouldn't it? I said.

–Yeah, said Kevin.—Cool.

We were talking about having a dead ma. Sinbad, my little brother, started crying. Liam was in my class in school. He dirtied his trousers one day—the smell of it rushed at us like the blast of heat when an oven door was opened—and the master did nothing. He didn't shout or slam his desk with his leather or anything. He told us to fold our arms and go asleep and when we did he carried Liam out of the class. He didn't come back for ages and Liam didn't come back at all.

James O'Keefe whispered,—If I did a gick in me pants he'd kill me!

–Yeah.

–It's not fair, said James O'Keefe.—So it's not.

The master, Mister Hennessey, hated James O'Keefe. He'd be writing something on the board with his back to us and he'd say,—O'Keefe, I know you're up to something down there. Don't let me catch you. He said it one morning and James O'Keefe wasn't even in. He was at home with the mumps.

Henno brought Liam to the teachers' toilet and cleaned him up and then he brought him to the headmaster's office and the headmaster brought him to his auntie's in his car because there was no one at home in his own house. Liam's auntie's house was in Raheny.

–He used up two rolls of toilet paper, Liam told us.—And he gave me a shilling.

–He did not; show us it.

–There.

–That's only threepence.

–I spent the rest, said Liam.

He got the remains of a packet of Toffo out of his pocket and showed it to us.

–There, he said.

–Give us one.

–There's only four left, said Liam; he was putting the packet back in his pocket.

–Ah, said Kevin.

He pushed Liam.

Liam went home.

Today, we were coming home from the building site. We'd got a load of six-inch nails and a few bits of plank for making boats, and we'd been pushing bricks into a trench full of wet cement when Aidan started running away. We could hear his asthma, and we all ran as well. We were being chased. I had to wait for Sinbad. I looked back and there was no one after us but I didn't say anything. I grabbed Sinbad's hand and ran and caught up with the rest of them. We stopped when we got out of the fields onto the end of the road. We laughed. We roared through the gap in the hedge. We got into the gap and looked to see if there was anyone coming to get us. Sinbad's sleeve was caught in the thorns.

–The man's coming! said Kevin, and he slid through the gap.

We left Sinbad stuck in the hedge and pretended we'd run away. We heard him snivelling. We crouched behind the gate pillars of the last house before the road stopped at the hedge, O'Driscoll's.

–Patrick, Sinbad whinged.

–Sinbahhhd, said Kevin.

Aidan had his knuckles in his mouth. Liam threw a stone at the hedge.

–I'm telling Mammy, said Sinbad.

I gave up. I got Sinbad out of the hedge and made him wipe his nose on my sleeve. We were going home for our dinner: shepherd's pie on a Tuesday.

Liam and Aidan's da howled at the moon. Late at night, in his back garden; not every night, only sometimes. I'd never heard him but Kevin said he had. My ma said that he did it because he missed his wife.

–Missis O'Connell?

–That's right.

My da agreed with her.

–He's grieving, said my mother.—The poor man. Kevin's father said that Mister O'Connell howled because he was drunk. He never called him Mister O'Connell; he called him the Tinker.

Spies

by Michael Frayn

Where the story began, though. was where most of our projects and adventures began – at Keith's house. At the tea table, in fact – I can hear the soft clinking made by the four blue beads that weighted the lace cloth covering the tall jug of lemon barley...

No, wait. I've got that wrong. The glass beads are clinking against the glass of the jug because the cover's stirring in the breeze. We're outside, in the middle of the morning, near the chicken run at the bottom of the garden, building the transcontinental railway.

Yes, because I can hear something else, as well - the trains on the real railway, as they emerge from the cutting on to the embankment above our heads just beyond the wire fence. I can see the showers of sparks they throw up from the live rail. The jug of lemon barley isn't our tea- it's our elevenses, waiting with two biscuits each on a tray his mother has brought us out from the house, and set down on the red brick path beside us. It's as she walks away, up the red brick path, that Keith so calmly and quietly drops his bombshell.

When is this? The sun's shining as the beads clink against the jug, but I have a feeling that there's still a trace of fallen apple blossom on the earthworks for the transcontinental railway, and that his mother's worried about whether we're warm enough out there. 'You'll come inside, chaps, won't you, if you get chilly?' May still, perhaps. Why aren't we at school? Perhaps it's a Saturday or a Sunday. No, there's the feel of a weekday morning in the air; it's unmistakable, even if the season isn't. Something that doesn't quite fit here, as so often when one tries to assemble different bits to make a whole.

Or have I got everything back to front? Had the policeman already happened before this?

It's so difficult to remember what order things occurred in – but if you can't remember that, then it's impossible to work out which led to which, and what the connection was. What I remember, when I examine my memory carefully, isn't a narrative at all. It's a collection of vivid particulars. Certain words spoken, certain objects glimpsed. Certain gestures and expressions. Certain moods, certain weathers, certain times of day and states of light. Certain individual moments, which seem to mean so much, but which mean in fact so little until the hidden links between them have been found.

Where did the policeman come in the story? We watch him as he pedals slowly up the Close. His appearance has simultaneously justified all our suspicions and overtaken all our efforts, because he's coming to arrest Keith's mother... No, no- that was earlier. We're running happily and innocently up the street beside him, and he represents nothing but the hope of a little excitement out of nowhere. He cycles right past all the houses, looking at each of them in turn, goes round the turning circle at the end, cycles back down the street ... and dismounts in front of No. 12. What I remember for sure is the look on Keith's mother's face, as we run in to tell her that there's a policeman going to Auntie Dee's. For a moment all her composure's gone. She looks ill and frightened. She's throwing the front door open and not walking but running down the street...

I understand now, of course, that she and Auntie Dee and Mrs Berrill and the McAfees all lived in dread of policemen and telegraph boys, as everyone did then who had someone in the family away fighting. I've forgotten now what it had turned out to be- nothing to do with Uncle Peter, anyway. A complaint about Auntie Dee's blackout, I think. She was always rather slapdash about it.

Once again I see that look cross Keith's mother's face, and this time I think I see something else beside the fear. Something that reminds me of the look on Keith's face, when his father's discovered some dereliction in his duties towards his bicycle or his cricket gear: a suggestion of guilt. Or is memory being overwritten by hindsight once more?

If the policeman and the look had already happened, could they by any chance have planted the first seed of an idea in Keith's mind?

I think now that most probably Keith's words came out of nowhere, that they were spontaneously created in the moment they were uttered. That they were a blind leap of pure fantasy. Or of pure intuition. Or, like so many things, of both.

From those six random words, anyway, came everything that followed, brought forth simply by Keith's uttering them and by my hearing them. The rest of our lives was determined in that one brief moment as the beads clinked against the jug and Keith's mother walked away from us, through the brightness of the morning, over the last of the fallen white blossom on the red brick path, erect, composed, and invulnerable, and Keith watched her go, with the dreamy look in his eye that I remembered from the start of so many of our projects.

'My mother', he said reflectively, almost regretfully, 'is a German spy.'

I'm the King of the Castle

by Susan Hill

The cornfield was high up. He stood in the very middle of it, now, and the sun came glaring down. He could feel the sweat running over his back, and in the creases of his thighs. His face was burning. He sat down, although the stubble pricked at him, through his jeans, and looked over at the dark line of trees on the edge of Hang Wood. They seemed very close – all the individual branches were clearly outlined. The fields around him were absolutely still.

When he first saw the crow, he took no notice. There had been several crows. This is one glided down into the corn on its enormous, ragged black wings. He began to be aware of it when it rose up suddenly, circled overhead, and then dived, to land not very far away from him. Kingshaw could see the feathers on his head, shining blank in between the butter-coloured corn-stalks. Then it rose, and circled, and came down again, this time not quite landing, but flapping about his head, beating its wings and making a sound like flat leather pieces being slapped together. It was the largest crow he had ever seen. As it came down for the third time, he looked up and noticed its beak, opening in a screech. The inside of its mouth was scarlet, it had small glinting eyes.

Kingshaw got up and flapped his arms. For a moment, the bird retreated a little way off, and higher up in the sky. He began to walk rather quickly back, through the path in the corn, looking ahead of him. Stupid to be scared of a rotten bird. What could a bird do? But he felt his own extreme isolation, high up in the cornfield.

For a moment, he could only hear the soft thudding of his own footsteps, and the silky sound of the corn, brushing against him. Then, there was a rush of air, as the great crow came beating down, and wheeled about his head. The beak opened and the hoarse caaw came out again and again, from inside the scarlet mouth.

Kingshaw began to run, not caring, now, if he trampled the corn, wanting to get away, down into the next field. He thought that the corn might be some kind of crow's food store, in which he was seen as an invader. Perhaps this was only the first of a whole battalion of crows, that would rise up and swoop at him. Get on to the grass then, he thought, get on to the grass, that'll be safe, it'll go away. He wondered if it had mistaken him for some hostile animal, lurking down in the corn.

His progress was very slow through the cornfield, the thick stalks bunched together and got in his way, and he had to shove them back with his arms. But he reached the gate and climbed it, and dropped on to the grass of the field on the other side. Sweat was running down his forehead and into his eyes. He looked up. The crow kept on coming. He ran.

But it wasn't easy to run down this field, either, because of the tractor ruts. He began to leap wildly from side to side of them, his legs stretched as wide as they could go, and for a short time, it seemed that he did go faster. The crow dived again, and, as it rose, Kingshaw felt the tip of its black wing, beating against his face. He gave a sudden, dry sob. Then, his left foot caught in one of the ruts and he keeled over, going down straight forwards.

He lay with his face in the coarse grass, panting and sobbing by turns, with the sound of his own blood pumping through his ears. He felt the sun on the back of his neck, and his ankle was wrenched. But he would be able to get up. He raised his head, and wiped two fingers across his face. A streak of blood came off, from where a thistle had scratched him. He got unsteadily to his feet, taking in deep, desperate breaths of the close air. He could not see the crow.

But when he began to walk forwards again, it rose up from the grass a little way off, and began to circle and swoop. Kingshaw broke into a run, sobbing and wiping the damp mess of tears and sweat off his face with one hand. There was a blister on his ankle, rubbed raw by the sandal strap. The crow was still quite high, soaring easily, to keep pace with him. Now, he had scrambled over the third gate, and he was in the field next to the one that belonged to Warings. He could see the back of the house. He began to run much faster.

This time, he fell and lay completely winded. Through the runnels of sweat and the sticky tufts of his own hair, he could see a figure, looking down at him from one of the top windows of the house.

Then, there was a single screech, and the terrible beating of wings, and the crow swooped down and landed in the middle of his back.

Kingshaw thought that, in the end, it must have been his screaming that frightened it off, for he dared not move. He lay and closed his eyes and felt the claws of the bird, digging into his skin, through the thin shirt, and began to scream in a queer, gasping sort of way. After a moment or two, the bird rose. He had expected it to begin pecking at him with his beak, remembering terrible stories about vultures that went for living people's eyes. He could not believe in his own escape.

He scrambled up, and ran on, and this time, the crow only hovered above, though not very high up, and still following him, but silently, and no longer attempting to swoop down. Kingshaw felt his legs go weak beneath him, as he climbed the last fence, and stood in the place from which he had started out on his walk, by the edge of the copse. He looked back fearfully. The crow circled a few times, and then dived into the thick foliage of the beech trees.

Remarkable Creatures

by Tracy Chevalier

Chapter 1
Different from all the rocks on the beach

Lightning has struck me all my life. Just once was it real. I shouldn't remember it, for I was little more than a baby. But I do remember. I was in a field, where there were horses and riders performing tricks. Then a storm blew in, and a woman – not Mam – picked me up and brought me under a tree. As she held me tight I looked up and saw the pattern of black leaves against a white sky.

Then there was a noise, like all the trees falling down round me, and a bright, bright light, which was like looking at the sun. A buzz ran right through me. It was as if I'd touched a hot coal, and I could smell singed flesh and sense there was pain, yet it weren't painful. I felt like a stocking turned inside out.

Others begun pulling at me and calling, but I couldn't make a sound. I was carried somewhere, then there was warmth all round, not a blanket, but wet. It was water and I knew water – our house was close to the sea, I could see it from our windows. Then I opened my eyes, and it feels like they haven't been shut since.

The lightning killed the woman holding me, and two girls standing next to her, but I survived. They say I was a quiet, sickly child before the storm, but after it I grew up lively and alert. I cannot say if they're right, but the memory of that lighting still runs through me like a shiver. It marks powerful moments of my life: seeing the first crocodile skull Joe found, and finding its body myself; discovering my other monsters on the beach; meeting Colonel Birch. Other times I'll feel the lighting strike and wonder why it's come. Sometimes I don't understand, but accept what the lightning tells me, for the lightning is me. It entered me when I was a baby and never left.

I feel an echo of the lightning each time I find a fossil, a little jolt that says, "Yes, Mary Anning, you are different from all the rocks on the beach." That is why I am a hunter: to feel that bolt of lightning, and that difference, every day.

Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha

by Roddy Doyle

We charged through on our bikes. Bikes became important, our horses. We galloped through the garage yards and made it to the other side. I tied a rope to the handlebars and hitched my bike to a pole whenever I got off it. We parked our bikes on verges so they could graze. The rope got caught between the spokes of the front wheel; I went over the handlebars, straight over. It was over before I knew. The bike was on top of me. I was alone. I was okay. I wasn't even cut. We charged into the garages—

–Woo wooo wooo wooo wooo wooo wooo!

and the garages captured our noise and made it bigger and grownup. We escaped out the other end, out onto the street and back for a second attack.

We got material from our houses and made headbands. Mine was a tartan one, with a seagull's feather. We took off our jumpers and shirts and vests. James O'Keefe took off his trousers and rode through Bayside in his underpants. His skin was stuck to the saddle when he was getting off, from the sweat; you could hear the skin clinging to the plastic. We threw his trousers onto the roof of a garage, and his shirt and his vest. We put his jumper down a shore.

The garage roofs were easy to get up onto. We climbed up on our saddles and onto the roofs when we'd conquered the forts.

–Woo wooo wooo wooo wooo wooo wooo!

A woman looked out of a bedroom window and made a face and moved her hands, telling us to get down. We did the first time. We got on our bikes and hightailed it out of Bayside. She'd called the police; her husband was a Guard; she was a witch. I got straight from the roof onto the bike without touching the ground. I pushed off from the wall. There was a wobble but then I was gone. I circled the garages to make sure that the others had time to escape.

I'd got the bike for Christmas, two Christmases before. I woke up. I thought I did. The bedroom door was closing. The bike was leaning against the end of my bed. I was confused. And afraid. The door clicked shut. I stayed in the bed. I heard no steps outside in the hall. I didn't try to ride the bike for months after. We didn't need them. We were better on foot through the fields and sites. I didn't like it. I didn't know who'd given it to me. It should never have been in my bedroom. It was a Raleigh, a gold one. It was the right size for me and I didn't like that either. I wanted a grownup one, with straight handlebars and brakes that fit properly into my hands with the bars, like Kevin had. My brakes stuck down under the bars. I had to gather them into my hands. When I held the bar and the brake together the bike stopped; I couldn't do it. The only thing I did like was a Manchester United sticker that was in my stocking when I woke up again in the morning. I stuck it on the bar under the saddle.

We didn't need bikes then. We walked; we ran. We ran away. That was the best, running away. We shouted at watchmen, we threw stones at windows, we played knickknack—and ran away. We owned Barrytown, the whole lot of it. It went on forever. It was a country.

Bayside was for bikes.

I couldn't cycle it. I could get my leg over the saddle and onto the pedal and push but that was all. I couldn't go; I couldn't stay up. I didn't know how. I was doing everything right. I ran the bike, got onto it and fell over. I was frightened. I knew I was going to fall before I started. I gave up. I put the bike in the shed. My da got angry. I didn't care.

–Santy got you that bike, he said.—The least you can do is learn how to cycle the bloody thing.
I said nothing.

–It comes natural, he said.—It's as natural as walking.

I could walk.

I asked him to show me.

–About time, he said.

I got up on the bike; he held the back of the saddle and I pedalled. Up the garden. Down the garden. He thought I was enjoying it; I hated it. I knew: he let go: I fell over.

–Keep pedalling keep pedalling keep pedalling—

I fell over. I got off the bike. I wasn't really falling. I was putting my left foot down. That made him more annoyed.

–You're not trying.

He pulled the bike away from me.

–Come on; get up.

I couldn't. He had the bike. He realised this. He gave it back. I got up. He held the back. He said nothing. I pedalled. We went down the garden. I went faster. I stayed up; he was still holding. I looked back. He wasn't there. I fell over. But I'd done it; I'd gone a bit without him. I could do it. I didn't need him now. I didn't want him.

He was gone anyway. Back into the house.

–You'll be grand now, he said.

He was just lazy.

I stayed on. I turned at the top of the garden instead of getting off and turning the bike and getting back on. I stayed on. Around the garden three times. Nearly into the hedge. I stayed on.

We ruled Bayside. We camped up on the garage roofs. We lit a fire. We could see in all directions.

Birdsong

by Sebastian Faulks

'Quiet, isn't it?' said Stephen.

'Tolerable,' said Ellis. 'I've got a problem. I'm trying to get a working party to go out and bring back some bodies. It's pretty quiet, as you say, and we may not have a better chance.'

'So what's the problem?'

'My men wouldn't do it unless I went too. So I said I would. Then they insisted on having at least one miner with them, but the miners' CO says it's nothing to do with them and in any case they're fed up with doing our fatigues.'

Ellis's white, freckled face was agitated. He pushed the cap back from his forehead to show a puckered hairline from which the gingerish hair had started to recede.

Stephen smiled vaguely and shook his head. 'We should all go. It doesn't matter. It's only death.'

'Well, will you tell Captain Weir to get one of his sappers out with us?'

'I can ask him. Perhaps he'd like to come too, now that his arm's better.'

'Are you serious?' said Ellis crossly.

'I don't know, Ellis. There's something about you that makes me quite unsure. Get your working party ready for twelve o'clock. I'll see you in the next firebay.'

Weir laughed drily when Stephen made the suggestion.

'There'll be rum,' said Stephen.

Weir's eyes opened in interest.

Then when the moment came it brought a sudden fear and unreality. They could never be prepared to look at death in the crude form that awaited them. Stephen felt, as he had done before at moments of extreme tension, a dislocation in his sense of time. It seemed to stutter, then freeze.

At noon on the firestep in gas masks. Taste of death, smell of it, thought Stephen. Coker slashed sandbags into gloves. 'Wear these.' Firebrace and Fielding of the miners, Ellis, white like milk, Barlow, Bates, Goddard, Allen of the infantry; Weir taking rum on top of whisky, unsteady on the step of the ladder.

'What are you doing, Brennan?'

'I'm coming too.'

They tracked out towards a shellhole, the sun bright, a lark above them. Blue sky, unseen by eyes trained on turned mud. They moved low towards a mine crater where bodies had lain for weeks uncollected. 'Try to lift him.' No sound of machine guns or snipers, though their ears were braced for noise. 'Take his arms.' The incomprehensible order through the gas mouthpiece. The arms came away softly. 'Not like that, not take his arms *away*'. On Weir's collar a large rat, trailing something red down his back. A crow disturbed, lifting its black body up suddenly, battering the air with its big wings. Coker, Barlow shaking their heads under the assault of risen flies coming up, transforming black skin of corpses into green by their absence. The roaring of Goddard's vomit made them laugh, snoring private mirth inside their masks. Goddard, releasing his mask, breathed in worse air than he had expelled. Weir's hands in double sandbags stretched out tentatively to a sapper's uniform, undressing the chest in search of a disc which he removed, bringing skin with it into his tunic pocket. Jack's recoil; even through coarse material, to the sponge of flesh. Bright and sleek on liver, a rat emerged from the abdomen; it levered and flopped fatly over the ribs, glutted with pleasure. Bit by bit on to stretchers, what flesh fell left in mud. Not men, but flies and flesh, thought Stephen. Brennan anxiously stripping a torso with no head. He clasped it with both hands, dragged legless up from the crater, his

fingers vanishing into buttered green flesh. It was his brother.

When they got back to the safety of the trench Jack was angry that he and Fielding had been made to go, but Weir pointed out that there were three men from their company unburied. Goddard could not stop vomiting, though his stomach was long since empty. When he was not retching, he sat on the firestep, weeping uncontrollably. He was nineteen.

Michael Weir had a rigid smile. He told Fielding and Jack they were excused fatigues for a week, then went to Stephen's dugout in the hope of whisky.

'I wonder what my father would say, he said reflectively. 'Of course they're all "doing their bit", as he put it.' Weir swallowed and licked his lips. 'It's just that his "bit" and mine seem so different.'

Stephen watched him and shook his head fondly. 'You know what I really dreaded?' he said. 'What frightened me was the thought that one of those men was going to be alive.'

Weir laughed. 'After all that time?'

Stephen said, 'It's been known.' He had a thought. 'Where's Brennan? Did you see him when we got back?'

'No.'

Stephen went along the trench looking for him. He found him sitting quietly on the firestep near the dugout where he and half a dozen others slept.

'I'm sorry, Brennan,' he said. 'That was a terrible thing for you. You needn't have come.'

'I know. I wanted to come. I feel better now.'

'You feel *better*?'

Brennan nodded. He had a narrow head, with thick, black greasy hair on which Stephen was looking down. When he turned his face up, its features were calm.

Stephen said, 'At least wash your hands, Brennan. Get some chloride of lime on them. Take some time off if you want to. I'll tell your sergeant you're excused fatigues.'

It's all right. I feel lucky in a way. You know last July when I fell off the firestep when the mine went up and I broke my leg? Then watching you lot go over the top. I was lucky.'

'Yes, but I'm sorry about your brother.'

'It's all right, I found him, that's the thing. I didn't let him lie there. I got him back and now he'll have a proper burial. There'll be a grave that people can see: I can come and put flowers on it when the war's over.'

Stephen was surprised by how confident Brennan was that he himself would survive. As he turned to go, Brennan began to sing softly to himself, an Irish song that he had sung on the morning when they waited to attack. His voice was a grating, persistent tenor and he knew many songs.

All night he sang for his brother, whom he had brought, home in his hands.

READING CREATIVE TEXTS

QUESTION ONE

LIST 4 things in lines .....

- ❑4 marks = 5 mins
- ❑Extract referred to but not re-printed
- ❑AO1 - Locate

To answer:

- ❑ **Read and highlight key words in the question**
- ❑ Don't quote
- ❑ Don't use the word 'and'
- ❑ Write four short points in spaces A-D for 4 marks

Top tips:

*This is not a trick question. It is easy. Be brief but accurate. Re-read the **correct lines** from the text.*

QUESTION TWO

How does the writer use **LANGUAGE** to.....?

- ❑8 marks = 15mins
- ❑Extract re-printed on your answer page.
- ❑Bullet points guide your answer
- ❑AO2 – Language

To answer:

- ❑ **Read and highlight key words in the question**
- ❑ Pick your quotes **first** then consider devices
- ❑ Point (name writer)/Quote/Device/**Effect**
- ❑ DON'T DISCUSS STRUCTURE
- ❑ DO LOOK AT SENTENCE FORMS (simple/compound/complex)

Top tips:

*Pick out individual words afterwards and discuss their **effect** (not meaning). When you pick out a word/device you need to underline or re-quote it – so the examiners knows you know which word is the 'verb' etc. Think of squeezing or wringing the last drop of meaning from a passage. **Track** through the extract from start to finish.*

QUESTION THREE

How has the writer **STRUCUTRED** the text to...?

- ❑ 8 marks = 15mins
- ❑You will need to consider the WHOLE text.
- ❑Bullet points guide your answer
- ❑AO2 - Structure

To answer:

- ❑ **Read and highlight key words in the question**
- ❑ Consider the **sequence** through a passage (introduction, development, summary and conclusion. Maybe also: contrast, flashback/forwards, repetitions, threads patterns or motifs).
- ❑ Consider **changes** in ideas and perspectives (changing focus from wide to narrow, place to place, outside to inside(and vice versa).
- ❑ Consider **coherence**, (connections and links across paragraphs, links within paragraphs, topic sentences.)
- ❑ Use the phrase from.....to..... So the writer zooms in from.....to.....

Top Tips:

Comment in the writer's techniques like a film makers using phrases like: focusing, zooming, narrowing, widening, introducing, developing, changing focus, concluding, foreshadowing, contrasting. E.G. 'We start to see things through the father's eyes as if we are searching with him' or 'We go from a wide viewpoint to a close-up focus if we are getting inside the father's mind'

QUESTION FOUR

Statement written. How far do you **AGREE**?

- ❑20 marks = 25 mins
- ❑Bullet points guide your answer
- ❑AO4 – Evaluate
- ❑AO2 – Language

To answer:

- ❑ **Read and highlight key words in the question**
- ❑ Agree with the statement. The text IS well written. I agree: most/less/more/least.
- ❑ Two stages: recognising **how** the writer tries to achieve effects (language techniques) and deciding **how effectively** this has been done (agree a lot or a little – but still agree).
- ❑ Use phrases like: This makes the reader identify with the character because/ the impact of this description is.../ This works because we think/feel.../ This phrases indicates / The contrast used makes the reader....

Top Tips:

Leave enough time to cover the whole text. Consider HOW much you agree (a little or a lot). Look at specifics within the statement, not just the statement as a whole). Could compare within a text

Basics & Stretch Yourself

Basics	Verb/adverb/adjective/ simile/metaphor/question/ alliteration/ onomatopoeia/5 senses/listing/personification/repetition
Stretch	Give one sentence overview for each question, identifying patters - use the word 'main' or 'key'/Embed quotations/ Look at the bigger picture – not just individual quotes/ Consider genre and form/narrative voice/be /use terms: implies/ illuminates/

The Mark Scheme

Band 1-4	4 – DETAILED. PERCEPTIVE 3 - CLEAR, RELEVANT 2 - SOME,ATTEMPTS 1 – SIMPLE, LIMITED
Q1	• Understanding • Identifies explicit information.
Q2/3	• Analyses effects of writer's choices • Well-judged quotations • Sophisticated terminology
Q4	• Same as Q2/3 plus • Evaluates (judges the effectiveness of) the text

Assessment Objectives

AO1

- **Identify and interpret** explicit &implicit information & ideas.
- **Select & synthesise evidence** from different texts.

AO2

- **Explain, comment on & analyse** how writers use **language & structure** to achieve **effects** & influence readers
- Use **relevant subject terminology** to support views.

AO4

Evaluate texts critically & support this with **appropriate textual references.**

Language

Pronouns
Direct speech
Terms of address
Noun phrase
Subordinate/ main cause
Narrative voice
Simple/compound /complex sentence
Accent /Dialect
Utterances
Ellipsis
1st/3rd person
Hyperbole
Imperatives
Exclamations
Narrative perspective

Structure

Beginning/middle/ end	Pace/build-up
Topic sentences	Zooming in/out
Flash-backward/ forward/ foreshadowing	Shifts/changes – character, time, place, focus
Narrowing/ widening focus	Echoes/repetitions/motifs
Perspective	Contrast/ juxtaposition
Dialogue v narrative	Cyclical

TURTON PAPER A

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.

15

Source A

Extract from Of Mice and Men by John Steinbeck (1937)

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.

There is a path through the willows and among the sycamores, a path beaten hard by boys coming down from the ranches to swim in the deep pool, and beaten hard by tramps who come wearily down from the highway in the evening to jungle up near water. In front of the low horizontal limb of a giant sycamore there is an ash pile made by many fires; the limb is worn smooth by men who have sat on it.

Evening of a hot day started the little wind to moving among the leaves. The shade climbed up the hills toward the top. On the sand banks the rabbits sat as quietly as little gray, sculptured stones. And then from the direction of the state highway came the sound of footsteps on crisp sycamore leaves. The rabbits hurried noiselessly for cover. A stilted heron labored up into the air and pounded down river. For a moment the place was lifeless, and then two men emerged from the path and came into the opening by the green pool.

For a moment the place was lifeless, and then two men emerged from the path and came into the opening by the green pool. They had walked in single file down the path, and even in the open one stayed behind the other. Both were dressed in denim trousers and in denim coats with brass buttons. Both wore black, shapeless hats and both carried tight blanket rolls slung over their shoulders. The first man was small and quick, dark of face, with restless eyes and sharp, strong features. Every part of him was defined: small, strong hands, slender arms, a thin and bony nose. Behind him walked his opposite, a huge man, shapeless of face, with large, pale eyes, and wide, sloping shoulders; and he walked heavily, dragging his feet a little, the way a bear drags his paws. His arms did not swing at his sides, but hung loosely. The first man stopped short in the clearing, and the follower nearly ran over him. He took off his hat and wiped the sweat-band with his forefinger and snapped the moisture off. His huge companion dropped his blankets and flung himself down and drank from the surface of the green pool; drank with long gulps, snorting into the water like a horse. The small man stepped nervously beside him.

"Lennie!" he said sharply. "Lennie, for God' sakes don't drink so much." Lennie continued to snort into the pool. The small man leaned over and shook him by the shoulder. "Lennie. You gonna be sick like you was last night." Lennie dipped his whole head under, hat and all, and then he sat up on the bank and his hat dripped down on his blue coat and ran down his back.

SOURCE A CONTINUED

Extract from Of Mice and Men by John Steinbeck (1937)

"That's good," he said. "You drink some, George. You take a good big drink." He smiled happily.

George unslung his bindle and dropped it gently on the bank. "I ain't sure it's good water," he said. "Looks kinda scummy." Lennie dabbled his big paw in the water and wiggled his fingers so the water arose in little splashes; rings widened across the pool to the other side and came back again.

Lennie watched them go. "Look, George. Look what I done."

Turn over for Section A

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1 Read again the first part of the Source from **lines 1 to 10.**

List **four** things from this part of the text that we learn about the area.

[4 marks]

1 _____

_____

2 _____

_____

3 _____

_____

4 _____

_____

0 2 Look in detail at this extract from **lines 22 to 34** of the Source:

> For a moment the place was lifeless, and then two men emerged from the path and came into the opening by the green pool. They had walked in single file down the path, and even in the open one stayed behind the other. Both were dressed in denim trousers and in denim coats with brass buttons. Both wore black, shapeless hats and both carried tight blanket rolls slung over their shoulders. The first man was small and quick, dark of face, with restless eyes and sharp, strong features. Every part of him was defined: small, strong hands, slender arms, a thin and bony nose. Behind him walked his opposite, a huge man, shapeless of face, with large, pale eyes, and wide, sloping shoulders; and he walked heavily, dragging his feet a little, the way a bear drags his paws. His arms did not swing at his sides, but hung loosely. The first man stopped short in the clearing, and the follower nearly ran over him. He took off his hat and wiped the sweat-band with his forefinger and snapped the moisture off. His huge companion dropped his blankets and flung himself down and drank from the surface of the green pool; drank with long gulps, snorting into the water like a horse. The small man stepped nervously beside him.

How does the writer use language here to describe the relationship between the two men?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

[8 marks]

0 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.

[8 marks]

0 4 Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the Source from **line 16 to the end**.

1. A student, having read this section of the text said: 'The writer deliberately shows us that man is a destructive influence on nature.' To what extent do you agree with that statement?

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]

TURTON PAPER B

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.

22

Source A

This is the opening to *Rebecca* by Daphne Du Maurier. The narrator is dreaming of returning to a place called Manderley.

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 a 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 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 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. On and on, now east now west, wound the poor thread that once had been our drive. Sometimes I thought it lost, but it appeared again, beneath a fallen tree perhaps, or struggling on the other side of a muddied ditch created by the winter rains. I had not thought the way so long. Surely the miles had multiplied, even as the trees had done, and this path led but to a labyrinth, some choked wilderness, and not to the house at all. I came upon it suddenly; the approach masked by the unnatural growth of a vast shrub that spread in all directions, and I stood, my heart thumping in my breast, the strange prick of tears behind my eyes.

There was Manderley, our Manderley, secretive and silent as it had always been, the grey stone shining in the moonlight of my dream, the mullioned windows reflecting the green lawns and the terrace. Time could not wreck the perfect symmetry of those walls, nor the site itself, a jewel in the hollow of a hand. The terrace sloped to the lawns, and the lawns stretched to the sea, and turning I could see the sheet of silver placid under the moon, like a lake undisturbed by wind or storm. No waves would come to ruffle this dream water, and no bulk of cloud, wind-driven from the west, obscure the clarity of this pale sky.

I turned again to the house, and though it stood inviolate, untouched, as though we ourselves had left

but yesterday, I saw that the garden had obeyed the jungle law, even as the woods had done. The rhododendrons stood fifty feet high, twisted and entwined with bracken, and they had entered into alien marriage with a host of nameless shrubs, poor, bastard things that clung about their roots as though conscious of their spurious origin.

A lilac had mated with a copper beech, and to bind them yet more closely to one another the malevolent ivy, always an enemy to grace, had thrown her tendrils about the pair and made them prisoners. Ivy held prior place in this lost garden, the long strands crept across the lawns, and soon would encroach upon the house itself. There was another plant too, some half-breed from the woods, whose seed had been scattered long ago beneath the trees and then forgotten, and now, marching in unison with the ivy, thrust its ugly form like a giant rhubarb towards the soft grass where the daffodils had blown. Nettles were everywhere, the vanguard of the army.

They choked the terrace, they sprawled about the paths, they leant, vulgar and lanky, against the very windows of the house. They made indifferent sentinels, for in many places their ranks had been broken by the rhubarb plant, and they lay with crumpled heads and listless stems, making a pathway for the rabbits. I left the drive and went on to the terrace, for the nettles were no barrier to me, a dreamer. I walked enchanted, and nothing held me back.

Moonlight can play odd tricks upon the fancy, even upon a dreamer's fancy. As I stood there, hushed and still, I could swear that the house was not an empty shell but lived and breathed as it had lived before. Light came from the windows, the curtains blew softly in the night air, and there, in the library, the door would stand half open as we had left it, with my handkerchief on the table beside the bowl of autumn roses.

Turn over for Section A

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1 Read again the first part of the Source from **lines 1 to 7**.

List **four** things from this part of the text that Rebecca does in her dream.

[4 marks]

1 _____

_____

2 _____

_____

3 _____

_____

4 _____

_____

0 2 Look in detail at this extract from **lines 20 to 33** of the Source:

> 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. On and on, now east now west, wound the poor thread that once had been our drive. Sometimes I thought it lost, but it appeared again, beneath a fallen tree perhaps, or struggling on the other side of a muddied ditch created by the winter rains. I had not thought the way so long. Surely the miles had multiplied, even as the trees had done, and this path led but to a labyrinth, some choked wilderness, and not to the house at all. I came upon it suddenly; the approach masked by the unnatural growth of a vast shrub that spread in all directions, and I stood, my heart thumping in my breast, the strange prick of tears behind my eyes.

How does the writer use language here to describe the setting?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

[8 marks]

0 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 make the reader curious about the setting?

You could write about:

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

[8 marks]

0 4 Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the Source from **line 20 to the end**.

1. A student, having read this section of the text said **'The place of Manderley is more like a living character than a setting in this extract.'** To what extent do you agree with that statement?

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]

TURTON PAPER C

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.

Source A

Extract from Chapter One of H.G. Wells' War of the Worlds

No one would have believed in the last years of the nineteenth century that this world was being watched keenly and closely by intelligences greater than man's and yet as mortal as his own; that as men busied themselves about their various concerns they were scrutinised and studied, perhaps almost as narrowly as a man with a microscope might scrutinise the transient creatures that swarm and multiply in a drop of water. With infinite complacency men went to and fro over this globe about their little affairs, serene in their assurance of their empire over matter. It is possible that the infusoria under the microscope do the same. No one gave a thought to the older worlds of space as sources of human danger, or thought of them only to dismiss the idea of life upon them as impossible or improbable. It is curious to recall some of the mental habits of those departed days. At most terrestrial men fancied there might be other men upon Mars, perhaps inferior to themselves and ready to welcome a missionary enterprise. Yet across the gulf of space, minds that are to our minds as ours are to those of the beasts that perish, intellects vast and cool and unsympathetic, regarded this earth with envious eyes, and slowly and surely drew their plans against us. And early in the twentieth century came the great disillusionment.

The planet Mars, I scarcely need remind the reader, revolves about the sun at a mean distance of 140,000,000 miles, and the light and heat it receives from the sun is barely half of that received by this world. It must be, if the nebular hypothesis has any truth, older than our world; and long before this earth ceased to be molten, life upon its surface must have begun its course. The fact that it is scarcely one seventh of the volume of the earth must have accelerated its cooling to the temperature at which life could begin. It has air and water and all that is necessary for the support of animated existence.

Yet so vain is man, and so blinded by his vanity, that no writer, up to the very end of the nineteenth century, expressed any idea that intelligent life might have developed there far, or indeed at all, beyond its earthly level. Nor was it generally understood that since Mars is older than our earth, with scarcely a quarter of the superficial area and remoter from the sun, it necessarily follows that it is not only more distant from time's beginning but nearer its end.

The secular cooling that must someday overtake our planet has already gone far indeed with our neighbour. Its physical condition is still largely a mystery, but we know now that even in its equatorial region the midday temperature barely approaches that of our coldest winter. Its air is much more attenuated than ours, its oceans have shrunk until they cover but a third of its surface, and as its slow seasons change huge snowcaps gather and melt about either pole and periodically inundate its temperate zones. That last stage of exhaustion, which to us is still incredibly remote, has become a present-day problem for the inhabitants of Mars. The immediate pressure of necessity has brightened their intellects, enlarged their powers, and hardened their hearts. And looking across space with instruments, and intelligences such as we have scarcely dreamed of, they see, at its nearest distance only 35,000,000 of miles sunward of them, a morning star of hope, our own warmer planet, green with vegetation and grey with water, with a cloudy atmosphere eloquent of fertility, with glimpses through its drifting cloud wisps of broad stretches of populous country and narrow, navy-crowded seas.

And we men, the creatures who inhabit this earth, must be to them at least as alien and lowly as are the monkeys and lemurs to us. The intellectual side of man already admits that life is an incessant struggle for existence, and it would seem that this too is the belief of the minds upon Mars. Their world is far gone in its cooling and this world is still crowded with life, but crowded only with what they regard as inferior animals. To carry warfare sunward is, indeed, their only escape from the destruction that, generation after generation, creeps upon them.

And before we judge of them too harshly we must remember what ruthless and utter destruction our own species has wrought, not only upon animals, such as the vanished bison and the dodo, but upon its inferior races. The Tasmanians, in spite of their human likeness, were entirely swept out of existence

in a war of extermination waged by European immigrants, in the space of fifty years. Are we such apostles of mercy as to complain if the Martians warred in the same spirit?

The Martians seem to have calculated their descent with amazing subtlety--their mathematical learning is evidently far in excess of ours--and to have carried out their preparations with a well-nigh perfect unanimity. Had our instruments permitted it, we might have seen the gathering trouble far back in the nineteenth century. Men like Schiaparelli watched the red planet--it is odd, by-the-bye, that for countless centuries Mars has been the star of war--but failed to interpret the fluctuating appearances of the markings they mapped so well. All that time the Martians must have been getting ready.

Turn over for Section A

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1 Read again the first part of the Source from **lines 15 to 20**.

List **four** things from this part of the text that we learn about the planet Mars. **[4 marks]**

1 _____

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2 _____

_____

3 _____

_____

4 _____

_____

0 2 Look in detail at this extract from **lines 21 to 27** of the Source:

> Yet so vain is man, and so blinded by his vanity, that no writer, up to the very end of the nineteenth century, expressed any idea that intelligent life might have developed there far, or indeed at all, beyond its earthly level. Nor was it generally understood that since Mars is older than our earth, with scarcely a quarter of the superficial area and remoter from the sun, it necessarily follows that it is not only more distant from time's beginning but nearer its end.
>
> The secular cooling that must someday overtake our planet has already gone far indeed with our neighbour. Its physical condition is still largely a mystery, but we know now that even in its equatorial region the midday temperature barely approaches that of our coldest winter. Its air is much more attenuated than ours, its oceans have shrunk until they cover but a third of its surface, and as its slow seasons change huge snowcaps gather and melt about either pole and periodically inundate its temperate zones. That last stage of exhaustion, which to us is still incredibly remote, has become a present-day problem for the inhabitants of Mars. The immediate pressure of necessity has brightened their intellects, enlarged their powers, and hardened their hearts. And looking across space with instruments, and intelligences such as we have scarcely dreamed of, they see, at its nearest distance only 35,000,000 of miles sunward of them, a morning star of hope, our own warmer planet, green with vegetation and grey with water, with a cloudy atmosphere eloquent of fertility, with glimpses through its drifting cloud wisps of broad stretches of populous country and narrow, navy-crowded seas.

How does the writer use language here to present the idea that humans are inferiors to the Martians?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

[8 marks]

0 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 make the reader curious about the setting?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the Source develops
- any other structural features that interest you. **[8 marks]**

0 4 Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the Source from **line 26 to the end**.

1. A student, having read this section of the text said **"The writer is using this assessment of life on Mars to highlight issues he sees in today's world on earth.'.'** To what extent do you agree with that statement?

   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]

TURTON PAPER D

Source A

Extract from The Woman in Black – Susan Hill 1983

As I neared the ruins, I could see clearly that they were indeed of some ancient chapel, perhaps monastic in origin, and all broken down and crumbling, with some of the stones and rubble fallen, probably in recent gales, and lying about in the grass. The ground sloped a little down to the estuary shore and, as I passed under one of the old arches, I startled a bird, which rose up and away over my head with loudly beating wings and a harsh croaking cry that echoed all around the old walls and was taken up by another, some distance away. It was an ugly, Satanic looking thing, like some species of sea vulture – if such a thing existed –and I could not suppress a shudder as its shadow passed over me, and I watched its ungainly flight away towards the sea with relief. Then I saw that the ground at my feet and the fallen stones between were a foul mess of droppings, and guessed that these birds must nest and roost in the walls above.

Otherwise, I rather liked this lonely spot, and thought how it would be on a warm evening at midsummer, when the breezes blew balmily from off the sea, across the tall grasses, and wild flowers of white and yellow and pink climbed and bloomed among the broken stones, the shadows lengthened gently, and June birds poured out their finest songs, with the faint lap and wash of water in the distance.

So musing, I emerged into a small burial ground. It was enclosed by the remains of a wall, and I stopped in astonishment at the sight. There were perhaps fifty old gravestones, most of them leaning over or completely fallen, covered in patches of Greenish yellow lichen and moss, scoured pale by the salt wind, and stained by years of driven rain. The mounds were grassy, and weed-covered, or else they had disappeared altogether, sunken and slipped down. No names or dates were now decipherable, and the whole place had a decayed and abandoned air.

Ahead, where the wall ended in a heap of dust and rubble, lay the grey water of the estuary. As I stood, wondering, the last light went from the sun, and the wind rose in a gust, and rustled through the grass. Above my head, that unpleasant, Snake necked bird came gliding back towards the ruins, and I saw that its beak was hooked around a fish that writhed and struggled helplessly. I watched the creature alight and, as it did so, it disturbed some of the stones, which toppled and fell out of sight somewhere.

Suddenly, conscious of the cold and the extreme bleakness and eeriness of the spot and of the gathering dusk of the November afternoon, and not wanting my spirits to become so depressed that I might begin to be affected by all sorts of morbid fancies, I was about to leave, and walk briskly back to the house, where I intended to switch on a good many lights and even light a small fire if it were possible, before beginning my preliminary work on Mrs Drablow's papers. But, as I turned away, I glanced once again round the burial ground and then I saw again the woman with the wasted face, who had been at Mrs Drablow's funeral. She was at the far end of the plot, close to one of the few upright headstones, and she wore the same black clothing and bonnet, but it seemed to have slipped back so that I could make out her face a little more clearly. In the greyness of the fading light, it had the sheen and pallor not of flesh so much as of bone itself.

Turn over for Section A

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1 Read again the first part of the Source from **lines 1 to 11.**

List **four** things from this part of the text that we learn about the ruins.

[4 marks]

1 _____

_____

2 _____

_____

3 _____

_____

4 _____

_____

0 2 Look in detail at this extract from **lines 17 to 29** of the Source:

> So musing, I emerged into a small burial ground. It was enclosed by the remains of a wall, and I stopped in astonishment at the sight. There were perhaps fifty old gravestones, most of them leaning over or completely fallen, covered in patches of Greenish yellow lichen and moss, scoured pale by the salt wind, and stained by years of driven rain. The mounds were grassy, and weed-covered, or else they had disappeared altogether, sunken and slipped down. No names or dates were now decipherable, and the whole place had a decayed and abandoned air.
>
> Ahead, where the wall ended in a heap of dust and rubble, lay the grey water of the estuary. As I stood, wondering, the last light went from the sun, and the wind rose in a gust, and rustled through the grass. Above my head, that unpleasant, Snake necked bird came gliding back towards the ruins, and I saw that its beak was hooked around a fish that writhed and struggled helplessly. I watched the creature alight and, as it did so, it disturbed some of the stones, which toppled and fell out of sight somewhere.

How does the writer use language here to create an unusual atmosphere?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

[8 marks]

0 3 You now need to think about the **whole** of the **Source**.

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

and to build tension?

You could write about:

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

[8 marks]

0 4

A student, having read this text said: 'The narrator doesn't seem to realise how eerie the place is at first.' To what extent do you agree with that statement?

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]

40

TURTON PAPER E

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.

41

Source A

At the Bay

Very early morning. The sun was not yet risen, and the whole of Crescent Bay was hidden under a white sea-mist. The big bush-covered hills at the back were smothered. You could not see where they ended and the paddocks and bungalows began. The sandy road was gone and the paddocks and bungalows the other side of it; there were no white dunes covered with reddish grass beyond them; there was nothing to mark which was beach and where was the sea. A heavy dew had fallen. The grass was blue. Big drops hung on the bushes and just did not fall; the silvery, fluffy toi-toi* was limp on its long stalks, and all the marigolds and the pinks in the bungalow gardens were bowed to the earth with wetness. Drenched were the cold fuchsias, round pearls of dew lay on the flat nasturtium leaves. It looked as though the sea had beaten up softly in the darkness, as though one immense wave had come rippling, rippling – how far? Perhaps if you had waked up in the middle of the night you might have seen a big fish flicking in at the window and gone again .....

Ah-Aah! Sounded the sleepy sea. And from the bush there came the sound of little streams flowing, quickly, lightly, slipping between the smooth stones, gushing into ferny basins and out again; and there was the splashing of big drops on large leaves, and something else – what was it? – a faint stirring and shaking, the snapping of a twig and then such silence that it seemed some one was listening.

Round the corner of Crescent Bay, between the piled-up masses of broken rock, a flock of sheep came pattering. They were huddled together, a small, tossing, woolly mass, and their thin, stick-like legs trotted along quickly as it the cold and the quiet had frightened them. Behind them an old sheep-dog, his soaking paws covered with sand, ran along with his nose to the ground, but carelessly, as if thinking of something else. And then in the rocky gateway the shepherd himself appeared. He was a lean, upright old man, in a frieze* coat that was covered with a web of tiny drops, velvet trousers tied under the knee, and a wide-awake* with a folded blue handkerchief round the brim.

One hand was crammed into his belt, the other grasped a beautifully smooth yellow stick. And as he walked, taking his time, he kept up a very soft light whistling, an airy, far-away fluting that sounded mournful and tender. The old dog cut an ancient caper or two and then drew up sharp, ashamed of his levity, and walker a few dignified paces by his master's side. The sheep ran forward in little pattering rushes; they began to bleat, and ghostly flocks and herds answered them from under the sea. "Baa! Baaa!" For a time they seemed to be always on the same piece of ground. There ahead was stretched the sandy road with shallow puddles; the same soaking bushes showed on either side and the same shadowy palings*. Then something immense came into view; an enormous shock-haired giant with his arms stretched out. It was the big gum-tree outside Mrs. Stubbs' shop, and as they passed by there was a strong whiff of eucalyptus. And now big spots of light gleamed in the mist. The shepherd stopped whistling; he rubbed his red nose and wet beard on his wet sleeve and, screwing up his eyes, glanced in the direction of the sea. The sun was rising, It was marvellous how quickly the mist thinned, sped away, dissolved from the shallow plain, rolled up from the bush and was gone as if in a hurry to escape; big twists and curls jostled and shouldered each other as the silvery beams broadened. The far-away sky – a bright, pure blue – was reflected in the puddles, and the drops, swimming along the telegraph poles, flashed into points of light. Now the leaping, glittering sea was so bright it made one's eyes ache to look at it. The shepherd drew a pipe, the bowl as small as an acorn, out of his breast pocket, fumbled for a chunk of speckled tobacco, pared off a few shavings and stuffed the bowl. He was a grave, fine-looking old man. As he lit up and the blue smoke wreathed his head, the dog watching, looked proud of him.

Glossary

*toi-toi – a type of tall grass
*freize – coarse woollen cloth
*wide-awake – a type of wide-brimmed hat
*palings – pointed fence-posts

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1 Read again the first part of the Source from **lines 1 to 11.**

List **four** things from this part of the text that show what Crescent Bay looks like beneath the mist. **[4 marks]**

1 _____

_____

2 _____

_____

3 _____

_____

4 _____

_____

0 2 Look in detail at this extract from **lines 16 to 22** of the Source:

> Round the corner of Crescent Bay, between the piled-up masses of broken rock, a flock of sheep came pattering. They were huddled together, a small, tossing, woolly mass, and their thin, stick-like legs trotted along quickly as it the cold and the quiet had frightened them. Behind them an old sheep-dog, his soaking paws covered with sand, ran along with his nose to the ground, but carelessly, as if thinking of something else. And then in the rocky gateway the shepherd himself appeared. He was a lean, upright old man, in a frieze* coat that was covered with a web of tiny drops, velvet trousers tied under the knee, and a wide-awake* with a folded blue handkerchief round the brim.

How does the writer use language here to describe the shepherd and his animals?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

[8 marks]

0 3 You now need to think about the **whole** of the **Source**.

This text is from the opening of a short story.

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

You could write about:

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

[8 marks]

0 4 Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source, from **line 23 to the end**. A student, having read this section of the text said "the writer is successful in creating a detailed and interesting scene for the reader. It is like watching a film of what is happening."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write about your impressions of the scene
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with quotations from the text.

One hand was crammed into his belt, the other grasped a beautifully smooth yellow stick. And as he walked, taking his time, he kept up a very soft light whistling, an airy, far-away fluting that sounded mournful and tender. The old dog cut an ancient caper or two and then drew up sharp, ashamed of his levity, and walker a few dignified paces by his master's side. The sheep ran forward in little pattering rushes; they began to bleat, and ghostly flocks and herds answered them from under the sea. "Baa! Baaa!" For a time they seemed to be always on the same piece of ground. There ahead was stretched the sandy road with shallow puddles; the same soaking bushes showed on either side and the same shadowy palings*. Then something immense came into view; an enormous shock-haired giant with his arms stretched out. It was the big gum-tree outside Mrs. Stubbs' shop, and as they passed by there was a strong whiff of eucalyptus. And now big spots of light gleamed in the mist. The shepherd stopped whistling; he rubbed his red nose and wet beard on his wet sleeve and, screwing up his eyes, glanced in the direction of the sea. The sun was rising, It was marvellous how quickly the mist thinned, sped away, dissolved from the shallow plain, rolled up from the bush and was gone as if in a hurry to escape; big twists and curls jostled and shouldered each other as the silvery beams broadened. The far-away sky – a bright, pure blue – was reflected in the puddles, and the drops, swimming along the telegraph poles, flashed into points of light. Now the leaping, glittering sea was so bright it made one's eyes ache to look at it. The shepherd drew a pipe, the bowl as small as an acorn, out of his breast pocket, fumbled for a chunk of speckled tobacco, pared off a few shavings and stuffed the bowl. He was a grave, fine-looking old man. As he lit up and the blue smoke wreathed his head, the dog watching, looked proud of him.

[20 marks]

4-6

TURTON PAPER F

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.

47

Source A

In this extract from a short story, 'The Thing in the Forest' by A.S Byatt, two little girls have been evacuated to the countryside during the Second World War.

The two little girls had not met before, and made friends on the train. They shared a square of chocolate, and took alternate bites at an apple. One gave the other the inside page of her *Beano*. Their names were Penny and Primrose. Penny was thin and dark and taller, possibly older, than Primrose, who was plump and blonde and curly. Primrose had bitten nails, and a velvet collar to her dressy green coat. Penny had a bloodless transparent paleness, a touch of blue in her fine lips. Neither of them knew where they were going, nor how long the journey might take. They did not even know why they were going, since neither of their mothers had quite known how to explain the danger to them. How do you say to your child, I am sending you away, because enemy bombs may fall out of the sky, because the streets of the city may burn like forest fires of brick and timber, but I myself am staying here, in what I believe may be daily danger of burning, burying alive, gas, and ultimately perhaps a grey army rolling in on tanks over the suburbs, or sailing its submarines up our river, all guns blazing? So the mothers (who did not resemble each other at all) behaved alike, and explained nothing, it was easier. Their daughters they knew were little girls, who would not be able to understand or imagine.

The girls discussed on the train whether it was a sort of holiday or a sort of punishment, or a bit of both. Penny had read a book about Boy Scouts, but the children on the train did not appear to be Brownies or Wolf Cubs, only a mongrel battalion of the lost. Both little girls had the idea that these were all perhaps *not very good children*, possibly being sent away for that reason. They were pleased to be able to define each other as 'nice'. They would stick together, they agreed. Try to sit together, and things.

The train crawled sluggishly further and further away from the city and their homes. It was not a clean train – the upholstery of their carriage had the dank smell of unwashed trousers, and the gusts of hot steam rolling backwards past their windows were full of specks of flimsy ash, and sharp grit, and occasional fiery sparks that pricked face and fingers like hot needles if you opened the window. It was very noisy too, whenever it picked up a little speed. The engine gave great bellowing signs, and the invisible wheels underneath clicked rhythmically and monotonously, tap-tap-tap-CRASH. The window-panes were both grimy and misted up. The train stopped frequently, and when it stopped, they used their gloves to wipe rounds, through which they peered out at flooded fields, furrowed hillsides and tiny stations **whose names were carefully blacked out**, whose platforms were empty of life.

The children did not know that the namelessness was meant to baffle or delude an invading army. They felt – they did not think it out, but somewhere inside them the idea sprouted – that the erasure was because of them, because they were not meant to know where they were going or, like Hansel and Gretel, to find the way back. They did not speak to each other of this anxiety, but began the kind of conversation children have about things they really disliked, things that upset, or disgusted, or frightened them. Semolina pudding with its grainy texture, mushy peas, fat on roast meat. Listening to the stairs and the window-sashes creaking in the dark or the wind. Having your head held roughly back over the basin to have your hair washed, with cold water running down inside your **liberty bodice**. Gangs in playgrounds. They felt the pressure of all the other alien children in all the other carriages as a potential gang. They shared another square of chocolate, and licked their fingers, and looked out at a great white goose flapping its wings beside an inky pond.

Glossary:

[1] **whose names were carefully blacked out** – during the Second World War, place names on stations and road signs were blacked out so that, if the enemy invaded, they would find it harder to know where they were

[2] **liberty bodice** – a kind of vest once worn by girls and women

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1 Read again the first part of the Source from **lines 1 to 4.**

List **four** things you learn about the girls. **[4 marks]**

1 _____

_____

2 _____

_____

3 _____

_____

4 _____

_____

0 2 Look in detail at this extract from **lines 4 to 14** of the Source:

> Primrose had bitten nails, and a velvet collar to her dressy green coat. Penny had a bloodless transparent paleness, a touch of blue in her fine lips. Neither of them knew where they were going, nor how long the journey might take. They did not even know why they were going, since neither of their mothers had quite known how to explain the danger to them. How do you say to your child, I am sending you away, because enemy bombs may fall out of the sky, because the streets of the city may burn like forest fires of brick and timber, but I myself am staying here, in what I believe may be daily danger of burning, burying alive, gas, and ultimately perhaps a grey army rolling in on tanks over the suburbs, or sailing its submarines up our river, all guns blazing? So the mothers (who did not resemble each other at all) behaved alike, and explained nothing, it was easier. Their daughters they knew were little girls, who would not be able to understand or imagine.

How does the writer use language here to describe the shepherd and his animals?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

[8 marks]

0 3 You now need to think about the **whole** of the **Source**.

This text is from the opening of a short story.

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

You could write about:

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

[8 marks]

0 4 Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source, from **line 15 to the end**. A student, having read this section of the text said "the writer is successful in creating a detailed and interesting scene for the reader. It is like watching a film of what is happening."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write about your impressions of the scene
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with quotations from the text.

The girls discussed on the train whether it was a sort of holiday or a sort of punishment, or a bit of both. Penny had read a book about Boy Scouts, but the children on the train did not appear to be Brownies or Wolf Cubs, only a mongrel battalion of the lost. Both little girls had the idea that these were all perhaps *not very good children*, possibly being sent away for that reason. They were pleased to be able to define each other as 'nice'. They would stick together, they agreed. Try to sit together, and things.

The train crawled sluggishly further and further away from the city and their homes. It was not a clean train – the upholstery of their carriage had the dank smell of unwashed trousers, and the gusts of hot steam rolling backwards past their windows were full of specks of flimsy ash, and sharp grit, and occasional fiery sparks that pricked face and fingers like hot needles if you opened the window. It was very noisy too, whenever it picked up a little speed. The engine gave great bellowing signs, and the invisible wheels underneath clicked rhythmically and monotonously, tap-tap-tap-CRASH. The window-panes were both grimy and misted up. The train stopped frequently, and when it stopped, they used their gloves to wipe rounds, through which they peered out at flooded fields, furrowed hillsides and tiny stations **whose names were carefully blacked out**, whose platforms were empty of life.

The children did not know that the namelessness was meant to baffle or delude an invading army. They felt – they did not think it out, but somewhere inside them the idea sprouted – that the erasure was because of them, because they were not meant to know where they were going or, like Hansel and Gretel, to find the way back. They did not speak to each other of this anxiety, but began the kind of conversation children have about things they really disliked, things that upset, or disgusted, or frightened them. Semolina pudding with its grainy texture, mushy peas, fat on roast meat. Listening to the stairs and the window-sashes creaking in the dark or the wind. Having your head held roughly back over the basin to have your hair washed, with cold water running down inside your **liberty bodice**. Gangs in playgrounds. They felt the pressure of all the other alien children in all the other carriages as a potential gang. They shared another square of chocolate, and licked their fingers, and looked out at a great white goose flapping its wings beside an inky pond.

[20 marks]

AN INSPECTOR CALLS

Context

1912 – when the play was set. Just before WW1 and the sinking of the Titanic. JBP wanted to make sure audiences in 1945 recognised the problems in society in 1912 before the wars (class system, Capitalism, sexism) and weren't tempted to go back to living like that. He wrote the play to highlight the dangers of the Capitalist lifestyle.

1945 – when the play was written and performed. After WW2, society changed for the better. The benefit system started to be introduced, and we had more equality for women and less of a class divide because of different classes and different genders mixing in the war effort. JBP supported and encouraged these changes and wanted to make sure he promoted them in his play by making Capitalists like the older Birlings appear ignorant and selfish.

Socialism – JBP was a keen socialist. This meant that he wanted everyone to look after each other rather than just caring about themselves. He was trying to promote this with the play, by making the Socialist characters like the Inspector much more respectable than the Capitalist ones.

Capitalism – JBP hated Capitalists – those who thought that everyone should only care about themselves and that making money was more important than human rights. He created Mr and Mrs Birling as Capitalists, in order to make Capitalism seem out-dated and selfish. Mr and Mrs B are portrayed in a negative way by JBP for this reason.

Outdated ideas – In 1912, the social classes were segregated, women got paid less than men for the same work, there was no benefit system or help with unemployment or housing. Society was patriarchal (men ruled).

Plot

ACT 1	The family are celebrating Sheila and Gerald's engagement. Birling makes speeches saying there will be no war, and the Titanic is unsinkable. An Inspector arrives and tells them Eva Smith has committed suicide. He gets Mr B to admit sacking her. He doesn't take blame. Inspector gets Sheila to admit getting her sacked for laughing. She feels guilty and ashamed of herself.
ACT 2	Inspector gets Gerald to admit having an affair with Eva Smith (now called Daisy Renton after a name change). Sheila is upset and questions her relationship with Gerald. Inspector gets Mrs B to admit not helping Eva when she came to Mrs B's charity for help when she became pregnant. Mrs B says it should be the father's responsibility. At the end of the Act, we realise that the father of Eva's baby was Eric.
ACT 3	Eric's involvement with Eva is revealed and a possible rape is hinted at, as he says he forced Eva. The Inspector gives his final speech about fire, blood and anguish. He is warning the family that if they don't start to take responsibility for others, they will live to regret it. Inspector then leaves. Gerald finds out that the Inspector wasn't a real inspector. Mr B rings to check and there is no Inspector Goole. Also, there is no dead girl! Mr and Mrs B (and Gerald) celebrate and act like nothing has happened. Sheila and Eric still feel guilty and can't go back to how they were before. Right at the end, the telephone rings and they are told that a girl has just committed suicide and an inspector is on his way over to ask some questions.

Key themes

GENERATIONAL DIFFERENCES
The older generation (Mr and Mrs Birling) are a symbol of Capitalism, so they do not change their ways and they are reluctant to accept blame for their role in Eva's demise. The younger generation, on the other hand (Sheila and Eric) become a symbol of Socialism as the play progresses. They accept blame and want to change; they change throughout the play, for the better.

RESPONSIBILITY / JUSTICE
The Inspector, as Priestley's mouthpiece, is a symbol of Socialism – he wants everyone to look after each other and to view community as very important. He is sent to uncover the family's wrongdoings and to make them see that they should take responsibility for others. Sheila and Eric realise this, but Mr and Mrs B do not.

GENDER INEQUALITY
Priestley wanted to show his audience that there was a lot of inequality back in 1912 when it came to how women were treated. By making certain characters out to be sexist, he highlighted this problem and tried to shame audiences into changing their own views about gender equality too. This is perhaps why the victim of their actions is a woman, and why she is working class (working class women were at the bottom of the pile in those times).

Characters

Mr Birling	Arrogant and Capitalist businessman who hates social equality and loves money. Sacks Eva from his factory when she asks for equal pay for women and threatens a strike.
Mrs Birling	Snobbish and cold-hearted Capitalist who believes everyone is responsible for themselves. Doesn't help Eva when she comes to the charity for help.
Inspector	Priestley's mouthpiece (represents JBP's ideals), keen Socialist who fights for community responsibility and gets the Birlings to face up to what they have done.
Sheila	The daughter. Gets Eva sacked from the shop for smirking at her. Starts off as a spoilt rich girl but quickly changes her views, feels sorry for Eva Smith and starts to become Socialist as the play progresses. Is ashamed of her parents at the end.
Eric	The son. Typical young man – drinks too much and has a one-night stand with Eva. Ends up getting her pregnant and steals from his dad to give Eva money. Regrets his actions and changes his ways. Ashamed of his parents at the end.
Gerald	Sheila's fiancé. Businessman who has Capitalist ideals and is similar to Mr Birling politically. Shows some regret for his affair with Eva, but happy to act like nothing has happened when it suits him.

Assessment Objectives

AO1 (40%)	Make an informed personal response using a critical style. Use textual references, including quotations, to support and illustrate interpretations.
AO2 (40%)	Analyse the language, form and structure used by a writer to create meanings and effects, using relevant subject terminology where appropriate.
AO3 (20%)	Show understanding of the relationships between texts and the contexts in which they were written.
AO4 (4 marks)	*Use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation.*

The Exam

- ❑ Choose **one** of the 2 questions – they could be on a theme or a character
- ❑ Firstly, **highlight** the key words in the question
- ❑ Now, decide on **4-5 suitable quotations** which will support your answer well
- ❑ **Write response:**
  - ❑ Intro: summarise character or theme (5 mins)
  - ❑ Write **4 – 5 detailed PEELs** (30 mins)
  - ❑ **Sum up** how the writer presents...whatever the question asks. (5 mins)

❑*Note: If you're struggling with one of the bullet points, spend <u>some</u> more time on the bullet point you're happy with.*

- ❑ **Check** spellings, punctuation and vocab (5 mins)

Sample response

How does Priestley present generational differences in the play?

Priestley centres the moral of the play around generational differences and how they affect different characters' reactions to the news that they have contributed to a young girl's demise. In the play, Priestley presents the older generation, Mr and Mrs Birling, as arrogant and snobbish characters who are keen to shift blame onto others and are reluctant to change their ways. This is most evident, perhaps, in Mr Birling's monologue, when he speaks of, 'community and all that nonsense', which emphasises to us his strongly Capitalist views; he finds the idea that he should look after those around him instead of himself completely absurd , and he dismisses the idea with the highly opinionated noun 'nonsense'. Here, Priestley cleverly illustrates Birling's complete lack of self-awareness . He is oblivious to the fact that he appears selfish to the Inspector, as he would to Priestley himself, and indeed the audience.

Conversely, when accused by the Inspector of contributing to the young girl's demise, Birling's young daughter Sheila is presented in the opposite way entirely. Sheila's character is given the line, 'If I could help her now, I would', which emphasises her acceptance of blame and also regret. The modal verbs here illustrate her feelings of helplessness. Interestingly, Sheila takes on the role of the Inspector in Act 3, as she starts to question her parents and is shocked at their ignorance. Priestley's aim here was to try to influence post-war audiences by warning them of the dangers of Capitalism and the benefits of living a Socialist lifestyle.

Key Terms

- Dramatic Irony
- Real time
- Tension / suspense
- Monologue
- Capitalist
- Socialist
- Modal verbs
- Imperative verbs
- Interruptions
- Metaphor
- Triadic structure
- Stage directions
- Patriarchal
- Contrast
- End of act
- Pause
- Priestley's mouthpiece
- Repetition
- Character
- Playwright
- Audience

Stretch yourself

- Research original contextual detail to develop your own personal response.
- Watch <u>different</u> performances of key scenes to provide you with 'ammunition' when discussing form.

NARRATIVE WRITING – TOP GRADE

The residents of the lighthouse would have been woken by the explosive noise of the sea outside their windows, if they had slept at all. The storm had been raging since the previous day and, instead of dying down like they had hoped it would, it only grew, like a snowball rolled down a hill. But the bottom of the hill seems to be nowhere in sight.

At first, there was nought but a light dripping of rain on the thin lighthouse windows. But, stepping outside momentarily to light a cigarette, the guard was shocked to find: nothing. There was no rain. Besides the stronger than average wind, the weather seemed perfect. What was hitting the windows.....were splashes of seawater. For a while, the guard stood with mouth agape wondering how such mild weather could produce such huge waves as to jump over the sheer cliff between him and the shore.

The next morning, that very same guard came to lament his use of the word 'huge' to describe the waves he saw. The storm had escalated since then, slowly enough to be unnoticeable while it was happening. The winds threatened to pull the slates from the roof, but no-one noticed. Their focus was directed elsewhere, or rather, dragged elsewhere.

The sea.

It stood like a mountain if mountains could walk, black and vicious like tar, not a drop of water in it. The once light tapping on the windows became a cacophony of relentless attacks, cracks visibly growing in the single glazing.

Waves broke on the doorstep of the lighthouse, mockingly ringing the doorbell. The three men that worked there stared through he cracks in the windows, eyes wide, pupils narrow. What had they done to invoke God's wrath? They had not the luxury of knowing. They had decided long ago to stay in the lighthouse. Despite its smallness and frailness; there was nowhere safer that they could reach. So they stood still. Silent. Watching. Then...

Three days later, a boat visited the island to deliver replacement lifeguards and supplies, as well as return guards who had finished their duty to the mainland. They were shocked to find the lighthouse empty. The only trace of the three guards left on the island was a journal which detailed a huge storm three days prior. The new guards found this strange; there had been no recorded storms in that area for months, after all. The last entry in the journal read 'A light shines down on us now, much brighter than the sun. It calls to us.

DESCRIPTIVE WRITING – TOP GRADE

The superiorly thick smoky clouds rolled in like boulders, ready to crush anything in their way. The darkness was engulfing and seemed to fully consume any spec of light. Any last hope was gone… Without warning water came gushing down – throwing itself onto the gagged knife-like rocks.

The rocks seemed to slice the water from its many thousands of sharp daggers, embedded all over it. The water came gushing down like a waterfall along the jagged surface of the wise rock.

The merciless winds caused the enormous waves to crash and erupt like lava coming down from a raging volcano. It splits like an aggressive wild animal, angered by the vigorous storm. The waves punching and beating the rocks with all of their might and the wind gusts knife the piercing thorns of branches.

Branded upon the colossal tree trunk was a single blinding white light, which had cut through the immensely thick cloud and fog – like a laser. Its source could vividly made out to be an inferior and small lighthouse, perched on the top of a cliff, which was like a bird sat upon its nest, just watching its home shatter to a thousand pieces.

The murky water below was an opaque block, of which only faint ghost-like shadows of sea creatures could be seen. With each wave, the fragile bodies of sea creature were thrown carelessly onto the surrounding shore and rocks. Those that survived, has seemed to have lost all will to live; were too exhausted from fighting with the merciless waves to even desperately flap their limbs and fins.

Up above, hiding in any sort of shelter from the ice-like winds they could find, were a flock of seagulls. They had seemingly lost their way because of the greatly thick opaque clouds. Despite, the vigorous, superior wind remained forcing everything out of its way, with no struggle shown – only complete ease.

The boulders of clouds remained to loom over the coast like an overprotective mother over its misbehaving child. No end was in sight; not a hint of the immensely powerful wind giving up any time soon.

Or seemingly ever.

WRITING PROSE

Example question and how to get top marks

You are going to enter a creative writing competition.
Your entry will be judged by a panel of people of your own age.
Either:
Write a description suggested by this picture:
Or:
Write the opening part of a story about a place that is severely affected by the weather.

24 marks for content and organization
16 marks for technical accuracy (Total 40 marks = 25% of GCSE)

Content	❑ ***Register** is convincing and compelling for audience* ❑ *Assuredly matched to **purpose*** ❑ *Extensive and ambitious **vocabulary** with sustained crafting of **linguistic devices***
Organisation	❑ *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***
Technical accuracy	❑ 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**

The Exam

45 minutes – 1 task – A choice of 2 tasks (1 descriptive <u>or</u> 1 narrative.... but could be 2xnarrative or 2xdescrpitve.) PICK DESCRIPTIVE IF AT ALL POSSIBLE

Step one: read & highlight key words in question (including PAT/PAF/PAL)

Step two: Study the stimulus (picture) then choose one of the two questions

Step three: Plan 6 -8 things you can include, then put them in order. Try the drawing a grid on the picture idea too. (Steps 1 to 3 = 10 mins)

Step four: Write it' (Step 4 = 30 mins)
- ❑ should be lots of crossing out to show 'crafting'
- ❑ Should be 1 ½ to 2 sides approx

Step five (MOST IMPORTANT): Lip check (Step 5 = 5 minutes)

What to expect...

As a stimulus for students' writing, there will be a choice of scenario, written prompt or visual image that is related to the topic of the reading text in section A. The scenario sets out a context for writing with a designated audience, purpose and form that will differ to those specified on Paper 2.

Assessment Objectives

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.
AO6 Technical Accuracy	Candidates must use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation. (This requirement must constitute 20% of the marks for each specification as a whole.)

The basics

- Capital letters
- Full stops
- Question marks
- Commas
- Apostrophes
- Consistent tense
- Paragraphs
- Homophone spellings
- Connectives
- Semi-colons
- Colons
- Vary sentence starts/lengths
- Vary paragraph lengths
- Topic sentences

Stretch yourself

- For planning – mind map rather than spider diagram.
- Learn some impressive vocab.
- Break the rules!!!
- Reveal slowly/quickly
- Dialogue
- Parenthesis
- Ascending / descending tri-colon
- Syndetic/asyndetic listing
- Cohesion (topic sentence, pronouns, chains, prepositions, fronted adverbials)
- Cyclical/non-linear structure
- READ OTHER NOVELS/SHORT STOIRIES/POETRY/PLAYS –. IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TO READ - ASK!

Sentence starts

- Verb – Running quickly, she ..... (make sure you finish sentence)
- Adverb – Darkly, the night sky....
- Adjective – Red light filled the ...
- Preposition – Down there, all...
- Connective – However, his life...

Language techniques

- Simile
- Metaphor
- Personification
- Onomatopoeia
- Alliteration
- Imagery
- Symbolism
- Oxymoron
- Juxtaposition
- Pathetic Fallacy

Narrative v descriptive

- A narrative should include a lot of description.
- A description should not include any narration.

Basic narrative structure

- Setting
- Character
- Problem
- Climax
- Resolution

The descriptive 'rules'

- No names for people
- At least 5 zoom-ins
- No person described for more than a paragraph
- Minimum 5 senses
- 1-3 sentences of direct speech
- Maximum 1 exclamation mark
- 3rd person
- No thoughts
- Present or past tense (not both)
- Move the camera – like a film

The narrative 'rules'

- The story takes place within one hour
- Maximum 3 characters
- Maximum 3 sentences of direct speech
- Show not tell
- Minimum 1 adjective per sentence
- Minimum 5 senses
- Maximum 1 exclamation mark
- 3rd person
- 50 % description with zooms
- Don't 'chat' to the reader
- A 'small' story – make the ordinary extraordinary

POWER & CONFLICT POETRY

Poem & Poet	Content (Context in bold)
Ozymandias Percy Shelley 1817	Narrator meets a traveller who tells him about a statue in the middle of the desert. The statue is of an ancient & cruel ruler from a past civilization – **Pharaoh Ramesses II.** The poem is about the temporary nature of power. Ultimately, power will fade, art cannot immortalise power & nature will be long-lasting.
London William Blake 1794	Narrator describes a walk around London & comments on the despair & misery that he sees. **Blake was influenced by the French Revolution & wanted social & political equality.** He wanted the people to rise up against the powerful (church, monarchy) & in turn emancipate (liberate/free) themselves.
The Prelude: Stealing the boat William Wordsworth 1850	This is only an extract of the poem & is **autobiographical.** It is about an over confident narrator who finds a boat & takes it out on the lake. Although confident to begin with & enjoying the scenery, the narrator sees the mountain appear on the horizon & is overwhelmed with its size & power. It causes the narrator to retreat & change his view of nature, he now realises its power. **Wordsworth was a romantic poet (Romantics challenged people about they way they thought. They also saw the power of nature over mankind.)**
My Last Duchess Robert Browning 1842	A Duke is showing a visitor a portrait of his Duchess (former wife) who is now dead. Whilst observing the painting he tells the visitor that the Duchess was flirtatious & displeased him. As he speaks we realise that the Duke is insanely jealous & probably had the Duchess killed. We learn at the end of the poem that the visitor has come to arrange the Duke's next marriage & is representing the woman he is set to marry. **Poem based loosely on the real Duke of Ferrara.**
The Charge of the Light Brigade Alfred Tennyson 1854	**A tribute to the British cavalry (soldiers on horseback) who died during the Crimean War.** Basically, the men were given an **incorrect order to charge into battle & with swords, & meet the Russian enemy, who were armed with guns. The cavalry were defenceless- yet still fought bravely.**
Exposure Wilfred Owen 1917-1978	An authentic poem **based on Owens' own experience on the front line. It was a horrendous winter & the men are subject not to enemy attacks but to the brutality of nature.** Nature is personified as the main enemy & the men can only wait to die. It is an anti-war poem & stresses the **insignificance of man compared** to nature. **During the Somme, over 60,000 British soldiers died in one night.**
Storm on the Island Seamus Heaney 1966	The narrator describes how a community are waiting to be hit by a storm. It is obvious that they have been hit before because of the landscape of the island (houses squat). The narrator starts off confident but as the storm hits the power of the storm creates feelings fear & trepidation.. **Heaney grew up in a farming community in Ireland; much of his poetry uses agricultural/natural images.**
Bayonet Charge Ted Hughes 1957	The poem focuses on a **single solder's experience of a charge towards enemy** lines. It describes his thoughts & actions as he tries to stay alive. It is clear that the solder is not ready for the charge & could have been sleeping. The soldier fears for his life & the patriotic ideals that encouraged him to fight have gone. **Hughes was a former RAF serviceman & often look at man's impact on nature.**
Remains Simon Armitage 2008	**Based on the account of a British soldier who served in Iraq, first published in a series of interviews by Channel 4 called 'The Not Dead'.** . A group of soldiers shoot a man who's running away from a bank raid. His death is described in graphic detail & the soldier who is telling the story can't get the death of the man out of his head. He didn't know if the man was armed or not & the reader gets the impression that it was not an isolated incident.
Poppies Jane Weir 2009	A mother describes her son leaving home, seemingly to join the army. The poem is about the mother's emotional reaction losing her son to the war. She fears for his safety & after he leaves her she goes to a familiar place that reminds her of him. **Weir is a textile artist as well as poet & textiles feature heavily here.**
War Photographer Carol Ann Duffy 1985	A war photographer is in his darkroom, developing pictures that he has taken in different warzones. As the pictures develop he recalls the death of one man & remembers the cries of his wife. The photographer contrasts his experiences to rural England & focuses on people who do not seem to care about war torn places. **Duffy was inspired to write this poem by her friendship with a photojournalist.**

Poem & Poet	About
Tissue Imtiaz Dharker 2006	The poem uses tissue as an extended metaphor for life. She describes how life, like tissue is fragile. However, she also discusses some of the literal uses of paper that are intertwined with our lives, such as recording names in the Koran- She then goes onto to discuss how we are made from tissue (living tissue which is our skin) emphasising that life is fragile. **Dharker has Pakistani origins & was raised in Glasgow. Many of her poems looks at issues of identify.**
The Emigrée Carol Rumens 1993	The speaker speaks about a city that she left as a child. The speaker has a purely positive view of the city. The city she recalls has since changed, perhaps it was scene of conflict, however, she still protects the memory of her city. The city may not be a real place but represent a time, emotion - perhaps the speaker's childhood. **According to Ben Wilkinson (critic), Rumens has a 'fascination with elsewhere.'**
Kamikaze Beatrice Garland 2013	**Kamikaze is the unofficial name given to Japanese pilots who were send on a suicide mission. The mission was considered one of honour** but this poem is about a pilot who aborted the mission. Hi daughter imagines that her father was reminded of his childhood & the beauty of nature & life whilst on the mission. When he returned home he was shunned.
Checking Out Me History John Agard 2007	The narrator discusses his identity & emphasises how identity is closely linked to history & understanding your own history. **In school he was taught British history & not about his Caribbean roots to which he feels resentful.** He mocks some of the pointless things he was taught & contrasts the nonsense topics with admirable black figures.

The Exam

Example question:
Compare the ways poets present ideas about nature in 'Exposure' & in one other poem from the Power & Conflict cluster.

INFO
- ❑45 minutes
- ❑1 task only- no choice of question
- ❑1 poem printed

Actions:
Step 1: Read & highlight the key words of question
Step 2: Decide on one poem to compare to
Step 3: Write quotes you want to use from your chosen poem & connect them to quotes from the printed poem.
Step 4: Write the essay: intro/PEE on one poem – connective- PEE on next poem/ Repeat
Step 6: Conclusion

Assessment Objectives

A01- Demonstrate an understanding of the question & poems, use quotations to evidence understanding. Ensure comparisons are made between poems & made throughout your response.
12 marks available

A02- Carefully analyse the language used by the poet & comment on the intended effect on the reader. Ensure that you include subject terminology in your response. Comment where you can on structure/form
12 marks available

A03- Show understanding of the relationships between poems & acknowledge the contexts (time) in which they were written & think about how this aids your understanding
6 marks available.

Key Terms

Alliteration
Assonance
Autobiographical
Authentic
Blank verse
Caesura (plural caesurae)
Colloquial language
Dramatic monologue
Emotive
Enjambment
Euphemism
First person
Free verse
Half rhymes
Iambic pentameter
Imagery
In medias res
Internal rhyme
Irony
Juxtaposition
Layout
Metaphor
Monologue
Mood
Narrative
Onomatopoeia
Anaphora
Oxymoron
Personification
Sonnet
Phonetic spellings
Plosive
Rhetoric
Rhetorical question
Rhyming scheme
Rhyming couplet
Rhythm
Sibilance
Simile
Stanza
Verse
Symbolism
Voice
Third person
Tone
Volta
Epic poem
Cliché
Hyperbole
Semantic field
Poet
Persona
Chorus
Narrative
Syllable
Repetition

Themes

Power of Nature: Ozymandias, The Prelude, Exposure, Storm on the Island, Tissue & Kamikaze.

Power of humans: Ozymandias, London, My Last Duchess, Tissue, Checking Out Me History.

Effects of conflict: The Charge of the Light Brigade, Exposure, Bayonet Charge, Remains, Poppies, War Photographer, Kamikaze.

Reality & brutality of conflict: The Charge of the Light Brigade, Exposure, Bayonet Charge, Remains, War Photographer.

Loss & Absence: London, Exposure, Poppies, The Emigree, Kamikaze.

Memory: The Prelude, My last Duchess, Remains, Poppies, War Photographer, The Emigree, Kamikaze.

Place: London, The Prelude, The Emigree, Kamikaze.

Identity: My Last Duchess, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Poppies, Tissue, The Emigree, Kamikaze, Checking Out Me History.

Individual Experiences: London, The Prelude, Bayonet Charge, Remains, Poppies, War Photographer, The Emigree, Kamikaze.

Bravery: Exposure, Bayonet Charge, The Charge of the Light Brigade.

Comparing Connectives	Contrasting connectives
Likewise In the same way Similarly Equally Likewise As with	However Whereas On the other hand Conversely Alternatively Although

Stretch yourself

Be original, develop your own interpretations; Be critical, give your own justified opinions; Develop your ideas on context- what effect does have on the poem & your understanding?

LOVE AND RELATIONSHIPS POETRY

Poem & Poet	Content and Context (Context in bold)
When We Two Parted - 1816 Lord Byron	Narrator recalls the day he and his lover parted. **Although the poem was published in 1816, Byron claimed to have written it in 1808 to conceal the identity of the woman in the poem, who was married – Byron was notorious for his scandalous affairs.**
Love's Philosophy – 1820 Percy Bysshe Shelley	A poem about unrequited love. **Shelley was a Romantic poet – Romanticism was an artistic and literary movement in the 18th and 19th centuries which put emphasis on emotion and nature.**
Porphyria's Lover – 1836 Robert Browning	In this dramatic monologue the speaker seems upset with his lover. However, he decides she belongs to him so he strangles her with her own hair. **A feminist reading of this poem might suggest that the speaker sees himself as weak as he's dependent on his lover.**
Sonnet 29 - 1845 Elizabeth Barrett Browning	In this sonnet the speaker tells her lover how much she thinks about him when they're not together. She wants to be with him rather than just thinking about him. **The poem is actually addressed to Barrett's husband to whom she wrote 44 sonnets and 500 letters during their courtship.**
Neutral Tones – 1867 Thomas Hardy	Speaker does not reach a conclusion over who was to blame for the end of the relationship. **Much of Hardy's work is regarded as pessimistic and bleak. '...during their brief transit through this sorry world...' Hardy on marriage.**
Letters from Yorkshire – 2002 Maura Dooley	Narrator reflects on the different lives that she and the man that writes to her lead. **Feeling connected to someone spiritually was important for Dooley who was living at a time when communication wasn't as easy as it today.**
The Farmer's Bride – 1912 Charlotte Mew	In this dramatic monologue the relationship between farmer and bride has gone wrong. **Mew was thought to have been homosexual at a time it was illegal and considered an illness.**
Walking Away – 1962 Cecil Day-Lewis	**This poem is dedicated to Lewis' son. A father is still deeply affected by a memory of his son from 18 years ago.** The poem is about children experiencing independence and the need for parents to let go.
Eden Rock – 1988 Charles Causley	Narrator imagines an idyllic scene in which his parents are both young again. **Causley's father died when he was just 7 years of age and he nursed his mother for 6 years before she died.**
Follower – 1966 Seamus Heaney	Narrator describes his father's expert ploughing. As a boy he greatly admired his father's skill but now older, the relationship has been reversed. **Heaney actually grew up on his father's farm as a child.**
Mother, any distance – 1993 Simon Armitage	This poem is loosely based on the sonnet form and explores the emotional connection of mother and child. **The changing nature of parent-child relationships is explored by Armitage.**

Poem & Poet	Content and Context (Context in bold)
Before You Were Mine – 1993 Carol Ann Duffy	Narrator is looking at a photograph of her mother and imagining her when she was younger. **The poem is about Duffy's mother;** Duffy is looking at the predetermined and inescapable roles of women.
Winter Swans – 2005 Owen Sheers	A couple's love is confirmed by the sight of swans on a lake. **The poem comes from a collection entitled 'Skirrid Hill'. Skirrid in Welsh means divorce or separation.**
Singh Song – 2007 Daljit Nagra	The narrator talks about his life working in his father's shop. He neglects his shop duties as he would rather be spending time with his new wife. **In the early 1980s, Nagra's family moved to Sheffield, opening a corner shop.**
Climbing My Grandfather – 2000 Andrew Waterhouse	The narrator imagines himself climbing his grandfather, using the extended metaphor of himself as a climber and his grandfather as a mountain. **Andrew Waterhouse was a keen environmental campaigner. His interest in the natural world is reflected in the poem.**

The Exam

Example question:
Compare how poets present the loss of love in '.....' and one in one other poem from 'Love and Relationships'.

INFO
- ❑45 minutes
- ❑1 task only- no choice of question
- ❑1 poem printed

Actions:
Step 1: Read & highlight the key words of question
Step 2: Decide on one poem to compare to
Step 3: Write quotes you want to use from your chosen poem & connect them to quotes from the printed poem.
Step 4: Write the essay: intro/PEE on one poem – connective- PEE on next poem/Repeat
Step 6: Conclusion

Assessment Objectives

A01- Demonstrate an understanding of the question & poems, use quotations to evidence understanding. Ensure comparisons are made between poems & made throughout your response.
12 marks available

A02- Carefully analyse the language used by the poet & comment on the intended effect on the reader. Ensure that you include subject terminology in your response. Comment where you can on structure/form
12 marks available

A03- Show understanding of the relationships between poems & acknowledge the contexts (time) in which they were written & think about how this aids your understanding
6 marks available.

Key Terms

Active verbs
Allegorical
Alliteration
Ambiguity
Assonance
Asymmetrical rhyme scheme
Caesura
Cyclical structure
Dramatic monologue
Enjambment
Feminine rhyme
First person
Form
Free verse
Fricative
Half-rhymes
Hyperbole
Iambic pentameter
Iambic tetrameter
Imagery
Internal rhyme
Irony
Juxtaposition
Language
Layout
Masculine rhyme
Metaphor
Monologue
Monosyllable
Mood
Narrative
Narrator
Onomatopoeia
Oxymoron
Pathetic fallacy
Personification
Petrarchan sonnet
Plosive
Pronouns
Quatrains
Repetition
Rhetorical question
Rhyme scheme
Rhyming couplet
Rhythm
Semantic field
Sibilance
Simile
Sonnet
Stanza
Structure
Syllable
Symbolism
Tercets
Third person
Tone
Voice
Volta

Themes

Romantic Love – When We Two Parted, Love's Philosophy, Porphyria's Lover, Sonnet 29, Neutral Tones, The Farmer's Bride, Winter Swans & Singh Song.

Family Relationships – Walking Away; Letters From Yorkshire; Eden Rock; Follower; Mother, Any Distance; Before You Were Mine; Singh Song & Climbing My Grandfather.

Distance – When We Two Parted; Sonnet 29; Neutral Tones; The Farmer's Bride; Walking Away; Letters From Yorkshire; Eden Rock; Mother, Any Distance; Winter Swans.

Desire and Longing – Love's Philosophy, Porphyria's Lover, Sonnet 29, The Farmer's Bride, Letter's From Yorkshire, Follower & Before You Were Mine.

Getting Older – Walking Away; Follower; Mother, Any Distance; Before You Were Mine & Climbing My Grandfather.

Death – When We Two Parted, Porphyria's Lover, Neutral Tones & Eden Rock.

Memory – When We Two Parted, Neutral Tones, Walking Away, Eden Rock, Follower & Before You Were Mine.

Nature – Love's Philosophy, Sonnet 29, Neutral Tones, The Farmer's Bride, Letters From Yorkshire, Follower, Winter Swans & Climbing My Grandfather.

Comparing Connectives	Contrasting connectives
Likewise	However
In the same way	Whereas
Similarly	On the other hand
Equally	Conversely
Likewise	Alternatively
As with	Although

Stretch yourself

Be original, develop your own interpretations; Be critical, give your own justified opinions; Develop your ideas on context- what effect does have on the poem & your understanding?

As I Walked Out One Midsummer Morning

by Laurie Lee

Early next morning, four truckloads of militia drove off to Altofaro to attack the rebels. They swung singing through the streets in their bright blue shirts, waving their caps as though going to a fair. El Gato was in charge, dynamite strapped to his body; the others shared a musket between three. Once they were over the hill, we expected to hear the sounds of war break out, but the morning passed in silence.

About noon, a white aircraft swinging low from the sea, circled the village, and flew away again – leaving the clear blue sky scarred with a new foreboding above a mass of upturned faces. Many felt, till that moment, their village to be secure and forgotten; now the eye of war had spied them out.

Throughout the afternoon nothing happened. Families ate their meals in the street, seeking the assurance of one another's company. Once again the fierce sunlight obliterated everything it fell on, burning all colours to an ashen glare. When people stepped out of their houses they seemed to evaporate for a moment, as if the light had turned them to vapour; and when they passed into shadow they disappeared again, like stepping into a hole in the ground. That afternoon of waiting was the hottest I've known. Fear lay panting in the street like a dog. It was as though El Gato and his men had been swallowed up in silence, or had followed the war to another country.

But war was not far away, and after nightfall, unexpectedly, it paid its first mad call on Almuñécar. A destroyer crept into the bay, unseen by anyone, and suddenly began probing the shore with its searchlight. The beam swept over the hills, up and down the coast, and finally picked out the village and pinned it against the darkness. Held by the blazing eye, opening so ominously from the sea, the people experienced a moment of naked panic. There seemed nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide, so they hurried down to the beach, and stood motionless in the glare, facing the invisible warship and raising their arms in a kind of massed entreaty. As the searchlight played over them they remained stiffly at attention, just letting themselves be seen. In the face of the unknown, all they could do was offer themselves in this posture of speechless acquiescence. Such pitiless brightness had never lit up their night before: friend or foe, it was a light of terror.

For a while nothing happened. The warship just sat in the darkness stroking its searchlight up and down the shore. To get a better view, I joined a group of boys who'd already climbed on to the castle wall. We could see the whole of Almuñécar below us – the crowds on the beach and the spoke of light turning on its invisible hub. As we watched, it began to play over the nearby hills and move again along the coastal road. Suddenly it picked out a lorry heading towards the village, then three more, all packed with men. The beam lazily followed them, as though escorting them home, lighting up their rifles like little thorns. One could hear distant shouting above the sound of the engines – it was El Gato's militia coming back at last.

The trucks roared into a village, horns stridently blowing, and pulled up in the warship's pool of light. The beam was abruptly switched off, followed by a moment of absolute darkness. Then there came a blinding flash from the sea.

Silence. It was as though a great fuse had blown. Then the mountains behind us thundered, a thunder that boomed and cannoned from peak to peak and tumbled in the valleys like showers of stones. There was another flash, another explosion, another hot blast of air. For a moment we imagined it might be some kind of salute to the militia. Then we heard the tearing scream of a shell.

The searchlight came on again. We could see the crowds on the beaches surging inland like

a muddy wave. The destroyer fired once more, misting its searchlight with smoke, and we were no longer in doubt about its intentions. A house on our right suddenly shuddered, rose a foot in the air, and slowly collapsed like a puff-ball. A bundle of stones and trees leapt up by the river. A pall of dust drifted over the village.

After half a dozen more salvoes, the firing broke off; inexplicably, since we seemed to be at their mercy. Then the shocked silence in the village began to fill with a curious whispering and rustling, the sound of a multitude on the move. In the naked beam of the searchlight we saw them come stumbling up the streets, bent double, crying and moaning, mothers and fathers dragging their children behind them, old folk tottering and falling down.

As the village ran for the hills, looking for patches of darkness, we saw a small boat put out from the shore, with two squat figures inside it sitting hunched at their oars and rowing frantically towards the ship.

And that was the end of the bombardment. The destroyer was found to be friendly. It had been an unfortunate error of war. A case of mistaken identity; the captain sent his apologies, slipped anchor, and sailed quietly away – leaving a few gaps in the houses, a few dead in the streets, and most of the population scattered across the hillsides.

'I see my wife coming off the field of battle, all smiles'

by Tim Dowling

The rain is coming down at a profound slant and I am kneeling in the cold mud behind a stack of tyres. I can't see anything through my spattered goggles, but I can hear the bullets whistling over my head and knifing into the mud around me. I am pinned down in a crossfire. This is a nightmare, I think. But isn't a nightmare. It's my son's birthday party.

In accordance with his wishes, we have come to a paintballing centre, in woods somewhere near the M25, along with seven 12-year-old boys, eight signed liability waivers, a coach-load of Chinese tourists and two large men who, according to my wife, fought together in Kosovo.

"I overhead them talking about it," she says while adjusting her ammunition belt.

"You mean they didn't get enough of this in Kosovo?" I say. I've had enough of this before they've even given us the guns.

Most of the boys have been paintballing before, and during the car journey to the centre they chatted animatedly about how much it hurts to be shot. By the time we arrive, my wife is pale with apprehension and I have gone quiet.

We had hoped to fight as a team, perhaps against a hungover hen party, but the entire afternoon session is split down the middle, odds versus evens, according to the number the organisers have scrawled on your hand. My wife and I are on opposing sides, with four 12-year-olds, half a coach-load of Chinese tourists and a Kosovan apiece.

This group proves to be more than a little trigger-happy. It is difficult to hear the repeated shouted warnings about not firing your weapon in the loading area, because so many people are firing their weapons in the loading area. They're shooting at the ground, chatting, laughing, shooting in the air. It's like a Helmand Province wedding.

We're led into the woods and given a red flag. Somewhere in the trees is the opposing team's green flag. I debate strategy with two of my son's friends, but when the shooting starts we ditch our plan in favour of getting behind a big log and staying there. At some point the guy holding our flag is cut down in a hail of paint. I reach for the flag and the world goes yellow. I've been hit in the goggles.

As I enter the cordoned off holding pen, where the other dead people are chatting and discharging their weapons in breach of an oft-repeated instruction, I see my wife coming off the field of battle, all smiles.

"It's great, isn't it?" she yells. "I shot you!"

Over the course of the afternoon, the children and my wife get chirpier while I repeatedly experience the ambiguity in situational awareness commonly known as The Fog Of War. I exit every round early without shooting anyone. It's not that I don't want to shoot anyone – after the first half-hour, I want to shoot everyone. I take a bullet in the arse while reloading, and find out exactly how much it hurts: a lot.

Finally, with the rain coming down at a profound slant and darkness closing in, I kneel in the mud behind a wall of tyres and prepare for a last stand, my gun full of the extra ammo that I bought off someone between rounds.

I peer above my makeshift parapet, scanning the horizon for enemy movement. The world instantly goes yellow again. I raise my hand in the prescribed manner to show that I am hit, and someone shoots me in the hand. I stand up, and someone else shoots me in the leg.

I walk slowly to the holding pen, imagining an ideal world where no one has a gun except me.

Touching the Void

by Joe Simpson

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

When I recovered my wits I looked more carefully at the carpet of snow above which I was dangling. My jubilation was quickly tempered when I spotted dark menacing holes in the surface. It wasn't a floor after all. The crevasse opened up into a pear-shaped dome, its sides curving away from me to a width of fifty feet before narrowing again. The snow floor cut through the flat end of this cavern, while the walls above me tapered in to form the thin end of the pear barely ten feet across and nearly100 feet high. Small fragments of crusty snow patterned down from the roof.

I looked round the enclosed vault of snow and ice, familiarising myself with its shape and size. The walls opposite closed in but didn't meet. A narrow gap had been filled with snow from above to form a cone which rose all the way to the roof. It was about fifteen feet wide at the base and as little as four or five feet across the top.

A pillar of gold light beamed diagonally from a small hole in the roof, spraying bright reflections off the far wall of the crevasse. I was mesmerised by this beam and sunlight burning through the vaulted ceiling from the real world outside. It had me so fixated that I forgot about the uncertain floor below and let myself slide down the rest of the rope. I was going to reach that sunbeam. I knew it then with absolute certainty. How I would do it, and when I would reach it were not considered. I just knew.

In seconds my whole outlook had changed. The weary frightened hours of night were forgotten, and the abseil which had filled me with such claustrophobic dread had been swept away. The twelve despairing hours I had spent in the unnatural hush of this awesome place seemed suddenly to have been nothing like the nightmare I had imagined. I could do something positive. I could crawl and climb, and keep on doing so until I had escaped from this grave. Before, there had been nothing for me to do except lie on the bridge trying not to feel scared and lonely, and that helplessness had been my worst enemy. Now I had a plan.

The change in me was astonishing. I felt invigorated, full of energy and optimism. I could see possible dangers, very real risks that could destroy my hopes, but somehow I knew I could overcome them. It was as if I had been given this one blessed chance to get out and I was grasping it with every ounce of strength left in me. A powerful feeling of confidence and pride swept over me as I realised how right I had been to leave the bridge. I had made the right decision against the worst of my fears. I had done it, and I was sure that nothing now could be worse than those hours of torture on the bridge.

My boots touched the snow and I stopped descending. I sat in my harness, hanging free on the rope a few feet from the floor, and examined

the surface cautiously. The snow looked soft and powdery, and I was immediately suspicious of it. I looked along the edge where the floor joined the walls and soon found what I was looking for. In several places there were dark gaps between the ice walls and the snow. It was not a floor so much as a suspended ceiling across the crevasse dividing the abyss below from the upper chamber, where I sat. The start of the snow slope running up to the sunshine lay forty feet from me. The inviting snow-carpet between me and the slope tempted me to run across it. The idea made me chuckle. I had forgotten that my right leg was useless. Okay. Crawl across it… but which way? Straight across, or keeping near to the back wall?

It was a difficult decision. I was less worried about putting my foot through the floor than by the damage such a fall would do to the fragile surface. The last thing I wanted was to destroy the floor and myself stranded on the wrong side of an uncrossable gap. That would be too much to bear. I glanced nervously at the beam of sunlight, trying to draw strength from it, and made my mind up at once. I would cross in the middle. It was the shortest distance and there was nothing to suggest that it would be any riskier than at the sides. I gently lowered myself until I was sitting on the snow but with most of my weight still on the rope. It was agonising to inch the rope out and let my weight down gradually. I found myself holding my breath, every muscle in my body tensed. I became acutely aware of the slightest movement in the snow, and I wondered whether I would end up sinking slowly through the floor. Then some of the tension in the rope relaxed, and I realised that the floor was holding. I breathed deeply, and I released my aching hand from the rope.

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.

Extract from Scott's diary

February 2nd, 1911
Impressions
The seductive folds of the sleeping-bag.

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

The small green tent and the great white road.

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

The driving cloud of powdered snow.

The crunch of footsteps which break the surface crust.

The wind blown furrows.

The blue arch beneath the smoky cloud.

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

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

The patter of dog pads.

The gentle flutter of our canvas shelter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Saturday, March 25th, 1911
We have had two days of surprisingly warm weather, the sky overcast, snow falling, wind only in light airs. Last night the sky was clearing, with a southerly wind, and this morning the sea was open all about us. It is disappointing to find the ice so reluctant to hold; at the same time one supposes that the cooling of the water is proceeding and therefore that each day makes it easier for the ice to form – the sun seems to have lost all power, but I imagine its rays still tend to warm the surface water about the noon hours. It is only a week now to the date which I thought would see us all at Cape Evans.

The warmth of the air has produced a comparatively uncomfortable state of affairs in the hut. The ice on the inner roof is melting fast, dripping on the floor and streaming down the sides. The increasing cold is checking the evil even as I write. Comfort could only be ensured in the hut either by making a clean sweep of all the ceiling ice or by keeping the interior at a critical temperature little above freezing-point.

Sunday, March 17th, 1912
Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his Mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to

his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not – would not – give up hope to the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning – yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, 'I am just going outside and may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last. In case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment, but Providence mercifully removed him at this critical moment. He died a natural death, and we did not leave him till two hours after his death. We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far.

I can only write at lunch and then only occasionally. The cold is intense, -40° at midday. My companions are unendingly cheerful, but we are all on the verge of serious frostbites, and though we constantly talk of fetching through I don't think anyone of us believes it in his heart.

R. SCOTT.

I fell through Arctic ice

by Gary Rolfe

I have travelled 11,000 Arctic miles with dogs, summer and winter. They've been my life. There are fewer than 300 purebred Canadian Eskimo dogs left in the world and I had 15 of them. I sank all my love and money into those dogs, proud to keep the breed's working talents alive. I learnt from the best, guys who in the 1980s had crossed Antarctica and made it to the North Pole with dogs, perfectionists who knew all there was to know. I watched, listened, kept my mouth shut, and one day decided to go it alone. It felt a natural progression.

Alone, it's always dangerous. Something was bound to go wrong one day, and on Sunday March 5 last year it did. Moving over Amundsen Gulf in the Northwest Passage, sea ice gave way. Everything was sinking: my dogs, my sled and me. We kicked for our lives. Powerful Arctic Ocean currents dragged vast sheets of sea ice. Underwater, I couldn't find the hole I had fallen through and had to make one, punching, then breathing again as ice and sea water clashed against my face.

Polar bears eat people, and swim to kill. We'd crossed bear tracks an hour before going through the ice. I remember thinking, did the bastard follow us? Was he under us now? What will it feel like when he bites? The floe edge was a mile away, this a busy hunting area where bears bludgeon seals twice my size. Frantic, I ripped off my mittens. Trying to save my dogs, I was prepared to lose my hands to savage cold. It wasn't enough. Soon drowning and the cold had killed all but one of them.

Out of the water I stripped off sodden, icing-up clothing. The cold was brutal. My limbs and head shook uncontrollably. I stopped shivering, indicating I was severely hypothermic. I was slowly dying. Barely conscious, I pulled on my down suit with fingers that knocked like wood. My blood was freezing. Human consciousness is lost when the body temperature plummets below 30C. I was heading for oblivion.

My satellite phone failed. I always have a phone backed up with a ground to air VHF transceiver, but it made no difference – I knew no plane was flying over. I flipped my location beacon. This is a last resort. To flip it means I'm in a life-threatening situation and want out. In the end three polar bear hunters came out on snowmobiles. What they saw frightened them.

I had fourth-degree frostbite, the worst form. My fingers were covered in deathly black blisters, my hands freezing to the bone. The pain when it thaws is colossal, at the top of the human tolerance scale, like a huge invisible parasite with a million fangs. The agony was suffocating; I writhed with it, wild for relief.

Heavy doses of morphine helped to dull the pain for two months. The side-effects included dreams, hallucinations, flashbacks – and constipation. Just as well because for weeks I couldn't wipe my arse. I went eight days without a crap. When prune juice was administered, I passed a turd the size of a baby's leg.

My fingers were debrided, scalpels cutting dead meat off thumbs and fingers. It hurt. Fingernails dropped off and smelt funny, and tendons stiffened. Physiotherapy was agony, but I wanted my hands back so badly and to endure meant to get better. My fingers looked a bloody mess, distorted and gnarled. They were always disturbingly cold. I was told the longer we waited, the better: even dead-looking fingers can recover.

Exercising my hands took up all my days – and within minutes they would stiffen up, giving the impression they were dying on me. I kept going, though, and one day I clasped a cup with my right hand. I was so excited. The first time I went out in the sun, my fingers turned blue. Without fingerprint ridges, picking up coins was difficult. Coins felt freezing, copper ones less so.

Soon the time to thaw before the saw was up. The surgeon cut a tip as if sharpening a pencil.

I felt nothing. It jolted me to learn that the fingertip was dead. It was the only part still black, solid and stone-cold; if it wasn't removed, I'd have been susceptible to dry gangrene. It had to go.

I left hospital with 27 stitches and a metal plate on one stub-ended finger. Surgeons described my recovery as "inexplicable" – I had been expected to lose both hands.

So what now? My dogs and I were inseparable; I miss them desperately. All I want is dog hairs on my clothes again. The plan is a move to Greenland. It's time to live again.

Travel writing

The Grasmere Journals

2nd edition ed. Mary Moorman

Wednesday 14th
William did not rise till dinner time. I walked with Mrs C. I was ill out of spirits – disheartened. Wm and I took a long walk in the Rain.

Thursday 15th.
It was a threatening misty morning – but mild. We set off after dinner from Eusemere. Mrs Clarkson went a short way with us but turned back. The wind was furious and we thought we must have returned. We first rested in the large Boat-house, then under a furze Bush opposite Mr Clarkson's. Saw the plough going in the field. The wind seized our breath; the Lake was rough. There was a Boat by itself floating in the middle of the Bay below Water Millock. We rested again in the Water Millock Lane. The hawthorns are black and green, the birches here and there greenish but there is yet more of purple to be seen on the Twigs. We got over into a field to avoid some cows – people working, a few primroses by the roadside, wood-sorrell flower, the anemone, scentless violets, strawberries, and that starry yellow flower which Mrs C. calls pile wort. When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow park we saw a few daffodils close to the water side. We fancied that the lake had floated the seeds ashore and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more and at last under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful they grew among the mossy stones about and about them, some rested their heads upon these stones as on a pillow, for weariness and the rest tossed and reeled and danced and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake, they looked so gay ever glancing ever changing. This wind blew directly over the lake to them. There was here and there a little knot and a few stragglers a few yards higher up but they were so few as not to disturb the simplicity and unity and life of that one busy highway. We rested again and again. The Bays were stormy, and we heard the waves at different distances and in the middle of the water like the sea.

Extracts from *American Notes*

by Charles Dickens

A description of his trip on a train from Boston to Lowell in the USA:
A great many newspapers are pulled out, and a few of them are read. Everybody talks to you, or to anybody else who hits his fancy. If you are an Englishman, he expects that that railroad is pretty much like an English railroad. If you say 'No,' he says 'Yes?' (interrogatively), and asks in what respect they differ.

You enumerate the heads of difference, one by one, and he says 'Yes?' (still interrogatively) to each. Then he guesses you don't travel faster in England; and on your replying that you do, says 'Yes?' again (still interrogatively), and, it is quite evident, doesn't believe it.

After a long pause he remarks, partly to you and partly to his stick, that 'Yankees are reckoned to be considerable go-ahead people too,' upon which you say 'Yes,' and then he says 'Yes' again (affirmatively this time); and upon your looking out of the window, tells you that behind that hill, and some three miles from the next station, there is a clever town in a smart lo-ca-tion, where he expects you have concluded to stop.

Your answer in the negative naturally leads to more questions in reference to your intended route (always pronounced rout); and wherever you are going, you invariably learn that you can't get there without immense difficulty and danger, and that all the great sights are somewhere else.

A visit to scenic Cairo, Illinois USA!
I'm going to send this passage to the Cairo, Illinois, tourism bureau; they may want to use it in some of their promotional material:

The scenery as we approached the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, was not at all inspiring in its influence. The trees were stunted in their growth; the banks were low and flat; the settlements and log cabins fewer in number; their inhabitants more wan and wretched than any we had encountered yet.

No songs of birds were in the air, no pleasant scents, no moving lights and shadows from swift-passing clouds. Hour after hour, the changeless glare of the hot, unwinking sky shone upon the same monotonous objects. Hour after hour, the river rolled along as wearily and slowly as the time itself.

At length, upon the morning of the third day, we arrived at a spot so much more desolate than any we had yet beheld that the forlornest places we had passed were, in comparison with it, full of interest.

At the junction of the two rivers, on ground so flat and low that at certain seasons of the year it is inundated to the housetops, lies a breeding place of fever, ague, and death.

A dismal swamp, on which the half-built houses rot away; cleared here and there for the space of a few yards; and teeming then with rank, unwholesome vegetation, in whose baleful shade the wretched wanderers who are tempted hither droop, and die, and lay their bones.

The hateful Mississippi circling and eddying before it, and turning off upon its southern course, a slimy monster hideous to behold; a hotbed of disease, an ugly sepulchre, a grave uncheered by any gleam of promise: a place without one single quality, in earth or air or water to commend it: such is this dismal Cairo."

Walking Home

by Simon Armitage

Today's walk, or at least the first half of it, is reckoned by many to be the most pleasant and least taxing section of the whole trail, a saunter through pretty Teesdale along the banks of the Tees with no route-finding difficulties whatsoever and several picturesque and iconic landmarks to tick off along the way. That's a relief, given that I'm still reeling from what happened on Cross Fell. On the other hand it's going to give my wife and daughter, walking with me today, the impression that for the last nine days I've done nothing more than wander through buttercup meadows from one public house to the next, making friends and showing off along the way and being paid for the privilege.

To counter that notion, I go through an elaborate performance before breakfast, pulling heaps of filthy clothes from the Tombstone, describing to my wife how and where each garment came to be blackened, bloodied or saturated, and giving a mile-by-mile, blow-by-blow account of my most hair-railing experiences thus far. But she pulls back the curtains and the sun is blazing across the valley, and in a T-shirt and trainers she waits for me in the car park while I tie the very long laces of my very big boots and secure all toggles and zips. My daughter has also taken the casual rather than cautious approach, and strides out ahead of us in pink leggings, white iPod earphones, a pair of canvas shoes that are not far from being slippers, and a vest. Her coat, which she wears tied around her waist, was given to her by a man called Charles in a pub car park in West Yorkshire, who also gave me several items of clothing made entirely from organic, natural fibres to 'trial' during my walk including a very nice fleece, a luminous orange anorak and a top made out of recycled wood chippings. The exchange, even though it had been pre-arranged and was all above board, must have looked very suspicious from the street, with two cars pulling up boot to boot, two strangers shaking hands, one man producing a range of clothes from the back of his car while the other man and his daughter tried them on, followed by another handshake and the vehicles shooting off in opposite directions. Even though she wears it around her middle rather than in the prescribed manner, my daughter was particularly thrilled with her acquisition when she learned that it was 'bombproof'. Army green and slightly sinister-looking, it's made from a fabric called Ventile, developed in the Second World War for pilots at risk of being shot down over the sea. When it becomes wet the cotton in it expands, making it waterproof, apparently.

It is also windproof and much coveted by 'bushcraft' people who need to sneak up on birds and animals, because it doesn't rustle. Modelling it in the car park outside the Co-op that day, my daughter had the look of a special forces trainee, and responded to that suggestion by giving me a highly convincing karate kick between the legs (and while I was getting my breath back, a punch in the kidneys).

We're not expecting bombshells today, or even rain. The first stretch of the path loops up and over a set of crags with juniper bushes to each side, then down a grassy embankment before rejoining the river. My daughter might be out in front, proving that no map is necessary, but we're actually following Shane Harris, a colleague of Chris's from North Pennines AONB, and his wife, Cath. The juniper is a particular and peculiar feature of this area, Shane explains, and as we brush past the spiky leaves I convince myself I can smell gin. With their knotted, wrenched trunks and bleached, desiccated branches, the junipers are reminiscent of wild olive trees, giving the immediate landscape a biblical feel, as if we're walking through the Holy Land, an atmosphere which lasts until the appearance of Dine Holm quarry and stone-cutting plant on the left-hand side, which explains the fine yellowy powder coating the shrubs, the grass and eventually our feet.

Less than quarter of an hour later we're standing above High Force, silent as we approached it from upstream, but now a roaring, drumming volley of white water hurling itself over a cliff face and thundering into the deep pool seventy or so feet below. Standing on the ridge above, I can feel the pulsing power of the water in the

soles of my feet and my solar plexus, and there's an even better view thirty yards downstream, looking back at the full spectacle of the falls from a stone outcrop which provides a natural viewing gallery and a photo opportunity. The noise of High Force is amplified by the semicircular gorge into which the river is delivered, a feature which also magnifies its visual appeal. It's so perfect it could have been designed, and those Darwinism-deniers who seem to be finding increasing employment opportunities in American schools might even argue it was. To keep my daughter away from the edge I've told her the legend of Peg Powler, a green-haired water hag who is said to inhabit this valley. Wherever she goes she leaves a frothy substance on the surface, known as Peg Powler Suds, and she feeds on children, grabbing them by the ankle if they stray too close to the river.

Speeches

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.

1 The President was speaking at Rice University which was not known for the success of its football team. Texas University's team was much stronger.

Chief Joseph's surrender speech

"I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. Toohulhulsote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say yes or no. He who led the young men is dead.

It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are – perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead.

Hear me, my chiefs. I am tired. My heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever."

Nelson Mandela's speech at the Make Poverty History Campaign in London

I am privileged to be here today at the invitation of The Campaign to Make Poverty History.

As you know, I recently formally announced my retirement from public life and should really not be here.

However, as long as poverty, injustice and gross inequality persist in our world, none of us can truly rest. Moreover, the Global Campaign for Action Against Poverty represents such a noble cause that we could not decline the invitation.

Massive poverty and obscene inequality are such terrible scourges of our times – times in which the world boasts breathtaking advances in science, technology, industry and wealth accumulation – that they have to rank alongside slavery and apartheid as social evils.

The Global Campaign for Action Against Poverty can take its place as a public movement alongside the movement to abolish slavery and the international solidarity against apartheid. And I can never thank the people of Britain enough for their support through those days of the struggle against apartheid. Many stood in solidarity with us, just a few yards from this spot.

Through your will and passion, you assisted in consigning that evil system forever to history. But in this new century, millions of people in the world's poorest countries remain imprisoned, enslaved, and in chains.

They are trapped in the prison of poverty. It is time to set them free.

Like slavery and apartheid, poverty is not natural. It is man-made and it can be overcome and eradicated by the actions of human beings.

And overcoming poverty is not a gesture of charity. It is an act of justice. It is the protection of a fundamental human right, the right to dignity and a decent life.

While poverty persists, there is no true freedom. The steps that are needed from the developed nations are clear. The first is ensuring trade justice. I have said before that trade justice is a truly meaningful way for the developed countries to show commitment to bringing about an end to global poverty.

The second is an end to the debt crisis for the poorest countries. The third is to deliver much more aid and make sure it is of the highest quality.

In 2005, there is a unique opportunity for making an impact. In September, world leaders will gather in New York to measure progress since they made the Millennium Declaration in the year 2000. That declaration promised to halve extreme poverty.

But at the moment, the promise is falling tragically behind. Those leaders must now honour their promises to the world's poorest citizens.

Tomorrow, here in London, the G7 finance ministers can make a significant beginning. I am happy to have been invited to meet with them. The G8 leaders, when they meet in Scotland in July, have already promised to focus on the issue of poverty, especially in Africa.

I say to all those leaders: do not look the other way; do not hesitate. Recognise that the world is hungry for action, not words. Act with courage and vision.

I am proud to wear the symbol of this global call to action in 2005. This white band is from my country. In a moment, I want to give this band to you – young people of Britain – and ask you to take it forward along with millions of others to the G8 summit in July. I entrust it to you. I will be watching with anticipation.

We thank you for coming here today. Sometimes it falls upon a generation to be great. You can be that great generation. Let your greatness blossom.

Of course the task will not be easy. But not to do this would be a crime against humanity, against which I ask all humanity now to rise up.

Make Poverty History in 2005. Make History in 2005. Then we can all stand with our heads held high.

Thank you.

Florence Nightingale

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.

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

The most influential woman in Victorian Britain after Queen Victoria herself

Biographical information for Florence Nightingale

Famous for being the 'Lady with the Lamp' who organised the nursing of sick and wounded soldiers during the Crimean War, Florence Nightingale's far-sighted ideas and reforms have influenced the very nature of modern healthcare.

Her greatest achievement was to transform nursing into a respectable profession for women and in 1860, she established the first professional training school for nurses, the Nightingale Training School at St Thomas' Hospital.

She campaigned tirelessly to improve health standards, publishing over 200 books, reports and pamphlets on hospital planning and organisation which are still widely read and respected today, including her most famous work *Notes on Nursing: What It Is and What It Is Not*.

Florence's influence on today's nursing, ranges from her ward designs (known as Nightingale Wards) which were developed in response to her realisation that hospital buildings themselves could affect the health and recovery of patients, through to pioneering infection control measures and the championing of a healthy diet as a key factor for recovery. Florence also believed in the need for specialist midwifery nurses and established a School of Midwifery nursing at King's College Hospital which became a model for the country.

Florence is also credited with inventing the pie chart and was the first woman to be elected to the Royal Statistical Society. She was also the first woman to be awarded the Freedom of the City of London, which she received in 1909. She inspired the founding of the International Red Cross which still awards the Florence Nightingale Medal for nurses who have given exceptional care to the sick and wounded in war or peace.

Early years

Born in an era when middle-class women were expected to simply make a good marriage and raise a family, Florence sensed a 'calling' from God at an early age and believed she was destined to do something greater with her life. As a child, she was very academic and particularly interested in mathematics. Her religion gave her a strong sense of moral duty to help the poor and, over time, she held a growing belief that nursing was her God-given vocation. She was also perhaps set to follow the family tradition of reform mindedness, such as the example set by her maternal grandfather who was an anti-slavery campaigner.

Paid nursing suffered a reputation as a job for poor, often elderly women, and the popular image was one of drunkenness, bad language and a casual attitude to patients. Despite parental concern, she persisted in her ambition, reading anything she could about health and hospitals. Eventually she persuaded them to allow her to take three months nursing training at an inspirational hospital and school in Dusseldorf. Aged 33, she then became superintendent of a hospital for 'gentlewomen' in Harley Street, London.

The Crimean War

In March 1854, reports flooded in about the dreadful conditions and lack of medical supplies suffered by injured soldiers fighting the Crimean War. The Minister at War, a social acquaintance, invited Florence to oversee the introduction of female nurses into the military hospitals in Turkey. With a party of 38 nurses, Florence arrived in Scutari that November and set about organising the hospitals to improve supplies of food, blankets and beds, as well as the general conditions and cleanliness. The comforting sight

of her checking all was well at night earned her the name "Lady of the Lamp", along with the undying respect of the British soldiers.

Reforming spirit

The introduction of female nurses to the military hospitals was deemed an outstanding success, Florence returned to Britain a heroine and donations poured in to the Nightingale Fund. The money collected enabled Florence to continue her reform of nursing in the civil hospitals of Britain after the war. Determined that the medical mistakes of the two-year long war were never repeated, she vividly communicated the needs for medical reform using statistical charts which showed that more men had died from disease than from their wounds. She then instigated a Royal Commission into the health of the army which led to a large number of improvements and saved the lives of many.

The Nightingale Training School was established in 1860 using donations from the Nightingale Fund. Its reputation soon spread and Nightingale nurses were requested to start new schools all over the world, including Australia, America and Africa.

Florence died aged 90, on 13 August 1910, and was buried with her family in East Wellow, Hampshire.

READING NON-FICTION

60 mins (25% GCSE) – Two non-fiction texts – one from 19th Century & one from 20th/21st century.

QUESTION ONE

CHOOSE four true or false statements from a list of 8.

- ❑ 4 marks = 5 mins (4 boxes shaded)
- ❑ Named lines
- ❑ AO1 – find & inference

BEFORE YOU BEGIN
LOOK AT THE SUMMARY INFORMATION ABOUT BOTH TEXTS – THEY GIVE YOU CLUES.
ALSO FIGURE OUT THE PAT/PAF/PAL OF BOTH TEXTS – THEY ALSO GIVE YOU CLUES.

- ❑ Only look at lines named in question to in order to find answers.
- ❑ Only shade 4 boxes (1 box = 1 mark) - this is not a trick question – it is easy.
- ❑ Follow the instruction on the paper if you shade the wrong box.

QUESTION TWO

Write a **SUMMARY** of the **DIFFERNCES** between Source A and B

- ❑ 8 marks = 10mins
- ❑ Two texts
- ❑ AO1 – summarise differences

- ❑ **Read and highlight key words in the question**
- ❑ Start mini essay with an overview sentence stating main difference then several examples of **differences using short quotes** and stating specific **effects**. Don't forget to use connectives of difference and also name the difference.
- ❑ E.g. "Firstly, the differences between Eddie and Henry are vast as Henry's experience of school is much harsher than Eddie's; we can see this when Henry complains about not being able to write freely as Mr. Smith, 'would flog me if he knew it.' This is is contrast to…"
- ❑ **Track** through each text; space your quotes out throughout the whole text.

QUESTION THREE

How does the writer use **LANGUAGE** to…" in one source only

- ❑ 12 marks = 20 mins
- ❑ One text
- ❑ AO2 – Language (not structure)

- ❑ **Read and highlight key words in the question**
- ❑ Read and highlight text
- ❑ Start mini essay with an **overview sentence**, then answer the question using **short quotes**, naming the **device** and stating specific **effects**.
- ❑ E.g. "Henry uses lots of emotive language … QUOTE….. in his letter to attempt to influence his father to remove him and his brother from Cotherstone Academy."
- ❑ Analyse as many quotes as you can, analysing a technique used by the writer and discussing the multiple effects for the audience.
- ❑ Write **a lot about a little** - e.g. "The writer uses personification in this phrase, 'Death stood at my bedside,' to create an intense feeling of fear for the reader, suggesting the writer felt death was imminent; it was a threatening being, about to take his life."
- ❑ **Track** through each text, space your quotes out throughout the whole text.

QUESTION FOUR

Compare DIFFERENCES in **LANGUAGE** in how the two **writers** present/convey/convince/persuade… in Source A and B

- ❑ 16marks = 25mins
- ❑ Two texts
- ❑ AO3 – compare language (not structure)

- ❑ **Read and highlight key words in the question**
- ❑ Start mini essay with an **overview sentence** stating the main **difference** in the language. E.g. The writer of Source A believes that education really is the job of parents and not schools, whereas the writer of Source B has sent both his boys off to a boarding school where he has little control and knows nothing about the conditions for his children, or the standard of education they are receiving.
- ❑ Then compare the differences in the **writers' viewpoints** using **short** quotes and stating **specific effects.** E.g. For example, the writer of Source A explains using expert opinion … QUOTE…..to demonstrate that…, however, the writer of Source B uses statistics ….. QUOTE…..to back up their argument. The effect on the audience is similar as both add weight to the arguments the writers are putting forward and convince their audience of their standpoint.
- ❑ REFER TO BOTH WRITERS THROUGHOUT.
- ❑ YOU CAN REPEAT QUOTES & EFFECTS FROM EARLIER QUESTIONS.
- ❑ Go back and forth between the texts. Use **comparison words or phrases:** Different to…, Unlike …..B, In contrast…….,However….., On the other hand…., Yet……., Meanwhile….etc.

Mark Scheme

Bands 1-4	4 – DETAILED. PERCEPTIVE 3 - CLEAR, RELEVANT 2 - SOME,ATTEMPTS 1 – SIMPLE, LIMITED
Q2	• Perceptive inference and differences from both texts • Well-judged quotations
Q3	• Analyses the effects of writer's choices • Well-judged quotations • Sophisticated subject terminology
Q4	• Same as Q2/3 AND… • Detailed understanding of different perspectives & ideas

Stretch yourself

- Paradox/oxymoron
- Irony
- Onomatopoeia
- Euphemism
- Pun
- Fronted adverbials or conjunctions
- Simple/compound/complex sentences
- Relative or conditional clauses
- Noun/verb phrases
- Writing for purpose/audience/type of text
- Anaphora/epistrophe
- Tone/Register
- Narrative perspective

I AM A FORESTER (Q3+4)

- Imperatives
- Adjective/Adverb
- Modal Verbs
- Alliteration
- Figurative language
- Opinions
- Repetition
- Exaggeration/Expert opinion
- Statistics
- Triplets
- Emotive Language
- Rhetorical Question

AOs

AO1
- **Identify and interpret** explicit and implicit information and ideas.
- **Select and synthesise evidence** from different texts.

AO2
- **Explain, comment on and analyse** how writers use **language and structure** to achieve **effects** and influence readers
- Use **relevant subject terminology** to support views.

AO3
- **Compare** writers' ideas across two or more texts.

TURTON PAPER A

Please write clearly in block capitals.

Centre number | | | | | | Candidate number | | | | |

Surname _____

Forename(s) _____

Candidate signature _____

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE
(8700)

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes

Materials

For this paper you must have:

- **Source A** and **Source B** – which are provided as a separate insert

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.

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 19**.

Choose **four** statements below which are TRUE.

- Shade the boxes of the ones that you think are true.
- Choose a maximum of four statements.

[4 marks]

A 100 people drowned, in total. ⬭

B 140 people drowned, in total. ⬭

C The survivors' testimonies were all very similar. ⬭

D Carlotta Sami gave a telephone interview. ⬭

E Pregnant women and children were in the water for hours. ⬭

F The writer says that he is deeply saddened by the tragedy. ⬭

G The Mediterranean sea is the safest place to cross to Europe. ⬭

H The migrants see no option except to cross the Mediterranean sea. ⬭

84

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The sinking of the liner ship 'The Atlantic' and the inflatable rubber dingy boats are different.
Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of the differences.

[8 marks]

85

0 3 You now need to refer **only** to **Source B**, the article in the Guardian describing the liner ship, 'The Atlantic' sinking.

How does the journalist create drama in the description of the sinking? **[12 marks]**

86

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with **Source B**.

Compare how the two writers convey their different attitudes to who is at fault for the disasters.

In your answer, you could:

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

[16 marks]

87

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE
(8700)

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two Sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century non-fiction

An online newspaper article called *Hundreds Dead* by Patrick Kingsley.

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

A newspaper article called *All Women and Children Perish* by an unknown reporter.

Please turn the page over
to see the Source

Source A - 21st Century non-fiction

Patrick Kingsley has been sent to report on the migrant crisis for The Guardian newspaper.

Hundreds dead as boats sink off Libya, survivors tell UN

At least 240 people killed as two boats sink in Mediterranean, survivors tell UN refugee agency on Italian island of Lampedusa.

About 100 people drowned when an inflatable dinghy capsized shortly after leaving the Libyan coast on Wednesday, some of the 29 survivors told the UN refugee agency. A further 140 are thought to have drowned in a second incident in another rubber boat early on Thursday morning. Only two people appear to have survived the second tragedy.

The survivors' testimonies´ "were all very consistent", a spokeswoman for the UN refugee agency, Carlotta Sami, said in a telephone interview. "They report two shipwrecks, both not far from the Libyan shore, and they report the boats were in a very bad condition. Many women, pregnant women and children were onboard, and they were in the water for hours."

The UN high commissioner for refugees, Filippo Grandi, said he was "deeply saddened by another tragedy". Many lives could be saved, he said, if European countries volunteered to take in more refugees rather than leaving them to make the risky boat trip. "The Mediterranean is a deadly stretch of sea for refugees and migrants, yet they still see no other option but to risk their lives to cross it."

Military missions from several European countries, including Britain, have tried to curb the Libyan smuggling industry by intercepting and destroying the smugglers' repurposed fishing trawlers after they leave Libyan waters.

In response, the smugglers have simply turned to flimsy inflatable boats, which can be piloted by refugees themselves, and which are even more dangerous than the wooden trawlers. As a result, asylum seekers' lives have been put at even greater risk – this year, roughly one in every 40 attempting to reach Italy by sea have died.

Syrians appear to have stopped using the Libyan route. Most of the migrants and refugees this year have fled war and poverty in Nigeria and Sudan, or dictatorships in Eritrea and Gambia. Others are migrant workers who tried to find jobs in Libya but fled after a civil war broke out and law and order collapsed.

In this context, many claim the dangerous sea journey is the least worst option facing them, due to the dire situation in Libya. "A dead goat doesn't fear the butcher's knife," quipped one person in Libya during an interview with the Guardian last year.

Source B – 19th Century non-fiction

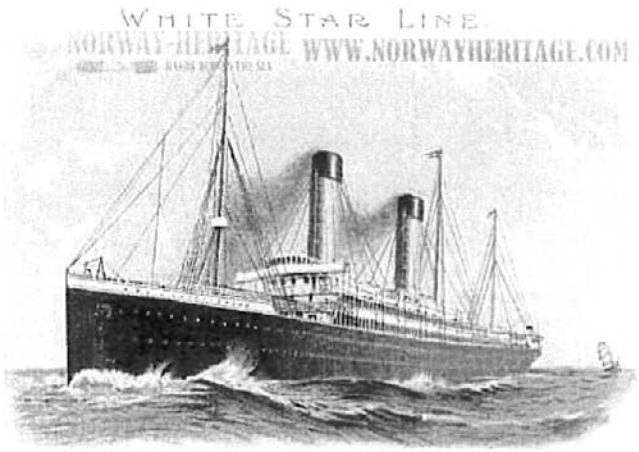
All women and children perish at sea

An unknown reporter is writing in 1873 about an accident at sea, of which there were many in the Victorian era.

The most terrible disaster which has happened at sea for many years occurred on Tuesday morning; near to the harbour of Halifax, Nova Scotia. The screw steamer Atlantic, of the White Star line, in attempting to make that harbour, was run ashore on a rocky headland.

The ship struck heavily several times and immediately rolled off the rock and sank, carrying down with her, it is believed, about 750 persons out of 1,000 who were on board when she left the Mersey.

The suddenness of the disaster gave no time to prepare the steamer's boats for rescuing passengers and crew. A frantic attempt was made to launch one boat; but it was dragged down by the ship, and all who got into it perished.



After the ship sank, some of her upper rigging remained above water, and a rope was passed to the shore, by which between 200 and 900 persons were saved.

Not a woman or a child was saved; and hundreds were drowned, without having even had time to get out of their berths in saloon or steerage. The captain is one of the survivors.

It is said that he was putting into Halifax because the supply of coal was running short, while another account has it that the vessel had received some damage to her machinery.

The immediate cause of the dreadful disaster, on a coast so well known, is not yet explained; but it is said that Captain Williams, or the officer in charge, mistook a light shown on one point for that which is displayed on another.

The most painful excitement was created in Liverpool yesterday morning by the news of the loss. For some time the vagueness of the telegram received raised hopes of the disaster having been greatly exaggerated.

The short despatch only definitely stated the loss of the ship by running ashore on Meagher's Head, about twenty miles off Halifax. No mention was made in this telegram of any want of coal, which might necessitate the steamer's landing at Halifax.

Indeed it was stated that she had coal enough for at least another week. The conjecture that received most assent among those experienced in the navigation of the coast was that the steamer had had her machinery disabled, and was making for Prospect Harbour, a small port on the south-east of Nova Scotia, nine miles east of St Margaret's Bay.

The latest New York papers describe the weather as fearful near the American coast within the last fortnight, several of the ocean-going steamers having with the utmost difficulty made port in safety.

TURTON - PAPER B

Please write clearly in block capitals.

Centre number						Candidate number			
Surname									

Forename(s) _____

Candidate signature _____

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE
(8700)

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes

Materials

For this paper you must have:

- **Source A** and **Source B** – which are provided as a separate insert

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.

91

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 15**.

Choose **four** statements below which are TRUE.

- Shade the boxes of the ones that you think are true.
- Choose a maximum of four statements.

[4 marks]

A Anthea Turner thinks that using a calendar can help a busy family organize themselves. ⬭

B Everyone in Anthea Turner's house knows when to put the bins out. ⬭ ⬭

C Anthea Turner doesn't like writing things down.

D Anthea believes that colour coded washing baskets is an easy system for most children to use. ⬭

E Anthea Turner doesn't have much time. ⬭

F Anthea Turner has a friend called Stephen Chalk. ⬭

G Anthea Turner enjoys washing clothes. ⬭

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

Use details from **both** Sources. Write a summary of the differences between the advice given.

[8 marks]

93

0 3 You now need to refer **only** to **Source B**, the letter by Henry written to his father.

How does Mrs Beeton use language to impart her advice?

[12 marks]

94

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with **Source B**.

Compare how the two writers convey their different attitudes to household management.

In your answer, you could:

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

[16 marks]

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE
(8700)

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two Sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century non-fiction

A blog post called *Put Systems in Place to Run the Home* by Anthea Turner

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

An extract from Chapter One of Mrs. Beeton's book of Household Management

Please turn the page over to see the Source

Source A - 21st Century non-fiction

Anthea Turner presented a TV programme called 'Perfect Housewife' in 2014. This extract is from her blog published on August 29, 2014.

Put Systems in Place to Run the Home

A friend of mine called Rev Stephen Chalk once said to me, "Discipline gives you freedom". I don't have time in my life to run round in circles and be a slave to my home so this is why I look for ways to make life easy.

Time saving systems for the home will help a busy household run more efficiently. And most take no time at all to implement.....

- I don't believe a busy household can run their lives efficiently from a calendar in the kitchen. Make sure you arm yourself with a large desk diary which is never removed from the house.

- Everyone puts in so that nothing is missed out... birthdays, parties, school events, dental appointments, work commitments, refuse days (no one in my house can use the excuses they didn't know when the bins were to go out!). What you are doing here is eliminating error, conflict and confusion.

- If you have room get 3 washing baskets – I use White, Grey and Black. Everyone knows whites in white, coloureds in grey and darks in black. Any child over the age of 6 can work this one out!

- Set yourself up an area which is your office. There are so many small filing cabinets, funky file boxes etc. that will make bill paying and bank statement storing a much more efficient task.

- Think logically about how and where you store things. For example, I wear glasses so where I store my spare pairs and sunglasses I also have cleaning wipes and my screwdriver that tightens the arms. It truly is little tweaks like this which in the long run will save you time. And my God there are never enough hours in the day!

One lady I worked with on 'Perfect Housewife' had such a stressful start to the day, due only to inefficiency, that if I was her I'd be in a darkened room with a gin and tonic by 11.00am! She had three children and not a day went by when someone wasn't late for school or had forgotten a piece of kit. There was general screaming and shouting from everyone and it was just awful. Not wanting to see her resort to the G&T by midmorning, I put a system in place to make life easy...

First I gave her 3 large baskets which lived in the hallway. No child could go to bed until they had put their satchel, completed homework, sports kit, musical instrument etc. in it for the following morning. Coats and scarves hung on a peg in the hall and uniforms were in the bedroom complete with clean pants socks and shirt. In the kitchen, cereal bowls etc. were out and ready for breakfast.

When we tested this new regime out it was bliss – a calm, orderly, happy start to the day. No arguments and no stress. Bliss!
I know you will have ideas and tips of your own so please let us have them.

Source B – 19th Century non-fiction

Mrs Beeton's Book of Household Management

Isabella Beeton was a journalist, author and writer. In 1861, she published a bestselling book instructing housewives how to manage their homes and cook wholesome meals. This abridged extract is from Chapter One.

AS WITH THE COMMANDER OF AN ARMY, or the leader of any enterprise, so is it with the mistress of a house. Her spirit will be seen through the whole establishment; and just in proportion as she performs her duties intelligently and thoroughly, so will her domestics follow in her path. Of all those acquirements, which more particularly belong to the feminine character, there are none which take a higher rank, in our estimation, than such as enter into a knowledge of household duties; for on these are perpetually dependent the happiness, comfort, and well-being of a family. In this opinion we are borne out by the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield," who says: "The modest virgin, the prudent wife, and the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romances, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver, or their eyes."

EARLY RISING IS ONE OF THE MOST ESSENTIAL QUALITIES which enter into good Household Management, as it is not only the parent of health, but of innumerable other advantages. Indeed, when a mistress is an early riser, it is almost certain that her house will be orderly and well-managed. On the contrary, if she remain in bed till a late hour, then the domestics, who, as we have before observed, invariably partake somewhat of their mistress's character, will surely become sluggards. To self-indulgence all are more or less disposed, and it is not to be expected that servants are freer from this fault than the heads of houses.

THE CHOICE OF ACQUAINTANCES is very important to the happiness of a mistress and her family. A gossiping acquaintance, who indulges in the scandal and ridicule of her neighbours, should be avoided as a pestilence. If the duties of a family do not sufficiently occupy the time of a mistress, society should be formed of such a kind as will tend to the mutual interchange of general and interesting information.

FRIENDSHIPS SHOULD NOT BE HASTILY FORMED, nor the heart given, at once, to every new-comer. There are ladies who uniformly smile at, and approve everything and everybody, and who possess neither the courage to reprehend vice, nor the generous warmth to defend virtue. The friendship of such persons is without attachment, and their love without affection or even preference. They imagine that every one who has any penetration is ill-natured, and look coldly on a discriminating judgment. It should be remembered, however, that this discernment does not always proceed from an uncharitable temper, but that those who possess a long experience and thorough knowledge of the world, scrutinize the conduct and dispositions of people before they trust themselves to the first fair appearances.

END OF SOURCES

TURTON – PAPER C

Please write clearly in block capitals.

Centre number | | | | | | Candidate number | | | | |

Surname _____

Forename(s) _____

Candidate signature _____

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE
(8700)

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes

Materials

For this paper you must have:

- **Source A** and **Source B** – which are provided as a separate insert

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.

99

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 14**.

Choose **four** statements below which are TRUE.

- Shade the boxes of the ones that you think are true.
- Choose a maximum of four statements.

[4 marks]

A Zoe Lyons' best friend at school, Robert, is gay. ⬭

B Zoe Lyons was 12 when she started to think she was gay. ⬭

C Zoe Lyons does not feel as though there are enough gay women on television. ⬭

D Zoe Lyons was 21 when she came out to her parents. ⬭

E Zoe Lyons did not like the advice she got in problem pages. ⬭

F Zoe Lyons thinks it is easier for young people to come out now. ⬭

G Zoe Lyons' mother was happy when she came out. ⬭

H Zoe Lyons lived in Glasgow when she was 16. ⬭

100

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

Use details from **both** Sources. Write a summary of the writers' views on love.

[8 marks]

0 3 You now need to refer **only** to **Source B**, the article by Grant Allen.

How does Grant Allen use language to try to present his views on falling in love? **[12 marks]**

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with **Source B**, the Grant Allen article.

Compare how the two writers convey their different attitudes to falling in love.

In your answer, you could:

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

[16 marks]

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE
(8700)

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two Sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century non-fiction

An extract from Hollie Williams' article *The Day I Came Out.*

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

An extract from *Falling in Love* – an essay by Grant Allen.

Please turn the page over to see the Source

Source A - 21st Century non-fiction

The Day I Came Out

This extract appeared as part of a group of interviews in 2012 by the journalist Hollie Williams in *The Independent* entitled 'The Day I Came Out'. This extract is from the interview with the comedian Zoe Lyons.

A stand-up comic, Lyons, aged 40, won the funniest joke of the Edinburgh Fringe in 2008, and has appeared on 'Mock the Week' and 'Michael McIntyre's Comedy Roadshow'

When I was about 12 years old, I started to suspect I was gay. It's a cliché, but I was always a bit of a tomboy. I grew up in rural Ireland, my only friend was Robert next door and he didn't want to play with dolls, so we hit each other with sticks and ran around.

When I hit puberty I started to register that something was going on; by 16 I was like, "Yeeeeah...". I used to read the problem pages in magazines and the advice [to people who thought they were gay] was always, "It's probably just a phase" – so I thought it might just go away. You get different advice today, thankfully.

At the age of 12 you desperately don't want to be different. I wasn't shy at school but I probably wasn't the most confident either and I thought, "Well, this isn't going to help!". I didn't tell anyone until I was about 16 years old. I had a lovely small group of friends, I was living in Glasgow, and it was one of those nights you have when you're a teenager and a few ciders have been drunk; I said, "I think I might be bisexual," and my friends were like, "That's totally cool".

But once you've said it, it is out there. It was quite a big deal, I was really scared, actually. This was 20 years ago; there really wasn't much on the telly or in the press for me to hang on to, so I felt quite isolated.

I was only 17 years old when I went to university, and there were gay and lesbian societies there but I wasn't really that confident or involved with it. It wasn't until I was aged 21 that I came out to my parents; by then I was like, "This really isn't a phase...". My parents are divorced, but my step-mum had gay friends so that helped. My dad bought a self-help book on how to cope with having a gay child. My mum worried that my life would be really difficult. She had a sliding scale: I said to her, "Mum, I've got something to tell you", and she went "You're pregnant". Then she said, "You're on heroin", and then it was like, "Oh my God, you're gay" – and I was like, "Yeah!". Being gay: one below being on heroin. It has got easier – my girlfriend and my mum get on really well now. When I brought my first girlfriend home, it really threw my mum, though. I thought she was going to faint.

Being a comedian, everyone tries to label you. Initially you're a female comedian, then a gay female comedian. My material is not directed by my sexuality, though it does have a slightly different perspective because of it.

It's easier for young people now, but we could still definitely do with more gay women on telly, and in comedy. There's a tradition of camp comedy, drag acts and borderline effeminate men – that's part of our slightly panto-y history of comedy. But there's not such a tradition for gay women.

Source B – 19th Century non-fiction

Falling in Love

Grant Allen, scientist and proponent of the theory of evolution, writes about falling in love in this 1889 essay.

We cannot fall in love with everybody alike. Some of us fall in love with one person, some with another. This instinctive and deep-seated differential feeling we may regard as the outcome of complementary features, mental, moral, or physical, in the two persons concerned; and experience shows us that, in nine cases out of ten, it is a reciprocal affection, that is to say, in other words, an affection roused in unison by varying qualities in the respective individuals.

Of its eminently conservative and even upward tendency very little doubt can be reasonably entertained. We *do* fall in love, taking us in the lump, with the young, the beautiful, the strong, and the healthy; we do *not* fall in love, taking us in the lump, with the aged, the ugly, the feeble, and the sickly.

The prohibition of the Church is scarcely needed to prevent a man from marrying his grandmother. Moralists have always borne a special grudge to pretty faces; but, as Mr. Herbert Spencer admirably put it, 'the saying that beauty is but skin-deep is itself but a skin-deep saying.' In reality, beauty is one of the very best guides we can possibly have to the desirability, so far as race-preservation is concerned, of any man or any woman as a partner in marriage. A fine form, a good figure, a beautiful bust, a round arm and neck, a fresh complexion, a lovely face, are all outward and visible signs of the physical qualities that on the whole conspire to make up a healthy and vigorous wife and mother; they imply soundness, fertility, a good circulation, a good digestion.

Conversely, sallowness and paleness are roughly indicative of dyspepsia[1] and anæmia[2]; a flat chest is a symptom of deficient maternity; and what we call a bad figure is really, in one way or another, an unhealthy departure from the central norma and standard of the race. Good teeth mean good deglutition[3]; a clear eye means an active liver; scrubbiness and undersizedness mean feeble virility[4]. Nor are indications of mental and moral efficiency by any means wanting as recognised elements in personal beauty. A good-humoured face is in itself almost pretty. A pleasant smile half redeems unattractive features. Low, receding foreheads strike us unfavourably. Heavy, stolid, half-idiotic countenances can never be beautiful, however regular their lines and contours. Intelligence and goodness are almost as necessary as health and vigour in order to make up our perfect ideal of a beautiful human face and figure. The Apollo Belvedere [5]is no fool; the murderers in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's[6] are for the most part no beauties.

[1] Dyspepsia - indigestion
[2] Anaemia – iron deficiency
[3] Deglutition – ability to swallow
[4] Virility – a strong sex drive (in a man)
[5] The Apollo Belvedere – a Greek masterpiece – an attractive sculpture
[6] Madame Tussaud's – a famous wax museum in London, now called Madame Tussauds (without the apostrophe)

TURTON PAPER D

Please write clearly in block capitals.

Centre number						Candidate number			
Surname									

Forename(s) _____

Candidate signature _____

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE
(8700)

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes

Materials

For this paper you must have:

- **Source A** and **Source B** – which are provided as a separate insert

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.
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Information

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- The maximum mark of this paper is 80.
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- 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.

107

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 17**.

Choose **four** statements below which are TRUE.

- Shade the boxes of the ones that you think are true.
- Choose a maximum of four statements.

[4 marks]

A Lisa made her first batches of soup with her parents. ⬭

B Lisa wasn't initially excited about making and selling soup. ⬭

C Lisa's parents liked the first sample of soup she made them try. ⬭

D Lisa's aunt didn't like throwing food away. ⬭

E Lisa's parents thought the business was a great idea from the start. ⬭

F People were surprised by Lisa working at such a young age. ⬭

G Lisa's dad wasn't very good at negotiating with farmers. ⬭

H Lisa chose working on her business over spending time with friends. ⬭

108

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and the whole of **Source B** for this question.

Use details from **both** sources. Write a summary of the differences between Lisa Goodwin's parents and the parents of the Victorian street sellers. **[8 marks]**

0 3 You now need to refer **only** to **Source B**, the interview with the flower seller.

How does the flower seller use language to appeal to the reader's emotions? **[12 marks]**

110

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with **Source B**, the interview with the nut seller

Compare how Lisa Goodwin and the nut seller convey their different attitudes to work and childhood.

In your answer, you should:

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

[16 marks]

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE
(8700)

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two Sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century non-fiction

Autobiographical article written by a young entrepreneur (a person who starts up a business) for a newspaper in the 1990s.

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

Two interviews from the 1840s conducted with children who work as street sellers. These articles, alongside many other like them, were published in a newspaper to highlight the plight of the poor in London.

Please turn the page over to see the Source

Source A - 21st Century non-fiction

Setting up SouperStar – From Soup Pan to Soup Stand

Autobiographical article written by a young entrepreneur (a person who starts up a business) for a newspaper in the 1990s.

Lisa Goodwin recalls how she set up her first business at the age of eight.

When I first told my parents that I wanted to sell soup, I must have been about eight years old – like most sensible parents, they thought I was joking. That weekend, I'd been at my aunt's house helping her harvest vegetables from her garden. It had been a bumper year, and we'd been staggering back and forth, shifting armfuls of all sorts of things into the house. With my aunt, not a single thing could go to waste, so we set about making soup. Gallons of the stuff. We were surrounded by steaming and bubbling pots and pans, and the air was thick with scents of leek and potato, carrot and coriander and spicy butternut squash. Anyway, when my parents didn't take me seriously, I went straight to the fridge to dig out one of the soups my aunt and I had made – it was cream of mushroom, I think – and they absolutely lapped it up. "See!" I said, smiling. So it was then that SouperStar was born.

From day one I couldn't wait to get stuck in. My parents would dutifully help select produce, whizz up batches of soup and drive me here, there and everywhere so that I could set up shop. I would go to school fairs, farmers' markets – anywhere that would have me. Dad was my champion haggler. He's barter with local farmers to get crates of carrots or potatoes at rock-bottom prices. If he could get anything for free, well, that was even better! I think a lot of people were bemused by the sight of this young kid, buying produce and selling soup, and my parents put up with it because they thought that I would grow out of it at some stage. While other kids my age were glued to the TV or playing in the park, I was peeling vegetables and frying croutons.

I begged and pleaded with my parents to let me be home-schooled, as I wanted to dedicate more time to the business, but they insisted I should have a "normal" childhood, and fill my head with "necessary" stuff like formulae and equations. A few years later, and I was sitting my O levels* - but instead of panicking over revision, I was of course, dreaming up new recipes. With all my exams passed and done with, I wanted to press on and really dedicate myself to SouperStar. I think at this point my parents genuinely realised how determined I was, and they began to take it to a lot more seriously too.

I struck upon the idea of selling soup at our local train station during the winter months – there was a constant stream of customers all in desperate need of something that would warm up their hands and fill their bellies. Before long, I was hiring extra staff in order to open up soup stands in other nearby train stations and Mum was coming up with advertising slogans and snazzy package designs (her years of marketing experience came in pretty handy here). As the business grew and grew, Mum and Dad couldn't keep up with all the support I needed, so it made sense for them to get even more involved. Mum reduced her hours at work and Dad quit his job entirely. Fast-forward to today, and I'm the managing director of one of the most successful food companies in the area.

Of course, financially, it's worked out well for us (thanks must go to my parents for the initial investment, not to mention being old enough to buy the wine for my French onion soup!), but for me it was never the dream of becoming a millionaire that got me started or even kept me going. It was the passion for building a great business based on great food – and that remains at the heart of SouperStar today.

Glossary

1: * **O levels** – the qualifications that preceded GCSEs, with examinations at the age of 16.

Source B – 19th Century non-fiction

Two interviews from the 1840s conducted with children who work as street sellers. These articles, alongside many others like them, were published in a newspaper to highlight the plight of the poor in London.

The first interview is with a young girl who sells flowers, and is an orphan.

"Mother has been dead just a year this month; she took cold at the washing and it went to her chest; she was only bad a fortnight; she suffered great pain, and, poor thing, she used to fret dreadful, as she lay ill, about me, for she knew she was going to leave me. She used to plan how I was to do when she was gone. She made me promise to try to get a place and keep from the street if I could, for she seemed to dread them so much. When she was gone I was left in the world without a friend. I am quite alone, I have no relation at all, not a soul belonging to me. For three months. I went about looking for a place, as long as my money lasted, for mother told me to sell our furniture to keep me and get me clothes. I could have got a place, but nobody would have me without a character*, and I knew nobody to give me one. I tried very hard to get one, indeed I did; for I thought of all mother had said to me about going into the streets. At last, when my money was just gone, I met a young woman in the street, and I asked her to tell me where I could get a lodging. She told me to come with her, she would show me a respectable lodging-house for women and girls. I went, and I have been there ever since. The women in the house advised me to take flower-selling, as I could get nothing else to do. Once of the young women took me to market with her, and showed me how to bargain with the salesman for my flowers. At first, when I went out to sell, I felt so ashamed I could not ask anybody to buy off me; and many times went back at night with all my stock, without selling one bunch. The woman at the lodging house is very good to me; when I have a bad day she will let my lodging go until I can pay her. She is very kind, indeed, for she knows I am alone. What I shall do in the winter I don't know. In the cold weather last year, when I could get no flowers, I was forced to live on my clothes, I have none left now but what I have on. What I shall do I don't know – I can't bear to think on it."

The second interview is with a young girl who sells nuts.

"It's in the winter, sir, when things are far worst with us. Father can make very little then – but I don't know what he earns exactly at any time – and though mother has more work then, there's fire and candle to pay for. We were very badly off last winter, and worse, I think, the winter before. Father sometimes came home and had made nothing, and if mother had no work in hand we went to bed to save fire and candle, if it was ever so soon. Father would die afore he would let mother take as much as a loaf from the parish. I was sent out to sell nuts first: 'If it's only 1d.** you make,' mother said, 'it's a good piece of bread.' I didn't mind being sent out. I knew children that sold things in the streets. Perhaps I liked it better than staying at home without a fire and with nothing to do, and if I went out I saw other children busy. No, I wasn't a bit frightened when I first started, not a bit. Some children – but they was such little things – said: 'O, Liz, I wish I was you.' I had twelve ha'porths*** and sold them all. I don't know what it made; 2d. most likely. I didn't crack a single nut myself. I was fond of them then, but I don't care for them now. I could do better if I went into public-houses, but I'm only let go to Mr. Smith's, because he knows father, and Mrs. Smith and him recommends me. I have sold nuts and oranges to soldiers. I was once in a great crowd, and was getting crushed, and there was a very tall soldier close by me, and he lifted me, basket and all, right up to his shoulder, and carried me clean out of the crowd. He had stripes on his arm. 'I shouldn't like you to be in such a trade,' says he, 'if you was my child.' He didn't say why he wouldn't like it. Perhaps because it was beginning to rain. Yes, we are far better off now. Father makes money. I don't go out in bad weather in the summer; in the winter, though, I must. I don't know what I shall be when I grow up. I can read a little. I've been to church five or six times in my life. I should go oftener and so would mother, if we had clothes."

Glossary

* character – a reference
** d. – pence
*** ha'porths – half-pennys' worth

List of poems referred to in the resources

Coat

When it was bitter in New York City,
I would go out with my mother
past the icy buildings,

stay against her, just behind her
so she would stop the wind and snow,
and bury my face in her coat,

just there under her arm.
All winter, like her walk – in closet,
Its yellow light, I would walk into her,

Shake out my raw thoughts.
I didn't know who or what we were passing
or even if the city was still there,

the long radiant hairs against my face
like my grandmother's stole
with fox's head that lay on her breast,

me, clinging to my mortal mother,
our slow progress down that black, warm street.

Jane Duran

Old Photographs

On my desk is a photograph of you
taken by the woman who loved you then.

In some photos her shadow falls
in the foreground. In this one,
her body is not that far from yours.

Did you hold your head that way
because she loved it?

She is not invisible, not
my enemy,
nor even the past,
I think
I love the things she loved.

Of all your old photographs, I wanted
this one for its becoming. I think
you were starting
to turn your head a little,
your eyes looking slightly to the side.

Was this the beginning of leaving?

By Gabeba Baderoon

115

List of poems referred to in the resources

Not Yet My Mother

Yesterday I found a photo
of you at seventeen,
holding a horse and smiling,
not yet my mother.

The tight riding hat hid your hair,
and your legs were still the long shins of a boy's,
you held the horse by the halter,
your hand a fist under its huge jaw.

The blown trees were still in the background
And the sky was grained by the old film stock,
But what caught me was your face,
which was mine.

And I thought, just for a second, that you were me.
But then I saw the woman's jacket,
nipped at the waist, the ballooned jhodpurs,
and of course the date, scratched in the corner.

All of which told me again,
that this was you at seventeen, holding a horse
and smiling, not yet my mother,
although I was clearly already your child.

Owen Sheers

Dawn Revisited

Imagine you wake up
with a second chance: The blue jay
hawks his pretty wares
and the oak still stands, spreading
glorious shade. If you don't look back,

the future never happens.
How good to rise in sunlight,
In the prodigal smell of biscuits –
eggs and sausage on the grill.
The whole sky is yours

to write on, blown open
to a blank page. Come on,
shake a leg! You'll never know
who's down there, frying those eggs,
if you don't get up and see.

Rita Dove

11b

List of poems referred to in the resources

Yew Tree Guest House

The guest – house lounges
elderly ladies shrivel away
wearing bright beads and jumpers
to colour the waiting day
between breakfast and bed.

Grey windows whose beds and meals are made,
husbands tidied with the empty cupboards,
live in mortgaged time
disguising inconsequence
with shavings of surface talk, letters
to nieces, stitches dropped in the quick-knit jacket,
picked up for makeweight meaning.

Weekdays are patterened by meals –
sole chance for speculation –
will it be cabbage or peas; boiled fish or fried?
Dead Sunday is dedicated to roast beef –
knives and forks are grips upon existence.
This diversion lengthens the journey;
and since Mrs Porter ceased to come downstairs,
ceased altogether;
the ladies at the Yew Tree Guest House
draw closer to the table.

Phoebe Hesketh

Getting Older

The first surprise: I like it.
Whatever happens now, some things
that used to terrify have not:

I didn't die young, for instance. Or lose
my only love. My three children
never had to run away from anyone.

Don't tell me this gratitude is complacent.
We all approach the edge of the same blackness
which for me is silent.

Knowing as much sharpens
my delight in January freesia,
hot coffee, winter sunlight. So we say

as we lie close on some gently occasion:
every day won from such
darkness is a celebration.

Elaine Feinstein

117

List of poems referred to in the resources

In the Basement of the Goodwill Store

In musty light, in the thin brown air
of damp carpet, dolls' heads and rust,
beneath long rows of sharp footfalls
like nails in a lid, an old man stands
trying on glasses, lifting each pair
from the box like a glittering fish
and holding it up to the light
of a dirty bulb. Near him, a heap
of enamelled pans as white as skulls
looms in the catacomb shadows,
and old toilets with dry red throats
cough up bouqets of curtain rods

You've seen him somewhere before.
He's wearing the green leisure suit
you threw out with the garbage,
and the Christmas tie you hated,
and the ventilated wingtip shoes
you found in your father's closet
and wore as a joke. And glasses
which finally fit him, through which
he looks to see you looking back –
two mirrors which flash and glance –
are those through which one day
you too will look down over the years,
when you have grown old and thin
and no longer particular,
and the things you once thought
you were rid of forever
have taken you back in their arms.

Ted Kooser

I See You Dancing Father,

No sooner downstairs after the night's rest
And in the door
Then you started to dance a step
In the middle of the kitchen floor.

And as you danced
You whistled.
You made your own music
Always in tune with yourself.

Well, nearly always, anyway.
You're buried now
In Lislaughtin Abbey
And whenever I think of you

I go back beyond the old man
Mind and body broken
To find the unbroken man.
It is the moment before the dance begins,

Your lips are enjoying themselves
Whistling an air.
Whatever happens or cannot happen
In the time I have to spare
I see you dancing, father.

Brendan Kennelly

118

List of poems referred to in the resources

The Armada

Long long ago
when everything I was told was believable
and the little I knew was less limited than now,
I stretched belly down on the grass beside a pond
and to the far bank launched a child's armada
A broken fortress of twigs,
The paper-tissue sails of galleons,
the water-logged branches of submarines –
all came to ruin and were on flame
In that dusk-red pond.
And you, mother, stood behind me,
impatient to be going,
old at twenty-three, alone,
thin overcoat flapping.
How closely the past shadows us.
In a hospital a mile or so from that pond
I kneel beside your bed and, closing my eyes,
reach out across forty years to touch once more
that pond's cool surface,
and it is your cool skin I'm touching;
for as on a pond a child's paper boat
was blown out of reach
by the smallest gust of wind,
so too have you been blown out of reach
by the smallest whisper of death,
and a childhood memory is sharpened,
and the heart burns as that armada burnt,
long, long ago.

Brain Patten

Tramp

This mad prophet
gibbers mid-traffic,
wringing his hands
whilst mouthing at heaven.

No messages for us.
His conversation is simply
a passage through time.
He points and calls.

Our uneven stares dissuade
approach. We fear him, his
matted hair, patched coat,
grey look from sleeping out.

We mutter amongst ourselves
and hope he keeps away. No
place for him in our heaven,
there it's clean and empty.

Rupert M Loydell

119

List of poems referred to in the resources

Down and Out, Paddington Station

Weighted down by paper bags
And tired, string-tied coat
She shuffled among the tables
Inspecting the abandoned drinks
Then sat and dozed the timetable away
The faded hair told nothing
Above the lines of ingrained dirt
She had a little time
Before the midnight deadline
We did not know her destination –
Perhaps a doorway in the Euston Road
The cheerful flowers mocked her
Watched by unseeing
Sleeping the sleep of the unloved.

Christine Boothroyd

3 a.m. Feed

Soon we abandoned our "turns". I volunteered
Finding that, alone, the world hushed, I could almost hear
It whispered – "This is your son."
In the crook of my arm, a perfect fit,
You were those words given weight.
Your fish mobiles made it seem we sat on the sea bed,
Your bottle a little oxygen tank,
Your gentle sucking like a tick, tick, tick
Timing how long before we had to go up,
Face currents that tugged us apart – the fuss
Of want-to-hold relatives and, worse, the office
That kept me from your first step, first clear word.
Those moments were in the presence of grandparents and mum,
Remembered in detail – "Ten past one,
Blur on the radio; he went from the armchair
To the coffee table." Still, for me,
Those feeds have equal clarity,
Last week coming so strongly to mind –
Caught T-shirted in a summer storm,
My forearm felt drops as large and warm
As the one I'd splash there to test the temperature
That white drop would sometimes dribble
Down to my palm – a pearl.

Steven Blyth

120

List of poems referred to in the resources

Carpe Diem

From my study window
  I see you
below in the garden, a hand
  here pruning
or leaning across to snip
  a wayward shoot;

a daub of powder-blue in a
  profusion of green,
then next moment, you are
  no longer there –
only to reappear, this time
  perfectly framed

in dappling sunlight, with
  an armful of ivy
you've trimmed, topped by
  hyacinth blooms,
fragrant survivors of last
  night's frost.

And my heart misses a beat
  at love for you,
knowing a time will come
  when you are
no longer there, nor I here
  to watch you

on a day of such simplicity.
  Meantime let us
make sure we clasp each
  shared moment
in cupped hands, like water
  we dare not spill.

Stewart Corn

Night Feed

This is dawn
Believe me
This is your season, little daughter.
The moment daisies open,
The hour mercurial rainwater
Makes a mirror for sparrows.
It's time we drowned our sorrows.

I tiptoe in.
I lift you up
Wriggling
In your rosy, zippered sleeper.
Yes, this is the hour
For the early bird and me
When finder is keeper.

I crook the bottle.
How you suckle!
This is the best I can be,
Housewife
To this nursery
Where you hold on,
Dear life.

A silt of milk.
The last suck
And now your eyes are open,
Birth – coloured and offended.
Earth wakes.
You go back to sleep.
The feed is ended.

Worms turn.
Stars go in.
Even the moon is losing face.
Poplars stilt for dawn.
And we begin
The long fall from grace.
I tuck you in.

Eavan Bland

121

List of poems referred to in the resources

A Child's Sleep

I stood at the edge of my child's sleep
hearing her breathe;
although I could not enter there,
I could not leave.

Her sleep was a small wood,
perfumed with flowers;
dark, peaceful, sacred,
acred in hours.

And she was the spirit that lives
in the heart of such woods;
without time, without history,
wordlessly good.

I spoke her name,
pebble dropped in the still night
and saw her stir, open both palms
cupping their soft light.

Then went to the window.
The greater dark
outside the room
gazed back, maternal, wise,
with its face of moon.

Carol Ann Duffy

First Love

I knew it had to come. I couldn't bear
it then; can't take it now. I'll make amends.
I'm willing to agree, now. So – be fair,
There's no need to split up. We'll just be friends.

Like you suggested. Not see quite so much
of each other. Please! I agree. You're right.
I made too much of what we had. Been such
a fool. I'll take the blame. We'll start tonight
-The New Improved Regime. We'll both be free

to do just as we want – the adult way.
I'll do just as you want me to. You'll see.
I'm willing to do anything you say.
I promise. I won't make a scene. Won't cry.
If you'll do just one thing. Don't say goodbye.

Mick Gowar

122

Years Ago

It was what we did not do that I remember,
places with no markers left by us,
All of a summer, meeting every day,
A memorable summer of hot days,
Day after day of them, evening after evening.
Sometimes we would laze

Upon the river-bank, just touching hands
Or stroking one another's arms with grasses.
Swans floated by seeming to assert
Their dignity. But we too had our own
Decorum in the small – change of first love.

Nothing was elegiac or nostalgic,
We threw time in the river as we threw
Breadcrumbs to an inquisitive duck, and so
Day entered evening with a sweeping gesture,
Idly we talked of food and where to go.

This is the love that I knew long ago.
Before possession, passion, and betrayal.

Elizabeth Jennings.

Rejection

Rejection is orange
Not, as one might think,
Grey and nondescript.
It is the vivid orange of
A council worker's jacket.
A coat of shame that says
'he doesn't want you.'

Rejection tastes like ashes
Acrid, bitter.
It sounds
Like the whisper of voices
Behind my back.
'He didn't want her.
He dumped her.'
It feels
Like the scraping of fingernails
On a blackboard,
Not ache or stab of pain
But like having a layer of skin missing.
Rejection looks like – me,
I suppose.

Slightly leftover
Like the last, curled sandwich
When all the guests
Have gone.

Jenny Sullivan

123

Unseen Poetry

Laugh-Learn-Love
Language & Literature
TURTON ENGLISH

Questions to ask yourself

1. What is the poem about?
2. Who is speaking?
3. Who is the narrator speaking to?
4. What the poet trying to say?
5. Is it an emotional response to something that's happened?
6. Is it trying to get an emotional response from the reader?
7. Is it giving a message or opinion on a subject or event?
8. What are the different emotions and feelings of the narrator or poet?
9. What is the mood or atmosphere of the poem?
10. Are there any other ways the poem could be interpreted?

UNSEEN POETRY

Example question and how to get top marks

(20% of final English Literature GCSE)

Both unseen poems will be printed on the question paper.

Q1 - In 'To a Daughter Leaving Home', how does the poet present the speaker's feelings about her daughter? (24 marks)

Q2 - In both 'Poem for My Sister' and 'To a Daughter Leaving Home' the speakers describe feelings about watching someone they love grow up. What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present those feelings? (8 marks)

AO1 (Question one only)	❑ Critical, exploratory conceptualised response to task and text ❑ Judicious use of precise references to support interpretation(s)
AO2 (Question one and two)	❑ Analysis of writer's methods with subject terminology used judiciously ❑ Exploration of effects of writer's methods on reader

The Exam

45 minutes – 2 tasks – no choice

Question one – 30 mins
Question two – 15 mins

Step one: read & highlight key words in **question** one

Step two: read the first poem at least twice & **highlight** devices

Step three: Write a mini-intro (what the poem is about) then as many PEE/PEAs as poss. – name **devices** /pick out **words**

Step four: read the second poem at least **twice** & highlight devices

Step five Write a mini-intro (what the main difference between the two poems is) then as many 'PEE/ PEA/Compares' as you can - name **devices** or pick out **words**. Plus – use **connectives:** also/additionally/both/ whereas/ however/ meanwhile

Assessment Objectives

AO1 - Read, understand and respond to texts. Students should be able to:
maintain a critical style & develop an informed personal response plus use textual references, including quotations, to support & illustrate interpretations.

A02 - Analyse the language, form and structure used by a writer to create meanings and effects, using relevant subject terminology where appropriate.

Stretch yourself

Look for the deeper hidden meaning (sometimes a giant is an adult, or a nettle sting is a rejection from a friend.)
Also look for subversion of a form.

Don't mix these words up

Poet/speaker/ narrator/persona/ writer/ character

POETRY DEVICES – LANGUAGE

(Devices in bold – for a pass)

Abstract	**An idea rather than a real thing**
Alliteration	**Repeated first letter**
Antagonist	Evil main character
Assonance	Repeated vowel sound
Authentic	Seems genuine/truthful
Cliché	Over-used phrase
Consonance	Repeated consonant sound
Concrete	**A solid/real example**
Colloquial language	Local/casual language
Emotive	**Makes you feel emotional**
Euphemism	Alternative words to make something nasty sound okay
Extended metaphor	A series of metaphors all relating to each other
Half rhyme	Nearly rhymes
Hyperbole	**Exaggeration**
Imagery	**Something used to describe something else**
Internal rhyme	Rhyme that is on the same line
Irony	Sarcasm
Metaphor	**Something is described as being something else**
Mood	**Atmosphere**
Onomatopoeia	A verb sounds like what it does
Personification	A non-human thing is given human qualities
Plosive	Letters p/t/k/b/d/g
Protagonist	Good main character
Question	**Asks something**
Rhyme	**Words that sound the same**
Semantic field	Words that are about the same thing
Sibilance	A repeated s sound
Simile	**Something is described as being like/as something else to describe it**
Symbol/ symbolism	**Something that represents something else**
Tone/Voice	**Emotion**

POETRY DEVICES – STRUCTURE

Chronological	**In order of time**
Caesura	A big break in the middle of a line
Enjambment	**A sentence runs over more than one line**
Iambic pentameter	5 sets of weak/strong beats in a line
Juxtaposition	Two opposites
Layout	Position of lines/words on the page
Anaphora	Repeated first few words at start of lines
Oxymoron	Two opposite words next to each other
Rhyme scheme	The organisation of the rhyme
Rhyming couplet	Two lines that rhyme next to each other
Rhythm	The beat
Stanza/Verse	A paragraph in a poem
Volta	The turning point of a poem
Repetition	**Something repeated**

POETRY DEVICES – FORM

Auto-biographical	About the poet
Ballad	Story poems– often 4 lines stanzas
Blank verse	Verse with no rhyme – usually 10 syllables
Dramatic monologue	A character speaks to the reader
Epic	Tragic/heroic story poems
First person	'I'
Free verse	No regular rhyme/rhythm
Haiku	3 lines, syllables 5/7/5. Often about nature
Lyrical	Emotional and beautiful
Narrative	**A story**
Ode	Lyrical poem often addressed to one person
Phonetic spelling	Written like it sounds
Rhetoric	Persuasive
Sonnet	14 lines, ababcdcdefefgg, Often love poem
Shape poem	Poem is in shape of the main subject
Third person	**He/she/they**

WRITING NON-FICTION

Example question and how to get top marks

'Homework has no value. Some students get it done for them; some don't do it at all. Students should be relaxing in their free time.' Write an article for a broadsheet newspaper in which you explain your point of view on this statement. (24 marks for content and organisation 16 marks for accuracy) THIS UNIT AMOUNTS TO 25% OF GCSE RESULT

Content	❑ **Register** is convincing and compelling for audience ❑ Assuredly matched to **purpose** ❑ Extensive and ambitious **vocabulary** with sustained crafting of **linguistic devices**
Organisation	❑ 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**
Technical accuracy	❑ 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**

Possible writing purposes

Explain	Q - Explain what you think about..... ❑ Be factual ❑Give a balanced view (but not contradictory) ❑Use evidence to support your view ❑Use connectives of comparison ❑Write in 3rd or 1st person
Instruct/ Advice	Q - Advise the reader of the best way.... ❑Be factual ❑Write in present tense ❑Use connectives ❑Use technical terms ❑Write in 2nd person
Argue	Q - Argue the case for/against.... ❑ Both sides of the argument ❑ Promote one side more than the other ❑ Counter arguments ❑ IAMAFORESTER
Persuade	Q - Persuade the writer of the statement that... ❑IAMAFORESTER ❑One-sided argument

Assessment Objectives

AO5 - Communicate clearly, effectively and imaginatively, selecting and adapting tone, style and register for different forms, purposes and audiences.

AO5 - Organise information & ideas, using structural & grammatical features to support coherence & cohesion

AO6 - Candidates must use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation.

Possible layouts/types of text/formats

Letter	❑the use of addresses & date ❑a formal mode of address e.g. Dear Sir/Madam or a named recipient ❑effectively/fluently sequenced paragraphs ❑an appropriate mode of signing off: Yours sincerely/faithfully.
Article	❑Broadsheet = formal/Local or tabloid = informal ❑a clear/apt/original title ❑a strapline & subheadings ❑an introductory (overview) paragraph ❑effectively/fluently sequenced paragraphs.
Leaflet (text only)	❑a clear/apt/original title ❑organisational devices such as inventive subheadings or boxes ❑bullet points ❑effectively/fluently sequenced paragraphs.
Speech (text only)	❑a clear address to an audience ❑effective/fluently linked sections to indicate sequence ❑rhetorical indicators that an audience is being addressed ❑a clear sign off e.g. 'Thank you for listening'.
Essay	❑an effective introduction and convincing conclusion ❑effectively/fluently linked paragraphs to sequence a range of ideas.

Stretch yourself

Take a bold standpoint: hook/tone/style. Also consider cohesive devices: adverbials/pronouns/reference chains/ synonyms/rhetorical questions/discourse markers.

The Basics

- Capital letters
- Full stops
- Question marks
- Commas
- Apostrophes
- Consistent tense
- Ellipsis ....
- Homophone spellings
- Connectives
- Semi-colons
- Colons
- Vary sentence starts/lengths
- Vary paragraph lengths
- Topic sentences

Sentence starts

- Verb – Running quickly, she .....
- Adverb – Darkly, the night sky....
- Adjective – Red light filled the ...
- Preposition – Down there, all...
- Connective – However, his life...

I AM A FORESTER

Imperative verbs	*Repetition*
Address the reader	Emotive lang./ exaggeration
Modal verbs	Statistics
Alliteration	Triadic structure
Figurative lang.	Expert opinion
Opinion	Rhetorical q.

The Exam

- 45 minutes – 1 task – no choice
- Step one: read & highlight key words in question
- Step two: Identify the PAT/PAF/PAL
- Step three: Plan 6 -8 things you can include, then put them in order (Steps 1 to 3 = 10 mins)
- Step four: Write it (Step 4 = 30 mins)
- Step five (MOST IMPORTANT): Lip check (Step 5 = 5 minutes)

Audience

An audience your age:
- ❑ Colloquial expressions and sayings and references to modern culture.
- ❑ Frequent use of direct address.
- ❑ Use of humour and sarcasm.
- ❑ Affronted conjunctions (So...)

An older audience:
- ❑ Keep it formal. BUT remember they're not the Queen! (One is outraged my good sir)
- ❑ Avoid references to modern culture, humour and sarcasm.
- ❑ Avoid using contractions (do not instead of don't)

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Plot

Stave 1 *Marley's Ghost*	Ebenezer Scrooge is at work in his counting house. Scrooge's turns down his nephew, Fred's, invitation to his Christmas party & the request of two men who want money for charity. Scrooge is visited by the ghost of his dead partner, Jacob Marley, who tells Scrooge that, due to his own greedy life, he has to wander the Earth wearing heavy chains. Marley tries to stop Scrooge from doing the same. He tells Scrooge that three spirits will visit him during the next three nights. Scrooge falls asleep.
Stave 2 *The First of the Three Spirits*	He wakes and the Ghost of Christmas Past soon appears to him - they embark on a journey into Scrooge's past. Invisible to those he watches, Scrooge revisits his childhood school days; his apprenticeship with a jolly merchant named Fezziwig, & his engagement to Belle, who leaves Scrooge as he loves money too much to love another human being. Scrooge sheds tears of regret before returning to his bed.
Stave 3 *The Second of The Three Spirits*	Scrooge anticipates the second ghost, sitting up in bed waiting. He is surprised when no spirit arrives. Instead, he follows a light & finds himself in a transformed version of his own room. The Ghost of Christmas Present shows Scrooge Christmas as it happens that year. Scrooge sees the Cratchit family eat a tiny meal in their little home ;Bob Cratchit's crippled son, Tiny Tim, whose kindness & humility warm Scrooge's heart and Fred's Christmas party. Toward the end of the day the ghost shows Scrooge two starved child-like figures; Ignorance & Want. He vanishes as Scrooge notices a dark, hooded figure coming.
Stave 4 *The Lost of the Spirits*	The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come takes Scrooge through a sequence of scenes linked to an unnamed man's death. Scrooge is keen to learn the lesson. He begs to know the name of the dead man. He finds himself in a churchyard with the spirit pointing to a grave. Scrooge looks at the headstone & is shocked to read his own name. He is desperate to change his fate & promises to change his ways. He suddenly finds himself safely tucked in his bed.
Stave 5 *The End of It*	Scrooge rushes out onto the street hoping to share his newfound Christmas spirit. He sends a turkey to the Cratchit house & goes to Fred's party. As the years go by, he continues to celebrate Christmas with all his heart. He treats Tiny Tim as if he were his own child, gives gifts for the poor & is kind, generous & warm.

Exam steps

1. Write out your short-hand quotes (1 letter/1 word per quote)
2. Read & highlight extract question.
3. Read & highlight extract.
4. Write extract essay.
5. Read & highlight whole-novel question.
6. Plan quotes.
7. Write whole-novel essay.

POINT/MINI-PLOT/SHORT QUOTE/DEVICE/EFFECT/CONTEXT

For example - Dickens presents Scrooge as outside society in his contrasted description of other key characters./In the time of the Cratchit's grief at Tiny Tim's death/Bob Cratchit regularly describes his family as, "we". /The simple repeated plural pronoun/implies such closeness, even in their bereavement, in fact maybe because of it they turn to one-another./ The Vicorians' unswerving belief in the power of the family is illustrated as succinctly as in the famous Christmas portrait depicting Victoria and Albert with their children around their tree.

Character

Ebenezer Scrooge	Selfish business man who transforms into a charitable philanthropist
Fred	Scrooge's nephew, complete contrast to Scrooge. Represents Christmas spirit in human form; warm, good-natured.
Jacob Marley	Scrooge's dead business partner who returns as a ghost to warn Scrooge to change his ways
Bob Cratchit	Scrooge's clerk who has little money. Loves his family & is shown to be happy &morally upright.
Tiny Tim	Bob's poorly son whose story plays a part in inspiring Scrooge's transformation.
Mrs Cratchit	Bob's wife – ideal wife & mother.
Ghost of Xmas Past	A thing of contradictions; a combination of young &old, winter & summer, white haired &unwrinkled. The light shining from its head is symbolic; memory, enlightenment, guidance
Ghost of Xmas Present	'A Jolly giant who bore glowing torch' – personifies everything that is generous & giving about Christmas
Ghost of Xmas Yet to Come	The most 'traditional' spook; robed & hooded- resembles the Grim Reaper. Accompanies Scrooge in darkest part of story.
Fezziwig	Scrooge's ex-employer. A role model for how employers should behave.
Belle	A woman Scrooge was in love with who left him because of his greedy nature.
Fan	Scrooge's sister whom he has great affection for when visiting his past.

The Exam

Example Question: Starting with this extract, how does Dickens present Scrooge as an outsider to society?

Information: 45 minutes. No choice of question. One extract followed by two bullet points, looking at first the extract, then the whole novella. You must learn your key quotes as you will NOT have a copy of the novella in the exam

A01- Demonstrate an understanding of the question & text, use quotations to evidence understanding. (12 Marks)

A02- Carefully analyse the language & comment on the intended effect on the reader. Ensure that you include subject terminology. Comment where you can on structure/form. (12 Marks)

A03- Show understanding of 19th century contextual information (6 Marks)

Themes

Greed & generosity/ Poverty & wealth/ Redemption/ Social responsibility/ Christmas/ Family/ Capitalism/ Class/ Guilt/ The supernatural/ Isolation/ Free will /Youth & age

Vocabulary

- Asyndetic/syndetic lists
- Allegory
- Ambiguity
- Antithesis
- Contrast
- Dickensian
- Gothic
- Grotesque
- Morality Tale
- Malthusian
- Metaphor
- Non-Chronological
- Omniscient
- Parable
- Pathetic fallacy
- Personification
- Poverty
- Philanthropist
- Protagonist
- Simile
- Symbolism
- Social Commentary
- Supernatural
- Virtuous
- Victorian

Stretch yourself

Be original/ be critical/ apply context not just mention it/ be sure to comment on linked themes

Context

Dickens' biography
* The second of 8 children
* 1824 - Father sent to prison for bad debt.
*Charles sent to work in a shoe blacking factory, a terrible time for him.
* He used his childhood experiences in his writing & his sympathy for children in poverty & their families is prevalent.
* Dickens travelled extensively in Europe & America & spoke out against the Slave Trade – he was a champion of what we would call 'human rights' & his works have a strong moral undertone.

Victorian London – Throughout most of Dickens' adult life the monarch was Queen Victoria. The Victorian Era was a time of change in many ways, driven by the changing economy in which there was less of a reliance on agriculture & a move into the Industrial Revolution (when goods changed from being made by hand to being made by machines in factories). Britain became a super power & the population, particularly in London, grew rapidly.

Malthus (a respected academic & economist) – Dickens shows his disgust with the Malthusian principle that population will always grow faster than food & should be controlled by diseases & starvation.

Class inequality – In general Victorian Society was divided into classes; upper, middle, working class. The upper class were the ruling class & were afforded luxuries & everything you need to succeed in life, namely a good education & access to health care.

Childhood - The result of the expansion of manufacturing processes & the need for coal was child labor. Children as young as for worked 12-14 hours per day, many dying of disease or being killed or maimed in accidents.

The 1834 poor Law Amendment Act & The Work House – Introduced to reduce the cost of looking after the poor. After this, if people in poverty wanted help they had to go to the workhouse to get it. The poor were terrified about the prospect of the workhouse as the conditions were appalling. Dickens describes them in 'Oliver Twist'

Ragged Schools – set up by well-meaning people for the poor in cities, offering free education. For many children this was the only education they received. The need for proper education was a priority for Dickens. After he visited one of these schools he wrote that the pupils were 'abandoned of all help; speeding downwards towards destruction'

Dr Jekyll & Mr Hyde

Plot

1 The Story of the Door	Passing a strange-looking door whilst out for a walk, Enfield tells Utterson about incident involving a man (Hyde) trampling on a young girl. The man paid the girl compensation. Enfield says the man had a key to the door (which leads to Dr Jekyll's laboratory)
2 Search for Hyde	Utterson looks at Dr Jekyll's will and discovers that he has left his possessions to Mr Hyde in the event of his disappearance. Utterson watches the door and sees Hyde unlock it, then goes to warn Jekyll. Jekyll isn't in, but Poole tells him that the servants have been told to obey Hyde.
3 Dr Jekyll was Quite at Ease	Two weeks later, Utterson goes to a dinner party at Jekyll's house and tells him about his concerns. Jekyll laughs off his worries.
4 The Carew Murder Case	Nearly a year later, an elderly gentleman is murdered in the street by Hyde. A letter to Utterson is found on the body. Utterson recognises the murder weapon has a broken walking cane of Jekyll's. He takes the police to Jekyll's house to find Hyde, but are told he hasn't been there for two months. They find the other half of the cane and signs of a quick exit.
5 Incident of the Letter	Utterson goes to Jekyll's house and finds him 'looking deadly sick'. He asks about Hyde but Jekyll shows him a letter that says he won't be back. Utterson believes the letter has been forged by Jekyll to cover for Hyde.
6 Remarkable Incident of Dr Lanyon	Hyde has disappeared and Jekyll seems more happy and sociable until a sudden depression strikes him. Utterson visits Dr Lanyon on his death-bed, who hints that Jekyll is the cause of his illness. Utterson writes to Jekyll and receives a reply that suggests he is has fallen 'under a dark influence'. Lanyon dies and leaves a note for Utterson to open after the death or disappearance of Jekyll. Utterson tries to revisit Jekyll but is told by Poole that he is living in isolation.
7 Incident at the Window	Utterson and Enfield are out for walk and pass Jekyll's window, where they see him confined like a prisoner. Utterson calls out and Jekyll's face has a look of 'abject terror and despair'. Shocked, Utterson and Enfield leave.
8 The Last Night	Poole visits Utterson and asks him to come to Jekyll's house. The door to the laboratory is locked and the voice inside sounds like Hyde. Poole says that the voice has been asking for days for a chemical to be brought, but has rejected it each time as it is not pure. They break down the door and find a twitching body with a vial in its hands. There is also a will which leaves everything to Utterson and a package containing Jekyll's confession and a letter asking Utterson to read Lanyon's letter.
9 Dr Lanyon's Narrative	The contents of Lanyon's letter tells of how he received a letter from Jekyll asking him to collect chemicals, a vial and notebook from Jekyll's laboratory and give it to a man who would call at midnight. A grotesque man arrives and drinks the potion which transforms him into Jekyll, causing Lanyon to fall ill.
10 Henry Jekyll's Full Statement of the Case	Jekyll tells the story of how he turned into Hyde. It began as a scientific investigation into the duality of human nature and an attempt to destroy his 'darker self'. Eventually he became addicted to being Hyde, who increasingly took over and destroyed him.

Character

Dr Henry Jekyll	A doctor and experimental scientist who is both wealthy and respectable.
Mr Edward Hyde	A small, violent and unpleasant-looking man; an unrepentant criminal.
Gabriel Utterson	A calm and rational lawyer and friend of Jekyll.
Dr Hastie Lanyon	A conventional and respectable doctor and former friend of Jekyll.
Richard Enfield	A distant relative of Utterson and well-known man about town.
Poole	Jekyll's manservant.
Sir Danvers Carew	A distinguished gentlemen who is beaten to death by Hyde.
Mr Guest	Utterson's secretary and handwriting expert.

Themes

- The duality of human nature
- Science and the unexplained
- The supernatural
- Reputation
- Rationality
- Urban terror
- Secrecy and silence
- Addiction

The Exam

Example Question: Starting with this extract, how does Stevenson present Mr Hyde as a frightening outsider?

Information: 45 minutes. No choice of question. One extract followed by two bullet points, looking at first the extract, then the whole novella. You must learn your key quotes as you will NOT have a copy of the novella in the exam.

A01- Demonstrate an understanding of the question and text, use quotations to evidence understanding. (12 Marks)

A02- Carefully analyse the language used by the writer and comment on the intended effect on the reader. Ensure that you include subject terminology in your response. Comment where you can on structure/form. (12 Marks)

A03- Show understanding of 19th century contextual information, in particular knowledge of Victorian London and the gothic genre. (6 Marks)

Stretch yourself

Be original, develop your own interpretations;
Be critical, give your own justified opinions;
Get to grips with context- what effect does have on the novel & your understanding – consider its application not just existence.
Be sure to comment on how it relates to the themes.

Vocabulary

- aberration
- abhorrent
- allegory
- allusion
- anxiety
- atavism
- consciousness
- debased
- degenerate
- depraved
- duality
- duplicity
- epistolary
- ethics
- eugenics
- feral
- genre
- metamorphosis
- perversion
- professional
- respectability
- restraint
- savage
- subconscious
- suppression
- supernatural
- unorthodox
- Victorian

Context

Fin-de-siècle fears – at the end of the 19th century, there were growing fears about: migration and the threats of disease; sexuality and promiscuity; moral degeneration and decadence.

Victorian values – from the 1850s to the turn of the century, British society outwardly displayed values of sexual restraint, low tolerance of crime, religious morality and a strict social code of conduct.

The implications of ***Darwinism and evolution*** haunted Victorian society. The idea that humans evolved from apes and amphibians led to worries about our lineage and about humanity's reversion to these primitive states.

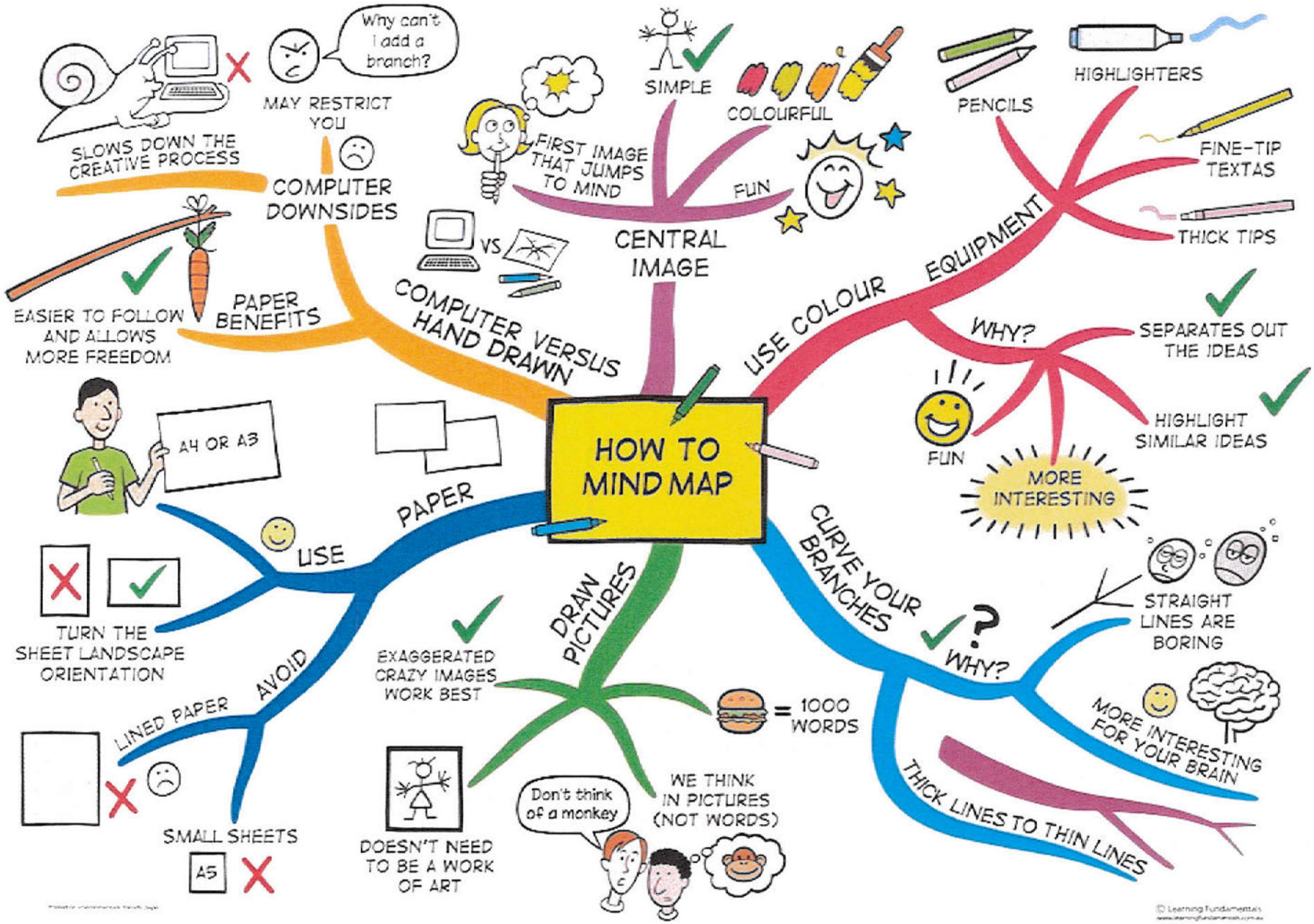
Physiognomy – Italian criminologist Cesare Lombroso (1835-1909) theorised that the 'born criminal' could be recognised by physical characteristics, such as asymmetrical facial features, long arms or a sloping forehead.

Victorian London – the population of 1 million in 1800 to 6.7 million in 1900, with a huge numbers migrating from Europe. It became the biggest city in the world and a global capital for politics, finance and trade. The city grew wealthy.

Urban terror – as London grew wealthy, so poverty in the city also grew. The overcrowded city became rife with crime. The crowd as something that could hide sinister individuals became a trope of Gothic and detective literature.

Robert Louis Stevenson was born and raised in Edinburgh, giving him the dual identity of being both Scottish and British. Edinburgh was a city of two sides - he was raised in the wealthy New Town area, but spent his youth exploring the darker, more sinister side of town.

Deacon Brodie – a respectable member of Edinburgh's society and town councilor, William Brodie lead a secret life as a burglar, womaniser and gambler. He was hanged in 1788 for his crimes. As a youth, Stevenson wrote a play about him.


HOW TO MIND MAP
CENTRAL IMAGE
SIMPLE
COLOURFUL
FIRST IMAGE THAT JUMPS TO MIND
FUN
COMPUTER VERSUS HAND DRAWN
COMPUTER DOWNSIDES
SLOWS DOWN THE CREATIVE PROCESS
MAY RESTRICT YOU
Why can't I add a branch?
PAPER BENEFITS
EASIER TO FOLLOW AND ALLOWS MORE FREEDOM
USE COLOUR
EQUIPMENT
PENCILS
HIGHLIGHTERS
FINE-TIP TEXTAS
THICK TIPS
WHY?
SEPARATES OUT THE IDEAS
HIGHLIGHT SIMILAR IDEAS
FUN
MORE INTERESTING
PAPER
USE
A4 OR A3
TURN THE SHEET LANDSCAPE ORIENTATION
AVOID
LINED PAPER
SMALL SHEETS
A5
DRAW PICTURES
EXAGGERATED CRAZY IMAGES WORK BEST
DOESN'T NEED TO BE A WORK OF ART
= 1000 WORDS
WE THINK IN PICTURES (NOT WORDS)
Don't think of a monkey
CURVE YOUR BRANCHES
WHY?
STRAIGHT LINES ARE BORING
MORE INTERESTING FOR YOUR BRAIN
THICK LINES TO THIN LINES

MACBETH

Plot

Act 1	Macbeth and Banquo meet witches who give them predictions. Cawdor executed. Lady Macbeth reads letter. She taunts Macbeth and Duncan arrives.
Act 2	Macbeth sees a dagger reflecting his doubts about the murder- but kills Duncan with Lady Macbeth's help. Malcolm flees and Macbeth chosen to be king.
Act 3	Banquo suspects Macbeth – Macbeth murders Banquo but his son Fleance escapes. Macbeth sees Banquo's ghost.
Act 4	Witches second predictions. Macbeth orders the killing of Macduff's family. Macduff and Malcolm agree to invade Scotland.
Act 5	Lady Macbeth's mental state deteriorates eventually committing suicide. Malcolm's army invades through Burnham wood and eventually Macbeth killed by Macduff. Malcolm is proclaimed king.
Lines per character	Macbeth 715 Lady Macbeth 259 Malcolm 211 Macduff 180 Ross 135 Banquo 113

Themes

Ambition	Children	Natural world
Kingship	Blood	Gender
Fate and free will	Sleep	Light/dark
Appearance and reality	Visions	Manhood

Assessment Objectives

AO1 12 marks	Read, understand and respond to texts. Students should be able to: • maintain a critical style and develop an informed personal response • use textual references, and quotations, to support and illustrate interpretations.
AO2 12 marks	Analyse the language, form and structure used by a writer to create meanings and effects, using relevant subject terminology where appropriate.
AO3 6 marks	Show understanding of the relationships between texts and the contexts in which they were written.
AO4 4 marks	Use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation.

Character

Macbeth	A loyal warrior who becomes duplicitous as he becomes obsessed with the witches' prophecies of power
Lady Macbeth	Macbeth's wife who drives his ambition in the beginning but loses her control by the end.
Banquo	Macbeth's close friend and ally who also receives prophecies from the witches
Fleance	Banquo's son
Duncan King of Scotland	Portrayed as a strong and respected leader at the start of the play.
Macduff	A brave warrior who is loyal to Duncan and is consistently suspicious of Macbeth.
Malcolm	Duncan's son and next in line to the throne.
The Three Witches	**(Weird Sisters)** – Portrayed as forces of nature who seem to know the future (is this true?) They fascinate Macbeth.

Vocabulary

- Meter
- Blank verse
- Rhymed verse
- Prose
- Iambic pentameter
- Trochaic Tetrameter
- Heroic couplets
- soliloquy
- Dramatic irony
- Concealment
- Gender
- Stichomythia
- Tragedy
- Hamartia
- Prophecy
- Imagery
- Symbols
- Metaphor
- Regicide

Context

Macbeth is loosely based on true events in **feudal Scotland** in the **11th Century** and would have been known to King James. **King James** inherited the throne through his ancestors Banquo and Fleance who appear in the play.

This violent period in Scotland's history ended with stronger links with England much like **the union of the crowns** that took place when King James became King of England as well as Scotland.

King James was fascinated by **witchcraft** and it is likely that the witches were included to please him as Shakespare wanted his approval.

King James also believed in **The Divine Right of Kings** meaning that any attempt to depose a king went directly against God and would be judged harshly. This is reflected in Macbeth's failure as a king.

Both King James' parents were killed in politically motivated moves to secure power and an attempt was made on his life through the gunpowder plot. Shakespeare echoes this interest in **usurpation** in the murders in the play.

There is a **direct reference to King James** in the play in Act 4 Scene 1 when Macbeth sees a vision of kings stemming from Banquo's sons

How far is lady Macbeth portrayed as a strong and manipulative woman in this soliloquy? (Act 1 Scene 5 lines 12-27)

Lady Macbeth is *contemplating* the predictions Macbeth revealed in his letter in the previous scene. She *echoes* the words of the witches *linking* her directly with the *supernatural* world and evil. *Although* she acknowledges he has achieved two of the predictions, she fears his "nature is too full of the milk of human kindness". The *intensifier* "too" *implies* that she believes this is an element of his character that will prevent him killing Duncan. The reference to milk and its goodness is in direct *contrast* to the "bitter gall" she wanted to turn her nurturing milk into. She knows his weakness but also how to manipulate him. She knows "he is not without ambition" but doesn't have the evil "illness" with which he will be able to see through the murder. The *reference* to illness *foreshadows* the inevitable consequence of their actions.

Stretch yourself

- ❑ Whilst analysing the extract, quickly refer out to other parts of the play.
- ❑ Watch different performances of key scenes to provide you with 'ammunition' when discussing form.

Form

Shakespeare uses **soliloquy** to allow the characters to communicate their true thoughts to the audience.

Macbeth is one of Shakespeare's **Tragedies** and follows specific **conventions**. The **climax** must end in a tremendous catastrophe involving the death of the main character; the character's death is caused by their own flaw(s) (**hamartia**); the character has something the audience can identify with which outweighs their flaws so we care about them.

ROMEO AND JULIET *(20% of whole English Lit GCSE)* - Context

Duelling and the concept of honour: Maintaining the honour of your family name was hugely important at the time. If you were challenged to a duel and you refused, you would be deemed a coward, thus damaging your honour and the status of your family. Most Elizabethan gentlemen carried swords in public and many did fight in the streets.

Courtly Love & cures for lovesickness: common in medieval literature where a knight was consumed with passion for an unattainable noblewoman; Romeo fits this perfectly. Elizabethan doctors saw unrequited love or desire as a disease, a type of melancholy sometimes called lovesickness. They tried various cures and sometimes sent patients to church to confess to a priest. They believed that if lovesickness was left untreated, it could lead to madness.

Role of women in a patriarchal society: Elizabethan England was a society controlled by men. Women were seen as the weaker sex & were expected to be meek & mild, and most importantly, obedient to their fathers & later their husbands.

Arranged marriages: Marriages amongst the wealthy were arranged by parents in order to match or improve social standing. However, in practice, parents did try to choose someone their child liked and was happy to marry. Secret marriages such as that between the young Romeo and Juliet would have been both illegal and shocking.

The Italian setting of the play: The play is set in Italy, which was known for its warring states. It is also a Catholic country; religion was extremely important and marriage vows were seen as sacred – once made, they could not be broken.

Plot

ACT 1	In Italy, two noble families (the Montagues & Capulets) are feuding yet again. Romeo is in love with Rosaline, who rejects his love. As a result, he is depressed. To cure Romeo of his lovesickness, Benvolio persuades him to attend a masked ball at the Capulets, where he might see prettier girls and therefore forget about Rosaline. Romeo meets Juliet and they instantly fall in love with one another. Tybalt hears Romeo's voice at the ball and is furious that a Montague has dared to attend.
ACT 2	Romeo stands beneath Juliet's balcony. He sees Juliet leaning over the railing, hears her calling out his name & wishes that he wasn't a Montague. He reveals his presence & they resolve, after a passionate exchange, to be married secretly.
ACT 3	Romeo returns from his recent marriage to Juliet and encounters Tybalt, who challenges Romeo to a duel. Unbeknownst to all present, Tybalt is now Romeo's kinsman by marriage so Romeo refuses. Mercutio is livid with Romeo's refusal and fights with Tybalt who underhandedly kills Mercutio. Furious by the death of his friend, Romeo kills Tybalt and takes shelter in the Friar's cell. The Prince exiles Romeo for his part in the fray.
ACT 4	In despair, Juliet seeks Friar Lawrence's advice. He gives her a sleeping potion, which for a time will cause her to appear dead. Thus, on the day of her supposed marriage to Paris, she will be carried to the family vault. By the time she awakens, Romeo will be summoned to the vault and take her away to Mantua.
ACT 5	The Friar's letter fails to reach Romeo. When he hears of Juliet's death, Romeo procures a deadly poison from an apothecary and secretly returns to Verona to say his last farewell to his deceased wife and die by her side. When Juliet awakens from her deep sleep, she realises Romeo's error and kills herself with his dagger. The Capulets and Montague decide to reconcile as a result of the deaths of their children.

Significant characters

Romeo	A young Montague. Not interested in violence, only love. He's passionate and sensitive yet also impulsive.
Juliet	A young Capulet. Naïve and sheltered at the beginning, develops into a strong character. Grounded.
Friar Lawrence	Friend to both Romeo and Juliet. Civic-minded. Also expert with potions & herbs.
Nurse	Like a mother to Juliet / confidante. Earthy/sexual. Often says inappropriate things.
Capulet	Juliet's father. Prudent and caring but can fly into rage if respect is lacking.
Mercutio	Romeo's close friend. Witty, bawdy, cynical and a hot-headed character.
Benvolio	Romeo's cousin. Tries to keep the peace and keep Romeo's mind off of Rosaline.
Prince	Leader of Verona, concerned with keeping order between the warring families.
Tybalt	Juliet's cousin. Obsessed by family honour; quick to draw his sword. Hates Montagues.

Key themes

CONFLICT: Conflict is one of the key driving forces in the play and it occurs between a range of characters: between warring households; within families; within friendship groups; and between members of the communities. This conflict results in violence; violence opens the play in scene one and it also concludes the play with the deaths of the two lovers. It is worth noting that the motif of light vs dark is also linked to many of these themes.

- ❑ violence & hate
- ❑ death,
- ❑ secrecy
- ❑ family
- ❑ youth vs age
- ❑ individual vs society/religion
- ❑ order vs chaos
- ❑ appearance vs reality

LOVE: The love Romeo and Juliet share is beautiful, passionate, exhilarating, transformative and they are willing to give everything for it. But it is also chaotic and destructive, bringing death to friends, family and to themselves. It is worth noting that the motif of light vs dark is also linked to many of these themes.

- ❑ conflict
- ❑ courtly love
- ❑ marriage
- ❑ sex
- ❑ youth.

FATE: No matter how much they love each other or what plans they make, their struggles against fate only help fulfil it. But defeating or escaping fate is not the point. No one escapes fate. It is Romeo and Juliet's determination to struggle against fate in order to be together, whether in life or death, that shows the fiery passion of their love and which makes that love eternal.

Assessment objectives

AO1 (40%)	Make an informed personal response using a critical style. Use textual references, including quotations, to support and illustrate interpretations.
AO2 (40%)	Analyse the language, form and structure used by a writer to create meanings and effects, using relevant subject terminology where appropriate.
AO3 (20%)	Show understanding of the relationships between texts & the contexts in which they were written.
AO4 (4 marks)	*Use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation.*

The exam

- ❑ Firstly, **highlight** the key words in the question
- ❑ Now **read the extract and highlight good evidence** to answer the 1st bullet point of your question (5 min)
- ❑ **Write response** to both bullet points:
  - ❑ Intro: discuss the extract's place in the play then go straight into **analysing the extract** (20 mins)
  - ❑ Write **2 or 3 detailed PEELs** for the second part of your question. (20 mins)
  - ❑ **Sum up** how the writer presents...whatever the question asks. (5 mins)

❑*Note: If you're struggling with one of the bullet points, spend <u>some</u> more time on the bullet point you're happy with.*

- ❑ **Check** spellings, punctuation and vocab (5 mins)

Sample answer

Starting with this moment in the play (Act 3, Scene1), write about how Shakespeare presents conflict.

Through the use of dramatic irony, Shakespeare allows his audience to understand why Romeo "love[s]" Tybalt, whom Romeo now regards as family following his clandestine marriage to Juliet. However, an Elizabethan audience would be aware of the dishonour of refusing a challenge and would not be surprised at the hot-headed Mercutio's desire to join the "fray" due to what he sees as Romeo's "vile submission". The sudden death of Mercutio's lively character would come as a shock and his final pun when he refers to himself as a "grave man" would actually reinforce that shock rather than add humour; it illustrates the brutal reality of Romeo's world, which is in stark contrast to the romantic world of the preceding marriage scene. The audience would now expect "grave" consequences and indeed there are: Mercutio's death becomes the pivotal point in the play as a series of tragic events ensues, leading to the tragic climax. Mercutio's repeated curse on "both [their] houses" would also remind the audience that it is the families' "ancient grudge" that has ultimately led to his death. Such a dramatic scene could be staged in such a way as to convey its importance with perhaps the actors frozen in horror as Mercutio looks to the audience while delivering his final lines.

Key Terms

- Tragedy
- Protagonist
- Antagonist
- Prologue
- Monologue
- Soliloquy
- Sonnet form
- Dramatic irony
- Foreshadowing
- Juxtaposition
- Oxymoron
- Iambic pentameter
- Prose
- Religious imagery
- Metaphor
- Simile
- Plosives
- Sibilance
- Pun
- Bawdy humour
- Patriarchy

Stretch yourself

- Whilst analysing the extract, quickly refer out to other parts of the play.
- Watch <u>different</u> performances of key scenes to provide you with 'ammunition' when discussing form.

Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5 You are going to submit a piece of writing for a new writers' magazine.

The magazine's audience is 14-19 year olds.

Either: Write a description suggested by this picture:

Or: Write a description about an abandoned place.

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

Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5 You are going to submit a piece of writing for a website

The website's audience is 16 – 21 year olds

Either: Write a story suggested by this picture:

Or: Write the opening part of a story about a busy place.

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

Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5 You are going to enter a writing competition.

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

Either: Write a description suggested by this picture:

Or: Write the opening part of a story about a forest.

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

Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5 You have been asked to submit a piece of writing to be published in an anthology for young adult readers.

Either: Write a description suggested by this picture:

Or: Write the opening part of a story about someone who is lonely.

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

Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5 You have been asked to submit a piece of writing to be shared at your local reading group of adults of all ages.

Either: Write a description suggested by this picture:

Or: Write the opening part of a story about someone who stands out from the crowd.

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

WRITING NON-FICTION EXAM QUESTIONS

1. The following statement has appeared in an article in a national newspaper: 'It is acceptable for us to use animals for entertainment and to improve our health and lifestyle. The needs of humans are more important than the rights of animals.'
   Write a letter to the newspaper which argues your views on the statement.
2. The following statement has appeared in an article on a Lifestyle website:
   'Nobody with any sense would want to live in a dirty, noisy city when they could live on a small island surrounded by fresh air and natural beauty.'
   Write an essay, which argues your views on the points made in the statement.
3. There is going to be a Summer Festival in your area and the organisers are asking for ideas about what to put on.
   Write a speech to present to the organisers which describes what you would like to include and explains why your ideas would appeal to the community.
4. Your local library is to feature the topic 'Being Outdoors.'
   Write a short leaflet for the local community which describes your experience of the outdoors and explains the benefits the outdoors can have for you.
5. Your school or college is inviting entries for an essay-writing competition. The topic is "Dangerous sports activities and pastimes are selfish, often put others at risk and should be discouraged." Write an essay arguing **for or against** this view.
6. Write a speech for your local youth group, telling them about an interesting or unusual journey or travel experience you have had. Explain why it was memorable.
7. Many people believe that it is our duty to cut back on our use of the world's resources, and that we must invest in greener forms of energy for the future – whatever the cost. Write an article for an environmental website which argues **for or against** this idea.
8. Write a letter which you hope will be published in your local newspaper. Inform readers what leisure facilities are available for young people and families in your area and explain how you think they could be improved.
9. 'Life is too easy for young people today. They lack challenges and don't have to fight for anything.' Write an article for a magazine of your choice which persuades your readers that this statement is **either** *right* **or** *wrong*.

Your next step should be to design a spider diagram to get down as many thoughts as possible about the question.

2nd layer planning
= higher marks.

Possible questions for *An Inspector Calls*:

1. How does Priestley present his views through his presentation of Mr Birling?
2. How does Priestley present generational differences in the play?
3. The play is full of suspense. How does Priestley create this suspense?
4. Priestley presents British society as immoral. What methods does he use to present this immorality?
5. Remind yourself of the Inspector's final speech (speech inserted here). In the rest of the play, how does Priestley present the ideas shown here?
6. Priestley criticises those in society who are like the Birlings. What methods does he use to do so?
7. Inspector Goole merely functions as a mouthpiece for Priestley's ideas. What do you think is the Inspector's function in the play and how does Priestley present him?
8. How does J.B. Priestley portray his socialist views through 'An Inspector Calls'?
9. Discuss the presentation of power in 'An Inspector Calls'.
10. 'An Inspector Calls' is full of mystery and suspense. How is this created and maintained?
11. Why is change so important in 'An Inspector Calls'?
12. An Inspector Calls is full of lies and deceit. Write fully about the way Priestley exposes weakness and wickedness.
13. In Act One of 'An Inspector Calls' how does J.B. Priestley use dramatic devices to convey his concerns and ideas to the members of the audience, as well as interest and involve them in his play?
14. What is so important about the ending of 'An Inspector Calls'?
15. Is Mrs Birling more to blame for Eva's death than any other character?
16. What is Eric's function in the play 'An Inspector Calls'?

Compare the ways poets present ideas about the power of nature in 'Storm on the Island' and in **one** other poem from 'Power and conflict'.

[30 marks]

STORM ON THE ISLAND

We are prepared: we build our houses squat,
Sink walls in rock and roof them with good slate.
This wizened earth has never troubled us
With hay, so, as you see, there are no stacks
Or stooks that can be lost. Nor are there trees
Which might prove company when it blows full
Blast: you know what I mean - leaves and branches
Can raise a tragic chorus in a gale
So that you listen to the thing you fear
Forgetting that it pummels your house too.
But there are no trees, no natural shelter.
You might think that the sea is company,
Exploding comfortably down on the cliffs
But no: when it begins, the flung spray hits
The very windows, spits like a tame cat
Turned savage. We just sit tight while wind dives
And strafes invisibly. Space is a salvo,
We are bombarded with the empty air.
Strange, it is a huge nothing that we fear.

Seamus Heaney

140

Compare the ways poets present ideas about the reality of battle in 'Charge of the Light Brigade' and in **one** other poem from 'Power and conflict'.

[30 marks]

1

Half a league, half a league,
  Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
"Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

2.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
  Someone had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

3.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
  Rode the six hundred.

4

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre stroke
  Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
  Not the six hundred.

5.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

6.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade,
  Noble six hundred.

141

Compare the ways poets present the effect of conflict in 'War Photographer ' and in **one** other poem from 'Power and conflict'.**[30 marks]**

In his dark room he is finally alone
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.
The only light is red and softly glows,
as though this were a church and he
a priest preparing to intone a Mass.
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays
beneath his hands, which did not tremble then
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again
to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,
to fields which don't explode beneath the feet
of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features
faintly start to twist before his eyes,
a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries
of this man's wife, how he sought approval
without words to do what someone must
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black and white
from which his editor will pick out five or six
for Sunday's supplement. The reader's eyeballs prick
with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.
From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where
he earns his living and they do not care.

Carol Ann Duffy

142

Compare the ways poets present ideas about loss in 'Poppies ' and in **one** other poem from 'Power and conflict'.**[30 marks]**

Three days before Armistice Sunday
and poppies had already been placed
on individual war graves. Before you left,
I pinned one onto your lapel, crimped petals,
spasms of paper red, disrupting a blockade
of yellow bias binding around your blazer.

Sellotape bandaged around my hand,
I rounded up as many white cat hairs
as I could, smoothed down your shirt's
upturned collar, steeled the softening
of my face. I wanted to graze my nose
across the tip of your nose, play at
being Eskimos like we did when
you were little. I resisted the impulse
to run my fingers through the gelled
blackthorns of your hair. All my words
flattened, rolled, turned into felt,

slowly melting. I was brave, as I walked
with you, to the front door, threw
it open, the world overflowing
like a treasure chest. A split second
and you were away, intoxicated.
After you'd gone I went into your bedroom,
released a song bird from its cage.
Later a single dove flew from the pear tree,
and this is where it has led me,
skirting the church yard walls, my stomach busy
making tucks, darts, pleats, hat-less, without
a winter coat or reinforcements of scarf, gloves.

On reaching the top of the hill I traced
the inscriptions on the war memorial,
leaned against it like a wishbone.
The dove pulled freely against the sky,
an ornamental stitch. I listened, hoping to hear
your playground voice catching on the wind.

JANE WEIR

Compare the ways poets present individual experiences of conflict in 'Kamikaze' and in **one** other poem from 'Power and conflict'. **[30 marks]**

Her father embarked at sunrise
with a flask of water, a samurai sword
in the cockpit, a shaven head
full of powerful incantations
and enough fuel for a one-way
journey into history

but half way there, she thought,
recounting it later to her children,
he must have looked far down
at the little fishing boats
strung out like bunting
on a green-blue translucent sea

and beneath them, arcing in swathes
like a huge flag waved first one way
then the other in a figure of eight,
the dark shoals of fishes
flashing silver as their bellies
swivelled towards the sun

and remembered how he
and his brothers waiting on the shore
built cairns of pearl-grey pebbles
to see whose withstood longest
the turbulent inrush of breakers
bringing their father's boat safe

– *yes, grandfather's boat* – safe
to the shore, salt-sodden, awash
with cloud-marked mackerel,
black crabs, feathery prawns,
the loose silver of whitebait and once
a tuna, the dark prince, muscular, dangerous.

And though he came back
my mother never spoke again
in his presence, nor did she meet his eyes
and the neighbours too, they treated him
as though he no longer existed,
only we children still chattered and laughed

till gradually we too learned
to be silent, to live as though
he had never returned, that this
was no longer the father we loved.
And sometimes, she said, he must have wondered
which had been the better way to die.

Beatrice Garland

Compare the ways poets present the theme of bravery and heroism in 'Charge of the Light Brigade' and in **one** other poem from 'Power and conflict'. **[30 marks]**

1

Half a league, half a league,
  Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
"Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

2.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
  Someone had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

3.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
  Rode the six hundred.

4

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre stroke
  Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
  Not the six hundred.

5.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

6.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade,
  Noble six hundred.

145

Compare the ways poets present the theme of power in 'My Last Duchess' and in **one** other poem from 'Power and conflict'. **[30 marks]**

1

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now; Fra Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek; perhaps
Fra Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat." Such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough

2

A heart—how shall I say?— too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—which I have not—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse—
E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretense
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

146

Compare the ways poets present the futility of war in 'Bayonet Charge' and in **one** other poem from 'Power and conflict'. **[30 marks]**

Bayonet Charge

Suddenly he awoke and was running – raw
In raw-seamed hot khaki, his sweat heavy,
Stumbling across a field of clods towards a green hedge
That dazzled with rifle fire, hearing
Bullets smacking the belly out of the air –
He lugged a rifle numb as a smashed arm;
The patriotic tear that had brimmed in his eye
Sweating like molten iron from the centre of his chest, –

In bewilderment then he almost stopped –
In what cold clockwork of the stars and the nations
Was he the hand pointing that second? He was running
Like a man who has jumped up in the dark and runs
Listening between his footfalls for the reason
Of his still running, and his foot hung like
Statuary in mid-stride. Then the shot-slashed furrows

Threw up a yellow hare that rolled like a flame
And crawled in a threshing circle, its mouth wide
Open silent, its eyes standing out.
He plunged past with his bayonet toward the green hedge,
King, honour, human dignity, etcetera
Dropped like luxuries in a yelling alarm
To get out of that blue crackling air
His terror's touchy dynamite.

TED HUGHES

147

Compare the ways poets present idea about patriotism in 'Charge of the Light Brigade' and in **one** other poem from 'Power and conflict'. **[30 marks]**

1

Half a league, half a league,
  Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
"Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

2.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
  Someone had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

3.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
  Rode the six hundred.

4

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre stroke
  Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
  Not the six hundred.

5.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

6.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade,
  Noble six hundred.

148

Compare the ways poets present idea about rebellion and the establishment in 'Checking out me History' and in **one** other poem from 'Power and conflict'. **[30 marks]**

1

Dem tell me
Dem tell me
Wha dem want to tell me

Bandage up me eye with me own history
Blind me to me own identity

Dem tell me bout 1066 and all dat
dem tell me bout Dick Whittington and he cat
But Toussaint L'Ouverture
no dem never tell me bout dat

Toussaint
a slave
with vision
lick back
Napoleon
battalion
and first Black
Republic born
Toussaint de thorn
to de French
Toussaint de beacon
of de Haitian Revolution

Dem tell me bout de man who discover de balloon
and de cow who jump over de moon
Dem tell me bout de dish ran away with de spoon
25 but dem never tell me bout Nanny de maroon

Nanny
see-far woman
of mountain dream
fire-woman struggle
hopeful stream
to freedom river

2

Dem tell me bout Lord Nelson and Waterloo
but dem never tell me bout Shaka de great Zulu
Dem tell me bout Columbus and 1492
35 but what happen to de Caribs and de Arawaks too

Dem tell me bout Florence Nightingale and she lamp
and how Robin Hood used to camp
Dem tell me bout ole King Cole was a merry ole soul
but dem never tell me bout Mary Seacole

From Jamaica
she travel far
to the Crimean War
she volunteer to go
and even when de British said no
she still brave the Russian snow
a healing star
among the wounded
a yellow sunrise
to the dying

Dem tell me
Dem tell me wha dem want to tell me
But now I checking out me own history
I carving out me identity

Compare the ways poets present ideas about the importance of place in 'The Emigree' and in **one** other poem from 'Power and conflict'. **[30 marks]**

There once was a country... I left it as a child
but my memory of it is sunlight-clear
for it seems I never saw it in that November
which, I am told, comes to the mildest city.
The worst news I receive of it cannot break
my original view, the bright, filled paperweight.
It may be at war, it may be sick with tyrants,
but I am branded by an impression of sunlight.

The white streets of that city, the graceful slopes
glow even clearer as time rolls its tanks
and the frontiers rise between us, close like waves.
That child's vocabulary I carried here
like a hollow doll, opens and spills a grammar.
Soon I shall have every coloured molecule of it.
It may by now be a lie, banned by the state
but I can't get it off my tongue. It tastes of sunlight.

I have no passport, there's no way back at all
but my city comes to me in its own white plane.
It lies down in front of me, docile as paper;
I comb its hair and love its shining eyes.
My city takes me dancing through the city
of walls. They accuse me of absence, they circle me.
They accuse me of being dark in their free city.
My city hides behind me. They mutter death,
and my shadow falls as evidence of sunlight.

Carol Rumens

150

Compare the ways poets present the theme of identity in 'Checking out me History' and in **one** other poem from 'Power and conflict'. **[30 marks]**

1

Dem tell me
Dem tell me
Wha dem want to tell me

Bandage up me eye with me own history
Blind me to me own identity

Dem tell me bout 1066 and all dat
dem tell me bout Dick Whittington and he cat
But Toussaint L'Ouverture
no dem never tell me bout dat

Toussaint
a slave
with vision
lick back
Napoleon
battalion
and first Black
Republic born
Toussaint de thorn
to de French
Toussaint de beacon
of de Haitian Revolution

Dem tell me bout de man who discover de balloon
and de cow who jump over de moon
Dem tell me bout de dish ran away with de spoon
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Dem tell me bout Lord Nelson and Waterloo
but dem never tell me bout Shaka de great Zulu
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Dem tell me bout Florence Nightingale and she lamp
and how Robin Hood used to camp
Dem tell me bout ole King Cole was a merry ole soul
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From Jamaica
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to the Crimean War
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and even when de British said no
she still brave the Russian snow
a healing star
among the wounded
a yellow sunrise
to the dying

Dem tell me
Dem tell me wha dem want to tell me
But now I checking out me own history
I carving out me identity

Compare the ways poets present the fragility of life in ' Remains' and in **one** other poem from 'Power and conflict'. **[30 marks]**

On another occasion, we got sent out

to tackle looters raiding a bank.
And one of them legs it up the road,
probably armed, possibly not.

Well myself and somebody else and somebody else
are all of the same mind,
so all three of us open fire.
Three of a kind all letting fly, and I swear

I see every round as it rips through his life –
I see broad daylight on the other side.
So we've hit this looter a dozen times
and he's there on the ground, sort of inside out,

pain itself, the image of agony.
One of my mates goes by
and tosses his guts back into his body.
Then he's carted off in the back of a lorry.

End of story, except not really.
His blood-shadow stays on the street, and out on patrol
I walk right over it week after week.
Then I'm home on leave. But I blink

and he bursts again through the doors of the bank.
Sleep, and he's probably armed, and possibly not.
Dream, and he's torn apart by a dozen rounds.
And the drink and the drugs won't flush him out –

he's here in my head when I close my eyes,
dug in behind enemy lines,
not left for dead in some distant, sun-stunned, sand-smothered land
or six-feet-under in desert sand,

but near to the knuckle, here and now,
his bloody life in my bloody hands.

Conflict Poetry – Exemplars

GRADE 5

In 'Bayonet Charge' the solider's experience makes him scared and worried as he panics to get out of that "blue crackling air/this terror's touchy dynamite." The metaphor emphasizes his fear as the adjective 'crackling' suggests loud, constant and sudden noises. The hard 't' sound suggests his urgency as there is a fast 't' sound. Also in 'Remains', the real soldier from the Undead documentaries is scared, he is trying to escape from the memories of killing a man as he had, "his bloody life, in my bloody hands". The repetition of 'bloody' shows his frustration and regret towards killing the guy and how he can't escape the memories like he can't escape the blood. Both poems show fear.

GRADE 7

In the middle of the poem, Hughes almost slows down the poem's pace to allow time to question the point of war and emphasize the solider's wavering patriotism and determination. The line "cold clockwork of stars" employs ticking alliteration to mimic the clock, it also implies the almost mechanical nature of the conflict and suggest that it lacks any kind of emotion. It is relentless. Alternatively, Armitage represents the irreversible changes that conflict creates in the soldier. Armitage's use of guilty caesura in the phrase, "End of story, except not really" emphasises to the reader that there is a distinct change when the solider returns from war. The reader is unfamiliar with the realities of war and would find this biographical poetry, based on the Undead documentary, a challenge to their preconceptions; they are expecting the line to end on 'End of story.' Hughes portrays a immovable conflict, whilst Armitage sees it to be irreversibly changing.

Inference

Writer

Reader/Audience

Language techniques

Awareness of question

Context linked to quote

Comparison

GRADE 5

Nichols' speaker presents the mother as "water". Water is a necessary thing to live, we need water and this expresses the importance the mother has to the speaker. In Feinstein's poem, the speaker states, "Every day I grieve." The verb "grieve" portrays loss. It's upsetting to the reader and the child misses the father a lot. They both have a huge need for their parents.

GRADE 8

Unlike in 'Dad', Nichols uses nature references frequently in 'Praise Song' to represent for the reader, how much the child relies on a parent like nature relies on "sun" and "water". On the other hand, in 'Dad', Feinstein suggest the farmer's death has created a loss in familiarity for the child, which is portrayed by the finality of the metaphor, "my childhood buried there": the father is a symbol of childhood memories for the child and the reader grieves.

Inference

Writer

Reader/Audience

Language techniques

Awareness of question

Comparison

Passage One

Once upon a time -- of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve -- old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal: and he could hear the people in the court outside, go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already: it had not been light all day: and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

``A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

``Bah!" said Scrooge, ``Humbug!"

Starting with this extract, how does Dickens present the theme of contrasts in A Christmas Carol?

Write about

- How contrasts are created in this extract;
- How contrasts are created in the novella as a whole.

Passage Two

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grove; from every part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as that dull petrifaction of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see:, who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the Ghost. "Come in, and know me better, man."

Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head before this Spirit. He was not the dogged Scrooge he had been; and though the Spirit's eyes were clear and kind, he did not like to meet them.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me."

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure, that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be warded or concealed by any artifice. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment, were also bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath, set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free; free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its joyful air. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust.

"You have never seen the like of me before!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Never," Scrooge made answer to it.

How is Christmas presented in A Christmas Carol?

Write about

- How Christmas is presented in this extract;
- How Christmas is presented in the novella as a whole.

Passage Four

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy!" he said. "Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?"

"Man of the worldly mind!" replied the Ghost, "do you believe in me or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the Ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellowmen, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world -- oh, woe is me! -- and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!"

Again the spectre raised a cry, and shook its chain and wrung its shadowy hands.

"You are fettered," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why?"

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the Ghost. "I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to you?"

Scrooge trembled more and more.

"Or would you know," pursued the Ghost, "the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have laboured on it, since. It is a ponderous chain!"

Scrooge glanced about him on the floor, in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable: but he could see nothing.

"Jacob," he said, imploringly. "Old Jacob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort to me, Jacob!"

"I have none to give," the Ghost replied. "It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers, to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more, is all permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house -- mark me! -- in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

How does Dickens deal with the theme of choices in A Christmas Carol?

Write about:

- How choices are presented in this extract;
- How choices are presented in the novella as a whole.

Passage Five

He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bed: a bare, uncurtained bed: on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language.

The room was very dark, too dark to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced round it in obedience to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of room it was. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this man.

Scrooge glanced towards the Phantom. Its steady hand was pointed to the head. The cover was so carelessly adjusted that the slightest raising of it, the motion of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have disclosed the face. He thought of it, felt how easy it would be to do, and longed to do it; but had no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre at his side.

Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this is thy dominion. But of the loved, revered, and honoured head, thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still; but that the hand was open, generous, and true; the heart brave, warm, and tender; and the pulse a man's. Strike, Shadow, strike. And see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal!

No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet he heard them when he looked upon the bed. He thought, if this man could be raised up now, what would be his foremost thoughts. Avarice, hard-dealing, griping cares. They have brought him to a rich end, truly.

He lay, in the dark empty house, with not a man, a woman, or a child, to say that he was kind to me in this or that, and for the memory of one kind word I will be kind to him. A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. What they wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think.

"Spirit,." he said, "this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go."

How does Dickens present the theme of change in A Christmas Carol?

Write about:

- How change is presented in this extract;
- How change is presented in the novella as a whole.

Passage Three

[I]n came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day?"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs -- as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby -- compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter, and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

How does Dickens present the Cratchits in A Christmas Carol?

Write about:

- How the Cratchits are represented in this extract;
- How the Cratchits are represented in the novella as a whole.

Read the following extract from Stave 2 and then answer the question that follows. In this extract, Scrooge has received a visit from charity workers who are asking him to mak a donation for the poor at Christmas time:

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the Poor and Destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir."

"Are there no prisons?" asked Scrooge.

"Plenty of prisons," said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

"And the Union workhouses?" demanded Scrooge. "Are they still in operation?"

"They are. Still," returned the gentleman, "I wish I could say they were not."

"The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigour, then?" said Scrooge.

Both very busy, sir."

"Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course," said Scrooge. "I am very glad to hear it."

"Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude," returned the gentleman, "a few of us are endeavouring to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" Scrooge replied.

Question: Starting with this extract, how does Dickens present ideas about poverty and wealth in 'A Christmas Carol'?

Read the following extract from Stave 5 and then answer the question that follows. In this extract, Scrooge has just woken up in his own bed following his interaction with The Ghost Of Christmas Yet To Come:

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

'I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future.' Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. 'The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. Oh Jacob Marley. Heaven, and the Christmas Time be praised for this. I say it on my knees, old Jacob, on my knees.'

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

'They are not torn down.' cried Scrooge, folding one of his bed-curtains in his arms,' they are not torn down, rings and all. They are here -- I am here -- the shadows of the things that would have been, may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will.'

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

'I don't know what to do.' cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; and making a perfect Laocoon of himself with his stockings. 'I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody. A happy New Year to all the world. Hallo here. Whoop. Hallo.'

Question: Starting with this extract, how does Dickens use Scrooge to present ideas about redemption?

Extract From Chapter 4 : The Carew Murder Case

NEARLY a year later, in the month of October, 18—, London was startled by a crime of singular ferocity and rendered all the more notable by the high position of the victim. The details were few and startling. A maid servant living alone in a house not far from the river had gone up-stairs to bed about eleven. Although a fog rolled over the city in the small hours, the early part of the night was cloudless, and the lane, which the maid's window overlooked, was brilliantly lit by the full moon. It seems she was romantically given, for she sat down upon her box, which stood immediately under the window, and fell into a dream of musing. Never (she used to say, with streaming tears, when she narrated that experience), never had she felt more at peace with all men or thought more kindly of the world. And as she so sat she became aware of an aged and beautiful gentleman with white hair, drawing near along the lane; and advancing to meet him, another and very small gentleman, to whom at first she paid less attention. When they had come within speech (which was just under the maid's eyes) the older man bowed and accosted the other with a very pretty manner of politeness. It did not seem as if the subject of his address were of great importance; indeed, from his pointing, it sometimes appeared as if he were only inquiring his way; but the moon shone on his face as he spoke, and the girl was pleased to watch it, it seemed to breathe such an innocent and old-world kindness of disposition, yet with something high too, as of a well-founded self-content. Presently her eye wandered to the other, and she was surprised to recognise in him a certain Mr. Hyde, who had once visited her master and for whom she had conceived a dislike. He had in his hand a heavy cane, with which he was trifling; but he answered never a word, and seemed to listen with an ill-contained impatience. And then all of a sudden he broke out in a great flame of anger, stamping with his foot, brandishing the cane, and carrying on (as the maid described it) like a madman. The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a trifle hurt; and at that Mr. Hyde broke out of all bounds and clubbed him to the earth. And next moment, with ape-like fury, he was trampling his victim under foot and hailing down a storm of blows, under which the bones were audibly shattered and the body jumped upon the roadway. At the horror of these sights and sounds, the maid fainted.

Starting with this extract, how does Stevenson use setting in, "The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde"?

Talk about: How Stevenson uses setting to create mystery in this extract

How Stevenson uses setting throughout the novella as a whole

There at least he was not denied admittance; but when he came in, he was shocked at the change which had taken place in the doctor's appearance. He had his death-warrant written legibly upon his face. The rosy man had grown pale; his flesh had fallen away; he was visibly balder and older; and yet it was not so much, these tokens of a swift physical decay that arrested the lawyer's notice, as a look in the eye and quality of manner that seemed to testify to some deep-seated terror of the mind. It was unlikely that the doctor should fear death; and yet that was what Utterson was tempted to suspect. "Yes," he thought; "he is a doctor, he must know his own state and that his days are counted; and the knowledge is more than he can bear." And yet when Utterson remarked on his ill-looks, it was with an air of greatness that Lanyon declared himself a doomed man.

"I have had a shock," he said, "and I shall never recover. It is a question of weeks. Well, life has been pleasant; I liked it; yes, sir, I used to like it. I sometimes think if we knew all, we should be more glad to get away."

"Jekyll is ill, too," observed Utterson. "Have you seen him?"

But Lanyon's face changed, and he held up a trembling hand. "I wish to see or hear no more of Dr. Jekyll," he said in a loud, unsteady voice. "I am quite done with that person; and I beg that you will spare me any allusion to one whom I regard as dead."

"Tut-tut," said Mr. Utterson; and then after a considerable pause," Can't I do anything?" he inquired. "We are three very old friends, Lanyon; we shall not live to make others."

"Nothing can be done," returned Lanyon; "ask himself."

He will not see me," said the lawyer.

"I am not surprised at that," was the reply. "Some day, Utterson, after I am dead, you may perhaps come to learn the right and wrong of this. I cannot tell you. And in the meantime, if you can sit and talk with me of other things, for God's sake, stay and do so; but if you cannot keep clear of this accursed topic, then, in God's name, go, for I cannot bear it."

Starting with this extract, how does Stevenson use the theme of secrecy and 'things unsaid' in the novella, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*?

Write about:

- How ideas about secrecy are presented in this passage
- How Lanyon is used in the novella as a whole to develop Jekyll's secret.

Section B: The 19th-century novel - Answer **one** question from this section on your chosen text.

Robert Louis Stevenson: *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*

Read the following extract from Chapter 7, 'The Incident at the Window' and then answer the question that follows.
In this extract Mr Utterson and Mr Enfield are taking their usual Sunday walk and see Doctor Jekyll sitting at his window.

"So you found it out, did you?" said Utterson. "But if that be so, we may step into the court and take a look at the windows. To tell you the truth, I am uneasy about poor Jekyll; and even outside, I feel as if the presence of a friend might do him good."

The court was very cool and a little damp, and full of premature twilight, although the sky, high up overhead, was still bright with sunset. The middle one of the three windows was half-way open; and sitting close beside it, taking the air with an infinite sadness of mien, like some disconsolate prisoner, Utterson saw Dr. Jekyll.

"What! Jekyll!" he cried. "I trust you are better."

"I am very low, Utterson," replied the doctor, drearily, "very low. It will not last long, thank God."

"You stay too much indoors," said the lawyer. "You should be out, whipping up the circulation like Mr. Enfield and me. (This is my cousin—Mr. Enfield—Dr. Jekyll.) Come, now; get your hat and take a quick turn with us."

"You are very good," sighed the other. "I should like to very much; but no, no, no, it is quite impossible; I dare not. But indeed, Utterson, I am very glad to see you; this is really a great pleasure; I would ask you and Mr. Enfield up, but the place is really not fit."

"Why then," said the lawyer, good-naturedly, "the best thing we can do is to stay down here and speak with you from where we are."

"That is just what I was about to venture to propose," returned the doctor with a smile. But the words were hardly uttered, before the smile was struck out of his face and succeeded by an expression of such abject terror and despair, as froze the very blood of the two gentlemen below. They saw it but for a glimpse, for the window was instantly thrust down; but that glimpse had been sufficient, and they turned and left the court without a word.

Starting with this extract, how does Stevenson present concealment and secrecy in Victorian society?

Write about:

- **How Stevenson presents the theme of concealment and secrecy in this extract.**
- **How Stevenson presents the theme of concealment and secrecy in the novel as a whole.**

[30 marks]

Section B: the 19th century novel

Answer one question from this section on your chosen text.

Robert Louis Stevenson: The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Read the following extract from chapter 8 and then answer the question that follows.

In this extract Utterson has received a surprise visit from Poole.

> It was a wild, cold, seasonable night of March, with a pale moon lying on her back as though the wind has tilted her, and a flying wrack of the most diaphanous and lawny texture. The wind made talking difficult, and flecked the blood into the face. It seemed to have swept the streets unusually bare of passengers; beside, for Mr. Utterson thought he had never seen that part of London so deserted. He could've wished it no otherwise; never in his life had he been so conscious of so sharp a wish to see and touch his fellow creatures; for, struggle as he might there was borne in upon his mind a crushing anticipation of calamity. The square, when they got there was all full of wind and dust, and the thin tress in the garden were lashing themselves along the railing. Poole, who had all the way kept a pace or two ahead, now pulled up in the middle of the pavement, and in spite of the biting weather, took off his hat and mopped his brow with a red pocket- handkerchief. But for all the hurry of his coming, these were of the dews of exertion that he wiped away, but the moisture of some strangling anguish; for his face was white, and his voice, when he spoke, harsh and broken.
>
> "Well, sir," he said, "here we are, and God grant there be nothing wrong." "Amen, Poole," said the lawyer. Thereupon the servant knocked in a very guarded manner; the door was opened on the chain; and a voice asked from within, "Is that you, Poole?" "It's all right," said Poole. "Open the door." The hall, when they entered it, was brightly lighted up; the fire was built high; and about the hearth the whole of the servants, men and women, stood huddled together like a flock of sheep. At the sight of Mr. Utterson, the housemaid broke into hysterical whimpering; and the cook, crying out, "Bless God! It's Mr. Utterson," ran forward as if to take him in her arms.

Starting with this extract, how does Stevenson use pathetic fallacy to create a gothic atmosphere?

Write about:

- How Stevenson uses pathetic fallacy to create a gothic atmosphere in this extract;
- How Stevenson uses pathetic fallacy in the novella as a whole.

(30 marks)

Section B: The 19th Century Novel

Answer one question from this section on your chosen text.

Robert Louis Stevenson: *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*

Read the following extract from Chapter 8, *The Last Night*, and then answer the question that follows. In this extract Poole has fetched Utterson to Jekyll's house amid fears something dreadful has happened to Jekyll.

"It's all right," said Poole. "Open the door." The hall, when they entered it, was brightly lighted up; the fire was built high; and about the hearth the whole of the servants, men and women, stood huddled together like a flock of sheep. At the sight of Mr. Utterson, the housemaid broke into hysterical whimpering; and the cook, crying out, "Bless God! It's Mr. Utterson," ran forward as if to take him in her arms.

"What, what? Are you all here?" said the lawyer peevishly. "Very irregular, very unseemly; your master would be far from pleased."

"They're all afraid," said Poole.

Blank silence followed, no one protesting; only the maid lifted up her voice and now wept loudly.

"Hold your tongue!" Poole said to her, with a ferocity of accent that testified to his own jangled nerves; and indeed, when the girl had so suddenly raised the note of her lamentation, they had all started and turned toward the inner door with faces of dreadful expectation. "And now," continued the butler, addressing the knife-boy, "reach me a candle, and we'll get this through hands at once." And then he begged Mr. Utterson to follow him, and led the way to the back-garden. "Now, sir," said he, "you come as gently as you can. I want you to hear, and I don't want you to be heard. And see here, sir, if by any chance he was to ask you in, don't go."

Mr. Utterson's nerves, at this unlooked-for termination, gave a jerk that nearly threw him from his balance; but he re-collected his courage and followed the butler into the laboratory building and through the surgical theatre, with its lumber of crates and bottles, to the foot of the stair. Here Poole motioned him to stand on one side and listen; while he himself, setting down the candle and making a great and obvious call on his resolution, mounted the steps and knocked with a somewhat uncertain hand on the red baize of the cabinet door.

Starting with this extract, how does Stevenson present Victorian ideas about fears?

Write about:

- How Stevenson presents fear in this extract.
- How Stevenson presents Victorian ideas of fear in the novella as a whole.

Section B: The 19th –century novel

Answer **one** question from this section of your chosen text.

EITHER

Robert Louis Stevenson: The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

Read the following extract from chapter 10 and then answer the question that follows.

Jekyll is confessing to his past and his evil side.

Men have before hired bravos to transact their crimes, while their own person and reputation sat under shelter. I was the first that ever did so for his pleasures. I was the first that could thus plod in the public eye with a load of genial respectability, and in a moment, like a schoolboy, strip off these lendings and spring headlong into the sea of liberty. But for me, in my impenetrable mantle, the safety was complete. Think of it — I did not even exist! Let me but escape into my laboratory door, give me but a second or two to mix and swallow the draught that I had always standing ready; and whatever he had done, Edward Hyde would pass away like the stain of breath upon a mirror; and there in his stead, quietly at home, trimming the midnight lamp in his study, a man who could afford to laugh at suspicion, would be Henry Jekyll. The pleasures which I made haste to seek in my disguise were, as I have said, undignified; I would scarce use a harder term. But in the hands of Edward Hyde, they soon began to turn toward the monstrous. When I would come back from these excursions, I was often plunged into a kind of wonder at my vicarious depravity. This familiar that I called out of my own soul, and sent forth alone to do his good pleasure, was a being inherently malign and villainous; his every act and thought centred on self; drinking pleasure with bestial avidity from any degree of torture to another; relentless like a man of stone. Henry Jekyll stood at times aghast before the acts of Edward Hyde; but the situation was apart from ordinary laws, and insidiously relaxed the grasp of conscience. It was Hyde, after all, and Hyde alone, that was guilty. Jekyll was no worse; he woke again to his good qualities seemingly unimpaired; he would even make haste, where it was possible, to undo the evil done by Hyde. And thus his conscience slumbered.

Starting with this extract, how does Stevenson present the characters of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde as two completely different personalities and characteristics?

Write about

- How Stevenson presents the characters in this extract.
- How Stevenson presents the theme of duality in the novella as a whole.

Section B: The 19th –century novel

Answer one question from this section on your chosen text

Robert Louis Stevenson: *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*

Read the following extract from chapter 1 and then answer the question that follows.

In this extract Mr Hyde tramples on a little girl.

> All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the, child's body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a view-halloa, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon, the doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. But the doctor's case was what struck me. He was the usual cut-and-dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent, and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us; every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turn sick and white with the desire to kill him.

Starting with this extract, how does Stevenson present Hyde in a frightening way?

Write about:

- How Stevenson presents Mr Hyde in this extract.
- How Stevenson presents Mr Hyde in the novella as a whole.

Six o 'clock struck on the bells of the church that was so conveniently near to Mr. Utterson's dwelling, and still he was digging at the problem. Hitherto it had touched him on the intellectual side alone; but now his imagination also was engaged, or rather enslaved; and as he lay and tossed in the gross darkness of the night and the curtained room, Mr. Enfield's tale went by before his mind in a scroll of lighted pictures. He would be aware of the great field of lamps of a nocturnal city; then of the figure of a man walking swiftly; then of a child running from the doctor's; and then these met, and that human Juggernaut trod the child down and passed on regardless of her screams. Or else he would see a room in a rich house, where his friend lay asleep, dreaming and smiling at his dreams; and then the door of that room would be opened, the curtains of the bed plucked apart, the sleeper recalled, and lo! there would stand by his side a figure to whom power was given, and even at that dead hour, he must rise and do its bidding. The figure in these two phases haunted the lawyer all night; and if at any time he dozed over, it was but to see it glide more stealthily through sleeping houses, or move the more swiftly and still the more swiftly, even to dizziness, through wider labyrinths of lamplighted city, and at every street-corner crush a child and leave her screaming. And still the figure had no face by which he might know it; even in his dreams, it had no face, or one that baffled him and melted before his eyes; and thus it was that there sprang up and grew apace in the lawyer's mind a singularly strong, almost an inordinate, curiosity to behold the features of the real Mr. Hyde. If he could but once set eyes on him, he thought the mystery would lighten and perhaps roll altogether away, as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined. He might see a reason for his friend's strange preference or bondage (call it which you please) and even for the startling clause of the will. At least it would be a face worth seeing: the face of a man who was without bowels of mercy: a face which had but to show itself to raise up, in the mind of the unimpressionable Enfield, a spirit of enduring hatred.

Starting with this extract, how does Stevenson create mystery in the novella, "The strange case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr Hyde"?

Write about:

- How mystery and tension are created in the way Utterson is feeling;
- How mystery and tension are created in the novel as a whole.

Section B: The 19th-Century Novel

Answer **one** question from this section on your chosen text.

EITHER

Robert Louis Stevenson: The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde.

Read the following extract from Chapter 3 then answer the question that follows.

In this extract Utterson is discussing Jekyll with Dr Lanyon.

The solemn butler knew and welcomed him; he was subjected to no stage of delay, but ushered direct from the door to the dining-room where Dr. Lanyon sat alone over his wine. This was a hearty, healthy, dapper, red-faced gentleman, with a shock of hair prematurely white, and a boisterous and decided manner. At sight of Mr. Utterson, he sprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The geniality, as was the way of the man, was somewhat theatrical to the eye; but it reposed on genuine feeling. For these two were old friends, old mates both at school and college, both thorough respecters of themselves and of each other, and, what does not always follow, men who thoroughly enjoyed each other's company.

After a little rambling talk, the lawyer led up to the subject which so disagreeably pre-occupied his mind.

"I suppose, Lanyon," said he "you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has?"

"I wish the friends were younger," chuckled Dr. Lanyon. "But I suppose we are. And what of that? I see little of him now."

"Indeed?" said Utterson. "I thought you had a bond of common interest."

"We had," was the reply. "But it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me. He began to go wrong, wrong in mind; and though of course I continue to take an interest in him for old sake's sake, as they say, I see and I have seen devilish little of the man. Such unscientific balderdash," added the doctor, flushing suddenly purple, "would have estranged Damon and Pythias."

This little spirit of temper was somewhat of a relief to Mr. Utterson. "They have only differed on some point of science," he thought; and being a man of no scientific passions (except in the matter of conveyancing), he even added: "It is nothing worse than that!" He gave his friend a few seconds to recover his composure, and then approached the question he had come to put. "Did you ever come across a protege of his — one Hyde?" he asked.

"Hyde?" repeated Lanyon. "No. Never heard of him. Since my time."

Starting with this extract how does Stevenson present Victorian ideas of male friendship?

Write about:

- How Stevenson presents Victorian ideas of male friendship in this extract.
- How Stevenson presents Victorian ideas of male friendship in this novella as a whole.

[30 marks]

Section B: the 19th century novel

Answer one question from this section on your chosen text.

EITHER

Robert Louis Stevenson: *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*

Read the following extract from Chapter 3 and then answer the question that follows. In this extract Utterson has been at Dr. Jekyll's for dinner and are talking after everyone else has left.

Where Utterson was liked, he was liked well. Hosts loved to detain the dry lawyer, when the light-hearted and the loose-tongued had already their foot on the threshold; they liked to sit a while in his unobtrusive company, practising for solitude, sobering their minds in the man's rich silence after the expense and strain of gaiety. To this rule, Dr. Jekyll was no exception; and as he now sat on the opposite side of the fire— a large, well-made, smooth-faced man of fifty, with something of a slyish cast perhaps, but every mark of capacity and kindness— you could see by his looks that he cherished for Mr. Utterson a sincere and warm affection.

"I have been wanting to speak to you, Jekyll," began the latter. "You know that will of yours?"

A close observer might have gathered that the topic was distasteful; but the doctor carried it off gaily. "My poor Utterson," said he, "you are unfortunate in such a client. I never saw a man so distressed as you were by my will; unless it were that hide-bound pedant, Lanyon, at what he called my scientific heresies. Oh, I know he's a good fellow— you needn't frown— an excellent fellow, and I always mean to see more of him; but a hide-bound pedant for all that; an ignorant, blatant pedant. I was never more disappointed in any man than Lanyon."

"You know I never approved of it," pursued Utterson, ruthlessly disregarding the fresh topic.

"My will? Yes, certainly, I know that," said the doctor, a trifle sharply. "You have told me so."

"Well, I tell you so again," continued the lawyer. "I have been learning something of young Hyde."

The large handsome face of Dr. Jekyll grew pale to the very lips, and there came a blackness about his eyes. "I do not care to hear more," said he. "This is a matter I thought we had agreed to drop."

"What I heard was abominable," said Utterson.

"It can make no change. You do not understand my position," returned the doctor, with a certain incoherency of manner. "I am painfully situated, Utterson; my position is a very strange— a very strange one. It is one of those affairs that cannot be mended by talking."

07 Starting with this extract, how does Stevenson present a typical Victorian gentleman?

You should write about:

- How Stevenson presents the character of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Utterson in this extract.
- How Stevenson presents the character of Dr Jekyll in the rest of the novella.

30 marks

At this point Lady Macbeth is planning how she will convince Macbeth to kill Duncan.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

How far does Shakespeare present Lady Macbeth as a powerful woman in this extract and the rest of Act 1?

Write about how she is

- ambitious
- calculating
- manipulative
- willing to give up her religious beliefs

Read the following extract from Act 3: Scene 1 and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play Macbeth is speaking. He has just received news that the murderers have arrived, at his bidding, at the castle.

Macbeth

Bring them before us.
To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus.
Our fears in Banquo stick deep,
And in his royalty of nature reigns that
Which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares,
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear. And under yhim
My genius is rebuked, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him. Then prophet-like,
They hailed him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they place a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my grip,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I 'filed my mind:
For them, the gracious Duncan have I murdered:
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them: and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings: the seed of Banquot kings.
Rather than so, come Fate , into the list,
And champion me to th' utterance! – Who's there?

Starting with this speech explain how you think the play explores the idea of a tragic villain.

Write about how:

- **How Shakespeare develops Macbeth's villainous side in this soliloquy.**
- **How Shakespeare develops Macbeth into a tragic villain throughout the play.**

[30 marks]

AO4 [4 marks]

Macbeth Read the following extract from *Macbeth* Act 4 Scene 1, and answer the question that follows it.

At this point in the play, Macbeth has sought out the witches to learn his fate, but they have decided to trick him. They show him visions.

FIRST APPARITION
Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth: beware Macduff,
Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

Descends

MACBETH
Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word more,–
FIRST WITCH
He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition, a bloody child

SECOND APPARITION
Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth!
MACBETH
Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
SECOND APPARITION
Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

Descends

MACBETH
Then live, Macduff, what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition, a child crowned, with a tree in his hand

What is this
That rises like the issue of a king
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
ALL
Listen, but speak not to't.
THIRD APPARITION
Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

Descends

MACBETH
That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements, good.
Rebellious dead, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
ALL
Seek to know no more.

01 Starting with this moment in the play, explore how Shakespeare presents Macbeth and his anxieties.

Write about:

- how Shakespeare presents Macbeth and his interactions with the witches at this point in the play
- how Shakespeare presents Macbeth and his interactions with the witches in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
A04 [4 marks)

Read the following extract from Act 2 Scene 2 of *Macbeth* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play Macbeth has just murdered Duncan and has returned with the daggers to his wife Lady Macbeth.

MACBETH
Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH
My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white.

Knocking within

I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.

Knocking within

Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH
To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

Starting with this conversation, write about how Shakespeare explores guilt in *Macbeth*.
Write about:

- what Macbeth and Lady Macbeth say in this extract that reveals their attitudes to guilt
- how Shakespeare explores guilt in the play as a whole.

[30 marks] **AO4 [4 marks]**

ACT V SCENE I *Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.*

[*Enter* a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman]

Doctor I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive
no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen
her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon
her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it,
write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again
return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once 10
the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of
watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her
walking and other actual performances, what, at any
time, have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

Gentlewoman Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to 20
confirm my speech.

[*Enter* LADY MACBETH, with a taper]

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise;
and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

octor How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman Why, it stood by her: she has light by her
continually; 'tis her command.

Doctor You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands. 30

Gentlewoman It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus
washing her hands: I have known her continue in
this a quarter of an hour.

LADY MACBETH Yet here's a spot.

Doctor Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from

her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

LADY MACBETH Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why,
then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie, my 40
lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we
fear who knows it, when none can call our power to
account?--Yet who would have thought the old man
to have had so much blood in him.

Doctor Do you mark that?

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

Starting with this scene explain how Shakespeare explores Lady Macbeth's madness.

Write about

- **How Shakespeare shows Lady Macbeth's madness in her words and actions**
- **How Shakespeare presents Lady Macbeth's altered character throughout the play.**

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from the Prologue of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play the Chorus is introducing both families.

> Two households, both alike in dignity
> (In fair Verona, where we lay our scene),
> From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
> Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
> From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
> A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;
> Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
> Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
> The fearful passage of their death-marked love
> And the continuance of their parents' rage,
> Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
> Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
> The which, if you with patient ears attend,
> What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

Starting with this extract, explain how far you think Shakespeare presents the inevitability of fate in Romeo and Juliet .

Write about:

- how Shakespeare presents the significance of fate in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents the significance of fate in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

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Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from Act 1 Scene 1 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play two Capulet boys are joking with each other.

SAMPSON Gregory, on my word we'll not carry coals.
GREGORY No, for then we should be colliers.
SAMPSON I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.
GREGORY Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar.
SAMPSON I strike quickly, being moved.
GREGORY But thou art not quickly moved to strike.
SAMPSON A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
GREGORY To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand. Therefore if thou art moved thou runn'st away.
SAMPSON A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.
GREGORY That shows thee a weak slave, for the weakest goes to the wall.
SAMPSON 'Tis true, and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.
GREGORY The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.
SAMPSON 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Starting with this extract, explain how far you think Shakespeare presents comedy as a key theme in the play.

Write about:
- how Shakespeare presents comedy in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents comedy in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from Act 1 Scene 1 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play Prince Escalus has arrived to break up the fighting.

PRINCE
Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stainèd steel—
Will they not hear?—What ho! You men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins:
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.
Three civil brawls bred of an airy word
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments
To wield old partisans in hands as old,
Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me,
And, Montague, come you this afternoon
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Starting with this extract, explain how far you think Shakespeare presents conflict as a key theme in the play.

Write about:
- how Shakespeare presents conflict in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents conflict in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from Act 1 Scene 3 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play the Nurse keeps interrupting Lady Capulet's conversation with Juliet.

NURSE
Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls!)
Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
That shall she. Marry, I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,
And she was weaned (I never shall forget it)
Of all the days of the year, upon that day.
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall.
My lord and you were then at Mantua.
Nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with ⌜the⌝ dug.
"Shake," quoth the dovehouse. 'Twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years.
For then she could stand high-lone. Nay, by th' rood,
She could have run and waddled all about,
For even the day before, she broke her brow,
And then my husband (God be with his soul,
He was a merry man) took up the child.

Starting with this extract, explain how far you think Shakespeare presents the Nurse as a motherly figure to Juliet.

Write about:
- how Shakespeare presents the Nurse as a motherly figure in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents the Nurse as motherly figure in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from the start of Act 2 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play the Chorus stresses the family feud.

> Chorus
> Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
> And young affection gapes to be his heir.
> That fair for which love groaned for and would die,
> With tender Juliet ⌜matched,⌝ is now not fair.
> Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
> Alike bewitchèd by the charm of looks,
> But to his foe supposed he must complain,
> And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
> Being held a foe, he may not have access
> To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear,
> And she as much in love, her means much less
> To meet her new belovèd anywhere.
> But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
> Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

Starting with this extract, explain how Shakespeare presents the significance of family allegiance in Romeo and Juliet.

Write about:

- how Shakespeare presents the significance of family allegiance in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents the significance of family allegiance in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from the start of Act 2 Scene 2 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play the Romeo declares his love to Juliet.

ROMEO
O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
JULIET
What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?
ROMEO
Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
JULIET
I gave thee mine before thou didst request it,
And yet I would it were to give again.
ROMEO
Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?
JULIET
But to be frank and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep. The more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
⌜*Nurse calls from within.*⌝
I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu.—
Anon, good nurse.—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little; I will come again.⌜*She exits.*⌝
ROMEO
O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Starting with this extract, explain how Shakespeare presents the relationship between Romeo and Juliet in Romeo and Juliet.

Write about:

- how Shakespeare presents the relationship between Romeo and Juliet in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents the relationship between Romeo and Juliet in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from the start of Act 2 Scene 2 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play the Romeo is discussing his feelings with Friar Lawrence.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans yet ringing in mine ancient ears.
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence then:
Women may fall when there's no strength in men.
ROMEO
Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
FRIAR LAWRENCE
For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
ROMEO
And bad'st me bury love.
FRIAR LAWRENCE Not in a grave
To lay one in, another out to have.
ROMEO
I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.
The other did not so.

Starting with this extract, explain how Shakespeare presents attitudes towards love in Romeo and Juliet.

Write about:
- how Shakespeare presents attitudes towards love in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents attitudes towards love in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

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Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from the start of Act 3 Scene 1 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play Mercutio rejects Tylbalt's suggestion that they leave the streets of Verona.

> MERCUTIO Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou—why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarreling. Thou hast quarreled with a man for coughing in the street because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? With another, for tying his new shoes with old ribbon? And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling?

Starting with this extract, explain how Shakespeare presents Mercutio in Romeo and Juliet.

Write about:

- how Shakespeare presents Mercutio in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents Mercutio in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from the start of Act 3 Scene 1 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play Romeo decided to avenge the death of Mercutio by killing Tybalt.

BENVOLIO
O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead.
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.
ROMEO
This day's black fate on more days doth depend.
This but begins the woe others must end.

⌜*Enter Tybalt.*⌝

BENVOLIO
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
ROMEO
⌜Alive⌝ in triumph, and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And⌜fire-eyed⌝ fury be my conduct now.—
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again
That late thou gavest me, for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company.
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.
TYBALT
Thou wretched boy that didst consort him here
Shalt with him hence.
ROMEO This shall determine that.
They fight. Tybalt falls.

Starting with this extract, explore how far Shakespeare presents love as a cause of violence in Romeo and Juliet.

Write about:
- how Shakespeare presents violence in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents violence in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from the start of Act 3 Scene 2 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play Juliet reacts to the news of Tybalt's death.

JULIET
Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have killed my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my
husband.
All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murdered me. I would forget it fain,
But, O, it presses to my memory
Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
"Tybalt is dead and Romeo banishèd."
That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough if it had ended there;
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needly will be ranked with other griefs,
Why followed not, when she said "Tybalt's dead,"
"Thy father" or "thy mother," nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have moved?
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
"Romeo is banishèd." To speak that word
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banishèd."
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death. No words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

Starting with this extract, explore how Shakespeare presents death in Romeo and Juliet.

Write about:

- how Shakespeare presents the significance of death in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents the significance of death in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from the start of Act 3 Scene 5 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play Capulet discusses Juliet's marriage with Paris.

CAPULET
Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love. I think she will⌜be⌝ ruled
In all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not.—
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed.
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her—mark you me?—on Wednesday
next—
But soft, what day is this?
PARIS Monday, my lord.
CAPULET
Monday, ha ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon.
O' Thursday let it be.—O' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.—
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
⌜We'll⌝ keep no great ado: a friend or two.
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
PARIS
My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.
CAPULET
Well, get you gone. O' Thursday be it, then.
⌜To Lady Capulet.⌝ Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed.
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!—
Afore me, it is so very late that we
May call it early by and by.—Good night.

Starting with this extract, explore how Shakespeare presents attitudes towards marriage Romeo and Juliet.

Write about:
- how Shakespeare presents attitudes towards marriage in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents attitudes towards marriage in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from the start of Act 3 Scene 5 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play Capulet insists that Juliet marry Paris.

CAPULET
How, how, how, how? Chopped logic? What is this?
"Proud," and "I thank you," and "I thank you not,"
And yet "not proud"? Mistress minion you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!
You tallow face!
LADY CAPULET Fie, fie, what, are you mad?
JULIET, ⌜kneeling⌝
Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
CAPULET
Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not; reply not; do not answer me.
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blessed
That God had lent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding.

Starting with this extract, explore how Shakespeare presents father daughter relationships in Romeo and Juliet.

Write about:

- how Shakespeare presents the relationship between Capulet and Juliet in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents the relationship between Capulet and Juliet in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from the start of Act 4 Scene 3 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play Juliet is preparing to take potion which will make it seem as if she is dead.

JULIET
Farewell.—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial. ⌜She takes out the vial.⌝
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
⌜She takes out her knife
and puts it down beside her.⌝
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.
What if it be a poison which the Friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is. And yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point.
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle
Where for this many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud;

Starting with this extract, explore how Shakespeare presents Juliet in Romeo and Juliet.

Write about:
- how Shakespeare presents Juliet in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents Juliet in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from the start of Act 4 Scene 5 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play the Capulet household discover that Juliet is apparently dead.

LADY CAPULET
Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catched it from my sight!
NURSE
O woe, O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day, most woeful day
That ever, ever I did yet behold!
O day, O day, O day, O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this!
O woeful day, O woeful day!
PARIS
Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! Not life, but love in death!
CAPULET
Despised, distressèd, hated, martyred, killed!
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child! My soul and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,
And with my child my joys are burièd.

Starting with this extract, explore how Shakespeare presents feelings of grief in Romeo and Juliet.

Write about:
- how Shakespeare presents feeling of grief in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents feelings of grief in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from the start of Act 5 Scene 3 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play Capulet and Montague are reconciled over the deaths of their children.

PRINCE
This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies?—Capulet, Montague,
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love,
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punished.
CAPULET
O brother Montague, give me thy hand.
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.
MONTAGUE But I can give thee more,
For I will ray her statue in pure gold,
That whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
CAPULET
As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie,
Poor sacrifices of our enmity.
PRINCE
A glooming peace this morning with it brings.
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned, and some punishèd.
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Starting with this extract, explore how Shakespeare presents love at hate in Romeo and Juliet.

Write about:
- how Shakespeare presents love and hate in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents love and hate in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Shakespeare – Exemplars

GRADE 5/5+

During the middle of the play, it is obvious to see Macbeth's fatal flaw which is ambition. During one of his speeches, he shows his anger about Banquo because the witches told him that Banquo's sons would be kings, not his. Macbeth's obsession about power is shown to the audience when he says, "to be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus." This compound sentence changes direction from being satisfied to being worried again. Macbeth feels that if he can't have more and more then it isn't enough. This portrays to the audience that he will never be happy. A Jacobean audience would understand more about a king's worry about losing his crown to a usurper.

GRADE 8

Shakespeare initially presents Macbeth as a heroic and loyal man that then descends, due to his fatal flaw, into becoming a tragic hero. Shakespeare created many famous tragic heroes: Hamlet, Othello and King Lear included. His audiences loved to see a noble fall from Grace and weep for their souls. After succeeding in battle against the Norweigans, Duncan proclaims Macbeth to be "noble Macbeth". This rather ironic term of address evokes Duncan's trust of his loyal and patriotic friend. However the irony foreshadows later events and Macbeth's downward spiral into the darkness, juxtaposing sharply with Macduff's bitter naming of our hero as "devilish Macbeth". His descent into a metaphorical hell exposes his ambition has possessed him to do the worst of things. Shakespeare presents Macbeth as hopeless and unstable as his calm certainty has been stolen by his sins.

Inference

Writer

Reader/Audience

Language techniques

Awareness of question

Context linked to quote

GRADE 5

Throughout the play, JB Priestley shows a big difference between genders, he shows us the difference in terms of equality. When Mrs Birling talks to Sheila about marrying a working man, she says, "**You'll have to get used to it, just as I did.**" The strong verb "have to" shows us that Sheila has no choice and will be forced to cope with her husband being away. Mrs Birling says "just as I did" which tells the audience that she has accepted that she is below a man and that she wants her daughter to take on this way of thinking. Edwardian women had to marry men for their money to make good business deals for their fathers and husbands, so Sheila has no choice.

GRADE 7

At the end of the play, the Inspector is used as Priestley's mouthpiece to indirectly target the audience by highlighting key problems in their society of 1911: the large segregation of the social classes. After interrogating each member of the Birling family and Gerald Croft, the Inspector demonstrates his anger as a result of their lack of social responsibility in saying, "**there are millions and millions and millions of Eva Smiths**". Priestley's employment of a emphatic triadic structure makes his message highly memorable and gives an indication of how out of control societal problems had become for the Edwardians. Eva Smith here is acting as part of the microcosm of society that the characters create: she metaphorically represents the voiceless poor.

Inference

Writer

Reader/Audience

Language techniques

Awareness of question

Context linked to quote

GRADE 5

Scrooge is very saddened at what he had become and we see this in the very opening of this extract when "it sent a pang across his heart". Dickens makes it clear that at the end of the novella, Scrooge has changed and he now has human feelings. This label "pang" also seems like it won't go away and gives us great evidence of his transformation.

GRADE 7

At the beginning of the novella, Scrooge's sole focus is money and his well-being. When originally discussing issues with the charity men, Scrooge explains his views on the lower classes using the phrase, "decrease the surplus population". The extremity of his views are suggested by the hyperbole which makes Scrooge look greedy and pretentious to the reader. Throughout this stave, Dickens uses the lexis of economics to symbolise Scrooge's constant, selfish desire: money. Opinions about the lower classes would have been very common amongst the upper classes, which originated from economist, Thomas Malthus in the 1800s. His theory suggests that available resources were being overtaken by the spike in the population.

Inference

Writer

Reader/Audience

Language techniques

Awareness of question

Context linked to quote