

Home learning activities**Year 10**

Subject: English

English Literature
English Language

Year Group:

Year 10

Unit of work:

GCSE English Language

- Paper 1
- Paper 2

GCSE English Literature

- Macbeth:

PDF: <https://www.folgerdigitaltexts.org/download/pdf/Mac.pdf>Audio: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ljZrf_0_CcQ

- Revision of a Christmas Carol:

A Christmas Carol:

PDF

<http://www.ourfavouritebooks.co.uk/downloadindiv/dickens/A%20Christmas%20Carol.pdf>

Audio:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZmOioOyFMRk>

Activities

Literature:

- Weekly, tasks set on GCSE Pod by class teacher.
- Work through the Macbeth booklet available on the school website
 - Watch/Read/Listen to each scene and write a summary
- Make a note of 5 key quotations from each scene, the technique and effect they have

(Use Mr Bruff videos to help you as he goes through each individual scene in detail – link below or search Mr Bruff Macbeth Act.. Scene ... on youtube)

Language:

- Complete Mini-Mock exam from the booklet - 1 per day (1 hour each)

Where do you complete the work?

- GCSE Pod
- Language papers on answer booklet
 - Mini-mocks in exercise books
 - Literature Revision – in books

What to do if you finish the work?
(Extension activity)

Complete the revision and quizzes on:

- GCSE Bitesize
- <https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/subjects/zckw2hv>
- Youtube: Mr Bruff
- <https://www.youtube.com/user/mrbruff>

These websites might help:

For more ideas on Macbeth:

Detailed Notes on Macbeth can be found on the sites below:

www.sparknotes.com

www.cliffsnotes.com

BBC Teach: Youtube

Macbeth: https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=bbc+teach+macbeth

Paper 1 Mini- Mocks

Year 10 and 11

English Language: Home Learning

Instructions:

- Complete 1 mini-mock per day
- Spend one hour on each mini-mock
- Complete in your exercise book or on paper

Paper 1 mini mock: The whispers

Source A: The opening of a novel called 'The Whispers' by Greg Howard, published in 2019

1	There once was a boy who heard the Whispers. He heard them late in the day as the lazy sun dipped below the treetops and the woods behind his house came alive with the magic of twilight. The voices came to him so gently he thought it might be the wind, or the first trickle of summer rain. But as time passed, the voices grew louder and the boy
5	was sure they were calling his name. So he followed them. The Whispers led the boy to a clearing deep in the woods where a rotted old tree stump sat in the centre and fallen leaves covered the ground like crunchy brown carpet. The boy stood next to the stump, waited, and listened. He couldn't see the Whispers, but he knew they were there. Their wispy voices surrounded him, ticking the rims of his ears and filling every darkened shadow of the forest.
10	After waiting patiently for quite some time, the Whispers' garbled words finally began to make sense to the boy, and they told him things. The Whispers knew everything – all the secrets of the universe. They told the boy what colour the moon was up so close and how many miles of ocean covered the Earth. They even told him how long he would live – 26, 332 days. The boy was pleased, because that sounded like a good long time to him. But as they continued to whisper knowledge into
15	his ear, they never showed themselves to the boy. He only caught glimpses from the corner of his eye of their faint bluish glow fading in and out around him. He so badly wanted to see them, to know what kind of creatures they were. How big were they? Or how tiny? Were they thin, fat, or hairy? Were they made of skin and bones like him, or of dark tree bark, or leaves, or dirt? Or something else entirely?
20	The Whispers told the boy that if he brought them tributes, they would give him his heart's desires. The boy wasn't sure what a tribute was and he didn't want very much anyway. He could hardly call them heart's desires. Maybe a new pair of sneakers so the kids at school wouldn't tease him about his raggedy old ones. Maybe a better job for his father so he wouldn't worry so much about money. And he would love to see his mother worry so much about money. And he would love to see his mother smile again, something she rarely did anymore. But he guessed what he really wanted was to see the
25	Whispers with his very own eyes. One day, as the boy's mother made a batch of her special blackberry jam, he asked her what a tribute was. She thought about it a moment and finally told him that a tribute was like a gift to show respect. The boy eyed his mother's handiwork spread over the kitchen table. Everyone loved her jam. When she took it to the local farmers market, she always sold out. And her blackberry jam was his
30	personal favourite. He was sure it would make an excellent tribute for the Whispers. When his mother left the room, the boy took one of the jars from the same and hid it under his bed. The following afternoon, as the sun was setting, he went back to the clearing in the woods with the jam tucked under his arms. He left it sitting on the rotted old tree stump for the Whispers. Satisfied with his tribute, the boy poked his heart's desires aloud and then hurried home as not to scare the Whispers
35	away. When the boy's father got home from work that evening, his mood was lighter than usual and the lines of worry had completely vanished from his face. He told the family that he's received a promotion at work and tomorrow the boy's mother could take him shopping to buy him new clothes and shoes for school. This news made his mother smile. The boy was amazed that he'd received three of his heart's
40	desires with only one jar of jam.

Questions

Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes

Use lines 1-5.

List four things you learn about the Whispers

Q2 – 8 marks – 10 minutes

Use lines 6-10.

How does the writer use language to describe the setting?

Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes

Use lines 11-40.

A student said "The writer makes us feel intrigued, like the boy, as to what the Whispers are, but we are also worried and uneasy about them."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write your own impressions about the characters

<p>Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • evaluate how the writer has created these impressions • support your opinions with references to the text.
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Paper 1 mini mock: A polaroid of Peggy

Source A: The opening of a novel, 'A Polaroid of Peggy', published in 2015.

1	Peggy and I wandered back down Fifth Avenue with the rest of the crowd dribbling out of the Robert Palmer concert that had just reached its exhausted finale in Central Park. It was part of the annual Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival and whatever Robert Palmer may have thought, I, for one, was extremely grateful for their sponsorship, because it was one of those unbearable summer
5	nights in Manhattan – very late summer, it was already September – when the humidity is a thousand per cent and even the most refined of ladies glistens buckets. We grabbed the ice-cold cans that were being handed out as we left the arena and not just because they were free. On a night like that, an ice-cold anything is a lifeline. With my de rigueur denim jacket slung over my shoulder – don't know why I'd bought it, far too hot to wear, but once a fashionista always a fashionista, I suppose – I tossed back my head and drained the lot.
10	'You like this stuff?' asked Peggy. 'Actually, I've never had it before. We don't get it in England.' 'We don't get it here either,' said Peggy. 'I mean, we do, but I don't know anyone who ever, like, gets it.' 'Somebody must,' I said. 'Yup. Somebody must. I guess somebody must.'
15	Yes, you're right. An utterly unremarkable, nothingy, so-what exchange and yet, for me, intoxicating. It was the rhythm of Peggy's voice that I swooned over. The little staccato bursts, the subtlest of inflections, the bone dry delivery. It was pure essence of New York. Not the On the Waterfront, Hell's Kitchen, Hey-Yousee-Gimme-A-Cawfee Noo Yawk. But something else; sharp, smart, sassy, seductive. Yes, all those clichés that, when put together, beget another whole alliterating string of them: Manhattan, Martinis, Madison Avenue. It was all there in Peggy's voice, every time she
20	spoke. So maybe you're thinking it was the idea of Peggy that I was so infatuated with. That any pretty uptown girl might have done just as well. It's a legitimate debating point, and I will admit that maybe there's the tiniest scintilla of truth that I was, indeed, in love with the idea of a girl like Peggy. After all, I was, with one or two minor caveats, in love with everything 'New York'. But inside Peggy's New York wrapper was someone who rang so many bells for me, I would have become every bit as besotted with her if she'd come from Nanking or Narnia.
25	I had the not very original idea – still do – that love is a wavelength thing. It's just a question of finding someone who is on the same one as you. Nobody that I have ever met – not before nor since – received my signal and sent back hers so clearly, with so little interference, as Peggy. No moody dropout. No emotional static. It was, for those few short months, such an unburdening relief to find someone to whom I could get through and who came through to me. As I had had so little real hope of finding someone like that – never got remotely close to it before so why should I ever? – I was simply
30	amazed. And even more amazing was Peggy's often given and never solicited – well, only very rarely solicited – assurance that the feeling was entirely mutual. There was Peggy in this relationship, there was me, and for the first, and perhaps only, time in my life, there was a real, almost tangible 'us', the sum that was greater than the parts.
35	So, given all this, how on earth had we managed to get ourselves into a situation where tonight would be our last?
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Questions

<p>Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes Use lines 1-4. List four things you learn about the setting.</p>	<p>Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes Use lines 21-38.</p>
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<p>Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes Using lines 11-20. How does the writer use language to describe the narrator's view of Peggy's speech?</p>	<p>A student said "The writer wants us to realise how in love the narrator is, so that it is unexpected and upsetting that the relationship does not last." To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:</p>
<p>Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • write your own impressions about the characters • evaluate how the writer has created these impressions • support your opinions with references to the text.

Paper 1 mini mock: The golden day

Source A: The opening of a novel called 'The Golden Day' by Ursula Dubosarsky, published in 2013

1	The year began with the hanging of one man and ended with the drowning of another. But every year people die and their ghosts roam in the public gardens, hiding behind the gray, dark statues like wild cats, their tiny footsteps and secret breathing muffled by the sound of falling water in the fountains and the quiet ponds.
5	"Today, girls," said Miss Renshaw, "we shall go out into the beautiful garden and think about death."
10	The little girls sat in rows as the bell for morning classes tolled. Their teacher paused gravely. They gazed up at her, their striped ties neat around their necks, their hair combed. "I have to tell you that something barbaric has happened today," said Miss Renshaw in a low, intent voice. "At eight o'clock this morning, a man was hanged."
15	Hanged! Miss Renshaw had a folded newspaper in her hand. She hit it against the blackboard. The dust rose, and the little girls jumped in their seats. "In Melbourne!" In Melbourne! They did not really even know where Melbourne was. Melbourne was like a far-off Italian city to them; it was Florence or Venice, a southern city of gold and flowers. But now they knew that it was cruel and shadowy, filled with murderers and criminals and state assassins. In Melbourne there was a prison with a high wall, and behind it in a courtyard stood a gallows, and a man named Ronald Ryan had been hanged at eight o'clock that morning.
20	Hanged . . . Who knew what else went on in Melbourne? That's what Cubby said. But Icara, who had been to Melbourne with her father on a train that took all night, shook her head. "It's not like that," she said. "It's just like here, only there aren't so many palm trees."
25	Trust Icara to notice something peculiar like palm trees when people are being cut down on the street and carried away and hanged, thought Cubby. Miss Renshaw beckoned at the little girls to leave their seats and come forward. They gathered around her, their long white socks pulled up to their knees.
30	"What did he do, Miss Renshaw?" asked Bethany, the smallest girl in the class. She had small legs and small hands and a very small head. But her eyes were luminously large. "The man who was hanged?" "We won't worry about that now," said Miss Renshaw, avoiding Bethany's alarming stare. "Whatever he did, I ask you, is it right to take a man and hang him, coldly, at eight o'clock in the morning?"
35	It did seem a particularly wicked thing to do, the little girls agreed, especially in the morning, on such a warm and lovely day, when everything in it was so alive. Better to hang a person at night, when it was already sad and dark. Miss Renshaw banged the newspaper again, on the desk this time. The little girls huddled backward.
39	"So today, girls, we will go outside into the beautiful garden and think about death." Miss Renshaw was nuts — that's what Cubby's mother said. "Still, you've got to do what she says, Cubby. Remember, she's the teacher."

Questions

<p>Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes Use lines 7-13. List four things you learn about the girls.</p>	<p>Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes Use lines 21-38. A student said “The writer presents the group of girls as naïve and young at this point, which makes the teacher’s anger seem really strange.” To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • write your own impressions about the characters • evaluate how the writer has created these impressions • support your opinions with references to the text.
<p>Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes Using lines 14-20. How does the writer use language to describe the children’s view of Melbourne?</p>	
<p>Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?</p>	
<p>Paper 1 mini mock: rooftoppers</p>	
<p>Source A: The opening of a novel called ‘Rooftoppers’ by Katherine Rundell, written in 2013</p>	

1 ON THE MORNING OF ITS FIRST BIRTHDAY, a baby was found floating in a cello case in the middle of the English Channel.

5 It was the only living thing for miles. Just the baby, and some dining room chairs, and the tip of a ship disappearing into the ocean. There had been music in the dining hall, and it was music so loud and so good that nobody had noticed the water flooding in over the carpet. The violins went on sawing for some time after the screaming had begun. Sometimes the shriek of a passenger would duet with a high C.

10 The baby was found wrapped for warmth in the musical score of a Beethoven symphony. It had drifted almost a mile from the ship, and was the last to be rescued. The man who lifted it into the rescue boat was a fellow passenger, and a scholar. It is a scholar's job to notice things. He noticed that it was a girl, with hair the color of lightning, and the smile of a shy person.

15 Think of nighttime with a speaking voice. Or think how moonlight might talk, or think of ink, if ink had vocal cords. Give those things a narrow aristocratic face with hooked eyebrows, and long arms and legs, and that is what the baby saw as she was lifted out of her cello case and up into safety. His name was Charles Maxim, and he determined, as he held her in his large hands—at arm's length, as he would a leaky flowerpot—that he would keep her.

20 The baby was almost certainly one year old. They knew this because of the red rosette pinned to her front, which read, 1!
"Or rather," said Charles Maxim, "the child is either one year old or she has come first in a competition. I believe babies are rarely keen participants in competitive sport. Shall we therefore assume it is the former?" The girl held on to his earlobe with a grubby finger and thumb. "Happy birthday, my child," he said.

25 Charles did not only give the baby a birthday. He also gave her a name. He chose Sophie, on that first day, on the grounds that nobody could possibly object to it. "Your day has been dramatic and extraordinary enough, child," he said. "It might be best to have the most ordinary name available. You can be Mary, or Betty, or Sophie. Or, at a stretch, Mildred. Your choice." Sophie had smiled when he'd said "Sophie," so Sophie it was. Then he fetched his coat, and folded her up in it, and took her home in a carriage. It rained a little, but it did not worry either of them. Charles did not generally notice the weather, and Sophie had already survived a lot of water that day.

30 Charles had never really known a child before. He told Sophie as much on the way home: "I do, I'm afraid, understand books far more readily than I understand people. Books are so easy to get along with." The carriage ride took four hours; Charles held Sophie on the very edge of his knee and told her about himself, as though she were an acquaintance at a tea party. He was thirty-six years old, and six foot three. He spoke English to people and French to cats, and Latin to the birds. He had once nearly

35 killed himself trying to read and ride a horse at the same time. "But I will be more careful," he said, "now that there is you, little cello child." Charles's home was beautiful, but it was not safe; it was all staircases and slippery floorboards and sharp corners. "I'll buy some smaller chairs," he said. "And we'll have thick red carpets! Although— how does one go about acquiring carpets? I don't suppose you know, Sophie?"

40 Unsurprisingly, Sophie did not answer. She was too young to talk, and she was asleep.

Questions

Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes

Use lines 1-9.

List four things you learn about the baby.

Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes

Using lines 10-22.

How does the writer use language to describe Charles Maxim?

Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes

Use the whole source.

How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?

Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes

Use lines 23-40.

A student said "Although the character of Charles seems unusual and an unlikely person to take in a young child, the writer makes him seem kind and caring"

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

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

Source A: The opening of a novel 'A Greyhound of a Girl' written by Roddy Doyle and published in 2012.

1 Mary O'Hara was walking up her street, to the house she lived in with her parents and her brothers. The street was long, straight, and quite steep, and there were huge old chestnut trees growing all along both sides. It was raining, but Mary wasn't getting very wet, because the leaves and branches were like a roof above her. Anyway, rain and getting wet were things that worried adults, but not Mary

5 - or anyone else under the age of twenty-one. Mary was twelve. She'd be twelve for another eight months. Then she'd be what she already felt she was - a teenager.

She came home at the same time most days, and she usually came home with her best friend, Ava. But today was different, because Ava wasn't with Mary. Ava had moved to another part of Dublin the day before, with her family.

10 As the car moved slowly up the street, they'd seen Mary wave, and run into her house. They might have heard the front door slam. They might have heard Mary's feet charging up the stairs, and the springs under Mary's mattress groan when she fell facedown on the bed. They probably didn't hear her crying, and they definitely didn't hear the softer sound of the bedsprings a little later when Mary realized that, although she was heartbroken, she was also starving. So she got up and went

15 downstairs to the kitchen and ate until her face was stiff.

Today, Mary walked alone, up the hill. She was nearly home. There were just a few houses left before she got to hers. There was a gap between the trees for a while, so the raindrops fell on her. But she didn't notice them, or care.

20 Someone had once told her that people who'd had their leg cut off still felt the leg, even a long time after they'd lost it. They felt an itch and went to scratch, and remembered that there was no leg there. That was how Mary felt. She felt Ava walking beside her. She knew she wasn't, but she looked anyway - and that made it worse.

Mary knew: Ava was somewhere else in Dublin, only seven kilometers away. But if she'd been acting in a film or a play and she was told she had to cry, she'd have thought of Ava and crying would have been easy. Feeling angry and looking angry would have been easy too. Mary couldn't

25 understand why people moved house. It was stupid. And she couldn't understand why parents - Ava's parents - said no when two friends - Mary and Ava - asked if it was okay if one of them - Ava - didn't move but, instead, lived with the other friend - Mary.

"You won't have to feed her if she lives with us," Mary had told Ava's mother the day before they'd

30 moved. "It'll, like, save you a fortune."

"No."

"Especially with the recession and that."

"No."

"Why not?" Ava asked.

35 "Because you're our daughter and we love you."

"Then do the noble thing and let her stay," said Mary.

"If you, like, really, really love her. It's not funny."

"I know," said Ava's mother. "It's just so sweet."

40 Which was exactly the sort of stupid thing that adults said. They saw two best friends clinging to each other, wanting to die rather than be separated - and they said it was sweet.

"I suppose you think war and starvation are sweet too, like, do you?" said Mary.

"You're being a little bit rude, Mary," said Ava's mother. "Whatever," said Mary.

She stood at Ava's front door. Then she tried to slam it. But she couldn't. There was a thick rug in the hall, and it seemed to grab the bottom of the door. So she'd shouted it instead.

Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes
Use lines 1-9. List four things you learn about Mary O'Hara.

Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes
Using lines 10-22. How does the writer use language to describe Mary's reaction to her friend leaving?

Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes
Use lines 23-39.

A student said "The writer makes us feel sorry for Mary, and her anger and frustration seems justified to the reader"

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

<p>Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • write your own impressions about the characters • evaluate how the writer has created these impressions • support your opinions with references to the text.
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Paper 1 mini mock: splendors and glooms

Source A: The opening of a novel titled ‘Splendors and Glooms’ by Laura A Schlitz, first published in 2012,

1	Clara came awake in an instant. She sat up in bed, tingling with the knowledge that it was her birthday. On this very day, the puppet master Grisini would perform at her birthday party. If all went well, she would have tea with Grisini's children.
5	The room was dim. The curtains were drawn tight against the November chill. Clara gazed at them intently. If it was very foggy, Professor Grisini might not come. Everything would be ruined; her twelfth birthday would be like all the others, with a trip to Kensal Green in the morning and presents in the afternoon. Clara loved presents, but she dreaded the ceremony of opening them. It was ill- bred to show too much excitement, but if she wasn't grateful enough, she ran the risk of hurting her mother's feelings. Clara thrust the thought aside. This year she would do everything exactly right.
10	She flung back the coverlet and tiptoed across the nursery floor, noiseless as a thief. If anyone came in, she would be scolded for walking barefoot.
15	She reached the window and slipped her hand between the curtains. There were two sets between herself and the outside world: claret-colored velvet on top, frilled muslin next to the glass. The muslin was sooty from the London fogs; though the windows fit tightly, the fog always found its way in. Clara leaned forward and peered through the peephole she had made. Her face lit up.
20	The view that greeted her was dismal enough. The trees in the square had shed their leaves, and the city was dark with grime. But the sky was white, not gray; there was even a wisp of blue sky between two clouds. It was a rare clear day. Professor Grisini would surely come.
25	Clara let the curtains fall back together and turned her back to the window. She padded past her sisters' dollhouse and her brother's rocking horse, which she was not supposed to touch. Close to the toy cupboard hung her birthday dress. It was covered with an old sheet so that it would stay clean, but she could see the shape of it, with its puffed sleeves and billowing skirt. It was a beautiful dress, but childish; next year, when she was thirteen, she would wear longer skirts and a whalebone corset. Clara wasn't looking forward to that. Her present clothes were constrictive enough.
30	Footsteps were coming up the back stair. It was Agnes, the housemaid. In an instant Clara was back in bed. She hoisted the blankets to her shoulder and shut her eyes.
35	The door opened. Agnes set a pitcher of hot water on the washstand and went to stir the fire. "Wake up, Miss Clara."
40	Clara sat up, blinking. She could not have said why she felt she needed to hide the fact that she was awake. Her secrecy was chronic and instinctive. She put her hand over her mouth as if to stifle a yawn. "Good morning, Agnes." "Good morning, miss." "Agnes, I'm twelve." The words came out in a joyful rush. "I'm twelve years old today." Agnes knew it. No one in the Wintermute household had been allowed to forget that November the sixth was Clara's birthday. The servants had cleaned the house from top to bottom and decorated the dining room with white ribbons and evergreen boughs. Seventeen children had been invited to Clara's party, and their mothers would come with them. There was to be a lavish tea: sandwiches and ices and a four-layer cake. "Many happy returns, miss." Agnes twitched the corner of the counterpane. "Now, get up. None of this lying about in bed." Clara had no intention of lying about. She wanted the day to begin.

Questions

<p>Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes Use lines 1-9. List four things you learn about Clara</p>	<p>Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes Use lines 21-40.</p>
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<p>Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes Using lines 10-20. How does the writer use language to describe Clara’s movements?</p>	<p>A student said “The writer presents the character’s excitement in this part, but we as readers find her annoying and her lifestyle seems over the top ” To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:</p>
<p>Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • write your own impressions about the characters • evaluate how the writer has created these impressions • support your opinions with references to the text.

Paper 1 mini mock: The mostly true story of jack

Source A: From the third chapter of ‘The Mostly True Story of Jack’ written by Kelly Barnhill published in 2011

<p>1 5</p>	<p>Jack sat in the backseat of a rental car, his sketch- book open on his knees, drawing pictures of bells. His mother hadn't spoken to him in the last four hours, not that it mattered. What was there to say, really? He'd already argued and cried and reasoned, but the result was the same: His parents, after years of fighting, were finally calling it quits. Jack was to spend an entire summer in Iowa with relatives he did not know. He couldn't believe it.</p>
<p>10</p>	<p>Jack watched the passing farmland as it rippled and swelled like a green ocean stretching from the pavement to the sky. A darkened smudge appeared at the very end of the long, straight road. Jack squinted, trying to get a better look. There was something familiar about that, he thought, as the smudge slowly grew into the shape of a hill, though for the life of him he couldn't remember where - or whether - he'd ever seen it.</p>
<p>15</p>	<p>Jack closed his sketchbook with a firm slap and bound it tightly with a rubber band before slipping it into his duffel bag. He let his hand linger in the bag for a moment to run his fingers along the sandpapery surface of the skateboard hiding at the bottom. If his mother knew, he'd never be allowed to keep it. Still, as it was a gift from his older brother - and an unexpected one at that - it was the only thing that had even a remote possibility of making his time in Iowa bearable, and Jack wasn't going to give it up. Not without a fight anyway. He zipped up the bag and looked outside.</p>
<p>20</p>	<p>"Is that where we're going?" he asked, pointing to the hill ahead, but his mother was on her cell phone with her boss, and didn't hear him. Jack decided not to mind. Nothing new there, he thought. His mother often didn't notice him. Or hear him. Or even see him half the time. Same with his father. Not that he blamed either of them. They were, after all, very busy. His mother ran the communications department for the mayor of San Francisco, and his father was an architect - a famous architect, Jack liked to tell people, though no one ever listened or cared.</p>
<p>25</p>	<p>It wasn't so bad being invisible. Sometimes invisibility had its uses, though Jack couldn't help but feel that since the announcement of the divorce, he was growing more invisible than usual. Or that the world around him had shifted just enough that he didn't quite belong to it anymore. He worried he might disappear from their thoughts altogether. And though these worries troubled him, he tried to shrug them off. Why worry about what you can't fix?</p>
<p>30</p>	<p>The town rose up behind a tangle of gnarled trees on a gentle hump of land - the only hill for miles, as far as Jack could tell. A wooden sign stood at the side of the road, leaning slightly to the left. Welcome to Hazelwood, it said in large black letters, though the paint was faded and chipped in places, exposing the graying wood underneath like tiny bites.</p>
<p>35</p>	<p>"Hello?" Jack's mother raised her voice at the phone. "Hello? You've gone out on me, sir." "No service around here, Mom?" Jack said. "There's no service around here," his mother repeated, waving her phone as if she could catch signals like butterflies. She acted as though Jack hadn't spoken.</p>
<p>40</p>	<p>"Isn't that what I just -" "And always in the middle of something important." She clicked off the phone and sighed. "Typical." It was clear that his mother wasn't in the mood to chat, so Jack turned toward the window, examining the signal-free town.</p>
<p>40</p>	<p>The town was clean and quiet. Completely quiet. No cars moved, no buses groaned, no people jostled one another on the street. There weren't even any barking dogs. Instead, a quiet block of perfectly mowed yards, where each green square of lawn fitted snugly against the one next to it, with a thin</p>

border of geraniums or gravel in between. Neat white house followed neat white house with porches and weeded gardens and sometimes a swing set. Although Jack usually liked things neat and orderly and predictable, the sameness in the town unnerved him. It was as if each house wanted desperately to be pink or orange or electric green but couldn't.

Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes

Use lines 1-5.

List four things you learn about Jack.

Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes

Using lines 6-10. How does the writer use language to describe what is Jack sees through the window?

Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes

Use the whole source.

How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?

Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes

Use lines 12-40.

A student said, “The writer wants us to feel sorry for Jack and dislike his mother, especially when she seems to be leaving him somewhere strange and isolated.”

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

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

Paper 1 mini mock: wonderstruck

Source A: The opening of a novel titled ‘Wonderstruck’ written by Brian Selznick and published in 2011

1	A sudden streak of light interrupted Ben's memory. Wide-eyed, he watched from the ledge of Robby's window as a shooting star blazed between the clouds and disappeared. He made a wish about his mom, one that he knew could never come true.
5	Ben hadn't realized how tightly he'd been gripping the seashell turtle until he felt it digging into his skin. He almost cried out, but he caught himself, not wanting to wake up Robby again. That's when Ben noticed something very strange. In the black silhouette of his house, eighty-three steps away, a light had come on. The curtains in his mom's room glowed a bright yellow. Ben stared in disbelief.
10	Feeling dizzy, he placed the turtle in the box, locked it, and tucked it back under the cot. His heart was pounding as he put on an old tank top and slid into his sneakers without bothering to lace them up. He grabbed the red flashlight and slipped silently out of his cousins' house.
15	Water lapped at the dock, and the boats clacked against one another. A loon called across the night, and the stones of Gunflint Lake glittered faintly in the darkness. The woods at night were always spooky, and the weak beam of the flashlight didn't stretch very far. Ben kept moving toward his house, where the one glowing window beckoned, staring back through the darkness like an unblinking eye. Under a vault of shaking black branches, he ran.
20	The doors to his house, like nearly all the doors along the lake, were unlocked. Ben quietly entered through the back, into the kitchen. He moved his small beam of light around the room. The flowers and food from the funeral had been cleared out, but the owl-shaped cookie jar sat on the counter with its head off, the way it always had. The junk drawer remained closed crookedly. The refrigerator was still covered with his mom's favorite quotes. It was like entering a museum of his old life.
25	Ben realized that he could hear music playing softly in the distance. He turned his head to hear it more clearly and a chill went down his spine. <i>"This is Major Tom to ground control; I'm stepping thro' the door, And I'm floating in a most peculiar way. And the stars look very different today For here am I sitting in a tin can far above the world"</i>
30	Ben heard footsteps. He turned his good ear toward the direction he thought the sound was coming from ... somewhere near his mother's room, he guessed.
35	Ben had never really believed in ghosts, although some of the stories his mom had read to him when he was younger had kept him up at night. He tiptoed slowly down the hall to his mom's room, the blood pounding in his head. A faint smell of cigarette smoke grew stronger as he got closer.
39	Ben paused in the hallway, dizzy with fear. "You shouldn't be such a turtle." He inched closer until he was right outside her door. He turned off the flashlight and put it in his back pocket. The door was open a crack, and he could see the framed Van Gogh print — a big black tree and a swirling night sky with golden stars. A shadow moved across the room. Ben thought about the shooting star and the impossible wish he'd made. With a trembling hand, he slowly pushed open the door.

Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes

Use lines 1-11.

List four things you learn that Ben is doing in this part of the text.

Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes

Using lines 11-16.

How does the writer use language to describe the setting?

Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes

Use the whole source.

How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?

Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes

Use lines 16-40.

A student said "The arrival of the visitors seems exciting and unusual for the villagers, but the writer makes us think that something strange is going to happen"

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

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

Source A: The opening of a novel titled 'Bird Lake Moon' by Kevin Henkes and published in 2008

1 Mitch Sinclair was slowly taking over the house, staking his claim. He had just finished carving his initials into the underside of the wooden porch railing, which was his boldest move so far. The other things he had done had required much less courage. He had swept the front stoop with his grandmother's broom. He had cleaned the decaying leaves and the puddle of murky water out of the
5 birdbath in the side yard and filled it with fresh water. He had spat on the huge rotting tree stump at the corner of the lot each day for the past week, marking the territory as his. And he had taken to crawling under the screened back porch during the hot afternoons; he'd lean against the brick foundation in the cool shade, imagining a different life, if, as his mother had said, their old life was over. Forever. Although he'd seen the house many times while visiting his grandparents, Mitch had never paid much
10 attention to it before. The house was vacant. It was old and plain—white clapboard with dark green trim—and had been neglected for quite a while, so that all its lines, angles, and corners were softened like the edges on a well-used bar of soap. The windows were curtained, keeping the interior hidden. However, the curtains covering the small oval window on the back door were parted slightly, offering a glimpse of a sparsely furnished, shadowy corner of a room. That's all. With some hesitancy, Mitch had
15 tried to open the door, turning the loose knob gently at first, then rattling it harder and harder. The door wouldn't budge. The front door was locked as well. Mitch's grandparents' house stood a short distance from the vacant one. The two yards were separated by a row of scraggly lilac bushes and clumps of seashells that reminded Mitch of crushed bones. Both yards sloped down to Bird Lake. Mitch went swimming nearly every day; he lived in his bathing
20 suit. There were more people around because it was summer, and yet it was quiet. A sleepy, sleepy place, Mitch's grandfather called it. When Mitch made a casual observation at dinner one night—breaking the dreadful silence—about the lack of potential friends, his grandmother said crisply that she liked having as few children around as possible. She quickly added that she didn't mean him, of course. But Mitch hadn't been so sure. Mitch ran his finger over his initials. M.S. His father's initials were W.S. Wade Sinclair. Turn an M
25 upside down and you get a W, thought Mitch. We're the same. It was an idle thought, but it caused a burning knot to form in his stomach. "We're not the same at all," Mitch whispered. And we never will be. At the moment, Mitch hated his father, hated him and yet longed to see him so badly tears pricked his eyes. He thought he could destroy this empty little house right now with his bare hands, he was
30 that upset. But he wanted this house. He wanted it for himself and for his mother. To live in. Mitch rubbed his finger over his initials again. "Ouch," he said. A splinter. A big one. But not big enough to pick out without a tweezers or a needle. He retreated to his spot under the porch and settled in. He hadn't asked his grandparents yet what they knew about the house, because he didn't want an answer that would disappoint him. Maybe he'd ask today. He dozed off in the still, hazy
35 afternoon, blaming his father for everything wrong in the world, including his aching finger. Sometimes he wished his father had simply vanished. That would have been easier to deal with. Then he could make up any story he wanted to explain his father's absence. Or he could honestly say that he didn't know where his father was or why he had disappeared. And if he had vanished, there would be the possibility that, at any moment, he'd return. There he'd be, suddenly—hunched at the sink,
40 humming, scrubbing a frying pan, a dish towel slung over his shoulder. A familiar pose. Everything back in its proper place, the way it was meant to be.

<p>Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes Use lines 1-6. List four things Mitch Sinclair does in this section of the text.0</p>	<p>Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes Use lines 19-41. A student said "The writer makes Mitch seem both angry and upset about his father, which leaves us wondering what has happened to him." To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • write your own impressions about the characters
<p>Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes Using lines 9-18. How does the writer use language to describe the house and the surrounding area?</p>	

<p>Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • evaluate how the writer has created these impressions • support your opinions with references to the text.
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Paper 1 mini mock: savvy

Source A: An extract from a novel called ‘Savvy’ written by Ingrid Law, published in 2008

1	<p>When my brother Fish turned thirteen, we moved to the deepest part of inland because of the hurricane and, of course, the fact that he'd caused it. I had liked living down south on the edge of land, next to the pushing-pulling waves. I had liked it with a mighty kind of liking, so moving had been hard—hard like the pavement the first time I fell off my pink two-wheeler and my palms burned like fire</p>
5	<p>from all of the hurt just under the skin. But it was plain that fish could live nowhere near or nearby or next to or close to or on or around any largish bodies of water. Water had a way of triggering my brother and making ordinary, everyday weather take a frightening turn for the worse.</p>
10	<p>Unlike any normal hurricane, fish's birthday storm had started without warning. One minute, my brother was tearing paper from presents in our backyard near the beach; the next minute, both fish and the afternoon sky went a funny and fearsome shade of gray. My brother gripped the edge of the picnic table as the wind kicked up around him, gaining momentum and ripping the wrapping paper out of his hands, sailing it high up into the sky with all of the balloons and streamers roiling together and disintegrating like a birthday party in a blender. Groaning and cracking, trees shuddered and bent over double, uprooting and falling as easily as sticks in wet sand. Rain pelted us like gravel thrown by a playground bully as windows shattered and shingles ripped off the roof. As the storm surged and the ocean waves tossed and churned, spilling raging water and debris farther and farther up the beach, Momma and Poppa grabbed hold of fish and held on tight, while the rest of us ran for cover. Momma and Poppa knew what was happening. They had been expecting something like this and knew that they had to keep my brother calm and help him ride out his storm.</p>
15	<p>That hurricane had been the shortest on record, but to keep the coastal towns safe from our fish, our family had packed up and moved deep inland, plunging into the very heart of the land and stopping as close to the center of the country as we could get. There, without big water to fuel big storms, fish could make it blow and rain without so much heartache and ruin.</p>
20	<p>Settling directly between Nebraska and Kansas in a little place all our own, just off Highway 81, we were well beyond hollering distance from the nearest neighbor, which was the best place to be for a family like ours. The closest town was merely a far-off blur across the highway, and was not even big enough to have its own school or store, or gas station or mayor.</p>
25	<p>Monday through Wednesday, we called our thin stretch of land Kansaska. Thursday through Saturday, we called it Nebransas. On Sundays, since that was the Lord's Day, we called it nothing at all, out of respect for His creating our world without the lines already drawn on its face like all my grandpa's wrinkles.</p>
30	<p>If it weren't for old Grandpa Bomba, Kansaska- Nebransas wouldn't even have existed for us to live there. When Grandpa wasn't a grandpa and was just instead a small-fry, hobbledehoy boy blowing out thirteen dripping candles on a lopsided cake, his savvy hit him hard and sudden—just like it did to fish that day of the backyard birthday party and the hurricane—and the entire state of Idaho got made. At least, that's the way Grandpa Bomba always told the story.</p>
35	<p>“Before I turned thirteen,” he'd say, “Montana bumped dead straight into Washington, and Wyoming and Oregon shared a cozy border.” The tale of Grandpa's thirteenth birthday had grown over the years just like the land he could move and stretch, and Momma just shook her head and smiled every time he'd start talking tall. But in truth, that young boy who grew up and grew old like wine and dirt, had been making new places whenever and wherever he pleased. That was Grandpa's savvy.</p>
40	

<p>Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes Use lines 1-6. List four things you learn about the narrator.</p>	<p>Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes Use lines 20-41.</p>
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Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes

Using lines 7-19.

How does the writer use language to describe the hurricane?

Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes

Use the whole source.

How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?

A student said “The writer intrigues us with what happened to Fish by telling us about the Grandpa, who seems like a strange person with interesting stories”

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

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

Paper 2 Mini- Mocks

Year 10 and 11

English Language: Home Learning

Instructions:

- Complete 1 mini-mock per day
- Spend one hour on each mini-mock
- Complete in your exercise book or on paper

Paper 2 mini mock: tower bridge

Source A: From 'The Hand-book of London', Peter Cunningham describes a journey over the bridge in 1850

On crossing the Bridge, the traveller should pause, for a moment, to note the animated scene presented by the River "above" and "below Bridge." The silent highway, as it is most inappropriately called, is crowded with restless little steam-boats, wherries, lumbering barges, and steam-tugs. From the Bridge, eastwards, extends "the Pool," thronged with a thousand masts, and gay with flags and streamers of every nation. Here is placed the great fish-market of Billingsgate, and yonder rises the stately façade of the Custom House; while, in the distance, soars conspicuous the turreted keep of the famous "Tower.2 Looking up the River (westward), we catch sight of Southwark and Blackfriars Bridges - of banks lined with enormous warehouses - and of a far-reaching vista of roofs, above which dominates, in misty grandeur, the glorious dome of St. Paul's. Nor is the Bridge itself, with its double tides of traffic,- on-rushing, never-ceasing, appallingly regular in their continual motion,- less worthy of observation: it is the busiest traject in the civilised world, and groans beneath the products of every clime. At its foot, on the one hand, stands Adelaide Place - a conglomeration of City offices; on the other, the stately pile of Fishmongers' Hall, the meeting-place of the members of a wealthy civic guild. Beneath us, through a dry arch, runs an apparently endless line of stores, warehouses, and wharfs. The steps on the right lead to the quay for the Hull, Rotterdam, and Scotch steamers; at the corner is St. Magnus Church, built by Sir Christopher Wren; on the left, to the place of embarkation and disembarkation of the cheap steam-boats which ply between London Bridge, Westminster, and Battersea.

Proceeding from the Bridge, we observe a turning on the right, whose descent is occupied by the graceful column of the Monument.

Source B: From a modern travel blog. Written in 2014, Sarah Shumate visits Tower Bridge.

I'll never forget the first time I saw Tower Bridge. I hadn't been living in London for very long and I was out taking a walk with some new friends along the river when there it was – the Tower Bridge standing tall and mighty in the middle of the Thames. I wanted to jump up and down and start pointing because, to my amazement, it seemed no one else in the group had noticed it. Why was no one else as starstruck as I was? As I now know a year later, when you live in London long enough, you learn to just accept these famous landmarks as part of the scenery and continue on with your day, but in my newness to the city, I couldn't hide my excitement. The girls I was with humored me and even took a detour from our path so I could walk across the bridge for the first time. I know it doesn't sound like much, I mean, I walked across a bridge – big deal, but I felt the same the first time I saw Big Ben in person, too. These locations I'd previously only seen in movies were reminders that this was real, I was finally an expat again in another country. I couldn't help but be thrilled about that!

I've now walked past Tower Bridge no less than two or three dozen times, so that initial thrill of seeing the famous bridge has faded a bit, but it's still one of my favorite landmarks in the city. This summer, we made an afternoon of it and picnicked beside the bridge on the banks of the Thames before taking the tour that would allow us to go inside Tower Bridge and walk across the pathways connecting the two towers. It's such a neat experience, as you'll see in the pictures below. Even more so now with the release of the news last week that glass floors have been added to the West Walkway allowing visitors to get a bird's eye view from the bridge. The glass path in the East Walkway is expected to be completed next month. (Don't worry – I hear there are still regular floors on each side of the glass, so if you don't want to walk across the glass, you don't have to!)

Questions

Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes

Using source B shade the boxes of the four true statements.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| a) The writer was born and raised in London | |
| b) Tower Bridge goes over the river Thames | |
| c) The writer's friends have lived in London for some time | |
| d) The writher didn't get a chance to walk across the bridge | |
| e) The writer was not interested in Big Ben | |
| f) The writer is no longer interested in Tower Bridge | |

Q2 – 8 marks – 10 minutes

Write a summary of the differences between the Tower bridge seen in 1850 in source A and the modern day viewing of it in source B

Q3 – 12 marks – 15 minutes

In source A how does the writer use language to describe the Thames?

Q4- 16 marks – 20 minutes

g) She was walking with friends when first saw the bridge	Compare how the writers convey their viewpoints on the bridges and sights of London.
h) She has now walked past the bridge lots of times	

Paper 2 mini mock: winter in america

Source A: From Rudyard Kipling's *Letters of Travel* in 1895. Kipling describes winter travelling in the US.

The next day is blue, breathless, and most utterly still. The farmers shovel a way to their beasts, bind with chains their large ploughshare to their heaviest wood-sled. These they drive, and the dragging share makes a furrow in which a horse can walk, and the oxen, by force of repeatedly going in up to their bellies, presently find foothold. The finished road is a deep, double gutter between three-foot walls of snow, where, by custom, the heavier vehicle has the right of way.

In January or February come the great ice-storms, when every branch, blade, and trunk is coated with frozen rain, so that you can touch nothing truly. The spikes of the pines are sunk into pear-shaped crystals, and each fence-post is miraculously hilted with diamonds. If you bend a twig, the icing cracks like varnish, and a half-inch branch snaps off at the lightest tap. If wind and sun open the day together, the eye cannot look steadily at the splendor of this jewelry. The woods are full of the clatter of arms; the ringing of bucks' horns in fight; the stampede of mailed feet up and down the glades; and a great dust of battle is puffed out into the open, till the last of the ice is beaten away and the cleared branches take up their regular chant.

Again the mercury drops twenty and more below zero, and the very trees swoon. The snow turns to French chalk, squeaking under the heel, and their breath cloaks the oxen in rime. At night a tree's heart will break in him with a groan. According to the books, the frost has split something, but it is a fearful sound—this grunt as of a man stunned.

Winter that is winter in earnest does not allow cattle and horses to play about the fields, so everything comes home; and since no share can break ground to any profit for some five months, there would seem to be very little to do.

Source B: Ed Grabianowski looks at the 10 worst snow storms of history in an article from 2009

Anyone who's ever lived in a chilly climate knows snowstorms well. Sometimes the weather forecast gives ample warning, but other times these storms catch us by surprise. Plows struggle to keep roads clear, schools are closed, events are canceled, flights are delayed and everyone gets sore backs from all the shoveling and snowblowing. But there are those rare snowstorms that exceed all forecasts, break all records and cause mass devastation (even if it's devastation that will melt in a few days or weeks). These storms are the worst of the worst, weather events that seem more like elemental blasts of pure winter rather than a simple combination of wind, temperature and precipitation.

Defining the 10 "biggest" snowstorms can be a tricky task. You can't simply rely on objective measures like the amount of snow. Often, the worst storms involve relatively modest snowfalls whipped into zero-visibility by hurricane-force winds. Some storms are worse than others because they impact major urban areas, or are so widespread that they affect several major urban areas. Timing can play a role as well -- a storm during weekday rush hour is worse than one on a Saturday morning, and a freak early storm when leaves are still on the trees can cause enormous amounts of damage. In fact, meteorologists have developed a system similar to the one used to classify hurricanes to measure the severity of winter storms.

Blizzard of 1888: This snowstorm was so massive it became a historical event. In terms of storm severity factors, this one had it all: enormous amounts of snow, frigid temperatures, howling winds whipping up monstrous snow drifts -- and a widespread area of effect that covered the entire northeastern United States. More than 400 people died during the storm, including more than 100 who were lost at sea.

Questions

Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes Using source B shade the boxes of the four true statements.	Q2 – 8 marks – 10 minutes Write a summary of the differences between the effects of the winter weather in the US.
a) You always get a warning before a snowstorm	
b) Sometimes schools are closed during snow storms	
c) Naming the 10 biggest snow storms is easy	Q3 – 12 marks – 15 minutes
d) The worst snow storms involve constant heavy snow	

e) The blizzard of 1888 involved monstrous snow drifts		In source A how does the writer use language to describe the snow?
f) There is a system available to measure snow storms		Q4- 16 marks – 20 minutes Compare how the writers convey their attitudes towards winter weather
g) Storms during the week are worse than weekend storms		
h) Just under 400 people died in the blizzard of 1888		

Paper 2 mini mock: riots

Source A: From *The Times*, on 'The Riot at Lillie-Bridge', published in 1887.

The people broke windows and peered in, but could see nothing, though it is said the money taker was there with the money taken at the entrance. He was soon spirited away, however, and the money with him. It is said that the people who began the riot were decently dressed people from the North, such as are to be seen in the Pomona Gardens at Manchester and in the sporting places of Sheffield, with a wonderful amount of time and money to devote to pedestrian and horse racing. They began to shake the places and to break down palings, and they were quickly assisted in the work by the rougher orders, of whom there were a good sprinkling on the ground. A full half of the people were glad to depart as best they could, but some of the bookmakers were marked, and followed out to the streets. They jumped into cabs, and the angry crowd held on so to the cabs as to lift the horses off their feet. Those within the grounds tore down the hoardings, piled the squab palings and seats on to fires, and set the pavilion on fire. They burnt out completely a pavilion on the railway side, and, as narrated in the Times of yesterday, they sacked the refreshment bar. Then they set the row of buildings on fire at the north-end, and growing more reckless by impunity, they began to fire the buildings behind the Lillie-bridge Grounds.

The police were at first taken by surprise, as were most other people. Only sufficient police had been detached as for an ordinary occasion, as a forced interference with a race on the part of bookmakers or others had never been dreamt of. The few police who were there did their best to stop the riot, but they were utterly powerless to deal with three or four thousand of the roughest classes. The Fire Brigade men came, and their efforts to cope with the fire were doubly embarrassed, as in the first place the mob stopped the work, and then there was a poor supply of water. The police protected the firemen.

Source B: Chimene Suleyman looks back on the 2011 riots in 2017 in an article for *The Guardian*

These were the hours, the days, of the 2011 London riots. Of social unrest, burned and looted shops – of a kind of chaos I recognised innately, but which did not belong to me. Perhaps if you are from London, or it has lived on your skin for long enough, you will recognise that to survive it means to not be fearful of it. On a bus to Green Lanes, the driver stopped abruptly, and ordered us off. A mile or two away in Wood Green, police cars sped beyond Turkish restaurants, the shopping centre, the knock-off phone repair stores, and back again. Windows were by now boarded with a kind of naive hopefulness. Many were broken. Groups, mostly young, moved together with a collective energy I have seen in bar fights and on dancefloors.

I cannot remember now which friend I was texting. I began to type my dread as I started the 30-minute walk to where I was staying in Haringey. My head was down when he stepped towards me. Tall, bandana wrapped across his face, eyes only just visible, a piece of wood in hand, hood pulled high – and immediately I remembered every newspaper clipping, every headline, every whisper that he will take your phone, your handbag. I did not look at him. I simply anticipated the moment it would happen: his face against mine, flesh almost touching, how still my expression, how rigid his body, how close his breath. And he said: "Put your phone away – before somebody hurts you."

Even so, the London riots became known to some as an outpouring of greed, thuggery and mob destruction. Perhaps, in some cases, this was true. But erased from this narrative was a declaration on gross consumerism reserved for the wealthy, yet pushed upon the working classes who simply couldn't afford what they have been instructed to believe is necessity. The riots occurred one year into a new government, a Conservative and Liberal Democrat coalition that made drastic cuts, as well as impending monumental rises to tuition fees.

Questions

Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes

Using source A shade the boxes of the four true statements.

Q2 – 8 marks – 10 minutes

a) The crowd allowed the bookmakers to leave

b) The crowd set the pavilion on fire		Write a summary of the differences between the people described in each riot.
c) The people causing the riot were local to the area		
d) Initially not enough police arrived and more were needed		Q3 – 12 marks – 15 minutes In source B how does the writer use language to describe her feelings on her journey?
e) There were between three and four thousand rioters		
f) The police were prepared for the riot		Q4- 16 marks – 20 minutes Compare how the writers convey their viewpoints on the riots.
g) There was not enough water to quickly put the fires out		
h) The people rioting allowed the firemen to put out fires		

Paper 2 mini mock: packed lunches

Source A: James Greenwood explains a packed lunch in 1869, from *The Seven Curses of London*.

As need not be repeated here, a boy's estimate of earthy bliss might be conveniently contained in a dinner-plate of goodly dimensions. When he first goes out to work, his pride and glory is the parcel of food his mother makes up for the day's consumption. There he has it—breakfast, dinner, tea! Possibly he might get as much, or very nearly, in the ordinary course of events at home, but in a piecemeal and ignoble way. He never in his life possessed such a wealth of food, all his own, to do as he pleases with. Eight—ten slices of bread and butter, and may be—especially if it happen to be Monday—a slice of meat and a lump of cold pudding, relics of that dinner of dinners, Sunday's dinner!

His, all his, with nobody to say nay; but still only wealth in prospective! It is now barely seven o'clock, and, by fair eating, he will not arrive at that delicious piece of cold pork 'with the crackling on it until twelve! It is a keen, bracing morning; he has already walked a mile or more; and it wants yet fully an hour and a half to the factory breakfast time. It is just as broad as it is long; suppose he draws on his breakfast allowance just to the extent of one slice? Only one, and that in stern integrity: the topmost slice without fee or favour! But, ah! the cruel fragrance of that juicy cut of spare-rib! It has impregnated the whole contents of the bundle; The crust of that abstracted slice is as savoury, almost, as the crisp-baked rind of the original. Six bites—"too brief for friendship, not for fame"—have consumed it, and left him, alas! hungrier than ever. Shall he? What—taste of the sacred slice? No. It isn't likely. The pork is for his dinner. But the pudding—that is a supplemental sort of article; a mere extravagance when added to so much perfection as the luscious meat embodies. And out he hauls it; the ponderous abstraction afflicting the hitherto compact parcel with such a shambling looseness, that it is necessary to pause in one of the recesses of the bridge to readjust and tighten it. But, ah! rash boy!

Source B: An article from November 2017 explaining the ideal packed lunch for children.

Surprise your kids when they go back to school this January by swapping their lunch time cola, chocolate and crisps for healthy, nutritious alternatives.

Children's packed lunches have come a long way since the days of Wagon Wheels, Um Bongo and Monster Munch, but what does the perfect primary school pack-up look like?

Loughborough University's Dr Clare Holley, an expert in healthy eating behaviour in young children, has assembled the ingredients and amounts needed to give youngsters the correct amount of nutrition for their scholastic meals.

The perfect packed lunch, according to Dr Holley, includes a portion of all the main food groups – carbohydrates, dairy, fats and sugars, fruit and vegetables and protein.

And the portion sizes can be judged by using the size of a child's palm as one serving.

She said: "The best kind of packed lunch will be balanced between the main food groups.

"You need carbohydrates for energy.

"Dairy for calcium – which helps with strong teeth and bones.

"Fruit and vegetables for vitamins and minerals for a healthy body.

"Low sugar, low salt and low saturated fat to protect teeth, heart and other health. Consider healthy alternative snacks like breadsticks and nuts.

"And finally, milk, water or diluted fruit juice make the best drinks. Avoid fizzy drinks or flavoured waters as they may contain substantial amounts of sugar or be acidic which can lead to tooth decay." Dr Emma Haycraft, an expert in children's eating behaviours, also recommended using dividers to help keep the foods and flavours separate and reduce waste from unnecessary packaging.

Questions

<p>Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes</p> <p>Using source B shade the boxes of the four true statements.</p>	<p>Q2 – 8 marks – 10 minutes</p> <p>Write a summary of the differences between the food in each packed lunch.</p>
a) The writer advises chocolate and crisps in lunchboxes	
b) The size of servings doesn't matter if it's the right food	
c) Calcium is needed to give children more energy	<p>Q3 – 12 marks – 15 minutes</p> <p>In source A how does the writer use language to describe the boy's feelings about his food?</p>
d) Dr Clare Holley is an expert in healthy eating for children	
e) Flavoured water is a good option for lunch boxes	
f) An ideal packed lunch contains all the main food groups	<p>Q4- 16 marks – 20 minutes</p> <p>Compare how the writers convey their feelings and attitudes towards a packed lunch.</p>
g) A packed lunch needs fruit and vegetables for vitamins	
h) A packed lunch's food should be separated if possible	

Paper 2 mini mock: children in poverty

Source A: Albert Smith writes *Sketches of London Life and Character* in 1849.

As you pass through one of those low, densely-populated districts of London where narrow dirty streets show the openings of noisome courts, narrower and dirtier still, and these again conduct to alleys, so dark and close, that sunlight never comes lower down the houses than the parapets of their roofs, you will be struck, above all things, by the swarms of children everywhere collected. They scuffle about, and run across your path, and disappear, like rabbits in a warren, in obscure holes. They wait on the kirb until a cab approaches, and run under the very knees of the horse. They collect round the open water plug, and spend the entire day there, all returning wet through to the skin. They form the great proportion of Mr. Punch's audience, when his scream is heard in the adjacent large thoroughfare. The barrage of the Nile is rivalled by their indefatigable attempts to obstruct the gutters with rubbish, and form basins in which to launch their walnut shells.

Their parents live huddled up in dirty single rooms, repelling all attempts to improve their condition - for "The People," we regret to say, are naturally fond of dirt - and whenever the rain is not actually pouring down in torrents, they turn their children out to find means of amusement and subsistence, at the same time, in the streets.

Of all their favourite haunts, there is not one more popular than the bit of open ground where a mass of houses have been pulled down to make room for a new street or building. If they find an old beam of timber, so much the better. They unite their pigmy forces to turn it into a see-saw, and, this accomplished, a policeman is the only power that can drive them from the spot. They build forts with brick-bats. They scuffle the mounds of rubbish perfectly smooth by running, or being dragged up and down them; they excavate eaves, and make huts; and know of nothing in the world capable of affording such delight, except it be the laying down, or taking up, of some wooden pavement.

Source B: Robert Booth writes about a United Nations visit in 2018 in an article for *The Guardian*

The United Nations rapporteur on extreme poverty and human rights squeezed on to a school bench alongside a dozen children in one of Glasgow's most deprived neighbourhoods and posed a question: "Who should help poor people?"

"The rich people," Soroush, one of the children, shot back. "It's unfair to have people earning billions of pounds and have other people living on benefits."

It was perhaps the frankest answer Philip Alston received on a two-day visit to Scotland, where a million people live in relative poverty, including one in five children.

After an itinerary dominated by meetings with politicians and charities, the world-leading human rights expert ended his week at Avenue End school, which serves some of the most deprived neighbourhoods in Scotland. In places like Craigend and Ruchazie about 30% of adults are on benefits and life expectancy for men is about a decade less than in the affluent south of the city.

The children were asked to jot down what being poor might mean for a person. John Adebola-Samuel, 12, quietly penned: "He cannot afford meals. He cannot buy trainers. He cannot watch TV."

John's family relied on food banks for two years and for a long time he only took bread and butter to school for lunch.

"I got hungry because I was smelling the other food," he said. "I had to take my eyes away from it. The most unfair thing is the government knows families are going through hard times but they decide not to do anything about it."

Questions

<p>Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes</p> <p>Using source B shade the boxes of the four true statements.</p>	<p>Q2 – 8 marks – 10 minutes</p> <p>Write a summary of the differences between the children's behaviour in each source.</p>
a) The children were asked who should help the poor	
b) The man from the UN visited a school in London	
c) A million people in Scotland live in relative poverty	<p>Q3 – 12 marks – 15 minutes</p> <p>In source A how does the writer use language to describe the district the children live in?</p>
d) The children were asked what they liked about school.	
e) Poor people in Scotland have a lower life expectancy	
f) The young child John who wrote his answer is 13	<p>Q4- 16 marks – 20 minutes</p> <p>Compare how the writers convey their feelings and attitudes towards children in poverty.</p>
g) This was the first place the man from the UN visited	
h) John's family have relied on food banks in the past	

Paper 2 Mini- Mocks

Year 10 and 11

English Language: Home Learning

Instructions:

- Complete 1 mini-mock per day
- Spend one hour on each mini-mock
- Complete in your exercise book or on paper

Paper 2 mini mock: tower bridge

Source A: From 'The Hand-book of London', Peter Cunningham describes a journey over the bridge in 1850

On crossing the Bridge, the traveller should pause, for a moment, to note the animated scene presented by the River "above" and "below Bridge." The silent highway, as it is most inappropriately called, is crowded with restless little steam-boats, wherries, lumbering barges, and steam-tugs. From the Bridge, eastwards, extends "the Pool," thronged with a thousand masts, and gay with flags and streamers of every nation. Here is placed the great fish-market of Billingsgate, and yonder rises the stately façade of the Custom House; while, in the distance, soars conspicuous the turreted keep of the famous "Tower.2 Looking up the River (westward), we catch sight of Southwark and Blackfriars Bridges - of banks lined with enormous warehouses - and of a far-reaching vista of roofs, above which dominates, in misty grandeur, the glorious dome of St. Paul's. Nor is the Bridge itself, with its double tides of traffic,- on-rushing, never-ceasing, appallingly regular in their continual motion,- less worthy of observation: it is the busiest traject in the civilised world, and groans beneath the products of every clime. At its foot, on the one hand, stands Adelaide Place - a conglomeration of City offices; on the other, the stately pile of Fishmongers' Hall, the meeting-place of the members of a wealthy civic guild. Beneath us, through a dry arch, runs an apparently endless line of stores, warehouses, and wharfs. The steps on the right lead to the quay for the Hull, Rotterdam, and Scotch steamers; at the corner is St. Magnus Church, built by Sir Christopher Wren; on the left, to the place of embarkation and disembarkation of the cheap steam-boats which ply between London Bridge, Westminster, and Battersea.

Proceeding from the Bridge, we observe a turning on the right, whose descent is occupied by the graceful column of the Monument.

Source B: From a modern travel blog. Written in 2014, Sarah Shumate visits Tower Bridge.

I'll never forget the first time I saw Tower Bridge. I hadn't been living in London for very long and I was out taking a walk with some new friends along the river when there it was – the Tower Bridge standing tall and mighty in the middle of the Thames. I wanted to jump up and down and start pointing because, to my amazement, it seemed no one else in the group had noticed it. Why was no one else as starstruck as I was? As I now know a year later, when you live in London long enough, you learn to just accept these famous landmarks as part of the scenery and continue on with your day, but in my newness to the city, I couldn't hide my excitement. The girls I was with humored me and even took a detour from our path so I could walk across the bridge for the first time. I know it doesn't sound like much, I mean, I walked across a bridge – big deal, but I felt the same the first time I saw Big Ben in person, too. These locations I'd previously only seen in movies were reminders that this was real, I was finally an expat again in another country. I couldn't help but be thrilled about that!

I've now walked past Tower Bridge no less than two or three dozen times, so that initial thrill of seeing the famous bridge has faded a bit, but it's still one of my favorite landmarks in the city. This summer, we made an afternoon of it and picnicked beside the bridge on the banks of the Thames before taking the tour that would allow us to go inside Tower Bridge and walk across the pathways connecting the two towers. It's such a neat experience, as you'll see in the pictures below. Even more so now with the release of the news last week that glass floors have been added to the West Walkway allowing visitors to get a bird's eye view from the bridge. The glass path in the East Walkway is expected to be completed next month. (Don't worry – I hear there are still regular floors on each side of the glass, so if you don't want to walk across the glass, you don't have to!)

Questions

Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes

Using source B shade the boxes of the four true statements.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| i) The writer was born and raised in London | |
| j) Tower Bridge goes over the river Thames | |
| k) The writer's friends have lived in London for some time | |
| l) The writer didn't get a chance to walk across the bridge | |
| m) The writer was not interested in Big Ben | |
| n) The writer is no longer interested in Tower Bridge | |

Q2 – 8 marks – 10 minutes

Write a summary of the differences between the Tower bridge seen in 1850 in source A and the modern day viewing of it in source B

Q3 – 12 marks – 15 minutes

In source A how does the writer use language to describe the Thames?

Q4- 16 marks – 20 minutes

o) She was walking with friends when first saw the bridge	Compare how the writers convey their viewpoints on the bridges and sights of London.
p) She has now walked past the bridge lots of times	

Paper 2 mini mock: winter in america

Source A: From Rudyard Kipling's *Letters of Travel* in 1895. Kipling describes winter travelling in the US.

The next day is blue, breathless, and most utterly still. The farmers shovel a way to their beasts, bind with chains their large ploughshare to their heaviest wood-sled. These they drive, and the dragging share makes a furrow in which a horse can walk, and the oxen, by force of repeatedly going in up to their bellies, presently find foothold. The finished road is a deep, double gutter between three-foot walls of snow, where, by custom, the heavier vehicle has the right of way.

In January or February come the great ice-storms, when every branch, blade, and trunk is coated with frozen rain, so that you can touch nothing truly. The spikes of the pines are sunk into pear-shaped crystals, and each fence-post is miraculously hilted with diamonds. If you bend a twig, the icing cracks like varnish, and a half-inch branch snaps off at the lightest tap. If wind and sun open the day together, the eye cannot look steadily at the splendor of this jewelry. The woods are full of the clatter of arms; the ringing of bucks' horns in fight; the stampede of mailed feet up and down the glades; and a great dust of battle is puffed out into the open, till the last of the ice is beaten away and the cleared branches take up their regular chant.

Again the mercury drops twenty and more below zero, and the very trees swoon. The snow turns to French chalk, squeaking under the heel, and their breath cloaks the oxen in rime. At night a tree's heart will break in him with a groan. According to the books, the frost has split something, but it is a fearful sound—this grunt as of a man stunned.

Winter that is winter in earnest does not allow cattle and horses to play about the fields, so everything comes home; and since no share can break ground to any profit for some five months, there would seem to be very little to do.

Source B: Ed Grabianowski looks at the 10 worst snow storms of history in an article from 2009

Anyone who's ever lived in a chilly climate knows snowstorms well. Sometimes the weather forecast gives ample warning, but other times these storms catch us by surprise. Plows struggle to keep roads clear, schools are closed, events are canceled, flights are delayed and everyone gets sore backs from all the shoveling and snowblowing. But there are those rare snowstorms that exceed all forecasts, break all records and cause mass devastation (even if it's devastation that will melt in a few days or weeks). These storms are the worst of the worst, weather events that seem more like elemental blasts of pure winter rather than a simple combination of wind, temperature and precipitation.

Defining the 10 "biggest" snowstorms can be a tricky task. You can't simply rely on objective measures like the amount of snow. Often, the worst storms involve relatively modest snowfalls whipped into zero-visibility by hurricane-force winds. Some storms are worse than others because they impact major urban areas, or are so widespread that they affect several major urban areas. Timing can play a role as well -- a storm during weekday rush hour is worse than one on a Saturday morning, and a freak early storm when leaves are still on the trees can cause enormous amounts of damage. In fact, meteorologists have developed a system similar to the one used to classify hurricanes to measure the severity of winter storms.

Blizzard of 1888: This snowstorm was so massive it became a historical event. In terms of storm severity factors, this one had it all: enormous amounts of snow, frigid temperatures, howling winds whipping up monstrous snow drifts -- and a widespread area of effect that covered the entire northeastern United States. More than 400 people died during the storm, including more than 100 who were lost at sea.

Questions

Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes Using source B shade the boxes of the four true statements.		Q2 – 8 marks – 10 minutes Write a summary of the differences between the effects of the winter weather in the US.
i) You always get a warning before a snowstorm		
j) Sometimes schools are closed during snow storms		Q3 – 12 marks – 15 minutes
k) Naming the 10 biggest snow storms is easy		
l) The worst snow storms involve constant heavy snow		

m) The blizzard of 1888 involved monstrous snow drifts		In source A how does the writer use language to describe the snow?
n) There is a system available to measure snow storms		Q4- 16 marks – 20 minutes Compare how the writers convey their attitudes towards winter weather
o) Storms during the week are worse than weekend storms		
p) Just under 400 people died in the blizzard of 1888		

Paper 2 mini mock: riots

Source A: From *The Times*, on 'The Riot at Lillie-Bridge', published in 1887.

The people broke windows and peered in, but could see nothing, though it is said the money taker was there with the money taken at the entrance. He was soon spirited away, however, and the money with him. It is said that the people who began the riot were decently dressed people from the North, such as are to be seen in the Pomona Gardens at Manchester and in the sporting places of Sheffield, with a wonderful amount of time and money to devote to pedestrian and horse racing. They began to shake the places and to break down palings, and they were quickly assisted in the work by the rougher orders, of whom there were a good sprinkling on the ground. A full half of the people were glad to depart as best they could, but some of the bookmakers were marked, and followed out to the streets. They jumped into cabs, and the angry crowd held on so to the cabs as to lift the horses off their feet. Those within the grounds tore down the hoardings, piled the squab palings and seats on to fires, and set the pavilion on fire. They burnt out completely a pavilion on the railway side, and, as narrated in the Times of yesterday, they sacked the refreshment bar. Then they set the row of buildings on fire at the north-end, and growing more reckless by impunity, they began to fire the buildings behind the Lillie-bridge Grounds.

The police were at first taken by surprise, as were most other people. Only sufficient police had been detached as for an ordinary occasion, as a forced interference with a race on the part of bookmakers or others had never been dreamt of. The few police who were there did their best to stop the riot, but they were utterly powerless to deal with three or four thousand of the roughest classes. The Fire Brigade men came, and their efforts to cope with the fire were doubly embarrassed, as in the first place the mob stopped the work, and then there was a poor supply of water. The police protected the firemen.

Source B: Chimene Suleyman looks back on the 2011 riots in 2017 in an article for *The Guardian*

These were the hours, the days, of the 2011 London riots. Of social unrest, burned and looted shops – of a kind of chaos I recognised innately, but which did not belong to me. Perhaps if you are from London, or it has lived on your skin for long enough, you will recognise that to survive it means to not be fearful of it. On a bus to Green Lanes, the driver stopped abruptly, and ordered us off. A mile or two away in Wood Green, police cars sped beyond Turkish restaurants, the shopping centre, the knock-off phone repair stores, and back again. Windows were by now boarded with a kind of naive hopefulness. Many were broken. Groups, mostly young, moved together with a collective energy I have seen in bar fights and on dancefloors.

I cannot remember now which friend I was texting. I began to type my dread as I started the 30-minute walk to where I was staying in Haringey. My head was down when he stepped towards me. Tall, bandana wrapped across his face, eyes only just visible, a piece of wood in hand, hood pulled high – and immediately I remembered every newspaper clipping, every headline, every whisper that he will take your phone, your handbag. I did not look at him. I simply anticipated the moment it would happen: his face against mine, flesh almost touching, how still my expression, how rigid his body, how close his breath. And he said: "Put your phone away – before somebody hurts you."

Even so, the London riots became known to some as an outpouring of greed, thuggery and mob destruction. Perhaps, in some cases, this was true. But erased from this narrative was a declaration on gross consumerism reserved for the wealthy, yet pushed upon the working classes who simply couldn't afford what they have been instructed to believe is necessity. The riots occurred one year into a new government, a Conservative and Liberal Democrat coalition that made drastic cuts, as well as impending monumental rises to tuition fees.

Questions

Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes

Using source A shade the boxes of the four true statements.

Q2 – 8 marks – 10 minutes

i) The crowd allowed the bookmakers to leave

j) The crowd set the pavilion on fire		Write a summary of the differences between the people described in each riot.
k) The people causing the riot were local to the area		
l) Initially not enough police arrived and more were needed		Q3 – 12 marks – 15 minutes In source B how does the writer use language to describe her feelings on her journey?
m) There were between three and four thousand rioters		
n) The police were prepared for the riot		Q4- 16 marks – 20 minutes Compare how the writers convey their viewpoints on the riots.
o) There was not enough water to quickly put the fires out		
p) The people rioting allowed the firemen to put out fires		

Paper 2 mini mock: packed lunches

Source A: James Greenwood explains a packed lunch in 1869, from *The Seven Curses of London*.

As need not be repeated here, a boy's estimate of earthy bliss might be conveniently contained in a dinner-plate of goodly dimensions. When he first goes out to work, his pride and glory is the parcel of food his mother makes up for the day's consumption. There he has it—breakfast, dinner, tea! Possibly he might get as much, or very nearly, in the ordinary course of events at home, but in a piecemeal and ignoble way. He never in his life possessed such a wealth of food, all his own, to do as he pleases with. Eight—ten slices of bread and butter, and may be—especially if it happen to be Monday—a slice of meat and a lump of cold pudding, relics of that dinner of dinners, Sunday's dinner!

His, all his, with nobody to say nay; but still only wealth in prospective! It is now barely seven o'clock, and, by fair eating, he will not arrive at that delicious piece of cold pork 'with the crackling on it until twelve! It is a keen, bracing morning; he has already walked a mile or more; and it wants yet fully an hour and a half to the factory breakfast time. It is just as broad as it is long; suppose he draws on his breakfast allowance just to the extent of one slice? Only one, and that in stern integrity: the topmost slice without fee or favour! But, ah! the cruel fragrance of that juicy cut of spare-rib! It has impregnated the whole contents of the bundle; The crust of that abstracted slice is as savoury, almost, as the crisp-baked rind of the original. Six bites—"too brief for friendship, not for fame"—have consumed it, and left him, alas! hungrier than ever. Shall he? What—taste of the sacred slice? No. It isn't likely. The pork is for his dinner. But the pudding—that is a supplemental sort of article; a mere extravagance when added to so much perfection as the luscious meat embodies. And out he hauls it; the ponderous abstraction afflicting the hitherto compact parcel with such a shambling looseness, that it is necessary to pause in one of the recesses of the bridge to readjust and tighten it. But, ah! rash boy!

Source B: An article from November 2017 explaining the ideal packed lunch for children.

Surprise your kids when they go back to school this January by swapping their lunch time cola, chocolate and crisps for healthy, nutritious alternatives.

Children's packed lunches have come a long way since the days of Wagon Wheels, Um Bongo and Monster Munch, but what does the perfect primary school pack-up look like?

Loughborough University's Dr Clare Holley, an expert in healthy eating behaviour in young children, has assembled the ingredients and amounts needed to give youngsters the correct amount of nutrition for their scholastic meals.

The perfect packed lunch, according to Dr Holley, includes a portion of all the main food groups – carbohydrates, dairy, fats and sugars, fruit and vegetables and protein.

And the portion sizes can be judged by using the size of a child's palm as one serving.

She said: "The best kind of packed lunch will be balanced between the main food groups.

"You need carbohydrates for energy.

"Dairy for calcium – which helps with strong teeth and bones.

"Fruit and vegetables for vitamins and minerals for a healthy body.

"Low sugar, low salt and low saturated fat to protect teeth, heart and other health. Consider healthy alternative snacks like breadsticks and nuts.

"And finally, milk, water or diluted fruit juice make the best drinks. Avoid fizzy drinks or flavoured waters as they may contain substantial amounts of sugar or be acidic which can lead to tooth decay." Dr Emma Haycraft, an expert in children's eating behaviours, also recommended using dividers to help keep the foods and flavours separate and reduce waste from unnecessary packaging.

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“I got hungry because I was smelling the other food,” he said. “I had to take my eyes away from it. The most unfair thing is the government knows families are going through hard times but they decide not to do anything about it.”

Questions

<p>Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes</p> <p>Using source B shade the boxes of the four true statements.</p>	<p>Q2 – 8 marks – 10 minutes</p> <p>Write a summary of the differences between the children’s behaviour in each source.</p>
i) The children were asked who should help the poor	
j) The man from the UN visited a school in London	
k) A million people in Scotland live in relative poverty	<p>Q3 – 12 marks – 15 minutes</p> <p>In source A how does the writer use language to describe the district the children live in?</p>
l) The children were asked what they liked about school.	
m) Poor people in Scotland have a lower life expectancy	
n) The young child John who wrote his answer is 13	<p>Q4- 16 marks – 20 minutes</p> <p>Compare how the writers convey their feelings and attitudes towards children in poverty.</p>
o) This was the first place the man from the UN visited	
p) John’s family have relied on food banks in the past	