

Year 10 Home Learning Language Paper 1 Booklet

Activities by Miss Linden

Week One

Complete Language Paper 1 Question 1 and 2 in the booklet. [Pages 1-5](#).

- Use the link to the Mr Bruff YouTube video on Question 1 and 2 to help you with this week's learning - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rk8sW_2Wr08

Week Two

Complete Language Paper 1, Question 3 revision in the booklet - [Pages 6-13](#)

- Use the link to the Mr Bruff YouTube video on Question 3 to help you with this week's learning - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YJy2B6hrB-o&list=UUM2vdqz-7e4HAuzhpFuRY8w&index=6>

Week Three

Complete Language Paper 1, Question 4 revision in the booklet - [Pages 14-20](#)

- Use the link to the Mr Bruff YouTube video on Question 3 and 4 to help you with this week's learning - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ebyXnZyBz9g&list=UUM2vdqz-7e4HAuzhpFuRY8w&index=5>

Week Four

Complete Language Paper 1, Question 5 Revision in the booklet. [Pages 21-31](#)

Use the link to the Mr Bruff YouTube videos on Question 5 to help you with this week's learning - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s4m7YCHTmg8/> / <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3-dH9vKdDP0>

Where do you complete the work?

Complete all work in your Language GCSE exercise book.

- If you would like your teacher to mark one piece of work following your weekly tasks, please email a picture to your teacher and wait for their feedback.

You are expected to email a completed question to your teacher once every two weeks.

Guidance

Where a subheading is in **black**, it is important that you **get the relevant information into your books**. It will either be new knowledge or a knowledge recap.

Where a subheading is in **red**, it is important that **you try the tasks and activities** stated in the booklet.

Help:

Remember to **use GCSE Pod** to find the pods that are relevant to your weekly learning. **Links to relevant Pod areas:**

Q1-4 <https://members.gcsepod.com/shared/podcasts/title/13449>

Q5 <https://members.gcsepod.com/shared/podcasts/title/11410>

Q5 – SpaG <https://members.gcsepod.com/shared/podcasts/title/10297>

Email your teacher if you would like any further support, or send a message to the SWAEnglish Instagram account.

Question 1

Read lines 1-X. **List** four things about... (depends on the extract)

4 marks

AO1

5 minutes maximum.

What to do when reading:

1. Draw a line under the last line you have to focus on
2. Write "Q1" in the margin, next to the section you have to focus on.

What to do when writing:

1. Write four explicit, simple points
2. Use the wording of the question to help you remain focused
3. Only focus on the lines stated in the question
4. Write four different ideas – with one on each line
5. Do not over-complicate it by reading between the lines or making inferences – keep it simple and get it done quickly!

Make sense of the information above by selecting the four true statements below:

- A. You must write all four ideas on one line
- B. You must focus on a specific part of the text
- C. The question will try to trick you
- D. You use simple sentences to respond
- E. The question is worth 4 marks
- F. You have a lot of time to spend on this question
- G. You should spend 5 minutes maximum on the question

Have a go using the 'What to do' above:

1. List four reasons why it's a sin to kill a mockingbird, according to Miss Maulie:

Atticus said to Jem one day, "I'd rather you shot at tin cans in the backyard but I know you'll go after birds. Shoot all the blue jays you want, if you can hit 'em, but remember it's a sin to kill a mockingbird."

That was the only time I ever heard Atticus say it was a sin to do something and I asked Miss Maudie about it.

"Your father's right," she said. "Mockingbirds don't do one thing except make music for us to enjoy. They don't eat up people's gardens, don't nest in corn cribs, they don't do one thing but sing their hearts out for us. That's why it's a sin to kill a mockingbird."

– To Kill A Mockingbird by Harper Lee

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

1. List four things we learn about LuLing Liu Young from this part of the text:

My name is LuLing Liu Young. The names of my husbands were Pan Kai Jing and Edwin Young, both of them dead and our secrets gone with them. In my looking glass, I am reminded of my age: Time has drawn lines upon my face, her careless fingers leaving my pale lips wrinkled and creased. My Precious Aunt is Ai Yang Young. She was born in a Water Dragon Year and I in a Fire Dragon Year. So we are the same but for opposite reasons. I know all this, yet there is one name I cannot remember. It is there in the oldest layer of my memory, and I cannot dig it out. A hundred times I have gone over that morning when Precious Auntie wrote it down. I was only six then, but very smart. I could count. I could read. I had a memory for everything, and here is my memory of that dark winter morning.

– The Bonesetter's Daughter

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

1. List four things we learn about Boxer from this part of the text:

For the next two days Boxer remained in his stall. The pigs had sent out a large bottle of pink medicine which they had found in the medicine chest in the bathroom, and Clover administered it to Boxer twice a day after meals. In the evenings she lay in his stall and talked to him, while Benjamin kept the flies off him. Boxer professed not to be sorry for what had happened. If he made a good recovery, he might expect to live another three years, and he looked forward to the peaceful days that he would spend in the corner of the big pasture. It would be the first time that he had had leisure to study and improve his mind. He intended, he said, to devote the rest of his life to learning the remaining twenty-two letters of the alphabet.

– Animal Farm

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

Question 2

Look in detail at this extract (in the box). How does the writer use **language** to...
[create a certain effect]?

8 marks

AO2

10 minutes

What to do when reading:

1. Highlight the key words in the question
2. Avoid technique spotting! Only highlight relevant quotations that will allow you to explore the focus of the question
3. Circle the most important words in creating the effect stated in the question
4. Annotate (make notes around) your highlighted parts and circled words with the effective language techniques (e.g. simile, metaphor, personification, repetition, symbolism...) and your ideas.

Worked Planning Model:

How does the writer use **language** to describe **Scrooge** in this extract?

You could write about:

- words and phrases
- language techniques
- sentence structure (You don't have to write about this final bullet point – but you must write about the first two!)

listing of verbs = avarice

Noun – something valuable inside? Not all bad

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait, made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head and on his eyebrows and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

similes

Winter imagery – Indifference?

– A Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens

What to do when writing:

1. Do not write an introduction – this is not an essay.
2. Start each paragraph with a clear topic sentence (the '**What?**' part) which answers the question. However, be specific – don't keep repeating the phrase from the question as it is deliberately broad and open for you to narrow the focus onto three different aspects.
3. Next is the '**How?**' part: support your topic sentence with evidence from the extract. You might have more than one piece of evidence. If you do, you can write about more than one quotation by 'clustering' the two quotations together.
4. Finally, don't forget the important '**Why?**' part: explain the effects of your evidence, language techniques and important words, ensuring your comments all answer the question.
5. Aim to write up your three short, concise paragraphs you planned.

Model paragraph:

While Dickens emphasises Scrooge's isolation, he also hints at the underlying reason behind it: his hard-heartedness which causes his estrangement. Through his unusual simile, "solitary as an oyster", Dickens' choice of comparison, an 'oyster', presents him as a person who does not open up easily emotionally, in the way that an oyster has to be prised open. However, while an oyster might contain a pearl, Dickens perhaps implies that Scrooge may have some good within him, despite his hard exterior.

Have a go using the 'What to do' above:**1. How does the writer use language to describe the female vampires in Count Dracula's castle in this extract?**

You could write about:

- words and phrases
- language techniques
- sentence structure

In the moonlight opposite me were three young women, ladies by their dress and manner. I thought at the time that I must be dreaming when I saw them, for, though the moonlight was behind them, they threw no shadow on the floor. They came close to me and looked at me for some time and then whispered together. Two were dark and had high aquiline (hooked) noses, like the Count, and great dark, piercing eyes that seemed to be almost red when contrasted with the pale, yellow moon. The other was fair, as fair as can be, with great wavy masses of golden hair and eyes like pale sapphires. All three had brilliant white teeth that shone like pearls against the ruby of their voluptuous (well-formed) lips. There was something about them that made me uneasy, some longing and at the same time some deadly fear.

– *Dracula* by Bram Stoker

2. How does the writer use language to describe the Precious Auntie in this extract?

You could write about:

- words and phrases
- language techniques
- sentence structure

Precious Auntie had no voice, just hellish gasps and wheezes. The snorts of a ragged wind. Her words were like rasping whispers echoing in a cave- hollow and lost. The words that formed in her mind had been stolen by the time they reached her lips. She told me things with grimaces and groans, dancing eyebrows and darting eyes. She wrote about the world on my carry-around chalkboard. She also made pictures with her blackened hands: hand-talk, face-talk, and chalk-talk were the languages I grew up with, soundless and strong. She had a sweet-peach forehead, wide-set eyes, full cheeks tapering to a small plump nose. That was the top of her face. Then there was the bottom. 'Seeing her, even a demon would leap out of his skin,' I once heard Mother remark. When I was small, I liked to trace my fingers around Precious Auntie's mouth. It was a puzzle. Half was bumpy, half was smooth and melted closed. The inside of her right cheek was as stiff as leather, the left was moist and soft. Where the gums had burned, the black teeth had fallen out. And her tongue was a parched and stunted root. She could not taste the pleasures of life: salty and bitter, sour and sharp, spicy, sweet, and fat.

2. How does the writer use language to describe the effects of the sinking ship in this extract?

You could write about:

- words and phrases
- language techniques
- sentence structure

As the ship staggered and tipped, a great volume of water flowed in over the submerged bows and tossed me like a cork to the roof. I filled my lungs with air and fixed my eyes on the blurred horizon, determined to hang on until I was sure I could float free rather than be swilled back and forth in a maelstrom. I knew the ship was now my enemy and if I wasn't vigilant, would drag me with her to the grave. I waited for the next slithering dip and when it came and the waves rushed in and swept me higher, I released my grip and let myself be carried away, over the tangle of ropes and wires and davits, clear of the rails and out into the darkness. I heard the angry roaring of the dying ship, the deafening cacophony as she stood on end and all her guts tore loose. I choked on soot and cringed beneath the sparks, dancing like fire-flies as the forward funnel broke and smashed the sea in two. I thought I saw Hopper's face but one eye was ripped away and he gobbled like a fish on a hook. I was sucked under.

Question 3

Think about the whole text. This text is from the start/middle/end of a novel/chapter/story. How has the writer **structured** the text to interest you as a reader?

8 marks

AO2

10 minutes.

What to do when reading:

1. Highlight the key words in the question
2. Keep thinking about where things are happening and why that is important or interesting for a reader
3. Highlight 3 important quotations – one from the beginning, middle and end – that create 'interest' – a vague word which depends on the extract
4. Pay attention to the bullet points under the question – focus, develops and changes - as well as the structural devices of **narrative shifts** (where the focus changes), **narrative perspective** (from whose point of view the story is told), **zooms** (movement into close detail and wider detail)
5. Annotate (make notes around) your highlighted parts with the effective structural devices and your ideas

Worked Planning Model:

3. Think about the whole text.

This is from the end 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 of the source
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you

The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once — once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily (happily), to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, **the heart beat on with a muffled sound**. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. Eventually, it ceased (stopped). The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment (hiding) of the body. The night

waned, and I worked hastily (quickly), but in silence. **First of all, I dismembered the corpse.** I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber and deposited all. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out — no stain of any kind, no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all! **Ha! Ha!**

narrative shift

When I had made an end of these labours, it was four o'clock — still dark ^{as} midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a **knocking at the street door.** I went down to open it with a light heart — for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves as officers of the **police.** A shriek had been heard by a neighbour during the night, suspicion of foul play had been raised, information had been lodged at the police office and they, the officers, had been sent to search the premises.

I smiled — for what had I to fear? I welcomed the gentlemen. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I instructed them to search — search well. I led them to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues (tiredness), while I myself, in the wild audacity (confidence) of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which lay the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, before long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached and I fancied there was a ringing in my ears but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct (clear). I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling but it continued and gained definiteness — until, eventually, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale but I talked more fluently (smoothly) and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased — and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound — much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath — and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly — more vehemently (passionately) — but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men, but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what could I do? I foamed, I raved, I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting and grated it upon the boards but the noise arose over all and continually increased. **It grew louder, louder, louder!** And still the men chatted pleasantly and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! — no, no! They heard! They suspected! They knew! They were making a mockery of my horror! This I thought and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable (bearable) than this mockery! I felt that I must scream or die! And now — again! — **louder! Louder! Louder! Louder!**

“Villains!” I shrieked, “pretend no more! I admit the deed! Tear up the planks! Here, here! It is the **beating of his hideous heart!**”

motif 

– ‘The Tell-Tale Heart’ by Edgar Allan Poe

What? (topic sentence)	How? (evidence)	Why? (effects)
first-person narrative perspective present an unhinged persona	“If you still think me mad” “First of all, I dismembered the corpse”	unreliable narrator matter-of-fact response to murder = unnerving
narrative shift from the murder scene to the police	“knocking at the street door” “officers of the police”	tension in contrast to his matter-of-fact narration of events
motif of the beating heart	“the heart beat on with a muffled sound” “beating of his hideous heart”	represents his hallucinations/delusional behaviour

What to do when writing:

1. Do not write an introduction – this is not an essay.
2. Start each paragraph with a clear topic sentence (the ‘**What?**’ part) which answers the question. However, be specific – don’t keep repeating the phrase “One way the writer creates interest” from the question as it is deliberately broad and open for you to narrow the focus onto three different aspects.
3. Next is the ‘**How?**’ part: support your topic sentence with evidence from the extract.
4. Finally, don’t forget the important ‘**Why?**’ part: explain the effects of your evidence and structural devices, ensuring your comments all answer the question.
5. Aim to write up your three short, concise paragraphs you planned.

Model paragraph:

The story begins and ends with the focus on the heartbeat. In the exposition, the heartbeat was a ‘muffled sound’ and at the end it zooms in on it as it ‘grew louder, louder.’ The reoccurring motif at the beginning and end creates a cyclical narrative that follows the guilt and psychological decline of the narrator following his decision to murder someone. This mirrors the way the narrator is trapped in that moment in time and will be unable to escape his actions. It also offers a sense of relief for the reader as we know that narrator is going to be punished for his murderous actions, whereas earlier on we were made to question whether the unhinged narrator’s actions would be discovered.

Can you select another structural point from the Worked Planning Model to write about?

Have a go using the 'What to do' above:

3. Think about the whole text.

This is from the start 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 of the source
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin (parasitic insect). He lay on his armour-like back and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked.

What's happened to me? he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table – Samsa was a travelling salesman – and above it there hung a picture that he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame. It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright, raising a heavy fur muff that covered the whole of her lower arm towards the viewer.

Gregor then turned to look out the window at the dull weather. Drops of rain could be heard hitting the pane, which made him feel quite sad. How about if I sleep a little bit longer and forget all this nonsense, he thought, but that was something he was unable to do because he was used to sleeping on his right and in his present state couldn't get into that position. However hard he threw himself onto his right, he always rolled back to where he was. He must have tried it a hundred times, shut his eyes so that he wouldn't have to look at the floundering legs and only stopped when he began to feel a mild, dull pain there that he had never felt before.

Oh, God, he thought, what a strenuous (active) career it is that I've chosen! Travelling day in and day out. Doing business like this takes much more effort than doing your own business at home and on top of that there's the curse of travelling, worries about making train connections, bad and irregular food, contact with different people all the time so that you can never get to know anyone or become friendly with them. It can all go to Hell! He felt a slight itch up on his belly, pushed himself slowly up on his back towards the headboard so that he could lift his head better, found where the itch was and saw that it was covered with lots of little white spots which he didn't know what to make of and when he tried to feel the place with one of his legs he drew it quickly back because as soon as he touched it he was overcome by a cold shudder.

He slid back into his former position. Getting up early all the time, he thought, it makes you stupid. You've got to get enough sleep. Other travelling salesmen live a life of luxury. For instance, whenever I go back to the guest house during the

morning to copy out the contract, these gentlemen are always still sitting there eating their breakfasts. I ought to just try that with my boss; I'd get kicked out on the spot. But who knows, maybe that would be the best thing for me. If I didn't have my parents to think about I'd have given in my notice a long time ago, I'd have gone up to the boss and told him just what I think, tell him everything I would, let him know just what I feel. He'd fall right off his desk! And it's a funny sort of business to be sitting up there at your desk, talking down at your subordinates from up there, especially when you have to go right up close because the boss is hard of hearing. Well, there's still some hope. Once I've got the money together to pay off my parents' debt to him – another five or six years, I suppose – that's definitely what I'll do. That's when I'll make the big change. First of all though, I've got to get up, my train leaves at five.

– *Metamorphosis* by Franz Kafka

3. Think about the whole text.

This is from the start 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 of the source
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you

The boat moved with a nauseous, relentless rhythm, like someone chewing on a rotten tooth. The islands just visible through the mist also looked like teeth, Faith decided. Not fine, clean Dover teeth, but jaded, broken teeth, jutting crookedly amid the wash of the choppy grey sea. The mailboat chugged its dogged way through the waves, greasing the sky with smoke.

'Osprey' said Faith through chattering teeth, and pointed.

Her six-year-old brother Howard twisted round, too slow to see the great bird, as its pale body and dark-fringed wings vanished into the mist. Faith winced as he shifted his weight on her lap. At least he had stopped demanding his nursemaid.

'Is that where we are going?' Howard squinted at the ghostly islands ahead.

'Yes, How.' Rain thudded against the thin wooden roof above their heads. The cold wind blew in from the deck, stinging Faith's face.

In spite of the noise around her, Faith was sure that she could hear faint sounds coming from the crate on which she sat. Rasps of movement, breathy slithers of scale on scale. It pained Faith to think of her father's little Chinese snake inside, weak with the cold, coiling and uncoiling itself in panic with every tilt of the deck.

Behind her, raised voices competed with the keening of the gulls and the phud-phud-phud of the boat's great paddles. Now that the rain was setting in, everybody on board was squabbling over the small sheltered area towards the stern. There was room for the passengers, but not for all of the trunks. Faith's mother Myrtle was doing her best to claim a large share for her family's luggage, with considerable success.

Sneaking a quick glance over her shoulder. Faith saw Myrtle waving her arms like a conductor while two deckhands moved the Sunderly trunks and crates into place. Today Myrtle was waxen with tiredness and shrouded to the chin with shawls, but as usual she talked through and over everybody else, warm, bland and unabashed, with a pretty woman's faith in others' helpless chivalry.

'Thank you, there, right there - well, I am heartily sorry to hear that, but it cannot be helped - on its side, if you do not mind - well, your case looks very durable to me - I am afraid my husband's papers and projects will not endure the weather so - the Reverend Erasmus Sunderly, the renowned naturalist - how very kind! I am so glad that you do not mind . . .'

Beyond her, round-faced Uncle Miles was napping in his seat, blithely and easily as a puppy on a rug. Faith's gaze slipped past him, to the tall, silent figure beyond. Faith's father in his black priestly coat, his broad-brimmed hat overshadowing his high-brow and hooked nose.

He always filled Faith with awe. Even now he stared out towards the grey horizons with his unyielding basilisk stare, distancing himself from the chilly downpour, the reek of bilge and coal- smoke and the ignominious arguing and jostling. Most weeks she saw more of him in the pulpit than she did in the house, so it was peculiar to look across and see him sitting there. Today she felt a prickle of pained sympathy. He was out of his element, a lion in a rain-lashed sideshow.

On Myrtle's orders, Faith was sitting on the family's largest crate, to stop anybody dragging it out again. Usually she managed to fade into the background, since nobody had attention to spare for a fourteen-year-old girl with wooden features and a mud-brown plait. Now she winced under resentful glares, seared by all the embarrassment that Myrtle never felt.

– The Lie Tree by Frances Hardinge

3. Think about the whole text.

This is from the start 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 of the source
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you

My name is LuLing Liu Young. The names of my husbands were Pan Kai Jing and Edwin Young, both of them dead and our secrets gone with them. In my looking glass, I am reminded of my age: Time has drawn lines upon my face, her careless fingers leaving my pale lips wrinkled and creased. My Precious Aunt is Ai Yang Young. She was born in a Water Dragon Year and I in a Fire Dragon Year. So we are the same but for opposite reasons. I know all this, yet there is one name I cannot remember. It is there in the oldest layer of my memory, and I cannot dig it out. A hundred times I have gone over that morning when Precious Auntie wrote it down. I

was only six then, but very smart. I could count. I could read. I had a memory for everything, and here is my memory of that dark winter morning.

I was sleepy, still lying in the inky darkness on the cold brick bed I shared with Precious Auntie. I felt my shoulder being shaken. When I opened my eyes, Precious Auntie began to write on a scrap of paper, then showed me what she had written. 'I can't see,' I complained. 'It's too dark.' She huffed, set the paper on the low cupboard, and motioned that I should get up.

Precious Auntie had no voice, just hellish gasps and wheezes. The snorts of a ragged wind. Her words were like rasping whispers echoing in a cave- hollow and lost. The words that formed in her mind had been stolen by the time they reached her lips. She told me things with grimaces and groans, dancing eyebrows and darting eyes. She wrote about the world on my carry-around chalkboard. She also made pictures with her blackened hands: hand-talk, face-talk, and chalk-talk were the languages

I grew up with, soundless and strong. She had a sweet-peach forehead, wide-set eyes, full cheeks tapering to a small plump nose. That was the top of her face. Then there was the bottom. 'Seeing her, even a demon would leap out of his skin,' I once heard Mother remark. When I was small, I liked to trace my fingers around Precious Auntie's mouth. It was a puzzle. Half was bumpy, half was smooth and melted closed. The inside of her right cheek was as stiff as leather, the left was moist and soft. Where the gums had burned, the black teeth had fallen out. And her tongue was a parched and stunted root. She could not taste the pleasures of life: salty and bitter, sour and sharp, spicy, sweet, and fat.

No one else understood Precious Auntie's kind of talk, so I had to say aloud what she meant. Not everything, though, not our secret stories. 'Tell me again,' I said that morning, wishing for a story about how she burned her face and became my nursemaid.

I was a fire eater, she said with her hands and eyes. One day, however, I ate the fire, and the fire came back, and it ate me. After that, I decided not to be a fire eater anymore, so I became your nursemaid instead.

We hurried to our ancestral hall. At the threshold, Precious Auntie gave me a warning look. Act humble. Take off your shoes. In my stockings, I stepped into the velvety darkness onto cold gray tiles. Instantly, my feet were stabbed with an iciness that ran up my legs, through my body, and dripped out my nose. I began to shake.

Auntie lighted several joss sticks. She blew on them until they began to smolder. Soon more smoke rose- a jumble of our breath, our offerings, and hazy clouds in the darkness: ghosts trying to yank me down to wander with them in the World of Spirits. Precious Auntie once told me that a body grows cold when it is dead. And since I was chilled to the bone that morning, I was afraid.

After I stopped crying, Precious Auntie lighted more Joss sticks, went back to the threshold and picked up one of her shoes. I can still see it- the dusty blue cloth, the black piping, the tiny embroidery of an extra leaf where she had repaired the hole. I thought she was going to burn her shoe as a send-away gift to the dead. Instead, from the shoe's lining, she took out the scrap of paper with the writing she had showed me earlier. She nodded toward me and said with her hands: *My family*

name, the name of all the bonesetters. She put the paper name in front of my face again and said, *Never forget this name.* We bowed and rose, bowed and rose. Each time my head bobbed up, I looked at that name. And the name was-

Why can't I see it now? I've pushed a hundred family names through my mouth, and none comes back with the belch of memory. Was the name uncommon? Did I lose it because I kept it a secret too long?

Precious Auntie, what is our name? Come help me remember.

- *The Bonesetter's Daughter* by Amy Tan

Question 4

Focus on the second part of the text, from line X to the end. A student said... To what extent do you agree? (the **evaluation** question)

20 marks

AO4

25 minutes.

What to do when reading:

1. Draw a line above the first line you must focus on.
2. Write "Q4" in the margin.
3. Highlight the key words in the question. Remember there's often two key phrases to address!
4. Highlight important quotations in creating the effect stated in the question.
5. Circle the most important words in creating the effect stated in the question.
6. Annotate (make notes around) your highlighted parts and circled words with the effective language techniques *and* structural devices – you can write about both for this question – and your ideas.

Worked Planning Model:

4. Focus on the second part of the text, from **line 21 to the end**.

A student said, "Miss Havisham incites feelings of **pity** rather than **fear**, as a result of being jilted (left by her would-be husband) on her wedding day."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of Miss Havisham
- evaluate how the writer presents her
- support your response with references to the text

This was very uncomfortable and I was half afraid. However, the only thing to be done being to knock at the door, I knocked and was told from within to enter. I entered, therefore, and found myself in a pretty large room, well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was of forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilded looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing-table.

Whether I should have made out this object so soon if there had been no fine lady sitting at it, I cannot say. In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen or shall ever see.

She was dressed in rich materials — satins and lace and silks — all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair and she had bridal flowers in her hair but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on

her neck and on her hands and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on — the other was on the table near her hand — her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets and with her handkerchief and gloves and some flowers and a prayer book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

Q4

It was not in the first few moments that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first moments than might be supposed. But I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white had been white long ago and had lost its lustre (sheen, shine) and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had **withered (wasted away) like the dress and like the flowers** and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman and that the figure upon which it now hung loose had shrunk to **skin and bone**. Once, I had been taken to see some ghastly waxwork at the fair, representing I know not what person. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, **waxwork and skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me**. I should have cried out, if I could.

Simile – fragile/vulnerable – once was beautiful. Feels near to death? Mourning

“Who is it?” said the lady at the table.

“Pip, ma'am.”

“Pip?”

“Mr. Pumblechook's boy, ma'am. Come — to play.”

“Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close.”

Emaciated? Lifelessness of her existence? May incite fear initially

Deranged? Attempt to control? Refusal to let go of the past?

It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects in detail and saw that her **watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine** and that a **clock in the room had stopped at twenty minutes to nine**.

“Look at me,” said Miss Havisham. “You are not afraid of a woman who has **never seen the sun since you were born?**”

I regret to state that I was not afraid of telling the enormous lie comprehended in the answer “No.”

“Do you know what I touch here?” she said, laying her hands, one upon the other, on her left side.

“Yes, ma'am.”

“What do I touch?”

“Your heart.”

“**Broken!**”

Dialogue – never going to be the same again. Her life has been shattered.

She uttered the word with an eager look and with strong emphasis and with a weird smile that had a kind of boast in it. Afterwards she kept her hands there for a little while and slowly took them away as if they were heavy.

“I am tired,” said Miss Havisham. “I want diversion (change) and I have **done with men and women**. Play.”

– *Great Expectations* by Charles Dickens

Can you select another piece of from the Worked Planning Model to write evaluate the statement above?

What to do when writing:

1. Rather than writing a lengthy introduction, outline your line of argument (opinion on the statement) in your first paragraph (the '**What?**' part).
2. Next is the '**How?**' part: support your topic sentence with evidence from the extract. You might have more than one piece of evidence. If you do, you can write about more than one quotation by 'clustering' the two quotations together.
3. Finally, don't forget the important '**Why?**' part: explain the effects of your evidence, language techniques, structural devices and important words, ensuring your comments all answer the question.
4. Your successive paragraphs do not need to repeat 'to what extent you agree,' just get straight into your evaluation. Try to use synonyms of the words in the question to avoid repetition.
5. Aim to write four-five paragraphs.
6. Use evaluative adverbs throughout to strengthen your response: cleverly, successfully, consciously, effectively...

Model paragraph:

Even though the initial gothic description of Miss Havisham might incite fear, especially when the narrative perspective is considered – told from a child's point of view – Dickens effectively goes on to reveal a vulnerability in her character which does create pity. She is said to be "withered ... like the flowers" in a simile that exposes her fragility. Having close connotations to a flower, this hints at her previous beauty and bloom that has now been destroyed by her being jilted. Furthermore, the adjective 'withered' highlights the lack of hope and protection in her life, as flowers only wither when they do not receive the correct care.

Have a go using the 'What to do' above:

- 4. Focus on the second part of the text, from line 25 to the end.**

A student having read this part of the text said, "The red-room Jane is locked in is nothing but terrifying!"

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of the red-room
- evaluate how the writer presents it
- support your response with references to the text

Bessie answered and addressing me, she said, "You ought to be aware, Miss, that you are under obligations to Mrs. Reed: she keeps you. If she were to turn you out, you would have to go to the poorhouse."

I had nothing to say to these words: they were not new to me: my very first recollections of existence included hints of the same kind. This criticism of my dependence had become a vague sing-song in my ear: very painful and crushing but only half intelligible (clear to hear). Miss Abbot joined in:

“And you ought not to think yourself on an equality with the Misses Reed and Master Reed because Missis kindly allows you to be brought up with them. They will have a great deal of money and you will have none. It is your

“What we tell you is for your good,” added Bessie, in no harsh voice, “you should try to be useful and pleasant then, perhaps, you would have a home here but, if you become passionate and rude, Missis will send you away, I am sure.”

“Besides,” said Miss Abbot, “God will punish her: He might strike her dead in the midst of her tantrums, and then where would she go? Come, Bessie, we will leave her. Say your prayers, Miss Eyre, when you are by yourself; for if you don't repent (ask for forgiveness), something bad might be permitted to come down the chimney and fetch you away.”

They went, shutting the door, and locking it behind them.

Q4

The red-room was a square chamber, very seldom slept in – I might say never, indeed, unless when a chance arrival of visitors at Gateshead Hall made it necessary to turn to all the accommodation it contained. Yet it was one of the largest and stateliest chambers in the mansion. A bed supported on massive pillars of mahogany, hung with curtains of deep red damask (kind of fabric), stood out like a tabernacle (place for worship) in the centre; the two large windows, with their blinds always drawn down, were half shrouded in festoons (drapes) and falls of similar drapery; the carpet was red; the table at the foot of the bed was covered with a crimson (dark red) cloth; the walls were a soft fawn (beige) colour with a blush of pink in it; the wardrobe, the toilet-table, the chairs were of darkly polished old mahogany. Out of these deep surrounding shades, rose high and glared white, the piled-up mattresses and pillows of the bed, spread with a snowy duvet. Scarcely less prominent was an ample cushioned chair near the head of the bed, also white, with a footstool before it and looking, as I thought, like a throne.

This room was chill because it seldom had a fire; it was silent because remote (far away) from the nursery and kitchen; solemn (serious) because it was known to be so seldom (rarely) entered. The house-maid alone came here on Saturdays, to wipe from the mirrors and the furniture a week's quiet dust, and Mrs. Reed herself, at far intervals, visited it to review the contents of a certain secret drawer in the wardrobe, where were stored her jewel-casket and a miniature photograph of her deceased (dead) husband and in those last words lies the secret of the red-room — the spell which kept it so lonely in spite of its grandeur (magnificence).

Mr. Reed had been dead nine years: it was in this chamber he breathed his last; here he lay, hence his coffin was borne by the undertaker's men, and, since that day, a sense of dreary consecration (dedication) had guarded it from frequent intrusion (disturbance).

– *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Brontë

4. Focus on the second part of the text, from line 20 to the end.

A student said having read this part of the text said, "The writer brings the horror of the creature's appearance to life for the reader. It is disturbing."

To what extent do you agree?

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

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

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

Q4 A big greyish rounded bulk, the size, perhaps, of a bear, was rising slowly and painfully out of the cylinder. As it bulged up and caught the light, it glistened like wet leather.

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

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

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

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

4. Focus on the second part of the text, from line 32 to the end.

4.A student said having read this part of the text said, "I like the way the writer creates a contrast between the characters of Faith, her father and Myrtle."

To what extent do you agree?

The boat moved with a nauseous, relentless rhythm, like someone chewing on a rotten tooth. The islands just visible through the mist also looked like teeth, Faith decided. Not fine, clean Dover teeth, but jaded, broken teeth, jutting crookedly amid the wash of the choppy grey sea. The mailboat chugged its dogged way through the waves, greasing the sky with smoke.

'Osprey' said Faith through chattering teeth, and pointed.

Her six-year-old brother Howard twisted round, too slow to see the great bird, as its pale body and dark-fringed wings vanished into the mist. Faith winced as he shifted his weight on her lap. At least he had stopped demanding his nursemaid.

'Is that where we are going?' Howard squinted at the ghostly islands ahead.

'Yes, How.' Rain thudded against the thin wooden roof above their heads. The cold wind blew in from the deck, stinging Faith's face.

In spite of the noise around her, Faith was sure that she could hear faint sounds coming from the crate on which she sat. Rasps of movement, breathy slithers of scale on scale. It pained Faith to think of her father's little Chinese snake inside, weak with the cold, coiling and uncoiling itself in panic with every tilt of the deck.

Behind her, raised voices competed with the keening of the gulls and the phud-phud-phud of the boat's great paddles. Now that the rain was setting in, everybody on board was squabbling over the small sheltered area towards the stern. There was room for the passengers, but not for all of the trunks. Faith's mother Myrtle was doing her best to claim a large share for her family's luggage, with considerable success.

Sneaking a quick glance over her shoulder. Faith saw Myrtle waving her arms like a conductor while two deckhands moved the Sunderly trunks and crates into place. Today Myrtle was waxen with tiredness and shrouded to the chin with shawls, but as usual she talked through and over everybody else, warm, bland and unabashed, with a pretty woman's faith in others' helpless chivalry.

'Thank you, there, right there - well, I am heartily sorry to hear that, but it cannot be

helped - on its side, if you do not mind - well, your case looks very durable to me - I am afraid my husband's papers and projects will not endure the weather so - the Reverend Erasmus Sunderly, the renowned naturalist - how very kind! I am so glad that you do not mind . . .'

Q4

Beyond her, round-faced Uncle Miles was napping in his seat, blithely and easily as a puppy on a rug. Faith's gaze slipped past him, to the tall, silent figure beyond. Faith's father in his black priestly coat, his broad-brimmed hat overshadowing his high-brow and hooked nose.

He always filled Faith with awe. Even now he stared out towards the grey horizons with his unyielding basilisk stare, distancing himself from the chilly downpour, the reek of bilge and coal- smoke and the ignominious arguing and jostling. Most weeks she saw more of him in the pulpit than she did in the house, so it was peculiar to look across and see him sitting there. Today she felt a prickle of pained sympathy. He was out of his element, a lion in a rain-lashed sideshow.

On Myrtle s orders, Faith was sitting on the family's largest crate, to stop anybody dragging it out again. Usually she managed to fade into the background, since nobody had attention to spare for a fourteen-year-old girl with wooden features and a mud-brown plait. Now she winced under resentful glares, seared by all the embarrassment that Myrtle never felt.

Question 5

Write a description or a narrative.

40 marks (AO5 – 24 and AO6 – 16)

45 minutes (5 planning, 35 writing, 5 checking)

Example Question:

Section B: Writing

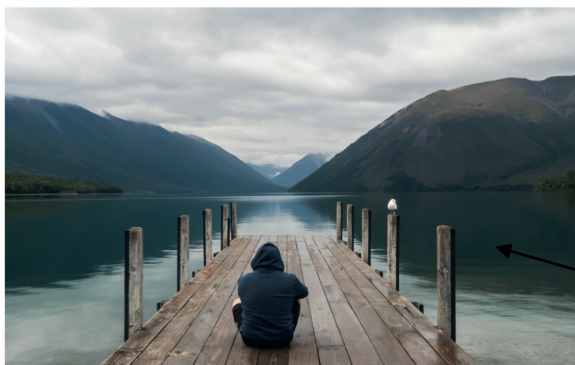
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5

An online competition for story writing is being held, and you have decided to enter.

Either

Write a story, set in a mountainous area, as suggested by this picture:



or

Write a story with the title 'Discovery'.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

The question will always provide you with two questions and you must choose **ONE**.

This question shows that you might not always get a choice of narrative or description. It could just be one or the other!

You will always get a picture to help you, and one question will always be focused on the image.

Mark Scheme Requirements:

AO5 (24 marks)

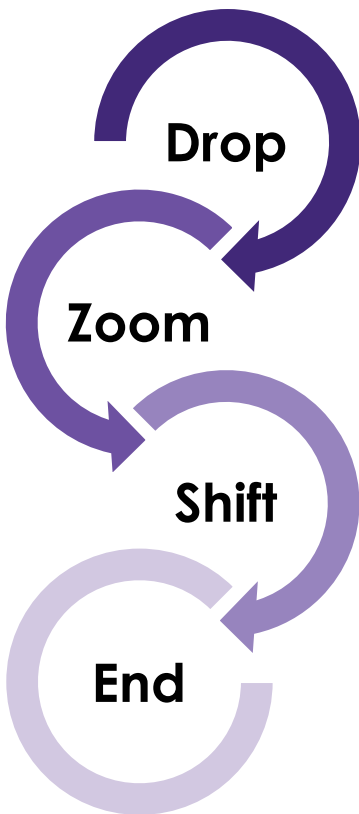
- Writing is clear and compelling for the targeted audience
- Writing matched to purpose
- Ambitious vocabulary and well-selected language techniques embedded into writing
- Inventive structural features
- Ideas are compelling and convincing
- Linked paragraphs with discourse markers

AO6 (16 marks)

- Grammatically correct sentences
- Accuracy and variety of punctuation
- Variety of sentence types
- Standard English and control over grammar
- Accurate spelling of all words, including ambitious vocabulary
-

Structuring your response:

- Use the structure below to help create a simple structure. The 'zoom' and 'shift' sections can be swapped around if that fits your response better.
- The four sections do not represent four individual paragraphs. Each section could be multiple paragraphs.



Drop:

- plunge in with something dramatic/ evocative/ shocking/ original
- Set the scene
- Medias res
- Introduce someone or something

Zoom:

- narrow the focus to something specific
- build the detail – show off your descriptive skills
- This could be a thought, a certain part of the picture, a person Etc.

Shift:

- go somewhere else
- place – change location
- time – flash-forward / flash-back
- person – switch character perspective

End:

- Resolution
- Cliff-hanger
- create an echo, include a reflection, mark a change/contrast

What to do when planning:

1. Plan around the image on your paper, or on the first few lines of your answer space
2. Briefly outline what is happening in your drop, shift, zoom and end
3. You must know what you are writing about: especially the end
4. You may write out some methods and punctuation marks to have as a reminder to include in your writing

Have a go at planning using the 'What to do' above:

- Remember that you should only be spending 5 minutes planning. Put your timer on and practice on the four images below.



EITHER

Write a description as suggested by this picture.

OR

Write a story that begins with the sentence: 'Walking past, they tried to ignore him, ignore the failings of humanity.'



EITHER

Write a description as suggested by this picture.

OR

Write the middle of story that describes an exciting and busy place that lots of people go.



EITHER

Write a description as suggested by this picture.

OR

Write the climactic point of a story that describes a disaster striking.



EITHER

Write a description as suggested by this picture.

OR

Write the beginning of a story where the excitement starts in the evening.

Model Response One:

Time: it always wins, defeats and outlasts.

Reluctantly, I edged myself closer to him, close enough that I could feel the warm bursts of wheezing breath caress my face. Without my eyes leaving his face, my hand glided over to his, our hands folding over like wings of a swan. One.

Silence. Was this silence one of peace or fear?

His eyes. Those eyes! Eyes which I once knew as fearless diamonds – even in the rough. Eyes which told his courageous story of fighting, war, his allegiance to our country. Instead, I felt as though I was staring into clear marble which greyed with an almost timed look. They looked like the eyes of a frightened animal. The folding of his lid falling over his grey iris like a curtain blocking out the light: concealing reality.

If he were prey, did he see me as predator?

My eyes climbed down the edges and curves of his face; a mosaic pattern etched with a meticulous care which could have only been carved by the sculptor of old age.

I used his nose as a bridge, using the crooked ridges as support to push myself up to his brows. Along the way, I took a fleeting glance at his eyes; I looked again but this time, much longer. A clear, almost burning white and grey veil of age fogged the ocean blue eyes I once knew. These eyes were strangers to me, but they were eyes that were no longer tainted by the savagery and blood of mankind. It was as though they had escaped into a paradise. Utopia. A place where angels fluttered in the sky and daffodils grew tall, as if they were worshipping the ethereal glow of the sun that baptised them in happiness.

Was he happy? If he was; I was. This happiness did not have to consist of me in his life. Tears fogged my vision but I scratched them away, perhaps with too much resentment as I pushed my eyes towards his face ... a face.

I sway along his brown hairs: white and stone grey vines that I used as lifelines to reach the summit of his forehead. I let out a squeal of laughter, the sound, almost a deafening shock to my system as I hadn't heard it for years. His brows were still trenches that dug into his forehead, just as thick and bushy as they were years ago. Of course, only now, they were different; they had been camouflaged by a dusted grey and silver. A ridiculous image of a discarded toothbrush with white bristled crept up in my mind; silly memories – enough to make me lose my balance – flooded my mind. It didn't take long for the sense of grief that flooded me to pop it. Why is it always too late when we reflect on what truly matters?

Just as I thought I had reached the summit: clouds of white and silver amidst a blameless blue, the hand which I had once held transformed into an iceberg of terror. His breath quickened, stopped and quickened. Pulse racing, his mouth an icy blue, his eyes beseeched a mercy from the scrutiny of my glare. I felt vulnerable. Cold. Isolated.

He edged himself away from me. Hastily, he took a step back, struggling his suffocating hand away from my grasp, he flung his whole body back like someone had just slapped him in the face.

Write a description of an old person as suggested by this picture:



or

Write a story about a time when things turned out unexpectedly.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

I felt a growing sense of obscenity fill my insides. On his every step, I felt my identity crumble. More than that, I felt like I had just lost my only companion in life.

The words. Those very three words that had suffocated me in my nightmares and tormented my sanity had been let out of his mouth like a prisoner let free from his cell: eager. I gulped. My legs numb, I struggled a step back.

As his wife of forty-six years, I never thought this day would come. The day when dementia had usurped my place in his life. It stole the only place that I belonged. 'Who are you?' he gasped. 'Stay away!'

Model Response Two:

As the man sat on the damp wood he began to glare at the expansions of the mountains forming a zig-zag, a delicate white bird caught his eye, it was resting on the wooden post, calmly stretching his satin soft wings and letting the soft Scotland breeze dance with his wonderful white feathers. It were as if he was an angel. The jagged peaks of the mountains are towering so high that they kissed the cascade of clouds as they devoured the blue in the sky. The fresh air whistled as it spoke of the picturesque landscape that had been carved by God himself. As the man was watching the clouds race each other like birds it felt like the world was going back in time.

As the tranquil waters sat still, the man could see a droplet of water diving through the soft air and into the lake, quietly disturbing the calmness of the scene, the microscopic waves as they expand along the lake.

The layers of damp grass bled into the mountains whilst the little white bird lifted his wings and took flight. When this happened, the man began to realise the true meaning of life, the meaning that no technology could ever give. He grasped the moment of peace and tranquillity and kept it in his heart and mind and didn't plan on letting it go.

The smell of damp grass wafted around the man's nose. He could smell the purity of this place and it felt like he discovered it. The peaceful chorus of the little birds filled the whole of the mountains it was echoing around the place. The beautiful mountains looked though as if they were painted by God because their beauty is unmatched, it showed so much divinity and peace and the man had quickly fell in love with the place.

The bird continued to fly and the unfurling of its wings seemed to reflect in its natural simplicity the sudden relief of all the man's stress and anxieties. It was as if all his troubles had taken flight with the beauty of the bird, a reminder of his own youth. How precious was freedom, he thought. The magnificence of the landscape, its purity, had the capability of cleansing souls.

The place was concealed from the world, it was waiting to be discovered by mankind and now the magic of it is found. Speckles of green could be observed from the mini-islands that were scattered along the vast landscape. The mute mountains spoke volumes of the beauty of the place. It was magical.

Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.

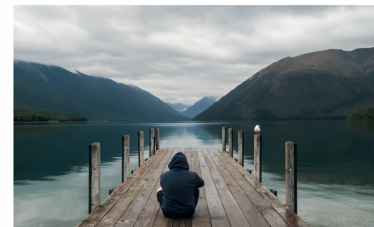
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 | 5

An online competition for story writing is being held, and you have decided to enter.

Either

Write a story, set in a mountainous area, as suggested by this picture:



or

Write a story with the title 'Discovery'.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

Model Response Three:

The waves crashed furiously against the jagged cliffs. They seemed to be intent upon hurling the great rocks into the depths of the sea. But the cliffs stood proud, defiant, as they had for countless millennia. They would not be shaken by the storm. They had withstood everything the sea could throw at them, year after year. No matter how violently the waves assaulted their solid bulk, they still stood faithfully, unmoved.



Nestled among the mighty rocks, there stood a lighthouse. In comparison to the awesome grandeur of the cliffs, it seemed a puny, insignificant thing. But like the cliffs, it stood faithfully; like the cliffs, it withstood the fury of the storm; like the cliffs, it was unmoved by anything the stormy sea could hurl in its direction. Its bright, confident light beamed regularly out to sea, warning ships to keep away from the dangerous rocks at its base.

Within the lighthouse, an old man sat, staring intently out of the window at the tempest. His wizened face was testament to many years of exposure to the worst that the natural world could throw at him. The deep lines in his skin were like the fissures in the mighty cliffs on which he gazed. The calm, stern expression on his face showed that, like them, he had survived many a storm, and expected to survive this one, sheltered as he was by the solid walls of the lighthouse that were sunk deep into the rocks.

The scene before the calm grey eyes of the old man brought back memories of when he had begun his career as a lighthouse keeper. In those days, long ago, he had recently married, and he missed his wife terribly during the stints he had to spend away from home. But he knew his duty. He worked faithfully and industriously, inspired by his love for his wife and their young son. He was determined to provide for them, to shelter them through all of life's storms. But there was one storm from which he could not shelter them: the storm of his wife's wayward passions. She had betrayed him during his absence. He had returned home to find the house empty, with not even a note of explanation. He had never seen his wife or son again.

A shower of hail rattling against the window recalled the old man back to the present. He continued to stare out of the window, taking deep satisfaction in the sight of the lighthouse's beam faithfully projecting out to sea. The emotional storm of times long past subsided, and he settled back into his habitual calm.

The waves crashed furiously against the cliffs, and the lighthouse stood firmly rooted in the rocks, a testament to human fidelity. Whatever happened, the old man would not abandon his post. It was all that remained to him, and he would cling to it until death.

Model Response Four:

The day is cold and overcast, and the dark grey sky looms endlessly above me. As I take my first step onto the rickety old pier the wood creaks and groans, like an elderly woman rising from her chair, joints popping and complaining. Once I am seated, the cold air settles around me. The atmosphere alongside the lake is clammy, and condensation beads upon the dried-out wooden planks of the walkway.

I am completely alone up here, I realise as the overwhelming sound of nothing envelops me. When I gaze down into the water of the lake my own reflection stares back at me, only slightly contorted by the light ripples: the day is calm, the air is still, and the weather although chill is surprisingly welcoming. The high peaks of the mountains loom ahead, barely meeting in the middle and creating a gateway for the valley beyond. I can see the trail of the lake as it heads up hill, only slightly obscured by the light mist that curls around the slopes of the mountains in the distance. When summer breaks through the veil of spring the slopes will be mottled yellow, pink and healthy green as the warmth encourages life back into the landscape. For now, everything is cast through a stale grey filter.

Suddenly, the peaceful silence is interrupted. The sound is small, but stark against the tranquility that my ears had grown accustomed to. There again, the noise surrounds me, bouncing off of the edges of the mountains and disorienting my senses. Again. Behind me this time. I whip around in search of the source, the sound growing louder to reveal a strange murmuring. My heart pounds in my chest as I try to level my breathing.

The sound is everywhere, growing louder and more frequent, and I try my best to convince myself it's nothing but I'm all alone, what if – a deafening screech echoes around the lake. My heart stops in my chest.

Earlier, I had eyed my pocket knife from its perch on my garage shelf. Why didn't I pick it up? I ask myself as the horrifying sound reverberates around the ravine. Just as I am preparing myself for defence ... a single gull lands to perch on the post in front of me. It looks me in the eye, tilts it's head as if considering me, and lets out a screeching call. Relief floods me, adrenaline coursing through my veins and warming me against the chill air. I laugh, standing to leave, and give the gull a courteous wave. Smiling and shaking my head at my own mistake, I head home.

Have a go at becoming the examiner using the 'Models' above:

The example responses above have been placed in the top band of the mark scheme. Read though them and make a note of all the things that have been consciously crafted in each. Use the mark scheme to help pick things out!

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

An online competition for story writing is being held, and you have decided to enter.

Either

Write a story, set in a mountainous area, as suggested by this picture:



or

Write a story with the title 'Discovery'.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

Varying Punctuation:

Semi-colon

- Used to separate items in a list in which each item is long and complicated
 - E.g. 'I did lots at the weekend: I went to the shops with my friends; I visited my aunt for Sunday lunch; I watched a lot of films'
- Used to join two main clauses that have a common subject
 - E.g. 'Ellie was a student at SWA; she was an extremely hard-working girl'

Colon

- Used to introduce a list
 - E.g. 'For lunch today I had: a cheese sandwich, a packet of crisps and an apple.'
- Used to add further explanation to a point previously made
 - E.g. 'Schools nowadays are much improved: corporal punishment is no longer, and teachers make lessons much more engaging.'

Parenthesis

- Used to add information that is not always essential to the sentence itself
 - E.g. 'SWA (Smith's Wood Academy) was founded in 2017'

Sentence forms:

Simple sentence – a sentence made up of one independent clause, including a subject and one verb

E.g. I went to the shop.

Compound sentence – a sentence made up of independent main clauses that have related ideas. They can be joined by a coordinating conjunction (for, and, nor, but, or, yet, so) or by a semicolon

E.g. I went to the shop and I purchased some beads.

Complex sentence – a sentence made up of one independent clause and at least one dependent clause. The words used to link the clauses are called subordinating conjunctions (although, because, before, even though, if, since, until, and when)

E.g. Although it was raining, I still went to the shop.

Fragment sentence – a sentence, grammatically incomplete, made up of a word or phrase

E.g. Alone.

Sentence starters:

Adverbial start

E.g. Clumsily, the boy tripped up the step.

Simile start

E.g. Like a discarded tissue, the man was completely forgotten.

Verb start (-ing or -ed)

E.g. Cowering, the helpless child tried to escape from reality.

Double adjective start

E.g. Dark and desolate, the city had been destroyed.

Time progression start

E.g. Then... Later... Previously...

Location start

E.g. Below... Next... Over... Above...

Have a go using the punctuation, sentence types and forms using the explanations above:

1. Write a sentence for each piece of punctuation and its uses
2. Write your own sentences using the different types
3. Write your own sentence using the different starter

Have a go at Question 5 using the 'What to do' above:

Q5) Either Write a description of a deserted place, as suggested by this picture:



Or Write a story about a life-changing incident.

Q5) Either Write a description, as suggested by this picture:



Or Write a story about an important memory.

Q5) Either Write a story about a forgotten place.



Or Write a story with the title 'Abandoned.'

Q5) Either Write a description as suggested by this picture:



Or Write a story about a time when you felt lost.

Q5) Either Write a description of a celebration, as suggested by this picture:



Or Write a story about a moment of great excitement.