

eduqas

English Language Component 1

DATE OF EXAM:

1 hour 45 minutes.

Name:

Class:

Teacher:

How should I use this guide?

The booklet is designed to **recap on key learning from your English lessons**, in order to ensure you achieve the best possible mark in your GCSE English Language Component 1 exam. It is organised into **sections to help you understand each of the questions** on the exam paper. **The aim of this revision booklet is to guide you through exactly how to answer each type of question.**

Once you've learnt the way to each question, have a go at some of the practice papers at the back. The more you practice, the better you will be.

It is recommended that you **start at the beginning** of the booklet and work your way through each of the sections. **Remember, this guide will only help you if you complete the past papers!**



You should ensure that you are regularly completing the practice tasks **in timed conditions**. *Use your mobile phone to set a timer or ask someone at home to tell you when your time is up.*

Your English teacher will be happy to give you feedback on any responses you complete.

What will the exam look like?

The exam will be 1 hour 45 minutes long. You should spend the **FIRST HOUR** on the **READING** section of the paper, and then give yourself a **FULL 45 MINUTES** for the **WRITING** section. Time management is very important if you are going to collect as many marks as you can, so keep an eye on the clock, or wear a watch and time yourself!

READING SECTION – 40 MARKS (1 HOUR)

20th Century Literature Reading

You will be given an extract from a 20th century prose text and a series of questions to answer. As the exam is worth 40 marks, each 10 mark question should take you 15 minutes. Again, manage your time carefully here!

WRITING SECTION – 40 MARKS (45 MINUTES)

Creative Prose Writing

*In this section you will be assessed for the quality of your **creative prose writing** skills. 24 marks are awarded for communication and organisation; 16 marks are awarded for vocabulary, sentence structure, spelling and punctuation. You should aim to write about 450-600 words.*

SECTION A: READING

Spend ONE hour on this section. Read the questions first and then look at the text to find the evidence to help you build an answer. As a handy guide, a 10 mark question should take you 15 minutes in total.

So, let's have a look at a past paper and how to answer each of the questions.



SECTION A: 40 marks

*Read carefully the passage below. Then answer **all** the questions which follow it.*

The novel from which this passage is taken is set in Botswana, which is a country in southern Africa.

- I am Obed Ramotswe. I love my country and I am proud I was born in Botswana. There's no other country in Africa that can hold its head up as we can. I had no desire to leave my country, but things were bad in the past. Before we built our country we had to go off to South Africa to work. We went to the mines. The mines sucked our men in and left the old men and the children at home. We dug for gold and diamonds and made those white men rich. They built their big houses. And we dug below them and brought out the rock on which they built it all. I was eighteen when I went to the mines. My father said I should go, as his lands were not good enough to support me and a wife. We did not have many cattle, and we grew just enough crops to keep us through the year.
- 5
- 10 So when the recruiting truck came from over the border I went to them and they put me on a scale and listened to my chest and made me run up and down a ladder for ten minutes. Then a man said that I would make a good miner and they made me write my name on a piece of paper. They asked me whether I had ever been in any trouble with the police. That was all. In Johannesburg they spent two weeks training us. We were all quite fit and strong, but nobody could be sent down the mines until he had been made even stronger. So they took us to a building which they had heated with steam and they made us jump up and down on the benches for four hours each day.
- 15
- 20 They told us how we would be taken down into the mines and about the work we would be expected to do. They talked to us about safety, and how the rock could fall and crush us if we were careless. They carried in a man with no legs and put him on a table and made us listen to him as he told us what had happened to him. They taught us Funagalo, which is the language used for giving orders underground. It is a strange language. There are many words for push, shove, carry, load, and no words for love, or happiness, or the sounds which birds make in the morning. Then we went down the shafts. They put us in cages, beneath great wheels, and these cages shot down as fast as hawks falling on their prey. They had small trains down there and they took us to the end of long, dark tunnels, which were filled with green rock and dust. My job was to load rock after it had been blasted and I did this for ten hours every day. I worked for years in those mines, and I saved all my money. Other men spent it on women, and drink and fancy clothes. I bought nothing. I sent the money home and then I bought cattle with it. Slowly my herd got bigger.
- 25
- 30

I would have stayed in the mines, I suppose, had I not witnessed a terrible thing. It happened after I had been there fifteen years. I had been given a much better job, as an assistant to a blaster. They would not give us blasting jobs, as that was a job the white men kept for themselves, but I was given the job of carrying explosives for a blaster. This was a good job and I liked the man I worked for. He had left something in a tunnel once – his tin can in which he carried his sandwiches – and he had asked me to fetch it. So I set off down this tunnel where he had been working. The tunnel was lit by bulbs, but you still had to be careful because here and there were great galleries which had been blasted out of the rock. These could be two hundred feet deep and men fell into them from time to time. I turned a corner in this tunnel and found myself in a round chamber. There was a gallery at the end of this and a warning sign. Four men were standing at the edge of this gallery and they were holding another man by his arms and legs. As I came around the corner, they threw him over the edge and into the dark. The man screamed something about a child. Then he was gone. I stood where I was. The men had not seen me yet, but one turned around and shouted out in Zulu. Then they began to run towards me. I turned and ran back down the tunnel. I knew that if they caught me I would follow their victim into the gallery. It was not a race I could let myself lose.

Although I got away, I knew that those men had seen me and that I would be killed. I had seen their murder and could be a witness, and so I knew I could not stay in the mines. I spoke to the blaster. He was a good man and he listened to me carefully when I told him I would have to go. There was no other white man I could have spoken to like that, but he understood. Still, he tried to persuade me to go to the police. “Tell them what you saw,” he said. “Tell them. They can catch those Zulus and hang them.”

“I don’t know who those men are. They’ll catch me first. I am going home.” He looked at me and nodded. Then he took my hand and shook it, which is the first time a white man had done that to me. So I called him my brother, which is the first time I had done that to a white man. “You go back home to your wife,” he said. “If a man leaves his wife too long, she starts to make trouble for him. Believe me.”

So I left the mines, secretly, like a thief, and came back to Botswana in 1960. I cannot tell you how full my heart was when I crossed the border. In the mines I had felt every day that I might die. Danger and sorrow hung over Johannesburg like a cloud. In Botswana it was different. There were no policemen with dogs; you did not wake up every morning to a wailing siren calling you down into the hot earth. There were not great crowds of men, all from some different place, all sickening for home. I had left a prison – a great, groaning prison, under the sunlight.

Alexander McCall Smith

Read lines 1-9.

A1. List **five** reasons why Obed Ramotswe went to South Africa. [5]

Read lines 10-17.

A2. How does the writer show what Obed went through to become a miner? [5]

You must refer to the language used in the text to support your answer.

Read lines 18-30.

A3. What impressions do you get of the work in the mines from these lines?

You must refer to the text to support your answer. [10]

Read lines 31-46.

A4. How does the writer make these lines tense and dramatic? [10]

You should write about:

- what happens to build tension and drama;
- the writer’s use of language to create tension and drama;
- the effects on the reader.

Read lines 47 to the end.

A5. "In the last twenty or so lines of this passage, the writer encourages the reader to feel sympathy for Obed." [10]

To what extent do you agree with this view?

You should write about:

- your own impressions of Obed as he is presented here and in the passage as a whole;
- how the writer has created these impressions.

That's what the paper will look like. Let's now look at how to answer each question in turn.

A1

Read lines 1-9.

A1. List **five** reasons why Obed Ramotswa went to South Africa. [5]

Look at what it tells you to do here. **LIST.** Don't write a paragraph, that will be a waste of time and will annoy the examiner as it will show that you haven't read the question. **If it says list, then LIST!**

Examiner's advice:

- *Read really carefully what lines it tells you to focus on and make sure you only take information from these lines. In this case, only lines 1-9*
- *Pick out five phrases from the extract – you don't need to show any analysis.*

Let's have a look at a real pupil's answer. How well did they do?

A1 Obed went to South Africa to work in the mines. Obed went to South Africa because at home the land was not good enough to grow enough to support him and his wife. Obed dug for gold and diamonds to make the owners rich. Obed couldn't make his own living at home as he didn't have many cattle. Obed's father told him he should go.

mostly clear / well-selected 4

As you can see, this pupil only received 4 marks out of a possible 5. Why? Well, firstly, they made it hard for themselves by writing a paragraph. They didn't need to do this and should have just listed. Secondly, they didn't find five reasons.

Now it's your turn. Improve on their answer and make sure you get 5 out of 5.

List **five** reasons why Obed Ramotswe went to South Africa.

A2

Read lines 10-17

A2. How does the writer show what Obed went through to become a miner? [5]

This is a HOW question. It's usually easy to spot a HOW question, as it begins with the word 'How'! Historically, students across the country don't do well at these questions, but they're not as difficult as people think!

Examiner's advice

- *Read carefully what lines it tells you to focus on and make sure you only take information from these lines. In this case, only lines 10-17.*
- *Focus on the meaning and content of what the writer says first. E.g. "The writer immediately creates drama as the reader learns Ruby is **struggling to breathe and choking** in the line 'a fit of coughing and splutters'.*
- *Then provide 4-5 examples to support this and explore **how** these ideas are shown.*
- *Lead with content and an understanding of writer's intention.*
- *Include very short pieces of evidence.*
- *Use subject terminology sensibly in conjunction with the evidence.*
- *Look at the sequence of events / how the situation develops.*

Let's have a look at a range of real answers for this question. How well did they do?

A2) The writer shows what Obed went through to become a miner as something very regimented and well organised. This is shown through the writer's use of syndetic listing. Using the word 'and' repeatedly makes the process of becoming a miner seem very robotic and automatic, for example "and they put me on a scale and listened to my chest and made me run up and down a ladder for ten minutes. The writer also shows what Obed went through to become a miner as a very arduous and tiring process, saying that "they made us jump up and down on the benches for four hours each day; in a building "heated with steam", which would have been exhausting.

limited range here / terminology not really helpful

2

This answer seems detailed, but it only got 2 out of a possible 5. Why? Well, read it. It starts well but then tries to be too clever with the reference to "syndetic listing", which isn't very well explained. Much better to be simple and clear (see the next response!). The rest of the answer lacks a focus and doesn't zoom in on 4 or 5 specific details.

But let's look at how the next one did...

A2) The writer shows what Obed went through by listing it – “they put me on a scale and listened to my chest and made me run up and down a ladder for 10 minutes.” This tells the reader what happened. The process is described to be very simple “that was all” which shows the reader that it was fairly easy. “They made me” is repeated often which shows the reader that Obed is having his choices taken away from him in order to become a miner. “They spent two weeks training us” is a statement which tells the reader exactly what happened. The structure of “They took us” and “They made me” shows that the white men were in control, which shows that Obed has given up control of his life to become a miner.

4/5

5

got the detail and the method

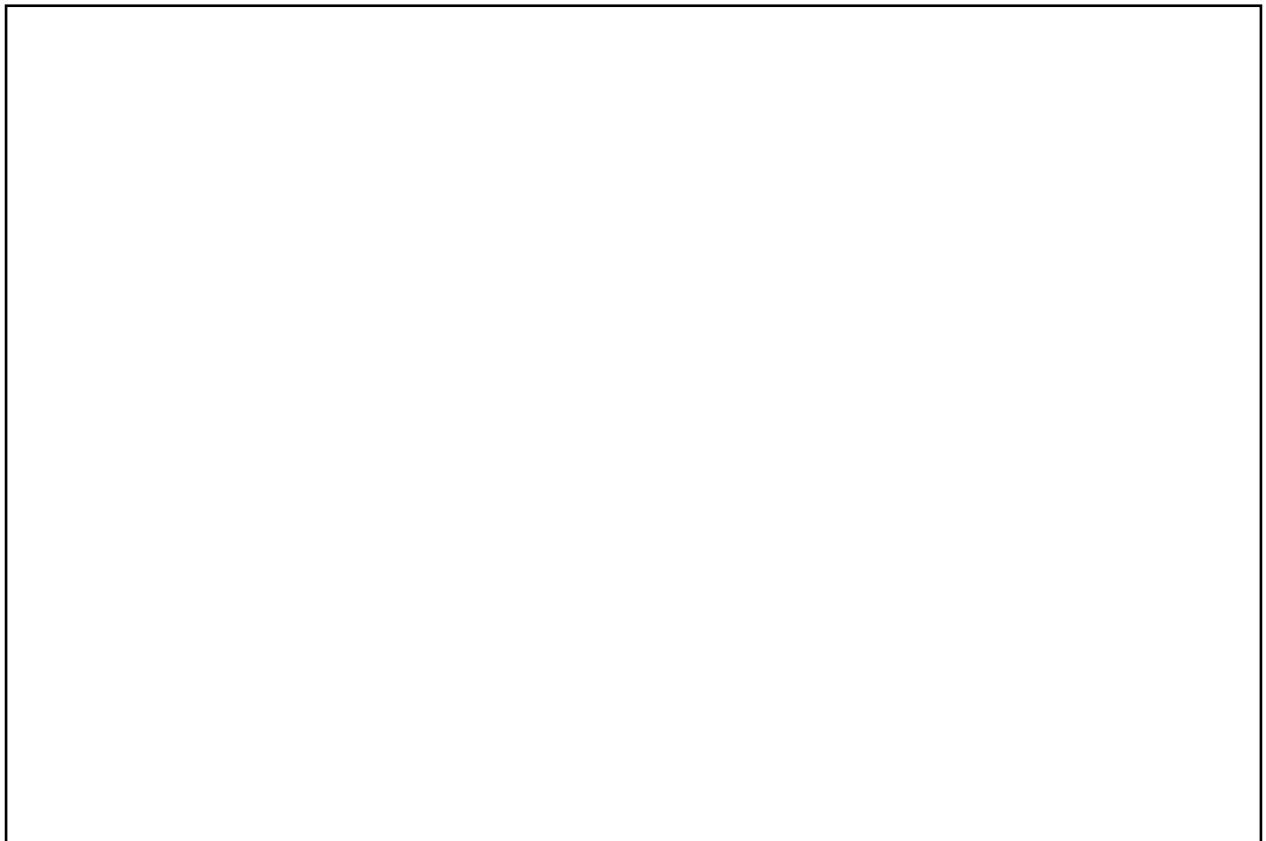
perceptive

The answer above isn't perfect, but it does score a full 5 out of 5. Why? Because the student KNEW WHAT THE EXAMINER WANTED.

Notice how the student kept the answer really focused on the question, and explaining clearly the content and meaning of the writer's words. They included 4 or 5 specific examples and then focused on the HOW where relevant, whether it be listing, repetition, statements or structure.

Have a go yourself. Don't just copy the one above. Write your own!

How does the writer show what Obed went through to become a miner?



A3

Read lines 18-30

A3. What impressions do you get of the work in the mines from these lines? [10]

This question is asking you what impressions the writer gives. Don't get carried away with your own opinion – keep it focused on the text!

Examiner's advice:

- *Read carefully what lines it tells you to focus on and make sure you only take information from these lines. In this case, only lines 18-30.*
- *Draw a box around the section you are looking at and track it carefully.*
- *You can use the sentence starter, 'The writer creates the impression that...'* This will ensure your focus is on the writer and not your own ideas.
- *Sensible range of impressions (4-5 for 5 mark, 8-10 for 10 mark)*

- Write an overview for your first or last sentence. Show some *INFERENCE* (read between the lines). E.g. "Overall, we are given the impression that this is a hellish and brutal place to work."

Let's have a look at a range of real answers for this question. How well did they do?

A3. I get the impression that the work they needed to do down the mines was dangerous. "how the rock could fall and crush us if we were careless." This implies that the job requires patience, in order to avoid danger and remain safe. I get the impression that the work was risky and not entirely safe. "they carried in a man with no legs." This reveals the past injuries that have occurred; and how these miners could possibly die during their job or at the least, be permanently injured. I also get the impression that the job required intelligence and concentration. "they taught us Funagalo." This suggests that although strength was essential, the men also need to be smart and to focus on learning the new language needed to communicate underground. I get the impression that the work in the mines was not fun and not for making friends. "no words for love or happiness, or sounds which birds make in the morning." This suggest there was limited happy or fun things that occurred down in the mines, if the language of Funagalo doesn't even have those words. I get the impression that the job of working in the mines requires braveness. "these cages shot down as fast as hawks falling on their prey." The simile used suggests that the men were to be brave and willing to take on challenges in working in darkness and from an immense height from the ground. I get the impression that the men working were not treated very fairly. "They put us in cages." This suggests that they were treated as though they were animals, not as people, therefore the workers were treated badly. Finally, I get the impression, that the hard work that men went through only resulted in very little pay. "I worked for years in those mines." This implies that in order for a decent build-up of money to send home, it took years of work, which implies he gets very little money for a year's work.

uneven but some impressions with support

6

This candidate wrote quite a lot, but only got 6 marks out of 10. That's a solid mark, but how could they have done better?

Well, when you read it you should notice that there are some good points but also some points that aren't very well explained (eg. "I also get the impression that the

job required intelligence and concentration. "they taught us Funagalo"). This means that the candidate is going to struggle to get 7 or more out of 10.

Let's have a look at another:

A3) The work in the mines was dangerous "They talked to us about safety". This shows danger because if it was safe they wouldn't have had to talk about it. They had to be careful because "the rock could fall and crush us if we were careless." "They brought in a man with no legs" shows that they could get seriously injured. "A language used for giving orders" suggests that everyone is expected to obey and it is a very controlled environment. "They put us in cages" suggests that the workers were prisoners, or treated like it. "These cages shot down as fast as hawks". This simile suggests that they want to get there to do as much work as they can. "There are no words for love or happiness" shows that they have no time for emotion. The tunnels are 'long' and 'dark' and these adjectives suggest that the work takes them away from good things and leaves them stuck underground. "Ten hours every day" suggests that the work is tiring. "Green rock and dust" suggests that it is bad for your health as the dust could damage their lungs. Overall the impression is given that the work is difficult and dangerous.

9/10

sees a range of impressions / pushes on to explore

detail and overview 9

a case for 10 here?


The first thing to notice here is how succinct (short and focused) this answer is. It doesn't go on for ever and ever, and yet it gets 9 (possibly 10!) marks out of 10. How does it manage that?

Well, when you read it, you can see how the answer covers a range of impressions and focuses in detail on specific, well-chosen quotations from the text. The candidate also uses a final sentence showing INFERENCE, which is needed for a top band answer. As a tip, if you can, get your overall sentence in first, as it will tell the examiner that you are focused on getting top marks. If your sense of the 'overall'

isn't clear till the end of your answer, make sure you don't forget to write it down before moving on.

Now have a go yourself. Make it your own, don't just copy the one above. Keep it focused and make sure you give that overview, either at the beginning or the end!

What impressions do you get of the work in the mines from these lines? [10]

A large, empty rectangular box with a thin black border, intended for the student to write their answer to the question above.

A4

Read lines 31-46.

A4. How does the writer make these lines tense and dramatic? [10]

You should write about:

- what happens to build tension and drama;
- the writer's use of language to create tension and drama;
- the effects on the reader.

Clear this is another HOW question. Except this time, it's worth a full 10 marks. It's important that we get this right, then!

- *Focus on the content and meaning of what the writer says first. E.g. "The writer immediately creates mystery as the reader learns Obed witnessed 'a terrible thing', but are not told what it is."*
- *Then provide 8-10 examples to support this and explore **how** these ideas are shown.*
- *Lead with content and an understanding of writer's intention.*
- *Include very short pieces of evidence.*
- *Use subject terminology sensibly in conjunction with the evidence.*
- *Look at the sequence of events / how the situation develops.*

Look over the page for some real-life example answers. How well did they do?

A4. The writer makes the text dramatic and tense by not revealing the terrible accident immediately. "I would have stayed in the mines I suppose, had I not witnessed a terrible thing." This reveals how the writer begins the paragraph with a cliff hanger, to make it tense and so the reader wants to find out more.

}} The writer uses a repetition of short, simple sentences to build-up tension. "It happened after I had been there fifteen years." "I had been given a much better job, as an assistant to a blaster." This creates suspense, and effects the reader by forcing them to want to know more. The writer creates an image by describing what the tunnel was like. "The tunnel was lit by bulbs." This creates a dramatic *just*

? seen as the reader is able to picture the setting themselves. The writer makes the text dramatic by describing how the man was killed unpleasantly. "As I came around the corner, they threw him over the edge and into the dark." This suggests that it was an accident, making the text even more dramatic.

limited/uneven
some valid points but uneasy in places
quite narrow in range

3

This answer only scored 3 out of a possible 10. If you read it, you can see that the student spotted lots of things that created tension, but they haven't really shown that they understand what it is the writer is doing.

There are also bits that clearly don't make sense (such as the man being thrown into the hole being an 'accident'!). The examiner has taken this as a lack of understanding, so it's a good reminder to read the section carefully before you write your answer!

Let's have a look at another...

A4) The writer uses a vague opening sentence "had I not witnessed a terrible thing" to create tension as it makes the reader want to know more. He continues to withhold the details as he describes the events leading up to the main event and this builds tension because it makes the reader want to know what is going on. "He had left something in the tunnel once" sounds slightly ominous and makes the reader worry about what's happening in the dark tunnels. "You still had to be careful" suggests danger, making the reader worry about Obed. "Men fell into them from time to time" suggests that accidents happen and builds tension by giving the reader clues to what's going on but not actually telling them anything. "A warning sign" is foreshadowing and raises the tension by pointing out to the reader that this is where the drama is. "They threw him over the edge and into the dark" is a very dramatic statement and it shocks the reader because a man has just been killed. The writer describes the other man's demise in a blunt manner, which creates tension as the reader begins to fear for Obed's life when it becomes obvious that these men will not hesitate to kill him. The statement "It was not a race I could let myself lose" creates tension as Obed's survival is not certain at this point and the reader knows that the stakes are high and he is literally running for his life. Overall, the writer uses dramatic techniques such as withholding information in conjunction with a simple dramatic sentence such as "Then he was gone" to create tension for the reader.

methodical and detailed

9/10

sees the authorial method

10

Now this is how you do it! The student has always led with an understanding of content and meaning. They then focus on a language where relevant. Quotes are well-chosen and points are well-explained. The student also knew that the examiner was looking for an 'overall' sentence to show that they understood the whole extract. The result? A very happy examiner and full marks for the student!

Have a go yourself in the box on the opposite page.



A5

Read lines 47 to the end.

A5. “In the last twenty or so lines of this passage, the writer encourages the reader to feel sympathy for Obed.” [10]

To what extent do you agree with this view?

You should write about:

- your own impressions of Obed as he is presented here and in the passage as a whole;
- how the writer has created these impressions.

The most important thing that you need to do on this question is GIVE YOURSELF TIME TO DO IT! That means managing your time carefully on the rest of the section. Don't go over 15 minutes for every 10-mark question.

- This question will sometimes require you to consider the whole passage. In this case, we are just looking at lines 47 to the end.
- Sometimes the question will use the term '**evaluate**'. This means it wants you to explore how the writer has made you feel a personal response. Eg. If you feel sorry for Obed, how has the writer created that impression? If you do this, you will be exploring both bullet points.
- Commenting on development of character leads to better answers. Tracking the development throughout passage is a good idea!
- Focusing on author intentions also helps. How successful has the writer been in doing what they set out to do?
- The best answers have a clear viewpoint from candidate

Ok, let's see how some students got on...

A5) I agree with this view as Obed claimed that he 'would be killed' for witnessing the man being killed, which shows how his life was being threatened. Also, the phrase 'I knew I could not stay in the mines' creates sympathy for Obed as he had to leave his job due to an incident he wasn't involved with. Also, the phrase 'I spoke to the blaster,' shows how even though Obed knew he was going to be killed, he still respected his boss enough to tell him the situation, rather than fleeing. Also, Obed felt he couldn't go to the police as they would 'catch' him first, therefore sympathy is created as Obed had to live the rest of his life in fear. Also, the phrase 'I left the mines secretly,' shows how Obed would have to live a quiet life and could no longer work in the mines due to what he had seen. In addition, Obed 'came back to Botswana in 1960,' which shows how he could no longer live in South Africa due to the threat of being killed. Also, Obed claims he 'felt everyday that I might die,' which shows he disliked working in the mines as folk made him fear for his life. Also, Obed claimed he had 'left a prison,' which creates sympathy for him as he felt locked away as a criminal in South Africa, and had finally broken free.

some valid points/comments
limited but some progress
uneven

4

This answer makes some valid points but only scores 4 out of a possible 10. If you read it, you can see why. It lacks a bit of focus at times and it is not always clear that the candidate is answering the question. They have pulled out some good quotations, but they don't really explain them very well. This candidate could have done much better.

Let's have a look at another...

A5) I agree that the reader is encouraged to feel some sympathy for Obed because "I would be killed" suggests fear for his life, which many would be sympathetic to, but "he was a good man" being used to describe the blaster suggests that Obed has at least had some good things in his life, inclining the reader to feel less sympathy for him, as it hasn't all been terrible. "There was no other white man I could have spoken to like that" gives the impression that Obed has experienced racism, which encourages the reader to feel sympathetic. The writer uses the statement "I am going home" to create happiness for Obed, rather than sympathy, because it shows he is getting what he wanted. Throughout the passage Obed is presented as a man who had to make hard choices to help his family and do things he didn't really want to do, like work in the mines, which creates sympathy for him. "How full my heart was when I crossed the border" creates happiness for Obed as he is home and he is also happy but some sympathy is felt because he has been away for so long. The writer creates sympathy for Obed by saying "I had felt everyday that I might die" which makes the reader feel sympathy because he has lived 15 years in constant terror. The description of "danger and sorrow" encourages sympathy because the reader knows Obed lived like that "I had left a prison" creates sympathy and happiness in equal measure because he had lived like that but now he is free. Overall the writer gives the impression that sympathy should be felt by describing all the bad things, but also happiness as he describes Obed's freedom.

8/9

9

well-positioned / a sense of balance

could explore injustice more?

This is MUCH better. Again, you can tell the candidate knows what the examiner wants. Every sentence makes a clear point, backs it up with evidence and answers the question. They also finish with their 'overall' sentence, to ensure they get into the top band and achieve highly. It's not perfect, but it's close!

Have a go at A5 yourself!

Read lines 47 to the end.

A5. “In the last twenty or so lines of this passage, the writer encourages the reader to feel sympathy for Obed.” [10]

To what extent do you agree with this view?

You should write about:

- your own impressions of Obed as he is presented here and in the passage as a whole;
- how the writer has created these impressions.

Practice Papers

In the next section of the booklet you will find lots of practice papers. You can sit whole papers, or focus on one type of question at a time.

For example, you might choose to do all of the HOW questions because you're worried that they're your weakness.

However you use them, USE THEM. Your teacher will be happy to have a look at your responses and give you feedback on how to improve.



**KEEP
CALM
AND
PRACTISE**

SECTION A: 40 marks

Read carefully the short story below. Then answer **all** the questions which follow it.

In 1917 a British officer called Siegfried Sassoon refused to go back to France to fight in the First World War. He expected to be tried for cowardice but the Medical Board sent him to Craiglockhart War Hospital. There Dr Rivers, an army doctor, had to decide if he had a neurosis (a mental disorder).

Light from the window behind Rivers' desk fell directly onto Sassoon's face. Pale skin, purple shadows under the eyes. Apart from that, no obvious sign of nervous disorder. No twitches or repeated ducking to avoid a long-exploded shell. His hands, doing complicated things with cup, saucer and spoon, were perfectly steady. Rivers smiled. One of the nice things about serving tea to newly arrived patients was that it made so many neurological tests redundant.

So far Sassoon hadn't looked at Rivers. He sat with his head slightly to one side, a posture that could easily have been taken for arrogance, though Rivers was more inclined to suspect shyness. The voice was slightly slurred, the flow of words sometimes hesitant, sometimes rushed.

'While I remember,' Rivers said. 'Captain Graves rang to say he'll be along some time after dinner. He sent his apologies for missing the train.'

'He *is* still coming?' asked Sassoon.

'Yes.'

Sassoon looked relieved. 'I don't think Graves has caught a train in his life unless somebody was there to *put* him on it.'

'We were rather concerned about you,' said Rivers.

'In case the lunatic went missing?'

'I wouldn't put it quite like that,' Rivers replied politely.

'I was all right. I wasn't even surprised. I thought he'd slept in. He's been doing a lot of rushing around on my behalf recently. You've no idea how much work goes into *rigging* a Medical Board.'

Rivers pushed his spectacles up onto his forehead and massaged the corners of his eyes. 'No, I don't suppose I have. Are you suggesting that the Medical Board was fixed? The accusation that a Medical Board has been rigged is quite a serious one.'

'I've no complaints. I was dealt with in a perfectly fair way. Probably better than I deserved,' said Sassoon.

'What kind of questions did they ask?'

Sassoon smiled. 'Don't you know?'

'I've read the report but I want to hear your version,' Rivers said calmly.

'They asked if I objected to fighting on religious grounds. I said I didn't. Colonel Langdon asked if I was good at bombing.'

Rivers glanced at him sharply. 'And what did you say to that?'

Sassoon gave a faint smile. 'Yes, I am quite good at bombing. A friend of mine had been killed and for a while last spring I went out every night on patrol, looking for Germans to kill. Or rather I told myself that's what I was doing. In the end I didn't know whether I was trying to kill them, or just giving them plenty of opportunities to kill me.'

Rivers hesitated. 'Taking unnecessary risks is one of the first signs of a mental breakdown. Nightmares come later.'

'What's an *unnecessary risk* anyway? The maddest thing I ever did was done under orders. We were told to go and get the regimental badges off a German corpse. He'd been dead for two days so if we got the badges they'd know which regiment was opposite. Full moon, not a cloud in sight, *absolutely mad*, but off we went – and what do we find? He's British.'

'So what did you do?'

'Pulled one of his boots off and sent it to HQ.'

Rivers allowed a silence to open up. 'I gather we're not going to talk about nightmares?' he asked.

'You're in charge,' replied Sassoon.

'Yes. But then an army doctor doesn't actually get very far by *ordering* patients to be honest.'

'I'll be as honest as you like. I did have nightmares in France. I don't have them now.'

'When did all this stop?' Rivers sounded concerned.

'As soon as I left the hospital. The atmosphere in that place was really terrible. There was one man who used to boast about killing prisoners. You can imagine what living with *him* was like. I do dream, of course, but not about the war. Sometimes a dream seems to go on after I've woken up. I don't know whether that is abnormal.'

Rivers said, 'I hope not. It happens to me all the time.' He allowed a silence to develop.

At last Rivers said, 'Would you describe yourself as a pacifist?'

'I don't think so. I just don't think this level of slaughter is justified.'

'And have you thought about your qualifications for saying that?' asked Rivers.

'Yes. I'm only too well aware of how it sounds. A *lieutenant*, no less, saying "The war must stop". On the other hand, I have been there. I'm at least as qualified as the old men you see sitting around in clubs, cackling on about "wastage of manpower" and "Lost heavily in the last scrap". You don't talk like that if you've watched them die.'

'No intelligent or sensitive person would talk like that anyway,' said Rivers.

An awkward pause. 'I'm not saying there are no exceptions,' said Sassoon.

60 Rivers laughed. 'The point is you hate civilians, don't you? What you felt in the spring of last year for the enemy, you now feel for the majority of your countrymen. Or is "hate" too strong a word?'
 'No.'
 'I think you were right not to say too much to the Medical Board. When you said it was "rigged", what did you mean?' asked Rivers.
 'I meant the decision to send me here, or somewhere similar, had been taken before I went in. They were just
 65 going to lock me up somewhere ... somewhere worse than this.'
 Rivers smiled. 'There are worse places than this.'
 'I'm sure there are,' Sassoon said politely. 'May I ask you a question?'
 'Go ahead.'
 'Do *you* think I'm mad?'
 70 'No, of course you're not mad. Did you think you were going mad?'
 'It crossed my mind.' He had started pulling at a loose thread on the breast of his tunic. Rivers watched him for a while.
 At last he said, 'You must have been in agony when you threw the medal away.'
 Sassoon lowered his hand. 'No. Agony is lying in a shell-hole with your legs blown off. I was *upset*.' For a
 75 moment he looked hostile, but then he relaxed. 'It was a futile gesture. I'm not particularly proud of it.'
 'You threw it in the Mersey, didn't you?'
 'Yes. It wasn't heavy enough to sink, so it just ...' – a hint of amusement – 'bobbed around. There was a ship sailing past, quite a long way out, and I looked at this little scrap of ribbon floating and I looked at the ship, and I thought that trying to stop the war was a bit like trying to stop the ship.'
 80 'So you realised *then* that it was futile?'
 Sassoon lifted his head. 'It still had to be done. You can't just go along with it.'
 Rivers hesitated. 'Look, I think we've ... we've got about as far as we can get today.'
 Sassoon stood up. 'You said a bit back you didn't think I was mad.'
 'I'm quite sure you're not. I don't even think you've got a war neurosis.'
 'You seem to have a very powerful *anti-war* neurosis.'
 They looked at each other and laughed. Rivers said, 'You realise, don't you, that it's my duty to ... to try to change that? I can't pretend to be neutral.'
 Sassoon's glance took in both their uniforms. 'No, of course not.'

From 'Regeneration' by Pat Barker (Viking 1991)

Look at lines 1-8.

A1. List **five** features we learn about Sassoon. [5]

Look at lines 6-23.

A2. How does the writer present the relationship between Rivers and Sassoon? [5]

Look at lines 24-50.

A3. How does the writer show the horrors of Sassoon's experiences as a soldier? [10]

You should refer to:

- what happens;
- the choice of words and phrases.

Look at lines 51-89.

A4. What impressions do you get of Sassoon in these lines? [10]

Now consider the passage as a whole.

A5. Evaluate how the writer presents Rivers in the passage. [10]

You should write about:

- your own thoughts and feelings about how Rivers is presented in the passage as a whole
- how the writer has created these thoughts and feelings.

SECTION A: 40 marks

*Read carefully the story below. Then answer **all** the questions which follow it.*

Hurricane Hazel

This story is narrated by a woman called Hazel, who is looking back on a relationship she had with a boy when she was fourteen years old.

Buddy was a lot older than I was. He was eighteen and he'd quit school long ago to work at a garage. He had his own car, which he kept spotlessly clean and shining. He smoked, and drank beer, though he drank beer only when he wasn't out with me but was with other boys his own age. He made me anxious, because I didn't know how to talk to him. Our phone
5 conversations consisted mostly of pauses and monosyllables, though they went on for a long time, which was infuriating to my father, who would walk past me in the hall, snapping his fingers together like a pair of scissors, meaning I had to cut it short. But cutting a conversation short with Buddy was like trying to divide water, because Buddy's conversations had no shape. I hadn't yet learned any of those stratagems girls were supposed to use on men. I didn't know how to ask
10 leading questions, or how to lie about certain kinds of things. So mostly I said nothing, which didn't seem to bother Buddy at all.

I knew enough to realise, however, that it was a bad tactic to appear too smart. But if I had chosen to show off, Buddy might not have minded: he was the kind of boy for whom cleverness is female. Maybe he would have liked a controlled display of it, as if it were a special kind of pie or
15 a piece of well-done embroidery. But I never really figured out what Buddy really wanted. I never figured out why Buddy was going out with me in the first place. Possibly it was because I was there.

Buddy's world, I gradually discovered, was much less alterable than mine. It contained a long list of things that could never be changed or fixed. Buddy wasn't a dream but he was cute, and that counted for a lot. Once I started going out with Buddy, I found I could pass for normal. I
20 was now included in the kinds of conversations girls had while they were putting on their lipstick. I was now teased.

We went to drive-in movies, but we always had to go to the early show because I wasn't allowed to stay out past eleven. My father didn't object to my having boyfriends, as such, but
25 wanted them to be prompt in their pick-up and delivery. He didn't see why they had to wait around outside the front door when they were dropping me off. Buddy wasn't as bad in this respect as some of the later ones, in my father's opinion. When I got into the habit of coming in after the deadline, my father would sit me down and explain very patiently that if I was on my way to catch a train and I was late for it, the train would go without me, and that was why I should
30 always be on time. This cut no ice with me at all, since, as I would point out, our house wasn't a train. It must have been then that I began to lose faith in reasonable argument as the sole measure of truth. My mother's reason for promptness was more understandable: if I wasn't home on time she would think I had been in a car accident. We knew what the hidden agenda was in these discussions. My mother knew about cars and accidents.

After I had been going out with Buddy for about a month I told him I would be away for the summer. I was vague about where I was actually going. It wasn't easy to explain my parents' preference for solitude but I couldn't refuse to give him the address.

Buddy arrived unannounced one Sunday morning in August as I was carrying a pail of water up the slippery and wooden steps from the river. When I saw Buddy's car I was surprised
40 and almost horrified. I felt I had been caught out. What would he think of the decaying cabin, the decrepit furniture, the jam jar with its drooping flowers? Buddy got out of the car and looked up at the trees. He gazed around but gave no indication that he thought this place where I was living was hardly what he had expected. We decided to go on a picnic to Pike Lake where there was a public beach. My mother didn't seem to mind my going off with Buddy for a whole day, because
45 we would be back before dark, although she told him to drive carefully.

The lake was shallow and weedy so I floated on my back in the lukewarm water, squinting up at the cloudless sky. Buddy swam out to join me and spurted water out of his mouth, grinning. After that we swam back to the beach and lay down on a beach towel. Buddy lit a cigarette and looked at me in an odd way, as if he was making his mind up about something. Then he said, “I
50 want you to have something.” His voice was the way it usually was but his eyes weren’t. He looked frightened. He undid the silver bracelet from his wrist. I knew what was written on it: *Buddy*, engraved in flowing script.

“My identity bracelet,” he said.

“Oh,” I said as he slid it over my hand. I ran my fingers over Buddy’s silver name as if
55 admiring it. I had no thought of refusing it but I felt that now Buddy had something on me. Perhaps he was handing over to me his identity, some part of himself that I was expected to keep for him and watch over. Another interpretation was that he was putting his name on me, like an ownership label, or a tattoo on a cow’s ear, or a brand. When I was back at the log house, I took off the identity bracelet and hid it under the bed. I was embarrassed by it, though the reason I gave
60 myself was that I didn’t want it to get lost.

Buddy ended on a night in October, suddenly like a light being switched off. I was supposed to be going out with him but at the dinner table my father said a hurricane with torrential rain and gales was on its way and he didn’t think I should be out in it. My father said it was my decision, of course, but anyone who would go out on a night like this would have to be crazy.

Buddy phoned to see when he should pick me up. I said that the weather was bad, and
65 maybe we should go out the next night. Buddy said I was making excuses. I said I wasn’t. My father walked past snapping his fingers. I said anyone who would go out on a night like this would have to be crazy. He said if I wouldn’t go out with him during a hurricane I didn’t love him enough. I was shocked. This was the first time he had ever used the word *love*. When I told him he
70 was being stupid, he hung up on me. But he was right, of course.

It would be wrong to say that I didn’t miss Buddy but the morning after the hurricane I had only the sensation of having come unscathed through a major calamity.

After the break-up, he never spoke to me again. Later I heard he had been telling stories about how I’d lived in a cowshed all summer.

(From *Bluebeard’s Egg* by Margaret Atwood, published by Jonathan Cape.)

Read lines 1-11

A1. List **five** things you learn about Buddy in these lines. (5)

Read lines 12-22

A2. How does the writer show Buddy’s characteristics and personality in these lines? (5)

You must refer to the language used in the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Read lines 23-60

A3 How does the writer show that the relationship is not going to last? (10)

You should write about:

- what Maria does to attract his attention
- the writer’s use of language to show her interest in Justo

- the effects on the reader

You must refer to the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Read lines 61 to the end.

A4 What impressions do you get of Buddy in these lines? (10)

You must refer to the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Now consider the passage as a whole

A5. Evaluate the way Hazel is presented in this passage. (10)

You should write about:

- your own thoughts and feelings about how Hazel is presented in the passage as a whole
- how the writer has created these thoughts and feelings

You must refer to the text to support your answer.

SECTION A: 40 marks

Read carefully the story below. Then answer all the questions which follow it.

This extract is taken from a novel set in South Africa. The main characters are a white couple who live on a remote farm.

The newspaper did not say much. People all over the country must have glanced at the paragraph with its sensational heading and then turned the page to something else. But the people in the district who knew the Turners, either by sight, or from gossiping about them, did not turn the page so quickly.

5

MURDER MYSTERY
By Special Correspondent

Mary Turner, wife of Richard Turner, a farmer at Ngesi, was found murdered on the front verandah of their homestead yesterday morning. No motive has been discovered. The couple had been married for three years.

10 Mary was thirty when she met Richard Turner on one of his rare visits into the town. It might have been anybody. Or rather, it would have been the first man she met who treated her as if she were wonderful and unique. She had needed that badly. She had needed it to restore her feeling of superiority to men. Richard was adoring, modest and grateful when she accepted his proposal. She was obviously, as he put it, 'thoroughly spoiled' and not the kind to share a struggling
15 farmer's life. However, they had been married by special licence two weeks later. He had persuaded himself into believing that she was a practical, adaptable, serene person, who would need only a few weeks on the farm to become what he wanted her to be. Her desire to get married as quickly as possible surprised him but a quick marriage fell in with his plans. He hated the idea of waiting about the town while a woman fussed with clothes and bridesmaids. He disliked the
20 town and when he saw the ugly houses that had no relationship with the hard, brown soil and the blue sky, and the shops full of fashions for smart women and extravagant imported food, he felt ill at ease and uncomfortable and murderous. There was no honeymoon. He explained he was too poor really to afford one, although if she insisted he would do what he could. She did not insist.

25 It was a long way from the town to the farm and by the time they crossed the boundary, it was late at night. Mary roused herself to look at his farm and saw the dim shapes of low trees and a hazy sky that was cracked with stars. Her tiredness relaxed her and she thought it would be pleasant to live peacefully for a change. She had always loved the town, felt safe there, and associated the country with being surrounded by miles and miles of nothingness.

30 However, she said to herself, with determination to face it, that she would 'get close to nature'. It was a reassuring phrase that took away the edge of her distaste for the country. At the weekends, when she worked in town, she had often gone on picnics with friends and had thought of that as 'getting close to nature'. She would say, 'It is nice to get out of the town'. But, like most people, she was always relieved to get back to hot and cold water in taps and the streets and the office. Still, she was going to be happy. Richard had warned her about the poverty of the farmer's
35 life but she saw it as a rather exhilarating fight against the odds, and nothing to do with her miserable childhood.

40 The car stopped at last and she got out and watched Richard drive it away round the house to the back. It was suddenly very dark and she shivered a little. Listening in the complete silence, little noises rose from the bush, as if colonies of strange creatures had become still and watchful at their coming and were now going about their own business. The house looked shut and dark, as she approached it. Then a strange bird called, a wild nocturnal sound, and she ran, suddenly terrified, as if a hostile breath had blown upon her from another world. And as she stumbled in her high heels over the uneven ground, there was a stir and cackle of geese. The homely sound comforted her and she stopped and put out her hand to touch the leaves of a plant standing in a
45 tin. Her fingers were fragrant with the familiar scent of geraniums. Then a square of light appeared in the blank wall of the house and she saw Richard's tall shape stooping inside. She went up the steps to the door and entered a room lit by a single candle. Richard had vanished

again and in the dim light the room seemed tiny, tiny and very low. The roof was corrugated iron and there was a strong, musty smell, almost animal-like. Richard came back holding an old cocoa tin and began to fill the hanging lamp with paraffin, which dripped greasily down and pattered on the floor. The strong smell sickened her. The light flared up and now she could see the skins of animals on the brick floor: some kind of wildcat and a fawn coloured skin of some antelope. This tiny, stuffy room, the bare brick floor, the greasy lamp, were not what she had imagined. She sat down, bewildered by the strangeness of it all.

Richard was watching her face for signs of disappointment, and she forced herself to smile, although she felt weak with apprehension. Apparently satisfied, Richard smiled at her gratefully, and said, 'I will make some tea.' He then disappeared again. When he looked like that, shy and appealing, she felt protective towards him.

When he came back, she sat down in front of the tray he had brought in and watched him pour tea. On a tin tray was a stained, torn cloth, and two enormous cracked cups. Across her wave of distaste, she heard him say, 'But this is your job now'. She took the teapot from him, and poured, feeling him watch her with proud delight.

Now she was here, the woman, clothing his bare little house with her presence, he could hardly contain his pleasure and delight. He had started farming five years before, and was still not making it pay. He had given up drink, cigarettes, all but the necessities. He worked as only a man possessed by a vision can work, from six in the morning till seven at night, taking his meals on the land, his whole being concentrated on the farm. Now it seemed to him that he had been a fool to wait so long, living alone, planning a future that was so easy to achieve. And then he looked at her town clothes, her high heels, her reddened nails, and was uneasy again. To hide it, he began talking about the house, never taking his eyes off her face. He told her how he had built it himself and how he had furnished it slowly, at first only with a bed to sleep in and a packing-case to eat off. A neighbour had given him a table, and another a chair, and gradually the place had taken shape. The cupboards were fruit boxes, painted and covered with curtains. And so on. She heard the history of each thing, and saw that what seemed so pathetic to her represented to him victories over discomfort. She began to feel, slowly, that it was not in this house she was sitting, with her husband, but back with her mother, watching her endlessly patch and mend. Unable to bear it, she suddenly got to her feet, possessed with the thought that her father, from his grave, had sent out his will and forced her back into the kind of life he had made her mother lead.

from "The Grass is Singing" by Doris Lessing

Read lines 1-14

A1. List five things you learn about Mary and Richard Turner in these lines. (5)

Read lines 15-28

A2 How does the writer show you the relationship between Mary and Richard in these lines? (5)

You must refer to the language used in the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Read lines 29-54

A3 How does the writer show Mary's thoughts and feelings in these lines? (10)

You should write about:

- the writer's use of language to show her Mary's thoughts and feelings
- the effects on the reader

You must refer to the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Read lines 55 to the end.

A4 What impressions do you get of Richard in these lines? (10)

You must refer to the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Now consider the passage as a whole

A5. Evaluate the way the relationship is presented in this passage. (10)

You should write about:

- your own thoughts and feelings about how the relationship is presented in the passage as a whole
- how the writer has created these thoughts and feelings

You must refer to the text to support your answer.

SECTION A: 40 Marks

Read carefully the story below. Then answer all the questions which follow it.

In this passage, Frank Cook and Jack Keech are friends from York who enlisted together to fight in World War One. They are engaged to two sisters. Frank is engaged to Nell, and Jack is engaged to Lillian. The sisters live in Lowther Street in York.

5 Frank thought it was probably the noise that got to Jack in the end. For three days and three nights the artillery barrage never stopped and as the guns seemed to get louder, so Jack seemed to get quieter and quieter. He didn't go mad like some chaps, he was just too quiet. Funnily enough, the noise didn't bother Frank so much anymore. He thought it was because he had got used to the guns, although in fact he'd gone deaf in his right ear.

10 It wasn't the noise that bothered Frank anyway. It was death, or rather how he was going to die, that worried him. There was no doubt he was going to die; after all, he'd been out here nearly two years and the odds were piled high against him by now. Frank had begun to pray his way through the war. He no longer prayed that he wouldn't die, he just prayed that he would see it coming. He was terrified of dying without any warning and prayed that he might at least see the mortar shell or the sniper's bullet that was coming for him so he would have time to prepare himself. And please God, he begged, don't let me be gassed. Only a week ago a whole battalion had been taken by a tide of gas that rolled quietly towards them and took them before they knew what was happening. Now they were all quietly drowning to death in some field-hospital.

15 The night before the attack nobody could sleep. At four in the morning Frank and Jack lolled against the wall of the trench while Frank rolled a cigarette for each of them. Then Jack said, 'I'm not going,' and Frank said, 'Not going where?' so that Jack laughed and pointed at No Man's Land and said, 'There, of course, I'm not going there.' Frank felt sick because he knew it wasn't a joke.

20 It was silent before the order came. The guns had stopped and there was no laughing or joking or anything. The clouds floated above No Man's Land as if it was any bit of countryside and not the place where Frank knew he would die shortly. The new lieutenant looked as green as the grass that didn't grow here anymore. You could see the beads of sweat on his forehead as big as raindrops. They'd never had one this nervous. Or as mean.

25 When the order came to go over the top, everyone scrambled up the ladders until there were only three of them left - Frank, Jack and the new lieutenant. Then the new lieutenant started screaming at them and waving his gun around, saying he was going to shoot them if they didn't go over. Before they knew what was happening they were looking down the barrel of the new lieutenant's gun. Then Jack said, 'You don't have to do that, sir,' and he dragged Frank over the top, yelling
30 'Run!' at him, which Frank did because now he was more afraid of being shot in the back by the new lieutenant than he was of being blown up by the enemy.

35 Frank was determined not to lose sight of Jack but within seconds he had disappeared and Frank found himself advancing alone through a wall of fog which was actually smoke from the big guns which had started up again. Frank kept on walking even though he didn't come across Jack or anyone else for that matter.

It was only after quite a long time that he thought he knew what had happened. He thought he had died, probably a sniper's bullet, and now he was walking through Hell. Just as he was trying to adjust to this new idea he slipped and he was falling down the side of a muddy crater, screaming because he was convinced this was one of the pits of hell and it was going to be bottomless.

40 But then he stopped falling and realised that he was about two-thirds of the way down the side of a huge crater. Below him was thick, muddy-brown water. A rat was swimming around and he was

suddenly reminded of a sweltering hot day when he and Jack taught themselves to swim. The River Ouse had been the same colour as the water in the shell-crater. Frank closed his eyes and pushed himself into the soft mud and decided that the safest place to be was in the past.

- 45 He stayed in the crater for several hours. He thought he might have fallen asleep because he looked up suddenly and the gunsmoke fog had cleared and the sky was blue. Standing above him on the edge of the crater he thought he saw Jack, laughing and smiling and looking like an angel dressed in khaki. There was a thin line of blood along his cheek and his eyes were as blue as the sky, bluer than the flowers on the tea-service in the parlour in Nell's house in Lowther Street.
- 50 Frank tried to say something but he couldn't get any words to come out. Being dead was like being trapped in a dream. Then Jack put up his hand as if he was waving goodbye and he disappeared over the horizon of the crater. Frank felt a terrible sense of despair and began to shiver with cold. He decided he should try and find Jack so he dragged himself out of the crater and set off in the direction of Jack's disappearance. When, some time later, he staggered into a
- 55 dressing-station and announced to the nurse that he was dead, the nurse merely said, 'Go and sit in that corner with the lieutenant then.' Frank walked over to where the lieutenant, covered in blood from head to foot, was leaning against the wall, staring at nothing. Frank offered him a cigarette and the two 'dead' men stood in silence inhaling their cigarettes with dizzy pleasure as daylight faded over the first day of the Battle of the Somme.

- 60 On the day of the attack Lillian was taking fares on a tram in the middle of Blossom Street when she felt a sudden cold shiver pass through her. Without thinking, she pulled her ticket machine over her head, left it on a seat, rang the bell and stepped off the tram, much to the amazement of her passengers. Breaking into a run before she reached the Ouse Bridge, she was running as if the dead were at her heels by the time she turned into Lowther Street. Nell was waiting for her, sitting
- 65 on the doorstep. Lillian hung on to the gate, holding her sides and retching for breath, but Nell just sat there, not moving. She hadn't run home, she had just left the factory where she stitched uniforms and strolled slowly home along Monkgate.

Lillian was the one who finally broke the silence. 'He's dead, isn't he?' she gasped, walking slowly up the path until she sank down next to Nell.

- 70 By the time she opened the telegram – 'Regret to inform you that Jack Keech was killed in action on July 1st, 1916' – Lillian had already been in mourning a week.

A mortar shell had killed Jack. He had been killed within moments of leaving the trench. The only mark on him had been a line of blood on his cheek and you would have wondered what had killed him until you lifted him up and saw that the back of his head was missing.

Adapted from '*Behind the Scenes at the Museum*' by Kate Atkinson

Read lines 1-11

- A1.** List five things you learn about Frank in these lines. (5)

Read lines 12-24

- A2** How does the writer show you the feelings of the men in these lines? (5)

You must refer to the language used in the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Read lines 25-59

A3 How does the writer convey the horror of Frank's experiences in these lines? (10)

You should write about:

- the writer's use of language to show the horror of war
- the effects on the reader

You must refer to the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Read lines 60 to the end.

A4 What impressions do you get of Lillian in these lines? (10)

You must refer to the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Now consider the passage as a whole

A5. Evaluate the way the war is presented in this passage. (10)

You should write about:

- your own thoughts and feelings about how the war is presented in the passage as a whole
- how the writer has created these thoughts and feelings

You must refer to the text to support your answer.

SECTION B: WRITING

Spend 45 MINUTES hour on this section. This will test AO5 and AO6, which are both about the quality and accuracy of your writing.



What will the paper look like?

SECTION B: 40 marks

*In this section you will be assessed for the quality of your **creative prose writing** skills.*

24 marks are awarded for communication and organisation; 16 marks are awarded for vocabulary, sentence structure, spelling and punctuation.

You should aim to write about 450-600 words.

Choose **one** of the following titles for your writing:

[40]

Either, (a) Making a Difference.

Or, (b) The Choice.

Or, (c) Write about a time when you were at a children's party.

Or, (d) Write a story which begins:
I didn't know if I had the courage to do this ...

The space below can be used to plan your work.

Unlike Section A, where there is a specific strategy for answering each type of question, in Section B there is much more room for creativity and individual expression. However, there are still a number of tips for success the examiner has suggested you should follow!

Examiner's Tips for Narrative Writing

- Plan and draft a narrative *well in advance* of the exam. Practise adapting it to random titles. Your teacher will be doing this in class with you, but it's worth spending time at home refining your narrative whenever you get a chance!
- You can write in the 1st or the 3rd person
- Use setting to develop character and plot.
- Do not include aliens, blood, axe murderers, setting in a forest – examiners are very bored of these ideas!
- If you can, keep the story 'small'. As we've said, no one cares about aliens or axe murderers. Keep your characters and your situations 'real' and relatable.
- If you need to use time shifts, then sentence starters for each paragraph might help, such as: "Later that night..." "The next morning..." "Little did they know..." "If they could see me now..." "Overnight they thought about..." "As the night/day/week passed..."
- If you're using dialogue, then learn to punctuate it properly! There is advice on this later in this guide.

Punctuating Dialogue Properly

1) Use the same capitalization within a quotation as you would if it were a normal sentence.

a) A full direct quotation always begins with a capital letter.

Ex. He said, “**O**nly if we do all our homework first.”

b) When a quoted sentence is divided into two parts, the second part begins with a lower case letter.

Ex. “**Y**ou may go,” said our father, “if you are done with your homework.”

2) When speech stands alone without dialogue tags [*he said*, AND *John yelled* are dialogue tags], it is enclosed in quote marks and the punctuation lies inside the quotes.

“Mark, this is the file I want copied.”

“Mark, is this the file you want copied?”

“Mark, what a huge file!”

TRY IT YOURSELF – punctuate the following as tag-free dialogue (as above).

1) I see you have mastered basic dialogue punctuation

2) What else would you expect from a literary genius

3) What an enormous ego

3) When a tag goes on the front, it is followed by a comma. The rest remains the same.

Jack said, “Mark, this is the file I want copied.”

Jack said, “Mark, is this the file you want copied?”

TRY IT YOURSELF – punctuate the following with dialogue tags (as above).

1) Trish said hey I’ve got a good idea

2) Bill replied spill the beans

3) Marty said will it take all night

- 4) When a tag is added after the speech, the full stop (period) inside the final quote mark becomes a comma, and the full stop/period moves to the new end of the sentence.

“Mark, this is the file I want copied,” Jack said.

“I am hotly opposed to this, Henley,” Sarah said.

“I have absolutely no objection,” Lord Moncreiff replied.

TRY IT YOURSELF – punctuate the following with dialogue tags (as above).

a. Julie I am deeply indebted to you Bill said

b. Don’t tell me Tom’s come back home Arthur said

c. There is nothing to the rumour then George said Nancy

- 5) However, when the speech ends in a question mark or exclamation mark, and a tag is added at the end, *question marks and exclamations* remain unchanged and there is no bridge at all between the speech and the tag. DON’T add a comma.

“Mark, what a huge file!” Jack said.

“Mark, is this the file you want copied?” Jack said.

“How do you explain that, George?” she asked.

TRY IT YOURSELF – punctuate the following with dialogue tags (as above).

1) Who wants to go to the movies Marcia asked

2) Holy cow Mike yelled

3) Is that the best you can do Charles Lulubelle said

- 6) When the tag is inserted somewhere inside a complete sentence, commas are used before and after, and new quote marks are added to show where speech stops and starts again, on either side of the authorial intrusion.

Joan said, “Mary, did you ever expect a murder to happen right next door?”

“Mary,” Joan said, “did you ever expect a murder to happen right next door?”

“Mary, did you ever expect,” Joan said, “a murder to happen right next door?”

“Mary, did you ever expect a murder to happen,” Joan said, “right next door?”

You will notice that, when the interrupted sentence continues, it does not take a capital letter. This is true, even in the first example, when only “Mary” is isolated, leaving a complete sentence on the other side. **The key to this dialogue punctuation – the question you must ask yourself – is “Was it one whole sentence before I messed with it?” If so, then I must show the interruptions with commas only.**

TRY IT YOURSELF – punctuate the following with dialogue tags (as above).

Mary replied, “Joan, I’ll have you know, in this neighbourhood murders are a dime a dozen.”

Joan **Mary replied** I’ll have you know, in this neighbourhood murders are a dime a dozen

Joan, I’ll have you know **Mary replied** in this neighbourhood murders are a dime a dozen

Joan, I’ll have you know, in this neighbourhood **Mary replied** murders are a dime a dozen

- 7) When two **complete** sentences are connected by a tag, however, no sentence is actually interrupted, so the first sentence is treated as in (3) above, and the second sentence starts with a capital and stands alone.

Here are the two distinct sentences:

Mary, I didn’t know this town was so evil.

You’ve been chatting every morning to a murderer.

Here’s how we connect them:

“Mary, I didn’t know this town was so evil,” Joan said. “You’ve been chatting every morning to a murderer.”

So, a first sentence that ends with an exclamation mark or question mark will remain unchanged:

“Mary, what an evil town!” Joan said. “Fancy a murder happening right next door.”

“Mary, did you ever expect that?” Joan said. “Fancy a murder happening right next door.”

TRY IT YOURSELF – punctuate the following with dialogue tags (as above).

I have never liked this town Mary said It makes me feel depressed

Is that the local beauty queen Jill said I thought she’d be prettier than that

What a load of nonsense Mike replied there’s no such thing as ghosts

- 8) It is also a generally recognised convention that each time the dialogue moves from one speaker to another, the writer takes a new paragraph. This results in:

“Have you found the course interesting and fruitful, my dear?” he asked. His tone indicated that he was a little fearful she might say no. He peered over his half-glasses.

“Oh, Dr Edwards, how could it be otherwise, when we have the benefit of a great mind like yours applying itself to the greatest, most profound, issues of the human condition? Not to mention that you’re totally gorgeous.” Delilah batted her eyes at him, sending a shower of mascara down his tie.

“Gorgeous is good. Keep talking,” Edwards mumbled, as he stuffed one of the ridiculously small sandwiches into his mouth.

When there are no tags, it results in exchanges such as this:

“That’s stupid!”

“S’not stupid. If your father was poor, instead of rich and famous, you’d think the same. I’m going to do it, anyway.”

“Bet you don’t.”

“You see if I don’t!”

“You’re wacko!”

“Maybe I am, but I got guts. That’s something you never heard of.”

This works well, if it doesn’t go on too long or so long that the reader becomes confused about who is speaking.

Practice Titles:

- (a) The Broken Promise.
- (b) Write about a time when you couldn't find something, or someone.
- (c) Continue the following: He knew this would be his last chance.
- (d) Write about an occasion when someone showed unexpected kindness.
- (e) Write a story which ends with the following: ...I knew I should have done something but I did not have the courage.
- (f) The Outsider.
- (g) Write about an occasion when you found yourself in 'big trouble'.
- (h) Continue the following: I knew this was a race I had to win ...
- (i) Write about a time when you felt very sorry for yourself.
- (j) Write a story which ends with the following: ...and now I knew what it was to experience an emotional rollercoaster.
- (k) The Test.
- (l) Write about a time you felt alone.
- (m) Write a story which begins: "I couldn't believe it was happening again."
- (n) Write a story which ends "And that was the last I ever saw of him."
- (o) Hero.

Student's Examples

Section B

Write about the time you went to a children's birthday party.

It was nearing that time again, that dreaded time, my young cousin's birthday party. They were the same every year, children screaming, running round with E numbers all in their tiny bellies. Who knew such small humans could make this much noise? Don't get me wrong, I love him but he can't half make a racket and along with his friends, well, let's just say I'm going to end up with a headache for the next week. With the car packed full of a variety of neatly wrapped packages of toys and gifts all for the "birthday boy", we set off, trundling down the road, heading for the dreaded party.

It was totally what I was expecting. We arrived half an hour before the mob of 6 year olds appeared and I am very thankful for that. I think it's the only quiet I'm going to get for the next 2 hours. I'd like to say, I'm not the generic moody teenager "I hate my parents" sort, I believe I'm quite lovely. However at this certain party, I'm not going to have any of it. The closest I'm going to get to smiling is the wincing face I make when the children rip through my eardrums with their piercing screams of joy. So I settled myself down in the furthest corner, away from everyone, trying to escape the pain, through a good book.

It was time for the animals to arrive, I couldn't believe how fast they ripped into the soft play area, climbing and rolling on anything that was squishy. I'm quite surprised this play area is going to survive after this. The real spectacle was my cousin and how quick he had teared the wrapping paper to shreds. I'm quite shocked he didn't inhale it, the rate he was going.

Then, he was off. Screaming like Tarzan, gurgling and burbling into the forest of the squishy play area. After 30 minutes of continuous screaming and cackles of laughter, it suddenly got called to a halt. It was time for party games. OOOh great! What do I love even more than screaming children? Screaming children who can't handle the concept of pass the parcel! I have to say it was painful to watch. I would have honestly rather had my legs waxed that watch that again – and believe me, that hurts. After all that "fun", it was nearly time to have some food. So, all the children sat down and eagerly waited for the signal to dive in but one chair remained empty. Little old Henry had gone missing.

You could see the look of panic that spread across the adult's faces. They had lost a child. In an instant, there was utter chaos. There was whining children moaning about hunger and anxious adults searching the place from bottom to top and there was me sat watching all the drama happen from a distance. It was better than TV. Who knew how entertaining this could be?

tenses

Cutting through the air there was a cry of relief, my lovely mother had found ol' Henry sat in the corner of the play area with a mouth full of sweets and a sticky paw jammed full of biscuits. It was quite a funny sight. The person that laughed the most was his mother. She practically wet herself with laughter. So, after every child had been fed and returned back to loving parents, it was time to go home. I can gladfully say, even throughout the noise, that was the funniest party I've been to. Hope it's like that next year!

Coherent and lively. Engages the reader.

Well-observed detail (and plausible too).

A good "voice". Has shape/organisation.

Some ambition in expression but some lapses in control (tenses). Some errors (and the computer has corrected "suprised", "continious" and "pratically").

15+8

23

Write a story which ends: ...and I knew everything would work out somehow.

I didn't know if I had the courage to do this. Just the thought of stepping through those deceptively heavy double doors sent shudders through me. No. I couldn't do it – not a chance in hell. I could see it happening right in front of me. I'd walk down the echoing corridor - eerily empty, as if an alien spaceship had whizzed down to Earth and robbed the school of its students – and everything would be just fine. But as soon as my clammy hands would make contact with the cool, supposedly calming blue door handle, I'd freeze. I couldn't face the disgusted stares and the accusing looks. The whispered taunts, the mocking jeers, the glances of pure, undisguised pity – a wave of nausea washed over me at the notion. *ambitious narrative technique*

No. Stop it Lily. I shook my mind from the bottomless pit it had sunken in to. A new beginning, remember? A fresh start, they said. Now, remember what the doctor told you – don't panic. In and out. In...and out. Deep, soothing breaths, like the motion of a small dinghy boat, gently bobbing up and down on the rippling waves. Until a hurricane tears the sky from out of nowhere, and tosses the helpless boat around, a toddler playing with its toy, until it crashes with a tragic thud against some jagged rocks, sending shards of splintered wood showering everywhere. Leaving destruction in its wake. My mind was seriously messed up. What was wrong with me? Why couldn't I just get on with it like everybody else? For goodness sake Lily, get a grip. Why do I have to be the 'weird girl', the freak, the outcast? The nutcase. *internal monologue*

No! I wouldn't let this happen again. Not another breakdown. Not now. Not yet. I thrust my body forward with renewed determination, mechanically placing one stiff foot in front of the other, my heartbeat growing more erratic with each step until I arrived at the entrance to hell. Alright, maybe that was a tad overdramatic. But I had my reasons. Bile rose to the top of my throat, accompanied by the acrid, bitter taste of stomach acid, threatening to overflow. Wouldn't that make a great entrance? Swinging the door open with an extravagant flourish, like a cowboy about to swagger into a bar in a western and watching everyone's faces as they get sprayed with a lovely, lukewarm shower of vomit. There, that cheered me up.

'You can do this,' I told myself.

'No you can't,' came a voice from somewhere inside my head. I ignored it and tentatively nudged the door open with my foot but my plan for a silent entrance backfired as it gave an embarrassing groan. How typical. Damn this ancient school and its rusty hinges. But there was no turning back now.

The cacophonous roar of chattering teenagers came to an immediate halt, and twenty seven pairs of eyes snapped up to meet me.

'L-Lily?' a faceless voice asked. 'Is that you?'

I wasn't quite sure who was the owner of the voice but I fought back the Niagara Falls forming behind my eyeballs to answer.

'Yeah, it's me...' I broke off, forcing a weak, watery smile, which probably looked just as unconvincing as it felt.

Before I could register any movement, arms encircled me, the force almost bowling me over and leaving me gasping for breath, like a fish out of water.

'Oh my gosh Lily. I missed you so much. How are you? You look good.' An overpowering tide of greetings was launched at me. An odd, almost unfamiliar feeling, which I hadn't felt in a long time, surged through my veins and my facial muscles, unused for the past several months, quivered under the strain of the colossal grin that broke out on my face.

'Hey guys,' I began. 'I'm glad to be back.'

Voices once again attacked me, a convoy of ships seeking their target.

'So how was the crazy house?' I heard George quip'

'It was all right actually, I'm better now,' I chuckled in reply.

George had never been one to beat about the bush, which I was thankful for. I laughed happily, realising just how much I had missed the light-hearted banter I shared with my friends. My friends. What was I thinking? Of course they wouldn't turn their backs on me. And that's when it dawned on me. I wasn't alone and I knew everything would work out somehow.

coherent and controlled

developed with ambition and imagination

sophisticated narrative technique

extended vocabulary

accurate/accomplished expression

22+16

38