

GCSE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

PAPER ONE COMPANION BOOKLET



Please write clearly in block capitals.

Centre number

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Candidate number

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Surname

Forename(s)

Candidate signature

GCSE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 1 Explorations in creative reading and writing

Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes

Materials

For this paper you must have:

- **Source A** – provided as a separate insert.

Instructions

- Answer **all** questions.
- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Fill in the boxes at the top of this page.
- You must answer the questions in the spaces provided.
- Do not write outside the box around each page or on blank pages.
- Do all rough work in this book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.
- You must refer to the insert booklet provided.
- You must **not** use a dictionary.

Information

- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 80.
- There are 40 marks for **Section A** and 40 marks for **Section B**.
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.
- You will be assessed on the quality of your **reading** in **Section A**.
- You will be assessed on the quality of your **writing** in **Section B**.

Advice

- You are advised to spend about 15 minutes reading through the source and all five questions you have to answer.
- You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.
- You should make sure you leave sufficient time to check your answers.

For Examiner's Use	
Question	Mark
1	
2	
3	
4	
5	
TOTAL	

Name: _____

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Structure Guidance for Paper One

This structure strip is designed to provide ways that you can approach writing your answers to each question on the paper. They should not be memorised and seen as the 'formula' to use. Use these to help inform the way you craft your answers. Remember that an individual and unique approach to the questions that does not follow a rigid formula is always looked at more favourably than mechanical structures.

Use this sheet to develop your confidence when producing your responses. It is far from a definitive approach and should not be treated as such.

Question One – 'List....'

This question is testing your ability to select relevant details. You do not need to display any other skills but this, as you are wasting time otherwise.

1. Keep within the given lines of the extract so you are answering on the assigned area of the text
2. Lift / quote words from the text – ensure that quotation marks are around them. You can also paraphrase should you wish to do so, but you may feel that quoting selectively is perhaps easier.
3. Do ensure that you avoid copying out very lengthy quotes, as well as making sure you are not repeating similar types of points. This will maximise the chances of scoring the full marks here.

Question Two – 'How does the writer use language'

Remember that the bullet points will be there to guide what you need to write about.

Only comment on WHAT YOU FEEL is the most useful language methods that ADD VALUE to your analysis. If it does not add value to addressing the question, select something more valuable.

Go for the language methods that you can really make the most of. There SHOULD be lots to comment on, and if you feel that you cannot find anything worthwhile to say about 'sentence forms,' then this is fine so long as you are exploring other language aspects.

I would also suggest not repeatedly picking out the same language feature. Try to show your ability to analyse language in a varied way.

No introduction necessary.

Lead with meaning / the central idea that underpins the focus of the question

WHAT / HOW / WHY approach BUT do remember to vary this so that it is not mechanical and works with your individual style.

1. What is the writer revealing/showing in relation to the question?
2. How is the writer using a language method to achieve this? Here, you should remember to zoom in on the language method within your embedded / judiciously selected quote.
3. Why might the writer have portrayed / used language to portray the character / topic / subject in this way? Here, you might link back to the focus of the question.

In the extract, the is portrayed as

Within / Moreover / Furthermore ... / Additionally

Here, the adjective / verb / imagery / simile / personification of 'add quote' displays as

It may also symbolise / convey

The noun phrase / metaphor of 'add quote' is effective in presenting / portraying / conveying ...

Perhaps, this ...

Through the ... it demonstrates / illustrates /

The use of the

The 'add key word / focus of analysis' that is used to describe / introduce / establish ... could

This may encourage the reader to think / feel / ... because ...

Question Three – 'How has the writer structured the text to'

Remember that the bullet points will be there to steer your response.

Immediately, the passage opens / begins / starts with ...

Opening the passage with a focus on is effective as

<p>Avoid feature spotting structural terms without focusing on the EFFECT / IMPACT of these.</p> <p>Do not use generic statements that add no value to your answer. E.g. 'This interests the reader.' If you fall into this, at least add 'because,' 'as' or 'due to... ' so you can give an explanation.</p> <p>WHAT/HOW/WHY method can be used. Remember to vary it to avoid a mechanical answer.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. WHAT is the writer using to structure the text? 2. HOW does this structural device / feature shape the reader's interest? Why? Here, you will concentrate closely on the effects of this structural device. 3. Why might the writer have employed this structural method? Why is it effective in shaping the way the reader thinks/feels about the subject of the text? Here, you may find it appropriate to link back to the question, so you do not stray from it. 	<p>As the passage develops, it is clear that</p> <p>It is significant that the narrative employs a perspective would generate interest / intrigue because</p> <p>Whilst the opening of the extract focuses on the which , it then zooms in / zooms out / This may</p> <p>Later in the passage, there is a shift in focus from the and to This could because</p> <p>Throughout the entirety of the passage, the writer skilfully repeats the pattern of Repeating this pattern may</p> <p>Notably, there is a shift in from during the latter part of the passage, and this perhaps demonstrates the because</p> <p>Alternatively, employing the structural device of / may also be employed to create because</p> <p>The position of the is also a highly effective structural device because</p>
<p>Question Four – 'To what extent do you agree.... ?'</p>	
<p>This question will include a statement that you will be required to evaluate.</p> <p>Think before you write this. Think carefully about WHAT your position will be. E.g. do not decide without sound evidence to disagree, as you will regret it later.</p> <hr/> <p>Begin with a clear evaluative opening that makes a clear position to the given statement. Plus, a precise overview as to why you feel this about the given text.</p> <p>Each paragraph should begin with a topic sentence in response to the given statement (WHAT APPROACH).</p> <p>Embed text detail + zoom in on the key method that you wish to comment on.</p> <p>Ensure that you then consider the effect that these features have on the reader – remember to dispose of vague and generic statements that add no meaning to your response, e.g. 'makes the reader continue.'</p> <p>Link back to the focus of the question so you are consistently remembering to answer it and keeping it in mind throughout.</p> <p>Concluding paragraph should summarise / link back to the focus of the question / statement. Ensure that you use evaluative language to show a critical response here and indeed throughout.</p> <p>Remember to use tentative / evaluative language</p> <p>E.g. perhaps / may / might / could indeed ...</p> <p>Significantly / skilfully / cleverly / Powerfully / Deliberately positions ... / Effectively portrays ... / Intensely / clearly / passionately / gradually /</p>	<p>Clearly</p> <p>Without a doubt, I agree with the view that 'embed statement' because</p> <p>Certainly / The view is fitting as</p> <hr/> <p>Throughout the / Within / During /</p> <p>Whilst ... / Although / Even though /</p> <p>Here, the adjective / adverb / simile / metaphor / is highly successful as it would encourage the reader to because ...</p> <p>The use of 'embed detail' is effective as it This might</p> <p>Employing the 'embed detail' to describe / focus / emphasise Perhaps</p> <p>This positions the reader ... The reader is encouraged ... A reader may feel ...</p> <p>The adjective / verb / imagery / adverb / listing / simile / metaphor of 'add quote' demonstrates / portrays</p> <p>The Is effective / significant / integral in portraying</p> <p>Through this, the writer is positioning the reader ... / It could make the reader feel ...</p> <p>Overall / To sum up / the view that is certainly / clearly / indeed evident / because The skilful / effective / portrayal of ... ensures that</p> <p>To conclude, it is indeed accurate to suggest that Because ...</p>

Paper One: Questions and Layout

The paper will test your ability to read a fiction text and produce a piece of creative writing in response to a stimulus.

Note that you are allocated one hour and forty-five minutes for this paper. It is important that you keep these timings in mind.



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Centre number Candidate number

Surname _____

Forename(s) _____

Candidate signature _____

GCSE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

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Question	What will be expected of me?
SECTION A: READING	
Q1	This question will require you to LIST details from the text. You will need to SELECT details. You do not need to do anything else for this question.
Q2	This question will require you to explore the way LANGUAGE is used within a section of the text.
Q3	This question will require you to explore how STRUCTURE is used within the passage.
Q4	This question will provide you with a statement. You will need to either agree/disagree/partially and explore how methods in terms of language and structure are employed in relation to the question.
SECTION B: WRITING	
Q5	For this question, you will be given a choice of two tasks. Usually, this will be a description or narrative . Remember that this section will be testing your writing skills so it is important that you balance quantity with quality here.

Question One: Overview

Question One is considered a **low tariff** question. You should see this question as an opportunity to get settled into the exam paper. For this question, you should remember the following:

1. Always take note of the line numbers that the question specifically directs you to focus on.
2. Try to select different references from across the selected section of the text.
3. Do not quote excessively or at length. Keep them precise and specific. You may wish to underline key words or phrases within a quotation to demonstrate to the examiner the specific focus.
4. You can paraphrase from the text, but we encourage you to quote from the text, as it is safer to demonstrate that you have retrieved detail from the text.

Considering your learning, complete the following task:

Summarise what you need to remember now when approaching Question One. What key tip would you share with a student in Year Ten about to start the exam?

Example Question

01

Read again the first part of the source, **lines 1 to 4**.

List four things from this part of the source about the dog (Spider) and her behaviour.

[4 marks]

A. _____

B. _____

C. _____

D. _____

SOURCE A

*This extract is from the middle of *The Woman in Black*, a novella by Susan Hill first published in 1983. In this section Arthur Kipps, a junior solicitor, is staying overnight in Eel Marsh House in order to sort through some legal papers. The house is supposed to be empty following the death of its elderly and reclusive former inhabitant Alice Drablow.*

The Woman in Black

At first, all seemed very quiet, very still, and I wondered why I had awoken. Then, with a missed heart-beat, I realized that Spider was up and standing at the door. Every hair of her body was on end, her ears were pricked, her tail erect, the whole of her tense, as if ready to spring. And she was emitting a soft, low growl from deep in her throat. I sat up paralysed, frozen, in the bed, conscious only of the dog and of the prickling of my own skin and of what suddenly seemed a different kind of silence, ominous and dreadful. And then, from somewhere within the depths of the house—but somewhere not very far from the room in which I was—I heard a noise. It was a faint noise, and, strain my ears as I might, I could not make out exactly what it was. It was a sound like a regular yet intermittent bump or rumble. Nothing else happened. There were no footsteps, no creaking floorboards, the air was absolutely still, the wind did not moan through the casement. Only the muffled noise went on and the dog continued to stand, bristling at the door, now putting her nose to the gap at the bottom and snuffling along, now taking a pace backwards, head cocked and, like me, listening, listening. And, every so often, she growled again.

After reading the above insert, LIST FOUR THINGS ABOUT THE DOG AND HER BEHAVIOUR

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

4. _____

Review and Reflection

--

Question One: Independent Practice Opportunity

Task:

Independently, read through the extract below and then complete the typical Question One task that follows.

This extract is taken from 'Stoner' by John Williams. In this passage, William Stoner is introduced, who is a teacher at the University of Missouri.

He aged rapidly that summer, so that when he went back to his classes in the fall there were a few who did not recognise him with a start of surprise. His face, gone gaunt and bony, was deeply lined; heavy patches of grey ran through his hair; and he was heavily stooped, as if he carried an invisible burden. His voice had grown a little grating and abrupt, and he had a tendency to stare at one with his head lowered, so that his clear grey eyes were sharp and querulous* beneath his tangled eyebrows. He seldom spoke to anyone except his students, and he responded to questions and greetings always impatiently and sometimes harshly.

* querulous = complaining in a rather petulant or whining manner.

List four things that we learn about the character of William Stoner.

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

4. _____

Review and Reflection

Question Two: Overview

Question Two on Paper One, Question Two of the GCSE English Language exam will require you to complete the following:

- Focus on how language / methods are utilised within a selected passage from a larger extract
- Identify and analyse the effects that the language techniques / methods create upon the reader
- Whatever you do comment on, ensure that you fully explore the effects that are created. Be analytical and remember to always zoom in.

Example Question

You will always be given a specific section to focus on. Remember to stay within this, as otherwise your response will not be addressing the task.

02

Look in detail at this extract, **lines 4 to 13** of the source.

I sat up paralysed, frozen, in the bed, conscious only of the dog and of the prickling of my own skin and of what suddenly seemed a different kind of silence, ominous and dreadful. And then, from somewhere within the depths of the house—but somewhere not very far from the room in which I was—I heard a noise. It was a faint noise, and, strain my ears as I might, I could not make out exactly what it was. It was a sound like a regular yet intermittent bump or rumble. Nothing else happened. There were no footsteps, no creaking floorboards, the air was absolutely still, the wind did not moan through the casement. Only the muffled noise went on and the dog continued to stand, bristling at the door, now putting her nose to the gap at the bottom and snuffling along, now taking a pace backwards, head cocked and, like me, listening, listening. And, every so often, she growled again.

How does the writer use **language** here to describe the atmosphere when Arthur Kipps wakes up?

You **could** include the **writer's choice of:**

- Words and phrases
- Language features and techniques
- Sentence forms

[8 marks]

Note the command word 'How.' You are being asked to explore the methods and strategies that the writer is using within the given extract.

Note the key word 'language.' Ensure that you are only focusing upon language in this question. Do not bring in any references to structure here.

Take note of the bullet points here. You do not need to cover every single one, but we recommend that you include a range of **language** devices.

We Opportunity: How do we analyse an extract effectively?

I sat up paralysed, frozen, in the bed, conscious only of the dog and of the prickling of my own skin and of what suddenly seemed a different kind of silence, ominous and dreadful. And then, from somewhere within the depths of the house—but somewhere not very far from the room in which I was—I heard a noise. It was a faint noise, and, strain my ears as I might, I could not make out exactly what it was. It was a sound like a regular yet intermittent bump or rumble. Nothing else happened. There were no footsteps, no creaking floorboards, the air was absolutely still, the wind did not moan through the casement. Only the muffled noise went on and the dog continued to stand, bristling at the door, now putting her nose to the gap at the bottom and snuffling along, now taking a pace backwards, head cocked and, like me, listening, listening. And, every so often, she growled again.

We Opportunity: How do we transform our analysis into an effective answer?

Annotations	Answer

Extract: Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Read the passage below that is taken from Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird*. You should then prepare ideas in relation to the following:

How does the writer use language to present Miss Caroline Fisher?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- Words and phrases
- Language features and techniques
- Sentence forms

[8 marks]

Before the first morning was over, Miss Caroline Fisher, our teacher, hauled me up to the front of the room and patted the palm of my hand with a ruler, then made me stand in the corner until noon.

Miss Caroline was no more than twenty-one. She had bright auburn hair, pink cheeks, and wore crimson fingernail polish. She also wore high-heeled pumps and a red-and-white-striped dress. She looked and smelled like a peppermint drop. She boarded across the street one door down from us in Miss Maudie Atkinson's upstairs front room, and when Miss Maudie introduced us to her, Jem was in a haze for days.

Miss Caroline printed her name on the blackboard and said, "This says I am Miss Caroline Fisher. I am from North Alabama, from Winston County." The class murmured apprehensively, should she prove to harbor her share of the peculiarities indigenous to that region. (When Alabama seceded from the Union on January 11, 1861, Winston County seceded from Alabama, and every child in Maycomb County knew it.) North Alabama was full of Liquor Interests, Big Mules, steel companies, Republicans, professors, and other persons of no background.

Miss Caroline began the day by reading us a story about cats. The cats had long conversations with one another, they wore cunning little clothes and lived in a warm house beneath a kitchen stove. By the time Mrs. Cat called the drugstore for an order of chocolate malted mice the class was wriggling like a bucketful of catawba worms. Miss Caroline seemed unaware that the ragged, denim-shirted and floursack-skirted first grade, most of whom had chopped cotton and fed hogs from the time they were able to walk, were immune to imaginative literature. Miss Caroline came to the end of the story and said, "Oh, my, wasn't that nice?"

Then she went to the blackboard and printed the alphabet in enormous square capitals, turned to the class and asked, "Does anybody know what these are?"

Everybody did; most of the first grade had failed it last year.

I suppose she chose me because she knew my name; as I read the alphabet a faint line appeared between her eyebrows, and after making me read most of My First Reader and the stock-market quotations from The Mobile Register aloud, she discovered that I was literate and looked at me with more than faint distaste. Miss Caroline told me to tell my father not to teach me any more, it would interfere with my reading.

"Teach me?" I said in surprise. "He hasn't taught me anything, Miss Caroline. Atticus ain't got time to teach me anything," I added, when Miss Caroline smiled and shook her head. "Why, he's so tired at night he just sits in the livingroom and reads."

"If he didn't teach you, who did?" Miss Caroline asked goodnaturedly. "Somebody did. You weren't born reading The Mobile Register."

"Jem says I was. He read in a book where I was a Bullfinch instead of a Finch. Jem says my name's really Jean Louise Bullfinch, that I got swapped when I was born and I'm really a—"

Miss Caroline apparently thought I was lying. "Let's not let our imaginations run away with us, dear," she said. "Now you tell your father not to teach you any more. It's best to begin reading with a fresh mind. You tell him I'll take over from here and try to undo the damage—"

"Ma'am?"

"Your father does not know how to teach. You can have a seat now."

[...]

Saved by the bell, Miss Caroline watched the class file out for lunch. As I was the last to leave, I saw her sink down into her chair and bury her head in her arms. Had her conduct been more friendly toward me, I would have felt sorry for her. She was a pretty little thing.

Diagnostic Response for Question Two (Attempt One)

Extract: *The Kite Runner*

Read the passage below that is taken from *The Kite Runner*. You should then produce a timed response on the following:

How does the writer use language to present the narrator's experiences?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- Words and phrases
- Language features and techniques
- Sentence forms

[8 marks]

When we were children, Hassan and I used to climb the poplar trees in the driveway of my father's house and annoy our neighbors by reflecting sunlight into their homes with a shard of mirror. We would sit across from each other on a pair of high branches, our naked feet dangling, our trouser pockets filled with dried mulberries and walnuts. We took turns with the mirror as we ate mulberries, pelted each other with them, giggling, laughing. I can still see Hassan up on that tree, sunlight flickering through the leaves on his almost perfectly round face, a face like a Chinese doll chiseled from hardwood: his flat, broad nose and slanting, narrow eyes like bamboo leaves, eyes that looked, depending on the light, gold, green, even sapphire. I can still see his tiny low-set ears and that pointed stub of a chin, a meaty appendage that looked like it was added as a mere afterthought. And the cleft lip, just left of midline, where the Chinese doll maker's instrument may have slipped, or perhaps he had simply grown tired and careless.

Sometimes, up in those trees, I talked Hassan into firing walnuts with his slingshot at the neighbor's one-eyed German shepherd. Hassan never wanted to, but if I asked, really asked, he wouldn't deny me. Hassan never denied me anything. And he was deadly with his slingshot. Hassan's father, Ali, used to catch us and get mad, or as mad as someone as gentle as Ali could ever get. He would wag his finger and wave us down from the tree. He would take the mirror and tell us what his mother had told him, that the devil shone mirrors too, shone them to distract Muslims during prayer. "And he laughs while he does it," he always added, scowling at his son.

"Yes, Father," Hassan would mumble, looking down at his feet. But he never told on me. Never told that the mirror, like shooting walnuts at the neighbor's dog, was always my idea.

The poplar trees lined the redbrick driveway, which led to a pair of wrought-iron gates. They in turn opened into an extension of the driveway into my father's estate. The house sat on the left side of the brick path, the backyard at the end of it.

Everyone agreed that my father, my Baba, had built the most beautiful house in the Wazir Akbar Khan district, a new and affluent neighborhood in the northern part of Kabul. Some thought it was the prettiest house in all of Kabul. A broad entryway flanked by rosebushes led to the sprawling house of marble floors and wide windows. Intricate mosaic tiles, handpicked by Baba in Isfahan, covered the floors of the four bathrooms. Gold-stitched tapestries, which Baba had bought in Calcutta, lined the walls; a crystal chandelier hung from the vaulted ceiling.

Upstairs was my bedroom, Baba's room, and his study, also known as "the smoking room," which perpetually smelled of tobacco and cinnamon. Baba and his friends reclined on black leather chairs there

after Ali had served dinner. They stuffed their pipes—except Baba always called it “fattening the pipe”—and discussed their favorite three topics: politics, business, soccer. Sometimes I asked Baba if I could sit with them, but Baba would stand in the doorway. “Go on, now,” he’d say. “This is grown-ups’ time. Why don’t you go read one of those books of yours?” He’d close the door, leave me to wonder why it was always grown-ups’ time with him. I’d sit by the door, knees drawn to my chest. Sometimes I sat there for an hour, sometimes two, listening to their laughter, their chatter.

The living room downstairs had a curved wall with custom-built cabinets. Inside sat framed family pictures: an old, grainy photo of my grandfather and King Nadir Shah taken in 1931, two years before the king’s assassination; they are standing over a dead deer, dressed in knee-high boots, rifles slung over their shoulders. There was a picture of my parents’ wedding night, Baba dashing in his black suit and my mother a smiling young princess in white. Here was Baba and his best friend and business partner, Rahim Khan, standing outside our house, neither one smiling—I am a baby in that photograph and Baba is holding me, looking tired and grim. I’m in his arms, but it’s Rahim Khan’s pinky my fingers are curled around.

The curved wall led into the dining room, at the center of which was a mahogany table that could easily sit thirty guests—and, given my father’s taste for extravagant parties, it did just that almost every week. On the other end of the dining room was a tall marble fireplace, always lit by the orange glow of a fire in the wintertime.

A large sliding glass door opened into a semicircular terrace that overlooked two acres of backyard and rows of cherry trees. Baba and Ali had planted a small vegetable garden along the eastern wall: tomatoes, mint, peppers, and a row of corn that never really took. Hassan and I used to call it “the Wall of Ailing Corn.”

On the south end of the garden, in the shadows of a loquat tree, was the servants’ home, a modest little mud hut where Hassan lived with his father.

It was there, in that little shack, that Hassan was born in the winter of 1964, just one year after my mother died giving birth to me.

In the eighteen years that I lived in that house, I stepped into Hassan and Ali’s quarters only a handful of times. When the sun dropped low behind the hills and we were done playing for the day, Hassan and I parted ways. I went past the rosebushes to Baba’s mansion, Hassan to the mud shack where he had been born, where he’d lived his entire life. I remember it was spare, clean, dimly lit by a pair of kerosene lamps. There were two mattresses on opposite sides of the room, a worn Herati rug with frayed edges in between, a three-legged stool, and a wooden table in the corner where Hassan did his drawings. The walls stood bare, save for a single tapestry with sewn-in beads forming the words Allah-uakbar. Baba had bought it for Ali on one of his trips to Mashad.

Diagnostic Response for Question Two (Attempt Two)

Extract: *Empire of the Sun*

Read the passage below that is taken from *Empire of the Sun*. You should then produce a timed response on the following:

How does the writer use language to present Jim and war?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- Words and phrases
- Language features and techniques
- Sentence forms

[8 marks]

Wars came early to Shanghai, overtaking each other like the tides that raced up the Yangtze and returned to this gaudy city all the coffins cast adrift from the funeral piers of the Chinese Bund.

Jim had begun to dream of wars. At night the same silent films seemed to flicker against the wall of his bedroom in Amherst Avenue, and transformed his sleeping mind into a deserted newsreel theatre. During the winter of 1941 everyone in Shanghai was showing war films. Fragments of his dreams followed Jim around the city; in the foyers of department stores and hotels the images of Dunkirk and Tobruk, Barbarossa and the Rape of Nanking sprang loose from his crowded head.

To Jim's dismay, even the Dean of Shanghai Cathedral had equipped himself with an antique projector. After morning service on Sunday, 7 December, the eve of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the choirboys were stopped before they could leave for home and were marched down to the crypt. Still wearing their cassocks, they sat in a row of deck-chairs requisitioned from the Shanghai Yacht Club and watched a year-old *March of Time*.

Thinking of his unsettled dreams, and puzzled by their missing sound-track, Jim tugged at his ruffed collar. The organ voluntary drummed like a headache through the cement roof and the screen trembled with the familiar images of tank battles and aerial dogfights. Jim was eager to prepare for the fancy-dress Christmas party being held that afternoon by Dr Lockwood, the vice-chairman of the British Residents' Association. There would be the drive through the Japanese lines to Hungjao, and then Chinese conjurers, fireworks and yet more newsreels, but Jim had his own reasons for wanting to go to Dr Lockwood's party.

Outside the vestry doors the Chinese chauffeurs waited by their Packards and Buicks, arguing in a fretful way with each other. Bored by the film, which he had seen a dozen times, Jim listened as Yang, his father's driver, badgered the Australian verger. However, watching the newsreels had become every expatriate Briton's patriotic duty, like the fund-raising raffles at the country club. The dances and garden parties, the countless bottles of Scotch consumed in aid of the war effort (like all children, Jim was intrigued by alcohol but vaguely disapproved of it) had soon produced enough money to buy a Spitfire – probably one of those, Jim speculated, that had been shot down on its first flight, the pilot fainting in the reek of Johnnie Walker.

Usually Jim devoured the newsreels, part of the propaganda effort mounted by the British Embassy to counter the German and Italian war films being screened in the public theatres and Axis clubs of Shanghai. Sometimes the Pathé newsreels from England gave him the impression that, despite their unbroken series of defeats, the British people were thoroughly enjoying the war. The *March of Time* films were more sombre, in a way that appealed to Jim. Suffocating in his tight cassock, he watched a burning Hurricane fall

from a sky of Dornier bombers towards a children's book landscape of English meadows that he had never known. The *Graf Spee* lay scuttled in the River Plate, a river as melancholy as the Yangtze, and smoke clouds rose from a shabby city in eastern Europe, that black planet from which Vera Frankel, his seventeen-year-old governess, had escaped on a refugee ship six months earlier.

Jim was glad when the newsreel was over. He and his fellow choristers tottered into the strange daylight towards their chauffeurs. His closest friend, Patrick Maxted, had sailed with his mother from Shanghai for the safety of the British fortress at Singapore, and Jim felt that he had to watch the films for Patrick, and even for the White Russian women selling their jewellery on the cathedral steps and the Chinese beggars resting among the gravestones.

The commentator's voice still boomed inside his head as he rode home through the crowded Shanghai streets in his parents' Packard. Yang, the fast-talking chauffeur, had once worked as an extra in a locally made film starring Chiang Ching, the actress who had abandoned her career to join the communist leader Mao Tse-Tung. Yang enjoyed impressing his eleven-year-old passenger with tall tales of film stunts and trick effects. But today Yang ignored Jim, banishing him to the back seat. He punched the Packard's powerful horn, carrying on his duel with the aggressive rickshaw coolies who tried to crowd the foreign cars off the Bubbling Well Road. Lowering the window, Yang lashed with his leather riding crop at the thoughtless pedestrians, the sauntering bar-girls with American handbags, the old amahs bent double under bamboo yokes strung with headless chickens.

Read the passage below that is taken from *Sons and Lovers*. You should then produce a timed response on the following:

How does the writer use language to present Mrs Morel?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- Words and phrases
- Language features and techniques
- Sentence forms

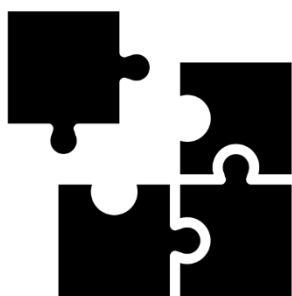
[8 marks]

Mrs. Morel was not anxious to move into the Bottoms, which was already twelve years old and on the downward path, when she descended to it from Bestwood. But it was the best she could do. Moreover, she had an end house in one of the top blocks, and thus had only one neighbour; on the other side an extra strip of garden. And, having an end house, she enjoyed a kind of aristocracy among the other women of the 'between' houses, because her rent was five shillings and sixpence instead of five shillings a week. But this superiority in station was not much consolation to Mrs. Morel.

She was thirty-one years old, and had been married eight years. A rather small woman, of delicate mould but resolute bearing, she shrank a little from the first contact with the Bottoms women. She came down in the July, and in the September expected her third baby.

Her husband was a miner. They had only been in their new home three weeks when the wakes, or fair, began. Morel, she knew, was sure to make a holiday of it. He went off early on the Monday morning, the day of the fair. The two children were highly excited. William, a boy of seven, fled off immediately after breakfast, to prowl round the wakes ground, leaving Annie, who was only five, to whine all morning to go also. Mrs. Morel did her work. She scarcely knew her neighbours yet, and knew no one with whom to trust the little girl. So she promised to take her to the wakes after dinner.

Question Three: Overview



When preparing for the GCSE English Language exam, question three can pose potential problems, as students often overcomplicate this question and may not necessarily focus on the correct features.

So what is structure? Essentially, when we are considering the structure of the text, we are thinking of how the text has been constructed, assembled, and glued together as a complete unit. A writer will have always thought consciously about the order of the text and the way events unfold, and this question focuses on this.

Task:

Look at the structural terms below and annotate around them everything that you can remember about each one and what you think each one means when we are analysing the structure of a text.

	<p>SEQUENCE THROUGH A PASSAGE</p>	<p>INTRODUCTIONS AND DEVELOPMENTS</p>	
	<p>NARRATIVE PERSPECTIVE</p>	<p>CONNECTIONS, LINKS ACROSS PARAGRAPHS AND TOPIC SENTENCES INTERNAL COHESION</p>	
	<p>MOVEMENT FROM BIG TO SMALL</p>	<p>SHIFTS IN FOCUS AND CONCLUSIONS SUMMARIES</p>	
	<p>TAKING AN OUTSIDE TO INWARD PERSPECTIVE</p>	<p>REITERATIONS, REPETITIONS, THREADS, PATTERNS OR MOTIFS PICCOLAGE</p>	

Question Three: Question Overview

In the same way as Question Two, the question and what is expected of you will always remain the same. The only difference with this question is that the focus will always be on **structure** – that is thinking about how the text has been consciously organised and placed together.

You should adopt a similar approach to that of question two, and you should demonstrate the following:

- Remember to lead with the meaning of the text first. Do not feature spot.
- You should identify relevant structural devices that have been employed by the writer. Remember that you do not need to use overcomplicated terminology. Always think about the way the text begins, develops and ends as a starting point.
- Ensure that you explore the effects of these structural features and that you link your comments back to how the reader is being positioned and made to feel.

Example Question:

You will always be told which part of the text the extract comes from.

In this example, it is from the beginning of the novel, and you can use this to guide your thinking of structural devices.

Unlike Question Two, here you are being asked to comment on the entire of the source. You need to ensure that you cover as much of the given extract as possible.

You now need to think about the **whole of the source**.

This text is from the **opening of a novel**.

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

You could write about:

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

Note the key word here is 'interest' as well as 'reader.' All the points you make should focus on this, whilst also linking your ideas back to **how** the reader is being positioned considering these structural methods.

[8 marks]

Note the command word 'How.'

You are being asked to examine the structural methods that the writer has used within the extract that you have been presented with.

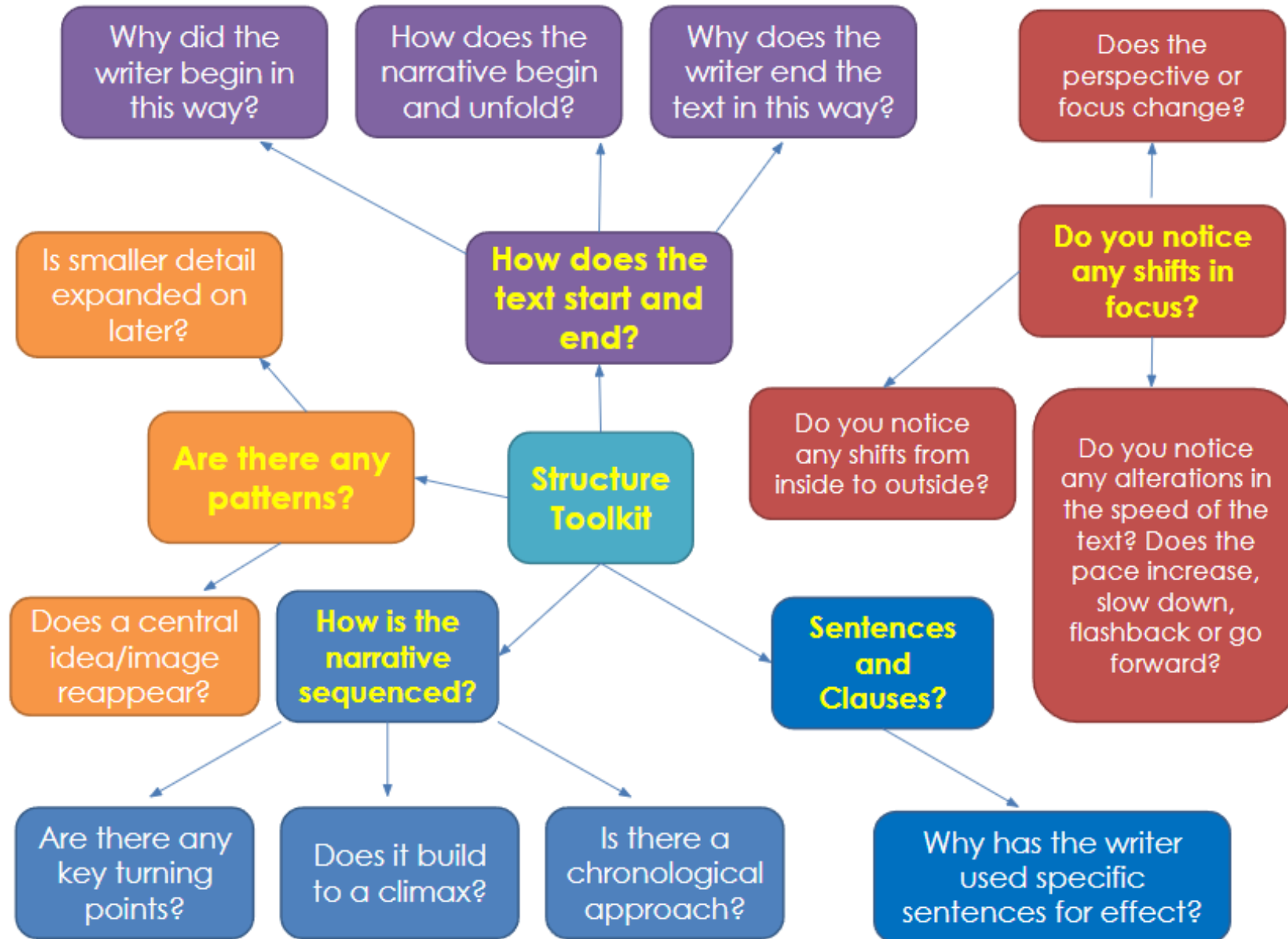
Note the key word in this question here is 'structured.' You need to be analysing the text through the lens of **structure** here rather than commenting on language.

As with question two, note the bullet points that provide guidance on approaching this question. You do not need to comment on them all, but they are a useful starting point to formulate your answer.

Structural Feature	Definition
Sequence through a passage	
Introduction and developments	
Narrative perspective	
Connections, links and internal cohesion	
Movement from big to small	
Shifts in focus	
Outside to Inward and Inward to Outside	
Reiterations, Repetitions and Motifs	

Use this for writing model answers.

Structure Question: Questions to think about



Some key words to use when discussing structure

The writer:

- opens with/at the beginning
 - the paragraph/sentence foreshadows
 - establishes
 - shift in viewpoint or perspective
 - focus on/focus shifts to /focus narrows to
 - in the second half of the text
- at this point
 - these two paragraphs juxtapose/contrast/contradict each other
 - zoom in
 - cuts to
 - shifts in
 - concludes with
 - the ending reminds us of/sums up the idea that.

Read the passage below that is taken from *The Kite Runner*. You should then produce a timed response on the following:

How does the writer use language to present

You could include the writer's choice of:

- Words and phrases
- Language features and techniques
- Sentence forms

[8 marks]

A boy is coming down a flight of stairs.

The passage is narrow and twists back on itself. He takes each step slowly, sliding himself along the wall, his boots meeting each tread with a thud.

Near the bottom, he pauses for a moment, looking back the way he has come. Then, suddenly resolute, he leaps the final three stairs, as is his habit. He stumbles as he lands, falling to his knees on the flagstone floor.

It is a close, windless day in late summer, and the downstairs room is slashed by long strips of light. The sun glowers at him from outside, the windows latticed slabs of yellow, set into the plaster.

He gets up, rubbing his legs. He looks one way, up the stairs; he looks the other, unable to decide which way he should turn.

The room is empty, the fire ruminating in its grate, orange embers below soft, spiralling smoke. His injured kneecaps throb in time with his heartbeat. He stands with one hand resting on the latch of the door to the stairs, the scuffed leather tip of his boot raised, poised for motion, for flight. His hair, light-coloured, almost gold, rises up from his brow in tufts.

There is no one here.

He sighs, drawing in the warm, dusty air and moves through the room, out of the front door and on to the street. The noise of barrows, horses, vendors, people calling to each other, a man hurling a sack from an upper window doesn't reach him. He wanders along the front of the house and into the neighbouring doorway.

The smell of his grandparents' home is always the same: a mix of woodsmoke, polish, leather, wool. It is similar yet indefinably different from the adjoining two-roomed apartment, built by his grandfather in a narrow gap next to the larger house, where he lives with his mother and sisters. Sometimes he cannot understand why this might be. The two dwellings are, after all, separated by only a thin wattled wall but the air in each place is of a different ilk, a different scent, a different temperature.

This house whistles with draughts and eddies of air, with the tapping and hammering of his grandfather's workshop, with the raps and calls of customers at the window, with the noise and welter of the courtyard out the back, with the sound of his uncles coming and going.

Read the passage below that is taken from *The Kite Runner*. You should then produce a timed response on the following:

How does the writer use language to present

You could include the writer's choice of:

- Words and phrases
- Language features and techniques
- Sentence forms

[8 marks]

The world-wide drought now in its fifth month was the culmination of a series of extended droughts that had taken place with increasing frequency all over the globe during the previous decade. Ten years earlier a critical shortage of world food-stuffs had occurred when the seasonal rainfall expected in a number of important agricultural areas had failed to materialize. One by one, areas as far apart as Saskatchewan and the Loire valley, Kazakhstan and the Madras tea country were turned into arid dust-basins. The following months brought little more than a few inches of rain, and after two years these farmlands were totally devastated. Once their populations had resettled themselves elsewhere, these new deserts were abandoned for good.

The continued appearance of more and more such areas on the map, and the added difficulties of making good the world's food supplies, led to the first attempts at some form of global weather control. A survey by the UN Food and Agriculture Organization showed that everywhere river levels and water tables were falling. The two-and-a-half

million square miles drained by the Amazon had shrunk to less than half this area. Scores of its tributaries had dried up completely, and aerial surveys discovered that much of the former rainforest was already dry and petrified. At Khartoum, in lower Egypt, the White Nile was twenty feet below its mean level ten years earlier, and lower outlets were bored in the concrete barrage of the dam at Aswan.

Despite world-wide attempts at cloud-seeding, the amounts of rainfall continued to diminish. The seeding operations finally ended when it was obvious that not only was there no rain, but there were no clouds. At this point attention switched to the ultimate source of rainfall – the ocean surface. It needed only the briefest scientific examination to show that here were the origins of the drought.

Covering the off-shore waters of the world's oceans, to a distance of about a thousand miles from the coast, was a thin but resilient mono-molecular film formed from a complex of saturated long-chain polymers, generated within the sea from the vast quantities of industrial wastes discharged into the ocean basins during the previous fifty years. This tough, oxygen-permeable membrane lay on the air-water interface and prevented almost all evaporation of surface water into the air space above. Although the structure of these polymers was quickly identified, no means was found of removing them. The saturated linkages produced in the perfect organic bath of the sea were completely non-reactive, and formed an intact seal broken only when the water was violently disturbed. Fleets of trawlers and naval craft equipped with rotating flails began to ply up and down the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of North America, and along the sea-boards of Western Europe, but without any long-term effects. Likewise, the removal of the entire surface water provided only a temporary respite – the film quickly replaced itself by lateral extension from the surrounding surface, recharged by precipitation from the reservoir below.

The mechanism of formation of these polymers remained obscure, but millions of tons of highly reactive industrial wastes – unwanted petroleum fractions, contaminated catalysts and solvents – were still being vented into the sea, where they mingled with the wastes of atomic power stations and sewage schemes. Out of this brew the sea had constructed a skin no thicker than a few atoms, but sufficiently strong to devastate the lands it once irrigated.

This act of retribution by the sea had always impressed Ransom by its simple justice. Cetyl alcohol films had long been used as a means of preventing evaporation from water reservoirs, and nature had merely extended the principle, applying a fractional tilt, at first imperceptible, to the balance of the elements. As if further to tantalize mankind, the billowing cumulus clouds, burdened like madonnas with cool rain, which still formed over the central ocean surfaces, would sail steadily towards the shorelines but always deposit their cargo into the dry unsaturated air above the sealed offshore waters, never on to the crying land.

Read the passage below that is taken from *The Kite Runner*. You should then produce a timed response on the following:

How does the writer use language to present

You could include the writer's choice of:

- Words and phrases
- Language features and techniques
- Sentence forms

[8 marks]

The great fish moved silently through the night water, propelled by short sweeps of its crescent tail. The mouth was open just enough to permit a rush of water over the gills. There was little other motion: an occasional correction of the apparently aimless course by the slight raising or lowering of a pectoral fin—as a bird changes direction by dipping one wing and lifting the other. The eyes were sightless in the black, and the other senses transmitted nothing extraordinary to the small, primitive brain. The fish might have been asleep, save for the movement dictated by countless millions of years of instinctive continuity: lacking the flotation bladder common to other fish and the uttering apparatus to push oxygen-bearing water through its gills, it survived only by moving. Once stopped, it would sink to the bottom and die of anoxia.

The land seemed almost as dark as the water, for there was no moon. All that separated sea from shore was a long, straight stretch of beach—so white that it shone. From a house behind the grassplotted dunes, lights cast yellow glimmers on the sand.

The front door to the house opened, and a man and a woman stepped out onto the wooden porch. They stood for a moment staring at the sea, embraced quickly, and scampered down the few steps onto the sand. The man was drunk, and he stumbled on the bottom step. The woman laughed and took his hand, and together they ran to the beach.

“First a swim,” said the woman, “to clear your head.”

“Forget my head,” said the man. Giggling, he fell backward onto the sand, pulling the woman down with him. They fumbled with each other's clothing, twined limbs around limbs, and thrashed with urgent ardor on the cold sand.

Afterward, the man lay back and closed his eyes. The woman looked at him and smiled. “Now, how about that swim?” she said.

“You go ahead. I'll wait for you here.”

The woman rose and walked to where the gentle surf washed over her ankles. The water was colder than the night air, for it was only mid-June. The woman called back, “You're sure you don't want to come?” But there was no answer from the sleeping man.

She backed up a few steps, then ran at the water. At first her strides were long and graceful, but then a small wave crashed into her knees. She faltered, regained her footing, and flung herself over the next waist-high wave. The water was only up to her hips, so she stood, pushed the hair out of her eyes, and continued walking until the water covered her shoulders. There she began to swim—with the jerky, head-above-water stroke of the untutored.

A hundred yards offshore, the fish sensed a change in the sea's rhythm. It did not see the woman, nor yet did it smell her. Running within the length of its body were a series of thin canals, filled with mucus and dotted with nerve endings, and these nerves detected vibrations and signaled the brain. The fish turned toward shore.

The woman continued to swim away from the beach, stopping now and then to check her position by the lights shining from the house. The tide was slack, so she had not moved up or down the beach. But she was tiring, so she rested for a moment, treading water, and then started for shore.

The vibrations were stronger now, and the fish recognized prey. The sweeps of its tail quickened, thrusting the giant body forward with a speed that agitated the tiny phosphorescent animals in the water and caused them to glow, casting a mantle of sparks over the fish.

Read the passage below that is taken from *The Kite Runner*. You should then produce a timed response on the following:

How does the writer use language to present

You could include the writer's choice of:

- Words and phrases
- Language features and techniques
- Sentence forms

[8 marks]

Dark spruce forest frowned on either side the frozen waterway. The trees had been stripped by a recent wind of their white covering of frost, and they seemed to lean towards each other, black and ominous, in the fading light. A vast silence reigned over the land. The land itself was a desolation, lifeless, without movement, so lone and cold that the spirit of it was not even that of sadness. There was a hint in it of laughter, but of a laughter more terrible than any sadness - a laughter that was mirthless as the smile of the sphinx, a laughter cold as the frost and partaking of the grimness of infallibility. It was the masterful and incommunicable wisdom of eternity laughing at the futility of life and the effort of life. It was the Wild, the savage, frozen-hearted Northland Wild.

But there WAS life, abroad in the land and defiant. Down the frozen waterway toiled a string of wolfish dogs. Their bristly fur was rimed with frost. Their breath froze in the air as it left their mouths, spouting forth in spumes of vapour that settled upon the hair of their bodies and formed into crystals of frost. Leather harness was on the dogs, and leather traces attached them to a sled which dragged along behind. The sled was without runners. It was made of stout birch-bark, and its full surface rested on the snow. The front end of the sled was turned up, like a scroll, in order to force down and under the bore of soft snow that surged like a wave before it. On the sled, securely lashed, was a long and narrow oblong box. There were other things on the sled - blankets, an axe, and a coffee-pot and frying-pan; but prominent, occupying most of the space, was the long and narrow oblong box.

In advance of the dogs, on wide snowshoes, toiled a man. At the rear of the sled toiled a second man. On the sled, in the box, lay a third man whose toil was over, - a man whom the Wild had conquered and beaten down until he would never move nor struggle again. It is not the way of the Wild to like movement. Life is an offence to it, for life is movement; and the Wild aims always to destroy movement. It freezes the water to prevent it running to the sea; it drives the sap out of the trees till they are frozen to their mighty hearts; and most ferociously and terribly of all does the Wild harry and crush into submission man - man who is the most restless of life, ever in revolt against the dictum that all movement must in the end come to the cessation of movement.

But at front and rear, unawed and indomitable, toiled the two men who were not yet dead. Their bodies were covered with fur and soft-tanned leather. Eyelashes and cheeks and lips were so coated with the crystals from their frozen breath that their faces were not discernible. This gave them the seeming of ghostly masques, undertakers in a spectral world at the funeral of some ghost. But under it all they were men, penetrating the land of desolation and mockery and silence, puny adventurers bent on colossal adventure, pitting themselves against the might of a world as remote and alien and pulseless as the abysses of space.

Read the passage below that is taken from *Dracula*. You should then produce a timed response on the following:

How does the writer use language to present Harker's journey to Transylvania?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- Words and phrases
- Language features and techniques
- Sentence forms

[8 marks]

As we wound on our endless way, and the sun sank lower and lower behind us, the shadows of the evening began to creep round us. This was emphasised by the fact that the snowy mountain-top still held the sunset, and seemed to glow out with a delicate cool pink. Here and there we passed Cszeks and Slovaks, all in picturesque attire, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. By the roadside were many crosses, and as we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. Here and there was a peasant man or woman kneeling before a shrine, who did not even turn round as we approached, but seemed in the self-surrender of devotion to have neither eyes nor ears for the outer world. There were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the trees, and here and there very beautiful masses of weeping birch, their white stems shining like silver through the delicate green of the leaves. Now and again we passed a leiter-wagon--the ordinary peasant's cart--with its long, snake-like vertebra, calculated to suit the inequalities of the road. On this were sure to be seated quite a group of home-coming peasants, the Cszeks with their white, and the Slovaks with their coloured, sheepskins, the latter carrying lance-fashion their long staves, with axe at end. As the evening fell it began to get very cold, and the growing twilight seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the valleys which ran deep between the spurs of the hills, as we ascended through the Pass, the dark firs stood out here and there against the background of late-lying snow. Sometimes, as the road was cut through the pine woods that seemed in the darkness to be closing down upon us, great masses of greyness, which here and there bestrewed the trees, produced a peculiarly weird and solemn effect, which carried on the thoughts and grim fancies engendered earlier in the evening, when the falling sunset threw into strange relief the ghost-like clouds which amongst the Carpathians seem to wind ceaselessly through the valleys. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses could only go slowly. I wished to get down and walk up them, as we do at home, but the driver would not hear of it. "No, no," he said; "you must not walk here; the dogs are too fierce"; and then he added, with what he evidently meant for grim pleasantry--for he looked round to catch the approving smile of the rest--"and you may have enough of such matters before you go to sleep." The only stop he would make was a moment's pause to light his lamps.

Question Four: Overview

This question is perhaps the most demanding on the entire paper, and it is essential that you devote the correct amount of time to it so that you can achieve the best possible marks.

Question Four will typically be presented as shown below:

As with previous questions, you will be told which section to focus your answer on. Remember to keep this in mind, as otherwise you will be penalized.

04

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, **from line 16 to 30**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: 'The villagers are clearly entertained by the event. The writer really brings the scene to life for the reader.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of the villagers
- evaluate how the writer brings the scene to life
- support your opinions with quotations from the text

You will be presented with a series of bullet points, as shown here. Essentially, remembering to utilize the WHAT, HOW, WHY method will ensure that you are successful with this question.

[20 marks]

Unlike previous questions, you will be given a statement that you will be expected to respond to. This is indicated by the 'To what extent do you agree?' Think carefully about your position before deciding one way or another.

For this question, you should also consider the following:

- Plan your response carefully before you get started on it. You need to demonstrate a clear line of argument, and this is not possible unless you have thought through your ideas.
- Think carefully about what your position is and do not feel that you need to disagree just because it seems clever. Always ensure that there is sufficient evidence for you to adopt the position that you wish to take.
- Remember that you can comment on both **language** and **structure** here. You are not restricted to commenting on **language methods**.
- Remember to use evaluative phrases, such as, successfully... effectively... skillfully...
- Comment on how the reader is positioned to think and feel.
- Keep quotations embedded and precise.

You will need to have a clear **introductory paragraph** that establishes your position. This need not be very long, but you need to make your position clear from the outset.

You will then need to have **main paragraphs** that begin with a clear **topic sentence** and **deal with the WHAT**. After this, you should then engage with the **HOW** by providing evidence and zooming in and being as forensic as possible.

A conclusion should also be included that summarises your overall position considering the statement.

Question Four: Writing your Paragraphs

Using PMEZL as an alternative (the method drives the evaluation)

Point (P)	Focus on the statement - reason	I agree that ...
Method (M)	Refer to a method and quotation	The writer uses ...
Explain (E)	Explain how the method supports your point	This suggests that ...
Zoom in (Z)	Make specific reference to a detail from the method	The use of
Link to the statement/evaluate (L)	Explain/evaluate how the method further clarifies your point	This further creates a sense of ... through ...

PMEZL

Point/response to statement The writer creates a further sense of mystery by integrating a paragraph in the future tense to reflect on Alice's decision to dig by herself. The writer says she will look back at this moment 'and wonder at how different things might have been ... If she had played by the rules'. The short sentence at the end implies that her actions had great consequences and the writer gives very little detail as to whether they were good or bad which supports the comment that the object is mysterious and perhaps life-changing.

Method

Evidence

Explain

Zoom

Link

Extract: *Stoner* by John Williams

He aged rapidly that summer, so that when he went back to his classes in the fall there were a few who did not recognise him with a start of surprise. His face, gone gaunt and bony, was deeply lined; heavy patches of grey ran through his hair; and he was heavily stooped, as if he carried an invisible burden. His voice had grown a little grating and abrupt, and he had a tendency to stare at one with his head lowered, so that his clear grey eyes were sharp and querulous* beneath his tangled eyebrows. His seldom spoke to anyone except his students, and he responded to questions and greetings always impatiently and sometimes harshly.

He did his work with a doggedness and resolve that amused his older colleagues and enraged the younger instructors, who, like himself, taught only freshman composition; he spent hours marking and correcting freshman themes, he had student conferences every day, and he attended faithfully all department meetings. He did not speak often at these meetings, but when he did, he spoke without tact or diplomacy, so that among his colleagues he developed a reputation for crustiness and ill temper. But with his young students he was gentle and patient, though he demanded of them more work than they were willing to give, with an impersonal firmness that was hard for many of them to understand.

It was a commonplace among his colleagues – especially the younger ones – that he was a ‘dedicated’ teacher, a term they used half in envy and half in contempt, one whose dedication blinded him to anything that went on outside the classroom or, at the most, outside the halls of the University. There were mild jokes: after a departmental meeting at which Stoner had spoken bluntly about some recent experiments in the teaching of grammar, a young instructor remarked that ‘To Stoner, copulation is restricted to verbs,’ and was surprised at the quality of laughter and meaningful looks exchanged by some of the older men. Someone else once said, “Old Stoner thinks that WPA stands for Wrong Pronoun Antecedent,” and was gratified to learn that his witticism gained some currency.

But William Stoner knew of the world in a way that few of his younger colleagues could understand. Deep in him, beneath his memory, was the knowledge of hardship and hunger and endurance and pain. Though he seldom thought of his early years on the Booneville farm, there was always near his consciousness the blood knowledge of his inheritance, given him by forefathers whose lives were obscure and hard and stoical and whose common ethic was to present to an oppressive world faces that were expressionless and hard and bleak.

Extract: *Fledgling* by Octavia Butler

I awoke to darkness.

I was hungry—starving!—and I was in pain. There was nothing in my world but hunger and pain, no other people, no other time, no other feelings.

I was lying on something hard and uneven, and it hurt me. One side of me was hot, burning. I tried to drag myself away from the heat source, whatever it was, moving slowly, feeling my way until I found coolness, smoothness, less pain.

It hurt to move. It hurt even to breathe. My head pounded and throbbed, and I held it between my hands, whimpering. The sound of my voice, even the touch of my hands seemed to make the pain worse. In two places my head felt crusty and lumpy and ... almost soft.

And I was so *hungry*.

The hunger was a violent twisting inside me. I curled my empty, wounded body tightly, knees against chest, and whimpered in pain. I clutched at whatever I was lying on. After a time, I came to understand, to remember, that what I was lying on should have been a *bed*. I remembered little by little what a bed was. My hands were grasping not at a mattress, not at pillows, sheets, or blankets, but at things that I didn't recognize, at first. Hardness, powder, something light and brittle. Gradually, I understood that I must be lying on the ground—on stone, earth, and perhaps dry leaves.

The worst was, no matter where I looked, there was no hint of light. I couldn't see my own hands as I held them up in front of me. Was it so dark, then? Or was there something wrong with my eyes? Was I blind? I lay in the dark, trembling. What if I were blind?

Then I heard something coming toward me, something large and noisy, some animal. I couldn't see it, but after a moment, I could smell it. It smelled ... not exactly good, but at least edible. Starved as I was, I was in no condition to hunt. I lay trembling and whimpering as the pain of my hunger grew and eclipsed everything.

It seemed that I should be able to locate the creature by the noise it was making. Then, if it wasn't frightened off by the noise I was making, maybe I could catch it and kill it and eat it.

Or maybe not. I tried to get up, fell back, groaning, discovering all over again how badly every part of my body hurt. I lay still, trying to keep quiet, trying to relax my body and not tremble. And the creature wandered closer.

I waited. I knew I couldn't chase it, but if it came close enough, I might really be able to get my hands on it.

After what seemed a long time, it found me. It came to me like a tame thing, and I lay almost out of control, trembling and gasping, and thinking only, *food!* So much food. It touched my face, my wrist, my throat, causing me pain somehow each time it touched me and making noises of its own.

The pain of my hunger won over all my other pain. I discovered that I was strong in spite of all the things that were wrong with me. I seized the animal. It fought me, tore at me, struggled to escape, but I had it. I clung to it, rode it, found its throat, tasted its blood, smelled its terror. I tore at its throat with my teeth until it collapsed. Then, at last, I fed, gorged myself on the fresh meat that I needed.

I ate as much meat as I could. Then, my hunger sated and my pain dulled, I slept alongside what remained of my prey.

When I awoke, my darkness had begun to give way. I could see light again, and I could see blurred shadowy shapes that blocked the light. I didn't know what the shapes were, but I could see them. I began to believe then that my eyes had been injured somehow, but that they were healing. After a while there was too much light. It burned not only my eyes, but my skin.

I turned away from the light, dragged myself and my prey farther into the cool dimness that seemed to be so close to me, but took so much effort to reach. When I had gone far enough to escape the light, I fed again, slept again, awoke, and fed. I lost count of the number of times I did this. But after a while, something went wrong with the meat. It began to smell so bad that, even though I was still hungry, I couldn't make myself touch it again. In fact, the smell of it was making me sick. I needed to get away from it. I remembered enough to understand that it was rotting. Meat rotted after a while, it stank and the insects got into it.

I needed fresh meat.

But most remarkable of all was the change Katherine made in Chips. Till his marriage he had been a dry and rather neutral sort of person; liked and thought well of by Brookfield in general, but not of the stuff that makes for great popularity or that stirs great affection. He had been at Brookfield for over a quarter of a century, long enough to have established himself as a decent fellow and a hard worker; but just too long for anyone to believe him capable of ever being much more. He had, in fact, already begun to sink into creeping dry-rot of pedagogy that is the worst and ultimate pitfall of the profession; giving the same lessons year after year had formed a groove into which the other affairs of his life adjusted themselves with insidious ease. He worked well; he was conscientious; he was a fixture that gave service, satisfaction, confidence, everything except inspiration.

And then came this astonishing girl-wife whom nobody had expected – least of all Chips himself. She made, to all appearances, a new man; though most of the newness was really a warming to life of things that were old, imprisoned and unguessed. His eyes gained sparkle; his mind, which was adequately if not brilliantly equipped, began to move more adventurously. The one thing he had always had, a sense of humour, blossomed into a sudden richness to which his years lent maturity. He began to feel a greater strength; his discipline improved to a point at which it could become, in a sense, less rigid; he became more popular. When he had first come to Brookfield he had aimed to be loved, honoured and obeyed – but obeyed, at any rate. Obedience he had secured, and honour had been granted him; but only now came love, the sudden love of boys for a man who was kind without being soft, who understood them well enough, but not too much, and whose private happiness linked him with their own. He began to make little jokes, the sort that schoolboys like – mnemonics and puns that raised laughs and at the same time imprinted something in the mind. There was one that never failed to please, though it was only a sample of many others. Whenever his Roman History forms came to deal with the Lex Canuleia, the law that permitted patricians to marry plebeians, Chips used to add: ‘So that, you see, if Miss Plebs wanted Mr. Patrician to marry her, and he said he couldn’t, she probably replied: ‘Oh, yes, you can, you liar.’ Roars of laughter.

And Kathie broadened his views and opinions, also, giving him an outlook far beyond the roofs and turrets of Brookfield, so that he saw his country as something deep and gracious to which Brookfield was but one of many feeding streams. She had a cleverer brain than his, and he could not confute her ideas even if and when he disagreed with them; he remained, for instance, a Conservative in politics, despite all her radical-socialist talk. But even where he did not accept, he absorbed; her young idealism worked upon his maturity to produce an amalgam very gentle and wise.

'THE BOTTOMS' succeeded to 'Hell Row'. Hell Row was a block of thatched, bulging cottages that stood by the brookside on Greenhill Lane. There lived the colliers who worked in the little gin-pits two fields away. The brook ran under the alder trees, scarcely soiled by these small mines, whose coal was drawn to the surface by donkeys that plodded wearily in a circle round a gin. And all over the countryside were these same pits, some of which had been worked in the time of Charles II, the few colliers and the donkeys burrowing down like ants into the earth, making queer mounds and little black places among the corn-fields and the meadows. And the cottages of these coal-miners, in blocks and pairs here and there, together with odd farms and homes of the stockingers, straying over the parish, formed the village of Bestwood.

Then, some sixty years ago, a sudden change took place. The gin-pits were elbowed aside by the large mines of the financiers. The coal and iron field of Nottinghamshire and Sons and Lovers Derbyshire was discovered. Carston, Waite and Co. appeared. Amid tremendous excitement, Lord Palmerston formally opened the company's first mine at Spinney Park, on the edge of Sherwood Forest.

About this time the notorious Hell Row, which through growing old had acquired an evil reputation, was burned down, and much dirt was cleansed away.

Carston, Waite & Co. found they had struck on a good thing, so, down the valleys of the brooks from Selby and Nuttall, new mines were sunk, until soon there were six pits working. From Nuttall, high up on the sandstone among the woods, the railway ran, past the ruined priory of the Carthusians and past Robin Hood's Well, down to Spinney Park, then on to Minton, a large mine among corn-fields; from Minton across the farmlands of the valleyside to Bunker's Hill, branching off there, and running north to Beggarlee and Selby, that looks over at Crich and the hills of Derbyshire: six mines like black studs on the countryside, linked by a loop of fine chain, the railway.

To accommodate the regiments of miners, Carston, Waite and Co. built the Squares, great quadrangles of dwellings on the hillside of Bestwood, and then, in the brook valley, on the site of Hell Row, they erected the Bottoms.

The Bottoms consisted of six blocks of miners' dwellings, two rows of three, like the dots on a blank-six domino, and twelve houses in a block. This double row of dwellings sat at the foot of the rather sharp slope from Bestwood, and looked out, from the attic windows at least, on the slow climb of the valley towards Selby.

The houses themselves were substantial and very decent. One could walk all round, seeing little front gardens with auriculas and saxifrage in the shadow of the bottom block, sweet-williams and pinks in the sunny top block; seeing neat front windows, little porches, little privet hedges, and dormer windows for the attics. But that was outside; that was the view on to the uninhabited parlours of all the colliers' wives. The dwelling-room, the kitchen, was at the back of the house, facing inward between the blocks, looking at a scrubby back garden, and then at the ash-pits. And between the rows, between the long lines of ash-pits, went the alley, where the children played and the women gossiped and the men smoked. So, the actual conditions of living in the Bottoms, that was so well built and that looked so nice, were quite unsavoury because people must live in the kitchen, and the kitchens opened on to that nasty alley of ash-pits.

Extract: *The Wasp Factory* by Iain Banks.

I don't think the snake had fully wakened up when I caught it, and I was careful not to jar it as I ran back to where my brothers and Blyth were lying on the grass. Eric had rolled over and had one hand under his head, the other over his eyes. His mouth was open slightly and his chest moved slowly. Paul lay in the sunlight curled up into a little ball, quite still, and Blyth was lying on his stomach, hands under his cheek, the stump of his left leg drawn up in the flowers and the grass, sticking out from his shorts like some monstrous erection. I went closer, still clutching the rusty can in my shadow. The gable end of the house looked down on us from about fifty metres away, windowless. White sheets flapped feebly in the back garden. My heart beat wildly and I licked my lips.

I sat down by the side of Blyth, careful not to let my shadow cross his face. I put one ear to the can and held it still. I couldn't hear or feel the snake stir. I reached for Blyth's artificial leg, lying smooth and pink by the small of his back and in his shadow. I held the leg to the can and took the lid away, sliding the leg over the hole as I did so. Then I slowly turned the can and the leg the other way up, so that the can was over the leg. I shook the can, and felt the snake fall into the leg. It didn't like it at first, and moved and beat against the sides of the plastic and the neck of the can while I held it and sweated, listening to the hum of the insects and the rustling of the grass, staring at Blyth as he lay there still and silent, his dark hair ruffled now and again by the breeze. My hands shook and the perspiration ran into my eyes. The snake stopped moving. I held it longer, glancing at the house again. Then I tipped the leg and the can over until the leg was lying at the same angle on the grass as it had been, behind Blyth. I took the can carefully away at the last moment. Nothing happened. The snake was still inside the leg, and I couldn't even see it. I got up, walked backwards towards the nearest dune, threw the can way high over the top of it, then came back, lay down where I'd been sitting earlier, and closed my eyes.

Eric woke first, then I opened my eyes as though sleepily, and we woke little Paul, and our cousin. Blyth saved me the trouble of suggesting a game of football by doing it himself. Eric, Paul and I got the goalposts together while Blyth hurriedly strapped his leg on.

Nobody suspected. From the first moments, when my brothers and I stood there incredulous as Blyth screamed and jumped and tugged at his leg, to the tearful farewell of Blyth's parents and Diggs taking statements (a bit even appeared in the *Inverness Courier* which was picked up for its curiosity value by a couple of the Fleet Street rags), not one person even suggested that it might have been anything other than a tragic and slightly macabre accident. Only I knew better.

I didn't tell Eric. He was shocked by what had happened and genuinely sorry for Blyth and his parents. All I said was that I thought it was a judgement from God that Blyth had first lost his leg and then had the replacement become the instrument of his downfall. All because of the rabbits. Eric, who was going through a religious phase at the time which I suppose I was to some extent copying, thought this was a terrible thing to say; God wasn't like that. I said the one I believed in was.

At any rate, such was the reason that particular patch of ground got its name: the Snake Park.

