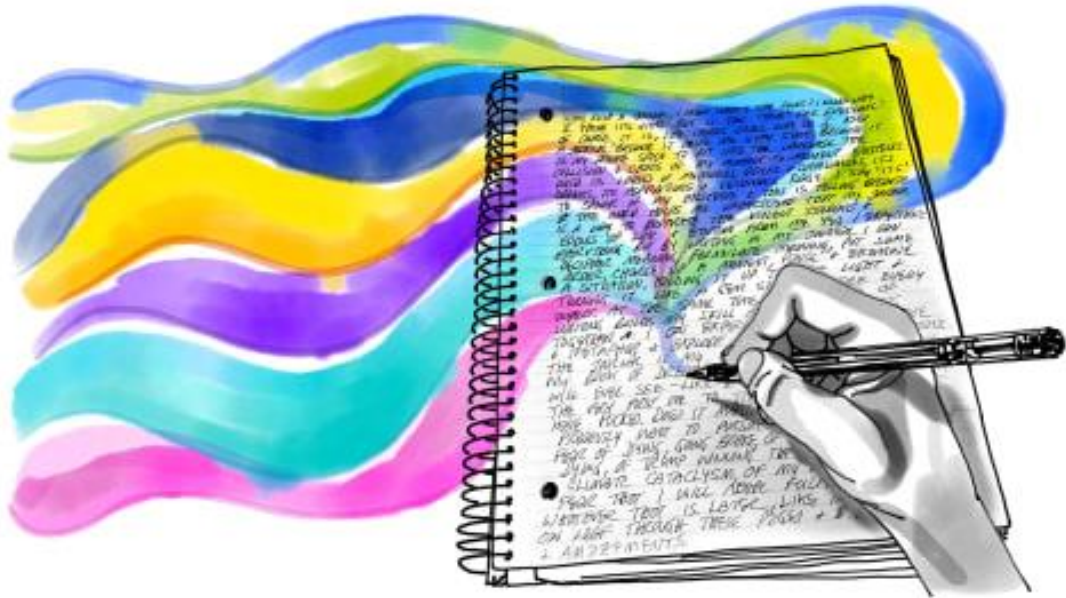


Year 10 Language paper 1 Homework: Exam practice



Your English homework should take 45 minutes each week. An important exam skill is knowing how much you are capable of writing during a set time frame, so stick closely to the timings.

If you are unsure what to do for your homework, do your best to speak to your teacher about it ahead of the due date. They will be able to advise you and give you some guidance on how to get started.

Regular exam practice is one of the best ways to hone your writing skills and make progress in English. Keep a record of your essays as they will be useful revision tools and provide a record of the progress you are making over the course of your GCSE course!

Contents:

- TASK 1: Read the extract and complete Questions 1-3
- TASK 2: Read the extract and complete Questions 1-3
- TASK 3: Read the extract and complete Questions 3 and 4
- TASK 4: Read the extract and complete Questions 3 and 4
- TASK 5: Complete Question 5
- TASK 6: Complete Question 5

TASK 1

This extract is from a novel by Yann Martel. In this section the central character, Pi, is on a sinking ship. The ship is carrying the animals belonging to Pi's father, who owns a zoo.

Life of Pi

Inside the ship, there were noises. Deep structural groans. I stumbled and fell. No harm done. I got up. With the help of the handrails I went down the stairwell four steps at a time. I had gone down just one level when I saw water. Lots of water. It was blocking my way. It was surging from below like a riotous crowd, raging, frothing and boiling. Stairs vanished into watery darkness. I couldn't believe my eyes. What was this water doing here? Where had it come from? I stood nailed to the spot, frightened and incredulous and ignorant of what I should do next. Down there was where my family was.

I ran up the stairs. I got to the main deck. The weather wasn't entertaining any more. I was very afraid. Now it was plain and obvious: the ship was listing badly. And it wasn't level the other way either. There was a noticeable incline going from bow to stern. I looked overboard. The water didn't look to be eighty feet away. The ship was sinking. My mind could hardly conceive it. It was as unbelievable as the moon catching fire.

Where were the officers and the crew? What were they doing? Towards the bow I saw some men running in the gloom. I thought I saw some animals too, but I dismissed the sight as illusion crafted by rain and shadow. We had the hatch covers over their bay pulled open when the weather was good, but at all times the animals were kept confined to their cages. These were dangerous wild animals we were transporting, not farm livestock. Above me, on the bridge, I thought I heard some men shouting.

The ship shook and there was that sound, the monstrous metallic burp. What was it? Was it the collective scream of humans and animals protesting their oncoming death? Was it the ship itself giving up the ghost? I fell over. I got to my feet. I looked overboard again. The sea was rising. The waves were getting closer. We were sinking fast.

I clearly heard monkeys shrieking. Something was shaking the deck, a gaur - an Indian wild ox - exploded out of the rain and thundered by me, terrified, out of control, berserk. I looked at it, dumbstruck and amazed. Who in God's name had let it out?

I ran for the stairs to the bridge. Up there was where the officers were, the only people on the ship who spoke English, the masters of our destiny here, the ones who would right this wrong. They would explain everything. They would take care of my family and me. I climbed to the middle bridge. There was no one on the starboard side. I ran to the port side. I saw three men, crew members. I fell. I got up. They were looking overboard. I shouted. They turned. They looked at me and at each other. They spoke a few words. They came towards me quickly. I felt gratitude and relief welling up in me. I said, "Thank God I've found you. What is happening? I am very scared. There is water at the bottom of the ship. I am worried about my family. I can't get to the level where our cabins are. Is this normal? Do you think?"

One of the men interrupted me by thrusting a life jacket into my arms and shouting something in Chinese. I noticed an orange whistle dangling from the life jacket. The men were nodding vigorously at me. When they took hold of me and lifted me in their strong arms, I thought nothing of it. I thought they were helping me. I was so full of trust in them that I felt grateful as they carried me in the air. Only when they threw me overboard did I begin to have doubts.

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

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

Q1. Read again the first part of the Source from lines 1 to 12.

List **four** things from this part of the text about the ship.

[4 marks]

Q2. Look in detail at this extract from lines 13 to 25 of the Source:

Where were the officers and the crew? What were they doing? Towards the bow I saw some men running in the gloom. I thought I saw some animals too, but I dismissed the sight as illusion crafted by rain and shadow. We had the hatch covers over their bay pulled open when the weather was good, but at all times the animals were kept confined to their cages. These were dangerous wild animals we were transporting, not farm livestock. Above me, on the bridge, I thought I heard some men shouting.

The ship shook and there was that sound, the monstrous metallic burp. What was it? Was it the collective scream of humans and animals protesting their oncoming death? Was it the ship itself giving up the ghost? I fell over. I got to my feet. I looked overboard again. The sea was rising. The waves were getting closer. We were sinking fast.

I clearly heard monkeys shrieking. Something was shaking the deck, A gaur-an Indian wild ox-exploded out of the rain and thundered by me, terrified, out of control, berserk. I looked at it, dumbstruck and amazed. Who in God's name had let it out?

How does the writer use language here to describe the narrator's fright and confusion?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

[8 marks]

Q3. You now need to think about the **whole** of the Source.

This extract comes at the end of a chapter.

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

You could write about:

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

[8 marks]

Q4. Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the Source from **line 19 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: 'The writer makes the reader feel sympathetic for the narrator.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

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

[20 marks]

Section B: Writing

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

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

Q5. You are going to enter a creative writing competition.

Your entry will be judged by a panel of people of your own age.

Either: Write a description suggested by this picture:



Or: Write a story opening in which a dramatic event occurs.

(24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

TASK 2:

This extract is from the first chapter of a novel by Donna Tartt.

The Goldfinch

Things would have turned out better if my mother had lived. As it was, she died when I was a kid; and though everything that's happened to me since then is thoroughly my own fault, still when I lost her I lost sight of any landmark that might have led me someplace happier, to some more populated or congenial* life.

Her death the dividing mark: Before and After. And though it's a bleak thing to admit all these years later, still I've never met anyone who made me feel loved the way she did. Everything came alive in her company; she cast a charmed theatrical light about her so that to see anything through her eyes was to see it in brighter colours than ordinary – I remember a few weeks before she died, eating a late supper with her in an Italian restaurant down in the Village, and how she grasped my sleeve at the sudden, almost painful loveliness of a birthday cake with lit candles being carried in procession from the kitchen, faint circle of light wavering in across the dark ceiling and then the cake set down to blaze amidst the family, beatifying* an old lady's face, smiles all round, waiters stepping away with their hands behind their backs – just an ordinary birthday dinner you might see anywhere in an inexpensive downtown restaurant, and I'm sure I wouldn't even remember it had she not died so soon after, but I thought about it again and again after her death and indeed I'll probably think about it all my life: that candlelit circle, a tableau vivant* of the daily, commonplace happiness that was lost when I lost her.

She was beautiful, too. That's almost secondary; but still, she was. When she came to New York fresh from Kansas, she worked part-time as a model though she was too uneasy in front of the camera to be very good at it; whatever she had, it didn't translate to film.

And yet she was wholly herself: a rarity. I cannot recall ever seeing another person who really resembled her. She had black hair, fair skin that freckled in summer, china-blue eyes with a lot of light in them; and in the slant of her cheekbones there was such an eccentric mixture of the tribal and the Celtic Twilight that sometimes people guessed she was Icelandic. In fact, she was half Irish, half Cherokee, from a town in Kansas near the Oklahoma border; and she liked to make me laugh by calling herself an Okie even though she was as glossy and nervy and stylish as a racehorse. That exotic character unfortunately comes out a little too stark and unforgiving in photographs – her freckles covered with makeup, her hair pulled back in a ponytail at the nape of her neck like some nobleman in *The Tale of Genji* – and what doesn't come across at all is her warmth, her merry, unpredictable quality, which is what I loved about her most. It's clear, from the stillness she emanates in pictures, how much she mistrusted the camera; she gives off a watchful, tigerish air of steeling herself against attack. But in life she wasn't like that. She moved with a thrilling quickness, gestures sudden and light, always perched on the edge of her chair like some long elegant marsh-bird about to startle and fly away. I loved the sandalwood perfume she wore, rough and unexpected, and I loved the rustle of her starched shirt when she swooped down to kiss me on the forehead. And her laugh was enough to make you want to kick over what you were doing and follow her down the street. Wherever she went, men looked at her out of the corner of their eyes, and sometimes they used to look at her in a way that bothered me a little.

*Glossary

congenial = pleasant

beatifying = blessing, making saintly

tableau vivant = a living picture/painting

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

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

Q1. Read again the first part of the Source from lines 1 to 6.

List **four** things from this part of the text about the narrator.

[4 marks]

Q2. Look in detail at this extract from lines 5 to 20 of the Source:

Her death the dividing mark: Before and After. And though it's a bleak thing to admit all these years later, still I've never met anyone who made me feel loved the way she did. Everything came alive in her company; she cast a charmed theatrical light about her so that to see anything through her eyes was to see it in brighter colours than ordinary – I remember a few weeks before she died, eating a late supper with her in an Italian restaurant down in the Village, and how she grasped my sleeve at the sudden, almost painful loveliness of a birthday cake with lit candles being carried in procession from the kitchen, faint circle of light wavering in across the dark ceiling and then the cake set down to blaze amidst the family, beatifying* an old lady's face, smiles all round, waiters stepping away with their hands behind their backs – just an ordinary birthday dinner you might see anywhere in an inexpensive downtown restaurant, and I'm sure I wouldn't even remember it had she not died so soon after, but I thought about it again and again after her death and indeed I'll probably think about it all my life: that candlelit circle, a tableau vivant* of the daily, commonplace happiness that was lost when I lost her.

She was beautiful, too. That's almost secondary; but still, she was. When she came to New York fresh from Kansas, she worked part-time as a model though she was too uneasy in front of the camera to be very good at it; whatever she had, it didn't translate to film.

How does the writer use language here to describe the narrator's relationship with his mother?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

[8 marks]

Q3. You now need to think about the **whole** of the Source.

This extract comes from the opening chapter of the novel.

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

You could write about:

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

[8 marks]

Q4. Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the Source from line 18 to the end.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: 'The description is so vivid that the character of the mother really seems to come to life.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

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

[20 marks]

Section B: Writing

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

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

Q5. **Either:** Write a description suggested by this picture:



Or: Write the opening of a story with the title 'The Outsider'.

(24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

TASK 3

This extract is from a novel by F Scott Fitzgerald. In this section the narrator describes the extravagant parties held by his rich neighbour.

The Great Gatsby

There was music from my neighbor's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. At high tide in the afternoon I watched his guests diving from the tower of his raft or taking the sun on the hot sand of his beach while his two motor-boats slit the waters of the Sound, drawing aquaplanes over cataracts of foam. On week-ends his Rolls-Royce became an omnibus, bearing parties to and from the city, between nine in the morning and long past midnight, while his station wagon* scampered like a brisk yellow bug to meet all trains. And on Mondays eight servants including an extra gardener toiled all day with mops and scrubbing-brushes and hammers and garden-shears, repairing the ravages of the night before.

Every Friday five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York—every Monday these same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves. There was a machine in the kitchen which could extract the juice of two hundred oranges in half an hour, if a little button was pressed two hundred times by a butler's thumb.

At least once a fortnight a corps of caterers came down with several hundred feet of canvas and enough colored lights to make a Christmas tree of Gatsby's enormous garden. On buffet tables, garnished with glistening hors-d'oeuvre*, spiced baked hams crowded against salads of harlequin designs and pastry pigs and turkeys bewitched to a dark gold. In the main hall a bar with a real brass rail was set up, and stocked with gins and liquors and with cordials so long forgotten that most of his female guests were too young to know one from another.

By seven o'clock the orchestra has arrived—no thin five-piece affair but a whole pitful of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos and low and high drums. The last swimmers have come in from the beach now and are dressing upstairs; the cars from New York are parked five deep in the drive, and already the halls and salons and verandas are gaudy with primary colors and hair shorn in strange new ways and shawls beyond the dreams of Castile. The bar is in full swing and floating rounds of cocktails permeate the garden outside until the air is alive with chatter and laughter and casual innuendo and introductions forgotten on the spot and enthusiastic meetings between women who never knew each other's names.

The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier, minute by minute, spilled with prodigality*, tipped out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath—already there are wanderers, confident girls who weave here and there among the stouter and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the center of a group and then excited with triumph glide on through the sea-change of faces and voices and color under the constantly changing light.

Suddenly one of these gypsies in trembling opal, seizes a cocktail out of the air, dumps it down for courage and moving her hands like Frisco dances out alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader varies his rhythm obligingly for her and there is a

burst of chatter as the erroneous news goes around that she is Gilda Gray's understudy from the "Follies." The party has begun.

*Glossary

station wagon = an estate car

hors-d'oeuvre = a small portion of food served as an appetizer before a main meal

prodigality = wasteful luxury

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

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

Q1. Read again the first part of the Source from **lines 1 to 8**.

List **four** things from this part of the text about what goes on at the neighbour's house.

[4 marks]

Q2. Look in detail at this extract from **lines 1 to 18** of the Source:

There was music from my neighbor's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. At high tide in the afternoon I watched his guests diving from the tower of his raft or taking the sun on the hot sand of his beach while his two motor-boats slit the waters of the Sound, drawing aquaplanes over cataracts of foam. On week-ends his Rolls-Royce became an omnibus, bearing parties to and from the city, between nine in the morning and long past midnight, while his station wagon scampered like a brisk yellow bug to meet all trains. And on Mondays eight servants including an extra gardener toiled all day with mops and scrubbing-brushes and hammers and garden-shears, repairing the ravages of the night before.

Every Friday five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York—every Monday these same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves. There was a machine in the kitchen which could extract the juice of two hundred oranges in half an hour, if a little button was pressed two hundred times by a butler's thumb.

At least once a fortnight a corps of caterers came down with several hundred feet of canvas and enough colored lights to make a Christmas tree of Gatsby's enormous garden. On buffet tables, garnished with glistening hors-d'oeuvre, spiced baked hams crowded against salads of harlequin designs and pastry pigs and turkeys bewitched to a dark gold. In the main hall a bar with a real brass rail was set up, and stocked with gins and liquors and with cordials so long forgotten that most of his female guests were too young to know one from another.

How does the writer use language here to describe the extravagance of the parties?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

[8 marks]

Q3. You now need to think about the **whole** of the Source.

This extract comes at the beginning of a chapter.

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

You could write about:

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

[8 marks]

Q4. Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the Source from **line 19 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: 'The writer brings the parties to life for the reader. It is as if you are there.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

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

[20 marks]

Section B: Writing

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

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

Q5. Either: Write a description suggested by this picture:



Or: Write a story opening for a genre of your choice. Set the scene vividly.

(24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

TASK 4

This extract is from the opening of a novel by Jean M Auel. It is set in prehistoric times.

The Clan of the Cave Bear

The naked child ran out of the hide-covered lean-to* towards the rocky beach at the bend in the small river. It didn't occur to her to look back. Nothing in her experience ever gave her reason to doubt the shelter and those within it would be there when she returned.

She splashed into the river and felt rocks and sand shift under her feet as the shore fell off sharply. She dived into the cold water and came up spluttering, then reached out with sure strokes for the steep opposite bank. She had learned to swim before she learned to walk and, at five, was at ease in the water. Swimming was often the only way a river could be crossed.

The girl played for a while, swimming back and forth, then let the current float her downstream. Where the river widened and bubbled over rocks, she stood up and waded to shore, then walked back to the beach and began sorting pebbles. She had just put a stone on top of a pile of especially pretty ones when the earth began to tremble.

The child looked with surprise as the stone rolled down of its own accord, and stared in wonder at the small pyramid of pebbles shaking and levelling themselves. Only then did she become aware she was shaking, too, but she was still more confused than apprehensive. She glanced around, trying to understand why her universe had altered in some inexplicable* way. The earth was not supposed to move.

The small river, which moments before had flowed smoothly, was rolling with choppy waves that splashed over its banks as the rocking streambed moved at cross purposes to the current, dredging mud up from the bottom. Brush* close by the upstream banks quivered, animated by unseen movements at the roots, and downstream, boulders bobbed in unaccustomed agitation. Beyond them, stately conifers of the forest into which the stream flowed lurched grotesquely. A giant pine near the bank, its roots exposed and their hold weakened by the spring run-off, leaned towards the opposite shore. With a crack, it gave way and crashed to the ground, bridging the turbid* watercourse, and lay shaking on the unsteady earth.

The girl started at the sound of the falling tree. Her stomach churned and tightened into a knot as fear brushed the edge of her mind. She tried to stand but fell back, unbalanced by the sickening swaying. She tried again, managed to pull herself up, and stood unsteadily, afraid to take a step.

As she started towards the hide-covered shelter set back from the stream, she felt a low rumble rise to a terrifying roar. A sour stench of wetness and rot issued from a crack opening in the ground, like the reek of morning breath from a yawning earth. She stared uncomprehendingly at dirt and rocks and small trees falling into the widening gap as the cooled shell of the molten planet cracked in the convulsion.

The lean-to, perched on the far edge of the abyss, tilted, as half the solid ground beneath it pulled away. The slender ridge-pole teetered undecidedly, then collapsed and disappeared into the deep hole, taking its hide cover and all it contained with it. The girl trembled in wide-eyed horror as the foul-breathed gaping maw* swallowed everything that had given meaning and security to the five short years of her life.

*Glossary

hide-covered lean-to = a shelter covered in animal skins

inexplicable = mysterious, strange

brush = small bushes and shrubs

turbid = confused, muddled

maw = the jaws or throat of a threatening animal

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

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

Q1. Read again the first part of the Source from **lines 1 to 7**.

List **four** things from this part of the text about the girl.

[4 marks]

Q2. Look in detail at this extract from **lines 23 to 33** of the Source:

The girl started at the sound of the falling tree. Her stomach churned and tightened into a knot as fear brushed the edge of her mind. She tried to stand but fell back, unbalanced by the sickening swaying. She tried again, managed to pull herself up, and stood unsteadily, afraid to take a step.

As she started towards the hide-covered shelter set back from the stream, she felt a low rumble rise to a terrifying roar. A sour stench of wetness and rot issued from a crack opening in the ground, like the reek of morning breath from a yawning earth. She stared uncomprehendingly at dirt and rocks and small trees falling into the widening gap as the cooled shell of the molten planet cracked in the convulsion.

The lean-to, perched on the far edge of the abyss, tilted, as half the solid ground beneath it pulled away. The slender ridge-pole teetered undecidedly, then collapsed and disappeared into the deep hole, taking its hide cover and all it contained with it. The girl trembled in wide-eyed horror as the foul-breathed gaping maw* swallowed everything that had given meaning and security to the five short years of her life.

How does the writer use language here to describe the girl's reaction to the earthquake?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

[8 marks]

Q3. You now need to think about the **whole** of the Source.

This extract is from the opening of the novel.

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

You could write about:

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

Q4. Focus this part of your answer on the first part of the Source from line 1 to line 22.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: 'The writer makes the earthquake seem truly terrifying.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

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

[20 marks]

Section B: Writing

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

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

Q5. You are going to enter a creative writing competition.

Your entry will be judged by a panel of people of your own age.

Either: Write a description suggested by this picture:



Or: Write the opening of a story set in either the distant past or the distant future.

(24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

TASK 5

This extract is from the opening of a novel by Robert Galbraith (JK Rowling).

The Cuckoo's Calling

The buzz in the street was like the humming of flies. Photographers stood massed behind barriers patrolled by police, their long-snouted cameras poised, their breath rising like steam. Snow fell steadily on to hats and shoulders; gloved fingers wiped lenses clear. From time to time there came outbreaks of desultory* clicking, as the watchers filled the waiting time by snapping the white canvas tent in the middle of the road, the entrance to the tall red-brick apartment block behind it, and the balcony on the top floor from which the body had fallen.

Behind the tightly packed paparazzi stood white vans with enormous satellite dishes on the roofs, and journalists talking, some in foreign languages, while soundmen in headphones hovered. Between recordings, the reporters stamped their feet and warmed their hands on hot beakers of coffee from the teeming café a few streets away. To fill the time, the woolly-hatted cameramen filmed the backs of the photographers, the balcony, the tent concealing the body, then repositioned themselves for wide shots that encompassed the chaos that had exploded inside the sedate and snowy Mayfair street, with its lines of glossy black doors framed by white stone porticos and flanked by topiary shrubs. The entrance to number 18 was bounded with tape. Police officials, some of them white-clothed forensic experts, could be glimpsed in the hallway beyond.

The television stations had already had the news for several hours. Members of the public were crowding at either end of the road, held at bay by more police; some had come, on purpose, to look, others had paused on their way to work. Many held mobile telephones aloft to take pictures before moving on. One young man, not knowing which was the crucial balcony, photographed each of them in turn, even though the middle one was packed with a row of shrubs, three neat, leafy orbs, which barely left room for a human being.

A group of young girls had brought flowers, and were filmed handing them to the police, who as yet had not decided on a place for them, but laid them self-consciously in the back of the police van, aware of camera lenses following their every move.

The correspondents sent by twenty-four-hour news channels kept up a steady stream of comment and speculation around the few sensational facts they knew.

"...from her penthouse apartment at around two o'clock this morning. Police were alerted by the building's security guard..."

"...no sign yet that they are moving the body, which has led some to speculate..."

"...no word on whether she was alone when she fell..."

"...teams have entered the building and will be conducting a thorough search."

*Glossary

desultory = aimless, half-hearted

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

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

Q1. Read again the first part of the Source from lines 1 to 6.

List **four** things from this part of the text about the scene in the street.

[4 marks]

Q2. Look in detail at this extract from lines 9 to 24 of the Source:

Between recordings, the reporters stamped their feet and warmed their hands on hot beakers of coffee from the teeming café a few streets away. To fill the time, the woolly-hatted cameramen filmed the backs of the photographers, the balcony, the tent concealing the body, then repositioned themselves for wide shots that encompassed the chaos that had exploded inside the sedate and snowy Mayfair street, with its lines of glossy black doors framed by white stone porticos and flanked by topiary shrubs. The entrance to number 18 was bounded with tape. Police officials, some of them white-clothed forensic experts, could be glimpsed in the hallway beyond.

The television stations had already had the news for several hours. Members of the public were crowding at either end of the road, held at bay by more police; some had come, on purpose, to look, others had paused on their way to work. Many held mobile telephones aloft to take pictures before moving on. One young man, not knowing which was the crucial balcony, photographed each of them in turn, even though the middle one was packed with a row of shrubs, three neat, leafy orbs, which barely left room for a human being.

A group of young girls had brought flowers, and were filmed handing them to the police, who as yet had not decided on a place for them, but laid them self-consciously in the back of the police van, aware of camera lenses following their every move.

How does the writer use language here to give a sense of different people's reactions to the crime scene?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

[8 marks]

Q3. You now need to think about the **whole** of the Source.

This extract is from the opening of the novel.

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

You could write about:

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

[8 marks]

Q4. Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the Source from **line 16 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: 'The writer makes the reader feel just as confused as the people in the scene.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write about your own impressions of what is happening in this section
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with references to the text

[20 marks]

Section B: Writing

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

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

Q5. You are going to enter a creative writing competition.

Your entry will be judged by a panel of people of your own age.

Either: Write a description suggested by this picture:



Or: Write the opening of a crime or mystery story.

(24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

TASK 6

This extract is from a novel by Margaret Atwood, first published at the beginning of the 21st century. In this section, a character closely examines a photograph that was taken many years before.

1 She has a single photograph of him. She tucked it into a brown envelope on which she'd written clippings, and hid the envelope between the pages of Perennials for the Rock Garden, where no one else would ever look.

She's preserved this photo carefully, because it's almost all she has left of him. It's black and white,
5 taken by one of those boxy, cumbersome flash cameras from before the war, with their accordion-pleat nozzles and their well-made leather cases that looked like muzzles, with straps and intricate buckles. The photo is of the two of them together, her and this man, on a picnic. Picnic is written on the back, in pencil - not his name or hers, just picnic. She knows the names, she doesn't need to write them down.

10 They're sitting under a tree; it might have been an apple tree; she didn't notice the tree much at the time. She's wearing a white blouse with the sleeves rolled to the elbow and a wide skirt tucked around her knees. There must have been a breeze, because of the way the shirt is blowing up against her; or perhaps it wasn't blowing, perhaps it was clinging; perhaps it was hot. It was hot. Holding her hand over the picture, she can still feel the heat coming up from it, like the heat from a sun-warmed
15 stone at midnight.

The man is wearing a light-coloured hat, angled down on his head and partially shading his face. His face appears to be more darkly tanned than hers. She's turned half towards him, and smiling, in a way she can't remember smiling at anyone since. She seems very young in the picture, too young, though she hadn't considered herself too young at the time. He's smiling too - the whiteness of his teeth
20 shows up like a scratched match flaring - but he's holding his hand up, as if to fend her off in play, or else to protect himself from those in the future who might be looking at him, who might be looking in at him through this square, lighted window of glazed paper. As if to protect himself from her. As if to protect her. In his outstretched, protecting hand there's the stub end of a cigarette.

She retrieves the brown envelope when she's alone, and slides the photo out from among the
25 newspaper clippings. She lies it flat on the table and stares down into it, as if she's peering into a well or pool - searching beyond her own reflection for something else, something she must have dropped or lost, out of reach but still visible, shimmering like a jewel on sand. She examines every detail. His fingers bleached by the flash or the sun's glare; the folds of their clothing; the leaves of the tree, and the small round shapes hanging there - were they apples, after all? The coarse grass in
30 the foreground. The grass was yellow then because the weather had been dry.

Over to one side - you wouldn't see it at first - there's a hand, cut by the margin, scissored off at the wrist, resting on the grass as if discarded. Left to its own devices.

The trace of blown cloud in the brilliant sky, like ice cream smudged on chrome. His smoke-stained fingers. The distant glint of water. All drowned now.

35 Drowned, but shining.

Question 1

Read again **lines 1 to 9**.

List **four** things from this part of the text about the photograph.

[4 marks]

Question 2

Look in detail at **lines 16-24** of the extract.

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

You could include the writer's use of:

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

[8 marks]

Question 3

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

This text is from the opening of a novel.

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

You could write about:

- What the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning and end
- How the writer develops her ideas
- Any other structural features that interest you

[8 marks]

Question 4

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source **from lines 25 to the end**.

“The writer successfully creates an air of mystery around the photograph.”

To what extent do you agree with this statement?

In your response, you could:

- Examine how the writer creates an air of mystery around the photograph
- Evaluate the extent to which the writer is successful in doing this
- Support your comments with quotations from the text

[20 marks]

Question 5

You are going to enter a creative writing competition.

Your entry will be judged by a panel of professional writers.

Either:

Write a story in which a photograph plays a significant part.

Or:

Write a description suggested by this photograph:



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