

# Year 11 An Inspector Calls 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!

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## TASK 1:

### **An Inspector Calls by J. B. Priestley and Hope by Jack Thorne**

Read the two extracts below and then answer both part a) and part b). You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on part a) and 30 minutes on part b).

For part a), you should focus only on the extracts here rather than referring to the rest of your studied text.

a) Compare how business decisions are presented in these two extracts.

You should consider:

- the situations and experiences faced by the characters
- how the characters react to the business decisions
- how the writers' use of language and techniques creates effects.

[20]

#### **Extract 1 from: An Inspector Calls by J. B. Priestley**

In this extract Arthur Birling justifies his handling of a strike at his factory. Birling: Well, it's my duty to keep labour costs down, and if I'd agreed to this demand for a new rate we'd have added about twelve per cent to our labour costs. Does that satisfy you? So I refused. Said I couldn't consider it. We were paying the usual rates and if they didn't like those rates, they could go and work somewhere else. It's a free country, I told them. Eric: It isn't if you can't go anywhere else. Inspector: Quite so. Birling [to Eric]: Look – just you keep out of this. You hadn't even started in the works when this happened. So they went on strike. That didn't last long, of course. Gerald: Not if it was just after the holidays. They'd be all broke – if I know them. Birling: Right, Gerald. They mostly were. And so was the strike, after a week or two. Pitiful affair. Well, we let them all come back – at the old rates – except the four or five ringleaders, who'd started the trouble. I went down myself and told them to clear out. And this girl, Eva Smith, was one of them. She'd had a lot to say – far too much – she had to go. Gerald: You couldn't have done anything else. Eric: He could. He could have kept her on instead of throwing her out. I call it tough luck. Birling: Rubbish! If you don't come down sharply on some of these people, they'd soon be asking for the earth. Gerald: I should say so! Inspector: They might. But after all it's better to ask for the earth than to take it.

#### **Extract 2 from: Hope by Jack Thorne**

In this extract, Laura has arranged an appointment to talk to Julie, the leader of the council, about the cuts the council must make. Laura: I used to work in McDonald's. I did the chicken and fish stand. The Nuggets, the McChicken Sandwiches, the Fillet of Fish. No one ever ate the Fillet of Fish. We always had to cook one especially. Julie: I love a Big Mac. Laura: But then things changed. A new manager was worried about me. So he changed me to cleaning the floors. And then he slipped. So he changed me to cleaning the street outside. Picking up the bubble gum. From where it stuck – on the pavement. Julie: That doesn't sound good. Laura: I live with my parents. I like living with my parents. But I meet my friends at the day centre. Julie: I actually live with my dad too. Laura: Would you like to spend all day with him – every day. Julie: No. Laura: I don't want you to shut the day centre. It's fun. We go bowling. We make things. We have discos. Julie: Yes. I understand that. Laura: Please don't shut my day centre

## TASK 2:

b) Explore one other moment in *An Inspector Calls* when a character puts forward their views forcefully.

[20]

## TASK 3

Read the two extracts below and then answer both part a) and part b). You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on part a) and 30 minutes on part b). For part a), you should focus only on the extracts here rather than referring to the rest of your studied text.

a) Compare how the characters' coming of age is presented in both extracts. You should consider:

- The way the writers portray the coming of age of the characters
- How others react to the coming of age of the characters
- How the writers' use of language and techniques creates effects

[20]

### EXTRACT 1: *An Inspector Calls*

Birling: (*triumphantly*) There you are! Proof positive. The whole story's just a lot of moonshine. Nothing but an elaborate sell! (*He produces a huge sigh of relief.*) Nobody likes to be sold as badly as that – but – for all that – (*he smiles at them all*) Gerald, have a drink.

Gerald: (*smiling*) Thanks, I think I could just do with one now.

Birling: (*going to sideboard*) So could I.

Mrs Birling: (*smiling*) And I must say, Gerald, you've argued this very cleverly, and I'm most grateful.

Gerald: (*going for his drink*) Well, you see, while I was out of the house I'd time to cool off and think things out a little.

Birling: (*giving him a drink*) Yes, he didn't keep you on the run as he did the rest of us. I'll admit now he gave me a bit of a scare at the time. But I'd a special reason for not wanting any public scandal just now. (*Has his drink now, and raises his glass.*) Well, here's to us. Come on, Sheila, don't look like that. All over now.

Sheila: The worst part is. But you're forgetting one thing I still can't forget. Everything we said had happened really had happened. If it didn't end tragically, then that's lucky for us. But it might have done.

Birling: (*jovially*) But the whole thing's different now. Come, come, you can see that, can't you? (*Imitating Inspector in his final speech.*) You all helped to kill her. (*pointing at Sheila and Eric, and laughing.*) and I wish you could have seen the look on your faces when he said that.

// Sheila moves towards door.//  
Going to bed, young woman?

Sheila: (*tensely*) I want to get out of this. It frightens me the way you talk.

Birling: (*heartily*) Nonsense! You'll have a good laugh over it yet. Look, you'd better ask Gerald for that ring you gave back to him, hadn't you? Then you'll feel better.

Sheila: (*passionately*) You're pretending everything's just as it was before.

Eric: I'm not!

Sheila: No, but these others are.

Birling: Well, isn't it? We've been had, that's all.

Sheila: So nothing really happened. So there's nothing to be sorry for, nothing to learn. We can all go on behaving just as we did.

Mrs Birling: Well, why shouldn't we?

Sheila: I tell you – whoever that Inspector was, it was anything but a joke. You knew it then. You began to learn something. And now you've stopped. You're ready to go on in the same old way.

Birling: (*amused*) And you're not, eh?

Sheila: No, because I remember what he said, how he looked, and what he made me feel. Fire and blood and anguish. And it frightens me the way you talk, and I can't listen to any more of it.

Eric: And I agree with Sheila. It frightens me too.

Birling: Well, go to bed then, and don't stand there being hysterical.

Mrs Birling: They're over-tired. In the morning they'll be as amused as we are.

Gerald: Everything's all right now, Sheila. (*Holds up the ring.*) What about this ring?

Sheila: No, not yet. It's too soon. I must think.

## EXTRACT 2: Blood Brothers

*EDWARD enters in a duffle coat and college scarf, unseen by MICKEY, EDWARD creeps up behind MICKEY and puts his hands over his eyes.*

EDWARD: Guess who?

MICKEY: Father Christmas.

EDWARD: (*leaping out in front of them*): Mickey ... (*Laughing.*) Merry Christmas.

MICKEY, unamused, looks at EDWARD and then looks away. Come on then ... I'm back, where's the action, the booze, the Christmas parties, the music and the birds.

No reaction.

What's wrong, Mickey?

MICKEY: Nothin'. How's University?

EDWARD: Mickey, it's fantastic. I haven't been to so many parties in my life. And there's just so many tremendous people, but you'll meet them Mick, some of them, Baz, Ronnie and Clare and oh, lots of them. They're coming over to stay for the New Year, for the party. Ooh it's just ... it's great, Mickey.

MICKEY: Good.

EDWARD: Come on, what's wrong? It's nearly Christmas, we were going to do everything. How's

Linda?

MICKEY: She's OK.

EDWARD: (trying again to rally him): Well, come on then, let's go then ... come on.

MICKEY: Come on where?

EDWARD: Mickey, what's wrong?

MICKEY: You. You're a dick head!

EDWARD is slightly unsure but laughs anyway.

There are no parties arranged. There is no booze or music. Christmas? I'm sick to the teeth of Christmas an' it isn't even here yet. See, there's very little to celebrate, Eddie.

Since you left I've been walking around all day, every day, lookin' for a job.

EDWARD: What about the job you had?

MICKEY: It disappeared. (Pause.) Y'know somethin', I bleedin' hated that job, standin' there all day never doin' nothin' but put cardboard boxes together. I used to get ... used to get terrified that I'd have to do it for the rest of me life. But, but after three months of nothin', the same answer everywhere, nothin', nothin' down for y', I'd crawl back to that job for half the pay and double the hours. Just ... just makin' up boxes it was. But now, it seems like it was paradise.

Pause.

EDWARD: Why ... why is a job so important? If I couldn't get a job I'd just say, sod it and draw

the dole, live like a bohemian, tilt my hat to the world and say 'screw you'. So you're not working. Why is it so important?

MICKEY: (looking at him): You don't understand anythin' do y'? I don't wear a hat that I could

tilt at the world.

EDWARD: Look ... come on ... I've got money, plenty of it. I'm back, let's forget about bloody jobs, let's go and get Linda and celebrate. Look, look, money, lots of it, have some ...

(He tries to thrust some notes into MICKEY's hands.)

MICKEY: No. I don't want your money, stuff it.

He throws the notes to the ground. EDWARD picks them up and stands looking at MICKEY.

Eddie, just do me a favour an' piss off, will y'?

Pause.

EDWARD: I thought, I thought we always stuck together. I thought we were ... were blood brothers.

MICKEY: That was kids' stuff, Eddie. Didn't anyone tell y'?

#### TASK 4:

Explore another moment in the play that shows generational differences.

[20]

#### TASK 5:

Read the two extracts below and then answer both part a) and part b).  
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on part a) and 30 minutes on part b).  
For part a), you should focus only on the extracts here rather than referring to the rest of your studied text.

a) Compare how conflict between young people and their parents is presented in these two extracts. You should consider:

the situations and experiences faced by the young people  
how the young people react to their parents  
how language and dramatic features create effects.

**Use the introduction support sheet to help you create an introduction**

[20]

### Extract 1: An Inspector Calls by J.B. Priestley

Eric: (nearly at breaking point) Then – you killed her. She came to you to protect me – and you turned her away – yes, and you killed her – and the child she'd have had too – my child – your own grandchild – you killed them both – damn you, damn you-

Mrs Birling: (very distressed now) No – Eric – please – I didn't know – I didn't understand-

Eric: (almost threatening her) You don't understand anything. You never did. You never even tried – you -

Sheila: (frightened) Eric, don't – don't-

Birling: (furious, intervening) Why, you hysterical young fool – get back – or I'll-

Inspector: ( taking charge, masterfully) Stop!

They are suddenly quiet, staring at him.

And be quiet for a moment and listen to me. I don't need to know any more. Neither do you. This girl killed herself – and died a horrible death. But each of you helped to kill her. Remember that. Never forget it. (He looks from one to the other of them carefully.) But then I don't think you ever will. Remember what you did, Mrs Birling. You turned her away when she most needed help. You refused her even the pitiable little bit of organised charity you had in your power to grant her. Remember what you did-

Eric: (unhappily) My God – I'm not likely to forget.

Inspector: Just used her for the end of a stupid drunken evening, as if she was an animal, a thing, not a person. No, you won't forget. (He looks at Sheila.)

Sheila: (bitterly) I know. I had her turned out of a job. I started it.

Inspector: You helped – but you didn't start it. (rather savagely, to Birling.) You started it. She wanted twenty-five shillings a week instead of twenty-two and sixpence. You made her pay a heavy price for that. And now she'll make you pay a heavier price still.

Birling: ( unhappily) Look, Inspector – I'd give thousands – yes, thousands-

Inspector: You're offering the money at the wrong time. Mr Birling. (He makes a move as if concluding the session, possibly shutting up notebook, etc. Then surveys them sardonically.) No, I don't think any of you will forget. Nor that young man, Croft, though he at least had some affection for her and made her happy for a time. Well, Eva Smith's gone. You can't do her any more harm. And you can't do her any good now, either. You can't even say "I'm sorry, Eva Smith."

Sheila: (who is crying quietly) That's the worst of it.

Inspector: But just remember this. One Eva Smith has gone – but there are millions and millions and millions of Eva Smiths and John Smiths still left with us, with their lives, their hopes and fears, their suffering and chance of happiness, all intertwined with our lives, and what we think and say and do. We don't live alone. We are members of one body. We are responsible for each other. And I tell you that the time will soon come when, if men will not learn that lesson, then they will be taught it in fire and blood and anguish. Good night.

He walks straight out, leaving them staring, subdued and wondering. Sheila is still quietly crying. Mrs Birling has collapsed into a chair. Eric is brooding desperately. Birling, the only active one, hears the front door slam, moves hesitatingly towards the door, stops, looks gloomily at the other three, then pours himself out a drink, which he hastily swallows.

Birling: (angrily to Eric) You're the one I blame for this.

Eric: I'll bet I am.

Birling: (angrily) Yes, and you don't realise yet all you've done. Most of this is bound to come out. There'll be a public scandal.

Eric: Well, I don't care now.

Birling: You! You don't seem to care about anything. But I care. I was almost certain for a knighthood in the next Honours List-

Eric laughs rather hysterically, pointing at him.

Eric: (laughing) Oh – for God's sake! What does it matter now whether they give you a knighthood or not?

Birling: (sternly) It doesn't matter to you. Apparently nothing matters to you. But it may interest you to know that until every penny of that money you stole is repaid, you'll work for nothing. And there's going to be no more of this drinking round the town – and picking up women in the palace bar-

Mrs Birling: (coming to life) I should think not. Eric, I'm absolutely ashamed of you.

Eric: Well, I don't blame you. But don't forget I'm ashamed of you as well – yes both of you.

Birling: (angrily) Drop that. There's every excuse for what both your mother and I did – it turned out unfortunately, that's all-

Sheila: (scornfully) That's all.

Birling: Well, what have you to say?

Sheila: I don't know where to begin.

Birling: Then don't begin. Nobody wants you to.

Sheila: I behaved badly too. I know I did. I'm ashamed of it. But now you're beginning all over again to pretend that nothing much has happened-

Birling: Nothing much has happened! Haven't I already said there'll be a public scandal – unless we're lucky – and who here will suffer from that more than I will?

Sheila: But that's not what I'm talking about. I don't care about that. The point is, you don't seem to have learnt anything.

### **Extract 2: All my Sons by Arthur Miller**

Keller: (trying to hush him) I didn't kill anybody!

Chris: then explain it to me. What did you do? Explain it to me or I'll tear you to pieces!

Keller: (horrified at his overwhelming fury) Don't, Chris, don't...

Chris: I want to know what you did, now what did you do? You had a hundred and twenty cracked engine heads, now what did you do?

Keller: If you're going to hang me then I...

Chris: I'm listening. God almighty, I'm listening!

Keller: (their movements are those of subtle pursuit and escape. Keller keeps a step out of Chris's range as he talks) You're a boy, what could I do! I'm in business, a man is in business. A hundred and twenty cracked, you're out of business. You got a process, the process don't work you're out of business. You don't know how to operate, your stuff is no good, they close you up, they tear up your contracts. What the hell's it to them? You lay forty years into a business and they knock you out in five minutes, what could I do, let them take forty years, let them take my life away? (his voice cracking) I never thought they'd install them. I swear to God. I thought they'd stop 'em before anybody took off.

Chris: Then why'd you ship them out?

Keller: By the time they could spot them I thought I'd have the process going again, and I could show them they needed me and they'd let it go by. But weeks passed and I got no kick-back, so I was going to tell them.

Chris: Then why didn't you tell them?

Keller: It was too late. The paper, it was all over the front page, twenty one went down, it was too late. They came with handcuffs into the shop, what could I do? (He sits on bench) Chris... Chris, I did it for you, it was a chance and I took it for you. I'm sixty one years old,



when would I have another chance to make something for you? Sixty one years old you don't get another chance, do ya?

Chris: You even knew that they wouldn't hold up in the air.

Keller: I didn't say that.

Chris: But you were going to warn them not to use them....

Keller: But that doesn't mean...

Chris: It means you knew they'd crash.

Keller: It don't mean that.

Chris: Then you thought they'd crash.

Keller: I was afraid maybe...

Chris: You were afraid maybe! God in heaven, what kind of a man are you? Kids were hanging in the air by those heads. You knew that!

Keller: For you, a business for you!

Chris: (with burning fury) For me! Where do you live, where have you come from? For me! ...I was dying every day and you were killing my boys and you did it for me? What the hell do you think I was thinking of, the Goddam business? Is that as far as your mind can see, the business? What is that, the world of business? What the hell do you mean, you did it for me? Don't you have a country? Don't you live in the world? What the hell are you? You're not even an animal, no animal kills his own, what are you? What must I do to you? I ought to tear the tongue out of your mouth, what must I do? (With his fist he pounds down upon his father's shoulder. He stumbles away, covering his face as he weeps) What must I do, Jesus God, what must I do?

Keller: Chris... My Chris...

#### **TASK 6:**

Explore how the differences between the upper and lower classes is portrayed in another moment in the play.

[20]

#### **TASK 7**

Read the two extracts below and then answer both part a) and part b). You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on part a) and 30 minutes on part b). For part a), you should focus only on the extracts here rather than referring to the rest of your studied text.

a) Compare how the attitudes of the upper and lower class are presented in both extracts. You should consider:

- The way the writers portray the upper and lower class
- How the lower class are treated by the upper class
- How the writers' use of language and techniques creates effects

[20]

### Text One - An Inspector Calls

Sheila: I've told my father – he didn't seem to think it amounted to much – but I felt rotten about it at the time and now I feel a lot worse. Did it make much difference to her?

Inspector: Yes, I'm afraid it did. It was the last real steady job she had. When she lost it – for no reason that she could discover – she decided she might as well try another kind of life.

Sheila: (*miserably*) So I'm really responsible?

Inspector: No, not entirely. A good deal happened to her after that. But you're partly to blame. Just as your father is.

Eric: But what did Sheila do?

Sheila: (*distressed*) I went to the manager at Milwards and I told him that if they didn't get rid of that girl, I'd never go near the place again and I'd persuade mother to close our account with them.

Inspector: And why did you do that?

Sheila: Because I was in a furious temper.

Inspector: And what had this girl done to make you lose your temper?

Sheila: When I was looking at myself in the mirror I caught sight of her smiling at the assistant, and I was furious with her. I'd been in a bad temper anyhow.

Inspector: And was it the girl's fault?

Sheila: No, not really. It was my own fault. (*suddenly, to Gerald*) All right, Gerald, you needn't look at me like that. At least, I'm trying to tell the truth. I expect you've done things you're ashamed of too.

Gerald: (*surprised*) Well, I never said I hadn't. I don't see why –

Inspector: (*cutting in*) Never mind about that. You can settle that between you afterwards. (*to Sheila.*) What happened?

Sheila: I'd gone in to try something on. It was an idea of my own – mother had been against it, and so had the assistant – but I insisted. As soon as I tried it on, I knew they'd been right. It just didn't suit me at all. I looked silly in the thing. Well, this girl had brought the dress up from the workroom, and when the assistant – Miss Francis – had asked her something about it, this girl, to show us what she meant, had held the dress up, as if she

was wearing it. And it just suited her. She was the right type for it, just as I was the wrong type. She was very pretty too – with big dark eyes – and that didn't make it any better. Well, when I tried the thing on and looked at myself and knew that it was all wrong, I caught sight of this girl smiling at Miss Francis – as if to say: 'doesn't she look awful' – and I was absolutely furious. I was very rude to both of them, and then I went to the manager and told him that this girl had been very impertinent – and – and – (*she almost breaks down, but just controls herself.*) How could I know what would happen afterwards? If she'd been some miserable plain little creature, I don't suppose I'd have done it. But she was very pretty and looked as if she could take care of herself. I couldn't be sorry for her.

Inspector: In fact, in a kind of way, you might be said to have been jealous of her.

Sheila: Yes, I suppose so.

Inspector: And so you used the power you had, as a daughter of a good customer and also of a man well known in the town, to punish the girl just because she made you feel like that?

Sheila: Yes, but it didn't seem to be anything very terrible at the time. Don't you understand? And if I could help her now, I would---

Inspector:(harshly) Yes, but you can't. It's too late. She's dead.

Eric: My god, it's a bit thick, when you come to think of it---

Sheila: (stormily) Oh shut up, Eric. I know I know. It's the only time I've ever done anything like that, and I'll never, never do it again to anybody. I've noticed them giving me a sort of look sometimes at Milwards – I noticed it even this afternoon – and I suppose some of them remember. I feel now I can never go there again. Oh – why had this to happen?

## **Text Two - The Tiredness of Rosabel**

*This extract is from the beginning of a short story by Katherine Mansfield. Rosabel, a lower class girl who works in a hat shop, is on her way home.*

At the corner of Oxford Circus, Rosabel bought a bunch of violets, and that was practically the reason why she had so little tea – for a scone and a boiled egg and a cup of cocoa are not sufficient after a hard day's work in a hat shop. As she swung onto the step of the bus, grabbed her skirt with one hand and clung to the railing with the other, Rosabel thought she would have sacrificed her soul for a good dinner, something hot and strong and filling.

Rosabel looked out of the windows; the street was blurred and misty, but light striking on the panes turned their dullness to opal and silver, and the jewellers' shops seen through this were fairy palaces. Her feet were horribly wet, and she knew the bottom of her skirt and petticoat would be coated with black, greasy mud. There was a sickening smell of warm humanity – it seemed to be oozing out of everybody in the bus – and everybody had the same expression, sitting so still, staring in front of them. Rosabel stirred suddenly and

unfastened the two top buttons of her coat... she felt almost stifled. Through her half-closed eyes, the whole row of people on the opposite seat seemed to resolve into one meaningless, staring face.

She began to think of all that had happened during the day. Would she ever forget that awful woman in the grey mackintosh, or the girl who had tried on every hat in the shop and then said she would 'call in tomorrow and decide definitely'? Rosabel could not help smiling; the excuse was worn so thin.

But there had been one other – a girl with beautiful red hair and a white skin and eyes the colour of that green ribbon shot with gold they had got from Paris last week. Rosabel had seen her carriage at the door; a man had come in with her, quite a young man, and so well dressed.

'What is it exactly that I want, Harry?' she had said, as Rosabel took the pins out of her hat, untied her veil, and gave her a hand-mirror.

'You must have a black hat,' he had answered, 'a black hat with a feather that goes right round it and then round your neck and ties in a bow under your chin – and a decent-sized feather.'

The girl glanced at Rosabel laughingly. 'Have you any hats like that?'

They had been very hard to please; Harry would demand the impossible, and Rosabel was almost in despair. Then she remembered the big, untouched box upstairs.

'Oh, one moment, Madam,' she had said. 'I think perhaps I can show you something that will please you better.' She had run up, breathlessly, cut the cords, scattered the tissue paper, and yes, there was the very hat – rather large, soft, with a great, curled feather, and a black velvet rose, nothing else. They had been charmed. The girl had put it on and then handed it to Rosabel.

'Let me see how it looks on you,' she said.

Rosabel turned to the mirror and placed it on her brown hair, then faced them. 'Oh, Harry, isn't it adorable,' the girl cried, 'I must have that!' She smiled again at Rosabel.

'It suits you, beautifully.'

A sudden, ridiculous feeling of anger had seized Rosabel. She longed to throw the lovely, perishable thing in the girl's face, and bent over the hat, flushing.

'It's exquisitely finished off inside, Madam,' she said. The girl swept out to her carriage, and left Harry to pay and bring the box with him.

'I shall go straight home and put it on before I come out to lunch with you,' Rosabel heard her say.