

# Practice Exam Questions for English Language Paper 1

## Section A – Reading

1. The examination will last for 1 hour and 45 minutes.
2. The total number of marks available is 80.
3. Section A focuses on reading skills; there are 40 marks available for this section.
4. For section A, you are advised to spend 15 minutes reading the extract, and 45 minutes answering the questions.

### Question 1 guidance:

1. Read the question carefully, paying close attention to the specified topic and line numbers.
2. You can paraphrase (use your own word) or use quotations.
3. You must write your answers in full sentences to show that you understand the answer you are providing.
4. Quotations must be embedded within a sentence.
5. If you just copy sentences from the text, it cannot be marked. Avoid doing this.
6. You should spend no more than 5 minutes answering this question.

### Question 2 guidance:

1. Read the question carefully, paying close attention to the specified topic and line numbers.
2. Re-read the specified section of the text carefully.
3. Spend 10 minutes answering this question.
4. Your examiner is looking for the following: key words from the question; clear points; quotations; techniques and terminology; a focus on language and language features; and analysis of meaning and effect.

### Question 3 guidance:

1. Read the question carefully.
2. Spend 10 minutes answering this question. You need to remember that it is only worth 8 marks out of a total of 80.
3. Consider the start, middle and the end of the text, and any changes throughout the text e.g. tone or focus.
4. Your examiner is looking for the following: key words from the question; clear points; quotations; techniques and terminology; a focus on structure; consideration of the reader; and analysis of effect.

### Question 4 guidance:

1. Read the question carefully, paying close attention to the specified topic and line numbers.
2. Re-read the specified section of the text carefully.
3. Spend 10 minutes answering this question.
4. This question is worth 20 marks (25% of this paper).
5. Your examiner is looking for the following: key words from the question; clear points; quotations; techniques and terminology; an evaluation of how true you believe the statement to be; evaluation of meaning and effect to support your viewpoints; and a focus on your response as a reader.

Set in New-York. Theo Decker has been excluded from school. Before his meeting with the school, his mother takes him to an art gallery in the city, where more than the paintings catch his eye. It is a moment that will change his life forever.

### The Goldfinch by Donna Tartt

“You know-” my mother looked over her shoulder - “if you don’t mind, I might just run back and take another quick look at *The Anatomy Lesson*<sup>1</sup> before we leave. I didn’t get to see it up close and I’m afraid I might not make it back before it comes down.” She started away, shoes clacking busily - and then glanced at me as if to say: *are you coming?*

This was so unexpected that for a split second I didn’t know what to say. “Umm,” I said, recovering, “I’ll meet you in the shop.”

“Okay,” she said. “Buy me a couple of cards, will you? I’ll be back in a sec.”

And off she hurried, before I had a chance to say a word. Heart pounding, unable to believe my luck, I watched her walking rapidly away from me in the white satin trenchcoat. This was it, my chance to talk to the girl; *but what can I say to her*, I thought furiously, *what can I say?* I dug my hands in my pockets, took a breath or two to compose myself, and - excitement fizzing in my bright stomach - turned to face her.

But to my consternation, she was gone. That is to say, she wasn’t gone; there was her red head, moving reluctantly (or so it seemed) across the room. Her grandpa had slipped his arm through hers and - whispering to her, with great enthusiasm - was towing her away to look at some picture on the opposite wall.

I could have killed him. Nervously I glanced at the empty doorway. Then I dug my hands deeper in my pockets and - face burning - walked conspicuously across the length of the gallery. The clock was ticking; my mother would be back any second; and though I didn’t have the nerve to barge up and actually say something, I could, at the very least get a good last look at her. Not long before, I had stayed up with my mother and watched *Citizen Kane*, and I was very taken with the idea that a person might notice in passing some bewitching stranger and remember her for the rest of his life. Someday I too might be like the old man in the movie, leaning back in my chair with a far-off look in my eyes, and saying:

“You know, that was sixty years ago, and I never saw that girl with the red hair again, but you know what? Not a month has gone by in all that time when I haven’t thought of her.”

I was more than halfway across the gallery when something strange happened. A museum guard ran across the open doorway of the museum shop beyond. He was carrying something in his arms.

The girl saw it too. Her golden-brown eyes met mine: a startled, quizzical look.

Suddenly, another guard flew out of the museum shop. His arms were up and he was screaming.

Heads went up. Someone behind me said, in an odd flat voice: oh!

The next instant, a tremendous, ear-splitting blast shook the room.

The old man - with a blank look on his face - stumbled sideways. His outstretched arm - knotty fingers spread - is the last thing I remember seeing. At almost exactly the same moment there was a black flash, with debris sweeping and twisting around me, and a roar of hot wind slammed into me and threw me across the room. And that was the last thing I knew for a while.

---

<sup>1</sup> A painting by Rembrandt

### Question 1 – 4 marks

Read again **lines 8-11** of the source. List **four** things from this part of the source about the main character (Theo). [4]

### Question 2 – 8 marks

Look in detail at this extract, **lines 25-34** of the source. How does the writer use language here to describe the sudden turn of events? You could include the writer's choice of:

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

### Question 3 – 8 marks

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**. This text is from 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 devices that interest you.

### Question 4 – 20 marks

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: "This part of the text, explaining how the character is focussed on the red-haired girl, shows how unaware he is of other events in the room. It highlights how little attention he paid to his mother in the opening of the extract".

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of how the character (Theo) feels
- Evaluate how the writer creates tension and atmosphere
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

A group of boys crash-land on a desert island and are forced to fight for survival. This extract is the opening to Chapter 3 where Jack has become the leader of a group of hunters, who try to hunt the wild pigs of the island.

### **Lord of the Flies by William Golding**

Jack was bent double. He was down like a sprinter, his nose only a few inches from the humid earth. The tree trunks and the creepers that festooned them lost themselves in a green dusk thirty feet above him, and all about was the undergrowth. There was only the faintest indication of a trail here; a cracked twig and what might be the impression of one side of a hoof. He lowered his chin and stared at the traces as though he would force them to speak to him. Then dog-like, uncomfortably on all fours yet unheeding his discomfort, he stole forward five yards and stopped. Here was loop of creeper with a tendril pendant from a node. The tendril was polished on the underside; pigs, passing through the loop, brushed it with their bristly hide.

Jack crouched with his face a few inches away from this clue, then stared forward into the semi-darkness of the undergrowth. His sandy hair, considerably longer than it had been when they dropped in, was lighter now; and his bare back was a mass of dark freckles and peeling sunburn. A sharpened stick about five feet long trailed from his right hand, and except for a pair of tattered shorts held up by his knife-belt he was naked. He closed his eyes, raised his head and breathed in gently with flared nostrils, assessing the current of warm air for information. The forest and he were very still.

At length he let out his breath in a long sigh and opened his eyes. They were bright blue, eyes that in this frustration seemed bolting and nearly mad. He passed his tongue across dry lips and scanned the uncommunicative forest. Then again he stole forward and cast this way and that over the ground.

The silence of the forest was more oppressive than the heat, and at this hour of the day there was not even the whine of insects. Only when Jack himself roused a gaudy bird from a primitive nest of sticks was the silence shattered and echoes set ringing by a harsh cry that seemed to come out of the abyss of ages. Jack himself shrank at this cry with a hiss of indrawn breath, and for a minute became less a hunter than a furtive thing, ape-like among the tangle of trees. Then the trail, the frustration, claimed him again and he searched the ground avidly. By the trunk of a vast tree that grew pale flowers on its grey bark he checked, closed his eyes, and once more drew in the warm air; and this time his breath came short, there was even a passing pallor in his face, and then the surge of blood again. He passed like a shadow under the darkness of the tree and crouched, looking down at the trodden ground at his feet.

The droppings were warm. They lay piled among turned earth. They were olive green, smooth, and they steamed a little. Jack lifted his head and stared at the inscrutable masses of creeper that lay across the trail. Then he raised his spear and sneaked forward. Beyond the creeper, the trail joined a pig-run that was wide enough and trodden enough to be a path. The ground was hardened by an accustomed tread and as Jack rose to his full height he heard something moving on it. He swung back his right arm and hurled the spear with all his strength. From the pigrun came the quick, hard patter of hoofs, a castanet sound, seductive, maddening—the promise of meat. He rushed out of the undergrowth and snatched up his spear. The pattering of pig's trotters died away in the distance.

Jack stood there, streaming with sweat, streaked with brown earth, stained by all the vicissitudes of a day's hunting. Swearing, he turned off the trail and pushed his way through until the forest opened a little and instead of bald trunks supporting a dark roof there were light grey trunks and crowns of feathery palm. Beyond these was the glitter of the sea and he could hear voices. Ralph was standing by a contraption of palm trunks and leaves, a rude shelter that faced the lagoon and seemed very near to falling down. He did not notice when Jack spoke.

**Question 1 - 4 marks**

Read again **lines 1-10** of the source. List **four** things from this part of the source about the Jack.

**Question 2 - 8 marks**

Look in detail at this extract, **lines 8-16** of the source. How does the writer use language here to present Jack? You could include the writer's choice of:

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

**Question 3 - 8 marks**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**. This text is from the opening 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 devices that interest you.

**Question 4 - 20 marks**

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, **from line 26 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: "This part of the text, describing how Jack is behaving, shows how he is almost like an animal hunting prey. It reminds me of the first line."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of Jack's behaviour
- Evaluate how the writer creates a mood and atmosphere
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

Mrs. Drablow of Eel Marsh House has passed away and Arthur Kipps, a solicitor, has been given the job of dealing with her estate. This involves visiting Eel Marsh House itself; a house isolated on the marshes and avoided by the locals. In this extract, Arthur is alone in the house overnight.

### **The Woman in Black by Susan Hill**

There was still a mist and a drizzling dampness in the air, though nothing like the dense swirling fog of the night when I had crossed the causeway path. But it was pitch dark: there was neither moonlight nor any stars visible and I stumbled about on my way to the shed in spite of the beam from my torch.

It was when I had located the axe and was making my way back to the house that I heard the noise and, when I heard it, so close that I thought it was only a few yards away from the house, turned back, instead of going in, walked quickly around to the front door, expecting to greet a visitor.

As I came onto the gravel, I shone my torch out into the direction of the causeway path. It was from there that the clip-clop of the pony's hooves and the rumbling and creaking of the trap were coming. But I could see nothing. And then, with an awful cry of realization, I knew. There was no visitor - or at least no real, human visitor - no Keckwick. The noise was beginning to come from a different direction now, as the pony and trap left the causeway and struck off across the open marsh.

I stood, hideously afraid, straining into the murky, misty distance with my ears, to try and detect any difference between this sound and that of a real vehicle. But there was none. If I could have run out of there, seen my way, I must surely have been able to reach it, climb up onto it, challenge its driver. As it was, I could do nothing, but stand, stand as still and stiff as a post, rigid with fear and yet inwardly in a turmoil of nervous apprehension and imaginings and responses.

Then I realized that the dog had come down and was beside me on the gravel, her body absolutely still, ears pricked, facing the marsh and the source. The pony trap was going further away now, the noise of its wheels was becoming muffled and then there was the sound of splashing water and churning mud, the noise of the pony plunging about in terror. It was happening, the whole thing was caught up in the quicksands and sinking, sinking, there was a terrible moment when the waters began to close around it and to gurgle, and then, above it all, and above the whinnying and struggling of the pony, the child's cry, that rose and rose to a scream of terror and was then slowly choked and drowned; and, finally, silence.

Then nothing, save the lap and eddy of the water far away. My whole body was trembling, my mouth dry, the palm of my hands were sore where I had dug my nails into them as I had stood, helplessly, hearing that dreadful sequence of sounds repeated again, as it would be repeated in my head a thousand times forever after.

That the pony and trap and the crying child were not real I had no shadow of a doubt, that their final drive across the marshes and their disappearance into the treacherous quicksands had not just taken place a hundred yards away from me in the darkness, of this I was now certain. But I was equally certain that once, who knew how long ago, but one actual day, this dreadful thing had indeed taken place, here on Eel Marsh. A pony and trap with whoever was its driver, together with a child passenger, had been swallowed up and drowned within a few moments. At the very thought of it, let alone at this ghostly repetition of the whole event, I was more distressed than I could bear. I stood shivering, cold from the mist and the night wind and from the sweat that was rapidly cooling on my body.

And then, hair bristling, with eyes a-start, the dog Spider took a couple of steps backwards, half lifted her front paws off the ground and began to howl, a loud, prolonged, agonized and heart-stopping howl.

In the end, I had to lift her up and carry her inside the house - she would not move in answer to any call. Her body was stiff in my arms and she was clearly in a state of distress, and, when I set her down on the floor of the hall, she clung close to my heels.

**Question 1 - 4 marks**

Read again **lines 1-11** of the source. List **four** things from this part of the source about the setting.

**Question 2 - 8 marks**

Look in detail at this extract, **lines 17-27** of the source. How does the writer use language here to describe Arthur's reaction to these events?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

**Question 3 - 8 marks**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**. This text appears mid-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 devices that interest you.

**Question 4 - 20 marks**

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, **from line 27 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: "This part of the text, describing how even Spider the dog is distressed, shows how difficult it is for both of them to comprehend what has occurred."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of Arthur and Spider's behaviour
- Evaluate how the writer creates tension and atmosphere
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

Set in Victorian London, the reader is taken on a journey, meeting a host of unforgettable characters. This extract is from the opening of the novel.

### **The Crimson Petal and the White by Michel Faber**

Watch your step. Keep your wits about you; you will need them. This city I am bringing you to is vast and intricate, and you have not been here before. You may imagine, from other stories you've read, that you know it well, but those stories flattered you, welcoming you as a friend, treating you as if you belonged. The truth is that you are an alien from another place and time altogether.

When I first caught your eye and you decided to come with me, you were probably thinking you would simply arrive and make yourself at home. Now that you're actually here, the air is bitterly cold, and you find yourself being led along in complete darkness, stumbling on uneven ground, recognising nothing. Looking left and right, blinking against an icy wind, you realise you have entered an unknown street of unlit houses full of unknown people.

And yet you did not choose me blindly. Certain expectations were aroused. Let's not be coy: you were hoping I would satisfy all the desires you're too shy to name, or at least show you a good time. Now you hesitate, still holding on to me but tempted to let me go. When you first picked me up, you didn't fully appreciate the size of me, nor did you expect I would grip you so tightly, so fast. Sleet stings your cheeks, sharp little spits of it so cold they feel hot, like fiery cinders in the wind. Your ears begin to hurt. But you've allowed yourself to be led astray, and it's too late to turn back now.

It's an ashen hour of night, blackish-grey and almost readable like undisturbed pages of burnt manuscript. You blunder forward into the haze of your own spent breath, still following me. The cobblestones beneath your feet are wet and mucky, the air is frigid and smells of sour spirits and slowly dissolving dung. You hear muffled drunken voices from somewhere nearby, but what little you can understand doesn't sound like the carefully chosen opening speeches of a grand romantic drama; instead, you find yourself hoping to God that the voices come no closer.

The main characters in this story, with whom you want to become intimate, are nowhere near here. They aren't expecting you; you mean nothing to them. If you think they're going to get out of their warm beds and travel miles to meet you, you are mistaken.

You may wonder, then: why did I bring you here? Why this delay in meeting the people you thought you were going to meet? The answer is simple: their servants wouldn't have let you in the door.

What you lack is the right connections, and that is what I've brought you here to make: connections. A person who is worth nothing must introduce you to a person worth next-to-nothing, and that person to another, and so on and so forth until finally you can step across the threshold, almost one of the family.

That is why I've brought you here to Church Lane, St Giles: I've found just the right person for you.

I must warn you, though, that I'm introducing you at the very bottom: the lowest of the low. The opulence of Bedford Square and the British Museum may be only a few hundred yards away, but New Oxford Street runs between here and there like a river too wide to swim, and you are on the wrong side.



**Question 1 - 4 marks**

Read again **lines 1-9** of the source. List **four** things from this part of the source about the location.

**Question 2 - 8 marks**

Look in detail at this extract, **lines 13-21** of the source. How does the writer use language here to create an inhospitable atmosphere?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

**Question 3 - 8 marks**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**. This text 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 devices that interest you.

**Question 4 - 20 marks**

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

A student, having read this section of the text, said: "This part of the text, where the narrator justifies his/her actions, speaks directly to warn the reader. This builds on the warning given in the first line".

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of the narrator and the location
- Evaluate how the writer creates tension and atmosphere
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

The Bas-Thornton children are raised on a plantation in Jamaica. At the beginning of the novel, a hurricane destroys their home.

### ***A High Wind in Jamaica* By Richard Hughes**

It was the custom that, whenever Mr. Thornton had been to St. Anne's, John and Emily should run out to meet him, and ride back with him, one perched on each of his stirrups.

That Sunday evening they ran out as soon as they saw him coming, in spite of the thunderstorm that by now was clattering over their very heads, with the lightning bounding from tree to tree, bouncing about the ground, while the thunder seemed to proceed from violent explosions in your own very core.

"Go back! Go back, you damned little fools!" Mr Thornton yelled furiously: "Get into the house!"

They stopped, aghast: and began to realise that after all it was a storm of more than ordinary violence. They discovered that they were drenched to the skin must have been the moment they left the house. The lightning kept up a continuous blaze: it was playing about their father's stirrup-irons; and all of a sudden they realized that he was afraid. They fled to the house, shocked to the heart: and he was in the house almost as soon as they were.

Mrs. Thornton rushed out, saying that she thought the worst was over now. Perhaps it was; but all through supper the lightning shone almost without flickering. And John and Emily could hardly eat: the memory of that momentary look on their father's face haunted them. It was an unpleasant meal altogether. he lightning kept up its play. The thunder made talking arduous, but no one was anyhow in a mood to chatter. Only thunder was heard, and the hammering of the rain.

But suddenly, close under the window, there burst out the most appalling inhuman shriek of terror.

"Tabby!" cried John, and they all rushed to the window.

But Tabby had already flashed into the house: and behind him was a whole club of wild cats in hot pursuit. John momentarily opened the dining-room door and puss slipped in, disheveled and panting. Not even then did the brutes desist: What insane fury led these jungle creatures to pursue him into the very house is unimaginable; but there they were, in the passage, caterwauling in concert: and as if at their incantation the thunder awoke anew, and the lightning nullified the meagre table lamp. It was such a din as you could not speak through. Tabby, his fur on end, pranced up and down the room, his eyes blazing, talking and sometimes exclaiming in a tone of voice the children had never heard him use before and which made their blood run cold. He had gone utterly manic: and in the passage Hell's pandemonium reigned terrifically.

Outside, above the door the fanlight was long since broken. Something black and yelling flashed through the fanlight, landing clean in the middle of the supper table, scattering the forks and spoons and upsetting the lamp. And another and another - but already Tabby was through the window and streaking again for the bush. The whole dozen of those wild cats leapt one after the other clean through the fanlight onto the supper table, and away from there only too hot in his tracks: in a moment the whole devil-hunt and its hopeless quarry had vanished into the night.

### **Question 1 - 4 marks**

Read again the first part of the source, lines **1 to 9**. List **four** things from this part of the text about the weather.

### **Question 2 - 8 marks**

Look in detail at this extract from **lines 10 to 22** of the source. How does the writer use language here to describe the ferocity of the weather?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

### **Question 3 - 8 marks**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**. This text is from the opening 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 devices that interest you.

### **Question 4 - 20 marks**

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, **from line 23 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: "The writer skilfully conveys Tabby's fear and the determination of the wild cats in pursuit of him. It is as if you are actually there."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of the scene
- Evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

On a farm run by animals, the pigs are the ruthless leaders. Boxer, an old work horse has collapsed through old age and exhaustion. The pigs have said that they will arrange to have Boxer taken to a human hospital to recuperate and the other animals believe this. However, all is not as it seems.

## Animal Farm by George Orwell

If he made a good recovery, Boxer might expect to live another three years, and he looked forward to the peaceful days that he would spend in the corner of the big pasture<sup>1</sup>. It would be the first time that he had had leisure to study and improve his mind. He intended, he said, to devote the rest of his life to learning the remaining twenty-two letters of the alphabet.

However, Benjamin and Clover could only be with Boxer after working hours, and it was in the middle of the day when the van came to take him away. The animals were all at work weeding turnips under the supervision of a pig, when they were astonished to see Benjamin come galloping from the direction of the farm buildings, braying<sup>2</sup> at the top of his voice. It was the first time that they had ever seen Benjamin excited--indeed, it was the first time that anyone had ever seen him gallop.

"Quick, quick!" he shouted. "Come at once! They're taking Boxer away!"

Without waiting for orders from the pigs, the animals broke off work and raced back to the farm buildings. Sure enough, there in the yard was a large closed van, drawn by two horses, with lettering on its side and a sly-looking man in a low-crowned bowler hat sitting on the driver's seat.

And Boxer's stall<sup>3</sup> was empty.

The animals crowded round the van. "Good-bye, Boxer!" they chorused, "good-bye!"

"Fools! Fools!" shouted Benjamin, prancing round them and stamping the earth with his small hoofs.

"Fools! Do you not see what is written on the side of that van?"

That gave the animals pause, and there was a hush. Muriel began to spell out the words. But Benjamin pushed her aside and in the midst of a deadly silence he read: "'Alfred Simmonds, Horse Slaughterer and Glue Boiler, Willingdon. Dealer in Hides and Bone-Meal. Kennels Supplied.'

Do you not understand what that means? They are taking Boxer to the knacker's!"<sup>4</sup>

A cry of horror burst from all the animals. At this moment the man on the box whipped up his horses and the van moved out of the yard at a smart trot. All the animals followed, crying out at the tops of their voices. Clover forced her way to the front. The van began to gather speed. Clover tried to stir her stout limbs to a gallop, and achieved a canter. "Boxer!" she cried. "Boxer! Boxer! Boxer!" And just at this moment, as though he had heard the uproar outside, Boxer's face, with the white stripe down his nose, appeared at the small window at the back of the van.

'Boxer!' cried Clover in a terrible voice. 'Boxer! Get out! Get out quickly! They're taking you to your death!'

All the animals took up the cry of 'Get out, Boxer, get out!' But the van was already gathering speed and drawing away from them. It was uncertain whether Boxer had understood what Clover had said. But a moment later his face disappeared from the window and there was the sound of a tremendous drumming of hoofs<sup>5</sup> inside the van. He was trying to kick his way out. The time had been when a few kicks from Boxer's hoofs would have smashed the van to matchwood. But alas! his strength had left him; and in a few moments the sound of drumming hoofs grew fainter and died away.

In desperation the animals began appealing to the two horses which drew the van to stop.

'Comrades<sup>6</sup>, comrades!' they shouted.

'Don't take your own brother to his death!' But the stupid brutes, too ignorant to realise what was happening, merely set back their ears and quickened their pace.

Boxer's face did not reappear at the window. Too late, someone thought of racing ahead and shutting the five-barred gate; but in another moment the van was through it and rapidly disappearing down the road. Boxer was never seen again.

### Glossary:

<sup>1</sup> pasture - field      <sup>2</sup> braying - the cries made by donkeys

<sup>3</sup> stall - animal bed    <sup>4</sup> Knacker's - knacker's yard: a place where animals are killed then their bodies are made into glue.

<sup>5</sup> drumming of hoofs - hoofs are horse's feet, drumming means to bang and kick one's feet wildly.

<sup>6</sup> comrades - friends

**Question 1 - 4 marks**

Read again lines 1-5 of the source. List **four** things from this part of the text about Boxer.

**Question 2 - 8 marks**

Look in detail at this extract from **lines 6-16** of the source. How does the writer use language here to reveal how Benjamin feels about Boxer being taken away?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

**Question 3 - 8 marks**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**. This text is from 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 devices that interest you.

**Question 4 - 20 marks**

Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source, from line 17 to the end.

A teacher having read this text said: "I like how the writer helps my students to feel involved in this moment. It is as if they are at the farm with the animals."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write about your own impressions of the characters
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with quotations from the text.

Stephen Wraysford, a young Englishman, arrives in Amiens in Northern France in 1910, where he then falls in love with the unhappily married Isabelle Azaire, the wife of his host. However, with the world on the brink of war the relationship falters and Stephen volunteers to fight on the Western Front. In this extract Stephen and the men are attacking the enemy lines.

### Birdsong by Sebastian Faulks

Once more in ragged suicidal line they trudged towards the pattering death of mounted guns. Bloodied beyond caring, Stephen watched the packets of lives with their memories and loves go spinning and vomiting into the ground. Death had no meaning, but still the numbers of them went on and on and in that new infinity there was still horror.

Harrington was screaming where his left side had been taken by a shell, fumbling morphine tablets in his trembling hands.

Sniper fire began from the clogged shellholes towards the trench, then one final heave forward. A boy was whipped backwards against a tree by the power of the blast into his shoulder, others were falling or diving to the ground their own guns had chewed.

Byrne made stealthy progress towards the screaming boy. He got in behind the tree, the bark of which was flaking under lateral fire. Stephen saw the white of a field dressing flap as Byrne began to bind the wounds. Stretcher parties were coming up behind them but were bringing long, waving lines of fire into their upright progress.

Stephen dropped his face into the earth and let it fill his mouth. He closed his eyes because he had seen enough. You are going to hell. Azaire's parting words filled his head. They were drilled in by the shattering noise around them.

Byrne somehow got the boy back into the shellhole. Stephen wished he hadn't. He was clearly going to die.

Harrington's sergeant was shouting for another charge and a dozen men responded. Stephen watched them reach the first line of wire before he realized that Byrne was with them. He was trying to force a way through the wire when he was caught off the ground, suspended, his boots shaking as his body was filled with bullets.

Stephen lay in the shellhole with the boy and the man who had died in the morning. For three hours until the sun began to weaken he watched the boy begging for water. He tried to close his ears to the plea. On one corpse there was still a bottle, but a bullet hole had let most of it leak away. What was left was a reddish brown, contaminated by earth and blood. Stephen poured it into the boy's beseeching mouth.

Wounded men all round him tried to get up and retreat, but only brought eruption of machine gun fire. They sniped back doggedly from where they lay.

When there was no fire from no man's land, the Germans in the second trench sniped at the bodies on the wire. Within two hours they had blown Byrne's head, bit by bit, off his body so that only a hole remained between his shoulders.

Stephen prayed for darkness. After the first minute of the morning he had not sought to save his own life. Even when his body opened itself to the imaginary penetration of the bullets as he ran through the gap in the wire, he had felt resigned. What he longed for was an end to the day and to the new, unlivable reality it had brought.

If night would fall the earth might resume its natural process, and perhaps, in many years' time, what had happened during the daylight could be viewed as an **aberration**, could be comprehended within the rhythm of a normal life. At the moment it seemed to Stephen to be the other way about: that this was the new reality, the world in which they were now condemned to live, and that the pattern of the seasons, of night and day, was gone.

**aberration:** a temporary lapse or alteration in the usual course or path; a flaw; a moment of irregularity or disorder.

### **Question 1 - 4 marks**

Read again **lines 1-10** of the source. List **four** things from this part of the source about the events taking place.

### **Question 2 - 8 marks**

Look in detail at this extract, **lines 14-25** of the source. How does the writer use language here to describe Stephen's reaction to these events?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

### **Question 3 - 8 marks**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**. This text appears mid-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 devices that interest you.

### **Question 4 - 20 marks**

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, **from line 28 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: "This part of the text, describing Stephen's thoughts about what he is experiencing, seems to me to show that he has accepted his fate."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of Stephen's experiences and thoughts about the future
- Evaluate how the writer creates a mood and atmosphere
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

A father and his young son walk across a post-apocalyptic America, heading for the coast. The world is burned, ravaged and nothing moves except the ash blowing in the wind. On the road they have nothing but each other, a pistol to protect them from the men who stalk the roads and what they can scavenge on the way.

### The Road by Cormac McCarthy

In the morning he rekindled the fire and they ate and watched the shore. The cold and rainy look of it not so different from seascapes in the northern world. No gulls or shorebirds. Charred and senseless artifacts strewn down the shoreline or rolling in the surf. They gathered driftwood and stacked it and covered it with the tarp and then set off down the beach. We're beachcombers, he said.

What is that?

It's people who walk along the beach looking for things of value that might have washed up?

What kind of things?

Any kind of things. Anything that you might be able to use.

Do you think we'll find anything?

I don't know. We'll take a look.

Take a look, the boy said.

. . . .

They stood on the rock jetty and looked out to the south. A gray salt spittle lagging and curling in the rock pool. Long curve of beach beyond. Gray as lava sand. The wind coming off the water smelled faintly of iodine. That was all. There was no sea smell to it. On the rocks the remnants of some dark seamoss. They crossed and went on. At the end of the strand their way was blocked by a headland and they left the beach and took an old path up through the dunes and through the dead seaots until they came out upon a low promontory. Below them a hook of land shrouded in the dark scud blowing down the shore and beyond that lying half over and awash the shape of a sailboat's hull. They crouched in the dry tufts of grass and watched. What should we do? the boy said.

Let's just watch for a while.

I'm cold.

I know. Let's move down a little ways. Out of the wind.

He sat holding the boy in front of him. The dead grass thrashed softly. Out there a gray desolation. The endless seacrawl. How long do we have to sit here? the boy said.

Not long.

Do you think there are people on the boat, Papa?

I don't think so.

They'd be all tilted over.

Yes they would. Can you see any tracks out there?

No.

Let's just wait a while.

I'm cold.

They trekked out along the crescent sweep of beach, keeping to the firmer sand below the tidewrack. They stood, their clothes flapping softly. Glass floats covered with a gray crust. The bones of seabirds. At the tide line a woven mat of weeds and the ribs of fishes in their millions stretching along the shore as far as the eye could see like an isocline of death. One vast salt sepulchre. Senseless. Senseless.

From the end of the spit to the boat there was perhaps a hundred feet of open water. They stood looking at the boat. Some sixty feet long, stripped to the deck, keeled over in ten or twelve feet of water. It had been a twin-masted rig of some sort but the masts were broken off close to the deck and the only thing remaining topside were some brass cleats and a few of the rail stanchions along the edge of the deck. That and the steel hoop of the wheel sticking up out of the cockpit aft. He turned and studied the beach and the dunes beyond.



**Question 1 - 4 marks**

Read again **lines 1-10** of the source. List **four** things from this part of the source about the coast.

**Question 2 - 8 marks**

Look in detail at this extract, **lines 12-23** of the source. How does the writer use language here to create mood and atmosphere?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

**Question 3 - 8 marks**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**. This novel doesn't have chapters. The extract appears in the later stages 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 devices that interest you.

**Question 4 - 20 marks**

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, **from line 26 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: "This part of the text, describing the father and son exploring the coast, creates a powerful sense of isolation, emptiness and decay."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of the writer's descriptions
- Evaluate how the writer creates a sense of isolation, emptiness and decay
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

Set in a dystopian future, where the majority of the population are sterile, Handmaids are women who are still able to have children. Offred is one of these handmaids. Taken from her own family she becomes a form of slave, a second wife that will allow rich officials to finally have the children they wish for. In this extract, Offred has arrived at the home of The Commander and his wife, to whom she now belongs, as their Handmaid.

## The Handmaid's Tale

A chair, a table, a lamp. Above, on the white ceiling, a relief ornament in the shape of a wreath, and in the centre of it a blank space, plastered over, like the place in a face where the eyes has been taken out. There must have been a chandelier, once. They've removed anything you could tie a rope to.

A window, two white curtains. Under the window, a window seat with a little cushion. When the window is partly open - it only opens partly - the air can come in and make the curtains move. I can sit on the chair, or on the window seat, hands folded, and watch this. Sunlight come in through the window too, and falls on the floor, which is made of wood, in narrow strips, highly polished. I can smell the polish. There's a rug on the floor, oval, of braided rags. This is the kind of touch they like: folk art, archaic, made by women, in their spare time, from things that have no further use. A return to traditional values. Waste not want not. I am not being wasted. Why do I want?

On the wall above the chair, a picture, framed but with no glass: a print of flowers, blue irises, watercolour. Flowers are still allowed. Does each of us have the same print, the same chair, the same white curtains, I wonder? Government issue?

Think of it as being in the army, said Aunt Lydia.

A bed. Single, mattress medium-hard, covered with a flocked white spread. Nothing takes place in the bed but sleep; or no sleep. I try not to think too much. Like other things now, thought must be rationed. There's a lot that doesn't bear thinking about. Thinking can hurt your chances, and I intend to last. I know why there is no glass, in front of the water-colour picture of blue irises, and why the window only opens partly and why the glass in it is shatterproof. It isn't running away they're afraid of. We wouldn't get that far. It's those other escapes, the ones you can open in yourself, given a cutting edge.

So. Apart from these details, this could be a college guest room, for the less distinguished visitors; or a room in a rooming house, of former times, for ladies in reduced circumstances. That is what we are now. The circumstances have been reduced; for those of us who still have circumstances.

But a chair, sunlight, flowers: these are not to be dismissed. I am alive, I live, I breathe, I put my hand out, unfolded, into the sunlight. Where I am is not a prison but a privilege, as Aunt Lydia said, who was in love with either/or.

The bell that measures time is ringing. Time here is measured by bells, as once in nunneries. As in a nunnery too, there are few mirrors.

I get up out of the chair, advance my feet into the sunlight, in their red shoes, flat-heeled to save the spine and not for dancing. The red gloves are lying on the bed. I pick them up, pull them onto my hands, finger by finger. Everything except the wings around my face is red: the colour of blood, which defines us. The skirt is ankle-length, full, gathered to a flat yoke that extends over the breasts, the sleeves are full. The white wings too are prescribed issue; they are to keep us from seeing, but also from being seen. I never looked good in red, it's not my colour. I pick up the shopping basket, put it over my arm.

The door of the room - not *my* room, I refuse to say *my* - is not locked. In fact it doesn't shut properly. I go out into the polished hallway, which has a runner down the centre, dusty pink. Like a path through the forest, like a carpet for royalty, it shows me the way.

**Question 1 - 4 marks**

Read again **lines 1-10** of the source. List **four** things from this part of the source about the main character, Offred's, room.

**Question 2 - 8 marks**

Look in detail at this extract, **lines 16-27** of the source. How does the writer use language here to describe Offred's surroundings?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

**Question 3 - 8 marks**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**. This extract is the opening of Chapter 2. 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 devices that interest you.

**Question 4 - 20 marks**

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, **from line 28 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: "This part of the text, where Offred describes her accommodation, is actually quite disturbing; everything is clearly not as it seems."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of Offred's behaviour and thoughts
- Evaluate how the writer presents the scene
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

In this extract, Kathy H explains her job as a carer for people who are living organ donors.

## Never Let Me Go by Kazuo Ishiguro

My name is Kathy H. I'm thirty-one years old, and I've been a carer now for over eleven years. That sounds long enough, I know, but actually they want me to go on for another eight months, until the end of this year. That'll make it almost exactly twelve years. Now I know my being a carer so long isn't necessarily because they think I'm fantastic at what I do. There are some really good carers who've been told to stop after just two or three years. And I can think of one carer at least who went on for all of fourteen years despite being a complete waste of space. So I'm not trying to boast. But then I do know for a fact they've been pleased with my work, and by and large, I have too. My donors have always tended to do much better than expected. Their recovery times have been impressive, and hardly any of them have been classified as "agitated," even before fourth donation. Okay, maybe I am boasting now. But it means a lot to me, being able to do my work well, especially that bit about my donors staying "calm." I've developed a kind of instinct around donors. I know when to hang around and comfort them, when to leave them to themselves; when to listen to everything they have to say, and when just to shrug and tell them to snap out of it.

Anyway, I'm not making any big claims for myself. I know carers, working now, who are just as good and don't get half the credit. If you're one of them, I can understand how you might

get resentful—about my bedsit, my car, above all, the way I get to pick and choose who I look after. And I'm a Hailsham student—which is enough by itself sometimes to get people's backs up. Kathy H., they say, she gets to pick and choose, and she always chooses her own kind: people from Hailsham, or one of the other privileged estates. No wonder she has a great record. I've heard it said enough, so I'm sure you've heard it plenty more, and maybe there's something in it. But I'm not the first to be allowed to pick and choose, and I doubt if I'll be the last. And anyway, I've done my share of looking after donors brought up in every kind of place. By the time I finish, remember, I'll have done twelve years of this, and it's only for the last six they've let me choose.

And why shouldn't they? Carers aren't machines. You try and do your best for every donor, but in the end, it wears you down. You don't have unlimited patience and energy. So when you get a chance to choose, of course, you choose your own kind. That's natural. There's no way I could have gone on for as long as I have if I'd stopped feeling for my donors every step of the way. And anyway, if I'd never started choosing, how would I ever have got close again to Ruth and Tommy after all those years?

But these days, of course, there are fewer and fewer donors left who I remember, and so in practice, I haven't been choosing that much. As I say, the work gets a lot harder when you don't have that deeper link with the donor, and though I'll miss being a carer, it feels just about right to be finishing at last come the end of the year.

Ruth, incidentally, was only the third or fourth donor I got to choose. She already had a carer assigned to her at the time, and I remember it taking a bit of nerve on my part. But in the end I managed it, and the instant I saw her again, at that recovery centre in Dover, all our differences—

while they didn't exactly vanish—seemed not nearly as important as all the other things: like the fact that we'd grown up together at Hailsham, the fact that we knew and remembered things no one else did. It's ever since then, I suppose, I started seeking out for my donors people from the past, and whenever I could, people from Hailsham.

There have been times over the years when I've tried to leave Hailsham behind, when I've told myself I shouldn't look back so much. But then there came a point when I just stopped resisting. It had to do with this particular donor I had once, in my third year as a carer; it was his reaction when I mentioned I was from Hailsham. He'd just come through his third donation, it hadn't gone well, and he must have known he wasn't going to make it. He could hardly breathe, but he looked towards me and said: "Hailsham. I bet that was a beautiful place." Then the next morning, when I was making conversation to keep his mind off it all, and I asked where he'd grown up, he mentioned some place in Dorset and his face beneath the blotches went into a completely new kind of grimace. And I realised then how desperately he didn't want reminded. Instead, he wanted to hear about Hailsham.

### **Question 1 - 4 marks**

Read again **lines 1-5** of the source. List **four** things from this part of the source about Kathy.

### **Question 2 - 8 marks**

Look in detail at this extract, **lines 14-23** of the source. How does the writer use language here to present Kathy's opinion of herself and what others think of her?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

### **Question 3 - 8 marks**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**. 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 devices that interest you.

### **Question 4 - 20 marks**

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, **from line 29 to the end**.

A reader, having read this section of the text, said: "The writer has deliberately mentioned Hailsham so many times, that we are intrigued to discover why this place will be so important within the plot."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of Hailsham and why it is significant
- Evaluate how the writer creates intrigue about Hailsham
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

It is set in an area of Britain known as 'the Fens' where there are many canals and water ways. In this extract, the speaker is remembering his childhood growing up near a canal lock, the place where canal boats move from one waterway to another.

### Waterland by Graham Swift

'And don't forget,' my father would say, as if he expected me at any moment to up and leave to seek my fortune in the wide world, 'whatever you learn about people, however bad they turn out, each one of them has a heart, and each one of them was once a tiny baby sucking his mother's milk...'

Fairy-tale words; fairy-tale advice. But we lived in a fairy-tale place. In a lock-keeper's cottage, by a river, in the middle of the Fens. Far away from the wide world. And my father, who was a superstitious man, liked to do things in such a way as would make them seem magical and occult. So he would always set his eel traps at night. Not because eel traps cannot be set by day, but because the mystery of darkness appealed to him. And one night, I midsummer, in 1937, we went with him, Dick and I, to set traps near Stott's Bridge. It was hot and windless. When the traps had been set we lay back on the river-bank. Dick was fourteen and I was ten. The pumps were tump-tumping, as they do, incessantly, so that you scarcely notice them, all over the Fens, and frogs were croaking in the ditches. Up above, the sky swarmed with stars which seemed to multiply as we looked at them. And as we lay, Dad said: 'Do you know what the stars are? They are the silver dust of God's blessing. They are little broken-off bits of heaven. God cast them down to fall on us. But when he saw how wicked we were, he changed his mind and ordered the stars to stop. Which is why they hand in the sky but seem as though at any time they might drop...'

For my father, as well as being a superstitious man, had a knack for telling stories. Made-up stories, true stories; soothing stories, warning stories; stories with a moral or with no point at all; believable stories and unbelievable stories; stories which were neither one thing nor the other. It was a knack which ran in his family. But it was a knack which my mother had too- and perhaps he really acquired it from her. Because when I was very small it was my mother who first told me stories, which, unlike my father, she got from books as well as out of her head, to make me sleep at night.

And since my mother's death, which was six months because we lay by the eel traps under the stars, my father's yen for the dark, his nocturnal restlessness, had grown more besetting. As if he were constantly brooding on some story yet to be told. So I would see him sometimes, inspecting his vegetable patch by the moonlight, or talking to his roosting chickens, or pacing up and down by the lock-gates or the sluice, his movements marked by the wandering ember of his cigarette.

We lived in a lock-keeper's cottage by the River Leem, which flows out of Norfolk into the Great Ouse. And no one needs telling that the land in that part of the world is flat. Flat, with an unrelieved and monotonous flatness, enough of itself, some might say, to drive a man to unquiet

and sleep-defeating thoughts. From the raised banks of the Leem, it stretched away to the horizon, its uniform colour, peat-back, varied only by the crops that grew upon it - grey-green potato leaves, blue-green beet leaves, yellow-green wheat; its uniform levelness broken only by the furrowed and dead-straight lines of ditches and drains, which, depending on the state of the sky and the angle of the sun, ran like silver, copper or golden wires across the fields and which, when you stood and looked at them, made you shut one eye and fall prey to fruitless meditations on the laws of perspective.

And yet this land, so regular, so prostrate, so tame and cultivated, would transform itself, in my five- or six-year-old mind, into an empty wilderness. On those nights when my mother would be forced to tell me stories, it would seem that in our lock-keeper's cottage we were in the middle of nowhere; and the noise of the trains passing on the lines to King's Lynn, Gildsey and Ely was like the baying of a monster closing in on us in our isolation. A fairy-tale land, after all.

**Question 1 - 4 marks**

Read again **lines 4-10** of the source. List **four** things from this part of the source about the narrator.

**Question 2 - 8 marks**

Look in detail at this extract, **lines 17-27** of the source. How does the writer use language here to describe the narrator's memories of his parents? You could include the writer's choice of:

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

**Question 3 - 8 marks**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**. 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 devices that interest you.

**Question 4 - 20 marks**

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, **from line 28 to the end**

A teacher, having read this section of the text, said: "The description of the location creates a sense of a fairy- tale landscape for a child to grow up in, whilst also seeming lonely."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of the location the writer describes
- Evaluate how the writer creates a sense of the fairy-tale landscape and loneliness
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

Set in 1950s America, Holden Caulfield, a teenager, explains his feelings about being asked to leave his school, Pencey Prep.

## **The Catcher in the Rye by J. D. Salinger**

'If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth. In the first place, that stuff bores me, and in the second place, my parents would have about two haemorrhages apiece if I told anything pretty personal about them. They're quite touchy about anything like that, especially my father. They're nice and all - I'm not saying that - but they're also touchy as hell. Besides, I'm not going to tell you my whole goddam autobiography or anything. I'll just tell you about this madman stuff that happened to me around last Christmas just before I got pretty run-down and had to come out here and take it easy. I mean that's all I told D.B. about, and he's my brother and all. He's in Hollywood. That isn't too far from this crummy place, and he comes over and visits me practically every

week end. He's going to drive me home when I go home next month maybe. He just got a Jaguar. One of those little English jobs that can do around two hundred miles an hour. It cost him damn near four thousand

bucks. He's got a lot of dough, now. He didn't use to. He used to be just a regular writer, when he was home. He wrote this terrific book of short stories, *The Secret Goldfish*, in case you never heard of him. The best one in it was "The Secret Goldfish." It was about this little kid that wouldn't let anybody look at his goldfish because he'd bought it with his own money. It killed me. Now he's out in Hollywood, D.B., being a prostitute. If there's one thing I hate, it's the movies. Don't even mention them to me.

Where I want to start telling is the day I left Pencey Prep. Pencey Prep is this school that's in Agerstown, Pennsylvania. You probably heard of it. You've probably seen the ads, anyway. They advertise in about a thousand magazines, always showing some hotshot guy on a horse jumping over a fence. Like as if all you ever did at Pencey was play polo all the time. I never even once saw a horse anywhere near the place. And underneath the guy on the horse's picture, it always says: "Since 1888 we have been molding boys into splendid, clear-thinking young men." Strictly for the birds. They don't do any damn more molding at Pencey than they do at any other school. And I didn't know anybody there that was splendid and clear-thinking and all. Maybe two guys. If that many. And they probably came to Pencey that way.

Anyway, it was the Saturday of the football game with Saxon Hall. The game with Saxon Hall was supposed to be a very big deal around Pencey. It was the last game of the year, and you were supposed to commit suicide or something if old Pencey didn't win. I remember around three o'clock that afternoon I was standing way the hell up on top of Thomsen Hill, right next to this crazy cannon that was in the Revolutionary War and all. You could see the whole field from there, and you could see the two teams bashing each other all over the place. You couldn't see the grandstand too hot, but you could hear them all yelling, deep and terrific on the Pencey side, because practically the whole school except me was there, and scrawny and faggy on the Saxon Hall side, because the visiting team hardly ever brought many people with them.

There were never many girls at all at the football games. Only seniors were allowed to bring girls with them. It was a terrible school, no matter how you looked at it. I like to be somewhere at least where you can see a few girls around once in a while, even if they're only scratching their arms or blowing their noses or even just giggling or something. Old Selma Thurmer--she was the headmaster's daughter--showed up at the games quite often, but she wasn't exactly the type that drove you mad with desire. She was a pretty

nice girl, though. I sat next to her once in the bus from Agerstown and we sort of struck up a conversation. I liked her. She had a big nose and her nails were all bitten down and bloody-looking and she had on those damn falsies that point all over the place, but you felt sort of sorry for her. What I liked about her, she didn't give you a lot of horse manure about what a great guy her father was. She probably knew what a phony slob he was. The reason I was standing way up on Thomsen Hill, instead of down at the game, was because

I'd just got back from New York with the fencing team. I was the goddam manager of the fencing team. Very big deal. We'd gone in to New York that morning for this fencing meet with McBurney School. Only, we didn't have the meet. I left all the foils and equipment and stuff on the goddam subway. It wasn't all my fault. I had to keep getting up to look at this map, so we'd know where to get off. So we got back to Pencey around two-thirty instead of around dinnertime. The whole team ostracized me the whole way back on the train. It was pretty funny, in a way.



**Question 1 - 4 marks**

Read again **lines 7-12**. List **four** things from this part of the source about Holden's brother, D.B.

**Question 2 - 8 marks**

Look in detail at this extract, **lines 18-26** of the source. How does the writer use language here to present Pencey Prep? You could include the writer's choice of:

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

**Question 3 - 8 marks**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**. 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 devices that interest you.

**Question 4 - 20 marks**

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, **from line 27 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: "Holden, in this section of the text, seems to be an observer of people and, at times, seems to be quite judgemental. I suspect that he could be quite a loner."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of
- Evaluate how the writer creates
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

The novel is about a character called Tony Webster, who tries to unravel the mysteries contained in the diary of his old University friend Adrian Finn, who has died. This extract is taken from the end of the novel.

### The Sense of an Ending by Julian Barnes

'If you were a friend of his father's -'

'And his mother's.'

'Then I think you don't understand.' At least he put it differently from others.

'I don't?'

'Mary isn't his mother. Mary's his sister. Adrian's mother died about six months ago. He took it very badly. That's why he's been... having problems lately.'

Automatically, I ate a chip. Then another. There wasn't enough salt on them. That's the disadvantage of fat chips. They have too much potatoey inside. With thin chips, not only is there much more crispy outside, but the salt is better distributed too.

All I could do was offer Terry my hand and a repeat of a promise.

'And I hope he'll be all right. I'm sure you look after him very well. They all seem to get on, the five of them.'

He stood up. 'Well, we do our best, but we get hit by budget cuts almost every year.'

'Good luck to you all,' I said.

'Thanks'.

When I paid, I left twice the normal tip. At least that was one way of being useful.

And later, at home, going over it all, after some time, I understood. I got it. Why Mrs Ford had Adrian's diary in the first place. Why she had written: 'P.S. It may sound odd, but I think that last months of his life were happy.' What the second carer meant when she said, 'Especially now.' Even what Veronica meant by 'blood money'. And finally, what Adrian was talking about on the page I'd been permitted to see. 'This, how might you express an accumulation containing the integers  $b, a^1, a^2, s, v?$ ' And then a couple of formulae expressing possible accumulations. It was obvious now. The first a was Adrian; and the other was me, Anthony - as he used to address me when he wanted to call me to seriousness. And b signified 'baby'. One born to a mother - 'The Mother' - at a dangerously late age. A child damaged as a result. Who was now a man of forty, lost in grief. And who called his sister Mary. I looked at the chain of responsibility. I saw my initial in there. I remembered that in my ugly letter I had urged Adrian to consult Veronica's mother. I replayed the words that would forever haunt me. As would Adrian's unfinished sentence. 'So, for instance, if Tony...' I knew I couldn't change, or mend, anything now.

You get towards the end of life - no, not life itself, but of something else: the end of any

likelihood of change in that life. You are allowed a long moment of pause, time enough to ask the question: what else have I done wrong? I thought of a bunch of kids in Trafalgar Square. I thought of a young woman dancing, for once in her life. I thought of what I couldn't know or understand now, of all that couldn't ever be known or understood. I thought of Adrian's definition of history. I thought of his son cramming his face into a shelf of quilted toilet tissue in order

to avoid me. I thought of a woman frying eggs in a carefree, slapdash way, untroubled when one of them broke in the pan; then the same woman, later, making a secret, horizontal gesture beneath a sunlit wisteria. And I thought of a wave of water, lit by a moon, rushing past and vanishing upstream, pursued by a band of yelping students whose torch beams crisscrossed in the dark.

There is an accumulation. There is responsibility.

And beyond these, there is unrest.

There is great unrest.

### **Question 1 - 4 marks**

Read again **lines 1-12** of the source. List **four** things from this part of the source about Adrian.

### **Question 2 - 8 marks**

Look in detail at this extract, **lines 17-28** of the source. How does the writer use language here to describe what the narrator, Tony, learns about Adrian's family life?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

### **Question 3 - 8 marks**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**. 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 devices that interest you.

### **Question 4 - 20 marks**

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, **from line 28 to the end**.

A teacher, having read this section of the text, said: "Tony, the narrator, appears to have some deep regret about things that he is now powerless to change. He presents a sense of it all being too late."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of how Tony's thoughts and memories are presented
- Evaluate how the writer creates a sense of regret
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

The protagonist, Amir, lives as an adult in San Francisco in America. Here he is remembering his childhood when he lived in Afghanistan.

## **The Kite Runner by Khaled Hosseini**

December 2001

ONE

I became what I am today at the age of twelve, on a frigid overcast day in the winter of 1975. I remember the precise moment, crouching behind a crumbling mud wall, peeking into the alley near the frozen creek. That was a long time ago, but it's wrong what they say about the past, I've learned, about how you can bury it. Because the past claws its way out. Looking back now, I realize I have been peeking into that deserted alley for the last twenty-six years.

One day last summer, my friend Rahim Khan called from Pakistan. He asked me to come see him. Standing in the kitchen with the receiver to my ear, I knew it wasn't just Rahim Khan on the line. It was my past of unatoned sins. After I hung up, I went for a walk along Spreckels Lake on the northern edge of Golden Gate Park. The early-afternoon sun sparkled on the water where dozens of miniature boats sailed, propelled by a crisp breeze. Then I glanced up and saw a pair of kites, red with long blue tails, soaring in the sky. They danced high above the trees on the west end of the park, over the windmills, floating side by side like a pair of eyes looking down on San Francisco, the city I now call home. And suddenly Hassan's voice whispered in my head: *For you, a thousand times over.* Hassan the harelipped kite runner.

I sat on a park bench near a willow tree. I thought about something Rahim Khan said just before he hung up, almost as an after thought. *There is a way to be good again.* I looked up at those twin kites. I thought about Hassan. Thought about Baba. Ali. Kabul. I thought of the life I had lived until the winter of 1975 came and changed everything. And made me what I am today.

TWO

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.

**Question 1 - 4 marks**

Read again **lines 1-11** of the source. List **four** things from this part of the source about the setting.

**Question 2 - 8 marks**

Look in detail at this extract, **lines 19-27** of the source. How does the writer use language here to present Amir's childhood? You could include the writer's choice of:

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

**Question 3 - 8 marks**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**. This text appears mid-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 devices that interest you.

**Question 4 - 20 marks**

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, **from line 28 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: "Amir suggests that Hassan often took the blame for his mischief; he seems to hold fond memories of his childhood friend."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of
- Evaluate how the writer creates
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

This extract is taken from a short story called 'The Waltz' by the American writer Dorothy Parker. It was published in 1944. A waltz is a style of dance in which couples hold one another closely.

### The Waltz by Dorothy Parker

Why, I'm simply thrilled. I'd love to waltz with you.

I'd love to waltz with you. I'd love to waltz with you. I'd love to have my tonsils out, I'd love to be in a midnight fire at sea. Well, it's too late now. We're getting under way. Oh. Oh, dear. Oh, dear, dear, dear. Oh, this is even worse than I thought it would be. I suppose that's the one dependable law of life - everything is always worse than you thought it was going to be. Oh, if I had any real grasp of what this dance would be like, I'd have held out for sitting it out. Well, it will probably amount to the same thing in the end. We'll be sitting it out on the floor in a minute, if he keeps this up.

I'm so glad I brought it to his attention that this is a waltz they're playing. Heaven knows what might have happened, if he had thought it was something fast; we'd have blown the sides right out of the building, Why does he always want to be somewhere that he isn't? Why can't we stay in one place just long enough to get acclimated? It's this constant rush, rush, rush, that's the curse of American life. That's the reason that we're all of us so - Ow! For God's sake, don't kick, you idiot; this is only second down. Oh, my shin. My poor, poor shin, that I've had ever since I was a little girl!

Oh, no, no, no. Goodness, no. It didn't hurt the least little bit. And anyway it was my fault. Really it was. Truly. Well, you're just being sweet, to say that. It really was all my fault.

I wonder what I'd better do - kill him this instant, with my naked hands, or wait and let him drop in his traces. Maybe it's best not to make a scene. I guess I'll just lie low, and watch the pace get him. He can't keep this up indefinitely - he's only flesh and blood. Die he must, and die he shall, for what he did to me. I don't want to be of the over-sensitive type, but you can't tell me that kick was unpremeditated. Freud says there are no accidents. I've led no cloistered life, I've known dancing partners who have spoiled my slippers and torn my dress; but when it comes to kicking, I am Outraged Womanhood. When you kick me in the shin, smile.

Maybe he didn't do it maliciously. Maybe it's just his way of showing his high spirits. I suppose I ought to be glad that one of us is having such a good time. I suppose I ought to think myself lucky if he brings me back alive. Maybe it's captious to demand of a practically strange man that

he leave your shins as he found them. After all, the poor boy's doing the best he can. Probably he grew up in the hill country, and never had no larnin'. I bet they had to throw him on his back to get shoes on him.

[...]

Oh, they're going to play another encore. Oh, goody. Oh, that's lovely. Tired? I should say I'm not tired. I'd like to go on like this forever.

I should say I'm not tired. I'm dead, that's all I am. Dead, and in what a cause! And the music is never going to stop playing, and we're going on like this, Double-Time Charlie and I, throughout eternity. I suppose I won't care anymore, after the first hundred thousand years. I suppose nothing will matter then, not heat nor pain nor broken heart nor cruel, aching weariness. Well. It can't come too soon for me.

I wonder why I didn't tell him I was tired. I wonder why I didn't suggest going back to the table. I could have said let's just listen to the music. Yes, and if he would, that would be the first bit of attention he has given it all evening.

[...]

Still if we were back at the table, I'd probably have to talk to him. Look at him - what could you say to a thing like that! Did you go to the circus this year, what's your favorite kind of ice cream,

how do you spell cat? I guess I'm as well off here.

As well off as if I were in a cement mixer in full action.

I'm past all feeling now. The only way I can tell when he steps on me is that I can hear the splintering of bones. And all the events of my life are passing before my eyes. There was the time I was in a hurricane in the West Indies, there was the day I got my head cut open in the taxi smash, there was the night the drunken lady threw a bronze ashtray at her own true love and got me instead, there was that summer that the sail boat kept capsizing. Ah, what an easy, peaceful time was mine, until I fell in with Swifty, here. I didn't know what trouble was, before I got drawn into this danse macabre. I think my mind is beginning to wander. It almost seems to me as if the orchestra were stopping. It couldn't be, of course; it could never, never be. And yet

in my ears there is a silence like the sound of angel voices. . . .

Oh they've stopped, the mean things. They're not going to play anymore . Oh, darn. Oh, do you think they would? Do you really think so, if you gave them twenty dollars? Oh, that would be lovely. And look, do tell them to play this same thing.

I'd simply adore to go on waltzing.

**Question 1 - 4 marks**

Read again **lines 1-7**. List **four** things from this part of the source about what the narrator is thinking about the dance.

**Question 2 - 8 marks**

Look in detail at this extract, **lines 8 - 20**. How does the writer use language here to describe narrator's reactions to her dance partner? You could include the writer's choice of:

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

**Question 3 - 8 marks**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**. 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 devices that interest you.

**Question 4 - 20 marks**

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, **from line 31 to the end**.

A teacher, having read this section of the text, said: "The narrator appears to be enjoying the dancing but there is an undertone here too: she seems to be using the dancing and the music to hide some sad aspects of her life."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of
- Evaluate how the writer creates
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.



Howards End is a novel that highlights the conflict and of class within pre-World War One English society. This extract is from chapter six and introduces the character Leonard Bast, a lower class citizen of London, who is presented as a character who can never reach his full potential, simply due to his social status and lack of wealth.

### Howards End by E. M. Forster

We are not concerned with the very poor. They are unthinkable, and only to be approached by the statistician or the poet. This story deals with gentlefolk, or with those who are obliged to pretend that they are gentlefolk.

The boy, Leonard Bast, stood at the extreme verge of gentility. He was not in the abyss, but he could see it, and at times people whom he knew had dropped in, and counted no more. He knew that he was poor, and would admit it; he would have died sooner than confess any inferiority to the rich. This may be splendid of him. But he was inferior to most rich people, there is not the least doubt of it. He was not as courteous as the average rich man, nor as intelligent, nor as healthy, nor as lovable.

His mind and his body had been alike underfed, because he was poor, and because he was modern they were always craving better food. Had he lived some centuries ago, in the brightly coloured

civilisations of the past, he would have had a definite status, his rank and his income would have corresponded. But in his day the Angel of democracy had arisen, enshadowing the classes with leathern wings, and proclaiming, 'All men are equal - all men, that is to say, who possess umbrellas,' and so he was obliged to assert gentility, lest he slipped into the abyss where nothing counts, and the statements of Democracy are inaudible.

As he walked away from Wickham Place, his first care was to prove he was as good as the Miss Schlegels. Obscurely wounded in his pride, he tried to wound them in return. They were probably not ladies. Would real ladies have asked him to tea? They were certainly ill-natured and cold. At each step his feeling of superiority increased. Would a real lady have talked about stealing an umbrella? Perhaps they were thieves after all, and if he had gone into the house they

would have clapped a chloroformed handkerchief over his face. He walked on complacently as far as the Houses of Parliament. There an empty stomach asserted itself, and told him that he was a fool.

'Evening, Mr Bast.'

'Evening, Mr Dealtry.'

'Nice evening.'

'Evening.'

Mr Dealtry, a fellow clerk, passed on, and Leonard stood wondering whether he could take the tram as far as a penny would take him, or whether he would walk. He decided to walk - it is no good giving in, and he had spent money enough at Queen's Hall - and he walked over Westminster Bridge, in front of St Thomas's Hospital, and through the immense tunnel that passes under the South-Western main line at Vauxhall. In the tunnel he paused and listened to the roar of the trains. A sharp pain darted through his head, and he was conscious of the exact form of his eye sockets. He pushed on for another mile, and did not slacken speed until he stood at the entrance of a road called Camelia Road, which was at present his home.

Here he stopped again, and glanced suspiciously to right and left, like a rabbit that is going to bolt into its hole. A black of flats, constructed with extreme cheapness, towered on either hand. Further down the road two more blocks were being built, and beyond these an old house was being demolished to accommodate another pair. It was the kind of scene that may be observed all over London, whatever the locality - bricks and mortar rising and falling with the restlessness of the of the water in a fountain, as the city receives more and men upon her soil.

**Question 1 - 4 marks**

Read again **lines 4-10** of the source. List **four** things from this part of the source that we learn about Leonard Bast.

**Question 2 - 8 marks**

Look in detail at this extract, **lines 9-23** of the source. How does the writer use language here to present Leonard Bast's experiences and views about class? You could include the writer's choice of:

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

**Question 3 - 8 marks**

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**. 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 devices that interest you.

**Question 4 - 20 marks**

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, **from line 24 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: "We feel a sense of sadness in Leonard Bast's observations of his surroundings. It seems like, because he is poor, the world is changing around him and he feels like he has no part in it."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of
- Evaluate how the writer creates
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.