

# The Whitby High School

## Year 10

### Language and Literature



Name: .....

English Teacher: .....

**Language** (complete below to show you know)

Paper 1:

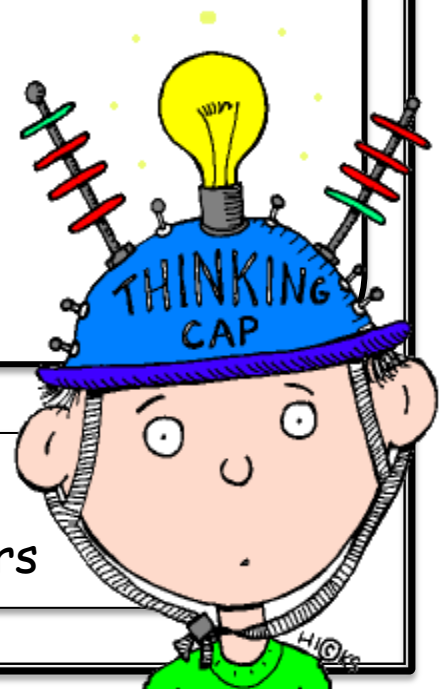
Paper 2:

**Literature** (complete below to show you know)

Paper 1:

Paper 2:

Weekly Tasks  
To be tracked by class teachers



## **How to use this booklet:**

- This must NOT be lost. Please treat this booklet as you would your English book
- This booklet will provide a number of activities for you to complete throughout the preparation of your English GCSE.
- We expect that you want to achieve your potential and that you are motivated and work hard each week!
- If you struggle to complete a weekly task, this is fine! Just do your best and ask for help.
- DO NOT COMPLETE ALL TASKS AT ONCE – THESE HAVE BEEN PLANNED FOR THE WHOLE YEAR TO SUPPORT YOUR LEARNING.
- You can also access revision from the PiXL Literature app', Doodle

Literature Paper 1 practice  
**Section A: Shakespeare**

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from **Act 1 Scene 2** of Romeo and Juliet and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play Paris is asking Lord Capulet for his permission to marry Juliet.

Explain how Shakespeare presents women in this extract.

Write about:

- The language used to describe women..
- The difference between Capulet and Paris' views
- Consider how women are presented in the **play as a whole.**

**CAPULET**

But saying o'er what I have said before.  
My child is yet a stranger in the world.  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.  
Let two more summers wither in their pride  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

**PARIS**

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

**CAPULET**

And too soon marred are those so early made.  
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she.  
She's the hopeful lady of my earth.  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart.  
My will to her consent is but a part.  
An she agreed within her scope of choice,  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest  
Such as I love. And you among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.

You are advised to spend 45 minutes on this question. [30 marks]  
AO4 [4 marks]

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Section C: Unseen Poetry



**Brothers**

Saddled with you for the afternoon, me and Paul  
ambled across the threadbare field to the bus-stop,  
talking over Sheffield Wednesday's chances in the cup  
while you skipped beside us in your ridiculous tank-top,  
spouting six-year-old views on Rotherham United.

Suddenly you froze, said you hadn't any bus fare.  
I sighed, said you should go and ask Mum  
and while you windmilled home I looked at Paul.  
His smile, like mine, said I was nine and he was ten  
and we must stroll the town, doing what grown-ups do.

As a bus crested the hill we chased Olympic Gold.  
Looking back I saw you spring towards the gate,  
your hand holding out what must have been a coin.  
I ran on, unable to close the distance I'd set in motion.

By Andrew Forster



**Key Vocab:**  
Spouting: talking at length and quickly  
Windmilled: move quickly in a circular motion  
Stroll: walk in a leisurely and confident way  
Crested: at the top of a hill

In the poem 'Brothers', how does the poet present feelings about age and how it affects sibling relationships?

[24 marks]

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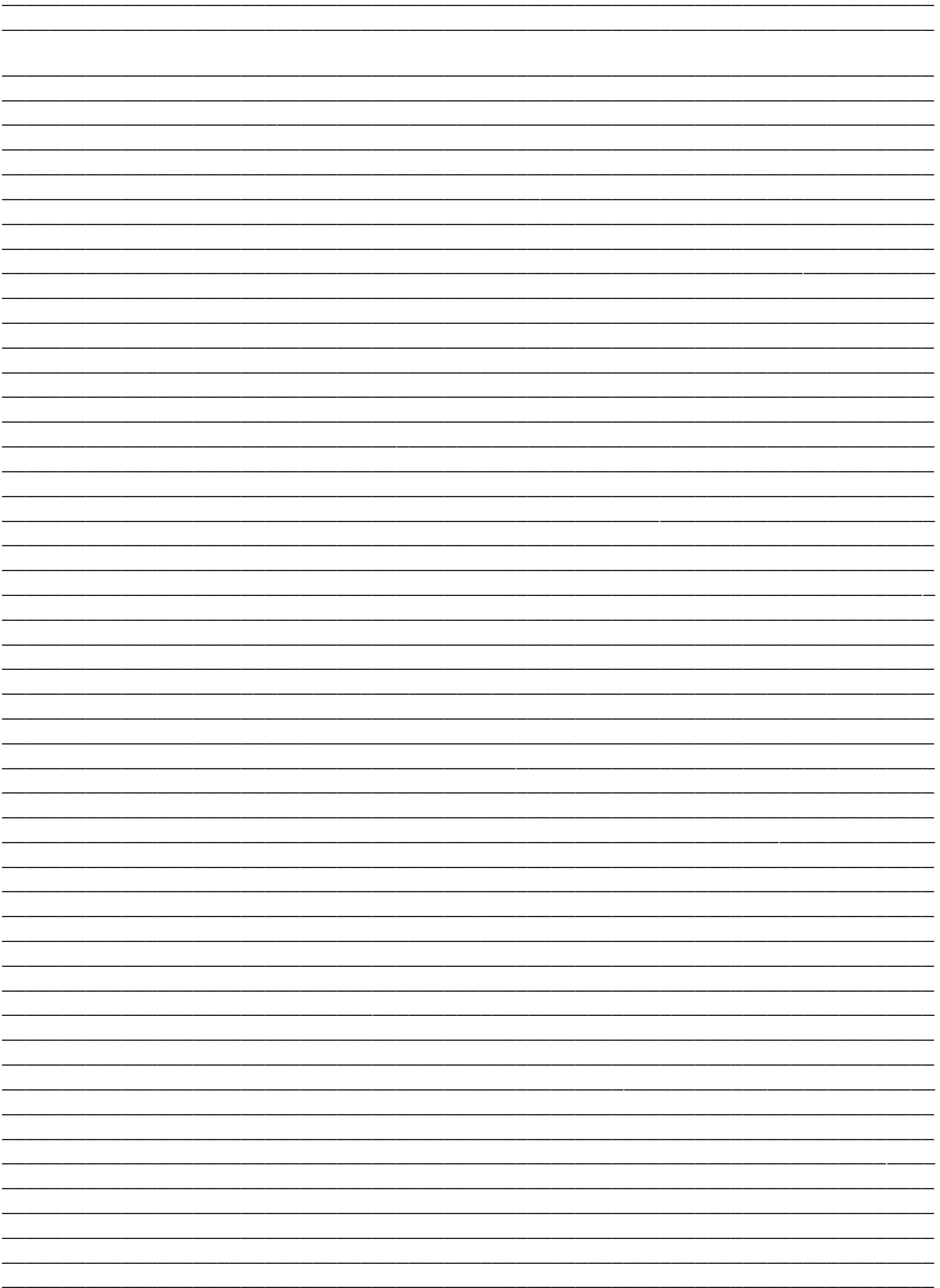
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Section C: Unseen Poetry

**Christina Rossetti** (1830-1894) is remembered as one of the Pre-Raphaelites, a group of 19th century artists and writers who took inspiration from works of art produced in the Middle Ages. *Sister Maude* draws on the traditional folk tale of two sisters feuding over a lover. The Victorians were keen on folk traditions, and lots of poetry from the period makes use of traditional source material.



## Sister Maude

Who told my mother of my shame,  
Who told my father of my dear?  
Oh who but Maude, my sister Maude,  
Who lurked to spy and peer.

Cold he lies, as cold as stone,  
With his clotted curls about his face:  
The comeliest corpse in all the world  
And worthy of a queen's embrace.

You might have spared his soul, sister,  
Have spared my soul, your own soul too:  
Though I had not been born at all,  
He'd never have looked at you.

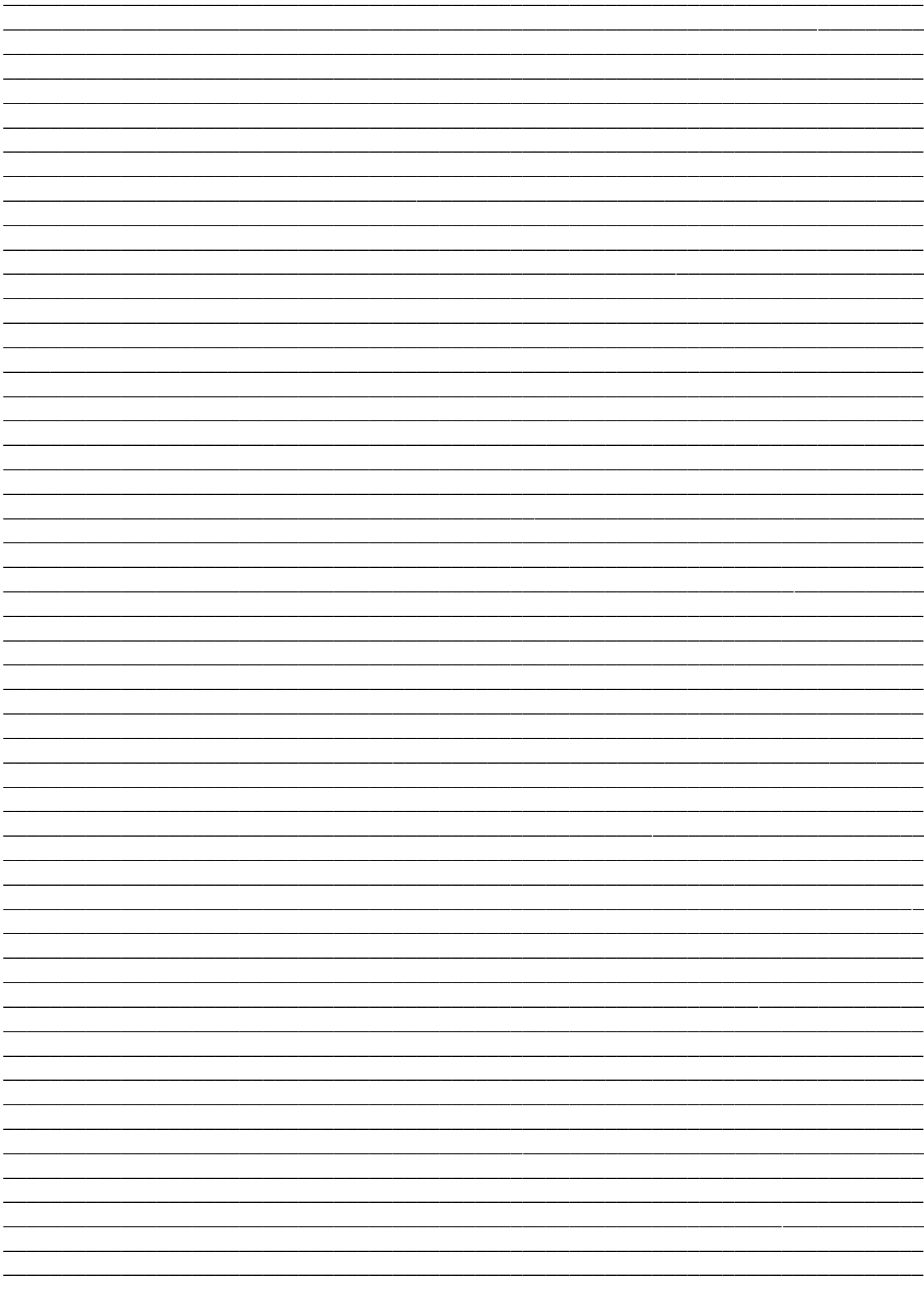
My father may sleep in Paradise,  
My mother at Heaven-gate:  
But sister Maude shall get no sleep  
Either early or late.

My father may wear a golden gown,  
My mother a crown may win;  
If my dear and I knocked at Heaven-gate  
Perhaps they'd let us in:  
But sister Maude, oh sister Maude,  
Bide *you* with death and sin

**By Christina Rossetti**

In both 'Brothers' and 'Sister Maude' the speakers describe feelings about their family relationships. What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present those feelings?

[8 marks]





## Literature Paper 2 practice:

### Section B: Poetry Comparison [30 marks]

Compare how poets present **power and conflict** in the extract from 'Exposure' and in **one** other poem from 'Power and Conflict'.

Exposure

By [Wilfred Owen](#)

Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that knife us . . .  
Wearied we keep awake because the night is silent . . .  
Low drooping flares confuse our memory of the salient . . .  
Worried by silence, sentries whisper, curious, nervous,  
But nothing happens.

Watching, we hear the mad gusts tugging on the wire,  
Like twitching agonies of men among its brambles.  
Northward, incessantly, the flickering gunnery rumbles,  
Far off, like a dull rumour of some other war.  
What are we doing here?

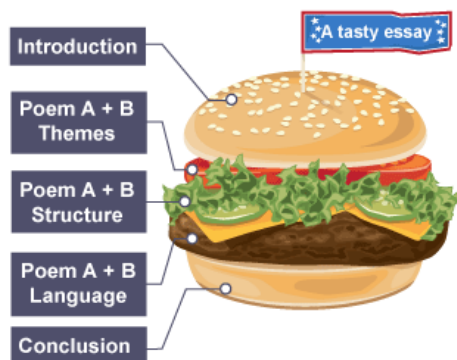
The poignant misery of dawn begins to grow . . .  
We only know war lasts, rain soaks, and clouds sag stormy.  
Dawn massing in the east her melancholy army  
Attacks once more in ranks on shivering ranks of grey,  
But nothing happens.

Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence.  
Less deadly than the air that shudders black with snow,  
With sidelong flowing flakes that flock, pause, and renew,  
We watch them wandering up and down the wind's nonchalance,  
But nothing happens.

Pale flakes with fingering stealth come feeling for our faces—  
We cringe in holes, back on forgotten dreams, and stare, snow-dazed,  
Deep into grassier ditches. So we drowse, sun-dozed,  
Littered with blossoms trickling where the blackbird fusses.  
—Is it that we are dying?

Remember to consider  
the following:

- Structure
- Meaning
- Imagery





**Either do this or the next task for A Christmas Carol if that;s what your teacher has done with you...**

**Literature Paper 1 practice:**

**Section B: The 19th-century novel**

**Robert Louis Stevenson: The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde**

Read the following extract from Chapter 2 and then answer the question that follows. In this extract Mr Utterson has just met Mr Hyde for the first time.

Mr. Utterson the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human  
5 beacons from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theater, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an  
10 approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. "I incline to Cain's heresy," he used to say quaintly: "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way." In this character, it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good  
15 influence in the lives of downgoing men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Utterson; for he was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendship seemed to be founded in a similar catholicity of  
20 good-nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready-made from the hands of opportunity; and that was the lawyer's way. His friends were those of his own blood or those whom he had known the longest; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time, they implied no aptness in the object. Hence, no doubt the bond that united him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his  
25 distant kinsman, the well-known man about town. It was a nut to crack for many.

How does Stevenson present Mr Utterson's character in this extract?

You can consider:

- how Stevenson introduces Mr Utterson in this extract
- how Stevenson presents Mr Utterson's character in the novel as a whole.
- how the context of a Victorian gentleman, attitudes towards religion and the genre of mystery and crime links to this extract.

**[30 marks]**

**Literature Paper 1 practice:**  
**Section B: The 19th-century novel**

**Charles Dickens: A Christmas Carol**



Read the following extract from Stave 1 and then answer the question that follows.  
In this extract Scrooge's character is introduced in detail for the first time.

5 Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grind- stone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dogdays; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

10 External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

15 Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

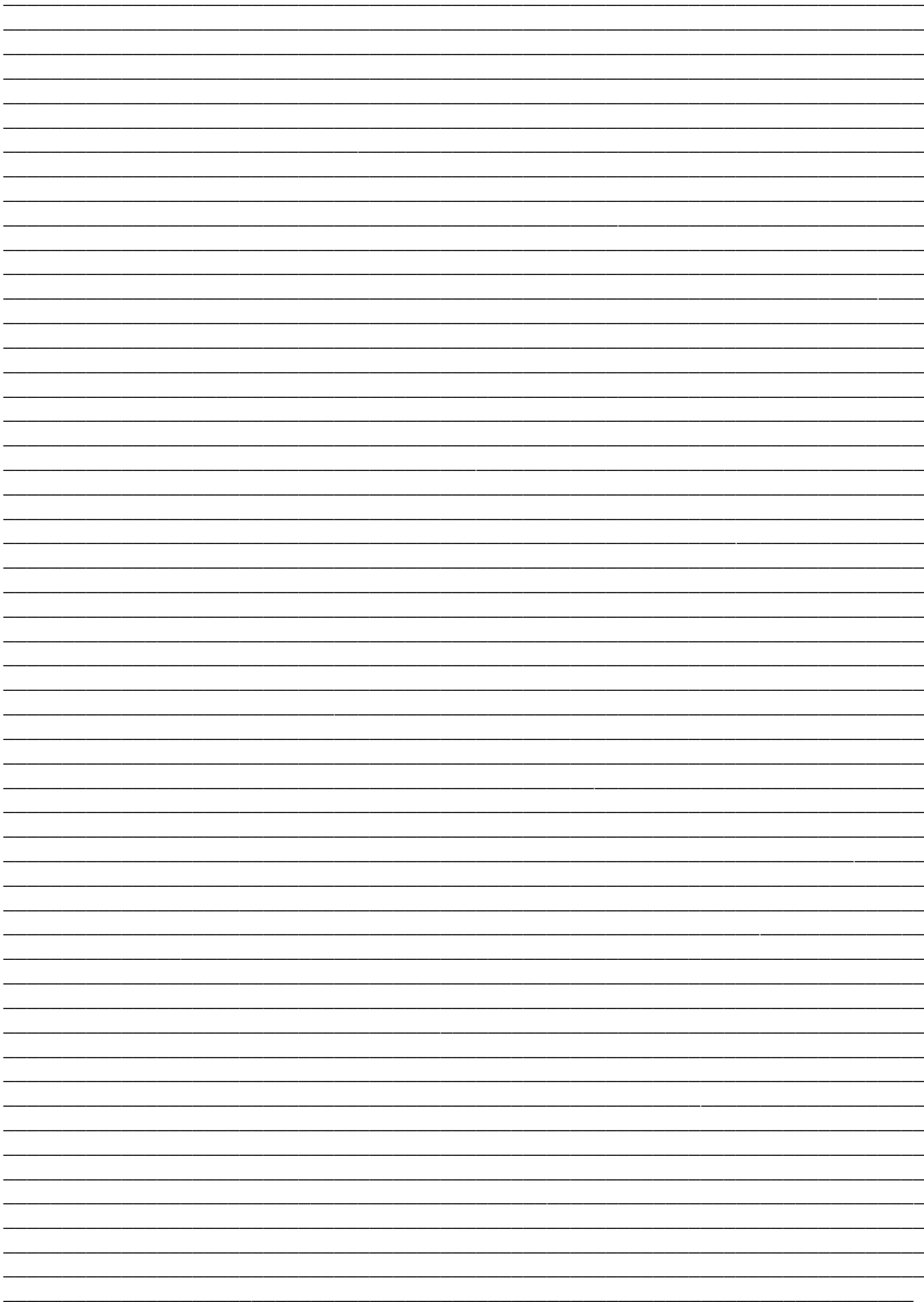
20 But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

**How does Dickens present Scrooge's character in this extract?**

You can consider:

- how Dickens introduces Scrooge in this extract
- how Dickens presents Scrooge's character in the novel as a whole.
- how the context of a Victorian gentleman, attitudes towards poverty and differences in social class links to this extract.

**[30 marks]**



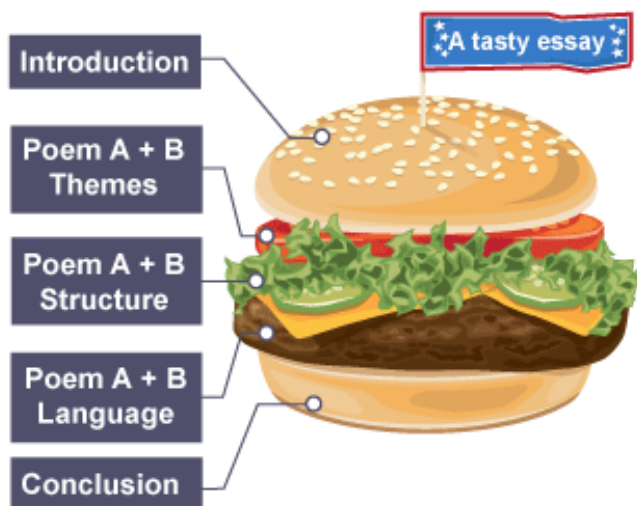
**Literature Paper 2 practice:**

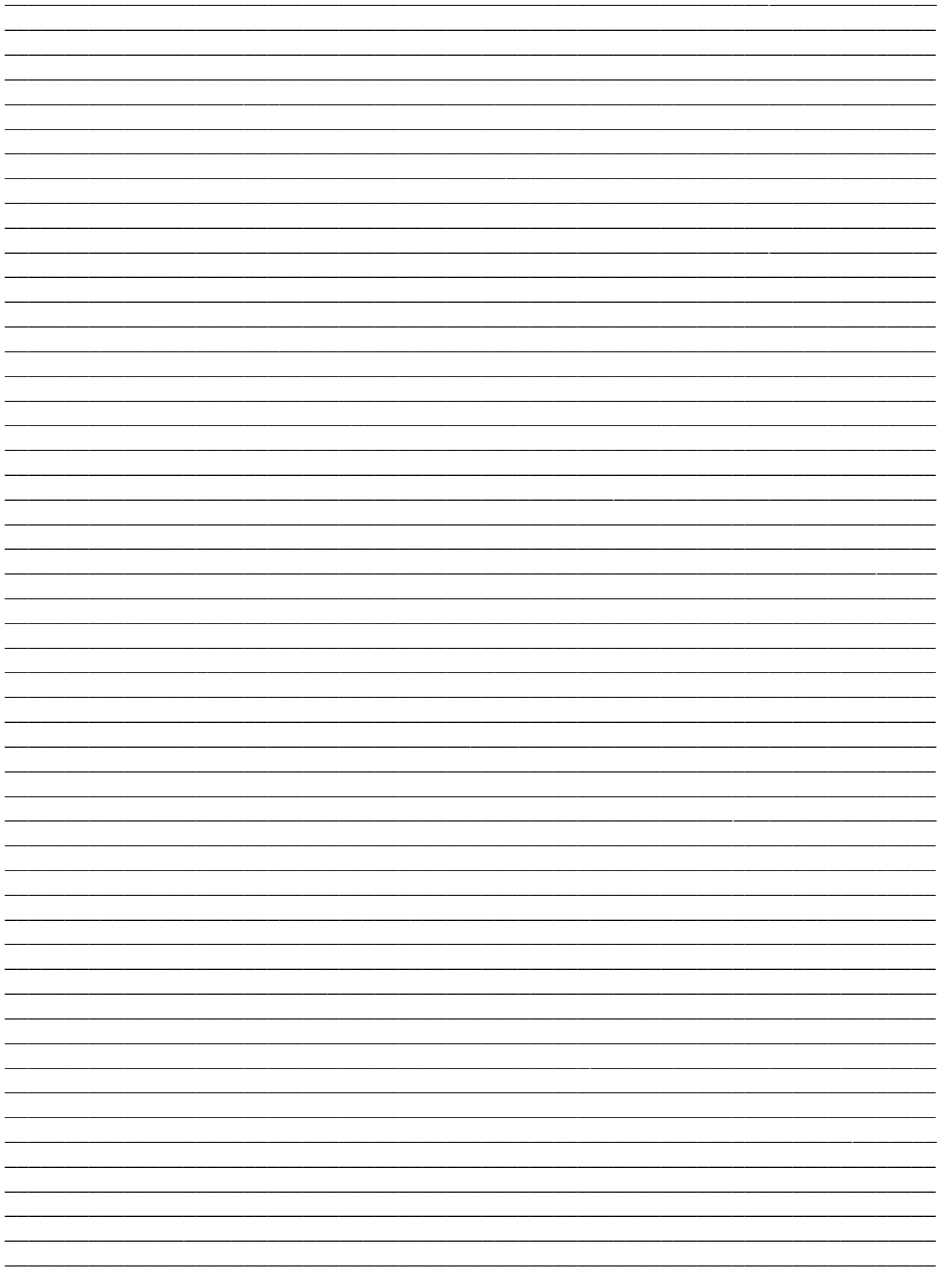
**Section B: Poetry Comparison [30 marks]**

Compare how poets present the horror of war in 'Bayonet charge' by Ted Hughes and in **one** other poem from 'Power and Conflict'.

Suddenly he awoke and was running – raw  
In raw-seamed hot khaki, his sweat heavy,  
Stumbling across a field of clods towards a green hedge  
That dazzled with rifle fire, hearing  
Bullets smacking the belly out of the air –  
He lugged a rifle numb as a smashed arm;  
The patriotic tear that had brimmed in his eye  
Sweating like molten iron from the centre of his chest, –

In bewilderment then he almost stopped –  
In what cold clockwork of the stars and the nations  
Was he the hand pointing that second? He was running  
Like a man who has jumped up in the dark and runs  
Listening between his footfalls for the reason  
Of his still running, and his foot hung like  
Statuary in mid-stride. Then the shot-slashed furrows  
Threw up a yellow hare that rolled like a flame  
And crawled in a threshing circle, its mouth wide  
Open silent, its eyes standing out.  
He plunged past with his bayonet toward the green hedge,  
King, honour, human dignity, etcetera  
Dropped like luxuries in a yelling alarm  
To get out of that blue crackling air  
His terror's touchy dynamite.









**An Introduction to Language Paper 1:**

**Extracts from *Hard Times* by Charles Dickens**

**Question 1:**

Mr Bounderby looked older; his seven or eight and forty might have had the seven or eight added to it again, without surprising anybody. He had not much hair. One might have fancied he had talked it off; and that what was left, all standing up in disorder, was in that condition from being constantly blown about by his windy boastfulness. In the formal drawing-room of Stone Lodge, standing on the hearthrug, warming himself before the fire, Mr Bounderby delivered some observations to Mrs Gradgrind on the circumstance of its being his birthday. He stood before the fire, partly because it was a cool spring afternoon, though the sun shone; partly because the shade of Stone Lodge was always haunted by the ghost of damp mortar; partly because he thus took up a commanding position, from which to subdue Mrs Gradgrind. 'I hadn't a shoe to my foot. As to a stocking, I didn't know such a thing by name. I passed the day in a ditch, and the night in a pigsty. That's the way I spent my tenth birthday. Not that a ditch was new to me, for I was born in a ditch.'

From this section, list four things you learn about **Mr Bounderby**. **[4 marks]**

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_

**Question 2:**

He was a rich man: banker, merchant, manufacturer, and what not. A big, loud man, with a stare, and a metallic laugh. A man made out of a coarse material, which seemed to have been stretched to make so much of him. A man with a great puffed head and forehead, swelled veins in his temples, and such a strained skin to his face that it seemed to hold his eyes open, and lift his eyebrows up. A man with a pervading appearance on him of being inflated like a balloon, and ready to start. A man who could never sufficiently vaunt himself a self-made man. A man who was always proclaiming, through that brassy speaking-trumpet of a voice of his, his old ignorance and his old poverty. A man who was the Bully of humility.

**Task: How does the writer use language here to describe the man's characteristics? [8 marks]**

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

A series of 30 horizontal lines spanning the width of the page, intended for writing.

Extract from *The Women in Black* by Susan Hill

This text from *The Woman in Black* by Susan Hill: The Sound of a Pony and Trap.

Outside, all was quiet, so that all I heard was the sound of my own footsteps as I began to walk briskly across the gravel, and even this sound was softened the moment I struck out over the grass towards the causeway path. Across the sky, a few last gulls went flying home. Once or twice, I glanced over my shoulder, half expecting to catch sight of the black figure of the woman following me. But I had almost persuaded myself now that there must have been some slope or dip in the ground upon the other side of that graveyard and beyond it, perhaps a lonely dwelling, tucked down out of sight, for the changes of light in such a place can play all manner of tricks and, after all, I had not actually gone out there to search for her hiding place, I had only glanced around and seen nothing. Well, then. For the time being I allowed myself to remain forgetful of the extreme reaction of Mr Jerome to my mentioning the woman that morning.

On the causeway path it was still quite dry underfoot but to my left I saw that the water had begun to seep nearer, quite silent, quite slow. I wondered how deeply the path went under water when the tide was at height. But, on a still night such as this, there was plenty of time to cross in safety, though the distance was greater, now I was traversing it on foot, than it had seemed when we trotted over in Keckwick's pony cart, and the end of the causeway path seemed to be receding into the greyness ahead. I had never been quite so alone, nor felt quite so small and insignificant in a vast landscape before, and I fell into a not unpleasant brooding, philosophical frame of mind, struck by the absolute indifference of water and sky to my presence.

Some minutes later, I could not tell how many, I came out of my reverie, to realize that I could no longer see very far in front of me and when I turned around I was startled to find that Eel Marsh House, too, was invisible, not because the darkness of evening had fallen, but because of a thick, damp sea-mist that had come rolling over the marshes and enveloped everything, myself, the house behind me, the end of the causeway path and the countryside ahead. It was a mist like a damp, clinging cobwebby thing, fine and yet impenetrable. It smelled and tasted quite different from the yellow filthy fog of London; that was choking and thick and still, this was salty, light and pale and moving in front of my eyes all the time. I felt confused, teased by it, as though it were made up of millions of live fingers that crept over me, hung on me and then shifted away again. My hair and face and the sleeves of my coat were already damp with a veil of moisture. Above all, it was the suddenness of it that had so unnerved and disorientated me.

For a short time, I walked slowly on, determined to stick to my path until I came out onto the safety of the country road. But it began to dawn upon me that I should as likely as not become very quickly lost once I had left the straightness of the causeway, and might wander all night in exhaustion. The most obvious and sensible course was to turn and retrace my steps the few hundred yards I had come and to wait at the house until either the mist cleared, or Keckwick arrived to fetch me, or both.

That walk back was a nightmare. I was obliged to go step by slow step, for fear of veering off onto the marsh, and then into the rising water. If I looked up or around me, I was at once baffled by the moving, shifting mist, and so on I stumbled, praying to reach the house, which was farther away than I had imagined. Then, somewhere away in the swirling mist and dark, I heard the sound that lifted my heart, the distant but unmistakable clip-clop of the pony's hooves and the rumble and creak of the trap.

**Revision Task:**

Read the extract from *'The Woman in Black.'* Complete the language devices table with examples from the extract. Explain how your chosen examples create their effects.

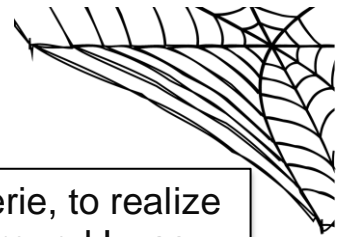
Language Device	Definition	Evidence	What effect does it create?
Sensory language	When you use the five senses		
Emotive language	Words and phrases used to evoke an emotional response		
Adverbs	Words which describe a verb to give more detail.		
Tension	Creating suspense for the reader		
Onomatopoeia	Words that convey sounds		
Metaphor	When you compare two things by saying that one thing <u>is</u> something else.		
Pathetic Fallacy	Where the weather conveys the mood or atmosphere		
Simple sentences	A main clause which contains one idea.		

**Question1:**

From this section, list four things you learn about the **setting**. [4 marks]

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_

**Question2:**



Some minutes later, I could not tell how many, I came out of my reverie, to realize that I could no longer see very far in front of me and when I turned around I was startled to find that Eel Marsh House, too, was invisible, not because the darkness of evening had fallen, but because of a thick, damp sea-mist that had come rolling over the marshes and enveloped everything, myself, the house behind me, the end of the causeway path and the countryside ahead. It was a mist like a damp, clinging cobwebby thing, fine and yet impenetrable. It smelled and tasted quite different from the yellow filthy fog of London; that was choking and thick and still, this was salty, light and pale and moving in front of my eyes all the time. I felt confused, teased by it, as though it were made up of millions of live fingers that crept over me, hung on me and then shifted away again.

Use the short extract above to answer the following question:

**How does Hill use language effectively to create suspense and tension?**

**[8 marks]**

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Mr. Bingley was good looking and gentlemanlike; he had a pleasant countenance, and easy, unaffected manners. His sisters were fine women, with an air of decided fashion. His brother-in-law, Mr. Hurst, merely looked the gentleman; but his friend Mr. Darcy soon drew the attention of the room by his fine, tall person, handsome features, noble mien; and the report which was in general circulation within five minutes after his entrance, of his having ten thousand a year. The gentlemen pronounced him to be a fine figure of a man, the ladies declared he was much handsomer than Mr. Bingley, and he was looked at with great admiration for about half the evening, till his manners gave a disgust which turned the tide of his popularity; for he was discovered to be proud, to be above his company, and above being pleased; and not all his large estate in Derbyshire could then save him from having a most forbidding, disagreeable countenance, and being unworthy to be compared with his friend.

Mr. Bingley had soon made himself acquainted with all the principal people in the room; he was lively and unreserved, danced every dance, was angry that the ball closed so early, and talked of giving one himself at Netherfield. Such amiable qualities must speak for themselves. What a contrast between him and his friend! Mr. Darcy danced only once with Mrs. Hurst and once with Miss Bingley, declined being introduced to any other lady, and spent the rest of the evening in walking about the room, speaking occasionally to one of his own party. His character was decided. He was the proudest, most disagreeable man in the world, and every body hoped that he would never come there again. Amongst the most violent against him was Mrs. Bennet, whose dislike of his general behaviour was sharpened into particular resentment by his having slighted one of her daughters.

Elizabeth Bennet had been obliged, by the scarcity of gentlemen, to sit down for two dances; and during part of that time, Mr. Darcy had been standing near enough for her to overhear a conversation between him and Mr. Bingley, who came from the dance for a few minutes to press his friend to join it.

“Come, Darcy,” said he, “I must have you dance. I hate to see you standing about by yourself in this stupid manner. You had much better dance.”

“I certainly shall not. You know how I detest it, unless I am particularly acquainted with my partner. At such an assembly as this, it would be insupportable. Your sisters are engaged, and there is not another woman in the room whom it would not be a punishment to me to stand up with.”

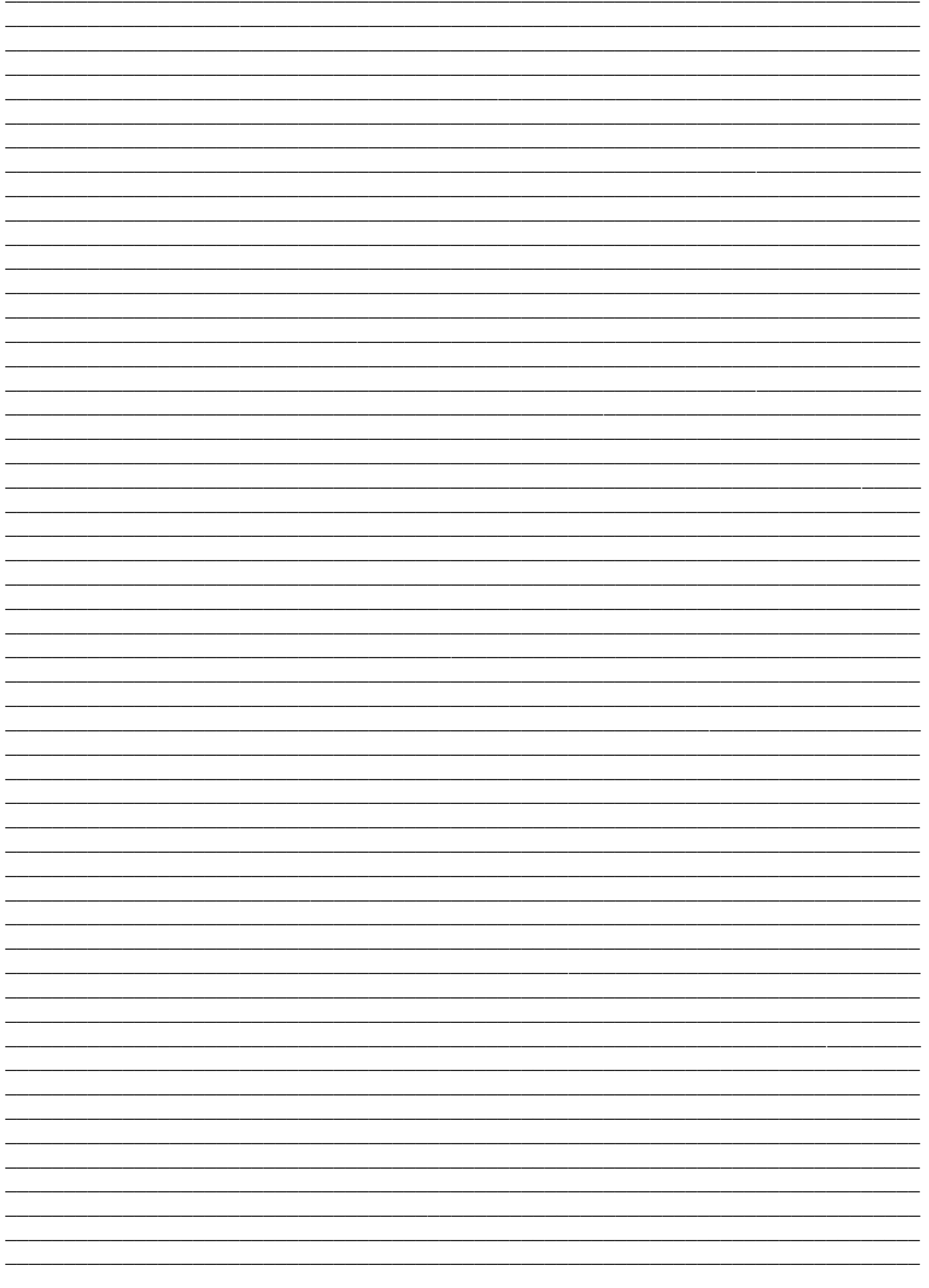
“I would not be so fastidious as you are,” cried Bingley, “for a kingdom! Upon my honour I never met with so many pleasant girls in my life, as I have this evening; and there are several of them, you see, uncommonly pretty.”

“*You* are dancing with the only handsome girl in the room,” said Mr. Darcy, looking at the eldest Miss Bennet.

“Oh! she is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld! But there is one of her sisters sitting down just behind you, who is very pretty, and I dare say very agreeable. Do let me ask my partner to introduce you.”

“Which do you mean?” and turning round, he looked for a moment at Elizabeth, till catching her eye, he withdrew his own and coldly said, “She is tolerable; but not handsome enough to tempt *me*; and I am in no humour at present to give consequence to young ladies who are slighted by other men. You had better return to your partner and enjoy her smiles, for you are wasting your time with me.”











Descriptive and Narrative Writing

Question 5:

**Either:**

Write a description suggested by this picture:



**Or:**

Write the opening part of a story about an isolated place.

*[There are 40 marks available: 24 marks for content and organisation and 16 marks for technical accuracy]*

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Lined writing area consisting of multiple horizontal lines for text entry.

## Language Paper 1 practice:

### Extract from Chapter 1 of *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows* by J.K. Rowling

The lane was bordered on the left by wild, low-growing brambles, on the right by a high, neatly manicured hedge. The men's long cloaks flapped around their ankles as they marched. "Thought I might be late," said Yaxley, his blunt features sliding in and out of sight as the branches of overhanging trees broke the moonlight.

Snape nodded, but did not elaborate. They turned right, into a wide driveway that led off to a pair of imposing wrought-iron gates barring the men's way. Neither of them broke step: In silence both raised their left arms in a kind of salute and passed straight through, as though the dark metal was smoke.

The yew hedges muffled the sound of the men's footsteps. There was a rustle somewhere to their right: Yaxley drew his wand again pointing it over his companion's head, but the source of the noise proved to be nothing more than a pure-white peacock, strutting majestically along the top of the hedge. A handsome manor house grew out of the darkness at the end of the straight drive, lights glinting in the diamond paned downstairs windows. Somewhere in the dark garden beyond the hedge a fountain was playing. Gravel crackled beneath their feet as Snape and Yaxley sped toward the front door, which swung inward at their approach, though nobody had visibly opened it.

The hallway was large, dimly lit, and sumptuously decorated, with a magnificent carpet covering most of the stone floor. The eyes of the pale-faced portraits on the wall followed Snape and Yaxley as they strode past. The two men halted at a heavy wooden door leading into the next room, hesitated for the space of a heartbeat, then Snape turned the bronze handle.

The drawing room was full of silent people, sitting at a long and ornate table. The room's usual furniture had been pushed carelessly up against the walls. Illumination came from a roaring fire beneath a handsome marble mantelpiece surmounted by a gilded mirror. Snape and Yaxley lingered for a moment on the threshold. As their eyes grew accustomed to the lack of light, they were drawn upward to the strangest feature of the scene: an apparently unconscious human figure hanging upside down over the table, revolving slowly as if suspended by an invisible rope, and reflected in the mirror and in the bare, polished surface of the table below. None of the people seated underneath this singular sight were looking at it except for a pale young man sitting almost directly below it. He seemed unable to prevent himself from glancing upward every minute or so.

"Yaxley. Snape," said a high, clear voice from the head of the table. "You are very nearly late."

The speaker was seated directly in front of the fireplace, so that it was difficult, at first, for the new arrivals to make out more than his silhouette. As they drew nearer, however, his face shone through the gloom, hairless, snakelike, with slits for nostrils and gleaming red eyes whose pupils were vertical. He was so pale that he seemed to emit a pearly glow.

"Severus, here," said Voldemort, indicating the seat on his immediate right. "Yaxley, beside Dolohov."

The two men took their allotted places. Most of the eyes around the table followed Snape, and it was him that spoke first. "My Lord, the Order of the Phoenix intends to move Harry Potter from his current place of safety on Saturday next, at nightfall."

The interest around the table sharpened palpably: Some stiffened, others fidgeted, all gazing at Snape and Voldemort. "Saturday ... at nightfall," repeated Voldemort. His red eyes fastened upon Snape's black ones with such intensity that some of the watchers looked away, apparently fearful that they themselves would be scorched by the ferocity of the gaze. Snape, however, looked calmly back into Voldemort's face and, after a moment or two, Voldemort's lipless mouth curved into something like a smile.

**Question 1:**

Focusing on lines 1-13, list four things you learn about Snape and Yaxley.  
**[4 marks]**

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_

4. \_\_\_\_\_

**Question 2:**

Read the **whole extract** of Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows.  
How does the writer use **language** here to describe the setting?  
**[8 marks]**

You could include the writer's choice of:

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



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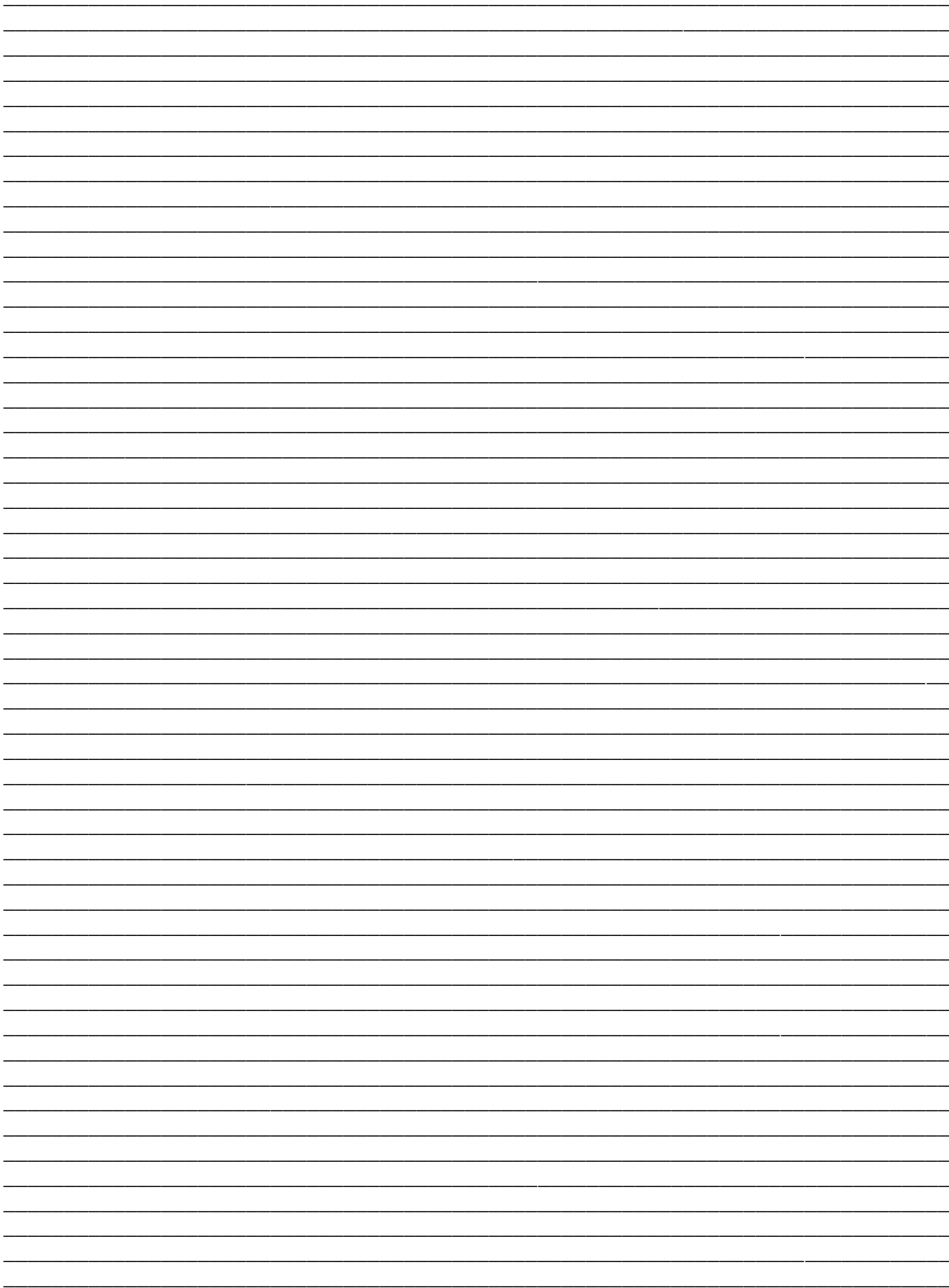
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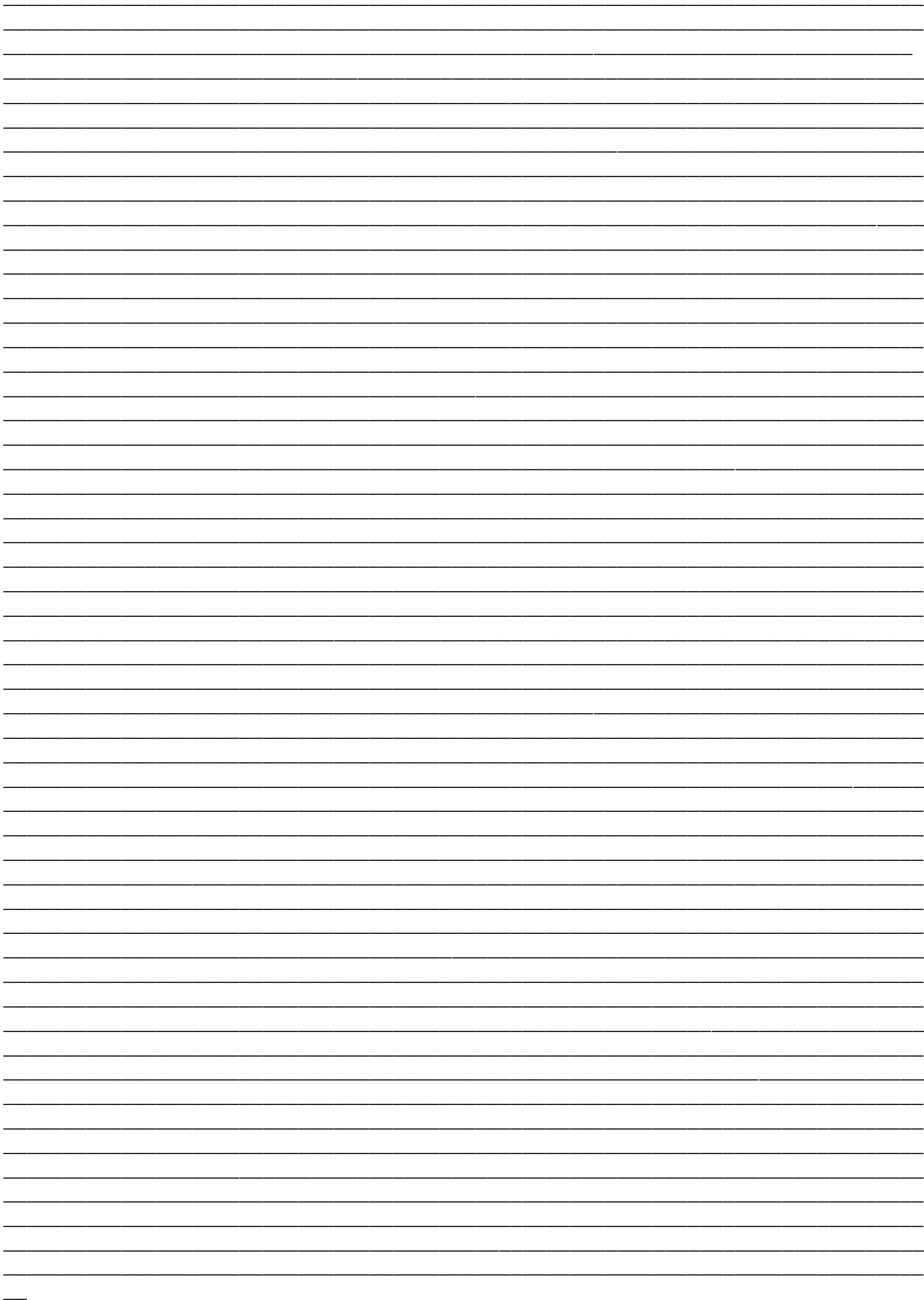
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Descriptive and Narrative Writing

**Question 5:**

**Either:**

Write a description suggested by this picture:



**Or:**

Write the opening part of a story about a place that is severely affected by the weather.

*[There are 40 marks available: 24 marks for content and organisation and 16 marks for technical accuracy]*

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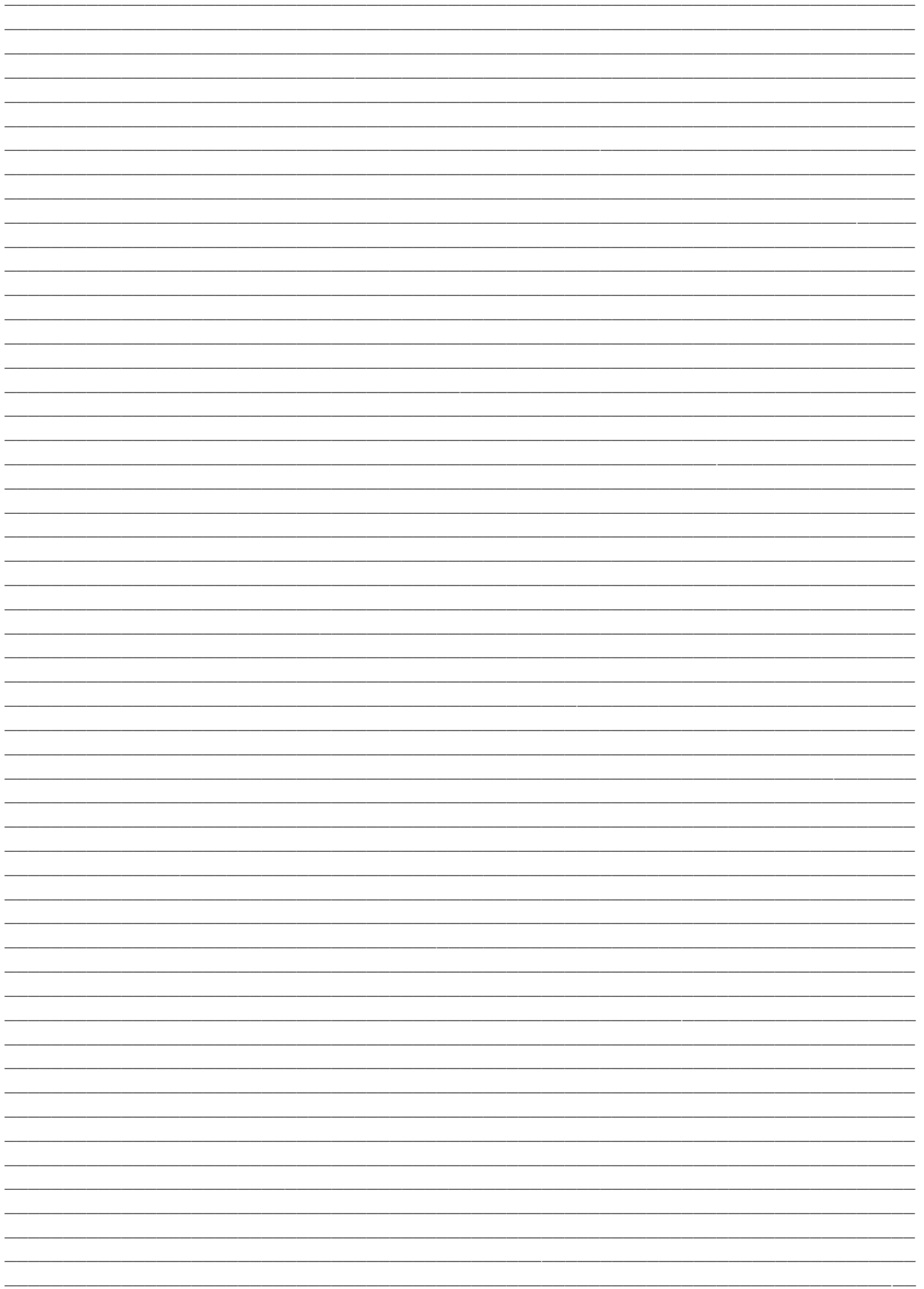
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## An Introduction to Language Paper 2:

### Source A – 21<sup>st</sup> Century non-fiction

# Could you do your child's homework?

The Observer, Sunday 15 December 2013



A typical father son scenario

Children appear increasingly weighed down by homework. But how tough can it be? Jay Rayner attempts his son Eddie's maths assignment.

I am staring at a finely printed sheet of paper and trying not to let the bad feelings seep in. This sheet is all my childhood Sunday-night feelings of dread come at once. It is humiliation and "could do better" and "pay attention now".

I only have myself to blame. A few months ago over dinner Eddie announced that, in English, they were experimenting with food writing. "I have to come up with metaphors. Give me a metaphor about this pizza," he said. "I don't think I should do your homework for you," I said. He raised his eyebrows. "You can't think of one, can you?" This is what happens if you feed and educate your children. They grow up, become clever and remorselessly take the mickey out of you. 5

He was right. I didn't. On the spot I couldn't think of a single food metaphor worth dragging out and slapping on the table. And so the memories of homework came flooding back: of long nights of carefully planned idleness ruined by the imposition of essays and work sheets, of tasks flunked, of a chilly emptiness at the thought of the way my efforts would be received by teachers. The fact is that I was not especially academic. On the results sheet, my grades lined up like a line of Pac-Men<sup>1</sup> doing a conga<sup>2</sup>. 10 15

And so, having failed the English homework test, I decide to show a little solidarity. I will have a go at his maths homework just to get a sense of what it's like to be 14-year-old Eddie. Which is why I'm now staring at the sheet of paper. Abuse, algebra, the merry

### Source B – 19<sup>th</sup> Century literary non-fiction

This source consists of two letters. The first letter is from a young boy called Henry writing to his father. Henry is living far away from home at a boarding school. A boarding school is a school where you go to live as well as study and was a very popular way of educating boys, especially from wealthier families, in the 1800s.

...to remember here, not getting it right means to an early school...

The next one looks more straightforward.  $a^4 \times a^3$ . I'm pretty sure I remember this. Just add the powers together. Which would mean... 25

Cotherstone Academy Aug. 7. 1822

Dear Father

Our Master has arrived at Cotherstone, but I was sorry to learn he had no Letter for me nor anything else, which made me very unhappy. If you recollect, I promised that I would write you a sly Letter, which I assure you I have not forgot, and now an opportunity has come at last. I hope, my dear Father, you will not let Mr. Smith know anything about it for he would flog me if he knew it. I hope, my dear Father, you will write me a Letter as soon as you receive this, but pray don't mention anything about this in yours; only put a X at the bottom, or write to my good Friend Mr. Halmer, who is very kind to me and he will give it to me when I go to Church. He lives opposite and I assure you, my dear Father, they are the kindest Friends I have in Yorkshire and I know he will not show it to Mr. Smith for the Letters I write you are all examined before they leave the School. I am obliged to write what Mr. Smith tells us and the letters you send me are all examined by Mr. Smith before I see them, so I hope, my dear Father, you will mention nothing of this when you write.

It is now two years come October since I left you at Islington, but I hope, my dear Father, you will let me come home at Xmas that we may once more meet again alive - if God permit me to live as long.

Our bread is nearly black; it is made of the worst Barley Meal, and our Beds are stuffed with chaff and I assure you we are used more like Bears than Christians. Believe me, my dear Father, I would rather be obliged to work all my life time than remain here another year.

George is quite well but very unhappy.

Your respectful son Henry

The second letter, written two weeks later, is from the boy's father to a family friend, asking him to investigate the problem. The father has two sons at the school, Henry and George.

Public Office, Worship Street, 21st August 1822.

Sir,

Having lately received a Letter from my Son Henry, who is at Mr. Smith's School close by you, complaining of the Treatment he receives, I am induced to write to you, confidentially, to request

you will do me the favour to endeavour to see both of them, privately, (at your own House) if possible and ascertain whether you think it would be advisable for me to send for them home. I will certainly be guided by what you say; Boys will sometimes complain without cause, and therefore I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in troubling you. Henry speaks very highly of your kind attention.

I do not approve of the System of Education, for they do not appear to have improved. When they left home, they could both spell, and in Henry's Letter I see several words wrong spelt – I also do not like the injunction laid upon them of not being allowed to write to me without the Master's seeing the contents of their Letters.

If you should not be able to get a private interview with them in the course of a fortnight, I shall be obliged by your writing to me to say so and I will immediately give notice to Mr. Smith that I intend to have them home at Christmas. I should prefer your seeing George if you can, and hear what he says, as I can rely more on the truth of his story, than Henry's, for I believe Henry's principal object is to get home. We have all a great desire to see him, but particularly to see George, our other son, who is a meek Boy and not so able to endure ill treatment as Henry – George is a great favourite with us all, and so he was with his late dear Mother who is now no more.

You will no doubt see my object in thus troubling you and I hope you will excuse the liberty I take, but as I know you have been very kind to the Boys. I shall esteem it an additional favour by your attention to this, and an answer at your earliest convenience.

I remain Sir, very respectfully

Your obliged honorable servant

William Heritage

**Glossary:**

chaff – chopped straw or hay.

Bears than Christians – bears were sometimes mistreated, perhaps suggesting he feels he's being treated more like an animal than a human being, or in a Christian way.

**Section A:**  
**Viewpoints and Perspectives**

**Question 1:** Read again the first part of **source A**, lines 1 to 15.

**Choose four statements below which are TRUE.**

- Shade the boxes of the ones that you think are true.
- Choose a maximum of four statements.

- |   |  |                          |
|---|--|--------------------------|
| A | Jay Rayner has good memories of his time in school.                            | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| B | Jay Rayner was happy to help his son with his homework.                        | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| C | As a boy, Jay Rayner worried about handing in his homework on Monday mornings. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| D | Jay Rayner could not think of a food metaphor to help his son.                 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| E | Jay Rayner was very able in school.  | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| F | As a boy, Jay Rayner did not enjoy doing homework.                             | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| G | Jay Rayner looked forward to receiving feedback from his teachers.             | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| H | Jay Rayner makes a joke to cover up his own real exam results.                 | <input type="checkbox"/> |

**[4 marks]**

**Question 2:** You need to refer to **source A** and **source B** for this question:

Use details from **both** sources. Write a summary of the differences between Eddie and Henry.

**[8 marks]**

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**Question 4)**

For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of source A** together with **source B**.

Compare how the two writers convey their different attitudes to parenting and education.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different attitudes
- compare the methods they use to convey their attitudes
- support your ideas with references to both texts.

**[16 marks]**

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**Section B: Writing**

5) “*Social networking has taken over our lives. Too many people are living their lives in cyberspace and are unprepared for the real world.*”

Write an article for a broadsheet newspaper in which you explain your point of view in this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation  
16 marks for technical accuracy)

**[40 marks]**

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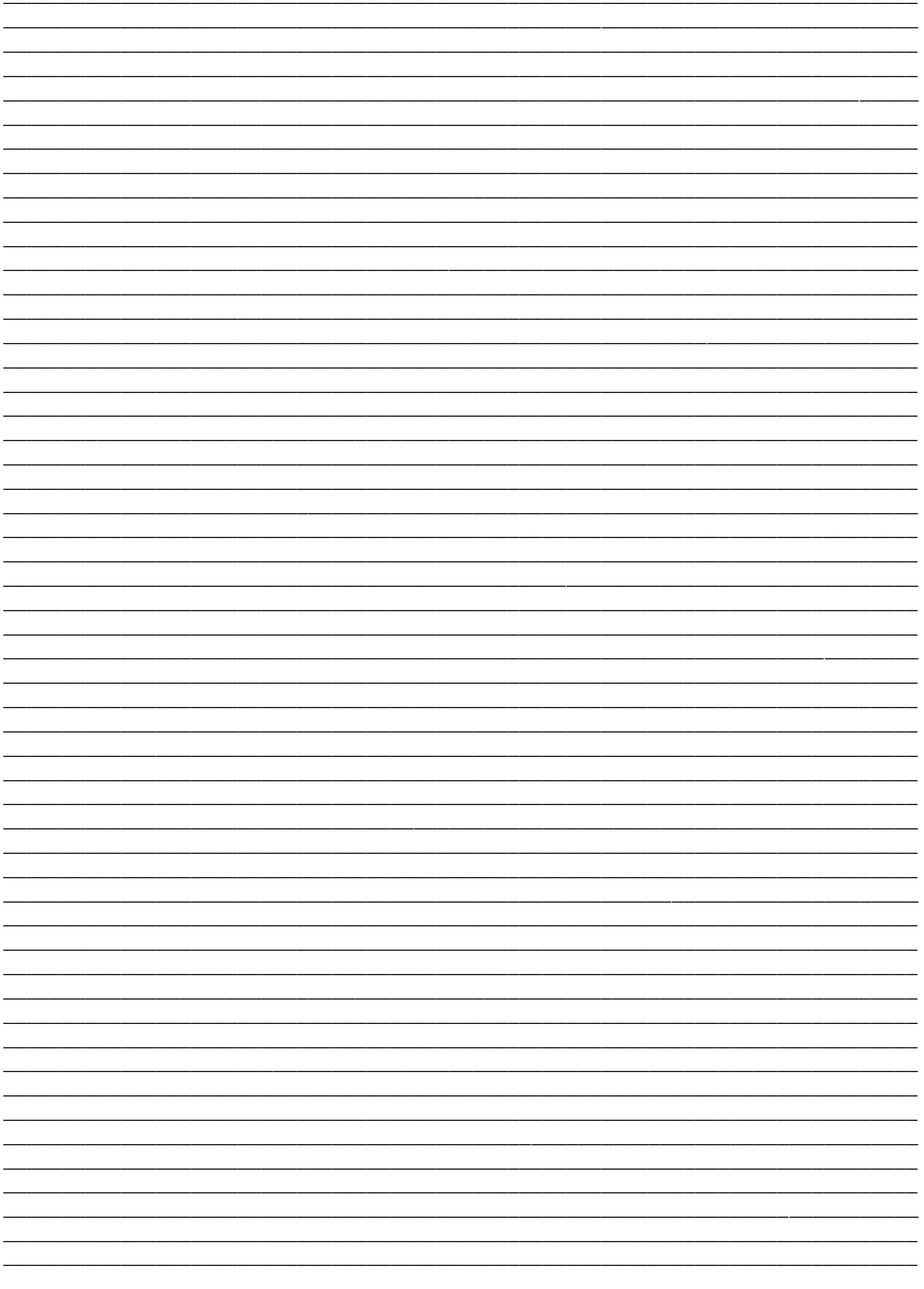
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## Language Paper 2 practice:

### **Source A – 21<sup>st</sup> Century non-fiction**

*After their plane crashed high in the mountains of South America, two of the survivors left to find rescue for themselves and their companions.*

## **Saved**

The next morning they started out, but once again Parrado drew ahead, spurred on by his curiosity to see what lay at the end of the valley. Canessa could not keep up. Little of his strength had returned with the night's rest. When Parrado stopped and turned to call him to hurry, he shouted back that he was tired and could not go on.

They walked on, and slowly the sound of their cushioned feet on the snow, which had been all that broke the silence, was superseded by a roaring noise which grew louder and louder as they approached the end of the valley. Panic entered the hearts of both of them. What if an impassable torrent now blocked their way? Parrado's impatience to see what lay ahead now took complete possession of him. His pace, already fast, quickened and his strides grew wider over the snow. 'You'll kill yourself!' Canessa shouted after him as he drew ahead, yet he too was possessed not so much by curiosity as by dread of what they were to see.

Parrado drew two hundred yards ahead of Canessa and then suddenly found himself at the end of the valley.

The view which met his eyes was of paradise. The snow stopped. From under its white shell there poured forth a torrent of grey water which flowed with tremendous force into a gorge and tumbled over boulders and stones to the west. And more beautiful still, everywhere he looked there were patches of green—moss, grass, rushes, gorse bushes, and yellow and purple flowers.

As Parrado stood there, his face wet with tears of joy, Canessa came up behind him, and he too exclaimed with happiness and delight at the sight of this blessed valley. Then both boys staggered forward off the snow and sank onto rocks by the side of the river.

For more than an hour they rested in the sun, and, as if it were indeed the Garden of Eden, the birds they had hardly seen for so long perched close to them on the rocks and seemed quite unalarmed by the extraordinary apparition of these two bearded, emaciated human beings, their bodies padded out with several layers of filthy clothes, their backs humped with knapsacks, their faces cracked and blistered by the sun.

They were confident now that they were saved, but they still had to press on.

They started down the right-hand side of the gorge. Although there was no snow, the going was not easy. They had to walk on rough rocks and climb over boulders the size of armchairs. A little farther on they were brought to a halt by an outcrop of rock which rose almost sheer in front of them and fell away precipitously into the river on their left. They could see that the ground was more even on the other side of the river and rather than scale the obstacle in front of them they decided to cross the river which flowed with such force that it carried huge boulders with it.

## Source B – 19<sup>th</sup> Century literary non-fiction

**Extract from the diary of Captain Scott** -In 1911-1912 Scott led an expedition to the South Pole. After reaching the Pole, they faced a 700 mile trek back to their base camp. The weather conditions deteriorated terribly, and the men weakened for want of food and water. Eventually, still with 120 miles to travel, Scott and two of his companions were caught in a blizzard. They died in their tent and this diary was discovered months later with their bodies.

**February 2nd, 1911**

### **Impressions**

The seductive folds of the sleeping-bag.

The hiss of the primus and the fragrant steam of the cooker issuing from the tent ventilator.

The small green tent and the great white road.

The whine of a dog and the neigh of our steeds.

The driving cloud of powdered snow.

The crunch of footsteps which break the surface crust.

The wind blown furrows.

The blue arch beneath the smoky cloud.

The crisp ring of the ponies' hoofs and the swish of the following sledge.

The droning conversation of the march as the driver encourages or chides his horse.

The patter of dog pads.

The gentle flutter of our canvas shelter.

Its deep booming sound under the full force of a blizzard.

The drift snow like finest flour penetrating every hole and corner – flickering up beneath one's head covering, pricking sharply as a sand blast.

The sun with blurred image peeping shyly through the wreathing drift giving pale shadowless light.

The eternal silence of the great white desert. Cloudy columns of snow drift advancing from the south, pale yellow wraiths, heralding the coming storm, blotting out one by one the sharp-cut lines of the land.

The blizzard, Nature's protest – the crevasse, Nature's pitfall – that grim trap for the unwary – no hunter could conceal his snare so perfectly – the

light rippled snow bridge gives no hint or sign of the hidden danger, its position unguessable till man or beast is floundering, clawing and struggling for foothold on the brink.

The vast silence broken only by the mellow sounds of the marching column.

**Saturday, March 25th, 1911**

We have had two days of surprisingly warm weather, the sky overcast, snow falling, wind only in light airs. Last night the sky was clearing, with a southerly wind, and this morning the sea was open all about us. It is disappointing to find the ice so reluctant to hold; at the same time one supposes that the cooling of the water is proceeding and therefore that each day makes it easier for the ice to form – the sun seems to have lost all power, but I imagine its rays still tend to warm the surface water about the noon hours. It is only a week now to the date which I thought would see us all at Cape Evans.

The warmth of the air has produced a comparatively uncomfortable state of affairs in the hut. The ice on the inner roof is melting fast, dripping on the floor and streaming down the sides. The increasing cold is checking the evil even as I write. Comfort could only be ensured in the hut either by making a clean sweep of all the ceiling ice or by keeping the interior at a critical temperature little above freezing-point.

**Sunday, March 17th, 1912**

Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his Mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to

his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not – would not – give up hope to the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning – yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, 'I am just going outside and may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last. In case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment, but

Providence mercifully removed him at this critical moment. He died a natural death, and we did not leave him till two hours after his death. We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far.

I can only write at lunch and then only occasionally. The cold is intense, -40° at midday. My companions are unendingly cheerful, but we are all on the verge of serious frostbites, and though we constantly talk of fetching through I don't think anyone of us believes it in his heart.

R. SCOTT.

**Section A:**  
**Viewpoints and Perspectives**

**Question 1:** Read lines 1 to 15 of source A. [4 marks]

**Choose four statements below which are TRUE.**  
Shade the boxes of the ones that you think are true.  
Choose a maximum of four statements.

- A. Parrado is reluctant to explore the valley.
- B. Parrado is too fatigued to keep up with Canessa.
- C. Parrado is overcome with curiosity.
- D. The men feel confident that they are close to safety.
- E. The snow continues to plague the men throughout their experience.
- F. Although the setting is dangerous, Parrado and Canessa find it beautiful.
- G. The men decide to climb up the rocks rather than follow the river.
- H. The journey is still difficult despite the snow disappearing.



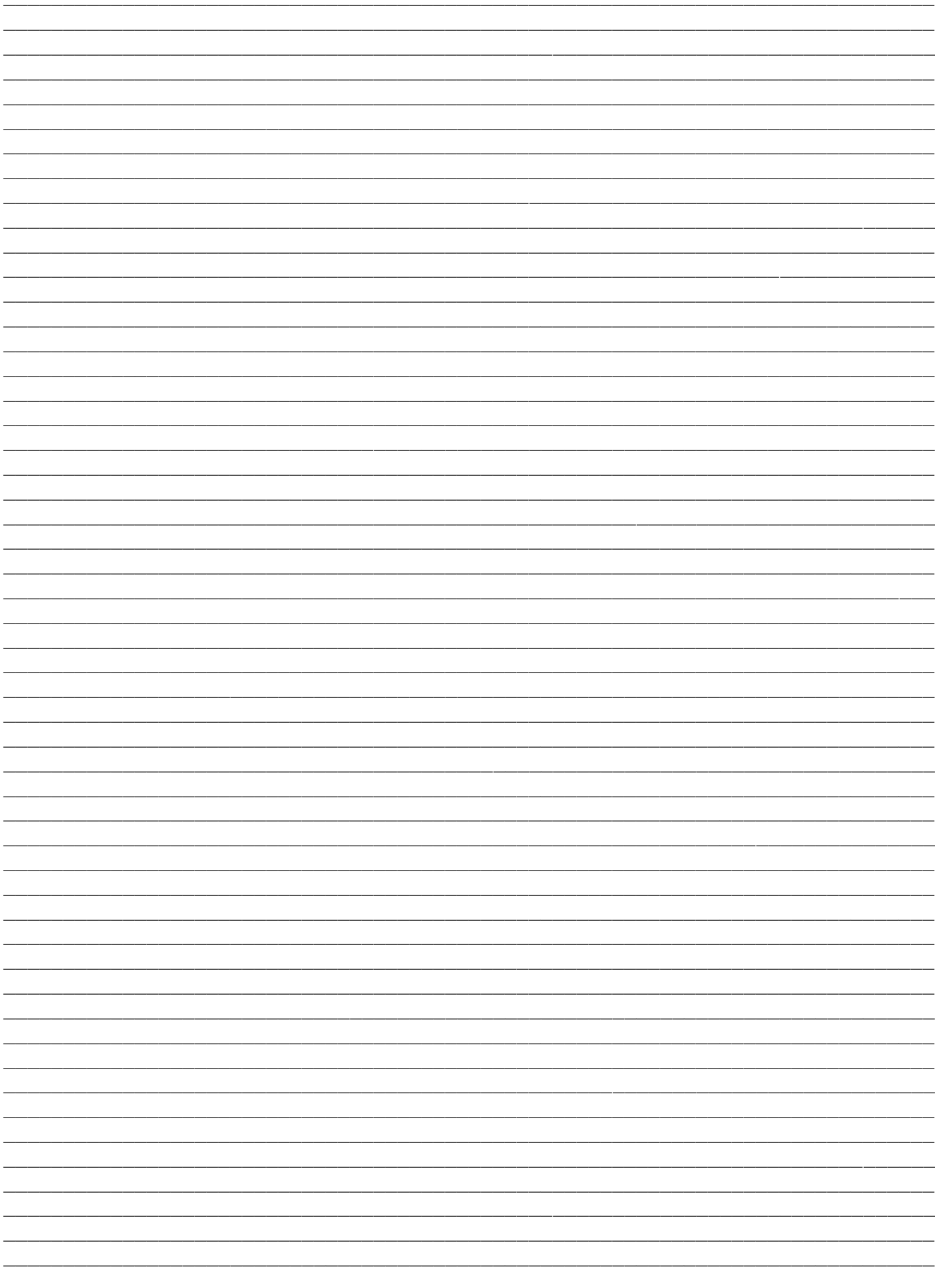












## **Viewpoints and Perspectives Revision Task:**

Read the following article then complete the task.

We live in a world where taking advantage of animals is second nature. Unfortunately, these poor animals are used, abused and disposed of as if they were rubbish. Our society is built on the foundations that we have the right to exploit animals in this way. How can this be normal behaviour? These days teenagers are much more concerned over who was evicted from last night's Big Brother rather than the appalling way animals have been tortured to create the hideous Ugg Boots permanently glued to their selfish feet. Cruelly, they are bred into a life of slavery, only ever breathing fresh air when they're off to the slaughter house. Disgusting.

Today's pill popping nation may be reliant on over-medication but even the amount of medicine guzzled down by this drugged up world doesn't equate to the sheer number of trials animals are forced into for 'medical science'. Obviously, there is a necessity to test products before distribution but 92% of products tested on animals that are deemed safe and successful fail in human trials because they are too dangerous or simply do not work. 92% just let that sink in. Think of all of the unnecessary torture for what purpose? I don't suppose another few thousand crippled animals will do much to their consciences though. However, even after their terrifying ordeal all animals that 'participated' in the experiments can be killed if they are no longer wanted or needed, with the exception of Chimpanzee's, the shocking truth hidden away like a shameful stain on the shirt of the medical industry. What a tremendous life they had. What is deemed acceptable in these trials is shocking. Every year in the U.S.A 100 million animals are burned, poisoned and abused in the name of medical science. This is infuriating. Please don't be deluded by the AWA (Animal Welfare Act) because mice, rats, birds and amphibians are all exempt from its protection. In the day and age of the talking toilet you would assume, with good reason, that we would have found an alternative to testing on frightened animals that are incapable of fighting back. One thing that could easily be achieved is a higher standard of living conditions for them, as they are currently being isolated socially, separated from their parents and often deprived of enough food and water. Clearly, that can hardly be described as 'living'. Animals are meant to live free and wild not to be held captive in a laboratory.

While you cake your face with chemicals, spare a moment to think about what poor creatures have been subjected to harsh experimentation so that you can achieve a 'natural glow' that actually makes you resemble a tangerine.

**Draw a table like the one below and select examples for the text to show where skills have been used to create a successful viewpoint. [10 marks]**

Technique Used	Example from text	Effect on the reader
Shows clarity of thought		
Communicates in a convincing way		
Engages the reader directly		
Offers interesting information		
Uses an appropriate tone		
Make effective use of rhetorical devices		
Uses paragraphs to emphasise meaning		
Varied use of sentence structures		
Punctuates complex sentences correctly		
Spells complex words accurately		

## Descriptive Writing Up-leveling Revision Task:

Read the following example of a Question 5 (**write a description suggested by this image**) response and try to improve it using the following:

- A wider variety of punctuation
- A variety of interesting descriptive devices
- Varying sentence lengths
- Varying sentence starters (**The Magic 5**)



The forest is completely alone and setting an airy feel around me. The forest floor is covered by the snow that has blanketed it. The silence surrounds me making me feel at ease, relaxing my most haunting thoughts that follow me wherever I go. The wind attacks me, making me jealous of the trees that are covered with snow that will protect them, like a coat from the dreadful winds.

In the distance the remains of a lake can be spotted covered with ice, turning this natural resource into an ice rink that many people who visit the forest will enjoy. Some of the ice breaks, leaving ice so sharp that it can pierce the toughest things with just a touch. The lake that previously stood and brought fun to everyone has now turned deadly; it can injure anyone who steps onto it. As I tread further onto the snow I can feel the below average degree of water soak into my boots that are supposed to protect me from getting frostbite; however, the terrifying temperature torments them as they are put through drastic measures. As the wind begins to become more harmful I feel envious of people who are having a hot chocolate in the safety of their home.

Single deep footprints destroy the crisp white snow leaving an imprint of human life. The once pristine snow has now been dented with a size four converse shoe that now leaves a trail of grass lying beneath the snow. The grass that lies beneath the snow feels envious of the snow free patches that surround the trees hoping that the day they can get rid of the snow will come soon. In the distance single trees wait for the drastic weather to hit, wishing for a blanket of snow to protect them from the lethal, viscous winds that could potentially destroy anything in its view. The minute threads of string that are covered in a layer of ice, freezing whatever prey the spider caught, gather to create a defensive mechanism for a spider between the bushes.

As I peer through the mass amount of trees I see the sun start to awaken as the morning is dawning. Ice starts to add another layer as the heat from the sun evaporates the ice leaving a trail of water. The sun beams down blinding anything in its path with its rays like lasers.





**Literature Paper 1 practice**  
**Section A: Shakespeare**

**Romeo and Juliet**

Read the following extract from **Act 4 Scene 1** of Romeo and Juliet and then answer the question that follows.

**At this point in the play Juliet has come to visit Friar Laurence to ask for his help as she has married Romeo and is expected to marry Paris on Thursday.**

Explain how far you think Shakespeare presents Juliet as a desperate and hopeless character.

Write about:

- The language used to convey desperation.
- Consider any themes that relate to this extract.
- Make some contextual links in your answer.
- Consider how Juliet is portrayed as a desperate character in the rest of the play.

**JULIET** Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.  
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
*(shows him a knife)*  
God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands.  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.  
Therefore out of thy long-experienced time,  
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,  
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that  
Which the commission of thy years and art  
Could to no issue of true honor bring.  
Be not so long to speak. I long to die  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

**You are advised to spend 45 minutes on this question. [30 marks]**  
**AO4 [4 marks]**

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