

# English Language Paper 1 Booklet

## Term 3 Assessment Endpoints:

2 PPEs:

English Language Paper 1 (1hr 45m)

English Literature Paper 2 (1hr 45 m)

Language Paper 1	Literature Paper 2
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Q2: Language Analysis</li> <li>• Q3: Structural Analysis</li> <li>• Q5: Creative Writing</li> </ul> <p>→ You will NOT be answering Question 4 - this will happen at the beginning of Y11</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• ‘An Inspector Calls’</li> <li>• Poetry Anthology               <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>→ Ozymandias</li> <li>→ London</li> <li>→ Prelude</li> <li>→ My Last Duchess</li> <li>→ Exposure</li> <li>→ Storm on the Island</li> </ul> </li> </ul>

## Language Paper 1:

Language Paper 1

SECTION A: 40 marks – answer questions on one fictional text

Section A: Reading

Answer all questions in this section. You are asked to spend about 40 minutes on this section.

Q1 Read again the first part of the source. Does 1a-1? Can you bring the rest of the text about the writer in Context. (2 marks)

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

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

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

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

Q1: 4 marks  
Write 4 statements

Q2 Look at detail of this section from lines 6 to 16 of the source.

The word *stare* is used, it has a strong effect on the reader because the best of the word gives it a strong sense of the high pressure it has and that the writer is aware of the reader's reaction. Using evidence from the text explain how the writer achieves this effect. (8 marks)

The writer chooses a metaphor to describe the writer's choice of words and phrases. Using evidence from the text explain how the writer achieves this effect. (8 marks)

You must include the writer's choice of:
 

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- writing style.

 (8 marks)

Q2: 8 marks  
Analyse language

Q3 You now need to think about the writer of the source. This text is that the opening of a novel.

How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?

You must write about:
 

- what the writer includes (and excludes) in the beginning
- how and why the writer changes the focus in the second paragraph
- any other structures features that interest you. (8 marks)

Q3: 8 marks  
Analyse structure

Q4 Judge the part of your answer in the second part of the section. Write how to be able to judge the part of the section of the text well. The writer brings the story forward in a way that is interesting to the reader. It is an art you are asked to judge the text. (20 marks)

Do all answer as you agree?

In your response, you must:
 

- write about the style, vocabulary of the paragraphs
- explain how the writer uses language to engage the reader
- support your judgements with evidence from the text. (20 marks)


Q4: 20 marks  
Evaluate all methods

SECTION B: 40 marks

Section B: Writing

You are asked to spend about 40 minutes on this section. You are asked to spend about 40 minutes on this section. You must make enough time to check your work at the end.

Q5 You are going to write a creative writing response. Your story will be judged by a panel of people of your own age. Write a description suggested by the picture.



Write the opening part of a story about a place that is heavily affected by the weather. (20 marks for content and organisation) (20 marks for writing style and language) (40 marks)

Q5: 40 mark  
Write to describe/ narrate

## 'Lost' by Kim Williams

He is there every day.

Watching.

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Every day his feet, wet and cold from his daily vigil by the waves, hold him stubbornly upon the rocks. The water has gradually **permeated** his fragile soles and found its resting place between his toes. His shoes are always damp and briny. Like his eyes.

He is there every day, watching the relentless waves tussle and bombard one another, their hostility uncontained and unparalleled. The **ominously** dark water careers upon the shore, devouring each mouthful of soft sand; even the **impregnable** rocks cannot endure its power as they are eventually worn away.

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But he stays.

And he wonders: had that been her fate?

The last time he had seen her, she had been standing on this spot. His one and only. His little girl.

They had stood together happily beneath the summer sun, their skin warmed by its rays. They had held hands, dipping their feet into the icy waves of water which lapped at the shore. With sand between their fingers and sand between their toes, they had played and laughed and run in and out of the cold spray.

Even now, if he closed his eyes, he hoped to hear her laugh: high and musical and unapologetic. It used to fill the air and fill his heart with joy. Now, there is nothing. Just silence. And emptiness.

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Now, he stands on the spot upon which they had played, and he remembers.

He remembers the moment that she had let go of his hand: her soft, tiny fingers vanishing.

He remembers the second he looked away: distracted by a distant, blurry boat on the horizon.

He remembers his realisation that she had gone. The gradually rising fear. His heart pounding. The panic. Despair.

One moment she had been there. And then, gone.

Into the sea? Into air? Into nothing?

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No. He refused to believe that. He refused to even acknowledge that he had lost her forever. Each morning, as he made his pilgrimage to this patch of hope and rock and sand and salty spray, he reminded himself that there had been footprints in the sand. Her footprints. Those tiny indentations, shadows embedded in the sandy surface of the beach, had been there. And although they had been washed away in time, the sea does not take a life and leave footprints behind. A person does not vanish. They cannot leave a trail of footsteps for you to follow then suddenly die away into nothing.

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A person - his precious little girl - cannot suddenly become nothing.

So, he stays.

He is there every day.

He waits. He watches. He hopes.

## How to structure a story:

<b>Drop</b>	The 'drop' is the beginning of the narrative or descriptive piece. In this section, you immediately immerse the reader in the scene of the story - this should be dramatic, evocative, shocking and original. The goal is to capture the reader's attention and create a strong starting point for your piece.
<b>Zoom</b>	After the initial 'drop', you 'zoom in/out' on specific details. This is where you provide more information about something that is significant to the plot. Zooming in/out allows you to begin detailing the events of the plot so that the reader can start to piece together the narrative.
<b>Flash</b>	The 'flash' can either be a moment of action, tension, or change in your narrative, or a flashback/forward. It's a pivotal point in the story that drives the plot forward or adds depth to the description. This section should be concise and impactful, creating a sense of excitement, conflict, or revelation.
<b>Echo</b>	The 'echo' is the conclusion of your narrative. It's where you provide some sort of closure to the story. You can revisit the initial scene or theme introduced in the 'drop' and offer insights, emotions, or a sense of resolution. The echo leaves a lasting impression on the reader and ties the piece together.

## Your story plan:

<b>Premise of story:</b>		
<b>Section:</b>	<b>What happens:</b>	<b>Vocabulary:</b>
<b>Drop</b>		
<b>Zoom</b>		
<b>Flash</b>		
<b>Echo</b>		

## Memorising Your Story:

**Tier 3 Keywords: Writer's Methods**

Language	Both	Structure
<b>Figurative Language:</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Symbolism</li> <li>• Metaphor</li> <li>• Simile</li> <li>• Personification</li> <li>• Pathetic fallacy</li> <li>• Semantic field</li> </ul> <b>Imagery:</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Connotations (word-level)</li> <li>• Religious</li> <li>• Animal</li> <li>• Natural/nature</li> <li>• Sensory</li> <li>• Allusions</li> </ul>	Juxtaposition Contrast Extended metaphor Motifs	<b>Perspective</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• First/second/third</li> <li>• Limited/omniscient</li> <li>• Change in focus/over time</li> <li>• Character</li> <li>• Setting/environment</li> <li>• Focus of attention</li> </ul> <b>Sequencing</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Chronological</li> <li>• Non-chronological</li> <li>• Cyclical/circular</li> <li>• Flashback/flash forward</li> <li>• Placement or position of word/phrase/sentence</li> </ul> <b>Shift in perspective</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Narrative</li> <li>• Environmental</li> <li>• Zoom in/out</li> </ul>

**Q2 – Language Analysis [8 marks] max. 12 mins**

**Min. x2 Paragraphs:**

*The writer presents...*

*This is illustrated... "\_\_\_\_\_."*

*This suggests...*

*The [noun/adjective/verb/adverb etc] "\_\_\_\_\_" has connotations of...*

*This creates the impression...*

*This creates an image of...*

*This contrasts with...*

**Q3 – Structure Analysis [8 marks] max. 12 mins**

**Where ☐ What ☐ Why [Beginning, Middle, End OR First, Next, Then, Finally]:**

*At the beginning of the extract, the writer... [+ Q]*

*The writer does this to make the reader aware of...*

*This engages the reader because...*

*In the middle of the extract, the writer... [+ Q]*

*The writer does that at this moment in the extract to make the reader aware of...*

*This engages the reader because...*

*At the end of the extract, the writer... [+ Q]*

*The writer does this to leave the reader thinking...*

*This engages the reader because...*

**Q4 – Evaluation [20 marks] max. 25 mins**

**Min. x3 Paragraphs:**

*I agree/partially agree with/might challenge the students' statement because...*

*This is illustrated... "\_\_\_\_\_."*

*This suggests...*

*The [noun/adjective/verb/adverb etc] creates the impression...*

*This creates an image of...*

*This helps to convey the idea that...*

*This contrasts with...*

**21st Century prose-fiction. It is an extract from the novel 'City of the Beasts' by Isabel Allende published in 2004. It tells the story of fifteen-year-old Alex Cold and his family.**

**Alex Cold lives with his parents and two younger sisters, Andrea and Nicole, in a small American town, but when his mother becomes ill, family life changes beyond recognition.**

1 Alexander Cold awakened at dawn, startled by a nightmare. He had been dreaming that an enormous black bird had crashed against the window with a clatter of shattered glass, flown into the house, and carried off his mother. In the dream, he had watched helplessly as it clasped her clothing in its yellow claws, flew out the same broken window, and disappeared into a sky heavy with dark clouds.

5  
6 What had awakened him was the noise from the storm: wind lashing the trees, rain on the rooftop, and thunder. He turned on the light with a sensation of being adrift in a boat, and pushed closer to the bulk of the large dog sleeping beside him. He pictured the roaring Pacific Ocean a few blocks from his house, spilling in furious waves against the rocks. He lay listening to the storm and thinking about the black bird and about his mother, waiting for the pounding in his chest to die down. He was still tangled in the images of his bad dream.

10  
11  
15 Alexander looked at the clock: 6.30, time to get up. Outside, it was beginning to get light. He decided that this was going to be a terrible day, one of those days when it's best to stay in bed because everything is going to turn out bad. There had been a lot of days like that since his mother got sick; sometimes the air in the house felt heavy, like being at the bottom of the sea.

16 At breakfast Alex was not in the mood to applaud his father's efforts at making pancakes. His father was not exactly a good cook; the only thing he knew how to do was pancakes, and they always turned out like rubber-tyre tortillas. His children didn't want to hurt his feelings, so they pretended to eat them, but any time he wasn't looking, they spit them out.

20 'When's Momma going to get better?' Nicole asked, trying to spear a rubbery pancake with her fork.

'Shut up, Nicole,' Alex replied.

'Momma's going to die,' Andrea added.

'Liar! She's not going to die!' shrieked Nicole.

'You two are just kids. You don't know what you're talking about!' Alex exclaimed.

'Here, girls. Quiet now. Momma is going to get better,' his father interrupted, without much conviction.

Alex was angry with his father, his sisters, life in general – even with his mother for getting sick. He rushed out of the kitchen, ready to leave without breakfast.

Except for his father's pancakes and an occasional tuna-and-mayonnaise sandwich, no one in the family had cooked for months. There was nothing in the refrigerator but orange juice, milk and ice cream; at night they ordered in pizza or Chinese food. At first it was almost like a party, because each of them ate whenever and whatever they pleased, mainly sweets, but by now everyone missed the balanced diet of normal times.

Alex had realised during those months how enormous their mother's presence had been and how painful her absence was now. He missed her easy laughter and her affection, even her discipline. She was stricter than his father, and sharper. It was impossible to fool her; she could see the unseeable. He missed her music, her flowers, the once-familiar fragrance of fresh-baked cookies, and the smell of paint. It used to be that his mother could work several hours in her studio, keep the house immaculate, and still welcome her children after school with cookies. Now she barely got out of bed to walk through the rooms with a confused air, as if she didn't recognise anything; she was too thin, and her sunken eyes were circled with shadows. Her canvases, which once were explosions of colour, sat forgotten on their easels, and her oil paints dried in their tubes. His mother seemed to have shrunk; she was little more than a silent ghost.

## Language Paper 1 SAM 4 – Questions

### 1. Read again the first part of the source from lines 1 to 5.

List four things about the bird in Alex's nightmare from this part of the source. [4 marks]

### 2. Extract:

What had awakened him was the noise from the storm: wind lashing the trees, rain on the rooftop, and thunder. He turned on the light with a sensation of being adrift in a boat, and pushed closer to the bulk of the large dog sleeping beside him. He pictured the roaring Pacific Ocean a few blocks from his house, spilling in furious waves against the rocks. He lay listening to the storm and thinking about the black bird and about his mother, waiting for the pounding in his chest to die down. He was still tangled in the images of his bad dream.

How does the writer use language here to describe the effects of the storm? [8 marks]

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

### 3. You now need to think about the whole of the source.

This text is taken from the beginning of a novel.

How is the text structured to interest you as a reader? [8 marks]

You could write about:

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

### 4. Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source from line 16 to the end.

A student said 'This part of the story, set during breakfast time, shows that Alex is struggling to cope with his mother's illness.'

To what extent do you agree? [20 marks]

In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of Alex
- evaluate how the writer shows that Alex is struggling to cope
- support your response with references to the text.

### 5.

Write a description of a stormy sea as suggested by this picture:



Or:

Write a story that begins with the sentence: 'This was going to be a terrible day, one of those days when it's best to stay in bed because everything is going to turn out bad.'

21st Century prose fiction. 'The Silent Land' by Graham Joyce. An extract from the beginning of a novel written in 2010.

A young married couple, Zoe and Jake, are on a skiing holiday in the French Pyrenean mountains.

1	It was snowing again. Gentle six-pointed flakes from a picture book were settling on her jacket sleeve. The mountain air prickled with ice and the smell of pine resin. Several hundred metres below lay the dark outline of Saint-Bernard-en-Haut, their Pyrenean resort village; across to the west, the irregular peaks of the mountain range.
5	Zoe pulled the air into her lungs, feeling the cracking cold of it before letting go. And when the mountain seemed to nod and sigh back at her, she almost thought she could die in that place, and happily.
9	If there are few moments in life that come as clear and as pure as ice, when the mountain breathed back at her, Zoe knew that she had trapped one such moment and that it could never be taken away. Everywhere was snow and silence. Snow and silence; the complete arrest of life; a rehearsal and a pre-echo of death. She pointed her skis down the hill. They looked like weird talons of brilliant red and gold in the powder snow as she waited, ready to swoop. I am alive. I am an eagle.
14	
15	The sun was up now; in a few minutes there would be more skiers to break the eerie morning spell. But right now they had the snow and the morning entirely to themselves.
20	There was a whisper behind her. It was the effortless track of Jake's skis as he came over the ridge and caught up with her.
	'This is perfection.'
	'You ready to go?' she asked.
	'Yep. Let's do it.'
	They'd got up early to beat the holiday-making hordes for this first run of the morning. Because this – the tranquillity, the silence, the undisturbed snow and the feeling of proximity to an eagle's flight – was what it was all about. Jake hit the west side of the steep but broad slope and she took the east, carving matching parallel tracks through the fresh snow.
	But at the edge of the slope, near the curtain of trees, she felt a small slab of snow slip from underneath her. It was like she'd been bucked, so she took the fall-line* to recover her balance. Before she'd dropped three hundred metres, the whisper of her skis was displaced by a rumble.
	Zoe saw at the periphery of her vision that Jake had come to a halt at the side of the piste and was looking back up the slope. Irritated by the false start they'd made, she etched a few turns before skidding to a halt and turning to look back at her husband.
	The rumble became louder. There was a pillar of what looked like grey smoke unfurling in silky banners at the head of the slope, like the heraldry of armies. It was beautiful. It made her smile. Then her smile iced over. Jake was speeding straight towards her. His face was rubberised and he mouthed something as he flew at her.
	'Get to the side! To the side!'
	She knew now that it was an avalanche. Jake slowed, batting at her with his ski pole. 'Get into the trees! Hang on to a tree!'
	The rumbling had become a roaring in her ears, drowning Jake's words. She pushed herself down the fall-line, scrambling for traction, trying to accelerate away from the roaring cloud breaking behind her like a tsunami at sea. Jagged black cracks appeared in the snow in front of her. She angled her skis towards the side of the slope, heading for the trees, but it was too late. She saw Jake's black suit go bundling past her as he was turned by the great mass of smoke and snow. Then she too was punched off her feet and carried through the air, twisting, spinning, turning in the white-out. She remembered something about spreading her arms around her head. For a few moments it was like being agitated inside a washing machine, turned head over heels a few times, until at last she was dumped heavily in a rib-cracking fall. Then there came a chattering noise, like the amplified jaws of a million termites chewing on wood. The noise itself



filled her ears and muffled everything, and then there was silence, and the total whiteness faded to grey, and then to black.	
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**1. Read again the first part of the source, from lines 1 to 5.**

**List four things about Zoe's surroundings from this part of the source.**

**2. Extract:**

If there are few moments in life that come as clear and as pure as ice, when the mountain breathed back at her, Zoe knew that she had trapped one such moment and that it could never be taken away. Everywhere was snow and silence. Snow and silence; the complete arrest of life; a rehearsal and a pre-echo of death. She pointed her skis down the hill. They looked like weird talons of brilliant red and gold in the powder snow as she waited, ready to swoop. I am alive. I am an eagle.

**How does the writer use language here to describe Zoe's feelings?**

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

**3. This text is from the beginning of a novel.**

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

You could write about:

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

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

**A student said, 'In this part of the story, where Zoe and Jake are caught in the avalanche, I can't believe Zoe is so slow to react to the warning signs because, in the end, the situation sounds really dangerous.' To what extent do you agree?**

In your response, you could:

- consider Zoe's reactions in this part of the story
- evaluate how the writer makes the situation sound dangerous
- support your response with references to the text.

**5.**

Write a story about a magical world as suggested by this picture:



or

Describe a place you think is beautiful.

**Vocabulary Collector: Group vocabulary around particular things, eg. the sea**

