Paper 1 models

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| Q2: Look in detail at this extract, from **lines 16 to 26** of the source: | |
| It came on great oiled, resilient, striding legs. It towered thirty feet above half of the trees, a great evil god, folding its delicate watchmaker’s claws close to its oily reptilian chest. Each lower leg was a piston, a thousand pounds of white bone, sunk in thick ropes of muscle, sheathed over in a gleam of pebbled skin like the armour of a terrible warrior. Each thigh was a ton of meat, ivory, and steel mesh. And from the great breathing cage of the upper body those two delicate arms dangled out front, arms with hands which might pick up and examine men like toys, while the snake neck coiled. And the head itself, a ton of sculptured stone, lifted easily upon the sky. Its mouth gaped, exposing a fence of teeth like daggers. Its eyes rolled, ostrich eggs, empty of all expression save hunger. It closed its mouth in a death grin. It ran, its pelvic bones crushing aside trees and bushes, its taloned feet clawing damp earth, leaving prints six inches deep wherever it settled its weight. | |
| |  | | --- | | How does the writer use language here to describe the Tyrannosaurus Rex?  You could include the writer’s choice of:  • words and phrases  • language features and techniques  • sentence forms. | | **[8 marks]** | | |
| Model 4/8  The writer uses language to describe the T-Rex. The writer describes the T-Rex as “towered thirty feet above half of the trees”, this suggests the T-Rex is very big and intimidating. More precisely the word “towered” means to be higher up than things and to lean over in an intimidating way, which makes the T-Rex seem big and scary.  The writer also uses the word “striding” to describe the T-Rex’s legs. If someone strides it is a purposeful and confident type of movement and so this word suggests that the T-Rex is confident and powerful creature that can move with purpose.  The writer also describes the T-Rex with the image, “a fence of teeth like daggers”. Daggers are weapons used to stab people and so this makes the T-Rex sound fierce and aggressive. | Model 8/8  Bradbury clearly wants to convey that the T-Rex is a formidable and intimidating killing machine.  The writer uses a pattern of imagery that portrays the dinosaur as machine-like – almost as if he is an advanced piece of crafted weaponry. The metaphors ‘piston’ and ‘steel mesh’ are both used to describe his legs, which makes them sound like powerful man made and metal parts of an engine. Perhaps the adjective ‘oily’ is also intended to reinforce the idea of a well looked after and lubricated appliance. This idea is reinforced by the image of the powerful machinery being “sheathed” in “pebbled skin like the armour of a…warrior.” The verb ‘sheathed’ means to cover something vulnerable with something strong and again makes the T-Rex sound constructed. Of course, the simile comparing his skin to armour and the T-Rex to a warrior reinforces the idea of the T-Rex being built for battle. The adjective “sculptured” to describe the dinosaur’s head suggests it has been perfectly crafted by an artist- who assumedly has also crafted the “fence of teeth like daggers” – this simile creating an image of a never ending fence long set of sharp and weapon like teeth.  These images of a power and force are juxtaposed with the description of the T-Rex’s hands as, “delicate watchmaker’s claws”, delicate means dainty and fragile and a watchmaker is a master artisan who has to work with minute precision. As a result the writer has further emphasised the T-Rex’s threat, as he is clearly able to kill with precision and skill as well as brute force. |

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| Q3:   |  | | --- | | You now need to think about the **whole** of the source.  This text is from the middle of a short story.  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. | | **[8 marks]** | | |
| 4/ 8  At the beginning the writer focuses our attention on the jungle setting and we realise the events are happening in the past. At first, the jungle is noisy and then it changes to ‘silence’ and then ‘a sound of thunder’. At this point in the text, the reader wonders what could possibly make such a loud noise.  In the middle of the text the writer shifts to Eckels seeing a terrifying creature which is described in detail. The Writer then focuses on the hunters reaction to the approaching creature which shows us their increasing fear, “I didn’t realise it would be this big”  At the end of the text the writer focuses on the T-Rex being shot by the hunters which makes us feel sorry for the T-Rex because it has not done anything wrong. | 8/8  The writer focuses our attention at the start of the extract upon the setting – a ‘jungle’ in which there are ‘pterodactyls’. This reference to a prehistoric creature immediately alerts to the reader that the text is set in prehistoric times. The writer then shifts to dialogue in order to introduce the protagonist Eckels who is established as boasting about his hunting prowess, “I’ve hunted tiger, wild boar, buffalo, elephant”. The writer then creates a dramatic pause by having several sentence length or word length paragraphs including the line, “Silence” and then the phrase “a sound of thunder” which creates a sense of expectation. The writer then shifts to an extremely detailed physical description of the approaching T-Rex in the third person but from the perspective of the watching hunters. The text then shifts continually between Eckel’s increasingly panicked dialogue and descriptions of the dinosaur. The Writer concludes the extract with a fast paced action sequence in which the dinosaur attacks but is stopped by the rifle fire of the hunters and the text ends with the falling T –Rex, “Like a stone idol, like a mountain avalanche, Tyrannosaurus fell”.  So why has the writer structured the text in this way? Well by opening with Eckel’s boasting confidence and then contrasting this with his increasingly panicked dialogue and actions as the text develops, perhaps the writer wants to indicate that hubris comes before a fall and to contrast the pathetic power of man with the majestic beast. Similarly, by focussing so much on description of the T-Rex, although the reader sees the action unfold from the narrative perspective of the hunters, we cannot help but feel sorry for the creature and angry at Eckels for invading its habitat and killing it. |
| * Focus on what happens when and why * Do not analyse language * Make sure you have covered beginning, middle and end. * Describe and analyse why. | |

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| Q4:   |  | | --- | | Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, from **line 31 to the end**.  A student said, ‘This part of the story, where the men encounter the Tyrannosaurus Rex, shows Eckels is right to panic. The Monster is terrifying!’  To what extent do you agree?  In your response, you could:  • consider your own impressions of Eckels’ reaction to the Tyrannosaurus Rex  • evaluate how the writer describes the Monster  • support your response with references to the text. [**20 marks]** | |  | | |
| 10/20  The student is somewhat right, the monster is terrifying and Eckel’s is right to panic. However, the writer shows us that Eckels is with trained professionals and so didn’t need to panic as much as he did.  The T-Rex is described as a ‘Tyrant lizard’ and Eckels states clearly that it ‘can’t be killed’ – this indicates how terrifying the monster is. Also its size and strength are terrifying. With just a ‘lash’ of its tail, ‘trees exploded’ which shows the creatures extreme strength which is terrifying.  However, although Eckels panics he probably did not need to. The guide with Eckels gives him a clear instruction which would have kept him safe, “Don’t run,’ said Lesperance. ‘Turn around. Hide in the Machine.” Eckels ignore this calm instruction because he has become ‘numb’ due to how intimidated he is by the creature.  Finally, in the final paragraph the hunters kill the Tyranosaurus, “like a stone idol, like a mountain avalanche he fell’ this shows that Eckels didn’t need to panic as much as he did because the creature was killed and the guide was clearly in control the whole time. | 20/20  The student’s statement is right to a certain extent – the writer’s terrifying description of the dinosaur is certainly intended to show that Eckels is right to panic. However, I think it would be more accurate to say that his first reaction to the dinosaur’s approach seems quite calm - merely resigned to the fact that shooting the Tyrannosaurus Rex is an impossible task. He only panics, as he gets closer to what he considers his inevitable fate.  First, the writer uses a pattern of imagery to make the dinosaur seem intimidating and disgusting, but most significantly, impossible to kill. For example the writer’s multi-sensory description, graphically conveys how revolting the Tyrannosaurus Rex is. We see its ‘skin is ‘crusted with slime’, implying the oozing pus has congealed into dry scabs, and when it exhales, we smell that ‘the stink of raw flesh blew down the wilderness’, suggesting it carries with it a stench of death and destruction. This makes the reader feel physically revolted.  The writer emphasises the invincibility of the dinosaur in another series of images that give Eckels good reason to panic. The contrast in size and power between the men and the dinosaur is shown through smilies like, “crush them like berries” implying how easy it would be for the monster to squash the men like pieces of fruit. Similarly, the metaphor “armoured flesh” which describes how its skin is tough and impenetrable – it makes you picture the creature as a constructed fortification; built for protection, like a layer of hard metal.  Eckels’ reactions change throughout the source. When he says ‘It can't be killed’, he is offering his ‘considered opinion’ having ‘weighed the evidence’, and a panicked man would not be capable of such rational thought. He feels unprepared, and his rifle is compared to ‘a toy gun’ to suggest it’s a play thing you would use in a make-believe game, rather than an effective weapon against a ‘Tyrant Lizard’ with ‘armoured flesh’. I think Eckels gradually begins to panic when the Monster notices him, and Eventually, Eckels ‘seemed to be numb’ and ‘gave a grunt of helplessness’, conveying that by now, he is paralysed with fear, and the rational thought he displayed at the beginning has completely vanished. |

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| Q5:   |  | | --- | | Your local newspaper is running a creative writing competition and the best entries will be published. | | **Either** | | Write a story about time travel as suggested by this picture: | | **or** | | Describe life as you imagine it in 200 years’ time. | | (24 marks for content and organisation  16 marks for technical accuracy) | | [40 marks | | |
| 12+ 8  It was a quiet summers morning, the work place was busy, each and every passing person expressionless as they got on with their jobs. The grand hall, a golden neatly oiled work building, held the most scientific people from around the world.  Smoke was coming from the lab, a powerful but lovely essence came from this tightly locked room. Then boom, a ray of light rapidly appeared then disappeared creating a blinding light in which you had to close your eyes in.  9:45 am, the tropical rain forest, home to a variety of different species, had been the place everyone found themselves at. The wavy palm leaves had tiny driplets of water quietly falling onto the dry soil. The trees, almost above 40m high stretched to reach as much sunlight as possible.  (This student wrote 4 more paragraphs) | 21+15  Fragments of light fell onto the ground in broken shards. The air was cold and still, regulated at a temperature that was uncomfortably cold without inducing shivers. Stood perfectly in the centre of the room, was a glass cylinder filled with a luminescent blue liquid that stretched from floor to ceiling spilling aqua light across the whole room. Scientists walking to and fro – seemingly busy, though it wasn’t entirely clear what they were doing – their footfalls pealing out sharply and emptily.  She was typing commands into a holographic panel, floating and ethereal. Each time her fingers would press into the panel, they’d dip through to the other side, and a freezing cold would spread through her fingers, as though she’d blown on them whilst wet. She tapped ENTER and the system emitted a satisfied beep. Permission had been granted and it was time to go under.  (This student wrote 4 more paragraphs) |

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*This extract is taken from towards the end of the detective novel , ‘A Taste of Death’ by P.D James. The Murderer is planning to sneak back into the same church (where he killed a man) to retrieve a button which is the only evidence linking him to the crime.*

It was nearly five o’clock by the time he had bought the chisel, the strongest the shop had on display. There hadn’t been time to get to a Woolworth’s, but he had told himself that it didn’t matter and had bought the chisel in a hardware shop off the Harrow Road. The assistant might remember him, but then, who was going to ask? The theft would be seen as an unimportant break-in. And afterwards he would throw the chisel in the canal. Without the chisel to match with the marks on the edge of the box, how could they possibly link him with the crime? It was too long for his jacket pocket, so he placed it with the gun in the canvas bag.

It amused him to carry over his should that innocuous commonplace bag, to feel the weight of the gun and the chisel bumping against his side. He had no fear of being stopped. Who would want to stop him, a respectably dressed young man walking quietly home at the end of the day? But the assurance was more deeply rooted. He walked drab streets head high, invincible, and could have laughed aloud at the grey, stupid faces, staring ahead as they passed him, or bent to the ground as if instinctively searching the pavement in the hope of finding a dropped coin. They were corralled in their hopeless lives, endlessly trudging the same bare perimeters, salves of routine and convention. He alone had had the courage to break free. He was a king among men, as free spirit. And in a few hours he would be on his way to Spain to the sun. No one could stop him.

The afternoon was so dark now that it could have been night, the sky thick and furred as a blanket, the air heavy to breathe and with the sharp metallic taste of the coming storm. Just as he turned the corner of the road and saw the church, it broke. The air and sky glittered with the first flash of lightning, then almost at once there came the crack of thunder. Two large drops stained the pavement in front of him and the rain sheeted down. He ran into the shelter of the church porch, laughing aloud. Even the weather was on his side; the main approach road to the church had been empty, and now he looked out from the porch into a wash of rain. Already the terraced houses seemed to shiver behind a curtain of water. From the glistening road spurts rose like fountains and the gutters ran and gurgled in torrents.

Gently he turned the great iron handle of the door. It was unlocked, slightly ajar. But he had expected to find it open. With part of his mind he believed that churches, buildings of sanctuary and superstition, were always left open for their worshippers. But nothing could surprise him, nothing could go wrong. The door squeaked as he closed it behind him and stepped into the sweet-smelling quietness.

The church was larger than he had imagined, so cold that he shuddered and so still that he thought for a second that he heard an animal panting before he realised that it was his own breath. There was no artificial light except for a single chandelier and a lamp in a small side chapel where a crimson glow stained the air. Two rows of candles burning before the statue of the Madonna gusted in the draught from the closing door. He didn’t hurry. He moved into the middle of the nave facing the altar and spread his arms wide as if to take possession of the vast emptiness, the holiness, the sweet-smelling air. In front of him the mosaics of the apse gleamed richly gold and turning to look up at the clerestory he could see in the half-light the ranks of painted figures, one-dimensional, harmlessly sentimental as cut-outs from a child’s picture book. The rainwater ran down his hair to wash over his face, and he laughed, as he tasted its sweetness on his tongue. A small pool gathered at his feet. Then slowly, almost ceremoniously, he paced down the nave to the candleholder in front of the grille.

There was a padlock on the box, but it was only small, and the box itself more fragile than he expected. He inserted the chisel under the lid and heaved. At first, it resisted, and then he could hear the gentle splinter of the wood and the gap widened. He gave one more heave and suddenly the padlock sprung apart with a crack so loud that it echoed through the church like a pistol shot. Almost at once it was answered by a crack of thunder. The gods, he thought, are applauding me.

And then he was aware of a dark shadow moving up to him and heard a voice, quietly untroubled, gently authoritative.

“If you’re looking for the button, my son, you’ve come too late. The police have found it.’

1. Read lines 1-5 and list four things about the weather.

(4 marks)

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1. Read lines 11-16 again closely

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| He walked drab streets head high, invincible, and could have laughed aloud at the grey, stupid faces, staring ahead as they passed him, or bent to the ground as if instinctively searching the pavement in the hope of finding a dropped coin. They were corralled in their hopeless lives, endlessly trudging the same bare perimeters, slaves of routine and convention. He alone had had the courage to break free. He was a king among men, as free spirit. And in a few hours he would be on his way to Spain to the sun. No one could stop him. |

How does the writer use language to convey the narrator’s feelings about himself and others?

You could include the writer’s choice of:

• words and phrases

• language features and techniques

* sentence forms.

(8 marks)

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3. You now need to think about the whole of the Source.

This text is from the middle 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

• how and why the writer changes this focus as the Source develops

* any other structural features that interest you.

(8 marks)

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4. Focus your answer on lines 26 to the end

A student who read this part said, “the writer makes this section very tense; the reader almost expects the ending – when the speaker gets caught.”

How far do you agree?

In your response, you could:

• consider the ways in which the writer makes this section tense

• evaluate how the writer uses language to present the speaker’s confidence.

* support your response with references to the text

(20 marks)

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5. A magazine has asked for contributions for their creative writing page

Either:

1. Either: Write a description suggested by this picture

or

write a story about a time someone tried to get away with something they shouldn’t have done.

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



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

*Life of Pi*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**[4 marks]**

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

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| Where were the officers and the crew? What were they doing? Towards the bow I saw some men running in the gloom. I thought I saw some animals too, but I dismissed the sight as illusion crafted by rain and shadow. We had the hatch covers over their bay pulled open when the weather was good, but at all times the animals were kept confined to their cages. These were dangerous wild animals we were transporting, not farm livestock. Above me, on the bridge, I thought I heard some men shouting.  The ship shook and there was that sound, the monstrous metallic burp. What was it? Was it the collective scream of humans and animals protesting their oncoming death? Was it the ship itself giving up the ghost? I fell over. I got to my feet. I looked overboard again. The sea was rising. The waves were getting closer. We were sinking fast.  I clearly heard monkeys shrieking. Something was shaking the deck, A gaur-an Indian wild ox-exploded out of the rain and thundered by me, terrified, out of control, berserk. I looked at it, dumbstruck and amazed. Who in God's name had let it out? |

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

You could include the writer’s choice of:

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

**[8 marks]**

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

This extract comes at the end of a chapter.

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

You could write about:

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

**[8 marks]**

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

A student, having read this section of the text, said: ‘The writer makes the reader feel sympathetic for the narrator’s situation, we realise his innocence and naivety’

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

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

**[20 marks]**

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

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

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



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

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

**[40 marks]**

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