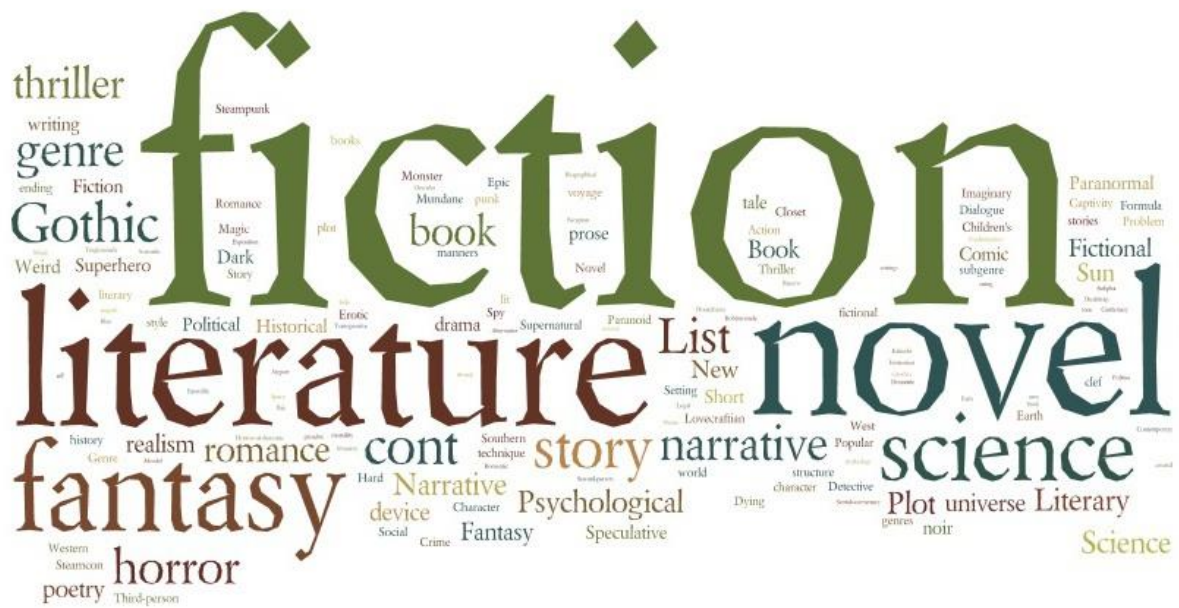


## Year 10

# English Language Revision Booklet

## Paper 1 – Fiction



## **Guidance/Top Tips**

### **Question 1 – (4 marks)**

- Read the extracts carefully
- Make sure you select information from the appropriate part of the text
- Write in full sentences
- You can use the words from the text – you do not have to put it in your own words

### **Question 2 – (8 marks)**

- Only select information from the appropriate part of the text
- Use subject specific terminology (verb, simile, adjective, complex sentence etc)
- Use quotations in your answer
- Make sure your analysis is clear
- Read the question carefully

### **Question 3 – (8 marks)**

- Do not analyse language (you should not be analysing the use of verbs, similes, metaphors, adjectives etc – this is for question 2)
- Look specifically at the focus of each section and notice what it changes to throughout the extract – write about why the writer has started the extract with this particular description/dialogue
- Use subject terminology (focus, foreshadowing, zooming, narrative perspective, dialogue)
- Use quotations to support your points

### **Question 4 – (20 marks)**

- Only select information from the appropriate part of the text
- Use evaluative comments such as:
  - The writer effectively...
  - This is successful at...
- Analyse the use of the writer's methods and use subject terminology (adverb, simile, metaphor, verb etc)
- Use quotations
- Refer back to the statement by using the key words

### Extract One: Girl with a Pearl Earring

This extract is taken from the beginning of the novel. The protagonist, Griet, describes the morning when she meets her future employers for the first time, for whom she will work as a maid.

5        **M**y mother did not tell me they were coming. Afterwards she said she did not want me to appear nervous. I was surprised, for I thought she knew me well. Strangers would think I was calm. I did not cry as a baby. Only my mother would note the tightness along my jaw, the widening of my already wide eyes.

10       I was chopping vegetables in the kitchen when I heard voices outside our front door—a woman's, bright as polished brass, and a man's, low and dark like the wood of the table I was working on. They were the kind of voices we heard rarely in our house. I could hear rich carpets in their voices, books and pearls and fur.

15       I was glad that earlier I had scrubbed the front steps so hard. My mother's voice—a cooking pot, a flagon—approached from the front room. They were coming to the kitchen. I pushed the leeks I had been chopping into place, then set the knife on the table, wiped my hands on my apron and pressed my lips together to smooth them.

20       My mother appeared in the doorway, her eyes two warnings. Behind her the woman had to duck her head because she was so tall, taller than the man following her.

      All of our family, even my father and brother, were small.

25       The woman looked as if she had been blown about by the wind, although it was a calm day. Her cap was askew so that tiny blond curls escaped and hung about her forehead like bees which she swatted at impatiently several times. Her collar needed straightening and was not as crisp as it could be. She pushed her gray mantle back from her shoulders, and I saw then that under her dark blue dress a baby was growing. It would arrive by the year's end, or before.

30       The woman's face was like an oval serving plate, flashing at times, dull at others. Her eyes were two light brown buttons, a color I had rarely seen coupled with blond hair. She made a show of watching me hard, but could not fix her attention on me, her eyes darting about the room.

35       "This is the girl, then," she said abruptly.

      "This is my daughter, Griet," my mother replied. I nodded respectfully to the man and woman.

40       "Well. She's not very big. Is she strong enough?" As the woman turned to look at the man, a fold of her mantle caught the handle of the knife I had been using, knocking it off the table so that it spun across the floor.

      The woman cried out.

45       "Catharina," the man said calmly. He spoke her name as if he held cinnamon in his mouth. The woman stopped, making an effort to quiet herself.

      I stepped over and picked up the knife, polishing the blade on my apron before placing it back on the table. The knife had brushed against the vegetables. I set a piece of carrot back in its place.

### **Question 1 – (4 marks)**

Look again at lines 1-6. List four things about the narrator.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

### **Question 2 – (8 marks)**

Look again at lines 7 to 17. How does the writer use language to describe the characters?

You could write about:

- Words and phrases
- Language devices
- Sentence forms

I was chopping vegetables in the kitchen when I heard voices outside our front door—a woman's, bright as polished brass, and a man's, low and dark like the wood of the table I was working on. They were the kind of voices we heard rarely in our house. I could hear rich carpets in their voices, books and pearls and fur.

I was glad that earlier I had scrubbed the front steps so hard.

My mother's voice—a cooking pot, a flagon—approached from the front room. They were coming to the kitchen. I pushed the leeks I had been chopping into place, then set the knife on the table, wiped my hands on my apron and pressed my lips together to smooth them.

### **Question 3 - (8 marks)**

You now need to refer to the whole source.

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

You could write about:

- What the writer focuses on at the beginning
- How this changes as the extract develops
- Any other structural features which interest you

### **Question 4 – (20 marks)**

Look again at lines 30 to the end of the extract.

After reading this section of the text, one student said "The writer has really brought the characters to life, I can picture them very clearly."

To what extent do you agree with the student?

You could write about:

- Write about your own impressions of the characters
- Evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- Support your opinions with references to the text

## Extract Two: Great Expectations

This extract is taken from near the beginning of a novel. An orphaned boy called Pip has travelled to the nearby graveyard to visit his parents' and siblings' graves, when an escaped prisoner approaches him.

5           A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

10           ‘O! Don’t cut my throat, sir,’ I pleaded in terror. ‘Pray don’t do it, sir.’

          ‘Tell us your name!’ said the man. ‘Quick!’

          ‘Pip, sir.’

          ‘Once more,’ said the man, staring at me. ‘Give it mouth!’

15           ‘Pip. Pip, sir.’

          ‘Show us where you live,’ said the man. ‘Pint out the place!’

20           I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

          The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself – for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go

25           head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet – when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

### **Question 1 – (4 marks)**

Look again at lines 1 to 5. List four things about the man.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

### **Question 2 – (8 marks)**

Look again at lines 1 to 8.

How does the writer use language to describe the man?

You could write about:

- Words and phrases
- Language devices
- Sentence forms

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

### **Question 3 - (8 marks)**

You now need to refer to the whole source.

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

You could write about:

- What the writer focuses on at the beginning
- How this changes as the extract develops
- Any other structural features which interest you

### **Question 4 – (20 marks)**

Look again at line 6, to the end of the extract.

After reading this section of the text, one student said “The writer makes us sympathise with Pip, as he is clearly in an intimidating situation.”

To what extent do you agree with the student?

You could write about:

- Write about your own impressions
- Evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- Support your opinions with references to the text



### Extract three: The Lost Hearts

This extract is from a short ghost story by M R James. It tells the story of young Stephen, who goes to stay with his strange and mysterious uncle at his home, Aswarby Hall. During his stay, Stephen witnesses some strange happenings, and is told of the mysterious disappearance of two children who used to live at the house.

5 The wind had fallen, and there was a still night and a full moon. At about ten o'clock Stephen was standing at the open window of his bedroom, looking out over the country. Still as the night was, the mysterious population of the distant moonlit woods was not yet lulled to rest. From time to time strange cries as of lost and despairing wanderers sounded from across the mere. They might be the notes of owls or water-birds yet they did not quite resemble either sound. Were not they coming nearer? Now they sounded from the nearer side of the water, and in a few moments they seemed to be floating about among the shrubberies. Then they ceased; but just as Stephen was thinking of shutting the window and resuming his reading of Robinson Crusoe, he caught sight of two figures standing on the gravelled terrace that ran along the garden side of the Hall — the figures of a boy and girl, as it seemed: they stood side by side, looking up at the windows. Something in the form of the girl recalled irresistibly his dream of the figure in the bath. The boy inspired him with more acute fear.

10 Whilst the girl stood still half smiling, with her hands clasped over her heart, the boy, a thin shape, with black hair and ragged clothing, raised his arms in the air with an appearance of menace and of unappeasable hunger and longing. The moon shone upon his almost transparent hands and Stephen saw that the nails were fearfully long and that the light shone through them. As he stood with his arms thus raised, he disclosed a terrifying spectacle. On the left side of his chest there opened a black and gaping rent, and there fell upon Stephen's brain, rather than upon his ear, the impression of one of those hungry and desolate cries that he had heard resounding over the woods of Aswarby all that evening. In another moment this dreadful pair had moved swiftly and noiselessly over the dry gravel, and he saw them no more.

25 Inexpressibly frightened as he was, he determined to take his candle and go down to Mr. Abney's study, for the hour appointed for their meeting was near at hand. The study or library opened out of the front hall on one side, and Stephen, urged on by his terrors, did not take long in getting there. To effect an entrance was not so easy. It was not locked, he felt sure, for the key was on the outside of the door as usual. His repeated knocks produced no answer. Mr. Abney was engaged: he was speaking. What! why did he try to cry out? and why was the cry choked in his throat? Had he, too, seen the mysterious children? But now everything was quiet, and the door yielded to Stephen's terrified and frantic pushing.



### **Question 1 – (4 marks)**

Look again at lines 14 to 20. List four things about the boy.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

### **Question 2 – (8 marks)**

Look again at lines 14 to 23.

How does the writer use language to describe the boy and girl?

You could write about:

- Words and phrases
- Language devices
- Sentence forms

Whilst the girl stood still half smiling, with her hands clasped over her heart, the boy, a thin shape, with black hair and ragged clothing, raised his arms in the air with an appearance of menace and of unappeasable hunger and longing. The moon shone upon his almost transparent hands and Stephen saw that the nails were fearfully long and that the light shone through them. As he stood with his arms thus raised, he disclosed a terrifying spectacle. On the left side of his chest there opened a black and gaping rent, and there fell upon Stephen's brain, rather than upon his ear, the impression of one of those hungry and desolate cries that he had heard resounding over the woods of Aswarby all that evening. In another moment this dreadful pair had moved swiftly and noiselessly over the dry gravel, and he saw them no more.

### **Question 3 - (8 marks)**

You now need to refer to the whole source.

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

You could write about:

- What the writer focuses on at the beginning
- How this changes as the extract develops
- Any other structural features which interest you

### **Question 4 – (20 marks)**

Look again at lines 1 to 23.

After reading this section of the text, one student said "The writer creates a dark and mysterious atmosphere in this section of the text."

To what extent do you agree with the student?

You could write about:

- Write about your own impressions
- Evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- Support your opinions with references to the text



#### **Extract four: About a Boy**

**12-year-old Marcus's mother and father separated four years ago. Marcus has recently moved from Cambridge to London with his mother. It is his second day at his new school and he has arrived early and gone to the form room to try and avoid some students that have been giving him a hard time.**

There were a couple of girls in the room, but they ignored him, unless the snort of laughter he heard while he was getting his reading book out had anything to do with him.

What was there to laugh at? Not much, really, unless you were the kind of person who was on permanent lookout for something to laugh at. Unfortunately, that was exactly the kind of person  
5 most kids were, in his experience. They patrolled up and down school corridors like sharks, except that what they were on the lookout for wasn't flesh but the wrong trousers, or the wrong haircut, or the wrong shoes, any or all of which sent them wild with excitement. As he was usually wearing the wrong shoes or the wrong trousers, and his haircut was wrong all the time, every day of the week, he didn't have to do very much to send them all demented.

10 Marcus knew he was weird, and he knew that part of the reason he was weird was because his mum was weird. She just didn't get this, any of it. She was always telling him that only shallow people made judgements on the basis of clothes or hair; she didn't want him to watch rubbish television, or listen to rubbish music, or play rubbish computer games (she thought they were all  
15 rubbish), which meant that if he wanted to do anything that any of the other kids spent their time doing he had to argue with her for hours. He usually lost, and she was so good at arguing that he felt good about losing. She could explain why listening to Joni Mitchell and Bob Marley (who happened to be her two favourite singers) was much better for him than listening to Snoop Doggy  
20 Dogg, and why it was more important to read books than to play on the Gameboy his dad had given him. But he couldn't pass any of this on to the kids at school. If he tried to tell Lee Hartley - the biggest and loudest and nastiest of the kids he'd met yesterday - that he didn't approve of Snoop Doggy Dogg because Snoop Doggy Dogg had a bad attitude to women, Lee Hartley would thump him, or call him something that he didn't want to be called. It wasn't so bad in Cambridge, because there were loads of kids who weren't right for school, and loads of mums who had made them that way, but in London it was different.

### **Question 1 – (4 marks)**

Look again at lines 7 to 9. List four things about Marcus.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

### **Question 2 – (8 marks)**

Look again at lines 3 to 9.

How does the writer use language to describe the bullies?

You could write about:

- Words and phrases
- Language devices
- Sentence forms

What was there to laugh at? Not much, really, unless you were the kind of person who was on permanent lookout for something to laugh at. Unfortunately, that was exactly the kind of person most kids were, in his experience. They patrolled up and down school corridors like sharks, except that what they were on the lookout for wasn't flesh but the wrong trousers, or the wrong haircut, or the wrong shoes, any or all of which sent them wild with excitement. As he was usually wearing the wrong shoes or the wrong trousers, and his haircut was wrong all the time, every day of the week, he didn't have to do very much to send them all demented.

### **Question 3 - (8 marks)**

You now need to refer to the whole source.

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

You could write about:

- What the writer focuses on at the beginning
- How this changes as the extract develops
- Any other structural features which interest you

### **Question 4 – (20 marks)**

Look again at lines 10 to the end of the extract.

After reading this section of the text, one student said "Marcus and his mother do not have a very positive relationship. They don't seem to communicate very well."

To what extent do you agree with the student?

You could write about:

- Write about your own impressions
- Evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- Support your opinions with references to the text

## Extract five: Brighton Rock

It is 1938, in the popular seaside resort of Brighton on a Bank Holiday<sup>1</sup>. Hale, playing the part of Kolly Kibber, works for The Daily Messenger newspaper giving out cards for prizes to the holiday crowd. But he has something else on his mind.

HALE knew, before he had been in Brighton three hours, that they meant to murder him. With his inky fingers and his bitten nails, his manner cynical and nervous, anybody could tell he didn't belong – belong to the early summer sun, the cool Whitsun<sup>2</sup> wind off the sea, the holiday crowd.

5 They came in by train from Victoria every five minutes, rocked down Queen's Road standing on the tops of the little local trams, stepped off in bewildered multitudes into fresh and glittering air: the new silver paint sparkled on the piers, the cream houses ran away into the west like a pale Victorian water-colour; a race in miniature motors, a band playing, flower gardens in bloom below the front, an aeroplane advertising something for the health in pale vanishing clouds across the sky.

10 It had seemed quite easy to Hale to be lost in Brighton. Fifty thousand people besides himself were down for the day, and for quite a while he gave himself up to the good day, drinking gins and tonics wherever his programme allowed. For he had to stick closely to a programme: from ten till eleven Queen's Road and Castle Square, from eleven till twelve the Aquarium and Palace Pier, twelve till one the front between the Old Ship and West Pier, back for lunch between one and two in any restaurant he chose round the Castle Square, and after that he had to make his way all down the  
15 parade to West Pier and then to the station by the Hove streets.

Advertised on every Messenger poster: "Kolley Kibber in Brighton today". In his pocket he had a packet of cards to distribute in hidden places along his route: those who found them would receive ten shillings from the Messenger, but the big prize was reserved for who-ever challenged Hale in the proper form of words and with a copy of the Messenger in his hand: "You are Mr. Kolley Kibber. I  
20 claim the Daily Messenger prize."

This was Hale's job to keep doing his duty until a challenger released him, in every seaside town in turn: yesterday Southend, today Brighton, tomorrow –

He drank his gin and tonic hastily as a clock struck eleven, and moved out of Castle Square. Kolley Kibber always played fair, always wore the same kind of hat as in the photograph the Messenger  
25 printed, was always on time. Yesterday in Southend he had been unchallenged: the paper liked to save its guineas<sup>3</sup> occasionally but not too often. It was his duty today to be spotted and it was his inclination too. There were reasons why he didn't feel too safe in Brighton, even in a Whitsun crowd.

He leant against the rail near the Palace Pier and showed his face to the crowd as it uncoiled endlessly past him, like a twisted piece of wire, two by two, each with an air of sober and determined  
30 gaiety. They had stood all the way from Victoria in crowded carriages, they would have to wait in queues for lunch, at midnight half asleep they would rock back in trains an hour late to the cramped streets and the closed pubs and the weary walk home. With immense labour and immense patience they extricated from the long day the grain of pleasure: this sun, this music, the rattle of the miniature cars, the ghost train diving between the grinning skeletons under the Aquarium promenade, the  
35 sticks of Brighton rock, the paper sailors caps.

Nobody paid any attention to Hale; no one seemed to be carrying a Messenger. He deposited one of his cards carefully on the top of a little basket and moved on, with his bitten nails and his inky fingers, alone.

### **Question 1 – (4 marks)**

Look again at lines 1 to 3. List four things about Hale.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

### **Question 2 – (8 marks)**

Look again at lines 4 to 11.

How does the writer use language to describe Brighton on that day?

They came in by train from Victoria every five minutes, rocked down Queen's Road standing on the tops of the little local trams, stepped off in bewildered multitudes into fresh and glittering air: the new silver paint sparkled on the piers, the cream houses ran away into the west like a pale Victorian water-colour; a race in miniature motors, a band playing, flower gardens in bloom below the front, an aeroplane advertising something for the health in pale vanishing clouds across the sky.

It had seemed quite easy to Hale to be lost in Brighton. Fifty thousand people besides himself were down for the day, and for quite a while he gave himself up to the good day, drinking gins and tonics wherever his programme allowed.

You could write about:

- Words and phrases
- Language devices
- Sentence forms

### **Question 3 - (8 marks)**

You now need to refer to the whole source.

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

You could write about:

- What the writer focuses on at the beginning
- How this changes as the extract develops
- Any other structural features which interest you

### **Question 4 – (20 marks)**

Look again at line 16 to the end.

After reading this section of the text, one student said "This part of the text, explaining what Hale is doing, shows how nervous and unsafe he is. It reminds me of the first line."

To what extent do you agree with the student?

You could write about:

- Write about your own impressions
- Evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- Support your opinions with references to the text

### **Extract six: The Woman in Black**

**Arthur Kipps, a solicitor on business, is alone in a graveyard and has once again noticed the mysterious, ill-looking woman he saw at Mrs Drablow's funeral.**

5 Suddenly conscious of the cold and the extreme bleakness and eeriness of the spot and of the gathering dusk of the November afternoon, and not wanting my spirits to become so depressed that I might begin to be affected by all sorts of morbid fancies, I was about to leave, and walk briskly back to the house, where I intended to switch on a good many lights and even light a small fire if it were possible, before beginning my preliminary work on Mrs Drablow's papers.

10 But, as I turned away, I glanced once again around the burial ground and then I saw again the woman with the wasted face, who had been at Mrs Drablow's funeral. She was at the far end of the plot, close to one of the few upright headstones, and she wore the same clothing and bonnet, but it seemed to have slipped back so that I could make out her face a little more clearly. In the greyness of the fading light, it had the sheen and pallor not of flesh so much as of bone itself. Earlier, when I had looked at her, although admittedly it had been scarcely more than a swift glance each time, I had not noticed any particular expression on her ravaged face, but then I had, after all, been entirely taken with the look of extreme illness. Now, however, as I stared at her, stared until my eyes ached in their sockets, stared in surprise and bewilderment at her presence, now I saw that her face did wear an expression. It was one of what I can only describe – and the words seem hopelessly inadequate to express what I saw – as a desperate, yearning malevolence; it was as though she were searching for something she wanted, needed – must have, more than life itself, and which had been taken from her. And, towards whoever had taken it she directed the purest evil and hatred and loathing, with all the force that was available to her. Her face, in its extreme pallor, her eyes, sunken but unnaturally bright, were burning with the concentration of passionate emotion which was within her and which streamed from her.

23 Whether or not this hatred and malevolence was directed towards me I had no means of telling – I had no reason at all to suppose that it could possibly have been, but at that moment I was far from able to base my reactions upon reason and logic. For the combination of the peculiar, isolated place and the sudden appearance of the woman and the dreadfulness of her expression began to fill me with fear. Indeed, I had never in my life been so possessed by it, never known my knees to tremble and my flesh to creep, and then to turn cold as stone, never known my heart to give a great lurch, as if it would almost leap up into my dry mouth and then begin pounding in my chest like a hammer on an anvil, never known myself gripped and held fast by such dread and horror and apprehension of evil. It was as though I had become paralysed. I could not bear to stay there, for fear, but nor had I any strength left in my body to turn and run away, and I was as certain as I have ever been of anything that, at any second, I would drop dead on that wretched path of ground. It was the woman who moved. She slipped behind the gravestone and, keeping close to the shadow of the wall, went through one of the broken gaps and out of sight.

### **Question 1 – (4 marks)**

Look again at lines 7 to 9. List four things about the woman.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

### **Question 2 – (8 marks)**

Look again at lines 4 to 11.

How does the writer use language to describe the woman?

her presence, now I saw that her face did wear an expression. It was one of what I can only describe – and the words seem hopelessly inadequate to express what I saw – as a desperate, yearning malevolence; it was as though she were searching for something she wanted, needed – must have, more than life itself, and which had been taken from her. And, towards whoever had taken it she directed the purest evil and hatred and loathing, with all the force that was available to her. Her face, in its extreme pallor, her eyes, sunken but unnaturally bright, were burning with the concentration of passionate emotion which was within her and which streamed from her.

You could write about:

- Words and phrases
- Language devices
- Sentence forms

### **Question 3 - (8 marks)**

You now need to refer to the whole source.

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

You could write about:

- What the writer focuses on at the beginning
- How this changes as the extract develops
- Any other structural features which interest you

### **Question 4 – (20 marks)**

Look again at line 22 to the end.

After reading this section of the text, one student said “In this part of the text you can really feel Arthur’s fear of the mysterious woman growing. He’s terrified of her.”

To what extent do you agree with the student?

You could write about:

- Write about your own impressions
- Evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- Support your opinions with references to the text

### **Extract seven: A Christmas Carol**

This source is from the beginning of the novel. The protagonist, Ebenezer Scrooge, is described in this extract.

- 1 Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, 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, shrivelled 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 dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.
- 8 External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor 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.
- 14 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 blindmen'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!'
- 21 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.

### **Question 1 – (4 marks)**

Look again at lines 1 to 4. List four things about Scrooge.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

### **Question 2 – (8 marks)**

Look again at lines 1 to 7.

How does the writer use language to describe Scrooge?

You could write about:

- Words and phrases
- Language devices
- Sentence forms



**Question 3 - (8 marks)**

You now need to refer to the whole source.

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

You could write about:

- What the writer focuses on at the beginning
- How this changes as the extract develops
- Any other structural features which interest you

**Question 4 – (20 marks)**

Look again at line 14 to the end.

After reading this section of the text, one student said “In this part of the text you can clearly see that nobody likes Scrooge or wants to be around him.”

To what extent do you agree with the student?

You could write about:

- Write about your own impressions
- Evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- Support your opinions with references to the text

### Extract eight: Atonement

***Atonement* by Ian McEwan was published in 2001. Set initially in the summer of 1935, it tells the story of Cecilia, the eldest daughter of the wealthy Tallis family, and Robbie Turner, the son of the Tallis family housekeeper, who had been childhood friends. In this extract, set early in the novel in the grounds of the Tallis country estate, Cecilia and Robbie are reunited during a break from Cambridge University.**

She felt she had said something stupid. Robbie was looking away across the park and the cows towards the oak wood that lined the river valley, the wood she had run through that morning. He might be thinking she was talking to him in code, suggestively conveying her taste for the full-blooded and sensual. That was a mistake, of course, and she was discomfited and had no idea how to put him right. She liked his eyes, she thought, the unblended mix of orange and green, made even more granular in sunlight. And she liked the fact that he was so tall. It was an interesting combination in a man, intelligence and sheer bulk. Cecilia had taken the cigarette and he was lighting it for her. 'I know what you mean,' he said as they walked the remaining few yards to the fountain. 'There's more life in Fielding, but he can be psychologically crude compared to Richardson.'

She set down the vase by the uneven steps that rose to the fountain's stone basin. The last thing she wanted was an undergraduate debate on eighteenth-century literature. She didn't think Fielding was crude at all, or that Richardson was a fine psychologist, but she wasn't going to be drawn in, defending, defining, attacking. She was tired of that, and Robbie was tenacious in argument.

Instead she said, 'Leon's coming today, did you know?'

'I heard a rumour. That's marvellous.'

'He's bringing a friend, this man Paul Marshall.'

'The chocolate millionaire. Oh no! And you're giving him flowers!'

She smiled. Was he pretending to be jealous to conceal the fact that he was? She no longer understood him. They had fallen out of touch at Cambridge. It had been too difficult to do anything else. She changed the subject.

'The Old Man says you're going to be a doctor.'

'I'm thinking about it.'

'You must love the student life.'

He looked away again, but this time for only a second or less, and when he turned to her she thought she saw a touch of irritation. Had she sounded condescending? She saw his eyes again, green and orange flecks, like a boy's marble. When he spoke he was perfectly pleasant.

'I know you never liked that sort of thing, Cee. But how else do you become a doctor?'

'That's my point. Another six years. Why do it?'

He wasn't offended. She was the one who was over-interpreting, and jittery in his presence, and she was annoyed with herself.

He was taking her question seriously. 'No one's really going to give me work as a landscape gardener. I don't want to teach, or go in for the civil service. And medicine interests me...' He broke off as a thought occurred to him. 'Look, I've agreed to pay your father back. That's the arrangement.'

'That's not what I meant at all.'

### **Question 1 – (4 marks)**

Look again at lines 5 to 8. List four things about Robbie.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

### **Question 2 – (8 marks)**

Look again at lines 1 to 7.

How does the writer use language to describe Robbie?

You could write about:

- Words and phrases
- Language devices
- Sentence forms

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### **Question 3 - (8 marks)**

You now need to refer to the whole source.

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

You could write about:

- What the writer focuses on at the beginning
- How this changes as the extract develops
- Any other structural features which interest you

### **Question 4 – (20 marks)**

Look again at line 20 to the end.

After reading this section of the text, one student said "In this part of the text Robbie and Cecilia are very awkward in each other's presence."

To what extent do you agree with the student?

You could write about:

- Write about your own impressions
- Evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- Support your opinions with references to the text