

Grade 9 2020 Past Paper Answered

0 1

Read again the first part of the source, from **lines 1 to 4**.

List **four** things about Rosie from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

- She's moved into a new house
- She's washing up
- She has a car
- She has two children

0 2

Look in detail at this extract, from **lines 14 to 23** of the source:

Rosie had made a quick check of the **unfamiliar** garden before letting the children go out to play. The bottom half of the garden was an **overgrown** mess, a muddle of trees and shrubs. An ancient mulberry tree stood at the centre. Its massive **twisted** branches drooped to the ground in places, its knuckles in the earth like a **gigantic malformed hand**. The wintry sun hung low in the sky and the **gnarled growth** threw long twisted shadows across the undergrowth within its cage. The trunk of the tree was **snailed** with the tangled ivy that grew up through the **broken** bricks and chunks of cement, **choking it**. The path that led down towards the fence at the bottom, which **marked** the garden off from an orchard beyond, **disappeared** into a mass of nettles and brambles before it reached the **padlocked** door.

How does the writer use language here to describe the garden?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

[8 marks]

mysterious, ominous, unsettling, neglected

Para 1: mysterious and neglected // Para 2: Unsettling and ominous

Mysteriousness pervades the description of the garden due to it being an “overgrown mess” it depicts an image of neglect, exacerbating its mysteriousness element as it has been untouched for years. The adjective “overgrown” highlights how the garden has been unkept, unloved and abandoned for years, thus Zoe’s exploration of the garden compounds its mystery as it is uncertain what untold secrets, she may unfold in this “unfamiliar” place. The simile “like a gigantic malformed hand” exposes how the ceaseless neglect of the garden has led to it almost developing human like features as it is desperately begging for an escape in this abandoned “mess” – the garden is holding out its “hand” for a chance of salvation. The ruined adjective of “broken” reinforces that the garden is an eyesore of neglect and shattered hope as due to it being so physically neglected for so long, it appears mysteriously alive as it wants to be saved.

Moreover, the writer creates an ominous and unsettling atmosphere surrounding the garden as it presented as have an underlying depraved and petrifying element to its neglected mystery. The diction “snarled” exacerbates the viciousness of the garden, the soft sibilant sound compounding this hissing element, as it suggests that the trees are aggressively growling at anybody that intrudes within the garden – almost emulating bodyguards protecting this ominous setting that is in a “cage”. A semantic field of entrapment permeates the ominous and unsettling garden with words like “choking”, “marked” and “padlocked” suggestive that anything that enters this depraved garden will be sempiternally trapped and will be unable to escape. Alternatively, the semantic field could suggest that all the elements of the garden are trapped within this hub of neglect and are seeking an escape, hence they reach for the “padlocked door”.

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You now need to think about the **whole** of the source.

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.

[8 marks]

In the beginning of the text, the writer focuses the reader's attention on the mundane tasks that "lay ahead" of Zoe due to exhaustive drive to her new house. The shorter paragraph length emulating her want to escape and quickly complete the tedious, yet arduous, tasks which consequently creates a dull ambience- the first line of "a stranger child" being the only line that creates an atmosphere of mystery. Despite the mundanity of the first paragraph, the writer shifts our focus to the mysterious and perplexing "little girl" on line 24.

This consequently evokes curiosity from the reader as, alike to Zoe, the appearance of this seemingly innocent girl holds an ominous undertone considering this was once a silk factory.

As the tone becomes more mysterious, the pace becomes slower through the longer sentence lengths. This representing Zoe's curiosity and intense focus as she slowly and obediently observes this "small child". Yet, at the end of the text there is a chaotic and frantic atmosphere, juxtaposing the previous dull one as Zoe "dried her hands hurriedly", contrasting her earlier position of "standing at the sink". This creates a cyclical structure as Zoe returns to the same position, yet in a different state of mind which thus enables the reader to see the immense physical and mental impact this "stranger child" had on Zoe, especially on the last line when the "child was gone"- both Zoe and the reader would be left in a state of confusion.

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4

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

A student said, 'I wasn't at all surprised by the disappearance of the stranger child at the end of the extract. The writer has left us in no doubt that she is just part of Rosie's imagination.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider the disappearance of the stranger child
- evaluate how the writer presents the stranger child
- support your response with references to the text.

[20 marks]

Para 1- wasn't surprised

Para 2- part of Rosie's imagination

Para 3- combination of both

I agree that the writer successfully makes it unsurprising about the disappearance of the stranger child to the reader as we are left in no doubt that the child resembles more a fictional character than a real-life child as something clearly “wasn’t right”. The final short sentence of the “child was gone” is not surprising as the short sentence emulates Rosie’s confused and fragmented state of mind– the child was always inevitably going to leave as

Rosie started to regain some sense of sanity. Alternatively, the use of short paragraph lengths is also indicative that the disappearance of the stranger child was imminent as even Rosie has realised that “something wasn’t right here. She had seen distress in those eyes”. It is clear to the reader that Rosie is an unreliable narrator in terms of her senses, noted through her exhaustion and imaginative tendencies, thus once Rosie had begun to realise the abnormality of her visions, the reader quickly can see that the stranger child will soon disappear. Thus, the use of short paragraph and sentence lengths allows the writer to allude to the reader that Rosie’s imaginative state is shortly being curtailed by the imposing reality that this is all just a figment of her imagination. The rhetorical questions “where on earth had she come from?” makes it obvious to the reader that Zoe had begun to question her own deluded state of mind, this being a sign that she has begun to realise that her visions of the stranger child were false, leading to the obvious and unsurprising disappearance of the stranger child.

Moreover, I agree that the writer clearly shows that the child is just part of Rosie’s imagination as the child is depicted in an old-fashioned manner, as if she had been preserved in a past era with her “dusty-looking plaits”– instantly the reader can see that Zoe is producing this strange child based on her imaginations within the context of the silk factory. This ancient depiction of the child is exacerbated through the adjective “older” in “made her seem older”, showcasing how Zoe is imagining this stranger child belonging to a different era, hence this is physically shown in the way Zoe presents her within her imagination. Alternatively, her distorted perception of reality and imagination is exposed through the semantic field of fantasy, created through “dressing- up clothes” and “home-made Cinderella costumes”. Both create a child-like image of fantasy, thus reinforcing how this is Zoe’s own personal fantasies and imagination. Thus, as “Cinderella” is a childhood concept, and “clothes” and “costumes” are used to conceal, this could suggest that Rosie’s child-like imagination is obstructing and concealing her from seeing that the child is simply just part of her imagination. As the child is presented as “animal-like” it alerts the reader that perhaps the child may her inner-child in which she was treated in a dehumanising, animalistic way. Hence, the reader clearly sees the child is part of Rosie’s imagination and could be indicative of some repressed childhood trauma.

Lastly, it is undeniable that the disappearance of the child was unsurprising, and it was part of Rosie’s imagination as the writer effectively portrays that Rosie was zoomed in on the girl, whereas her young daughter “seemed unfazed”. The adjective “unfazed” creating a distant image, compounding Rosie’s infatuation with watching every minor movement of the child– it is very apparent that if Cara, a young girl, is not stopped and fazed by the presence of another younger child, it is completely stemming from Rosie’s imagination. It also is clear through the embedded clause “back towards the house” that Rosie is almost creating the strange girls movements from her imagination. The broken sentences representing Rosie’s broken and fragmented state of mind as she continually imagines the young girl, once again confirming how it is no surprise for the reader when she disappears.

0 5

Your local library is running a creative writing competition. The best entries will be published in a booklet of creative writing.

Either

Write a description of a mysterious place, as suggested by this picture:



or

Write a story about an event that cannot be explained.

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

Silenced echoed through my hollow heart.

Small pieces of chipped and broken bricks formed a foreboding entrance. Crumbling soot sprinkled onto my scalp as I cautiously placed one foot in front of the other. A mammoth barbed fence was a map, covered in arrows directing me to inevitable death.

Pale flakes stealthily fell onto my now crimson tongue, a nauseating taste of hypothermia trickled down my throat; an opaque mist cascaded around me, making me feel as if I was in a restraining jacket, every inch of me restricted; fragile droplets of snow were damp against my porcelain white cheeks; a violent cacophony of snow pelting onto the once verdurous grass was deafening; a fetid smell of rotting bark and pine attacked my nostrils, singing each fine nose hair.

Silenced echoing through every inch of my lifeless body.

Searching for salvation, every inch of the sky was being engulfed by an inky impenetrable blanket. The darkness cascaded across the sky: dull grey, diminishing iridescent white, jet-black, and chalky white. There was no escape. The once iridescent streaks of magenta that grew and shrunk at dusk were replaced by its menacing sibling- darkness. It was as if nature had given up on it's azure painting it once painted and was now submissive to this omnipotent ebony nightmare.

She wanted to create a blizzard. She created an exogenesis symphony, ordering her orchestra, the wind and snow, to create an ear-piercing song. Bashing and bashing and bashing- the only sounds that now vertebrates through my sunken body. She menacingly relished in seeing the freezing blanket shroud the park that was once full of vitality.

Alone, broken, and solitary.

My bleak trajectory was inescapable: this barren nightmare was my reality.

Hopefully hopeless, the chocolate brown leaves tangoed with the gushing wind, circling round each- other in a playful, yet demonic way. The continual cannibalistic frost gnawing at the 100-year oak that stood helpless. The row of forlorn trees stared at me with fear-stricken eyes, mouthing "there's no way out!". It was like she was squeezing every inch of life that had ever existed. It was as if she was God, determining life and death.

The sweet fragrance of life diminished as the stale stench of death and decay grew stronger and stronger. The ambrosial smell of spring and summer diminished. Forgotten. Fragments of shattered glass of ice continued to fall, smash, and break. Alone, broken, and solitary I remained.

I longed for the strange comfort of the cylindrical entrance I once encountered. The sunken decaying weeds being my only companions in this desolate place.

Defeated, I accepted the finality of the silence echoing through my hollow heart.rs.