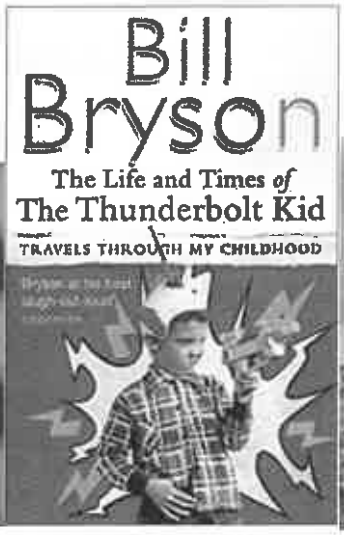

UNSEEN

PROSE NON-FICTION TEXTS

INDEX

PAPER 2: VARITIES IN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

(40% of total A level)

Exam length: 2 hours, 30 minutes

Section A: Unseen Prose Non-Fiction

Unseen text links with theme of *Society and the Individual*.

One essay, worth 20 / 50 marks.

You need to spend approx. an hour on this.

A01, A02 and A03 assessed.

Section B: Prose Fiction and Other Genres

One comparative essay on a prose fiction anchor text – 'The Great Gatsby' by F. Scott Fitzgerald - and one other text from the theme *Society and the Individual*: Philip Larkin's 'The Whitsun Weddings'.

Worth 30 / 50 marks.

An open book exam; clean copies of the texts can be taken into the exam.

A01, A02, A03 and A04 assessed.

Dates	UNSEEN PROSE NON-FICTION Topic	Lesson focus
WEEK 1	ARTICLE – Janet Street-Porter: Social Media	• Context and audience • Attitude • Language ***Peer assessment of paragraphs***
WEEK 2	CHILDHOOD MEMOIR – Bill Bryson Further study: ARTICLE – Eddie Mair	• Purpose and audience • Humour • Appeal to the senses • Direct address • Emotive language / figurative language ***Writing effective introductions > Society & the Individual/context & audience/attitude*** • Summarise what it is about • Humour
WEEK 3	BIOGRAPHY – Rosa Parks / Civil Rights Further study:	• What is it about? • Serious tone • Varied register • The way racism is represented and challenged by the writer ***Writing paragraphs: 1. Society and Individual intro; 2. Audience > widening*** • Explore quick-fire responses to this extract • Assess exemplar analysis
WEEK 4	ARTICLE on dog lovers by Serina Sandhu TRAVELOGUE – Sanjeev Bhaskar: Looking for India	• ***Specific focus on Society and the Individual*** • How information / attitude presented • Effects on both society and the individual • Use of contrasts • Humour

	TOPIC	FOCUS
WEEK 5	**ARTICLE on prisons by Ian Birrell** **Further study: Tim Peake feature by Alice Jones**	• **Attitude / voice** • ***Individual responses to S & I (timed conditions)***
WEEK 6	**NEWSPAPER FEATURE on Obama's background** **AUTOBIOGRAPHY – J.G. Ballard**	• **Context and audience** • **Tone** • **Simple, formal style of narration** • **Structure of article** ***Detailed paragraph on structure. Assess*** • **S & I timed** • **Implied sympathy and criticism** • **Contrasting cultures** • **Writer's neutral tone** • **Figurative language to entertain**
WEEK 7	**OBITUARY – Neil Armstrong**	**How does the writer portray Neil Armstrong?** ***Paired planning / discussion***
WEEK 8	**NEWSPAPER ARTICLE (The 'I') on gun control by Janet Street-Porter** **TIMED ANALYSIS: HIROSHIMA paper**	• **Context and audience** • **Tone** • **The way the writer challenges attitudes** ***Individual analysis planning > discussion*** ***ASSESSMENT***
WEEK 9	**MAGAZINE EXTRACT (The Word): My Crazy Life in U2** ***OR ARTICLE – Simon Kelner: Why children not watching TV is cause for concern*** **MARKING EXEMPLAR MATERIAL – Three responses to HIROSHIMA**	• **Context and audience** • **How a varied portrayal of The Edge is presented** ***Students to assess and make suggestions for improvement***
WEEK 10	**2017 PAST PAPER: ARTICLE on middle age by Nick Page**	***Feedback on timed pieces.***

UNSEEN

Framework for analysis

You are familiar with comparing 2 texts from AS level, one of which was unseen non-fiction.
Revise the terminology to help you, as we prepare to analyse unseen non-fiction prose texts at A level.

Consider how each of the following influence what is written or spoken

1. Genre

Look at the genre and look out for genre expectations and conventions. E.g. you know what you expect to find in travel writing. Are these conventions met? Is the writer doing something original or is it quite traditional? Is there anything formulaic or ritualistic?
Revising Genre features from your study of the anthology will really help you to determine this.

2. Audience

Who is the receiver/who will hear/read it? Immediate audience/other potential audiences? Is it being recorded? Will there be a permanent record?
Has it been planned/ pre prepared or is it spontaneous? Remember it could be constructed and considered- but exhibit non-fluency in a planned way, to give the impression it is spontaneous.
Is it formal or informal?

Methods of addressing audience

What is the opening like? A request, offer, question? Are the initiators phatic?
What type of narrative voice is constructed if it is a literary piece?
Look at intonation and the pronouns used, rhetorical questions, humour, shock tactics, exclamations, politeness features, hospitality tokens.
Is it interactive, are there suggested monitoring features?

3. Context

Where and when is it taking place and how does this affect the language choices?
What is the medium for delivery? T.V/ Radio/newspaper print etc.?
Gender, age, historical moment, environment etc. all influence language choices

4. Purpose (s)

What is the reason for the speech/exchange? What are they aiming to achieve?
Look at the issues. Highlight the semantic fields if you are unsure.
For purpose also consider whether it is: phatic (social), referential (informative), expressive (of opinion or emotion), transactional, persuasive, to entertain, to enlighten, to argue a case or if there are *several* purposes.
Values and attitudes are key: Indicate quickly what attitudes/values the speaker/writer has towards the subject/issue.

5. Style/ Register

Formal or informal? (Mono and disyllabic Germanic/ Anglo Saxon lexis, or Latinate and more polysyllabic?)
Restricted or elaborated code?
Utterance types: declaratives, interrogatives, imperatives, emphatics, expressive?
Ellipsis? Elision? Contractions? End clipping? Non-fluency features (fillers, voiced pauses etc.)
How is dialect and accent represented? Standard and non-standard.
Any specialised language? (Medicine? Law? Education?)
Stylistic features? (Repetition? Triplets? Alliteration? Anaphora? Antithesis? Repetition of ideas?)
Features of emphasis? (Irony, sarcasm, hyperbole or understatement, bathos?)

Tone of Voice

How would you describe the speaker/writer's tone? It may change during the communication. Look out for this.

6. Language choices made by speakers/writers: lexis

Are there high frequency words? Is the lexis conversational/colloquial lexis. Look also for trite or hackneyed words. Or is it more inventive and considered?
Is there emotive/ expressive or figurative language? (Metaphor, simile, personification, enlightening comparisons?)
Look at the adjectives, the describing words ('fragrant') and the adverbs ('absolutely'). Consider verb choices.
Look for any rhetorical devices. (You have a list).
Are there any contrasts set up? (Antonyms, antithesis, oxymoron, paradox?)
If it is colloquial/ conversational, consider the use of phatic utterances, hedges and dialect/ non-standard or regional features of language.

7. Structural features

Consider the arrangement/ organisation of the text how carefully it is prepared and organised.
Look at how the arrangement contributes to the overall effect, for example effect on pace and momentum.
Is it cohesive? Climatic? Rhythmic?
Complex or simple sentence structures in written texts?
Look for any patterns.

8. Non-verbal aspects

Prosodics
Comment on any pauses in language via punctuation, paragraphing, intonation, underlining, exclamation marks.

ARTICLE :
JANET STREET-PORTER

UNHAPPY? CUT DOWN ON SOCIAL MEDIA AND GET SOME SLEEP

What was life like before Facebook and Twitter? Were we any happier? For a generation under 30, that question is incomprehensible.

Social media is part of their DNA, and teenagers are rapidly losing the ability to communicate other than via smartphones. Meanwhile, employers claim many school leavers are unprepared for the world of work, where they will have to interact with people outside their peer group and actually speak face-to-face with strangers.

A recent survey indicates that there is another downside to social media: as many as one in five people say they feel depressed as a result of using it. Is that really any surprise, given the stress of constantly monitoring our statuses and endlessly documenting every aspect of our lives via networks such as Facebook, Snapchat and Instagram?

In fact, there have been countless academic studies since 2015 on the negative impacts of social media, showing that its regular use leads to feelings of anxiety, isolation and low self-esteem, not to mention poor sleep. We use them to present a false picture of our lives to the online community, with flattering selfies and faux-glamorous images of holidays, parties and meals – as if we are starring in a movie of the life we'd like to lead, not the humdrum one we actually inhabit – and any lack of shares or "likes" can lead to debilitating feelings of inadequacy.

We post intimate fragments of our lives to strangers, falsely believing that a "friend" online is a real friend whose opinions matter. As for Twitter, it is a vehicle for screaming, nothing more and nothing less. Best not to read tweets if you are of a vulnerable disposition.

Recently, I dared to write that cycling was being prioritised over walking in London. Cyclists, like Scottish Nationalists, are the thugs of the new era. Immediately, my words were distorted, and amplified via Twitter. I was accused of hate crimes against cycling even though I carefully said that I actually enjoyed it. I received more than 1,000 vile and abusive messages (they're still coming) – and of course it has an effect on one's disposition.

Many of the women I know have come off Twitter because of the constant abuse that follows every time they pick up their phone or log on to their computer.

The latest fashion among hipsters is to have a "digital-free" home, and Arianna Huffington *(pictured)* has just written a book, *The Sleep Revolution*, citing experts who say there should be no screens in the bedroom and no use of social media for an hour before lights-out.

How many times have we read a message on our phones and then spent hours in turmoil? Social media never switches off: someone, somewhere, is posting pictures, comments or messages, asking you to join a chat or wade in with an opinion – no wonder many teenagers suffer from what shrinks call "decision paralysis". The options are simply too enormous for any human brain to deal with.

For many people (not only teenagers), it seems the only way we can validate ourselves is through a screen, a habit which is just as bad for our health as overindulging in drink or drugs. And just as addictive.

CHILDHOOD MEMOIR: BILL BRYSON

Text E (January 2012)

An extract taken from Bill Bryson's childhood memoir, The Life and Times of The Thunderbolt Kid, published in 2007.

But then most things in Des Moines in the 1950s were the best of their type. We had the smoothest, most mouth-pleasing banana cream pie at the Toddle House and I'm told the same could be said of the cheesecake at Johnny and Kay's, though my father was much too ill-at-ease with quality, and far too careful with his money, ever to take us to that outpost of fine dining on Fleur Drive. We had the most vividly delicious neon-coloured ice creams at Reed's, a parlour cool opulence near Ashworth Swimming Pool (itself the handsomest, most elegant public swimming pool in the world, with the slimmest, tannest female lifeguards) in Greenwood Park (best tennis courts, most decorous lagoon, comeliest drives). Driving home from Ashworth Pool through Greenwood Park, under a flying canopy of green leaves, nicely basted in chlorine and knowing that you would shortly be plunging your face into three gooey scoops of Reed's ice cream is the finest feeling of well-being a person can have.

We had the tastiest baked goods at Barbara's Bake Shoppe, the meatiest, most face-smearing ribs and crispiest fried chicken at a restaurant called the Country Gentleman, the best junk food at a drive-in called George the Chilli King. (And the best farts afterwards; a George's chilli burger was gone in minutes, but the farts, it was said, went on for ever.) We had our own department stores, restaurants, clothing stores, supermarkets, drug stores, florists, hardware stores, movie theatres, hamburger joints, you name it – every one of them the best of its kind.

Well, actually, who could say if they were the best of their kind? To know that, you'd have to visit thousands of other towns and cities across the nation and taste all their ice cream and chocolate pie and so on because every place was different then. That was the glory of living in a world that was still largely free of global chains. Every community was special and nowhere was like everywhere else. If our commercial enterprises in Des Moines weren't the best, they were at least ours. At the very least, they all had things about them that made them interesting and different. (And they were the best.)

Dahl's, our neighbourhood supermarket, had a feature of inspired brilliance called the Kiddie Corral. This was a snug enclosure, built in the style of a cowboy corral and filled with comic books, where moms could park their kids while they shopped. Comics were produced in massive numbers in America in the 1950's – one billion of them in 1953 alone – and most of them ended up in the Kiddie Corral. It was *filled* with comic books. To enter the Kiddie Corral you climbed on to the top rail and dove in, then swam to the centre. You didn't care how long your mom took shopping because you had an infinite supply of comics to occupy you. I believe there were kids who lived in the Kiddie Corral. Sometimes when searching for the latest issue of *Rubber Man*, you would find a child buried under a foot or so of comics fast asleep or perhaps just enjoying their lovely papery smell. No institution has ever done a more thoughtful thing for children. Whoever dreamed up the Kiddie Corral is unquestionably in heaven now; he should have won a Nobel prize.

Dahl's had one other feature that was much admired. When your groceries were bagged (or 'sacked' in Iowa) and paid for, you didn't take them to your car with you, as in more mundane supermarkets, but rather you turned them over to a friendly man in a white apron who gave you a plastic card with a number on it and placed the groceries on a special sloping conveyor

belt that carried them into the bowels of the earth and through a flap into a mysterious dark tunnel. You then collected your car and drove to a small brick building at the edge of the parking lot, a hundred or so feet away, where your groceries, nicely shaken and looking positively refreshed from their subterranean adventure, reappeared a minute or two later and were placed in your car by another helpful man in a white apron who took back the plastic card and wished you a happy day. It wasn't a particularly efficient system – there was often a line of cars at the little brick building if truth be told, and the juddering tunnel ride didn't really do anything except dangerously overexcite all carbonated beverages for at least two hours afterwards – but everyone loved and admired it anyway.

Eddie Mair

Resolution blues

My best intentions may be some time

YOU SURVIVED the festive season and are standing proud – or possibly slightly stooped – as 2018 looms. New horizons. New goals. New resolutions. Isn't it exciting?

No, of course it isn't. Too many times we've both experienced the shimmering hope afforded by the gleaming newness of January 1st, only to have our knees grazed as we tumble headfirst onto the gravel of reality.

Apologies for that rather purple prose. Just finishing the last of the Christmas sherry. It has a tang to it. I don't think it's from this Christmas. I'm not completely certain it's sherry.

Over the years I've made countless new year resolutions, only to break them before the end of Auld Lang Syne. Be nicer to everyone: failed. Be nicer to people at work: failed. Be nicer to Vaughan Savidge and stop making personal remarks about him: failed, though the old git deserved it.

Any of the permanent changes I've made in my life have never begun on January 1st; aside from the gloom, the cold and the dregs of the festive feast, there's the relentless pressure of having to live up to the daft promises we collectively make on December 31st. New year resolutions are officially a thing, and publicly giving up on them meets with the same response as if you'd drowned a kitten or criticised the Queen.

'Is the gloom of January the right moment for a fresh start in anything?'

"How are your resolutions going?" people will enquire, cheerily. I think it's supposed to count as support, but to me it feels like pressure.

The calendar taunts by counting the number of days you've grimly kept your resolve. January 2nd. Day two. Your second day of going without. It grinds on. January 3rd. Is it only three days? It's another whole year until I can do this again.

"Day four – how are your resolutions going?"

"How much do you like hospital food?"

Our celebrity culture does not help. Now, in addition to the encouragement of well-meaning friends and colleagues, famous people have got in on the act. Their fitness programmes and diet regimes are much better than those offered by fully qualified nutritionists or doctors because they have agents. And it's great motivation. It's one thing to disappoint ourselves, but to let down a celebrity we've seen on TV and to whom we've indirectly given money? Unthinkable!

So if this new year has engendered a sense of a new you, I wish you luck. If you've already tried and failed, join the club. But don't give up. I think I have a better plan. I don't think it's our fault. It's the calendar's fault.

I WONDER WHETHER the gloom of January is the right moment for a fresh start in anything. It's hard to see the sunlit uplands of tomorrow when there's only three hours of daylight and it's too cold to be outside for longer than five minutes. Wouldn't spring be a better time for us to forge our resolutions? Howsabout April 6th? A New Financial Year Resolution! The clocks will have changed, the evenings will be lighter and accountants everywhere will be partying like they've just landed the Apple contract for running an office in Jersey.

Yes, why not ditch the constraints of our traditional calendar and live the way HMRC does? I can already smell the fresher air, see the dew glistening on the gravel and the choirs singing something Gregorian.

Boy, this stuff is strong. I've checked the label. Does Unilever even make sherry?

Eddie Mair presents PM and IPM on Radio 4

RICHARD ANSETT

ARTICLE: EDDIE MAIR

BIOGRAPHY: ROSA PARKS

Text C (January 2013)

An extract from a biography of Rosa Parks whose stand against racial segregation in America in 1955 became a defining moment in the Civil Rights Movement.

Shortly after 5:00 p.m., Rosa Parks clocked out of work and walked the block to Court Square to wait for her bus home. It had been a hard day, and her body ached, from her feet swollen from the constant standing to her shoulders throbbing from the strain and her chronic bursitis. But the bus stand was packed, so Parks, disinclined to jockey for a rush-hour seat, crossed Dexter Avenue to do a little shopping at Lee's Cut-Rate Drug. She had decided to treat herself to a heating pad but found them too pricey. Instead, she bought some Christmas gifts, along with aspirin, toothpaste, and a few other sundries, and headed back to the bus stop wondering how her husband's day had been at the Maxwell Air Force Base Barber Shop and thinking about what her mother would cook for dinner.

It was in this late-day reverie that Rosa Parks dropped her dime in the box and boarded the yellow-olive city bus. She took an aisle seat in the racially neutral middle section, behind the movable sign which read 'colored.' She was not expecting any problems, as there were several empty spaces at the whites-only front of the bus. A black man was sitting next to her on her right and staring out the window; across the aisle sat two black women deep in conversation. At the next two stops enough white passengers got on to nearly fill up the front section. At the third stop, in front of the Empire Theater, a famous shrine to country-music fans as the stage where the legendary Hank Williams got his start, the last front seats were taken, with one man left standing.

The bus driver twisted around and locked his eyes on Rosa Parks. Her heart almost stopped when she saw it was James F. Blake, the bully who had put her off his bus twelve years earlier. She didn't know his name, but since that incident in 1943, she had never boarded a bus that Blake was driving. This day, however, she had absentmindedly stepped in. 'Move y'all, I want those two seats,' the driver barked on behalf of Jim Crow, which dictated that all four blacks in that row of the middle section would have to surrender their seats to accommodate the single white man, as no 'colored' could be allowed to sit parallel with him. A stony silence fell over the bus as nobody moved. 'Y'all better make it light on yourselves and let me have those seats,' Blake sputtered, more impatiently than before. Quietly and in unison, the two black women sitting across from Parks rose and moved to the back. Her seatmate quickly followed suit, and she swung her legs to the side to let him out. Then Parks slid over to the window and gazed out at the Empire Theater marquee promoting *A Man Alone*, a new Western starring Ray Milland.

The next ten seconds seemed like an eternity to Rosa Parks. As Blake made his way toward her, all she could think about were her forebears, who, as Maya Angelou would put it, took the lash, the branding iron, and untold humiliations while only praying that their children would someday 'flesh out' the dream of equality. But unlike the poet, it was not Africa in the days of the slave trade that Parks was thinking about; it was racist Alabama in the here and now. She shuddered with the memory of her grandfather back in Pine Level keeping watch for the KKK every night with a loaded shotgun in his lap, echoing abolitionist John Brown's exhortation: 'Talk! Talk! Talk! That didn't free the slaves .... What is needed is action! Action!' So when Parks looked up at Blake, his hard, thoughtless scowl filled her with pity. She felt fearless, bold, and serene. 'Are you going to stand up?' the driver demanded. Rosa Parks looked straight at him and said: 'No.' Flustered and not quite sure what to do, Blake retorted, 'Well, I'm going to have you arrested.' And Parks, still sitting next to the window, replied softly, 'You may do that.'

Her majestic use of 'may' rather than 'can' put Parks on the high ground, establishing her as a protester, not a victim. 'When I made that decision,' Parks stated later, 'I knew I had the strength of my ancestors with me,' and obviously their dignity as well. And her formal dignified 'No,' uttered on a suppertime bus in the cradle of the Confederacy as darkness fell, ignited the collective 'no' of black history in America, a defiance as liberating as John Brown's on the gallows in Harpers Ferry.

The situation put Blake in a bind. This woman would, of course, have to be evicted from his bus. But should he do it himself, or should he call the police? Would it be better just to take her name and address and report her to the authorities later? Uncertain of what to do, he radioed his supervisor. 'I see it said as how I got up and swore at her and then went and called the police and told them to come get her,' Blake told *Washington Post* reporter Paul Hendrickson in 1989 after years of remaining silent about the incident. 'Well, I called the company first, just like I was supposed to do. Nobody ever wrote that. I got my supervisor on the line. He said, 'Did you warn her, Jim?' I said, 'I warned her.' And he said, and I remember it just like I'm standing here, 'Well, then, Jim, you do it. You got to exercise your powers and put her off, hear?' And that's just what I did.'

Within minutes, Montgomery police officers F. B. Day and D. W. Mixon arrived and listened to Blake's account of what had transpired. Parks just watched as the three white men conferred on her fate, and realized what it would be: she would be fingerprinted and put in jail. The other passengers, black and white alike, began getting off the bus quietly but nervously, some with the self-possession to ask for transfers, others too anxious in the volatile situation. The blacks who remained on the bus sat in stunned, silent recognition that this time the authorities had picked the wrong woman to mess with. 'It was like a mosque inside,' one passenger recalled. 'You could have heard a pin drop. It's as if we were all praying to Allah.'

Rosa Parks- student quick fire responses

What is the biographer suggesting about society and the individual through his subject?

1. The biographer implies that adhering to social codes and conventions has allowed racism to go unchecked
2. The biographer implies that the individual can have a huge impact on society, bringing about change, indeed revolution, as Rosa Parks did in the civil Rights movement.
3. The writer suggests that significant moments in history may be instigated by accident in mundane, unexpected situations. Rosa did not intend to get on the bus on that day.
4. The biographer suggests that individuals are not entirely responsible for their actions as they too can be the victims of social systems outside their control; James Blake is just following established rules, 'dictated that', 'could be allowed'. His obedience perpetrates the racism though.
5. The biographer shows that individual courage and determination are required in order to overcome prejudice.
6. The biographer suggests that small individual acts can transform lives but that they also rest on multiple achievements and on those who have gone before, 'strength of my ancestors'.
7. The biographer presents racism as senseless and shows how individuals need to challenge social convention for progression.
8. The biographer advocates individual protest and resistance as bringing positive change.
9. The writer views the incident from different perspectives, showing empathy, that several of those involved were victims of social convention. His use of free indirect style is particularly helpful in revealing this.
10. The writer implies that individuals should not be afraid to act alone, using the symbolic significance of the film, A Man Alone, as backdrop to Rosa Park's protest and experience of alienation.
11. The writer suggest racism was endemic and prolific and segregation was accepted readily by most people in the 1950's.
12. The biographer implies that individual fear leads to dangerous compliance to social convention; the convention of racism in the 1950's.
13. The biographer uses lexis of deprivation and endurance to evocatively suggest that deprivation can encourage you to challenge your fears.
14. The author coveys that society conforms to the rule of law at the expense of the individual.

UNSEEN PRACTICE:

ROSA PARKS

The biography of Rosa Parks clearly has an emphasis on Parks' individual life, as seeking to create ~~an empathetic voice~~ a positive, appreciative and proud voice in order to invite the audience to feel empathy but also pride. The audience is likely to be anybody interested in American history, for this is a defining turning point in its domestic policy, or any American wishing to educate themselves on the changes in American society. Parks is emphasised as an individual living a normal life in society before the society turns against her, persecuting and discriminating against her. She is thus presented as an individual hero standing up for her rights against an immoral society, contributing to the effect of empathy we, as an audience, are supposed to feel.

The biographer introduces the piece with numerical texts 'shortly after 5:00 p.m.', establishing narrative-like qualities in order to dramatise the events but also to establish that the day was ordinary; this latter effect is compounded by the cliché 'clocked out of work', implying that this was a common round and showing Parks to be an ordinary working person in the eyes of the audience. This whole effect, given what comes next, contributes to explains the dramatic qualities. The biographer then uses a tradic descriptive structure, creating

semantics of hardship with phrases like 'her body ached', inducing empathy AO3 from the audience but also subtly referencing the hardship endured by African-Americans for centuries. Common AO2 metaphors phrases such as 'destined to jockey for a rush-hour seat' again establish Parks as an ordinary individual ~~who is not~~ living AO3 in within a society, implying that her only worries are simple and typical of that time, something we all might face. The use of the verb AO2 'jockeying', AO1 which has connotations with gaming and sports, creates a calm and light atmosphere, as opposed to a serious one. The biographer uses common worries such as 'thinking about what her mother was going to cook for dinner' to contribute to this AO2 sense of ordinariness, the verb 'thinking' placing us directly in Parks' mind to corroborate this light atmosphere. Her, at this moment, is unused to think of AO3 Parks as an ordinary individual in an ordinary society, the latter effect dramatising the subsequent events.

Society ~~is presented~~ then turns on Parks, and becomes backward, immoral and encroaching on particular virtues. AO2 Anachronistic phrases and dysphemisms AO2 AO1 are used to vividly make anger in the audience with phrases like 'whites-only' and 'colored'. The biographer places the adjective AO2 'movable'

before the latter, implying that these attitudes of there is no safe place for
AO1 minorities: society, in this case/ the whites, can always move the goalposts. The anger builds in the audience through the way in which the biographer structurally does not highlight the
AO1/2 dysphemisms / anaphoras: there is no simple sentence nor separate paragraph, emphasising that this discrimination was Perceptive normal within society. The biographer purposefully does this to build this anger in the audience at the injustice faced by minorities. The use of the pronoun
AO1 verb 'twisted' gives connotations of unnaturalness and fear as a result, the idea of a predator turning to face its prey. The hyperbolic phrase 'her heart almost stopped' heightens this sense of fear and injustice. Furthermore, the frequency adverb 'never' contributed to determining the extents of the prejudice and discrimination imposed on minorities by society. The use of the phrase 'y'all' by James F. Blake also establishes a stereotype that, contextually, invokes the
AO3 sense of a hostile society, along with the harsh imperative 'move'. Subsequent adverbs such as 'quickly' and 'quickly' also emphasize the entrenched discrimination has on society. In fact, the personification of Jim Crow in 'based on behalf of Jim Crow' implies a despotic and

AO1 Insightful

merciless ruler of southern society, with the whites as his servants, clear by the harsh, enormapent AO2 'barked',

As this point, Rosa Parks is AO1 emphasised as an individual hero of the civil rights movement, standing up to an unjust society. The plural nouns 'blacks' and 'passengers black and white alike' place emphasis on Rosa Parks as an individual, as she is named. The use of hyperbole AO2 and anaphora AO2 such as, 'Talk! Talk! Talk!' and 'Action! Action! ~~show her as~~ place her in a heroic and revolutionary light, heightened by the exclamatives. AO2 References to John Brown and Maya Angelou AO2 equates Parks to them, using intertextual AO2 reference to show the gravity of her actions. Parks is also AO1 established as peaceful and just through the adverb AO2 'softly', the light denial phrase AO2 invoking an aura of calm, and the use of 'May' AO2 as opposed to the modal verb 'Can' AO2 contributes to this, giving the driver a choice. The biographer clearly values this moment and his view of pride towards Parks cannot be contained as he directly AO1 references her 'signature' choice. In total, all the above show the biographer's view to be proud, awestruck and reverential, with emotive and evaluative adjectives like

good AO1

'majestic' showing their own personal value that they attribute to Parks, Sowery is presented as thunderous an unsure with a series of rhetorical questions, such as ', should he just call the police', emphasising Parks' actions as unprecedented and revolutionary. It is important to note that the tone changes to forgiving and a lack of bitterness shines through at the end. Direct Speech for the driver gives an opportunity for him to tell his version of events and reasoning for his actions, the adverb 'just' showing that the biographer wants to emphasise that the driver was a slave to the established segregation of society, and so the tone of forgiveness in the present day shines through.

ARTICLE:
SERINA SANDHU

In a nation of dog lovers, I take a lonely position

Serina Sandhu

I don't like dogs. I wish them no harm and take no glee in the story of Grizz, the sniffer dog that was shot at Auckland airport. But I don't want to pet them or go through the "there's a good boy/girl" rigmarole. I'm shocked at the level of deep questioning about my view, and lack of acceptance. This is a controversial stance because we're a nation of dog lovers, I'm told.

Nearly a quarter of households have a canine. And I know plenty of others who long for a loyal companion to brighten their day after a hard slog at work.

I do not. But such an admission can lead to confrontations. Sometimes I lie and say: "It's just other dogs I don't like," as they usher their innocent pet out of my kicking reach. I know they can see through me. The dog, too. (I have never kicked a dog and never will.)

Others are outraged, question my humanity and accuse me of having a cold heart. Sometimes I am even excluded from general animal chit-chat.

Dogs can occasionally bring a smile to my face. The Crufts Jack Russell that went wayward in the agility competition this week was good fun. The dog that for 20 hours lay on his owner to keep him alive after a fall in the snow was a hero. And as a journalist, I fully appreciate a good dog story – such as the debate this week about what to do with dog poo on walks – to break up the monotony and misery of the political news agenda.

"See! You do like dogs," those who have faith in my ability to change say. And I've tried. I've joined friends on walks with their dogs, even on occasion attempting a stroke with the tips of my very fingers. But, no. Dogs ruin a moment. I remember a party of civilised adults regressing into baby-talk at the sight of four legs. Meanwhile I counted down the minutes until I could go home and wash the slobber off my feet (I was wearing sandals).

My heart skipped a beat when "Bring your dog to work day" was joked about. And people telling me to relax, that dogs can sense my fear, is not helpful.

I won't mellow and any children I may have will have to live one of those "deprived" childhoods without a pet.

So until it is socially acceptable openly to dislike dogs, I will be the voice of people too frightened to admit their true feelings about "man's best friend".

NEWSPAPER FEATURE: OBAMA'S BACKGROUND

Text D (June 2012)

This is an extract from a newspaper feature, by Jonathan Freedland, marking the election of Barack Obama to the US presidency.

America's next president is the son of a man who once herded goats in a remote village in Africa. He is the grandson of a man who grew up among people who wore animal skins, in a village where no white man had ever set foot. That grandfather went on to become a cook for the British army and later a domestic servant, while his son finished secondary school by correspondence course, had four wives and eight children and died an early death, caused by drink and depression.

The grandfather, Hussein Onyango Obama, is the source of the new president's middle name – the one that gave him so much trouble in the campaign. Though he is said to have been born in 1870, one of his three wives still lives. They call her "Mama Sarah" and she is now, aged 86, the step-grandmother of the most powerful man in the world.

You find her by taking the 90-minute drive north of Lake Victoria to the remote Kenyan village of Kogelo. At the end of the tarmac, a sign for the Senator Obama Secondary School points the way along a red dirt road. You find a small house, three rooms under a pale-blue corrugated iron roof. There is a water pump in the front garden and a huge mango tree, and it's here you can stop and chat to Mama Sarah.

She's happy to talk, over the noise of the chickens that come running when she calls. She still works, rising at dawn on a typical day and heading barefoot into her vegetable garden, where she grows maize, sweet potatoes, beans and cassava. At nine, she makes breakfast, returning to the fields until noon.

She has a TV set now, a gift from a local airline executive, but she always used to follow the news on the radio in Swahili or Luo. And she has met her step-grandson only a few times. The first encounter came when he visited Kenya in the 1980's: they had no language in common but she can't forget his voice. So much like his father's she says: "It made me think that his father had come back from the dead."

Her living room is decorated with family pictures, including a shot of Barack on the visit, carrying a sack of vegetables. She is proud of Barack, though she doesn't consider what he has achieved anything too special. When asked about the prospect of him becoming president, she described it as "just a job". But she plans to keep her promise to fly to Washington in January, to see her boy inaugurated. It won't be her first trip to the US. She saw Barack sworn in as senator. She said that the US was "very interesting" – but "very cold".

Obama's father – also called Barack Hussein Obama – had once caused her pride too, but just as much consternation. He was bright, yet easily bored. He won a place in secondary school, but was expelled for behaving badly. He eventually finished his schooling by correspondence course, but not before he had married a young woman called Kezia and had a son and daughter.

Once the course was complete, he met two American women in Nairobi who told him he should apply for a scholarship to study in the US. He wrote to dozens of US universities and one eventually replied: the University of Hawaii.

He had no idea where Hawaii was – but snapped up the offer of a place. Leaving his son and pregnant wife with Mama Sarah, he flew to Honolulu. And it was there he would meet a woman who was the product of the same urge he himself had felt – the urge to move westward and start over.

Stanley Ann Dunham was named after a father who had yearned for his first child to be a boy – and for much else. Dunham – the new president's other grandfather – had been born into a small-town depression-era Kansas, but he dreamed bigger. Wild in youth, "dabbling in moon-shine, cards and women", according to Obama's memoirs, Dunham would not be contained by Wichita. He eloped with his sweetheart, Madelyn, enlisted after Pearl Harbour and fought in General Patton's army in France before hopping westward, always hoping for something better, from Texas to California and finally, when offered a job as a furniture salesman in America's newest state, to Hawaii. These then, were the backstories of the young African man and the 18-year-old girl who would meet on a Russian language course in Honolulu. They could not have been more different. He was a son of the Luo tribe who, when not in school, had herded his father's goats; she was the daughter of white protestant prairie folk from the American heartland. And yet they fell in love. They married and in 1961 they had a child, who would also be called Barack Hussein Obama.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY:

J. G. BALLARD

Text E (January 2012)

This is an extract from an autobiography by the writer, J.G. Ballard, published in 2008.

My mother was born in West Bromwich, near Birmingham, in 1905, and died aged 93 in Claygate, Surrey, in 1999. Her parents, Archibald and Sarah Johnstone, were lifelong teachers of music. During the year that I lived with them, after my mother and sister returned to Shanghai in 1947, two practice pianos were going all day as a series of pupils came and went. When I first met them, in early 1946, after landing in Southampton, they were both in their late sixties, and seemed to be living relics of the Victorian world. With their rigid, intolerant minds, they never relaxed, hating the post-war Labour government, uninterested in my sister or myself, and barely interested in my mother and her wartime experiences in a Japanese camp. Life was intensely narrow for them, living in a large, three-storey house where the rooms were always dark, filled with heavy, uncomfortable furniture and interior doors with stained-glass panels. Food rationing was in force, but everything seemed to be rationed, the air we breathed, hope of a better world, and the brief glimpses of the sun. Even as a boy I wondered how my mother and her sister, both lively and strong-willed women, had ever managed to bloom as teenage girls.

Yet in later years my mother told me that her father had been something of a rebel in his younger days, and before his marriage had scandalised his family by giving up his musical training and forming a band, which played at dances and weddings. I met him at the worst time, when England was exhausted by the war. There had been heavy bombing in the Birmingham area, and I suspect that they felt my mother's years in 'Lunghua were a holiday by comparison. The war had made them mean, as it made a lot of the English mean. I think they distrusted me on sight. When my grandmother, a small ungenerous woman, first showed me the single bathroom in this large, gloomy house I blotted my copybook for ever by asking: 'Is this my bathroom?'

After her death my grandfather went through a remarkable transformation that seems to have begun as he walked away from the funeral. He immediately sold the house and its furniture, and set off with two suitcases for the south coast of England, where he lived in a series of hotels, entirely self-sufficient, moving on if he disliked the menu and facilities. He was living in a Bournemouth hotel when he died at 97. In his last years he would sometimes faint in supermarkets and shops. One manageress, assuming he was dead, rang my mother with the sad news, and was shocked out of her skin when my grandfather, his heart rested, suddenly lifted his head and spoke to her.

She and my father met at a holiday hotel in the Lake District, one of the hydros which were very popular with young people in the 1920's. After their marriage, in the later 1920's, when my father had joined the Calico Printers Association, they lived briefly in a rented house in the Manchester area, and sailed for Shanghai in 1929.

My parents never spoke about their reasons for leaving England, and it never occurred to me to ask them. Whether or not they were fully aware of what faced them, they were taking huge risks, not least with their health in a remote, poverty-stricken country long before the era of antibiotics. Cholera, smallpox and typhoid were rife in Shanghai. The piped water was boiled and then stored in the refrigerator in old gin bottles – but all dishes were washed in water straight from the tap. Both my sister and I caught amoebic dysentery and were severely ill. Shanghai was a large and violent city of criminal gangs and murderous political factions. My mother was a 25-year-old newly married woman who had never been out of England, except for a honeymoon trip to Paris. Shanghai was five weeks away by P&O boat.

There was no air link, and the only direct contact with England was by cable. I imagine that my father, always determined and optimistic, convinced my mother that England would take years to climb out of the recession, and that far more interesting possibilities waited for them on the other side of the world. 45

[1]Langhua – a Japanese internment camp.

OBITUARY: NEIL ARMSTRONG

Texts

Society and the Individual

Text A (June 2014)

An extract from an obituary, published in The Economist magazine in August 2012.

Neil Armstrong

Astronauts do not like to be called heroes. Their standard riposte to such accusations is to point out that it requires the efforts of hundreds of thousands of backroom engineers, mathematicians and technicians to make space flight possible. They are right, too: at the height of its pomp, in 1966, NASA was spending about 4.4% of the American government's entire budget, employing something like 400,000 workers among the agency and its contractors.

But it never works. For Neil Armstrong, who commanded Apollo 11, the mission that landed men on the moon on July 20th 1969, the struggle against heroism seemed particularly futile. The achievement of his crew, relayed live on television, held the entire planet spellbound. On their return to Earth, the astronauts were mobbed. Presidents, prime ministers and kings jostled to be seen with them. Schools, buildings and roads were named after them. Medals were showered upon them. A whirlwind post-flight tour took them to 25 countries in 35 days.

As the first man to walk on another world, Armstrong received the lion's share of the adulation. All the while, he quietly insisted that the popular image of the hard-charging astronaut braving mortal danger the way other men might brave a trip to the dentist was exaggerated. "For heaven's sake, I loathe danger," he told one interviewer before his fateful flight. Done properly, he opined, spaceflight ought to be no more dangerous than mixing a milkshake.

Indeed, the popular image of the "right stuff" possessed by the astronaut corps–the bravery, the competitiveness, the swaggering machismo–was never the full story. The symbol of the test-pilot school at Edwards Air Force Base in the Mojave Desert, where Armstrong spent years testing military jets, is a slide rule over a stylised fighter jet. In an address to America's National Press Club in 2000, Armstrong offered the following self-portrait: "I am, and ever will be, a white-socks, pocket-protector, nerdy engineer, born under the second law of thermodynamics, steeped in steam tables, in love with free-body diagrams, transformed by Laplace and propelled by compressible flow."

He had an engineer's reserve, mixed with a natural shyness. Even among the other astronauts, not renowned for their excitability, Armstrong was known as the "Ice Commander". Mike Collins, one of Armstrong's crew-mates on the historic moon mission, liked his commander but mused that "Neil never transmits anything but the surface layer, and that only sparingly." In one famous incident, Armstrong lost control of an unwieldy contraption nicknamed the "Flying Bedstead" that was designed to help astronauts train for the lunar landing. Ejecting only seconds before his craft hit the ground and exploded, Armstrong dusted himself off and coolly went back to his office for the rest of the day, presumably to finish up some paperwork.

That unflappability served him well during the lunar landing. The original landing area turned out to be full of large boulders, and so Armstrong had to take control from his spacecraft's primitive computer and skim across the lunar surface by hand, looking for somewhere suitable to set down. By the time he found his spot, there was only 25 seconds of fuel left in the tanks.

It served him well back on Earth, too. The astronauts knew from the experiences of their predecessors on the Mercury and Gemini flights that their trip would transform them into celebrities. But theirs was the biggest achievement yet, and none were prepared for the

adulation that awaited them. Puzzlingly for the pragmatic spacemen, their trip to the moon seemed to have elevated them to the status of oracles, and people pressed them for their thoughts on everything from religion to the future of the human species and the chances for world peace.

Unlike some of his fellow astronauts (two of whom became senators), Armstrong chose a comparatively quiet retirement, teaching engineering at the University of Cincinnati. He returned to NASA twice, both times to serve on boards of enquiry, the first into the near-disaster of Apollo 13, and the second into the disintegration of the space shuttle *Challenger* in 1986. He spent his final years on his farm in rural Ohio, flying gliders in his spare time (it was, said the supposedly emotionless engineer, the closest humans could come to being birds).

Glossary: Laplace – a physics term used to explain the solving of certain equations.

TRAVELOGUE: SANJEEV BHASKAR

Encounters

Text A (June 2014)

An extract from a travel book, written by the comedian Sanjeev Bhaskar, published in 2007.

Looking for India

Where I grew up, my family home in a west London suburb was hardly salubrious. My parents, sister and I lived in a small terraced maisonette above a launderette. No, it wasn't my beautiful launderette. It was my father's, and it wasn't especially beautiful either.

We had no central heating, making do with a couple of gas fires and a paraffin heater to stave off those arctic winters of the 1960s. A water tank with the capacity of about a pint served our washing and bathing needs and our windows were the wrong size for that new fad, double-glazing. My Dad improvised by nailing thick polythene sheets to the inside of the windows to thwart the convectional currents of cold air that would pass through the windows like evil spectres.

Our flat had no garden and my summers were spent staring out of the window at the main road and devouring as many books as my dog-eared library card would allow. To top it all, we were directly under one of the main flight paths in to Heathrow Airport, which meant that even casual conversation contained a cliffhanger every few minutes: 'You know, Auntie Manju deserves a slap ... [Plane] ... up meal for giving Mr Ram a servicing ... [Plane] ... contract for all his shag ... [Plane] ... pile carpets, 'cos it's a right bugger ... [Plane] to clean.'

Was there a silver lining to living in this dark, dank cloud? Well, perhaps a couple. Next door was a fish 'n' chip shop run by Auntie Phyllis and Uncle Gordon, who were warm, funny and regularly provided me with my hourly fix of chips. When the weather turned nasty, our whole family would decamp to the living room for a couple of weeks, which was as close as we ever came to a camping holiday. And we were perfectly placed for getting to and from the airport, of course.

My mother filled much of my childhood with stories about her childhood. Tales of my relatives which all took place in exotic locations in India. I heard about floods and earthquakes, cobras and leopards. Trapping fire flies in jars and munching on raw sugar cane. Travelling by steam trains and riding in rickshaws. Maharajas and mahouts. A series of saturated, Kodachrome snapshots of my mother's past.

For all her lurid memories, in the background were the shadows of Partition. This was the violent and bloody separation of Old India which took place in 1947 – cleaving the British Empire's most precious jewel and marking the birth of the conjoined twins of Pakistan and modern India.

The stories always became sparse at this point, fading to a whisper and then finally to silent introspection.

My father worked shifts at a local factory. This meant he was on a constant cycle of changing work times: 6 a.m. till 2 p.m., 2 p.m. till 10 p.m. and 10 p.m. till 6 a.m. This was six days a week and, in between, he was running the launderette too. The fact that my father survived this occupational assault, and indeed prospered, is an achievement that I now hold in my highest regard, but as a child I viewed with naïve derision.

This was primarily because my sister and I had to learn to remain mute during different parts of the day when he was resting. This enforced semi-monastic existence ill-prepared me for the sensual onslaught that visiting India would bring. It also meant that I heard little from my father about his childhood, save for the hardship that came to him after his father died just before Partition – from what I understand were health problems brought about by an excessive work ethic.

Though my father's childhood stories were rare to my ears, even they subsided when the subject of Partition came up, at which point he would either go to work, bed or silently disappear behind a newspaper. All I know about Partition from both my parents was that it was horrendous, that the family somehow survived, and that my father's family lost everything and came to Delhi as refugees.

Saturday night in west London was the Indian social night. A merry band of my parents and their friends would congregate in someone's house on a rota basis. This was the surrogate extended family that all of these NRIs (Non Resident Indians) seemed to have hankered for.

Inevitably all of them had little family in the UK and so the weekend was the smash-and-grab opportunity for them to get their *desi* familial fix before returning to the not-altogether-warm welcome of daily English life.

Spices, herbs and fruit from Mother India were not readily available (a curry being something that came out of a packet to which you added boiling water – and, by enforcement of some diabolical by-law, had to contain sultanas) and so food from 'home' was understandably precious.

A guest always revealed a mango or some okra in a very dramatic fashion, like a Victorian illusionist, punctuated by the audience's 'Oohs' and 'Ahs', culminating in the gentle thud of someone fainting. To this day I still sense an endorphin rush around exotic fruit.

Glossary: *Maharaja*: a Hindu prince or king in India.
mahout: a person who tends an elephant.
desi: a slang term for the peoples and cultures of India.

ARTICLE:
IAN BIRRELL

My View
Ian Birrell

Our jails are at breaking point

Every indicator points to a crisis in Britain's prisons

Mare Maltby was only 23 years old. Yet he has just become the fifth person to die in a month at Nottingham Prison after three fellow inmates killed themselves and one died due to drug abuse. Their names will soon be forgotten, except by the grieving families and some victims of their crimes. But consider this stark statistic: the number of corpses found in one month in this Category B unit is the same as the highest number of deaths there over the course of any previous year this century.

The single fact shows the spiralling scale of our prison crisis, each death a damning indictment of state failure. Yet these tragedies are just tip of an iceberg. Inspectors recorded 199 attacks on staff at this 1,060-capacity prison within a year, along with 457 fights among prisoners and 82 fires. Drugs are rife, causing debt and violence. Education and work was slashed due to spending cuts. Such is the systemic collapse that one inmate had to wear the same clothes every day for three weeks.

Similar problems exist across the country. All indicators are heading in the wrong direction, from the 20 assaults on prison officers each day – including a mob armed with pool balls at Long Lartin last week – through to rising numbers of riots, self-harm incidents and suicides. In local prisons, one-third of inmates are locked in cells for at least 22 hours a day. What hope of human beings – many with disturbed backgrounds, addiction issues and mental health problems – emerging from such hellholes to rejoin society in better shape?

Warnings are coming thick and fast. "The worst we've ever seen," said Andrea Albutt, the Prison Governors Association president, earlier this month. Prisons are "unacceptably violent and dangerous places", said their chief inspector in his annual report. Or maybe you heard Dan, released after 10 years behind bars in 17 different places, tell Radio 4's *Today* last week how everything had broken down, from the beds and disgusting cells through to any sense of helping people deal with personal demons. "Your head goes, you just get worse and worse," he said. "You leave prison worse than before you went in."

The immediate solution is simple: hire more staff. Many problems at prisons such as Nottingham are due to staff shortages, the number of officers falling almost one-third after the Coalition took office. This has, thankfully, been belatedly recognised. The prisons minister Sam Gyimah installed a special team on the ninth floor of the ministry to drive recruitment, leading to a net increase of 868 officers this year despite difficulties retaining staff amid the chaos and drug-fuelled violence.

Yet a more fundamental issue lies at the core of this crisis. England and Wales lock up far too many people – more than any other nation in western Europe. Thanks to the myth that prison works, promoted by politicians trying to look macho, the population behind bars doubled in two decades. This has caused hideous overcrowding. It is cruel when three in 10 inmates have a learning disability or difficulty. And a criminal waste of taxpayers' money when almost half reoffend within one year of release.

"If you want to reduce crime then you don't send people to prison for a short time"

Both main parties share guilt in government. The response to any problem is longer sentences. We have just seen another example of this posturing with maximum sentences for animal cruelty set to rise from six months to five years. This will deter no one. Yet as one justice department insider said, it will lead to more crowded prisons "since you can't see someone getting a longer sentence for cruelty to a horse than for grievous bodily harm on a human".

Short sentences especially are pointless since they achieve almost nothing except for disrupting any family or job stability. Recidivism rates actually rise among those serving less than 12 months. Even Albutt admitted prison is the worst place for someone who is mentally ill while drugs are so widely used some offenders first become addicted behind bars. And once someone goes to jail they are more likely to commit crime.

Politically, there has never been better time to end this farce since the Tories could look compassionate while left-wing Labour should be on board. There are 86,337 inmates in England and Wales. Each one costs £35,000 a year – yet many emerge with problems fuelling criminal behaviour worsened. Use of community sentences is falling. Yet it is far tougher to force people to confront personal issues than to leave them lying around stoned all day.

The Netherlands used to match English incarceration rates, then found reducing them had little impact on crime levels while freeing up cash to tackle social issues. Closer to home, the Scottish Government deserves credit after courageously telling courts to avoid sentences under three months. Now the Chief Inspector of Prisons for Scotland, David Strang, demands an end to all terms of less than a year. "If you want to reduce crime then you don't send people to prison for a short time," said Mr Strang.

These issues are easy to ignore. Prisoners are seen as scumbags, shut out of sight from polite society, even banned from voting. And why waste cash on crooks when hospitals struggle? Yet we should care, whether on grounds of humanity or purely selfish reasons. For if serving time leaves minds more messed up, addictions intensified and families broken, these people are more likely to burgle your home, mug your mother or beat your son when back on the streets. We must free ourselves from the myth that prison works.

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Take pride in Peake's space odyssey

My View

Alice Jones

This morning, at 10.15am, Tim Peake will return to Earth. Even if all goes smoothly, it will be a bumpy ride; the Soyuz capsule carrying him and two other crew members must fall 250 vertical miles and decelerate from 17,500mph to a standstill in three and a half hours flat. The astronauts will feel a force five times that of the Earth's gravity and the capsule will be heated to 3,000°F by the atmosphere.

They are coming home in what is essentially a very fast, flying blast furnace. The Canadian astronaut Chris Hadfield has described the experience as akin to "15 explosions, followed by a car crash".

Upon touching soil, somewhere in the steppe of Kazakhstan, Peake may find it difficult to stand up or even speak and his vision is likely to be blurred, possibly permanently. After six months in orbit, his muscles will have wasted and he will have lost up to 10 per cent of his bone mass. It will take a year or so for his skeleton to grow back.

On the up side, he can return to Earth in the knowledge that his mission has been a triumph on many levels. And that should be celebrated – in these dark, troubling times perhaps more than ever.

Not only has Peake's mission been historic – he is the first Briton to do a spacewalk and the first to visit the ISS in its 16-year history – it has also been a scientific boon. Over 186 days in space, Peake has carried out hundreds of experiments – growing plants on board the ISS, lighting a fire, berthing a visiting cargo ship using the station's robotic arm and controlling a robot vehicle in a sandpit in Stevenage from 400km (248 miles) above the Earth.

He has offered up his own body as a testing ground for all manner of medical tests probing his airway, muscles and bones. His circadian rhythms have been monitored to discover what happens if you experience 16 sunrises in one day, his brain assessed for the effects of weightlessness. The results will shed light on earthbound diseases like asthma and osteoporosis as well as exploring the possibilities and human limits of future space missions. He has also fixed a toilet, and played ping-pong with a ball made out of water.

Beyond the day job, Peake has engaged a nation. He has a total of 1.7 million followers across social media and has spent his six months compulsively over-sharing bird's-eye pictures of the Himalayas under a full moon, glacial rivers in Patagonia and London lit up for a Saturday night, which have in turn spawned thousands of retweets and Facebook shares. These pictures offer, very literally, a perspective on Earth, its human divides and divisions rendered invisible.

Thanks to Peake's various high-profile stunts – he has presented Adele with a Brit Award while wearing a tuxedo T-shirt, run a marathon in record time on a treadmill and read a bedtime story on CBeebies – the profile of Britain's space industry, worth £10bn, has never been higher, and nor has the public understanding of it.

His sense of fun and professionalism will surely inspire a generation

His greatest impact is likely to be on the young. One million British schoolchildren have signed up to Principia education projects since Peake blasted off in December 2015. They have had live link-ups with him in space – 300,000 schoolchildren watched him play space ping-pong, for example, not to mention an awful lot of entranced office workers – carried out space-inspired classroom experiments, sent him questions, and after today, will likely to get to meet him too.

How exciting it must be to be at school and to be able to engage with a real-live spaceman, from Chichester. When Helen Sharman was the first British astronaut to go into space, I was nine years old and still remember feeling inspired, how she brought my science textbooks to life.

Peake's level of engagement, though, has been something else, a true phenomenon of technology and the oft-criticised social media. His professionalism, approachability and sense of fun will surely inspire a generation of boys and girls to think they might, one day, do the same.

After the bleakest week in recent memory and amid a growing sense of dread at senseless murder, violence and persecution, with politicians using pictures of the globe's most vulnerable as vote-bait, or threatening to close borders a toxic kind of norm in the discourse, Peake's mission is a glimmer of the good that humanity, openness and international co-operation can achieve. We should celebrate his achievements, if only to show that it is not the hate-filled who have a monopoly on British pride.

Twitter@alicevjones

ANALYSIS: SAMPLE 1

Armstrong Obituary Analysis

An honourary obituary from The Economist for Neil Armstrong shows not only the writer's respect and admiration for him through his positive and gracious tone, but also Armstrong's esteemed position in society. His humble character is shown through the use of direct quotes from Armstrong, contrasted with the sense of his celebrity created. The audience of this particular newspaper, typically educated and mature, is apparent through the use of low frequency lexis and frequent contextual reference to significant historical events, such as the space race.

In the extract, the retrospective viewpoint of the writer on Armstrong's life focuses also on the way society builds up a hyperbolised image of him due to the dramatic event of his death. Counter to the writer's complimentary voice, he presents the immediate influence of society on Armstrong and the crew such as portrayed in the "whirl-wind post-flight tour". The adjective presents a heightened, fast almost rock-star lifestyle due to the new celebrity status and demand on them, showing how instantly they were displayed as heroes. Additionally, the epithet of "lion's share" emphasises the public-given kingly status as well as the symbolism in "lion" presenting his image coming from a powerful and courageous act in the public's viewpoint. This is also shown in the lexical choice of "status of oracles". Here the society's exultation of their position puts them beyond presidential and leader level heroes and minds, "kings jostled to be seen with them". Furthermore, the low frequency lexis of "oracles" also gives the writers separation to society's image of Armstrong by creating an astute, sensitive voice. This also appeals to the educated audience of the Economist on this major obituary.

Despite how Neil Armstrong is perceived by society to be an admired celebrity; his persona doesn't emulate this. The voice throughout the extract reflects that of the rest of the world and how they were almost entranced by his character. This is evident in the way that the writer uses elevated phrases, such as 'the entire planet spellbound', and 'medals were showered upon them' when describing the public's reaction to him. The reference to Apollo 13 is recognisable to the audience, as it was a widely covered event in history that many watched, showing the extent of his fame. Although Armstrong received this celebrity status, the writer shows that he did not have the 'celebrity personality' to match. Armstrong could be seen as the direct opposite. He is extremely humble, choosing a "quiet retirement, teaching engineering" and the fact that he does not like being known as a "hero", almost arguing against it, emphasises this. This modest manner and utter contrast to the rest of the celebrity world could be the reason for the world liking him to such an extent, watching in complete awe with everything he does.

The achievements of Armstrong armstrong are portrayed through a voice of respect, offering a refute to his humbling self image. Armstrong is personified as a figure of serious influence, who in spite of a 'natural shyness', drove 'presidents, Prime

Ministers and Kings' to attempt to 'be seen with him'. The alliterative use of tricolon here highlights the frenzy his achievements were able to send society into. The writer here has elevated him above celebrity status, outlining the 'adulation' he received as the result of him being the 'first man on the moon'. This choice of lexis not only emphasises the extent of Armstrong's achievements, but is reflective of the attitudes of the era, Armstrong becoming a positive, non-militarised symbol of an American victory in a cold war otherwise dominated by fear. However, the writer makes clear that this is an unjust reflection of Armstrong as an individual, his acheivements running far deeper than the champion of the space race or pop culture icon he became. The writer notes clearly of Armstrong's unrelenting contribution to his field, shown through describing Armstrong's career in teaching as a 'quiet retirement', suggesting that Armstrong's influence on society was inherent, not just because of the iconic moment of him landing on the moon, but because of his way of life and personality. The overwhelmingly positive semantic field that runs through this piece does not just reflect the image of Armstrong created by society, but also acts as a vehicle to express the writer's belief in how Armstrong effected society himself.

ANALYSIS: SAMPLE 2

Armstrong

The writer of the obituary for Neil Armstrong portrays an air of admiration for his achievements as a 'down-to-earth' space engineer. The voice of the obituary is dignified and respectful, without gushing his praises. In terms of society and the individual, the writer creates a strong sense of nostalgia throughout via its reflective and appreciative stance. Moreover, a stark contrast is created between the public's attitude towards Neil Armstrong and Armstrong's attitude towards himself. The public wish to represent Armstrong as a celebrity figure who achieved the unimaginable.

In the obituary, published in The Economist magazine, Armstrong is conveyed as a celebrity, although his direct speech portrays him as humble. "On their return to Earth, the astronauts were mobbed," comparing them and their "live...television" success famous to the "entire planet". The tricolon, "presidents, prime ministers and kings" who "jostled to be seen with them" conveys a frantic rush to be displayed with the celebrity astronauts, demonstrating how important their mission was to the society and individually to the audience as The Economist magazine admires Armstrong's life. The metaphor "medals were showered upon them" hyperbolises their achievement, truly cementing their hero status and emphasising the importance of their mission. Armstrong is compared to a "lion" in this epithet, portraying him to be powerful, brave and strong as he completed his mission "coolly". The astronauts are said to have "the status of oracles", conveying their importance and respect from everyone to the audience as the writer uses a tone of awe throughout the obituary, remembering Armstrong with much respect for him and his profession.

As an obituary, there is of course a respectful voice throughout this piece, but the writer also communicates a sense of nostalgia. This is apparent through the past tense description of Armstrong's life and relates to the older professional reader of The Economist who may recall the famous "lunar landing". This older educated readership may also take a particular interest in space science and how it may affect the economy as readers clearly interested in economics. Appealing to this readership, the writer notes how "NASA was spending about 4.4% of the American governments entire budget". The continuous use of numerical lexis, such as "400,000 workers" and "25 seconds of fuel left", again relates to the perhaps mathematical readers of The Economist.

The sense of nostalgia is made evident through the prominent use of the date saying "the mission that landed on the moon on July 20th 1969." The noting of the date heightens the historical image of this event in society through this one individual. Frequent use of alliteration creates a memorable image of the text for the reader mirroring the memorable image that Armstrong as an individual has left on society. Alliteration can be seen in phrases such as "mixing a milkshake", "moon mission" and the twice mentioned "lunar landing". The repetition of this phrase heightens its effect in summarising, with two concise words Armstrong's achievement. By using such a concise word, the alliterated phrase is memorable for the readers resonating a sense of nostalgia.

Throughout the obituary, the writer looks back on Armstrong's life, depicting a voice of admiration of his achievements. This tone is demonstrated through the use of hyperbole and superlative where he 'held the entire planet spellbound' with his 'biggest achievement yet' upon his return to earth. The use of the conjunction implies a further optimism towards future achievements of him.

Alternatively, this tone is continuously downtrodden through Armstrong's opinions of himself showing through. He is described as the 'pragmatic spaceman' choosing a 'quiet retirement', unlike

many other who have come before him. This creates a further tone of respect towards Armstrong's humble view of himself

To conclude, the writer presents a humble, 'down to Earth' view of Neil Armstrong, conveying this through a respectfully admiring voice. They target the older, professional reader of The Economist, using low frequency lexis and effectively juxtaposes society's view of Armstrong, as a heroic, almost legendary celebrity, with his own self-deprecating view of himself.

Only gun control, not prayer, can prevent further tragedy

ARTICLE:

JANET STREET-PORTER

Shortly before the end of a school day in south Florida, a young man entered the premises with a shotgun and mowed down his former classmates. Following the carnage, 17 were dead and an all-too familiar pattern of events unfolded. Another mass shooting by a loner had slipped under the radar.

The FBI was accused of "missing" a comment that 19-year-old Nikolas Cruz had posted on social media, claiming: "I'm going to be a professional school shooter." It emerged that he had participated in paramilitary training with a white supremacist group, had been banned from school for bringing in ammunition in his rucksack, and was described as an "oddball" who loved guns. Other kids said they were scared of him".

How many times have we heard this story? Inevitably, President Donald Trump felt compelled to respond, speaking for about six minutes from the White House, but not once did he mention gun control – because he knows that, even if he had not accepted funding from the gun lobby during his campaign, it is a law that he would never get into the statute book. And Trump doesn't do future, no matter how strong the moral imperative.

According to the Gun Violence Archive, a non-profit monitoring group in the US, there have been 11,618 incidents involving guns in 2018, and 1,859 deaths. As of February, there had been 18 mass shootings, defined as incidents involving four or more victims – 358 were teenagers and 50 were aged under 11.

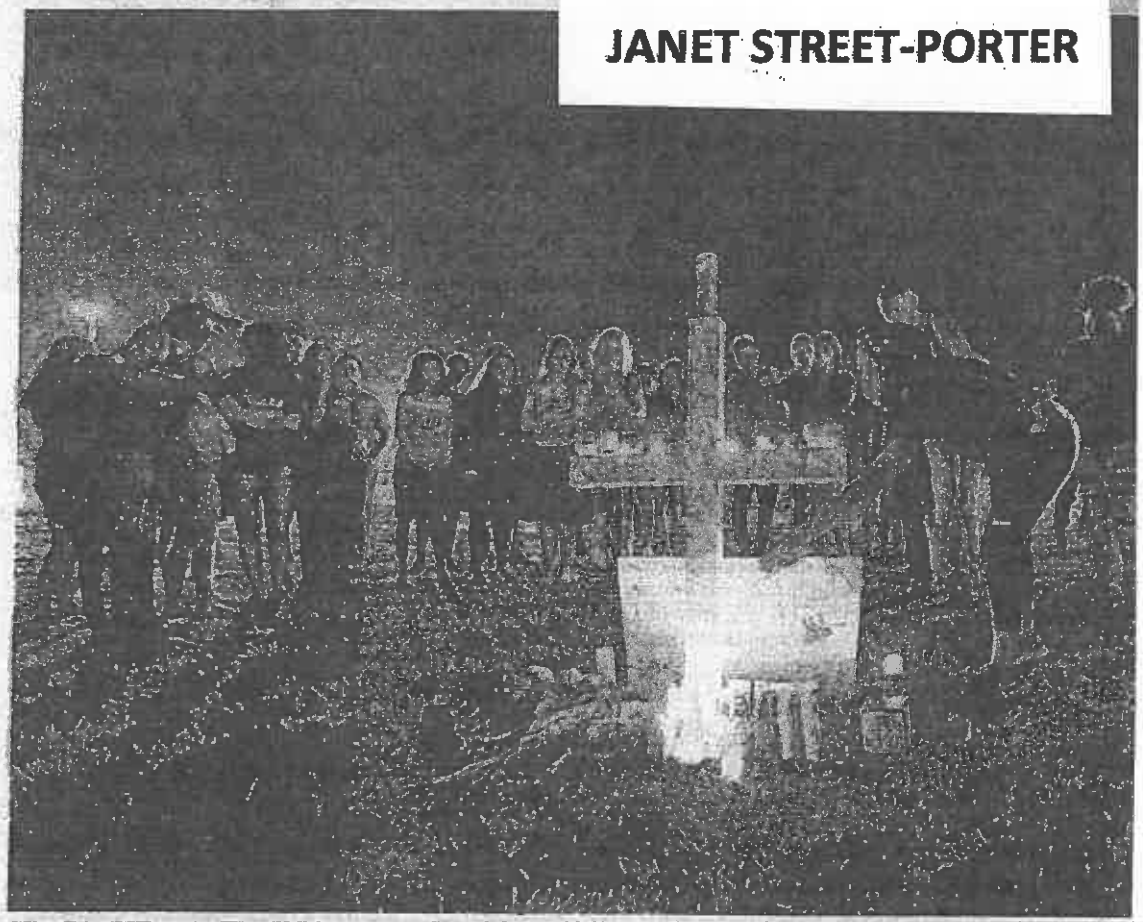
Last year, there were more than 61,000 incidents in the US, with 15,500 deaths from gun violence.

Following the shootings in Parkland, Florida, on Wednesday, Trump offered "prayers and condolences", adding: "No child, teacher or anyone else should ever feel unsafe in an American school." To which one Parkland student responded: "I don't want your condolences you f***ing piece of s***. My friends and teachers were shot... do something instead of sending prayers. Prayers won't fix this, but gun control will prevent it from happening again."

That message has been shared thousands of times, but it will be totally ineffective.

Trump's other anodyne reaction was to declare that the alleged killer was "mentally disturbed", which is to demean anyone suffering from real mental health issues. Could he perhaps not contemplate the awful truth: that, to Cruz, his actions probably seemed perfectly logical, given the relentless diet of violence on television and online? Guns are so firmly cemented into what is considered "normal" in America that using them might be seen as a perfectly understandable action.

Barack Obama made 15 speeches from the White House after mass shootings. He visited the scenes of the crimes, he said prayers and sang hymns with the families of the victims, and he shed tears in public.



After Donald Trump offered his "prayers and condolences" following the shooting at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School, one student told him: "Prayers won't fix this, but gun control will prevent it from happening again." GETTY

> **Trump doesn't do suffering. He doesn't cry, doesn't do public displays of emotion**

He tried and failed to get gun laws reformed, and admitted: "I have seen how inadequate my own words have been."

Trump lacks the emotional intelligence of Obama. He is a mega-bully, who operates by firing off angry tweets late at night. He cut funding for mental health care, which makes his rhetoric even more pointless. As for prayers – pitching your reaction to those who sincerely hold religious beliefs is obscene. Prayer is a handy tool for hard-nosed politicians to grab on to when they are lost for words.

Obama was man enough to be able to admit that he was frustrated and powerless. Trump doesn't cry, doesn't do public displays of emotion or touchy-feely (unless it involves putting his hand on a convenient piece of female flesh). He doesn't do suffering. He believes in shooting from the hip, attacking before he is attacked and, in that, Trump embodies the mindset that owning a gun to "defend" yourself is a fundamental right. It assumes that we are all in mortal danger from someone, from exterior forces, all the time – and it's that fear which got him elected.

Many of his supporters believe that carrying a gun in your car is acceptable – even for a teenager like Cruz, who was too young to drink legally. Contrast that minds with that of religious leaders. Believers of all faiths, Christian, Hindu, Muslim or whatever, share one common ethos – that fellow men are to be trusted and are intrinsically good.

If you believe that owning a gun is your right, then you believe the opposite, and should not use the power of prayer or the cloak of religious belief to hide under. I despise the way that politicians regularly claim they ar "praying" for those affected by all kinds of tragedies. If they had any empathy, they would realise how offensive these words are.

THE INDEPENDENT

MAGAZINE EXTRACT: THE EDGE (U2)

Text D (June 2012)

This is an edited extract from the November 2005 edition of the magazine, The Word.

My Crazy Life in U2

With the roar of applause still filling the night air, the motorcade moves out. There's a howl of sirens, a metal gate springs open and eight black vehicles leap down a concrete ramp and onto the expressway. We barge through stop signs with our motorcycle escort, waved on by police with scarlet light-sabres. We speed over bridges and plunge through tunnels, the neon glow a smear on the windscreen, the sound amplified by the rain. It's completely absurd and really rather thrilling. U2 are "doing a runner" – Boston's basketball arena to the airport in just over six minutes. Is that a good runner as runners go?

"That's a fantastic runner," The Edge confirms. "I'd give it... ooh, nine point two. Better than Barcelona where they drive at a speed that's actually life-threatening. And better than Italy where the cops bang on your roof with batons."

The Edge wipes the condensation from the window and peers into the blur of blinking lights. He shrugs self-consciously in a manner that suggests the whole thing's preposterous but, at their level, it's the only practical way they can operate. "To some extent, you gauge the degree of affection within a city by the quality of the back-up you get," he adds, professionally. "And we've had an amazing connection with Boston over the years. They've always looked after us."

Dave Evans has lived like this for nearly 30 years, a cycle of songwriting, recording and performances that started when he was 17. He's known no other life. And for the past 20 years he's operated at this kind of level, travelling with a team of three technicians and 60 crew in order to replicate as faithfully as possible the music he creates in the studio.

He was born in Essex to Welsh parents, moved to north Dublin at the age of one – "massive identity crisis!" – and is now 44 with three daughters by his childhood sweetheart, and another daughter and son by his second wife, the band's former choreographer. He's helped sustain a formula that sells both records and tickets in every last reach of the world market. He's the unsung hero who orchestrates the sound of the greatest rock 'n' roll success story of our time, a band for which his old schoolfriend is largely the public face.

The convoy grinds to a halt in that remote outpost of Logan airport reserved only for the owners of private aircraft. Small and shiny Lear Jets are parked on the tarmac. New and sparkling Gulf-streams stand beside them. And there at the back, dwarfing them all, is a 60-seater Airbus 320 emblazoned with the violet and orange insignia of the Vertigo tour and the logo of the city's four adopted sons.

It was from Boston, famously, that the 9/11 terrorists departed – on flights originally heading for Los Angeles – so security is now unimaginably tight. But there is a special dispensation for the quartet who have just entranced the 20,000-seater Fleet centre. "Sir," the customs are reminded, "this gentleman walks right through."

America has adopted U2 and nowhere more so than in the city we're leaving. Boston has the highest concentration of Irish immigrants in the States, and a student population of nearly 400,000, and it was East Coast college radio, back in 1981, that first picked up on the music of U2. The Edge remembers playing a bar in Boston to just 300 souls, opening for a band called Malooga. When their support set finished, the entire audience left the venue. They were breaking America below the radar.

Twenty-five years later, those 300 were doubtless back to renew the acquaintance, but this time they'd brought 19,700 friends. The roar greeting U2 was deafening, especially from the Irish quarter. One person waved a banner announcing GOD'S COUNTRY. Another hurled his striped green football top over the barrier and The Edge put it on, while the singer stalked the outer limits of the catwalk. Bono looked back, astonished. "Nice shirt, The Edge." He turned to the crowd. "Great to be home with our tribe!"

Every night an entertaining drama is built around the band's inscrutable architect. As The Edge plays a note cycle like the call sign in *Close Encounters*, Bono leans into the microphone, "This," he points stage left, "is the same sound as The Edge's spaceship made when it arrived in the north of Dublin. Larry and myself and Adam just stood there and stared. A door opened and out came this astounding-looking man. Larry said: 'Who are you?' and he said: 'I am The Edge.' And Adam said: 'Where are you from?' and he said: 'The future.' And I said: 'What's it like?' and he said: 'It's better!'"

Half an hour later comes the supreme piece of theatre. Bono asks the crowd to hold up their mobile phones in a digital reconstruction of the Great Cigarette Lighter Scare of the 1970's – in fact, a cunning ruse to then flash them the number of the One campaign for the eradication of Third World debt so they can text their support. Around the amphitheatre, on all six levels, thousands of pale blue lamps twinkle in the heavens. Everyone, even the band, appears stunned by the spectacle. "The Edge," Bono wonders, "is this your Galaxy?"

Why children not watching TV is cause for concern

KELNER'S VIEW

Simon Kelner

When I arrived at my office on Monday morning, I asked the assembled young people what they thought of Piers Morgan's television interview with President Trump the previous night. Not one of them had watched it. Some were going to catch up with it later on their laptops, others had seen clips on their smartphones – but none thought of it as a television occasion, something that everyone would watch at the same time and be able to discuss with friends and colleagues the following day.

I come from a different age, when, for instance, the entire world tuned in to watch The Beatles sing "All You Need is Love" for the first time. That was back in 1967, when philosopher Marshall McLuhan's vision of a "global village" created by the electronic spread of information and entertainment was made flesh by this television event, which 350 million people, from Alaska to Australia, watched at precisely the same moment.

I am not claiming that Morgan's overly familiar, strangely anodyne encounter with the leader of the free world was on the same scale – but, nevertheless, it was something of a landmark happening, the first sit-down interview Donald Trump has given to British TV. It was a proper journalistic coup for Morgan, and, boy, did he tell us about it in advance.

So why did it not strike a chord with my young colleagues? It's not that they don't engage with the real world, or aren't interested in what Trump may say. It's just that they don't watch television – or, at least, it's not central to their lives, as it was to people of my generation.

And yesterday there was conclusive evidence that the tread away from what Leonard Cohen called "that hopeless little screen" is more than a passing phase. For the first time, according to an exhaustive survey of the media habits of five- to 15-year-olds, young people are spending more time online than they are in front of the television. TV-watching among children has been in steady decline. Around the millennium, the average for this age group was three hours a day. This has now fallen to 2.1 hours daily, compared with an average of three hours spent on the internet.

I am not making a judgement about whether this is a good thing or bad, and clearly many are simply choosing to watch their favourite television programme on a device other than an television. Childwise, the research agency that commissioned this work, said this was "a landmark change in behaviour".

Television-watching – certainly in a home environment – is a communal exercise. Being plugged into a tablet or laptop isn't. This has contributed to the atomisation of society, where choice is all, and the individual holds sway over the collective. The idea that a modern family would gather together in front of the television is as old-fashioned as food rationing or flower power.

At a time when loneliness and isolation are real problems in society, this cannot be a healthy development. As humans, we long to form bonds, to be part of something bigger than ourselves. And, whether we like it or not, television still affords us the opportunity to do that.

ARTICLE:
SIMON KELNER

A LEVEL PAPER 2017

SECTION A: Unseen Prose Non-fiction Texts

Society and the Individual

Text A

In this article first published in the *Daily Telegraph*, Nick Page writes about men's experience of being middle-aged.

Something strange happens to men in middle age. Not all men. Many sail serenely through it with no issues at all. That's fine. I'm very pleased for them. For the rest of us, middle age is a more turbulent sea. The German term for mid-life crisis is Torschlusspanik – "shut-door panic". And lots of men in their 40s and 50s feel that the door has closed.

The ageing process doesn't help. Aches and pains used to disappear quickly, now they hang around for months. Hair no longer grows on the head, and you can't stop it growing out of your ears. You can't sit down, stand up or pick up any object without emitting a grunt. But it's not the age, it's the anxiety – those dark nights of the soul, staring at the ceiling, pondering the ultimate question of middle age: "Is that it?"

The ubiquity of these feelings is why David Nobbs, who died last week, was able to create such an enduring character in Reggie Perrin, the corporate man trapped in a meaningless life. "One day I'll die," says Reggie, during a seminar on instant puddings, "and on my grave it will say: 'Here lies Reginald Iolanthe Perrin. He didn't know the names of the trees and the flowers, but he knew the rhubarb crumble sales figures for Schleswig-Holstein."

Reggie, of course, faked his own death to break free, only to find his new life wasn't any better. Other men make less drastic attempts to escape. Some take up the triathlon and wear unfeasibly tight Lycra. "I want to prove that I can still do it," said a marathon-running friend. "I'm fitter than guys half my age."

Some change their appearance. The jeans grow tighter than their Lycra. A tattoo appears. Then there's the sports car because they think buying something will cure their sadness. But they end up just as unhappy, only at a higher speed.

When the shut-door panic hits, we all look for ways out. Me? At the age of 54, I built a shed. Well, I say "built". I turned the rickety structure in the garden of the house I share with my wife and three daughters into a place where I could work. As a writer, this was my Porsche. All the great writers had sheds: Dylan Thomas, Roald Dahl, George Bernard Shaw. But more than that, I wanted a place where I could process all the stuff I was going through.

The book that emerged I called *The Dark Night of the Shed* – a book that turned out to be an exploration of men, mid-life, spirituality and sheds.

The first recorded use of the phrase "middle age" is in William Langland's poem, *Piers Plowman*. Written in 1400, it tells of a man who falls asleep and dreams of a quest to find the purpose of life. At one point he meets Imagination, who advises him to "make amends in middle age before your strength fails". What could be more mid-life than this? It's about changing and finding a purpose. And it begins with a long nap.

In Arthur Miller's *Death Of A Salesman*, Willy Loman's son, Biff, cries out at his funeral: "He had the wrong dreams… He never knew who he was." (Miller wrote that play in a shed, which he had built.) Many of us have the wrong dreams. We don't need a new Porsche, we need a new purpose.

As I rebuilt my shed, I came to the conclusion that the problems of middle age are spiritual. I realise we live in a time when spirituality is as unfashionable as flared jeans. But sod that. I'm middle-aged. I'm allowed to be unfashionable.

Glossary

Reggie Perrin – the hero of a popular comic novel, later adapted for BBC television.

Paper 2 Mark scheme

Question Number	Indicative content
1	**Society and the Individual – Middle age** Candidates will apply an integrated literary and linguistic method to their analysis. **Contextual factors** Any referencethe candidate makes to context must be relevant and appropriate to the question. These may include: • the purpose is principally to inform and entertain; a promotional function emerges when the author refers to his book on the same topic • there is a high level of assumed knowledge, with several literary references. **Linguistic and literary features** • use of metaphor and simile to convey extent of struggle faced by middle-aged men • the metaphor of entrapment extends throughout the passage: 'shut door', 'escape', 'trapped', 'break free' • extensive use of plural inclusive pronoun establishes the author as an authoritative spokesman • use of low frequency lexis indicates need to appeal to literate audience • mixed register generated by alternating between complex philosophical discourse and more idiomatic constructions • the tone is mostly light, with extensive use of contraction and fronted conjunction • conversational register and rhetorical question to build rapport: 'Well, I say "built"', 'sod that', 'What could be more middle-aged than that?' • rhetorical and phonetic patterning abounds • extensive use of listing, both syndetic and asyndetic • wide range of literary references, from medieval period through to recent novels, to bolster authority as an expert in the field • anecdotal evidence is also supplied to build the argument • use of comedy, mostly self-deprecating, to add entertainment to the largely informational purpose • use of wordplay to enhance humorous mood: *'Dark Night of the Shed'*. These are suggestions only. Accept any valid interpretation of the writer's/speaker's purposes and techniques based on different literary or linguistic approaches.

ARTICLE: SUZANNE MOORE

Text B (June 2013)

An extract from a column written by the journalist Suzanne Moore, which appeared in The Guardian newspaper in 2011.

This coalition hasn't forgotten women. It's targeted them.

It's easy enough to do, I guess. You're rushing round trying to keep on top of everything, but you know you might have forgotten something. It'll come back to you later. Oh yes – women. Where did you put them? When did you last see them? Retrace your steps. From the superb leaked memo this week, we see this government has been so busy "messaging about deficit reduction" it has simply forgotten how to get its message through to women. Perhaps more specifically, to women who may vote for them. Please don't confuse these guys and tell them all women are not exactly the same. We don't want to blow their freaky-deaky minds.

If I was feeling forgiving I could think, well, it happens in every field – this "whoops, what woman?" deal – why should the government be any different?

You think to yourself, let's make a funny, topical show about the news. It will be such a laugh, and so you get something like Mock the Week, where two teams of three men compete, chaired by a man. This is not some deliberate gender apartheid. Relax, people. It's comedy! Or you could edit something like a satirical magazine, and occupy the higher moral ground of Ian Hislop, a place I can barely imagine, and just happen to think that describing all female journalists, whoever they are (Deborah Orr?), as Polly Filler or Glenda Slagg is hilarious. It's a scientific fact that men never write badly or fill up the back half of newspapers with drivel. Ever!

If you are really anti-establishment, you can have a blog named after Guy Fawkes with its regular Totty Watch and encourage your clientele to take part in a really creepy smutfest. That's really one in the face to the system, boys! Or how about selling crappy T-shirts with slogans such as "Nice new girlfriend, what breed is she?", or ones that provide a list of excuses for domestic violence. Weirdly, just as a new campaign aimed at teenagers starts because, repulsively, many teenage girls are used to being kicked or punched within relationships. Anyone who complains about these things is probably some hairy, humourless ho. That's right, and here I am.

Because I am too long in the tooth to listen to the excuses any more. I have been in too many situations where someone at the last minute remembers the missing vital ingredient to their plan. And I get the token-woman phone call. TV people, radio people, people giving prizes, people discussing or campaigning often have a great lineup. It's just that they have forgotten the woman thing. By the time they phone someone like me, they are deranged by their newfound passion for the appearance of equality. "We think you'd be really good at it because ... " They cannot say, "Because you are a woman", so twisted are they by now in their sudden antisexism they can't risk sounding ... sexist. So they just start begging. Perhaps any of us "token women" should be flattered by our exalted status. To be one of the boys. It's what we always wanted!

It isn't, actually. What we wanted a lot of the time was for it not to matter. For it not always to be an issue. That's the hopeless ideal. In grownup company and in grownup companies, in positions of power and positions of pleasure, some of us are men and some of us are women. Equality would mean the presence of women as simply normal – not abnormal, not tokenistic, not even snigger-worthy.

The vaguest notion of any kind of equality would mean you could not govern for a year with a load of policies that create higher unemployment for women, while further impoverishing women on benefits. You could not suggest the so-called work-life balance is simply a female issue, or assume we are all wives and mothers. This leaked, panicky memo shows these guys waking up to the fact that many women are not simply disappointed but bloody livid, that women are not an afterthought; nor are we an interchangeable, homogenous mass to be spun over with some "family-friendly policies".

SPEECH: MARY McLEOD BETHUNE

Text E (January 2012)

This is a speech by the American educator and civil rights leader, Mary McLeod Bethune, broadcasting on US radio in November 1939.

WHAT DOES AMERICAN DEMOCRACY MEAN TO ME?

DEMOCRACY IS for me, and for 12 million black Americans, a goal towards which our nation is marching. It is a dream and an ideal in whose ultimate realization we have a deep and abiding faith. For me, it is based on Christianity, in which we confidently entrust our destiny as a people. Under God's guidance in this great democracy, we are rising out of the darkness of slavery into the light of freedom. Here my race has been afforded (the) opportunity to advance from a people 80 percent illiterate to a people 80 percent literate; from abject poverty to the ownership and operation of a million farms and 750,000 homes; from total disfranchisement to participation in government; from the status of [1]chattels to recognized contributors to the American culture.

As we have been extended a *measure* of democracy, we have brought to the nation rich gifts. We have helped to build America with our labour, strengthened it with our faith and enriched it with our song. We have given you Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Booker T. Washington, Marian Anderson and George Washington Carver. But even these are only the first fruits of a rich harvest, which will be reaped when new and wider fields are opened to us.

The democratic doors of equal opportunity have not been opened wide to Negroes. In the Deep South, Negro youth is offered only one-fifteenth of the educational opportunity of the average American child. The great masses of Negro workers are depressed and unprotected in the lowest levels of agriculture and domestic service, while the black workers in industry are barred from certain unions and generally assigned to the more laborious and poorly paid work. Their housing and living conditions are sordid and unhealthy. They live too often in terror of the lynch mob; are deprived too often of the Constitutional right of [2]suffrage; and are humiliated too often by the denial of civil liberties. We do not believe that justice and common decency will allow these conditions to continue.

Our faith in visions of fundamental change as mutual respect and understanding between our races come in the path of spiritual awakening. Certainly there have been times when we may have delayed this mutual understanding by being slow to assume a fuller share of our national responsibility because of the denial of full equality. And yet, we have always been loyal when the ideals of American democracy have been attacked. We have given our *blood* in its defense ... We have fought for the democratic principles of equality under the law, equality of opportunity, equality at the ballot box, for the guarantees of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We have fought to preserve one nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that *all* men are created equal. Yes, we have fought for America with all her imperfections, not so much for what she is, but for what we *know* she can be.

Perhaps the greatest battle is before us, the fight for a new America: fearless, free, united, morally re-armed, in which 12 million Negroes, shoulder to shoulder with their fellow Americans, will strive that this nation under God will have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, for the people and by the people shall not perish from the earth. This dream, this idea, this aspiration, *this* is what American democracy means to me. (Applause.)

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[1]Chattels – Possessions
[2]Suffrage – Right to Vote

HIROSHIMA

Exemplar 1

Society and the Individual

Text A uses many linguistic features typical of a factual historic account yet it also relies on certain features of journalistic writing given the author of the text. Also we can highlight the personal connection the author has with the incident through his emotive lexical choices, which probably results from the eyewitness nature of the account. A combination of all these contextual and linguistic features enables the writer to convey his response to the atomic bomb

Firstly given the account form of Text A the author uses factual information to set the scene for the reader and inform of the damning effects of the atomic bomb. The numerical lexis, "70,000 and 80,000" achieves the informative purpose of the text yet also conveys the horrific consequences of this act of warfare which in turn conveys the event in a shocking way. The writer continues to use facts to inform the reader of the event in question, "on August 6th," and "At 7:31." These prepositional phrases not only convey information but they also emphasise the magnitude of the event given that the author remembers minute details of the day. These details and facts echo the journalistic format of an account, linking directly to the author's profession.
However as the article progresses the facts disperse and adverbial phrases are used instead, "about half an hour," "some of." These estimations represented by the adverbs reflect the degree of chaos that ensued in Hiroshima after the dropping of the atomic bomb. The lack of accuracy and certainty is representative of the atmosphere and situation in this town; this also represents the author's distress and his inability to focus on minute details when faced with such destruction.

The writer also conveys his response to this event through an asyndetic list of nouns, "walls, houses, factories and other buildings." Through this linguistic device we get an impression of the magnitude of destruction due to the list suggesting an on-going list of concrete nouns that were "spun around." Also as all of these objects are typically strong and robust concrete nouns the writer highlights that nothing could withstand the power of the atomic bomb. Once again this device conveys the chaos and trauma of the event whilst simultaneously conveying the writer's disbelief at all these objects being "annihilated." As all this destruction is detailed here the writer whether consciously or not creates sympathy for the town of Hiroshima and subsequently presents them as the victims and America as the persecutors for causing such atrocity. With regard to this it is clear why Japan surrendered in WW2 shortly after this event, due to the absolute devastation that swept their nation as symbolised by the asyndetic list quoted above.

The writer conveys the event in question as one filled with fast paced action through his use of dynamic verbs, "killed," "annihilated," "disappeared," "burned." These construct the action of the text which given the form of event and text we would expect. Also the fact that these verbs are presented in the past tense highlights the respective outlook on the event and is a common linguistic feature of journalistic accounts reflected in the writer's profession. These verb choices not only contribute to the action of the event but they also increase the pace of the text by detailing the events; this is also common of a retelling and is especially common of a formal account. The verbs quoted above also construct a semantic field of warfare and death, a key journalistic device that reflects the subject matter presented. This feature also aids in presenting the horrific nature of the event and the writer really conveys the extent of death and horror brought about by the bomb through these linguistic choices. As the semantic field infiltrates the article with death and war it reflects how death and war infiltrated Hiroshima not just at the time of the attack but also for a considerable time afterwards. It may also reflect the mindset of the writer; his verb choices reflect how his society and himself have been plagued by

warfare and death because of this attack. Once again this presents Hiroshima as a victim and illustrates the consequences of WW2.

The writer also uses many adjectives in his account in order to intensify the description and portray the event as realistically as possible, "searing," "intolerable," "glaring whitish pinkish." These pre-modifying adjectives are used by the writer for dramatic effect - something key to newspaper articles- hence reflecting his journalist profession once more. The two adjectives "whitish pinkish" which premodify the noun phrase "light" explore the indescribable nature of the atomic bomb. Unlike the polished description we may normally expect from a journalist this description is uncertain and inaccurate; this represents the horror of the event as it shows the writer unable to comprehend and describe the events unfolding in front of him. In conjunction this reflects the inconceivability of the attack and transmits the disbelief and uncertainty present at the time.

To conclude, through the writer's linguistic choices we are informed of the event in question yet also gain a sense of the context at the time. It is evident that Japan is defeated in the war by this attack and as a result we may sympathise with them due to the writer's portrayal of the atrocity. Overall the writer conveys his response to the event clearly in order to inform his reader yet he simultaneously portrays the high levels of emotion about the attack; both of these in turn allow us as readers to explore and relate this to the context of the event.

Marker's comments

Clear, organised and fluent with effective transitions. Supporting examples are linked to their effects. Understands genre and context. Not a deep, probing analysis.

Level 4 – 13 marks

Level 4	13–16	**Discriminating controlled application** • Applies controlled discussion of concepts and methods supported with use of discriminating examples. Controls the structure of response with effective transitions, carefully-chosen language and use of terminology. • Analyses the effects of linguistic and literary features and of the writer's craft. Shows awareness of nuances and subtleties. • Provides discriminating awareness of links between the text and

HIROSHIMA – student response 2

In the extract the account of the city of Hiroshima after the drop of the atomic bomb is presented in a serious, realistic voice, recounting the events that followed and the people's lives affected with conservative but descriptive purpose. Being printed and edited still in the run up to the end of WW2 a refrain from a complete tone of defeat is kept on the surface, however a sense of brutality and suffering is evident behind the eye-witness view of the event. Within this how a individual presents the bomb's effect on Hiroshima is seen, along with the brutality of the clashing of two larger countries. Additionally how an entire society can be so deeply affected by this most powerful single event in history is evident.

In the account the way the eye-witness portrays the events is seen through the use of referential accounts ' 70000 and 80000 people.....more than 70000 others'. This immediate reference to number begins the extract in a down to earth set up showing the national and possibly international audience the end result of the event. The realism issues the voice for the rest of the extract. Continually the account uses adjectives such as 'unnatural tremor' and 'indescribable suffering'. This evokes a semantic field of an other worldly image and the lives of which had never been witnessed before. Similarly the double entendre of 'petrified' expressing both a physical change and an emotional view of the scene presents the immediate suffering and devastation to the city. In addition a constant reference to time 'within a few seconds' and 'killed instantly' induces the imagery and picturing for the wider audience, of the utter futility to escape the impact of the bombs ' suffocating heat', which led to thousands dying. Within the description of human deaths the account also embellishes on more personal views such as the 'gardens...scorched' and the listing of the 'trees...rice plants...burned to the ground' presenting a sombre attitude to an immediate loss of culture and city life.

Also in the extract the way in which the event presents the brutality of colliding societies; the USA and Japan is seen also in the account. The writer uses a chronological structure to build up to the strike first presenting the way the event began with a small beginning there they write 'there wasn't a cloud in the sky' and 'a mild, hardly perceptive wind blew.' The adjectives and caesura here present a slow, calmness to the scene of Hiroshima. The image showing the normality and peace against the wake of hell to come, but also a continuing of events to come. Furthermore it then says 'the all-clear was given. Feeling themselves in safety...' which holds a dramatic irony and innocents towards the Japanese people for what was to come. For an international audience this also presents the effect of the attack on Hiroshima in the people's favour, portraying the USA in a sinister light. In presenting a realistic voice this also presents the attitudes of the Japanese people. In addition from this they also go on to use this sense of stillness at the end in a short, impactful structure 'Hiroshima had ceased to exist', the pithy here ending the constant description of the bomb's effect in a final closing.

In addition to how a society can be completely changed by the effect of a single individual. This is shown through the piece particularly in the phonology 'Completely gutted by the blast' and 'beams...girders' presenting a guttural sound as well as the impactful tri-colon with its alliteration of 'b' also dramatizing it. By doing this an anguish and voice of depression is evoked, portraying the single event in a hyperbolic way, expressing to the wide audience just how dramatic the event was. In addition the pathetic fallacy of 'rain' falling on the town continues this imagery of doom and darkness on Hiroshima, being factual and figurative to both incite a response and relay an honest account. Furthermore the metonym in 'zone of after death' brings home the vast destruction on that society even 'beyond' it presenting the bomb's effect as a country wide impact, not just an isolated area but upon the country's peaceful neighbourhoods. Ending on more pathetic fallacy the adjective 'violent wind' has been chosen specifically. The lexical choice here continuing to expose the subsequent conflict and pain the USA inflicted on Japan and its people, not just from the blast but after events metaphorically placing the two, at the time, in a hateful relationship provoked by World War Two.

To conclude, the extract being a piece of journalism is primarily to describe factually the scene of what happened in Hiroshima on the bomb's strike. However, within this, society and the individual is also portrays the event in greater detail enticing a voice of anguish against the attack on civilians and the city. Moreover, the extract holds referential and more figurative language to display a more dramatic and impactful account exposing the more superlative grim voice to what he saw allowing the wide audience to which this would be published to picture the scene in greater detail. And of the time, incite opinion and thought-provoking on the events surrounding Hiroshima's destruction.

HIROSHIMA Exemplar 3

Unseen Exam

~~Contextually, the extract comes from a Japanese journalist~~

The purpose of the journalist is to convey the complete destruction of ~~Japanese~~ a society. The author himself is Japanese, meaning we know the event has an intimate, personal connection with the journalist, drawing an emotive response for the audience. His purpose is also to convey the scale of the disaster, and how individuals ~~was destroyed~~ ceased to exist as a result of the mutual destruction of the citizens of Hiroshima. Finally, the author intends to present the Americans in an impersonal capacity leading up to and following their annihilation of Japanese society.

The piece begins with a relatively short and poignant statement, in which the author utilises ~~statistics~~ to demonstrate the scale of disaster ~~setting the~~ tone of the piece as somber and reflective. Structurally, the paragraphs are short, holding short sentences within them. The lack of emotive adjectives is revealing: voice is considerably matter-of-fact, along with the clear use of time in 'at nine minutes past seven' and 'at 7.31', which convey an impartiality and ~~to~~ future effect the audience may not expect. As the author is Japanese, we may expect a more personal and emotive account, particularly as the testimony also comes from an eye-witness. Yet, as the use of short, factual future sentences has two effects: one, the day is presented

AO1 Perceptive ordinary, emphasising the scale of the disaster, and two, the lack of emotive language conveys a sense of numbness, good or a veiled attempt at containing emotion. The subtext, given the context, supports this latter point. The contrast of these short, factual paragraphs and the detailed, emotive paragraph to follow helps to cement the author's main purpose: to convey the absolute destruction of society within Hiroshima. Emotive adjectives, AO2 begin to appear, such as 'intolerable', 'violent' and 'terrible', AO1 altering the voice to painful yet the numbness and detachment remains through the sense of detachment due to a lack of personal pronouns. similes and AO2 the use of metaphor, such as 'trains were flung off the rails as though they were lemonade toys', conveys to the audience the AO3 absolute power of the shockwave, equating the unstoppable nature to an experience we are all familiar with, that being playing with toys. The connotations of playing give the explosion a darkly sadistic quality, conveying its indifference to the destruction of Japanese society, making the AO3 fear of the blast more tangible, and thus more frightening, to the audience. The final short, poignant sentence of 'Hiroshima had ceased to exist', again reverting to the numb, matter-of-fact, detached voice, shows the author's overall degree of purpose: demonstrating the absolute destruction

of society and ~~the~~ the inevitability of it.

The individual is also distilled down to nothing within the piece, conveying the equalising power of the bomb and the unity de facto unity of Hiroshima citizens given their mutual destruction. The use of the proper noun 'Hiroshima' humanises the city: this is enhanced by the concurrent use of proper nouns such as 'Shoko sea', 'Shukai' and 'Bingo sea'. The journalist emphasises landmarks in order to achieve this humanising effect, conveying the sense that this was a living, breathing city: given that the journalist is a Japanese eyewitness, his intimate knowledge of these places suggests these are landmarks he grew up knowing, as other citizens of Hiroshima would grow up knowing them. This subtext gives the journalist's voice a stoic poignancy: the author could have mentioned his knowledge of these places yet refrains from doing so, reducing the impact of the individual in what was ultimately something that equally affected all of society. This The equalising nature of this is emphasised by the comparative sentence 'horses, dogs and cattle suffered the same fate as human beings': ~~the scatter~~ human beings are essentially equated to the animals, and trees in 'even the vegetation did not survive', emphasising that nothing escaped the destructive blast.

The Americans are also presented as impersonal, yet ~~are~~ through the simple reference

to them as 'the Americans' 'four American B-29 planes', yet there is no bitterness surrounding the author's voice. No mention is made of the ~~at~~ continuing war between ~~the~~ America and Japan, nor any derogatory statements used against the Americans. The focus is entirely on Hiroshima, as though the author wishes to draw the audience's focus to its absolute destruction and the devastating effects of it, rather focusing on the country (or people; they are impersonalised through reference to 'B-29' instead of the pilots) that did it to them.

UNSEEN (Paper 2):

MARK SCHEME

Level	Mark	AO1 = bullet points 1 AO2 = bullet point 2 AO3 = bullet Descriptor (AO1, AO2, AO3)
	0	No rewardable material
Level 1	1–4	**Descriptive** • Knowledge of concepts and methods is largely unassimilated. Recalls limited range of terminology and makes frequent errors and technical lapses. • Uses a narrative or descriptive approach or paraphrases. Shows little understanding of the writer's/speaker's crafting of the text. • Describes contextual factors. Has limited awareness of
Level 2	5–8	**General understanding** • Recalls concepts and methods of analysis that show general understanding. Organises and expresses ideas with some clarity, though has lapses in use of terminology. • Gives surface reading of texts. Applies some general understanding of writer's/speaker's techniques. • Describes general contextual factors. Makes some links between
Level 3	9–12	**Clear relevant application** • Applies relevant concepts and methods of analysis to texts with clear examples. Ideas are structured logically and expressed with few lapses in clarity and transitioning. Clear use of terminology. • Shows clear understanding of how meaning is shaped by linguistic and literary features. Able to support this with clear examples.
Level 4	13–16	**Discriminating controlled application** • Applies controlled discussion of concepts and methods supported with use of discriminating examples. Controls the structure of response with effective transitions, carefully-chosen language and use of terminology. • Analyses the effects of linguistic and literary features and of the writer's craft. Shows awareness of nuances and subtleties. • Provides discriminating awareness of links between the text and
Level 5	17–20	**Critical evaluative application** • Presents critical application of concepts and methods with sustained examples. Uses sophisticated structure and expression with appropriate register and style, including use of appropriate terminology. • Exhibits critical evaluation of writer's/speaker's linguistic and literary choices. Evaluates their effects on shaping meaning. • Critically examines context by looking at subtleties and nuances.