

Eduqas

English Language

Component 1

Revision Tasks

Use the examples in this booklet to practise your exam techniques.

Remember, each part of each component is assessed slightly differently. You need to know **what** is being assessed in each question to ensure you get the highest marks possible.

- AO1** Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas
Select and synthesise evidence from different texts
- AO2** Explain, comment on and analyse how writers use language and structure to achieve effects and influence readers,
Use **relevant** subject terminology to support your views
- AO3** Compare writers' ideas and perspectives, as well as how these are conveyed, across two or more texts
- AO4** Evaluate texts critically and support this with appropriate textual references
- AO5** Communicate clearly, effectively, and imaginatively
Select and adapt tone, style and register for different forms, purposes and audiences
Organise information and ideas
- AO6** Use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect
Accurate spelling and punctuation

Component 1

20th Century Literature Reading and Creative Prose Writing

1 hour 45 minutes

40% of qualification

SECTION A Reading – Literary Fiction

A1	List 5... <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Use the right section of the text• Simple sentences• Use words from the text• 5 DIFFERENT things• NO MARKS for indiscriminate copying	1 hour Aim for 1 min per mark. Use remaining time for reading and checking.	5 Marks	AO1
A2	What impressions... How does the writer...		5 Marks	AO2
A3			10 Marks	AO2
A4	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Use the right section of the text• Give an overview• Use words from the question• Point and evidence• Use words from the text• Aim for 5 different points• Comment on structure in the section• Comment on the effect on the reader• Look for ways the reader is influenced• Use subject terminology		10 Marks	AO2
A5	Evaluate – How effective is... <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Use the right section of the text – <u>sometimes you will be asked about the whole text in this question!</u>• Give an overview• Use words from the question• Point and evidence• Refer to yourself – I think... I feel...• Say how the writer has influenced your response• Use words from the text• Aim for 5 different points• Comment on structure• Make a value judgment• Use subject terminology		10 Marks	AO4

Section A – 40 Marks

This passage is about Justo Ansotegui. He is a young man of eighteen who has inherited his family farm near the town of Guernica in Spain.

Justo Ansotegui's reputation rose from Guernica uphill to the village of Lumo where Maria Onati heard that he was a defender of causes and a wit, although some suggested he was too eager to create his own mythology. Most often she'd heard that he was the one to watch during the strength events on feast days. One friend claimed that he had carried an ox into

- 5 town across his shoulder and celebrated the feat by throwing the beast across the river.
'Yes', said Justo when asked about the story. 'But it was only a small ox and downhill most of the way into town. And the wind was with me when I threw it.'

Maria came to dance at one of the festivals with her sisters. She also decided to watch the men's competitions, which she usually avoided.

- 10 Justo, the largest man standing beside a log at the start of the wood-chopping event, joked with the crowd as he removed his boots and grey socks. Going barefoot seemed foolhardy to Maria for one who would be flailing an axe so near his feet.

'After all these years of competitions I still have nine toes,' he said, proudly wiggling the four remaining toes on one of his bare feet. 'But this is my only pair of boots and I can't afford to damage them.'

15 He bent at the waist and tore into the pine log between his feet. The log split beneath him well before any others in the competition. Justo was seated, nine toes intact, and replacing his boots before the runner-up broke through his log.

- 20 In the wine-drinking event, Justo was less impressive but in the 'farmer's walk' contest he was unmatched. This event tested strength and endurance as the competitors carried weights in each hand along a measured course until they dropped. For most competitors the collapse followed a familiar pattern. On the second lap, the knees began to bend dramatically. On the third, the shoulders pulled the spine into a dangerous curve and finally gravity yanked the weights and the man to the turf.

- 25 Maria stood near the starting point when Justo was called. He grasped the weights, his face straining as if he'd never get them off the ground. It was false drama for the benefit of the audience because he easily hoisted them and marched without a struggle, his back rigid. Past the marks where others had fallen in exhaustion, Justo nodded to the little ones who would praise him to future generations.

- 30 'Doesn't it hurt?' a young boy asked.

'Of course, how do you think my arms got so long?' Justo answered and at that moment he straightened his arms against his sides, a move that caused the sleeves of his shirt to ride up, making his arms appear to grow in length.

The boy gasped.

- 35 It so happened that Maria discovered the need to visit friends near the finishing line. And who could have imagined that just as Justo walked past a friend would say something so amusing that Maria unleashed her most feminine laugh which caused Justo to turn in her direction? And because it was so amusing, it was natural that she would be smiling her broadest smile when he looked her way.

- 40 Justo glanced at her and walked on.

This must be the most arrogant man in Guernica, she thought.

Behind the scenes, Maria quickly arranged to present the prize, a lamb, to the winner.

'Congratulations,' she said to Justo. She handed him the lamb and moved in for the

- ceremonial kiss on his cheek.
- 45 'Thank you,' Justo said and announced to the crowd, 'I am going to fill the valley with my flock from winning these events.'
- Justo waved and accepted congratulations as he walked through the crowd and Maria skirted the gathering so that he would have to pass her again.
- 'Would you like to dance?' she asked.
- 50 Justo stopped. He looked at himself in his dirty overalls. He looked back at her.
- 'Did somebody tell you to do this? Justo asked.
- 'No, I just thought you might like to dance, if you're not too worn out from all the chopping and lifting.' But they didn't dance. They sat and talked. Her sisters watched them, and on the walk home, they unanimously voted against her seeing this boy.
- 55 She agreed he was not the most handsome man. He was frighteningly powerful and, despite his boasting in front of the crowd, he had been without confidence when they were alone.
- 'He's homely,' a sister said.
- 'He has character,' Maria argued.
- 'He's ugly,' a less generous sister offered.
- 60 'He has his own farm,' Maria's mother commented from behind the group of girls and Maria looked thoughtful.
- Maria was almost twenty, the eldest of a family of six girls. Her father had injured both legs in a fall at the farm, leaving him fixed to his wooden chair. Maria returned home in silence as her sisters debated Justo's many inadequacies.
- 65 Others interested in Maria presented flowers or sweets when they arrived at her home. Justo arrived empty-handed but wearing his work clothes. He gave her mother a vigorous handshake, patted the father on his shoulder and asked a question that instantly won over Mrs Onati and the sisters.
- 'What can I do to help?'
- 70 'To help?' the mother asked.
- 'Help. Heavy lifting, woodcutting, repairs ... whatever is hardest for you ladies.'
- Maria's mother sat down and wrote out a list. Justo nodded.
- 'Come on, Maria, put your work clothes on and we'll be done before dinner,'
- After an afternoon of work, they sat together for a relaxed meal with everyone feeling as if
- 75 Justo was already part of the family. The sisters, who would not now have to repair the roof, agreed that Justo was more appealing than they first thought. Not handsome, to be sure, but a good catch. And looks? Well, they're not everything.
- A month later at the next fair, Maria stood in the front row as Justo went through his preparation for the 'farmer's walk'. He set off along the path and then he took a sharp left turn
- 80 and walked directly towards Maria. He held both weights in his massive left hand and with his right hand retrieved a gold ring from his trouser pocket.
- 'Will you marry me?' he asked the stunned Maria.
- 'Yes, of course.' They kissed. He readjusted the weights and went back to the competition.
- As Justo walked, a man overseeing the event walked beside him.
- 85 'Justo, you went off the path, you're disqualified,' the judge said.
- Justo continued past the mark of the winner, just to show he could have done it anyway, and rejoined his future bride, apologising for not adding another lamb to their flock.

Read lines 1-7

A1 List five things you learn about Justo in these lines. (5)

Read lines 8-34

A2 How does the writer show you Justo's physical strength and power in these lines? (5)

You must refer to the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Read lines 35-64

A3 How does the writer show the reader that Maria is interested in Justo in these lines?

You should write about:

- what Maria does to attract his attention;
- the writer's use of language to show her interest in Justo;
- the effects on the reader.

(10)

You must refer to the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Read lines 65-87

A4 What impressions do you get of Justo in these lines? (10)

You must refer to the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Now consider the passage as a whole

A5 Evaluate the way Maria is presented in this passage. (10)

You should write about:

- your own thoughts and feelings about how Maria is presented in the passage as a whole;
- how the writer has created these thoughts and feelings.

You must refer to the text to support your answer.

Robert Quick, coming home after a business trip, found a note from his wife. She would be back at four, but the children were in the garden. He had missed his two small girls and looked forward eagerly to their greeting. Still in his suit, he made at once for the garden.

5 The garden was a wilderness. The original excuse for this neglect was that the garden was for the children. They could do what they liked there. The original truth was that neither of the Quicks cared much for gardening.

10 Besides, they were too busy to give time to a hobby that bored them both. But the excuse had become true. The garden belonged to the children and Quick was even proud of it. He would boast of his wild garden, so different from his neighbours' shaved grass and combed flowerbeds. It had come to seem, for him, a triumph of the imagination; and this afternoon, once more, he found it charming in its wildness, an original masterpiece among gardens. It had the special beauty of untouched woods where there is still a piece of nature left, a suggestion of the frontier, of primeval forests.

15 'A bit of wild country,' thought Quick. And he felt released.

20 He caught sight of Jenny, lying on her stomach with a book under her nose. Jenny was twelve and had lately taken furiously to reading. He waved and called, 'Hello, Jenny, hello'. But Jenny merely turned her head slightly then dropped her cheek on her book as if to say, 'It's really too hot.'

25 And then he saw Kate, a year older. She was sitting on the swing, head down, apparently deep in thought. To her father's 'Hello,' she answered only in a muffled voice, 'Hello, Daddy.'

He said no more and did not go near. He never asked for affection from his girls. He despised fathers who encouraged their children to displays of love. It would have been especially wrong, he thought, with these two. They were naturally impulsive and affectionate and had moods of passionate devotion. They were growing up and would be exciting women, strong in their emotions, intelligent and reflective.

30 'Well, Jenny, what are you reading?' But she answered only with a wriggle of her behind. Quick was amused by his own disappointment. He said to himself, 'Children have no manners but at least they are honest - they never pretend.' He fetched himself a chair and the morning paper. He would make the best of things. The mere presence of the children was a pleasure. He was home. Jenny had got up and wandered away among the trees and now Kate jumped off the swing and lay on the grass. Her dog, Snort, came over, barking and tugging at her dress. She kicked at the dog and said, 'Go away.' Jenny stopped in her leisurely stroll, snatched a stick and hurled it at Snort like a spear. The dog, startled, uttered a loud, uncertain bark and approached her. She was not sure if this was a new game, or if she had committed some serious crime. Jenny yelled and rushed at her. The dog fled. At once Kate jumped up and the girls dashed after Snort, laughing and snatching anything they could find to throw at the fugitive. Snort dodged to and fro, barked hysterically, wagged her tail in desperate submission and finally crept whining between the shed and the wall.

35 Robert was shocked. Jenny had got hold of a rake and was trying to hook the dog by the collar. He called urgently, 'Jenny, don't do that. Kate, she's frightened.' He began to struggle out of his chair but suddenly Kate turned around, aimed a stick at him and shouted at the top of her voice, 'Yield, Paleface.' Jenny cried, 'Yes, yes - Paleface yield.' She burst into a shout of laughter and rushed at the man with the rake carried like a lance.

40 The two girls, staggering with laughter, threw themselves upon their father. 'Paleface Robert. Kill him. Scalp him.' They tore at the man and suddenly he was frightened. It seemed to him that the children had gone completely mad, vindictive. They were hurting him and he did not know how to defend himself without hurting them. Snort, suddenly recovering confidence, rushed from her cover and seized this new victim by the sleeve. He shouted, 'Call her off, Kate.' But they battered at him. Kate was jumping on his stomach. Jenny had seized him by the collar as if to strangle him. Her face was that of a homicidal maniac; her eyes wide and glaring, her lips curled back to show her teeth. And he really was being strangled. He made a violent effort to throw the child off then suddenly the chair gave way and all three fell with a crash. Snort, startled and perhaps alarmed, snapped at his face.

55 Jenny's expression changed. She cried, "Oh, she's bitten you." Kate was still struggling with laughter but Jenny reproached her sister. "It's not a joke. It might be poisoned."

"I know." Kate was indignant but burst out again into helpless giggles.

Robert picked himself up. He avoided looking at the girls in case they should see his anger and surprise. He was deeply shocked. He could not forget Jenny's face. He thought, 'It was as if she wanted to hurt. It was as if they hated me.' It seemed that something new had broken into his 60 relationship with his daughters; that they had suddenly gone into a brutal, primitive world of their own in which he had no place.

Kate had disappeared. Jenny was gazing at his face. When he turned away, she caught his arm and said, "We've got to wash your bite."

"That's all right, Jenny. It doesn't matter."

65 "But Kate is getting the water."

And now, Kate, coming from the kitchen with a bowl of water, called out indignantly, "Sit down, Daddy. How dare you get up." She was playing the stern nurse and Robert had to submit to this new game. At least this was more like a game. It was not murderous. The girls made him sit down, washed the cut and stuck a plaster on it.

70 Mrs Quick arrived in the middle of this ceremony and was much amused by the scene, and their account of the afternoon. Her face said plainly to Robert, 'All you children - am using yourselves.'

At tea the girls handed round cake and sandwiches with reserved, demure expressions. They were enjoying the dignity of their own performance. Their eyes passed over their father as if he did not exist.

75 Robert said to himself, 'What did I expect? In a year or two I won't count at all. Young men will come prowling and I'll only be useful to pay the bills.'

After tea he stole away into the garden. Suddenly, he heard running steps. It was Jenny.

"What is it now, Jenny?"

"I wanted to look - at the cut. Put me up on the wall."

80 He lifted her onto the garden wall. Having reached this superior position, she poked the plaster. "I just wanted to make sure it was sticking."

She looked down on him with an expression he did not recognise. What was the game? Was she going to laugh? But the child frowned as if she was also struck by something new and unexpected. Then she tossed back her hair, jumped down and ran off.

85 Robert thought, 'No, not quite a game. Not for a second. She's growing up - and so am I.'

Joyce Cary

Read lines 1-14

A1 List five things you learn about Robert Quick's garden in these lines. (5)

Read lines 15-38

A2 What impression do you get of the daughters Jenny and Kate in these lines? (5)

You must refer to the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Read lines 39-71

A3 How does the writer create a sense of threat in these lines?

You should write about:

- how the girls speak and behave;
- the writer's use of language to show threat;
- the effects on the reader.

(10)

You must refer to the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Read lines 72-85

A4 How does the writer show that Robert Quick does not understand his daughters? (10)

You must refer to the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Now consider the passage as a whole

A5 'At the end of the story we are left uncertain if what happens is a game or not.' How far do you agree with this statement?

You should write about:

- your own thoughts and feelings about how the writer presents the game;
- how the writer has created these thoughts and feelings.

You must refer to the text to support your answer.

The Forgotten Enemy

The thick furs thudded softly to the ground as Professor Millward sat upright on the narrow bed. This time, he was sure, it had been no dream. The freezing air that rasped against his lungs seemed to echo with the sound that had come crashing out of the night.

All was quiet again. The world was utterly still. Even in the old days the city would have been silent on such a night, and it was doubly silent now. Professor Millward shuffled out of bed and made his way to the nearest window, pausing now and then to rest his hand lovingly on the books he had guarded all these years. He shielded his eyes from the brilliant moonlight and peered out into the night. The sky was cloudless: the sound had not been thunder, whatever it might have been. It had come from the north, and even as he waited it came again. Distance and the bulk of the hills that lay beyond London had softened it. It was like no natural sound that he had ever heard, and for a moment he dared to hope again. Only Man, he was sure, could have made such a sound. Perhaps the dream that had kept him here for more than twenty years would soon be a dream no longer. Men were returning to England, blasting their way through the ice and snow with the weapons science had given them before the coming of the Dust. It was strange that they should come by land, and from the north, but he thrust aside any thoughts that would quench his flame of hope.

Twenty years ago he had watched the last helicopters climbing heavily out of Hyde Park in the ceaselessly falling snow. Even then, when the silence had closed around him, he could not bring himself to believe that England had been abandoned forever. Yet already he had waited a whole generation among the books, the treasures of civilisation to which he had dedicated his life.

Now that the dome of St Paul's had collapsed beneath the weight of snow, only Battersea Power Station, its tall stacks glimmering like ghosts against the night sky, challenged the supremacy of the University building in which Professor Millward lived. He left the University building only through sheer necessity. Over the past twenty years he had collected everything he needed from the shops in the area, for in the final exodus vast supplies of stock had been left behind.

The sun was blazing from a cloudless sky as he shouldered his rucksack and unlocked the massive gates. Even ten years ago, packs of starving dogs had hunted in this area, and though he had seen none for years, he was still cautious and always carried a revolver when he went into the open.

The sunlight was so brilliant that the reflected glare hurt his eyes; but it was almost wholly lacking in heat. The latest snowdrifts had packed hard and Professor Millward had little difficulty making the journey to Oxford Street. Sometimes it had taken him hours of floundering through snow, and one year he had been trapped in the University building for nine months.

He kept away from the houses with their dangerous burdens of snow and their dagger-like icicles and went north until he came to the shop he was seeking. The words above the shattered windows were still bright: 'Jenkins and Sons. Electrical.' Some snow had drifted through a broken section of roofing, but the little upstairs room had not altered since his last visit. The radio still stood on the table, and the empty tins on the floor reminded him of the lonely hours he had spent here before all hope died. He wondered if he must go through the same ordeal again. Slowly, with infinite patience, Professor Millward began to traverse the radio bands. As he listened, the faint hope that he had dared to cherish began to fade. The radio was as silent as the city. Soon after midnight the batteries faded out. He got what consolation he could from the thought that if he had not proved his theory, he had not disproved it either.

As he began the journey home, the silence was broken by a distant rumble of thunder and little avalanches of snow went swishing into the wide street. Professor Millward stood motionless, considering, analysing. Perhaps it was an atomic bomb, burning and blasting away the snow. His hopes revived and his disappointments of the night began to fade.

That momentary pause almost cost him his life. Out of a side street something huge and white moved suddenly into his field of vision. For a moment his mind refused to accept the reality of what he saw. Then the paralysis left him and he fumbled desperately for his futile revolver. Padding towards him, swinging its head from side to side, was a huge polar bear. He dropped his belongings and ran, floundering over the snow towards the nearest building. The entrance to an Underground station was only a few feet away. The temptation to look back was intolerable, for he could hear nothing to tell him how near his pursuer was. For one frightful moment the steel gates resisted his numbed fingers. Then they yielded reluctantly and he forced his way through a narrow gap. The monstrous shape reared in baffled fury against the gates but the metal did not yield. Then the bear dropped to the ground, grunted softly and padded away. It slashed once or twice at the fallen rucksack, scattering a few tins of food into the snow, and vanished as silently as it had come.

A very shaken Professor Millward reached the University three hours later, after moving in short bounds from one refuge to the next.

By the end of the week he knew that the animals of the North were on the move. He saw a reindeer being pursued by a pack of silent wolves, and sometimes in the night there were sounds of deadly conflict. Something was driving them south. It could only be Man.

The strain of waiting was beginning to affect the Professor and he dreamed of rescue and the way in which men might be returning to England. Whatever was approaching from the north was nearer, and several times a day that strange roar would thunder over the city. At times it was like listening to the clash of mighty armies, and a mad but dreadful thought came into his mind. He would wake in the night and imagine he heard the sound of mountains moving into the sea. Every morning he would climb to the top of the building and scan the horizon, but all he ever saw was the stubborn snow above Hampstead.

His ordeal ended one morning as he raised his binoculars to the northern sky. In that moment, Professor Millward knew the truth. Overnight, the enemy he had forgotten had conquered the last defences and was preparing for the final onslaught. As he saw the deadly glitter along the crest of the doomed hills, Professor Millward understood at last the sound he had heard advancing for so many months.

Out of the North, their ancient home, returning in triumph to the lands they had once possessed, the glaciers had come again.

Read lines 1-9

- A1** List five things you learn about the setting that Professor Millward is in. (5)

Read lines 10-26

- A2** How does the writer show that Professor Millward is in a future that is very different to now. (5)

You must refer to the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Read lines 27-48

- A3** What impression do you get of Professor Millward's life in these lines?

You should write about:

- how Professor Millward thinks and feels;
- the writer's use of language to show those thoughts and feelings;
- the effects on the reader.

(10)

You must refer to the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Read lines 49-60

- A4** How does the writer create drama and tension in these lines? (10)

You must refer to the text to support your answer, using relevant subject terminology.

Read lines 61-end

- A5** 'At the end of the story the writer makes us feel that Professor Millward's struggle has been pointless.' How far do you agree with this statement?

You should write about:

- your own thoughts and feelings about how the writer presents Professor Millward;
- how the writer has made us feel about the professor's situation.

You must refer to the text to support your answer.

SECTION B Creative Prose Fiction Writing

B1	Choose one title from 4 options as inspiration for a piece of original creative writing <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Planning is essential• One option will give you an opening sentence.• One option will always be write about a time when...• Reflective autobiographical accounts are acceptable – they don't have to be wholly true!• Avoid melodrama• Keep stories simple and down to earth!• Less is more. Better to write 2 sides really well than 5 sides of shapeless waffle.	45 mins	40 Marks	AO5 (24 Marks) AO6 (16 Marks)
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SECTION B: 40 marks

In this section you will be assessed for the quality of your creative prose writing skills.

24 marks are awarded for communication and organisation; 16 marks are awarded for vocabulary, sentence structure, spelling and punctuation.

You should aim to write about 450-600 words

Choose **one** of the following titles for your writing: [40]

Either, **(a)** *The Fugitive.*

Or, **(b)** *Write about a time when you felt ashamed of yourself.*

Or, **(c)** *The Journey of a Lifetime.*

Or, **(d)** *Write a story which begins:*

'Everyone said you should never go back but I could not resist'

The space below can be used to plan your work.

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You should aim to write about 450-600 words

Choose **one** of the following titles for your writing: [40]

Either, **(a)** The Traitor.

Or, **(b)** Write about an incident when you were embarrassed by your friends or family.

Or, **(c)** A Day at the Seaside.

Or, **(d)** Write a story which begins:
He hoped he would have the strength to do what was right.

The space below can be used to plan your work

Eduqas

English Language

Component 2

Revision Tasks

Use the examples in this booklet to practise your exam techniques.

Remember, each part of each component is assessed slightly differently. You need to know **what** is being assessed in each question to ensure you get the highest marks possible.

- AO1** Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas
Select and synthesise evidence from different texts
- AO2** Explain, comment on and analyse how writers use language and structure to achieve effects and influence readers,
Use **relevant** subject terminology to support your views
- AO3** Compare writers' ideas and perspectives, as well as how these are conveyed, across two or more texts
- AO4** Evaluate texts critically and support this with appropriate textual references
- AO5** Communicate clearly, effectively, and imaginatively
Select and adapt tone, style and register for different forms, purposes and audiences
Organise information and ideas
- AO6** Use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect
Accurate spelling and punctuation

Component 2

19th and 21st Century Non-Fiction Reading and Transactional/Persuasive Writing

1 hour 45 minutes

60% of qualification

SECTION A Reading – 19th and 21st Century Non-Fiction Reading

A1	Find and Retrieve <ul style="list-style-type: none">• 3 part question• No need for long answers – give either a short sentence or simply the fact• Read question carefully• If it asks for one thing, only give one!• Use specific details from the text.• No Marks for indiscriminate copying	1 hour Aim for 1 min per mark. Use remaining time for reading and checking.	3 Marks	AO1
A2	How does the Writer <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Often an evaluative question that needs you consider the type of text and its purpose.• Consider what the writer was trying to achieve in writing• Consider the intended audience• Aim to make 5 clear points• P.E.E.L• Explain effect• Use words from the question to shape your answer.• Comment on structure• Use subject terminology	10 Marks		AO2
A3	Find and Retrieve <ul style="list-style-type: none">• 2 or 3 part question• No need for long answers – give either a short sentence or simply the fact• Read question carefully• If it asks for one thing, only give one!• Use specific details from the text• No Marks for indiscriminate copying	3 Marks		AO1
A4	What do you think and feel <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Begin each sentence with I think... or I feel...• Aim to make 5 supported points• Use P.E.E.L.• Personal response and empathy is key• Show that you have engaged with the text• Overview and comment on structure is needed for top marks	10 Marks		AO4

A5	Synthesis <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Summarise what you would know if these were the ONLY 2 SOURCES. Draw together key points from both texts No comparison Overview is needed for 4 mark responses Aim for 4 clear sentences that use a range of detail from both texts. 		4 Marks	AO1
A6	Compare <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Use comparison and contrast connectives Sustained and detailed comparison needed for top marks Consider purpose and audience of both texts. Look for similarities as well as differences Comment on the way each text is structured for effect Explain effect of any techniques you identify Compare tone and style as well as content Use subject terminology 		10 Marks	AO3

SECTION A: 40 MARKS

Answer all of the following questions

The separate Resource Material for use with Section A is a newspaper article, 'Kendrick Lamar Live Review', by Marcus Teague. The extract opposite, 'Mr Dickens's Readings', is an extract from a newspaper, written by an anonymous journalist.

Read the article 'Kendrick Lamar Live Review' in the separate Resource Material.

- A1. (a) Name both of Kendrick Lamar's albums mentioned in the article [2]
(b) Which song is about an older Kendrick Lamar getting into trouble with his friends? [1]
(c) Which song did he perform last?
[1]

A2.

How does Marcus Teague show that Kendrick Lamar is an exciting performer?
[10]

You should comment on:

- what he says;
- his use of language and tone

Now read the article 'Mr Dickens Readings', about a public reading performance given by Charles Dickens.

- A3. (a) Which two venues in Liverpool has Charles Dickens performed at?
[2]
(b) Which two readings did Dickens perform on the night described in the article?
[2]
(c) How did Dickens make his performance of the character of Squeers more effective?
[2]

A4.

What impression of Charles Dickens do you get from the article?
[10]

A5.

Both of these texts are about public performances. Compare the following:

- what the writers say about each performer's talents;
- how they make each performer sound impressive.
[10]

You must use the text to support your comments and make it clear which text you are referring to.

The following extract is taken from a 19th century review of Charles Dickens' readings of his own writing to an audience in Liverpool.

Mr Dickens's Readings

Mr Dickens last night gave a reading to a crowded audience in the small concert room at St. George's Hall. Some years ago Mr Dickens paid a visit to this town in the character of a "reader" – only less distinguished as a reader than as a novelist – and at the Philharmonic Hall charmed large audiences by his splendid elocutionary abilities. Time has considerably altered his personal appearance, but it has not diminished one jot the dramatic force and truth by which in a marked degree his readings are distinguished. There are the same freshness and vigour of delivery, and the same happy power of treating both the humorous and the pathetic passages of his subject. Few of our celebrated novelists could vocally do justice to their own works, but Mr Dickens has that rare faculty of bringing out into a new light and investing with a new interest points which the most careful of his readers have overlooked, and well-conned passages acquire a new meaning and a greater force when heard from his lips. "Doctor Marigold" and "Nicholas Nickleby at Mr Squeers' School," were the subjects selected for last night's reading.

At the back of the platform a large screen had been put up for the purpose of throwing the sound forward into the hall, and a kind of sound-board was suspended in front. Mr Dickens, on making his appearance, was very cordially greeted. He took his stand behind a small table covered with crimson velvet, and, without a word of preface, began his reading of "Doctor Marigold." He had a book with him, but throughout he made no reference to it, and his memory, during the hour that the "reading" occupied, was never once at fault, although the phraseology was peculiar and the utterance was often very rapid.

The impersonation of the Cheap Jack* style was almost perfect. Closing the eyes, and shutting out from the vision the middle-aged gentlemanly-looking man in evening dress who occupied the platform, one might easily have imagined that the speaker was a real living specimen of the Cheap Jack fraternity. The most valuable of Cheap Jacks could not have rattled on more glibly than did Mr Dickens as he ran over the list of articles which "Dr Marigold" offered to his customers, which the peculiar intonation and action which are characteristic of the class were faithfully rendered. We cannot note in detail all the points in which Mr Dickens excelled, but his imitation of the weak, piping, treble tones of the languid giant was particularly good, and evoked roars of laughter. Throughout there were frequent bursts of applause and laughter; while, on the other hand, tenderer emotions were touched by the pathetic manner in which Mr Dickens represented his humble hero standing upon the footboard of his cart clasping his dying child to his breast.

The narrative of Nicholas Nickleby's experiences at Mr Squeers' school was even more successful. In this Mr Dickens had greater scope for the display of the character, and he did not fail to take advantage of it. It was in the representation, however, of the tyrant Squeers that he was most happy. Mr Dickens not only capitally initiated the coarse, rough manner of speaking in which Squeers indulged, but gave a sinister aspect to his countenance by partially closing one eye, as though he, like Squeers, had lost the use of it. The overbearing, tyrannous conduct of the man was indicated with the utmost fidelity, both in voice and gesture, and yet so naturally that all thought of the elaborate study of details which this perfection involved never once occurred in his mind.

At the close of the "reading" a round of cordial cheers conveyed the thanks of the audience to Mr Dickens for the intellectual treat he had afforded them.

*Cheap Jack = a person who sells cheap or shoddy goods

Kendrick Lamar live review – a blistering performance charged with complex narratives

Marcus Teague

Wednesday 23rd March 2016



Last October I went to the Rod Laver Arena to see Kiss. The costumed originators of 1970s arena rock pulled out all the stops for their typically stupendous show – lasers, confetti, fake blood. All that. Their lighting rig doubled as a giant mechanical spider that shot fire.

Earlier this week Gene Simmons, their lead singer, said he was “looking forward to the death of rap”. It was the kind of nonsense statement you’d expect someone of Simmons’s generation to come out with. But last night, back in the same arena to see Kendrick Lamar, I thought about it. Kiss staked their career on dressing up as demons and play-acting childish fantasies. Lamar has replaced them as rock stars by investigating his own, real demons and, while doing so, he is challenging the cultural fantasy of young black males trying to be men in modern America.

That’s to say nothing of his charisma. In black jeans, hoodie and white sneakers, Lamar strode into the vast space between his talented four-piece band and a mic stand, perched at lip of the stage. He approached it ... and feinted. The crowd roared. He braced, ready – and backed off again. Teasing. It was enough to elicit hysteria. Finally the band launched, and Lamar blazed into the insane vocal gymnastics of ‘For Free?’ from his third album ‘To Pimp a Butterfly’. The sold-out room detonated with joy.

Across an hour-and-a-half of music, the multifaceted Lamar presented as the perfect performer, entertainer, band leader and commentator. Hip-hop is just the vehicle for an artist so advanced he seems to defy category, transcending the genre as he worked his way through a set almost entirely collated from last year's album, the critical opus 'To Pimp a Butterfly', and the widescreen storytelling of his 2012 breakthrough album, 'Good Kid, M.A.A.D City'.

As if to keep his complex narratives on point, the show grouped album tracks together. The hectic jazz of 'For Free?' followed by 'Wesley's Theory' and a verse from 'Institutionalized' had Lamar rooted to the spot, gesticulating with his hands as if to sculpt words as they left his mouth.

That trio was another feint of sorts, a flex of verbage and intellect before he swan-dove into a swathe of 'Good Kid, M.A.A.D City' favourites. Lamar wrenched his mic off the stand and ran the stage for a colossal 'Backseat Freestyle', updated live with blasts of distorted guitar that had the pit swirling like a drain. Between that and the sing-along chant of 'Swimming Pools (Drank)', Lamar welded the back half of 'M.A.A.D City' – an old-school lope about the indoctrination of young Lamar to the hood lifestyle – with the first verse of 'The Art Of Peer Pressure', about an older Lamar finding himself getting into trouble with peers.

As the show gained intensity, Lamar opened up. After the G-funk-touched 'Hood Politics', Lamar offered: "I have to tell you this, some of my most loyal and dedicated fans are in this arena right now. I don't care if you're black, green, blue, purple, this music brings us together." And after the spooky waltz of the self-scouring 'U' – in part a wretched reflection on Lamar lording it up abroad as a childhood friend died at home – Lamar shared a dedication shorn of hip-hop bluster. "When I sing a song like that, it's not just a song representing me," he told the crowd. "It's representing every one of you. Anyone who knows my music knows it's about you. Anyone who feels like they don't want to live anymore, listen to that song and know that I'm right there with you."

Rapping, writing, performing, sharking – Kendrick never flags. After wild scenes for his final song 'Alright', he drew it up. "I am, we are, Kendrick Lamar," he boomed before leaving. We knew what he was trying to say, but we're just not. There's only one.

Section A: 40 MARKS

Answer all of the following questions

The separate Resource Material for use with Section A is an online newspaper article, 'A balloon ride with Bill Deedes was 'the most terrifying trip of my life'' written by David Hempleman-Adams in 2007.

The extract opposite is an extract from a book, 'The Great World of London', written by Henry Mayhew in 1857.

Read the newspaper article 'A balloon ride with Bill Deedes was 'the most terrifying trip of my life'' in the separate Resource Material.

- A1. (a) How old was Bill Deedes when Hempleman-Adams took him up in a hot-air balloon? [1]
(b) What was Bill Deedes wearing for the hot-air balloon ride? [1]
(c) List one other 'scary thing' that Hempleman-Adams has done in his life other than the balloon ride? [1]
- A2. How does David Hempleman-Adams show that the balloon ride with Bill Deedes was "the most terrifying trip" of his life?

You should comment on:

- what he says
- his use of language, tone and structure

[10]

To answer the following questions you will need to read the extract opposite by Henry Mayhew.

- A3. (a) What part of the day was it when Henry Mayhew took off in the hot air balloon? [1]
(b) List two buildings Mayhew saw during his flight. [2]
- A4. How successful do you think Henry Mayhew is in describing what it is like to fly in a hot-air balloon over London?

You should comment on:

- what he tells the readers about the experience of flying in a hot-air balloon
- how he explains the experience.

[10]

You must refer to the text to support your comments

To answer the following questions you will need to use both texts.

- A5. Using information from both texts, explain how the weather conditions can affect your experience in a hot air balloon. [4]
- A6. Both of these texts are about flying in a hot air balloon.

Compare:

- (a) how the writers feel about their experience
- (b) how the writers get across their experience to the reader.

[10]

You must refer to the text to support your comments and make it clear which text you are referring to.

Hot-air ballooning was very popular during the middle of the nineteenth century, especially in London. In this extract from his book, 'The Great World of London', Henry Mayhew describes his experience of flying in a hot-air balloon over the city.

It was late in the evening (a fine autumn one; clear skies and a light westerly that would guide us across London) when the gun was fired that was the signal for the great gas-bag to be loosened from the ropes that held it down to the soil; and immediately the buoyant machine bounded, like a big ball, into the air. Or, rather let us say, the earth seemed to sink suddenly down and the people, who had been grouped about the basket, appeared to fall from a level from the eye; and instantaneously, there was seen a multitude of flat, upturned faces in the gardens below.

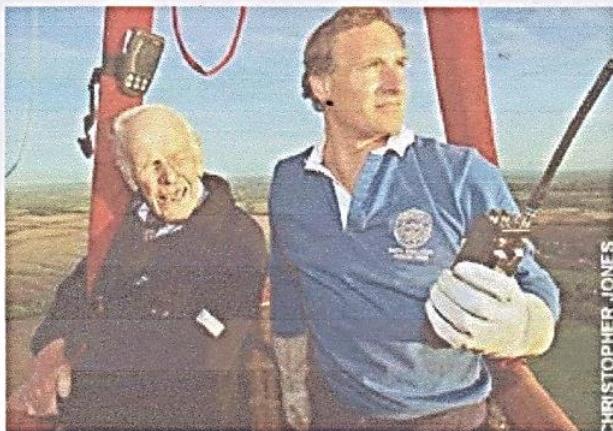
The moment after this, the balloon vaulted over the trees, and we saw the roadway outside the gardens stuck all over with mobs of tiny people, while the hubbub of the voices below, and the cries of "Ah bal-loon!" from the boys, rose to the ear like the sound of a distant school let loose to play.

Then, as we floated gently along below the still cloudless skies, and above the fields in a line with the Thames towards Richmond, and looked over the edge of the basket in which we were standing, the sight was the most exquisite visual delight ever experienced. The houses directly underneath us looked like tiny wooden things out of a child's box of toys, and the streets were ruts in the ground; and we could hear the hum of voices rising from every spot we passed over, faint as the buzzing of bees.

Indeed, it was the most wonderful sight to behold that vast mass of churches and hospitals, banks and prisons, palaces and workhouses, parks and squares, and courts and alleys, which make up London – all blended into one immense black spot. To look down upon the whole as the birds of the air look upon it, and see it dwindled into a mere rubbish heap. To feel yourself floating through the endless realms of space, drinking in the pure air of the skies, as you go sailing along among the stars, free as "the lark at heaven's gate".

Such is the scene we behold, and such are the thoughts that stir the brain whilst looking over London from the car of a balloon.

A balloon ride with Bill Deedes was 'the most terrifying trip of my life'



Thrill seekers: Bill Deedes and David Hempleman-Adams high over the Somerset countryside.

By David Hempleman-Adams

12:03AM BST 23 Aug 2007

David Hempleman-Adams has made dangerous journeys all over the world, but a gentle balloon flight with the late Bill Deedes turned out to be just as memorable.

Many people have asked me over the years to name the scariest thing I have ever done. Well, it wasn't climbing Everest, trekking to the North and South Poles, or even freezing in a balloon over the Atlantic. It was taking a frail Bill Deedes, aged 90, up in a hot-air balloon.

I had met Bill many times when, in 2002, he asked to interview me about a balloon trip across the Atlantic that I was planning. I suggested we meet for lunch to discuss it but he said: "No need for lunch, I just want to fly in the balloon to feel the adventure. Young man, I'll be with you at 6pm on Thursday for the flight."

I took a big gulp. Naturally I wasn't going to turn down Bill Deedes, but this was a tall order. Ballooning depends entirely on the weather - I could not promise a trouble-free flight. I explained this to Bill, who said: "Don't worry, it will be OK." I knew I'd met my match.

When he arrived at the launch in Bath wearing a tweed suit, I could see immediately that he was the most dapper passenger I had ever flown. He was also the oldest. I was nervous.

As I had feared, the weather wasn't conducive for transporting anyone with strong gusts and the threat of rain. While the ground crew struggled in the wind to inflate the balloon, Bill appeared excited, if a little apprehensive.

When I lifted him into the basket I realised there was nothing of him. At that point I questioned the risk I was taking - I probably should have abandoned the flight but didn't want to disappoint him.

Fortified by prayers, I decided to continue. He wanted to go up in a balloon more than anyone I had ever taken. I prayed: "Please don't let me kill him. Please give me a stand-up landing."

At take-off my back was wet with sweat as I did my best to ensure a smooth launch. Bill, the consummate professional, got out his notepad and pencil as we flew over the countryside. I was frantically navigating the balloon, dodging in and out of the way of the photographer.

Bill asked: "Now, David, what will be the dangers of crossing the Atlantic?" I said: "Bill, can we talk when we are on the ground?" It wasn't the best time to do an interview. He replied: "Yes, of course. And what height will you be flying at?" Leave it out, Bill! He had a ready chuckle and a grin like the Cheshire Cat.

We were zipping across the tree tops at 25 knots. I warned him that our landing might be difficult but he didn't seem worried. I prayed to the wind gods. Luckily, we managed a stand-up landing and he survived to tell the tale.

Within minutes of landing, somebody thrust a glass of champagne into his hand. I said: "They've got Scotch if you prefer, Bill."

"Now you're talking," he replied.

With each gulp the colour returned to his face - it was like watching a Tom and Jerry cartoon. As for me, my knees didn't stop shaking until I'd had a few drinks.

Taking him up in the balloon may have been a risk, but it was an honour and privilege. And I'll never forget the delight on his face when we landed. A smile, a chuckle - I salute you, old soldier.

Component 2: 19th and 21st Century Non-fiction Reading and Transactional/ Persuasive Writing

Time: 2 hours

[NB. These materials have been devised following the model offered by the awarding body in their sample materials. They have not been approved by the awarding body and teachers should use them in conjunction with their own understanding of the awarding body's assessment criteria.]

From Eat, Sweat, Play, by Anna Kessel (2016)

This extract comes at the end Anna Kessel's book exploring the role that sport and exercise play in women's lives.

So how do we create change in our own lives? I'm not talking diets, boot camps, or even joining a sports club. I'm talking about sustainable, incremental change. Change that is do-able, and change that makes us feel good – not overwhelmed with extra pressures to adopt a new lifestyle.

Sometimes it's just about making the tiniest adjustments in your brain, being open to new things. Like when my husband asked if I wanted a game of pool and, instead of running in the opposite direction as I usually would, terrified of being awful, I said yes. And so we played – and we laughed. We were both terrible, and my hands shook and wobbled inelegantly as the cue rested on my fingers, and I chipped the white up in the air, and missed the easiest of shots. 'We must be the worst sports journalist pool players ever,' I joked. 5

And then, something happened. Because I was having fun, I began to relax. The twenty years since I last played pool as a teenager floated away, and in my hands the cue took on a renewed purpose – and I potted a ball. I felt amazing! I punched the air! 'Are you trying to hustle me?' my husband asked, grinning. It was game on. Off we went, then, potting balls, missing balls, laughing and joking and enjoying ourselves together. Negotiating the edges of the green baize with my six-month pregnancy bump, I immediately thought of ten-times world champion snooker player Reanne Evans, an inspirational female figure battling for equality in her sport – who once won a world title while seven and a half months pregnant. How triumphant must she have felt that day? 'I did it for both of us,' she told me in 2015, 'me and my daughter. It was two against one ...' In the end my husband's skills won over, and he potted the black while I still had three balls on the table. But it didn't matter. We'd been competitive together. And it made us smile. 10 15 20 25

Writing this book helped the changes sink into my own brain. When my daughter asked me to run down the street with her, I stopped automatically saying, 'I can't because Mummy's got a baby in her tummy.' Instead I started saying, 'OK ... race you!' Out of breath, hips sore, shopping bags bumping by my side, I lollopped along with her. We both laughed our heads off, and the baby was fine. Or we'd be in the park, Ella pedaling furiously on her bike with pink stabilizers, me lightly jogging alongside her in my winter boots, or chasing after her, racing in the wintry rain with my husband, the three of us grinning with delight. And each and every time I couldn't help but marvel how physical activity brings such an unadulterated joy, unmatched by anything else. 30 35

Over the Christmas holidays I grew more and more aware of each time our family interacted with sport, as for example, my husband sat watching Tottenham

on the TV, while I, an Arsenal fan, quietly seethed in the background, and Ella delighted in this game of divided loyalties between her mum and dad. She would cosy up next to my husband and cheer her head off – occasionally for Arsenal, just to see the look on his face – and ask lots of questions. She wanted to understand what was happening, and she was most fascinated that adults had to follow rules, enforced by a referee handing out punishments to those who transgressed. ‘I want to be a referee, Daddy,’ she told my husband, ‘or a goalkeeper’.

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Conscious of how much men’s sport is on TV, and of the lack of female role models for my daughter to follow, I took her down to our local athletics track where elite coach Christine Bowmaker, a rare example in her sport of a female coach, had invited us to watch her training sessions. Determined to make sure that my daughter has a better relationship with sport and her own body than I ever did, I was thrilled – and awestruck – as together we watched women and girls thundering around the bends of the indoor track, leaping onto boxes and into sandpits, and powering through circuits in the weights room.

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[Source: © Anna Kessel, *Eat, Sweat, Play: How Sport Can Change Our Lives*, Pan Macmillan]

Boating and Sculling¹, by Miss A.D. McKenzie (1892)

Perhaps of all the outdoor amusements, rowing is one of the healthiest for ladies, besides being one of the most enjoyable. Just at first, of course, learning to row is rather tiring, but very soon one will find how far one can go without feeling any fatigue. For a girl who is learning, the great thing is to have someone who can row well to tell her all about it; and then, if she will only row bow² and keep her eyes on stroke's³ back, without looking round every minute to see what her oar is doing – she will find she will soon get on. The great secret, of course, in rowing is not to dip the oar too deeply in the water, but merely to cover the blade, and then pull it well towards one. In going forward one ought to feather one's oar an inch above the water, and get well forward before raking another stroke.

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Sculling is really quite as easy, if not easier, than rowing; and though at the start a beginner finds the sculls are apt to get rather unmanageable, still, after a little practice, she will much prefer it. Rowing is more one-sided than sculling, and the latter is naturally the better exercise, as both arms have a freer motion than in rowing. But, above all things, one should remember that the stretcher⁴ is made for use, not ornament, and that one cannot use it too much. So many ladies make the great mistake of merely rowing with their arms, when, if they only knew it, they could save themselves half the labour by bending forward, and bearing on the stretcher, in pulling each stroke.

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It is essential for every English girl to learn to row, and no one can say anything against a lady rowing – though, of course, there are 'some folks' who would run down anything that a lady does in the way of athletic exercises, more for the sake of argument than anything else. Twenty years ago it was very different: it was not considered *comme il faut*⁵ for a lady to row and she never dreamt of doing so. Now, however, that everything is changed, it is clearly to be seen that it is the very best thing for her, and affords an amusement that having once gone in for, she would be very sorry to give up.

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Living nearly all the summer by the river gives one many opportunities of observing the river world, and it is often remarked that ladies know as much about managing a boat as men. On the Thames, between Cookham and Wargrave, ladies have for some time indulged in a great deal of rowing. At the former place a few years ago, a ladies' eight⁶ was started, and the crew were all well trained, and kept good time, etc.

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1 Sculling: pulling a boat with two oars, one in each hand (in rowing, one oar is held in both hands).

2 Bow: rower at front of boat.

3 Stroke: rower at back of boat (the rowers sit facing backwards, which is why the person at the front can see the person at the back).

4 Stretcher: device inside a boat that feet are attached to; it slides back and forth with the action of rowing.

5 *Comme il faut*: French phrase, correct in behaviour.

6 Eight: the number of rowers in a boat.

Section A: 40 Marks

Answer all of the following questions

Read the extract by Anna Kessel.

A1.

- a. How long is it since the author previously played pool?

[1 mark, AO1, 1a]

- b. How many times has Reanne Evans won the snooker world championship?

[1 mark, AO1, 1a]

- c. Which football team does the author support?

[1 mark, AO1, 1a]

A2.

- Anna Kessel is trying to argue that it is possible for women to introduce more sport and exercise into their lives. How does she try to do this?

You should comment on:

- what she says to influence readers;
- her use of language and tone;
- the way she presents her argument.

[10 marks, AO2, 1a, b, c + d]

To answer the following questions you will need to read the extract by Miss A.D. McKenzie.

A3.

- a. What does the writer mean by 'the river world' in line 29?

[1 mark, AO1, 1a, b, c + d]

- b. What does the writer suggest is the 'great secret' to rowing?

[2 marks, AO1, 1a, b, c + d]

A4.

- What do you think and feel about Miss A.D. McKenzie's views about rowing and sculling?

You must refer to the text to support your comments.

[10 marks, AO4]

A5.

- According to these two writers, what are some of the difficulties faced by women taking up sport and exercise (to do with boats, or sport and exercise in general)?

[4 marks, AO1, 2a + b]

A6.

- Both of these texts are about the positive value of taking part in sporting activity and exercise. Compare the following:
- the writers' attitudes to sporting activity and exercise;
 - how they get across their arguments.

[10 marks, AO3]

SECTION B Transactional/Persuasive Writing

B1	<p>TWO compulsory writing tasks. Complete both.</p> <p>One will be persuasive, the other could be anything.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Planning is essential • Adapting writing to FORM, PURPOSE and AUDIENCE is key. • Think carefully about WHAT you have been asked to write. You need to include features of that type of text. • Make it as convincing as you can. Think about the things your audience needs to hear. • Think about what would motivate someone to create this type of text. Try to make it authentic. • Transaction is key to these tasks. Try to make your reader respond. Your writing shouldn't read like an exercise! • Less is more. Write well rather than lots. • Develop your paragraphs. Add detail around topic sentences rather than listing lots of different ideas. 	1 Hour 30 mins per task	40 Marks	AO5 (12 Marks)
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SECTION B: 40 marks

Answer Question B1 and Question B2.

In this section you will be assessed for the quality of your writing skills.

For each question, 12 marks are awarded for communication and organisation; 8 marks are awarded for vocabulary, sentence structure, punctuation and spelling.

Think about the purpose and audience for your writing.

You should aim to write about 300-400 words for each task.

- B1** Your school or college is keen to make a wider range of sports available to students

Write a report for the Headteacher suggesting ways this might be done.

You could include:

- Your analysis about the sport on offer to students at the moment;
- Your ideas about how the situation could be improved.

- B2** The government is proposing to increase the amount of time given to compulsory sports in school for all students up to the age of 16.

You have been commissioned to write an article for a national magazine about the proposal.

Write an interesting article for the magazine trying to persuade readers that this is or is not a good idea.

SECTION B: 40 marks

Answer Question B1 and Question B2.

In this section you will be assessed for the quality of your writing skills.

For each question, 12 marks are awarded for communication and organisation; 8 marks are awarded for vocabulary, sentence structure, punctuation and spelling.

Think about the purpose and audience for your writing.

You should aim to write about 300-400 words for each task.

- B1** Your local council is proposing to pedestrianise a large area in the centre of your city.

Write a letter to your local councillor arguing either for or against this proposal.

You could include:

- Your thoughts about how the proposal would affect local residents;
- Your ideas about how the proposal would work practically.

- B2** To ease congestion around your school, the governors want to reduce the number of students who travel to school by car.

You have been asked to write an article for the school magazine about this issue.

Write an interesting article for the school magazine trying to persuade fellow students to walk or cycle to school.

SECTION B: 40 marks

Answer Question B1 and Question B2.

In this section you will be assessed for the quality of your writing skills.

For each question, 12 marks are awarded for communication and organisation; 8 marks are awarded for vocabulary, sentence structure, punctuation and spelling.

Think about the purpose and audience for your writing.

You should aim to write about 300-400 words for each task.

- B1** You have heard about a sponsored challenge in which participants will have to do a twenty mile walk across hills and rugged country. Money will be raised for charity but the challenge will be physically tough.

Write a letter to a friend persuading him or her to take part.

You could include:

- Your thoughts about why the event would be a good thing to do;
- Your ideas about how you can prepare for the event.

- B2** You have to give a talk to your class with the title 'Mobile phones: a blessing or a curse?'

Write a speech that presents your views on this topic.