GCSE English Language skills booster.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Task</th>
<th>Date completed</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Attend booster session</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Redraft mock exam answer</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Complete new exam question</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Return for marking</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Practice on GCSE POD</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Language Paper 1, question 2, level 3.
Contents:

December PPE insert (June 2018) 2, 3
Tips and advice 4
Worked examples 7
Model answer with commentary 8
Next steps 10
Space to redraft your answer 11

New texts and exam question
June 2017 14
November 2018 20
The source that follows is:

Source A: 21st Century prose-fiction

*Jigs and Reels* by Joanne Harris


Please turn the page over to see the source.
Source A is taken from the beginning of a short story written by Joanne Harris. Mr Fisher, a teacher of English for forty years, works at St Oswald's Grammar School for Boys.

Mr Fisher lived alone in a small terraced house in the centre of town. He did not own a car, and therefore preferred to do as much as he could of his weekend marking in the form room after school. Even so, there were usually two or three stacks of books and papers to take home on the bus.

It had been a disappointing term at St Oswald's. For most of the boys in 3F, creative writing was on a par with country dancing and food technology. Oh, he'd tried to engage their interest. But books just didn't seem to kindle the same enthusiasm as they had in the old days.

Mr Fisher remembered a time – surely, not so long ago – when books were golden, when imaginations soared, when the world was filled with stories which ran like gazelles and pounced like tigers and exploded like rockets, illuminating minds and hearts. He had seen it happen; had seen whole classes swept away in the fever. In those days, there were heroes; there were dragons and dinosaurs; there were space adventurers and soldiers of fortune and giant apes. In those days, thought Mr Fisher, we dreamed in colour, though films were in black and white, and good always triumphed in the end.

Now everything was in black and white, and though Mr Fisher continued to teach with as much devotion to duty as he had forty years before, he was secretly aware that his voice had begun to lack conviction. To these boys, these sullen boys with their gelled hair and perfect teeth, everything was boring. Shakespeare was boring. Dickens was boring.

There didn't seem to be a single story left in the world that they hadn't heard before. And over the years, though he had tried to stop it, a terrible disillusionment had crept over Mr Fisher, who had once dreamed so fiercely of writing stories of his own. They had come to the end of the seam, he understood. There were no more stories to be written. The magic had run out.

This was an uncharacteristically gloomy train of thought, and Mr Fisher pushed it away. Not all his boys lacked imagination. Alistair Tibbet, for instance, even though he had obviously done part of his homework on the bus. An amiable boy, this Tibbet. Not a brilliant scholar by any means, but there was a spark in him which deserved attention.

Mr Fisher took a deep breath and looked down at Tibbet's exercise book, trying not to think of the snow outside and the five o'clock bus he was now almost certain to miss. Four books to go, he told himself; and then home; dinner; bed; the comforting small routine of a winter weekend.

But, gradually sitting there in the warm classroom with the smell of chalk and floor polish in his nostrils, Mr Fisher began to experience a very strange sensation. It began as a tightening in his diaphragm, as if a long unused muscle had been brought into action. His breathing quickened, stopped, quickened again. He began to sweat. And when he reached the end of the story, Mr Fisher put down his red pen and went back to the beginning, re-reading every word very slowly and with meticulous care.
Question 2 on Language paper 1 assesses **the same skills** as Question 3 on Language paper 2. But to students they may **appear** to be different because

- On paper 1 you are given 3 bullet points in the question, to suggest what you might include in your answer.
- Paper 1 Q2 will ask you how the writer uses language for effect in a **fiction text**, whereas Paper 2 Q3 will ask you how the writer uses language for effect in a **non-fiction text**.
- Paper 1 Q2 is worth 8 marks whereas Paper 2 Q3 is worth 12 marks. *The secret is: this is just so that the marks balance out when they’re added up! So you have to do exactly the same thing for both questions, and write the same amount. As always, it is quality, not quantity here.*

Your target grade is a grade 7.

*Last year, students who achieved a grade 7 were consistently working at level 3. To secure a grade 7, we need to make sure you can confidently produce a level 3 answer.*

**Let’s look at the mark scheme:**

| Level 3 Clear, relevant explanation | Shows clear understanding of language:  
- explains clearly the effects of the writer’s choices of language.  
- selects a range of relevant textual detail.  
- makes clear and accurate use of subject terminology. | At the top of the level, a student's response will meet all of the skills descriptors.  
At the bottom of the level, a student will have level 2 and at least 1 skills descriptor. |

✓ You will do well in this question if you can write about **the effect** of the writer’s choices of language.

✓ You must include **subject terminology**, but no particular subject term is better than another. So you could talk about **adjectives** or you could talk about **anaphora**: you would get the same mark if you analyse the effect.
## Language Methods and techniques

Fill in the table with their definitions. If you want a higher mark, you need to also know what simple, minor, compound and complex sentences are, and further word class other than the ones listed here.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Subject Terminology</th>
<th>What is it?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Noun</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adjectives</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adverbs</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alliteration</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Metaphor</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Onomatopoeia</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Personification</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Similes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sensory Language</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Repetition</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### ST SPAM

- **S** = senses, sentences
- **T** = telescoping, time connectives
- **S** = similes, sound effects, sentence variety
- **P** = personification, paragraphing
- **A** = adjectives, adverbs, alliteration
- **M** = metaphors

You may have used **ST SPAM** as a checklist to remember descriptive methods. It might help you to remember some examples.
Mr Fisher remembered a time – surely, not so long ago – when books were golden, when imaginations soared, when the world was filled with stories which ran like gazelles and pounced like tigers and exploded like rockets, illuminating minds and hearts. He had seen it happen; had seen whole classes swept away in the fever. In those days, there were heroes; there were dragons and dinosaurs; there were space adventurers and soldiers of fortune and giant apes. In those days, thought Mr Fisher, we dreamed in colour, though films were in black and white, and good always triumphed in the end.

How does the writer use language here to convey Mr Fisher’s views on books and stories of the past?

You could include the writer’s choice of:

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

[8 marks]

To achieve level 3:

✓ You must explain how does the language used works in this sentence / text; why is this method in this quotation used in this way in this piece?
✓ You MUST zoom in. eg: within a simile, zoom in on the effect of the different words and types of words in it, and identify the methods used within the simile.
Here are snippets of 4 different level 3 responses. Part of each paragraph demonstrates clear understanding of language using a different quotation. Be careful: there are some mistakes too. But if a student can display a skill once they are in that level: you can never lose marks.

For each one, highlight the part that is level 3. Why do you think the lines you have highlighted are level 3 rather than level 2?

**Example 1:**
We can see Mr Fisher’s strong views of books of the past as he saw ‘whole classes swept away’. The personification of books to have the ability to sweep away a whole class conveys them to be powerful. The writer describes the books to sweep the class away ‘like a fever’. Fever is something that consumes the body, so the writer is emphasising the power of books to overwhelm a person’s thoughts.

**Example 2:**
The writer uses adjectives such as ‘golden’ to describe old books. They are used as ‘golden’ has very clear connotations of positivity and also wealth. Wealth relates to Mr Fisher’s views on books of the past because it suggests that these stories are almost like lost or forgotten treasures.

**Example 3:**
The second simile says stories ‘pounced like tigers’. This shows that the stories truly gripped their readers, not letting them go, capturing both their attention and their imaginations. The use of ‘tiger’ shows how captivating these stories were and their power over humans and their minds.

**Example 4:**
The writer implies that Mr Fisher enjoyed reading books and felt they were filled with joy. ‘When imaginations soared’ suggests that Mr Fisher’s imagination had no limits when reading a book. The word ‘soared’ implies that Mr Fisher’s imagination metaphorically had wings and was free to do anything.

✓ Every one of these examples shows “zoomed in” analysis.
What do you understand by that?
Response A:

The writer uses **metaphors** Mr Fisher says ‘books were golden’, and ‘golden’ shows that they were valuable and precious and they contained something unique and special, that real life couldn’t compare to it. Books from the past may have had a huge affect on Mr Fisher hence why he remembers them and cherishes them. He is unable to forget the stories within them as they were so fantastic, like treasure.

The writer uses a variety of **positive imagery** to convey Mr Fisher’s views on books and stories of the past. The writer uses **similes** like ‘pounced like tigers’ to show that once the stories used to have a dramatic affect on the reader as ‘pounced’ could imply that the stories engaged the reader so much that they didn’t want to put the book down.

Mr Fisher also describes stories that 'ran like gazelles…'. This suggests Mr Fisher believed books in the past were more thrilling and exciting, this also supported by the **verbs** ‘ran’, ‘pounced’ and ‘exploded’ which gives connotations of energy and fast-paced action to the reader. Overall, the reader can see Mr Fisher views books in the past being more entertaining and appealing.

This is a **level 3** response:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Level 3</th>
<th>Shows clear understanding of language:</th>
<th>At the top of the level, a student's response will meet all of the skills descriptors.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Clear, relevant explanation</td>
<td>- explains clearly the effects of the writer’s choices of language.</td>
<td>At the bottom of the level, a student will have level 2 and at least 1 skills descriptor.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- selects a range of relevant textual detail.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- makes clear and accurate use of subject terminology.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- The student has identified **language method** that the writer has used. They have also zoomed in: so not only have they talked about a **simile**, they have talked about the **verbs** in the simile.
- They have given **examples of how the methods are used**.
- They have **zoomed in on their examples** to analyse the effect of the language on the reader. To do this, they have thought about the connotations and **associations** of the words. So if golden = precious, valuable, special, then if books are “golden”, they must be precious, valuable and special too.

✅ Your analysis has got to make sense! Some responses say things like “gazelles are elegant, so Mr Fisher thinks books are elegant.” This is not a good analysis because books can’t be elegant.

✅ In the same way, saying things like “in the quote ‘illuminating minds and hearts’ the word ‘illuminating’ suggest a glow in the child” – you may think this is analysis of effect but it is not. You need to go further: books can’t make a child literally “glow” so what is he actually saying? Maybe that they are lit up with new knowledge, or that their faces have lit up with happiness – this makes sense. Saying “books make children glow” without explaining what that means is **not** analysis of effect.
A useful structure for a level 3 response to this question could be

→ Identify the language method or technique (POINT)
→ Give examples (EVIDENCE)
→ Zoom in on key words and analyse the effect (ANALYSIS).
Reflect:
Redraft your answer to Q2 of your December PPE.
Show me with red pen where you have analysed the effect of the writer’s language choices.

Extend:
Using the paper *Language Paper 1, June 2017*, complete question 2.
Take no more than 10 minutes and ensure you do this in exam conditions.

Consolidate:
- complete the November 2018 Q2 in exam conditions.
- revise and practice using [Gasepod](#)
Mr Fisher remembered a time – surely, not so long ago – when books were golden, when imaginations soared, when the world was filled with stories which ran like gazelles and pounced like tigers and exploded like rockets, illuminating minds and hearts. He had seen it happen; had seen whole classes swept away in the fever. In those days, there were heroes; there were dragons and dinosaurs; there were space adventurers and soldiers of fortune and giant apes. In those days, thought Mr Fisher, we dreamed in colour, though films were in black and white, and good always triumphed in the end.

How does the writer use language here to convey Mr Fisher’s views on books and stories of the past?

You could include the writer’s choice of:

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

[8 marks]
GCSE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

8700/1 Paper 1 Explorations in creative reading and writing

Insert

The source that follows is:

Source A: 20th Century prose-fiction

_The Tiredness of Rosabel_ by Katherine Mansfield

An extract from a short story written in 1908.

Please turn the page over to see the source
At the corner of Oxford Circus, Rosabel bought a bunch of violets, and that was practically the reason why she had so little tea – for a scone and a boiled egg and a cup of cocoa are not sufficient after a hard day’s work in a hat shop. As she swung onto the step of the bus, grabbed her skirt with one hand and clung to the railing with the other, Rosabel thought she would have sacrificed her soul for a good dinner, something hot and strong and filling.

Rosabel looked out of the windows; the street was blurred and misty, but light striking on the panes turned their dullness to opal and silver, and the jewellers’ shops seen through this were fairy palaces. Her feet were horribly wet, and she knew the bottom of her skirt and petticoat would be coated with black, greasy mud. There was a sickening smell of warm humanity – it seemed to be oozing out of everybody in the bus – and everybody had the same expression, sitting so still, staring in front of them. Rosabel stirred suddenly and unfastened the two top buttons of her coat... she felt almost stifled. Through her half-closed eyes, the whole row of people on the opposite seat seemed to resolve into one meaningless, staring face.

She began to think of all that had happened during the day. Would she ever forget that awful woman in the grey mackintosh, or the girl who had tried on every hat in the shop and then said she would ‘call in tomorrow and decide definitely’? Rosabel could not help smiling; the excuse was worn so thin.

But there had been one other – a girl with beautiful red hair and a white skin and eyes the colour of that green ribbon shot with gold they had got from Paris last week. Rosabel had seen her carriage at the door; a man had come in with her, quite a young man, and so well dressed.

‘What is it exactly that I want, Harry?’ she had said, as Rosabel took the pins out of her hat, untied her veil, and gave her a hand-mirror.

‘You must have a black hat,’ he had answered, ‘a black hat with a feather that goes right round it and then round your neck and ties in a bow under your chin – and a decent-sized feather.’

The girl glanced at Rosabel laughingly. ‘Have you any hats like that?’

They had been very hard to please; Harry would demand the impossible, and Rosabel was almost in despair. Then she remembered the big, untouched box upstairs.

‘Oh, one moment, Madam,’ she had said, ‘I think perhaps I can show you something that will please you better.’ She had run up, breathlessly, cut the cords, scattered the tissue paper, and yes, there was the very hat – rather large, soft, with a great, curled feather, and a black velvet rose, nothing else. They had been charmed. The girl had put it on and then handed it to Rosabel.

‘Let me see how it looks on you,’ she said.
Rosabel turned to the mirror and placed it on her brown hair, then faced them.

‘Oh, Harry, isn't it adorable,' the girl cried, 'I must have that!' She smiled again at Rosabel. ‘It suits you, beautifully.’

A sudden, ridiculous feeling of anger had seized Rosabel. She longed to throw the lovely, perishable thing in the girl's face, and bent over the hat, flushing.

'It's exquisitely finished off inside, Madam,' she said. The girl swept out to her carriage, and left Harry to pay and bring the box with him.

'I shall go straight home and put it on before I come out to lunch with you,' Rosabel heard her say.

END OF SOURCE
Look in detail at this extract, from lines 6 to 14 of the source:

Rosabel looked out of the windows; the street was blurred and misty, but light striking on the panes turned their dullness to opal and silver, and the jewellers' shops seen through this were fairy palaces. Her feet were horribly wet, and she knew the bottom of her skirt and petticoat would be coated with black, greasy mud. There was a sickening smell of warm humanity – it seemed to be oozing out of everybody in the bus – and everybody had the same expression, sitting so still, staring in front of them. Rosabel stirred suddenly and unfastened the two top buttons of her coat... she felt almost stifled. Through her half-closed eyes, the whole row of people on the opposite seat seemed to resolve into one meaningless, staring face.

How does the writer use language here to describe Rosabel's bus journey home?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.
The source that follows is:

Source A: 20th Century prose-fiction

*A Sound of Thunder* by Ray Bradbury

An extract from the middle of a short story, published in 1952.

Please turn the page over to see the source
Source A

Using a time machine, an organisation called Time Safari transports clients into the past to take part in hunting expeditions. A group that includes Mr Eckels, together with their guide, Travis, is visiting a prehistoric jungle in order to shoot a Tyrannosaurus Rex.

1 The jungle was high and the jungle was broad. Sounds like music and flying tents filled the sky, and those were pterodactyls soaring with huge grey wings.

'Ve've hunted tiger, wild boar, buffalo, elephant, but now, this is it,' said Eckels. 'I'm shaking like a kid.'

5 'Ah,' said Travis.

Everyone stopped.

Travis raised his hand. 'Ahead,' he whispered, 'in the mist. There he is. There's his Royal Majesty now.'

9 The jungle was wide and full of twitterings, rustlings, murmurs, and sighs.

10 Suddenly it all ceased, as if someone had shut a door.

Silence.

A sound of thunder.

Out of the mist, one hundred yards away, came Tyrannosaurus Rex.

'It,' whispered Eckels, 'it......'

15 'Ssh!' 

16 It came on great oiled, resilient, striding legs. It towered thirty feet above half of the trees, a great evil god, folding its delicate watchmaker's claws close to its oily reptilian chest. Each lower leg was a piston, a thousand pounds of white bone, sunk in thick ropes of muscle, sheathed over in a gleam of pebbled skin like the armour of a terrible warior. Each thigh was a ton of meat, ivory, and steel mesh. And from the great breathing cage of the upper body those two delicate arms dangled out front, arms with hands which might pick up and examine men like toys, while the snake neck coiled. And the head itself, a ton of sculptured stone, lifted easily upon the sky. Its mouth gaped, exposing a fence of teeth like daggers. Its eyes rolled, ostrich eggs, empty of all expression save hunger. It closed its mouth in a death grin. It ran, its pelvic bones crushing aside trees and bushes, its taloned feet clawing damp earth, leaving prints six inches deep wherever it settled its weight.

It ran with a gliding ballet step, far too poised and balanced for its ten tons. It moved into a sunlit area warily, its beautifully reptilian hands feeling the air.

'Why, why....,' Eckels twitched his mouth, 'it could reach up and grab the moon.'

30 'Ssh!' Travis jerked angrily. 'He hasn't seen us yet.'
'It can't be killed.' Eckels pronounced this verdict quietly, as if there could be no argument. He had weighed the evidence and this was his considered opinion. The rifle in his hands seemed like a toy gun. 'We were fools to come. This is impossible.'

'Shut up!' hissed Travis.

'Nightmare.'

'Turn around,' commanded Travis. 'Walk quietly to the Machine. We'll remit half your fee.'

'I didn't realize it would be this big,' said Eckels. 'I miscalculated, that's all. And now I want out.'

'It sees us!'

'There's the red paint on its chest.'

The Tyrant Lizard raised itself. Its armoured flesh glittered like a thousand green coins. The coins, crusted with slime, steamed. In the slime, tiny insects wriggled, so that the entire body seemed to twitch and undulate, even while the monster itself did not move. It exhaled. The stink of raw flesh blew down the wilderness.

'Get me out of here,' said Eckels. 'It was never like this before. I was always sure I'd come through alive. I had good guides, good safaris, and safety. This time, I figured wrong. I've met my match and admit it. This is too much for me to get hold of.'

'Don't run,' said Lesperance. 'Turn around. Hide in the Machine.'

'Yes.' Eckels seemed to be numb. He looked at his feet as if trying to make them move. He gave a grunt of Helplessness.

'Eckels!'

He took a few steps, blinking, shuffling.

'Not that way!'

The Monster, at the first motion, lunged forward with a terrible scream. It covered one hundred yards in six seconds. The rifles jerked up and blazed fire. A windstorm from the beast's mouth engulfed them in the stench of slime and old blood. The Monster roared, teeth glittering with sun.

The rifles cracked again, but their sound was lost in shriek and lizard thunder. The great level of the reptile's tail swung up, lashed sideways. Trees exploded in clouds of leaf and branch. The Monster twitched its jeweller's hands down to fondle at the men, to twist them in half, to crush them like berries, to cram them into its teeth and its screaming throat. Its boulder-stone eyes levelled with the men. They saw themselves mirrored. They fired at the metallic eyelids and the blazing black iris.

Like a stone idol, like a mountain avalanche, Tyrannosaurus fell.

END OF SOURCE
Look in detail at this extract, from lines 16 to 26 of the source:

It came on great oiled, resilient, striding legs. It towered thirty feet above half of the trees, a great evil god, folding its delicate watchmaker's claws close to its oily reptilian chest. Each lower leg was a piston, a thousand pounds of white bone, sunk in thick ropes of muscle, sheathed over in a gleam of pebbled skin like the armour of a terrible warrior. Each thigh was a ton of meat, ivory, and steel mesh. And from the great breathing cage of the upper body those two delicate arms dangled out front, arms with hands which might pick up and examine men like toys, while the snake neck coiled. And the head itself, a ton of sculptured stone, lifted easily upon the sky. Its mouth gaping, exposing a fence of teeth like daggers. Its eyes rolled, ostrich eggs, empty of all expression save hunger. It closed its mouth in a death grin. It ran, its pelvic bones crushing aside trees and bushes, its taloned feet clawing damp earth, leaving prints six inches deep wherever it settled its weight.

How does the writer use language here to describe the Tyrannosaurus Rex?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

[8 marks]