AQA GCSE English Language Paper 1: Extracts

**Year 11**

BOOKLET 1



Name:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**Extract from ‘To Kill a Mockingbird’ by Harper Lee.**

*This is an American novel set in 1933. The novel goes on to explore racial prejudice and the efficacy of the American justice system. However, this extract is from the opening of the novel.*

Maycomb was an old town, but it was a tired old town when I first knew it. In rainy weather the streets turned to red slop; grass grew on the sidewalks, the courthouse **sagged** in the square. Somehow, it was hotter then: a black dog suffered on a summer’s day; bony **mules** hitched to Hoover carts flicked flies in the **sweltering** **5.**shade of the live oaks on the square. Men’s stiff collars **wilted** by nine in the morning. Ladies bathed before noon, after their three-o’clock naps, and by nightfall were like soft teacakes with frostings of sweat and sweet talcum.

 People moved slowly then. They **ambled** across the square, **shuffled** in and out of the stores around it, took their time about everything. A day was twenty-four **10.**hours long but seemed longer. There was no hurry, for there was nowhere to go, nothing to buy and no money to buy it with, nothing to see outside the boundaries of Maycomb County. But it was a time of **vague** **optimism** for some of the people: Maycomb County had recently been told that it had nothing to fear but fear itself.

 We lived on the main residential street in town – Atticus, Jem and I, plus **15**.Calpurnia our cook. Jem and I found our father satisfactory: he played with us, read to us, and treated us with **courteous** **detachment**.

 Calpurnia was something else again. She was all angles and bones; she was near-sighted; she squinted; her hand was wide as a bed slat and twice as hard. She was always ordering me out of the kitchen, asking me why I couldn’t behave as well **20.**as Jem when she knew he was older, and calling me home when I wasn’t ready to come. Our battles were **epic** and one-sided. Calpurnia always won, mainly because Atticus always took her side. She had been with us ever since Jem was born, and I had felt her **tyrannical** presence as long as I could remember.

**An extract from ‘Heart of Darkness’ by Joseph Conrad**

*This novel was published in 1899. Marlow, the main character, sails a ship along the Congo river in Africa. He is hoping to meet a famous ivory trader called Kurtz. At the time, the King of Belgium – King Leopold – was colonising The Congo; enslaving the people there and treating them with terrible brutality.*

The lawyer – the best of the old fellows – had, because of his many years and many virtues, the only cushion on the deck and was lying on the only rug. The accountant had brought out already a box of dominoes and was toying architecturally with the pieces.

**5.** Marlow sat cross-legged right aft, leaning against the **mizzen mast**. He had sunken cheeks, a yellow **complexion**, a straight back, an **ascetic** **aspect**, and with his arms dropped, the **palms** of the hands outwards, **resembled** an i**dol**.

 We exchanged a few words lazily. Afterwards, there was silence on board the yacht. For some reason or other we did not begin that game of dominoes. We felt **10.meditative** and fit for nothing but **placid** staring. The day was ending in a **serenity** of still and **exquisite** **brilliance**. The water shone **pacifically,** the sky without a speck was a **benign** **immensity** of unstained light, the very mist on the Essex marshes was like a **gaudy** and **radiant** fabric hung from the wooded rises inland and **draping** the low shores in **diaphanous** folds. Only the gloom to the west, **15.brooding** over the upper reaches, became more **sombre** every minute as if angered by the approach of the sun.

 And at last, in its curved and **imperceptible** fall, the sun sank low, and from the glowing white changed to a dull red without rays and without heat, as if about to go out suddenly, **stricken** to death by the touch of that gloom brooding over the **20.**crowd of men on the ship.

**An extract from Chapter 3 of ‘The Mill on the Floss’ by George Elliot**

*This novel was first published in 1860. The author’s real name is Marian Evans; she published the novel under a male name because of the misogyny of the time.*

The gentleman in the **ample** white **cravat** and shirt-frill, taking his brandy and water so pleasantly with his good friend Tulliver, is Mr Riley: a gentleman with a **waxen** **complexion** and fat hands, rather highly educated for an **auctioneer** and **appraiser**, but large-hearted enough to show a great deal of ***bonhommie*** towards simple **5.**country **acquaintances** of **hospitable** habits. Mr Riley spoke of such acquaintances kindly as ‘people of the old school’.

 In a low voice, turning to Mr Riley as though Maggie couldn’t hear, Mr Tulliver said, ‘She understands what one’s talking about so as never was. And you should hear her read, straight off – as if she knows it all beforehand! She’ll read the books **10.**an’ understand them, better than half the folks that are grown up.’

 Their guest, Mr Riley, was turning over the leaves of Maggie’s current book and she could make nothing of his face with its high-arched eyebrows; but he presently looked at her and said, ‘Come and tell me something about this book; here are some pictures – I want to know what they mean.’

**15.** Maggie with deepening colour went without hesitation to Mr Riley’s elbow and looked over the book, **eagerly** **seizing** one corner while she said, ‘O, I’ll tell you what that means. It’s a **dreadful** picture isn’t it? But I can’t help looking at it. That old woman in the water’s a witch – they’ve put her in, to find out whether she’s a witch or no, and if she swims she’s a witch, and if she’s drowned – and killed, you know – **20.**she’s innocent, and not a witch, but only a poor silly old woman. And this man here,’ Maggie pointed lower on the page, ‘is the devil. Isn’t he ugly?’

 Mr Tulliver had listened to his daughter’s **exposition** with horror and **petrified** wonder. ‘Why, what book is it the **wench** has got hold on?’ he burst out.

 ‘ “The History of the Devil” by Daniel Defoe; not quite the right book for a little **25.**girl,’ said Mr Riley, frowning.

 Maggie looked hurt and **discouraged** whilst her red-faced father cast about for a response to his guest.

**An extract from Chapter 4 of ‘Oscar and Lucinda’ by Peter Carey**

*Written in 1988, the novel is set in the mid 1800s. It tells the story of Oscar Hopkins, the* [*Cornish*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cornish_people) *son of a* [*Plymouth Brethren*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Plymouth_Brethren) *minister who becomes an* [*Anglican*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anglican)[*priest*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Priest)*, and Lucinda Leplastrier, a young Australian heiress who buys a* [*glass*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Glass) *factory. They meet on the ship over to Australia, and discover that they are both* [*addicted*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Problem_gambling) *to gambling. Lucinda bets Oscar that he cannot transport a glass* [*church*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Church_%28building%29) *from* [*Sydney*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sydney) *to a remote settlement at* [*Bellingen*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bellingen%2C_New_South_Wales)*, some 400 km up the* [*New South Wales*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/New_South_Wales) *coast. This bet changes both their lives forever. The extract below relates an incident in Oscar’s childhood.*

His son was long-necked and delicate. He was light, airy, made from the **quills** of a bird. He was white and frail. He had a triangular face, a thin nose, archer’s-bow lips, a fine pointed chin. The eyes were so clean and unprotected, like freshly peeled fruit. It was a face that trusted you completely, made you light in the heart at the very **5.**moment it placed on you the full weight of responsibility for its protection. It was such an open face that you could thank God for its **lack** of **guile** at the very moment you **harboured** anxieties for its safety in the world. Not even the red hair, the frizzy nest which grew outwards, horizontal like a windblown tree in an Italianate painting, this hair did not suggest anything as self-protective as ‘temper’.

**10.** He should not have hit him.

 He knew this even as he did it, even as he felt himself move like the wind through the cabbage-damp kitchen, which was peopled with stiff and silent **mannequins**. He saw Mrs Williams reaching for her rolling pin. He saw Fran Drabble raise her hand to cover her open mouth. He knew, as he heard the **remnants** of the **15.**nasty **sweetmeat** hiss upon the fire, that he should not have struck his son.

 Theophilus saw the two blue marks he had made on his son’s neck. They were made by the pincers of his own thumb and forefinger. He regretted the injury, but what else could he have done? The boy had skin like his mother. In a surgery in Pimlico, a Dr Hansen had dropped nitric acid on this skin from a 15ml **pipette.** Had **20.**the boy in the waiting room heard her cry out? She had a tumour, and Hansen had removed the growth like this, with drops of acid on her **tender** skin. She had died anyway.

 He had never struck his son.

**An extract from Chapter 1 of ‘All Quiet on the Western Front’ by Erich Maria Remarque**

*First published in 1928, this novel is based on Remarque’s own experiences as a solder in the German Army in WW1.*

Kantorek had been our schoolmaster, a **stern** little man in a grey **tail-coat**, with a face like a shrew mouse. He was about the same size as Corporal Himmelstoss, the “terror of Klosterberg.” It is very **queer** that the unhappiness of the world is so often brought on by small men. They are so much more energetic and **uncompromising** **5.**than the big fellows. I have always taken good care to keep out of companies with small section commanders.

 During drill-time Kantorek gave us long lectures until the whole of our class went, under his shepherding, to the District Commandant and volunteered. I can see him now, as he used to glare at us through his spectacles and say in a moving voice: **10.**“Won’t you join up, Comrades?”

 There was, indeed, one of us who hesitated and did not want to fall into line. That was Joseph Behm, a **plump**, **homely** fellow. But he did allow himself to be persuaded, otherwise he would have been ostracized. And perhaps more of us thought as he did, but no one could very well stand out, because at that time even **15.**one’s parents were ready with the word “coward”; no one had the vaguest idea what we were in for. The wisest were just the poor and simple people. They knew the war to be a **misfortune**, whereas those who were better off, and should have been able to see more clearly what the consequences would be, were beside themselves with joy.

**20.** Katczinsky said that was a result of their **upbringing**. It made them stupid. And what Kat said, he had thought about.

 Strange to say, Behm was one of the first to fall. He got hit in the eye during an attack, and we left him lying for dead. We couldn’t bring him with us, because we had to come back helter-skelter. In the afternoon, suddenly, we heard him call, and **25.**saw him crawling about in No Man’s Land. He had only been knocked unconscious. Because he could not see, and was mad with pain, he failed to keep under cover, and so was shot down before anyone could go and fetch him in.

 Naturally, we couldn’t blame Kantorek for this. Where would the world be if one brought every man to book?

**An extract from Chapter 1 of ‘Treasure Island’ by Robert Louis Stevenson**

*Treasure Island is an* [*adventure novel*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Adventure_novel) *by Scottish author* [*Robert Louis Stevenson*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson)*, narrating a tale of "*[*buccaneers*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Piracy) *and buried gold". It was originally serialized in the children's magazine* [*Young Folks*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Young_Folks_%28magazine%29) *between 1881 through 1882 under the title Treasure Island, or the mutiny of the Hispaniola, credited to the pseudonym "Captain George North". It was first published as a book on 14 November 1883.*

**Squire** Trelawny, Dr Livesey, and the rest of the gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole **particulars** about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of grace 17-, and go **5.**back to the time when my father kept the “Admiral Benbow” **inn**, and the old seaman, with the **sabre** cut, first took up his **lodgings** under our roof.

 I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came **plodding** to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand-barrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown tanned man; his **tarry** pigtail falling over the shoulders of his **soiled** blue coat; his **10.**hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails; and the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty, **livid** white. I remember him looking round the **cove** and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards: “Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest – yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!”

15. He sang in a high, old **tottering** voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the **capstan** bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, like a ***coinnoisseur***, **lingering** on the taste, and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our 20.signboard.

 “This is a handy cove,” says he, at length, “and a pleasant **situated** **grog**-shop. Much company, mate?”

 My father told him no, very little company, and more was the pity.

 “Well, then,” said he, “this is the berth for me. Here you, matey,” he cried to 25.the man who **trundled** the barrow. “Bring up alongside and help up my chest. I’ll stay here a bit,” he continued. “I’m a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there for to watch ships off. What you might call me? You might call me captain. Oh, I see what you’re at – there”; and he threw down three or four gold pieces on the threshold. “You can tell me when I’ve worked through that,” 30.says he, looking as fierce as a commander.

 And, indeed, bad as his clothes were, and **coarsely** as he spoke, he had none of the appearance of a man who sailed before the mast; but seemed like a mate or a skipper, accustomed to be obeyed or to strike. The man who came with the barrow told us the mail coach had set him down the morning before at the “Royal 35.George”; that he had inquired what inns were along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, and described as lonely, had chosen it from the others for his place of residence. And that was all we could learn of our guest.

**An extract from ‘Wide Sargasso Sea’ by Jean Rhys**

*This novel was first published in 1966; in it, the author imagines the life of the first Mrs Rochester – a mysterious character in ‘Jane Eyre’ by Charlotte Bronte (1847). In ‘Jane Eyre’ Mrs Rochester has been imprisoned in an attic by her husband; he presence in England is a closely guarded secret. In ‘Wide Sargasso Sea’ Jean Rhys constructs Mrs Rochester’s childhood in her native Jamaica and the events that lead up to her meeting her husband.*

The dining-room was brilliantly lit. Candles were on the table, a row on the sideboard, three-branch candlesticks on the old sea-chest. The two doors on to the **veranda** stood open but there was no wind. The flames burned straight. Ghostly shadows **illuminated** curling, faintly bronze patterns on the wall paper. It had a 5.**floral** pattern, but **leering** smiles seemed to emerge from **flourishes** in the **foliage** on it. There was a **sturdy** but slightly **threadbare** chaise-longue against one wall. She was sitting on the sofa and I wondered why I had never realised how beautiful she was. Her hair was combed away from her face and fell smoothly far below her waist. I could see the red and gold lights in it. She seemed pleased when I 10.complimented her on her dress and told me she had it made in St Pierre, Martinique. *‘They call this fashion a la Josephine.’*

 There were trailing pink flowers on the table and the name of them echoed pleasantly in my head. Coralita Coralita. The food, though too highly **seasoned**, was lighter and more appetizing than anything I had tasted in Jamaica. We drank 15.champagne. A great many moths and beetles found their way into the room, flew into the candles and fell dead on the tablecloth. Amelie swept them up with a crumb brush. Uselessly – more moths and beetles came.

 The long veranda was **furnished** with canvas chairs, two hammocks, and a wooden table on which stood a tripod telescope. Amelie brought out candles with 20.glass shades, but the night swallowed up the **feeble** light. There was a very strong **scent** of flowers – the flowers by the river that open at night, she told me. The noise – **subdued** in the inner room – was deafening. ‘Crac-cracs,’ she explained, ‘ they make a sound like their name, and crickets and frogs.’

 I leaned on the railing and saw hundreds of fireflies – ‘Ah yes, fireflies in 25.Jamaica, here they call a firefly La belle.’

 A large moth, so large that I thought it was a bird, **blundered** into one of the candles, put it out and fell to the floor. ‘He’s a big fellow,’ I said.

 ‘Is it badly burned?’

 ‘More **stunned** than hurt.’

30. I took the beautiful creature up in my handkerchief and put it on the railing. For a moment it was still and by the dim candlelight I could see the soft brilliant colours, the **intricate** pattern on the wings. I shook the handkerchief gently and it flew away.

**An extract from Chapter 1 of ‘Wise Blood’ by Flannery O’Connor**

*Published in 1952, ‘Wise Blood’ is the story of Hazel Motes who, released from the armed services, returns to the evangelical Deep South. There he begins a private battle against the religiosity of the community, and in particular against Asa Hawkes, the ‘blind’ preacher, and his degenerate fifteen-year-old daughter.*

The train was racing through tree tops that fell away at **intervals** and showed the sun standing, very red, on the edge of the farthest woods. Nearer, the **plowed** fields curved and faded and the few hogs nosing in the **furrows** looked like large spotted stones. Mrs Walter Bee Hitchcock, who was facing Motes in the section, said that 5.she thought the early evening like this was the prettiest time of the day and she asked him if he didn’t think so too. She was a fat woman with pink collars and cuffs and pear-shaped legs that slanted off the train seat and didn’t reach the floor.

 He looked at her a second and, without answering, leaned forward and stared down the length of the car[[1]](#footnote-1) again. She turned to see what as back there but all she 10.saw was a child peering around one of the sections and, further up at the end of the car, the **porter** opening the closet where the sheets were kept.

 ‘I guess you’re going home,’ she said, turning back to him again. He didn’t look, to her, much over twenty, but he had a stiff black broad-brimmed hat on his lap, a hat that an elderly country **preacher** would wear. His suit was a glaring blue and 15.the price tag was still stapled on the sleeve of it.

 He didn’t answer her or move his eyes from whatever he was looking at. The sack at his feet was an army duffel bag and she decided that he had been in the army and had been released and that now he was going home. She wanted to get close enough to see what the suit had cost him bit she found herself squinting 20.instead at his eyes, trying almost to look into them. They were the colour of **pecan** shells and set in deep sockets. The outline of the skull under his skin was plain and insistent.

 She felt **irked** and **wrenched** her attention loose and squinted at the price tag. The suit had cost him $11.98. She felt that placed him and looked at his face 25.again as if she were **fortified** against it now. He had a nose like a **shrike’s** **bill** and a long vertical crease on either side of his mouth; his hair looked as if it had been permanently flattened under the heavy hat, but his eyes were what held her attention longest. Their settings were so deep that they seemed, to her, almost like passages leading somewhere and she leaned halfway across the space that 30.separated the two seats, trying to see into them. He turned toward the window suddenly and then almost as quickly turned back again to where his stare had been fixed.

 What he was looking at was the porter.

**An extract from ‘Dracula’ by Bram Stoker.**

*This extract is taken from chapter one. This novel was published in 1897, and is set in the 1890s. The extract below is set in Transylvania.*

When I got on the coach the driver had not taken his seat, and I saw him talking with the landlady. They were **evidently** talking of me, for every now and then they looked at me, and some of the people sitting on the bench outside the door – which they call by a name meaning “word-bearer” – came and listened, and then looked at me, most 5.of them **pityingly**. I could hear a lot of words often repeated, **queer** words, for there were many nationalities in the crowd; so I quietly got my **polyglot** dictionary from my bag and looked them out. I must say they were not cheering to me, for amongst them were “Ordog” – Satan, “pokol” – hell, “stregoica” – witch, “vrolok” and “vlkoslak” – both of which mean the same thing, one being Slovak and the other Servian for 10.something that is either werewolf or vampire. (*Mem.,* I must ask the Count about these **superstitions**.)

I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the beauty of the scene as we drove along, although had I known the language, or rather languages, which my fellow-passengers were speaking, I might not have been able to throw them off so 15.easily. Before us lay a green sloping land full of forests and woods, with here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of trees or with farmhouses, the blank **gable** end to the road. There was everywhere a **bewildering** **mass** of fruit blossom – apple, plum, pear, cherry; and as we drove by I could see the green grass under the trees **spangled** with the fallen petals.

20. In and out amongst these green hills of what they call here the ‘Mittle Land’ ran the road, losing itself as it swept round the grassy curve, or was shut out by the **straggling** ends of pine woods, which here and there ran down the hillsides like tongues of flame. The road was **rugged**, but still we seemed to fly over it with a **feverish** **haste**. I could not understand then what the haste meant, but the driver 25.was evidently bent on losing no time in reaching Borgo Prund.

As we wound our endless way, and the sun sank lower and lower behind us, the shadows of the evening began to creep round us. This was emphasised by the fact that the snowy mountain-top still held the sunset, and seemed to glow out with a delicate cool pink. By the roadside were many crosses. Here and there was a 30.**peasant** man or woman kneeling before a shrine, who did not even turn round as we approached, but seemed in the self-surrender of **devotion** to have neither eyes nor ears for the outer world.

**An extract from chapter 1 of ‘High Wages’ by Dorothy Whipple**

*Though it was published in 1930, Dorothy Whipple’s novel is set in the early 1800s. It follows the life of a girl who gets a job working in a shop. She is often cheated of her pay by her unpleasant employer, but through working hard – and with the help of a good colleague and friend – raises the funds to open her own business.*

Jane Carter had come to Tidsley on her half-day off to look at the shops, but she look mostly at the sky. She had seen skies for seventeen years, but never one, she was sure, like this before.

 The whole **expanse** of heaven was covered with **minute** clouds, little **abrupt** 5.things, kicking up their heels, flying off into nothing. They were so madly inconsequent that Jane laughed. And then, as if someone had said to them, ‘Come now! Quietly! Quietly!’ they stopped rioting and settled down together in the rosy glow. They were **merged** and gradually were lost to sight. A **majestic** gold arose and **suffused** the sky, leaving a pool of green in the east.

10. Jane lowered her beauty-dazed eyes to Tidsley market-place. Beneath that **canopy**, it was **transfigured**. The peaky roofs of shops and houses stood up darkly in the January air, the windows reflected a green-blue like the shell of a bird’s egg. The lamplighter was going round, and now behind him shone a strong of jewels, emeralds pale and **effulgent**. There was almost no one about. It was the moment. 15.Jane sometimes had these moments. She stood still in them.

 As she stood on the cobbles of the empty market-place, a beam of light struck suddenly from the right to her very feet. She looked up and saw that an **obscuring** **eiderdown** hanging in Chadwick’s shop window had been pushed aside and that a small man had stepped into the window and was **affixing** a piece of paper low down 20.in the right hand corner of the pane. Then, stepping carefully round the tea-cosies and peaked napkins, he retired and replaced the eiderdown. Tidsley market-place was as before.

 Jane Carter left her moment and walked across to Chadwick’s shop. In the confused light she could just make out what was written on the paper in a fine, 25.spidery hand and signed with a **flourish** of initials:

*‘Wanted: a young lady to assist in the shop. Apply within.*

 *‘W. H. C.’*

 Jane’s heart beat faster. She straightened up.

 ‘Well…’ she breathed.

30. ‘She bent down and read again. She straightened up and pressed down the fingers of her gloves one after the other in **agitation**.

**Structural techniques record**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Technique | Definition | Example and page number |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Technique | Definition | Example and page number |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |

**Vocabulary and comprehension tasks**

1. Quote three pieces of evidence that show roughly when the piece is set.
2. What is the narrative perspective? Select two quotes that support your judgement.
3. Find a dictionary definition for each underlined word in the extract.
4. Find a synonym for each underlined word in the extract. What is the difference in meaning between each synonym and its original word?
5. Write out each underlined word in the extract and write what type of word it is next to each one.
6. Describe the setting in the extract without using any of the author’s own words.
7. What is the main character in the extract like? Select two quotes and explain what they imply about their personality.
8. What does the opening paragraph make the reader think and feel? Do NOT use the phrase “hooks the reader in” (or anything of similar meaning) – be very specific about the thoughts and feelings created.
9. What does the closing paragraph make the reader think and feel? Remember be specific – avoid saying ‘makes them want to read on’ as this is too vague.
10. Where is the biggest shift in topic in the extract? Why is it there?
11. What questions are left unanswered in the extract? Write a list.
12. Why are these questions left unanswered? Be specific and detailed in your answer, avoid saying this ‘makes the reader want to read on’.

**Practise exam questions**

**A. ‘To Kill Mockingbird’ by Harper Lee**

01. Read again the last paragraph of the source.
List four things from this part of the source about Calpurnia (4 marks).

02. Look in detail at lines 1 to 10 of the source.

How does the writer use language here to describe the effects of the weather in Maycombe?

You could include the writer’s choice of:

* Words and phrases
* Language features and techniques
* Sentence forms (only where they are used to **enhance** language choice)

(8 marks)

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

This text is from chapter 1 of ‘To Kill a Mockingbird’.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

* What the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
* How and why the writer changes focus as the source develops
* Any other structural features that interest you

(8 marks)

04. Focus this part of your answer on the first half of the source from lines 1 to 12.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: ‘The weather is clearly oppressive. However, the people in the town seem to cope very well with it.’

To what extent do you agree?

In your response you could:

* Consider your own impressions of the weather
* Evaluate how the writer presents the town’s people coping
* Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

(20 marks)

**B. ‘Heart of Darkness’ by Joseph Conrad**

**01**. Read again lines 5-7.
List four things from this part of the source about Marlow. (4 marks).

**02**. Look in detail at lines 8 to 20 of the source.

How does the writer use language here to describe the weather and the view?

 (8 marks)

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

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

 (8 marks)

**04**. Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source from lines 5 to 20.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: ‘The extract begins in a good-natured way. However, the atmosphere is increasingly sinister as it develops.’

To what extent do you agree? (20 marks)

**C. ‘The Mill on the Floss’ by George Elliot**

**01**. Read again lines 1 - 6 of the source.
List four things from this part of the source about Mr Riley (4 marks).

**02**. Look in detail at lines 11 onwards of the source.

How does the writer use language here to describe the behaviour of the characters towards each other?

 (8 marks)

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

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

 (8 marks)

**04**. Focus this part of your answer on the whole of the source.

A student, having read this source, said: ‘The guest, Mr Riley, is very patronising. However, Tulliver and his daughter seem eager to please him.’

To what extent do you agree? (20 marks)

**D. ‘Oscar and Lucinda’ by Peter Carey**

**01**. Read again lines 1 - 9 of the source.
List four things from this part of the source about the boy (4 marks).

**02**. Look in detail at lines 1 to 9 of the source.

How does the writer use language here to describe the man’s son?

 (8 marks)

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

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

 (8 marks)

**04**. Focus this part of your answer on the whole of the source.

A student, having read this source, said: ‘The man is clearly feeling very guilty. It is clear that he has developed a strong relationship with his son.’

To what extent do you agree? (20 marks)

**E. ‘All Quiet on the Western Front’ By Erich Maria Remarque**

**01**. Read again lines 1 – 10.
List four things from this part of the source about Kantorek (4 marks).

**02**. Look in detail at lines 1 to 10 of the source.

How does the writer use language here to describe the character of Kantorek?

 (8 marks)

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

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

 (8 marks)

**04**. Focus this part of your answer on the whole of the source.

A student, having read this source, said: ‘The narrator is calm in response to the war. However, he feels that the community the young men came from are ignorant of war and let them down.’

To what extent do you agree? (20 marks)

**F. ‘Treasure Island’ by Robert Louis Stevenson**

**01**. Read again at lines 7 – 14 of the source.
List four things from this part of the source about the man who has arrived (4 marks).

**02**. Look in detail at lines 7 to 20 of the source.

How does the writer use language here to describe the new guest at the inn?

 (8 marks)

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

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

 (8 marks)

**04**. Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source from lines 15 onwards.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: ‘The old man has some bad habits and rough manners. Then again, the writer has somehow made him a likeable character.’

To what extent do you agree? (20 marks)

**G. ‘Wide Sargasso Sea’ by Jean Rhys**

**01**. Read again lines 1 – 6 of the source.
List four things about the contents of the dining room (4 marks).

**02**. Look in detail at lines 15 to 32 of the source.

How does the writer use language here to describe the moths and other insects?

 (8 marks)

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

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

 (8 marks)

**04**. Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source from lines 15 to 33.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: ‘The setting is both beautiful and unsettling at the same time.’

To what extent do you agree? (20 marks)

**H. ‘Wise Blood’ by Flannery O’Connor**

**01**. Read again lines 12 – 17 of the source.
List four things from this part of the source about the young man (4 marks).

**02**. Look in detail at lines 20 to 32 of the source.

How does the writer use language here to describe the young man?

 (8 marks)

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

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

 (8 marks)

**04**. Focus this part of your answer on the first half of the source from lines 8 to 32.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: ‘The young man obviously wants to be left alone. However, he seems increasingly rude as the source develops.’

To what extent do you agree? (20 marks)

**I. ‘Dracula’ by Bram Stoker**

**01**. Read again lines 15 to 22 of the source.
List four things from this part of the source about what the narrator can see from the carriage window (4 marks).

**02**. Look in detail at lines 20 to 33 of the source.

How does the writer use language here to describe what he encounters in this unfamiliar country?

 (8 marks)

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

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

 (8 marks)

**04**. Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source from line 12 onwards.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: ‘The narrator finds this unfamiliar country very interesting. However, the setting is presented in a way that makes the reader feel as though it would be dangerous or unpleasant.’

To what extent do you agree? (20 marks)

**J. ‘High Wages’ by Dorothy Whipple**

**01**. Read again lines 10 to 22 of the source.
List four things from this part of the source about the town and Chadwick’s shop (4 marks).

**02**. Look in detail at lines 4 to 12 of the source.

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

 (8 marks)

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

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

 (8 marks)

**04**. Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source from line 10 onwards.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: ‘Jane is very impressed by the town. However, this actually seems to be more because of how her imagination transforms the town than because of what it is really like – it is a very ordinary place.’

To what extent do you agree? (20 marks)

**Key notes – tips I need to remember when answering the Reading half of Paper 1**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Q1 | Q2 |
| Q3 | Q4 |

1. Train carriages are sometimes referred to as ‘cars’. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)