Paper 1: Explorations in Creative Reading and Writing

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She has a single photograph of him. She tucked it into a brown envelope on which she’d written clippings, and hid the envelope between the pages of Perennials for the Rock Garden, where no one else would ever look.

She’s preserved this photo carefully, because it’s almost all she has left of him. It’s black and white, taken by one of those boxy, cumbersome flash cameras from before the war, with their accordion-pleat nozzles and their well-made leather cases that looked like muzzles, with straps and intricate buckles. The photo is of the two of them together, her and this man, on a picnic. Picnic is written on the back, in pencil – not his name or hers, just picnic. She knows the names, she doesn’t need to write them down.

They’re sitting under a tree; it might have been an apple tree; she didn’t notice the tree much at the time. She’s wearing a white blouse with the sleeves rolled to the elbow and a wide skirt tucked around her knees. There must have been a breeze, because of the way the shirt is blowing up against her; or perhaps it wasn’t blowing, perhaps it was clinging; perhaps it was hot. It was hot. Holding her hand over the picture, she can still feel the heat coming up from it, like the heat from a sun-warmed stone at midnight.

The man is wearing a light-coloured hat, angled down on his head and partially shading his face. His face appears to be more darkly tanned than hers. She’s turned half towards him, and smiling, in a way she can’t remember smiling at anyone since. She seems very young in the picture, too young, though she hadn’t considered herself too young at the time. He’s smiling too – the whiteness of his teeth shows up like a scratched match flaring – but he’s holding up his hand, as if to fend her off in play, or else to protect himself from the camera, from the person who must be there, taking the picture; or else to protect himself from those in the future who might be looking at him, who might be looking in at him through this square, lighted window of glazed paper. As if to protect himself from her. As if to protect her. In his outstretched, protecting hand there’s the stub end of a cigarette.

She retrieves the brown envelope when she’s alone, and slides the photo out from among the newspaper clippings. She lies it flat on the table and stares down into it, as if she’s peering into a well or pool – searching beyond her own reflection for something else, something she must have dropped or lost, out of reach but still visible, shimmering like a jewel on sand. She examines every detail. His fingers bleached by the flash or the sun’s glare; the folds of their clothing; the leaves of the tree, and the small round shapes hanging there – were they apples, after all? The coarse grass in the foreground. The grass was yellow then because the weather had been dry.

Over to one side – you wouldn’t see it at first – there’s a hand, cut by the margin, scissored off at the wrist, resting on the grass as if discarded. Left to its own devices.

The trace of blown cloud in the brilliant sky, like ice cream smudged on chrome.

His smoke-stained fingers. The distant glint of water. All drowned now.

Drowned, but shining.
Extract 1: The Blind Assassin by Margaret Atwood

1. Read again the first part of the source, lines 1-9. List four things from this part of the text about the photograph. [4 marks]

2. Look in detail at lines 16-24 of the extract. How does the writer use language here to describe the photograph? You could include the writer’s choice of:
   - words and phrases
   - language features and techniques
   - sentence forms [8 marks]

3. You now need to think about the whole of the source. This text is from the early part of the novel. How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader? You could write about:
   - what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning and the end
   - how the writer develops her ideas
   - any other structural features that interest you [8 marks]

4. Focus on lines 25 to the end. ‘The writer successfully creates an air of mystery around the photograph.’

To what extent do you agree with this statement? In your response, you could:

   - examine how the writer creates an air of mystery around the photograph
   - evaluate the extent to which the writer is successful in doing this
   - support your opinions and judgements with quotations from the text [20 marks]
Extract 2: A Sunrise on the Veldt by Doris Lessing

This is the opening of a short story, in which a boy ventures out into the early morning with only his dogs and his gun.

Every night that winter he said aloud into the dark of the pillow: Half-past four! Half-past four! till he felt his brain had gripped the words and held them fast. Then he fell asleep at once, as if a shutter had fallen; and lay with his face turned to the clock so that he could see it first thing when he woke.

5 It was half-past four to the minute, every morning. Triumphantiy pressing down the alarm-knob of the clock, which the dark half of his mind had outwitted, remaining vigilant all night and counting the hours as he lay relaxed in sleep, he huddled down for a last warm moment under the clothes, playing with the idea of lying abed for this once only. But he played with it for the fun of knowing that it was a weakness that he could defeat without effort; just as he set the alarm each night for the delight of the moment when he awoke and stretched his limbs, feeling the muscles tighten, and thought: Even my brain — even that! I can control every part of myself.

Luxury of warm rested body, with the arms and legs and fingers waiting like soldiers for a word of command! Joy of knowing that the precious hours were given to sleep voluntarily! — for he had once stayed awake three nights running, to prove that he could, and then worked all day, refusing even to admit that he was tired; and now sleep seemed to him a servant to be commanded and refused.

The boy stretched his frame full-length, touching the wall at his head with his hands, and the bedfoot with his toes; then he sprang out, like a fish leaping from water. And it was cold, cold.

He always dressed rapidly, so as to try and conserve his night-warmth till the sun rose two hours later; but by the time he had on his clothes his hands were numbed and he could scarcely hold his shoes. These he could not put on for fear of waking his parents, who never came to know how early he rose.

25 As soon as he stepped over the lintel, the flesh of his soles contracted on the chill earth, and his legs began to ache with cold. It was night: the stars were glittering, the trees standing black and still. He looked for signs of day, for the greying of the edge of a stone, or a lightening in the sky where the sun would rise, but there was nothing yet. Alert as an animal he crept past the dangerous window, standing poised with his hand on the sill for one proudly fastidious moment, looking in at the stuffy blackness of the room where his parents lay.

Feeling for the grass edge of the path with his toes, he reached inside another window further along the wall, where his gun had been set in readiness the night before. The steel was icy, and numbed fingers slipped along it, so that he had to hold it in the crook of his arm for safety.

Then he tiptoed to the room where the dogs slept, and was fearful that they might have been tempted to go before him; but they were waiting, their haunches crouched in reluctance at the cold, but ears and swinging tails greeting the gun ecstatically. His warning undertone kept them secret and silent till the house was a hundred yards back: then they bolted off into the bush, yelping excitedly. The boy imagined his parents turning in their beds and muttering: Those dogs again! before they were dragged back in sleep; and he smiled scornfully. He always looked back over his shoulder at the house before he passed a wall of trees that shut it from sight. It looked so low and small, crouching there under a tall and brilliant sky. Then he turned his back on it, and on the frowsting sleepers, and forgot them.

He would have to hurry. Before the light grew strong he must be four miles away; and already a tint of green stood in the hollow of a leaf, and the air smelled of morning and the stars were dimming.
1. Read again the first part of the source, lines 1-16. 
   List **four** things that the boy does between going to bed at night and getting out of bed in the morning. [4 marks]

2. Look in detail at lines **25-31** of the extract. 
   How does the writer use language here to describe the scene? 
   You could include the writer’s choice of: 
   - words and phrases 
   - language features and techniques 
   - sentence forms [8 marks]

3. You now need to think about the **whole** of the source. 
   This text is from the early part of the novel. 
   How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader? 
   You could write about: 
   - what the writer shifts focus 
   - how the writer develops her ideas 
   - any other structural features that interest you [8 marks]

4. Focus on **lines 29 to the end**. 
   ‘In these lines, the writer successfully captures the secrecy of the boy’s actions and makes me worried about what might happen to him.’ 
   To what extent do you agree with this statement? 
   In your response, you could: 
   - Explain what you learn from the boy’s actions 
   - evaluate the extent to which the writer captures the secrecy of the boys actions and makes the reader worried about what might happen to the boy 
   - support your opinions with quotations from the text [20 marks]
Mowgli is a boy who is able to speak to animals. Akeka is a wolf, and Rama the head bull of the buffalo herd. In this extract, Mowgli enacts a plan to catch the tiger, Shere Khan.

Mowgli's plan was simple enough. All he wanted to do was to make a big circle uphill and get at the head of the ravine, and then take the bulls down it and catch Shere Khan between the bulls and the cows; for he knew that after a meal and a full drink Shere Khan would not be in any condition to fight or to clamber up the sides of the ravine. He was soothing the buffaloes now by voice, and Akela had dropped far to the rear, only whimpering once or twice to hurry the rear-guard. It was a long, long circle, for they did not wish to get too near the ravine and give Shere Khan warning. At last Mowgli rounded up the bewildered herd at the head of the ravine on a grassy patch that sloped steeply down to the ravine itself. From that height you could see across the tops of the trees down to the plain below; but what Mowgli looked at was the sides of the ravine, and he saw with a great deal of satisfaction that they ran nearly straight up and down, while the vines and creepers that hung over them would give no foothold to a tiger who wanted to get out.

'Let them breathe, Akela,' he said, holding up his hand. 'They have not winded him yet. Let them breathe. I must tell Shere Khan who comes. We have him in the trap.'

He put his hands to his mouth and shouted down the ravine – it was almost like shouting down a tunnel – and the echoes jumped from rock to rock.

After a long time there came back the drawling, sleepy snarl of a full-fed tiger just wakened.

'Who calls?' said Shere Khan, and a splendid peacock fluttered up out of the ravine screeching.

'I, Mowgli. Cattle thief, it is time to come to the Council Rock! Down – hurry them down, Akela! Down, Rama, down!'
Extract 3: The Jungle Book by Rudyard Kipling

1. Read again the first part of the source, lines 1-15.
   List four things from this part of the source about Mowgli’s plan and its chance of working
   [4 marks]

2. Look in detail at lines 16-32 of the extract.
   How does the writer use language here to create a sense of drama and anticipation?
   You could include the writer’s choice of:
   • words and phrases
   • language features and techniques
   • sentence forms
   [8 marks]

3. You now need to think about the whole of the source
   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 the focus as the source develops
   • any other structural features that interest you
   [8 marks]

4. Focus on lines 33 to the end.
   A reviewer wrote ‘This part of the extract where the buffaloes stampede into the ravine is highly effective in bringing the episode to a tense and exciting climax.’
   To what extent do you agree with this statement?
   In your response, you could:
   • consider your own impressions of how the mood is created
   • evaluate how the writer creates a sense of excitement and action
   • support your response with references from the text
   [20 marks]
Extract 4: Every Man For Himself by Beryl Bainbridge

This extract is from a novel set in 1912 which takes place aboard the Titanic on her maiden voyage. The novel is narrated by Morgan, a 22-year old American man, who is onboard the Titanic alongside fellow passengers Scurra, Hopper and Guggenheim, a wealthy American business man. In this extract, the writer describes the moment the ship began to sink.

And now, the moment was almost upon us. The stern began to lift from the water. Guggenheim and his valet played mountaineers, going hand over hand up the rail. The hymn turned ragged; ceased altogether. The musicians scrambled upwards, the spike of the cello scraping the deck. Clinging to the rung of the ladder I tried to climb to the roof but there was such a sideways slant that I waved like a flag on a pole. I thought I must make a leap for it and turned to look for Hopper. Something, some inner voice urged me to glance below and I saw Scurra again, one arm hooked through the rail to steady himself. I raised my hand in greeting – then the water, first slithering, then tumbling, gushed us apart.

As the ship staggered and tipped, a great volume of water flowed in over the submerged bows and tossed me like a cork to the roof. Hopper was there too. My fingers touched some kind of bolt near the ventilation grille and I grabbed it tight. I filled my lungs with air and fixed my eyes on the blurred horizon, determined to hang on until I was sure I could float free rather than be swilled back and forth in a maelstrom. I wouldn’t waste my strength in swimming, not yet, for I knew the ship was now my enemy and if I wasn’t vigilant would drag me with her to the grave. I waited for the next slithering dip and when it came and the waves rushed in and swept me higher, I released my grip and let myself be carried away, over the tangle of ropes and wires and davits, clear of the rails and out into the darkness. I heard the angry roaring of the dying ship, the deafening cacophony as she stood on end and all her guts tore loose. I choked on soot and cringed beneath the sparks dancing like fire-flies as the forward funnel broke and smashed the sea in two. I thought I saw Hopper’s face but one eye was ripped away and he gobbled like a fish on the hook. I was sucked under, as I knew I would be, down, down, and still I waited, waited until the pull slackened – then I struck out with all my strength.

I don’t know how long I swam under that lidded sea – time had stopped with my breath – and just as it seemed as if my lungs would burst the blackness paled and I kicked to the surface. I had thought I was entering paradise, for I was alive and about to breathe again, and then I heard the cries of souls in torment and believed myself in hell. Dear God! Those voices! Father… Father… For the love of Christ… Help me, for pity’s sake!… Where is my son. Some called for their mothers, some on the Lord, some to die quickly, a few to be saved. The lamentations rang through the frosty air and touched the stars; my own mouth opened in a silent howl of grief. The cries went on and on, trembling, lingering – and God forgive me, but I wanted them to end. In all that ghastly night it was the din of the dying that chilled the most. Presently, the voices grew fainter, ceased – yet still I heard them, as though the drowned called to one another in a ghastly place where none could follow. Then silence fell, and that was the worst sound of all. There was no trace of the Titanic. All that remained was a grey veil of vapour drifting above the water.

Glossary: maelstrom: a state of great confusion  
cacophony: a harsh mixture of loud and unpleasant sounds  
lamentations: cries or expressions of grief
1. Read again the first part of the source, lines 1-8.
   List four things from this part of the text about what the narrator, Morgan, does as the ship begins to sink. [4 marks]

2. Look in detail at lines 13-20 of the extract.
   How does the writer use language here to describe the narrator’s experience of the ship sinking?
   You could include the writer’s choice of:
   - words and phrases
   - language features and techniques
   - sentence forms [8 marks]

3. You now need to think about the whole of the source
   The text is from a key moment in the novel
   How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?
   You could write about:
   - what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
   - how and why the writer changes the focus as the source develops
   - any other structural features that interest you [8 marks]

4. Focus on lines 23 to the end.
   A student, having read this part of the text, said: ‘This part of the text shows the narrator’s despair. You get a sense of horror of the situation.’
   To what extent do you agree with this statement?
   In your response, you could:
   - consider your own impressions of the narrator and the situation he finds himself in
   - evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
   - support your opinions with quotations from the text [20 marks]
Holmes had sprung to his feet, and I saw his dark, athletic outline at the door of the hut, his shoulders stooping, his head thrust forward, his face peering into the darkness.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Hush!"

The cry had been loud on account of its vehemence, but it had paled out from somewhere far off on the shadowy plain. Now it burst upon our ears, nearer, louder, more urgent than before.

"Where is it?" Holmes whispered; and I knew from the thrill of his voice that he, the man of iron, was shaken to the soul. "Where is it, Watson?"

"There, I think." I pointed into the darkness.

"No, there!"

Again the agonized cry swept through the silent night, louder and much nearer than ever.

And a new sound mingled with it, a deep, muttered rumble, musical and yet menacing, rising and falling like the low, constant murmur of the sea.

"The hound!" cried Holmes. "Come, Watson, come! Great heavens, if we are too late!"

He had started running swiftly over the moor, and I had followed at his heels. But now from somewhere among the broken ground immediately in front of us there came one last despairing yell, and then a dull, heavy thud. We halted and listened. Not another sound broke the heavy silence of the windless night.

I saw Holmes put his hand to his forehead like a man distracted. He stamped his feet upon the ground.

"He has beaten us, Watson. We are too late."

"No, no, surely not!"

"Fool that I was to hold my hand. And you, Watson, see what comes of abandoning your charge! But, by Heaven, if the worst has happened we'll avenge him!"

Blindly we ran through the gloom, blundering against boulders, forcing our way through dense bushes, panting up hills and rushing down slopes, heading always in the direction whence those dreadful sounds had come. At every rise Holmes looked eagerly round him, but the shadows were thick upon the moor, and nothing moved upon its dreary face.

"Can you see anything?"

"Nothing."

"But, hark, what is that?"
Extract 5: The Hound of the Baskervilles by Arthur Conan Doyle

1. Read again the first part of the source, lines 1-13
   List four things from this part of the text about the sound the two men hear. [4 marks]

2. Look in detail at lines 14-28 of the extract.
   How does the writer use language here to convey Holmes’ desperation?
   You could include the writer’s choice of:
   - words and phrases
   - language features and techniques
   - sentence forms [8 marks]

3. You now need to think about the whole of the source
   The text is taken from a chapter near the end of the novel.
   How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?
   You could write about:
   - what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
   - how and why the writer changes the focus as the source develops
   - any other structural features that interest you [8 marks]

4. Focus on lines 29 to the end.
   A student, having read this part of the text, said: ‘The writer makes the moment when
   Holmes and Watson find the body very dramatic. I can feel the tension rising as I
   read it’.
   To what extent do you agree with this statement?
   In your response, you could:
   - write about your own impressions of the discovery of the body
   - evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
   - support your opinions with quotations from the text [20 marks]
In this extract, the narrator is walking through the streets of London.

I had turned off from the Edgware Road into a street leading west, the atmosphere of which had appealed to me. It was a place of quiet houses standing behind little gardens. They had the usual names printed on the stuccoed gates posts. The fading twilight was just sufficient to enable one to read them. There was a Laburnum Villa, and The Cedars, and a Cairngorm, rising to the height of three storeys, with a curious little turret that branched out at the top, and was crowned with a conical roof, so that it looked as if wearing a witch's hat. Especially when two small windows just below the eaves sprang suddenly into light, and gave one the feeling of a pair of wicked eyes suddenly flashed upon one.

The street curved to the right, ending in an open space through which passed a canal beneath a low arched bridge. There were still the same quiet houses behind their small gardens, and I watched for a while the lamplighter picking out the shape of the canal, that widened just above the bridge into a lake with an island in the middle. After that I must have wandered in a circle, for later on I found myself back in the same spot, though I do not suppose I had passed a dozen people on my way; and then I set to work to find my way back to Paddington.

I thought I had taken the road by which I had come, but the half light must have deceived me. Not that it mattered. They had a lurking mystery about them, these silent streets with their suggestion of hushed movement behind drawn curtains, of whispered voices behind the flimsy walls. Occasionally there would escape the sound of laughter, suddenly stifled as it seemed, and once the sudden cry of a child.

It was in a short street of semi-detached villas facing a high blank wall that, as I passed, I saw a blind move half-way up, revealing a woman's face. A gas lamp, the only one the street possessed, was nearly opposite. I thought at first it was the face of a girl, and then, as I looked again, it might have been the face of an old woman. One could not distinguish the colouring. In any case, the cold, blue gaslight would have made it seem palid.

The remarkable feature was the eyes. It might have been, of course, that they alone caught the light and held it, rendering them uncannily large and brilliant. Or it might have been that the rest of the face was small and delicate, out of all proportion to them. She may have seen me, for the blind was drawn down again, and I passed on.

There was no particular reason why, but the incident lingered with me. The sudden raising of the blind, as of the curtain of some small theatre, the barely furnished room coming dimly into view, and the woman standing there, close to the footlights, as to my fancy it seemed. And then the sudden ringing down of the curtain before the play had begun. I turned at the corner of the street. The blind had been drawn up again, and I saw again the slight, girlish figure silhouetted against the side panes of the bow window.
Extract 6: The Street of the Blank Wall by Jerome K. Jerome

1. Read again the first part of the source, lines 1-8
   List four things from this part of the text about the street. [4 marks]

2. Look in detail at lines 9-20 of the extract.
   How does the writer use language here to create a mysterious atmosphere?
   You could include the writer’s choice of:
   - words and phrases
   - language features and techniques
   - sentence forms
   [8 marks]

3. You now need to think about the whole of the source
   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 the focus as the source develops
   - any other structural features that interest you
   [8 marks]

4. Focus on lines 21 to the end.
   A student, having read this part of the text, said: ‘The writer makes the woman’s appearance at the window very mysterious. It makes me what to find out more about her.’.
   To what extent do you agree with this statement?
   In your response, you could:
   - write about your own impressions of the woman at the window
   - evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
   - support your opinions with quotations from the text
   [20 marks]
Extract 7: A Clergyman’s Daughter by George Orwell

In this extract, Dorothy, the daughter of a vicar, is carrying out her duty of visiting local people (parishioners) in their homes.

It was a little after eleven. The day, which, like some overripe but hopeful widow playing at seventeen, had been putting on unseasonable April airs, had now remembered that it was August and settled down to be boiling hot.

Dorothy rode into the hamlet of Pannelwick, a mile out of Knype Hill. She had delivered Mrs Lewin’s corn-plaster, and was dropping in to give old Mrs Pither that cutting from the Daily Mail about angelica tea for rheumatism. The sun, burning in the cloudless sky, scorched her back through her gingham frock, and the dusty road quivered in the heat, and the last, flat meadows, over which even at this time of year numberless larks chirruped tiresomely, were so green that it hurt your eyes to look at them. It was the kind of day that is called ‘glorious’ by people who don’t have to work.

Dorothy leaned her bicycle against the gate of the Pithers’ cottage, and took her handkerchief out of her bag and wiped her hands, which were sweating from the handle-bars. In the harsh sunlight her face looked pinched and colourless. She looked her age, and something over, at that hour of the morning. Throughout her day — and in general it was a seventeen-hour day — she had regular, alternating periods of tiredness and energy; the middle of the morning, when she was doing the first instalment of the day’s ‘visiting’, was one of the tired periods.

‘Visiting’, because of the distances she had to bicycle from house to house, took up nearly half of Dorothy’s day. Every day of her life, except on Sundays, she made from half a dozen to a dozen visits at parishioners’ cottages. She penetrated into cramped interiors and sat on lumpy, dust-diffusing chairs gossiping with overworked, blowzy housewives; she spent hurried half-hours giving a hand with the mending and ironing, and read chapters from the Gospels, and readjusted bandages on ‘bad legs’, and consoled with sufferers from morning-sickness; she played ride-a-cock-horse with sour-smelling children who grimed the bosom of her dress with their sticky little fingers; she gave advice about ailing aspidistras, and suggested names for babies, and drank ‘nice cups of tea’ innumerable — for the working women always wanted her to have a ‘nice cup of tea’, out of the teapot endlessly stewing.

Much of it was profoundly discouraging work. Few, very few, of the women seemed to have even a conception of the Christian life that she was trying to help them to lead. Some of them were shy and suspicious, stood on the defensive, and made excuses when urged to come to Holy Communion; some champed pietry for the sake of the tiny sums they could wheedle out of the church alms box; those who welcomed her coming were for the most part
Extract 7: A Clergyman’s Daughter by George Orwell

1. Read again the first part of the source, lines 1-10
   List four things from this part of the text that show it was Summer. [4 marks]

2. Look in detail at lines 17-26 of the extract.
   How does the writer use language here to describe Dorothy’s visits?
   You could include the writer’s choice of:
   - words and phrases
   - language features and techniques
   - sentence forms [8 marks]

3. You now need to think about the whole of the source
   This text is from the beginning of the novel.
   How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?
   You could write about:
   - what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
   - how and why the writer changes the focus as the source develops
   - any other structural features that interest you [8 marks]

4. Focus on lines 27 to the end.
   A student, having read this part of the text, said: ‘This part of the text gives me a very clear understanding of Dorothy and her attitudes.’
   To what extent do you agree with this statement?
   In your response, you could:
   - write about your own impressions of Dorothy and her attitudes
   - evaluate how the writer has created the character of Dorothy
   - support your opinions with quotations from the text [20 marks]
Extract 8: The Stolen Bacillus by H G Wells

In this extract, a medical scientist is showing a visitor his laboratory in London.

‘This again,’ said the Bacteriologist, slipping a glass slide under the microscope, ‘is well, – a preparation of the Bacillus of cholera – the cholera germ.’

The pale-faced man peered down the microscope. He was evidently not accustomed to that kind of thing, and held a limp white hand over his disengaged eye. ‘I see very little,’ he said.

‘Touch this screw,’ said the Bacteriologist; ‘perhaps the microscope is out of focus for you. Eyes vary so much. Just the fraction of a turn this way or that.’

‘Ah! now I see,’ said the visitor. ‘Not so very much to see after all. Little streaks and shreds of pink. And yet those little particles, those mere atoms, might multiply and devastate a city! Wonderful!’

He stood up, and releasing the glass slip from the microscope, held it in his hand towards the window. ‘Scarcely visible,’ he said, scrutinising the preparation. He hesitated. ‘Are these – alive? Are they dangerous now?’

‘Those have been stained and killed,’ said the Bacteriologist. ‘I wish, for my own part, we could kill and stain every one of them in the universe.’

‘I suppose,’ the pale man said, with a slight smile, ‘that you scarcely care to have such things about you in the living – in the active state?’

‘On the contrary, we are obliged to,’ said the Bacteriologist. ‘Here, for instance – ‘ He walked across the room and took up one of several sealed tubes. ‘Here is the living thing. This is a cultivation of the actual living disease bacteria.’ He hesitated. ‘Bottled cholera, so to speak.’

A slight gleam of satisfaction appeared momentarily in the face of the pale man. ‘It’s a deadly thing to have in your possession,’ he said, devouring the little tube with his eyes. The Bacteriologist watched the morbid pleasure in his visitor’s expression. This man, who had visited him that afternoon with a note of introduction from an old friend, interested him from the very contrast of their dispositions. The lank black hair and deep grey eyes, the haggard expression and nervous manner, the fitful yet keen interest of his visitor were a novel change from the phlegmatic deliberations of the ordinary scientific worker with whom the Bacteriologist chiefly associated. It was perhaps natural, with a hearer evidently so impressionable to the lethal nature of his topic, to take the most effective aspect of the matter.

He held the tube in his hand thoughtfully. ‘Yes, here is the pestilence imprisoned. Only break such a little tube as this into a supply of drinking-water, say to these minute particles of life that one must needs stain and examine with the highest powers of the microscope even to see, and that one can neither smell nor taste – say to them, “Go forth, increase and multiply, and replenish the cisterns,” and death – mysterious, untraceable death, death swift and terrible, death full of pain and indignity – would be released upon this city, and go hither and thither seeking his victims. Here he would take the husband from the wife, here the child from its mother, here the statesman from his duty, and here the toiler from his trouble. He would follow the water-mains, creeping along streets, picking out and punishing a house here and a house there where they did not boil their drinking-water, creeping into the wells of the mineral water makers, getting washed into salad, and lying dormant in ices. He would wait ready to be drunk in the horse-troughs, and by unwary children in the public fountains. He would soak into the soil, to reappear in springs and wells at a thousand unexpected places. Once start him at the water supply, and before we could ring him in, and catch him again, he would have decimated the metropolis.’

Glossary:
1 phlegmatic – unemotional, calm, down to earth
2 cisterns – water storage tanks
3 decimated the metropolis – killed everyone in London
Extract 8: The Stolen Bacillus by H G Wells

1. Read again the lines 1-10. List four things from this part of the text about the visitor. [4 marks]

2. Look in detail at 16-32 of the extract. How does the writer use language here to describe the visitor? You could include the writer’s choice of: words and phrases, language features and techniques, sentence forms [8 marks]

3. You now need to think about the whole of the source. This text is the opening of a story. 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 the focus as the source develops, any other structural features that interest you [8 marks]

4. Focus on lines 33 to the end. A student, having read this part of the text, said: ‘The writer is very effective in bringing to life the threat of the bacillus and the bacteriologist’s attitude towards it.’ To what extent do you agree with this statement? In your response, you could: write about your own impressions of the bacillus and the bacteriologist, evaluate how the writer has created these impressions, support your opinions with quotations from the text [20 marks]
Very early morning. The sun was not yet risen, and the whole of Crescent Bay was hidden under a white sea-mist. The big bush-covered hills at the back were smothered. You could not see where they ended and the paddocks and bungalows began. The sandy road was gone and the paddocks and bungalows the other side of it; there were no white dunes covered with reddish grass beyond them; there was nothing to mark which was beach and where was the sea. A heavy dew had fallen. The grass was blue. Big drops hung on the bushes and just did not fall; the silvery, fluffy toi-toi* was limp on its long stalks, and all the marigolds and the pinks in the bungalow gardens were bowed to the earth with wetness. Drenched were the cold fuchsias, round pearls of dew lay on the flat nasturtium leaves. It looked as though the sea had beaten up softy in the darkness, as though one immense wave had come rippling, rippling — how far? Perhaps if you had waked up in the middle of the night you might have seen a big fish flicking in at the window and gone again...

Ah-Aah! sounded the sleepy sea. And from the bush there came the sound of little streams flowing, quickly, lightly, slipping between the smooth stones, gushing into ferny basins and out again; and there was the splashing of big drops on large leaves, and something else — what was it? — a faint stirring and shaking, the snapping of a twig and then such silence that it seemed some one was listening.

Round the corner of Crescent Bay, between the piled-up masses of broken rock, a flock of sheep came pattering. They were huddled together, a small, tossing, woolly mass, and their thin, stick-like legs trotted along quickly as if the cold and the quiet had frightened them. Behind them an old sheep-dog, his soaking paws covered with sand, ran along with his nose to the ground, but carelessly,

as if thinking of something else. And then in the rocky gateway the shepherd himself appeared. He was a lean, upright old man, in a frieze* coat that was covered with a web of tiny drops, velvet trousers tied under the knee, and a wide-aweke* with a folded blue handkerchief round the brim.

One hand was crammed into his belt, the other grasped a beautifully smooth yellow stick. And as he walked, taking his time, he kept up a very soft light whistling, an airy, far-away fluting that sounded mournful and tender. The old dog cut an ancient caper or two and then drew up sharp, ashamed of his levity, and walked a few dignified paces by his master’s side. The sheep ran forward in little patterning rushes; they began to bleat, and ghostly flocks and herds answered them from under the sea. “Baa! Baa!” For a time they seemed to be always on the same piece of ground. There ahead was stretched the sandy road with shallow puddles; the same soaking bushes showed on either side and the same shadowy palings*. Then something immense came into view; an enormous shock-haired giant with his arms stretched out. It was the big gum-tree outside Mrs. Stubbs’ shop, and as they passed by there was a strong whiff of eucalyptus. And now big spots of light gleamed in the mist. The shepherd stopped whistling; he rubbed his red nose and wet beard on his wet sleeve and, screwing up his eyes, glanced in the direction of the sea. The sun was rising. It was marvellous how quickly the mist thinned, sped away, dissolved from the shallow plain, rolled up from the bush and was gone as if in a hurry to escape; big twists and curls jostled and shouldered each other as the silvery beams broadened. The far-away sky — a bright, pure blue — was reflected in the puddles, and the drops, swimming along the telegraph poles, flashed into points of light. Now the leaping, glittering sea was so bright it made one’s eyes ache to look at it. The shepherd drew a pipe, the bowl as small as an acorn, out of his breast pocket, fumbled for a chunk of speckled tobacco, pared off a few shavings and stuffed the bowl. He was a grave, fine-looking old man. As he lit up and the blue smoke wreathed his head, the dog, watching, looked proud of him.

Glossary

*tai-toi — a type of tall grass  
*frieze — coarse woollen cloth  
*wide-aweke — a type of wide-brimmed hat  
*palings — pointed fence-posts
1. Read again the lines 1-11. List **four** things from this part of the text that show what Crescent Bay looks like beneath the mist.  

[4 marks]

2. Look in detail at **16-22** of the extract. How does the writer use language here to describe the shepherd and his animals? You could include the writer's choice of:
   - words and phrases
   - language features and techniques
   - sentence forms

[8 marks]

3. You now need to think about the **whole** of the source. This text is from the opening of a short story. 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 the focus as the source develops
   - any other structural features that interest you

[8 marks]

4. Focus on **lines 23 to the end**. A student, having read this part of the text, said: 'The writer is successful in creating a detailed and interesting scene for the reader. It is like watching a film of what is happening.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? In your response, you could:
   - write about your own impressions of the scene
   - evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
   - support your opinions with quotations from the text

[20 marks]
Extract 10: The Bees by Laline Paull

This novel is set in a beehive and in this extract the writer describes Flora 717, a worker bee, being born.

The cell squeezed her and the air was hot and fidgeted. All the parts of her body burned from her frantic twisting against the walls, her head was pressed into her chest and her legs shot with cramp, but her struggles had weakened - one wall felt weaker. She kicked with all her strength and felt something crack and break. She fished and tore and bit until there was a jagged hole into a fresher air beyond.

She dragged herself through and fell out onto the floor of an alien world. Static roared through her brain, thunderous vibration shook the ground and a thousand scents assailed her. All she could do was breathe until gradually the vibration and static subsided and the scent evaporated into the air. Her rigid body unlocked and she calmed as knowledge filled her mind.

This was the Arrivals Hall and she was a worker. Her kin was Flora and her number was 717. One of her first tasks, she set about cleaning out her cell. In her diletta struggle to hatch she had broken the whole front wall, unlike her neater neighbours. She looked, then followed their example, piling her debris neatly by the runs. The activity cleared her senses and she felt the vastness of the Arrivals Hall, and how the vibrations in the air changed in different areas.

Row upon row of cells like hers stretched into the distance, and there the cells were quiet but resonant as if the occupants still slept. Immediately around her was great activity with many recently broken and cleared-out chambers, and many more cracking and falling as newer bees arrived. The differing scents of her neighbours also came into focus, some sweeter, some sharper, all of them pleasant to absorb.

With a hard erratic pulse in the ground, a young female came running down the corridor between the cells, her face frantic.

'Hello!' Harsh voices reverberated from both ends of the corridor and a strange aspergent scent rose in the air. Every bee stopped moving but the young bee stumbled and fell across Flora's pile of debris. Then she clawed her way into the remains of the broken cell and huddled in the corner, her little hands up.

Cloaked in a bitter scent which hid their faces and made them identical, the dark figures strode down the corridor towards Flora. Pushing her aside, they dragged out the weeping young bee. At the sight of their spiked gauntlets, a spasm of fear in Flora's brain released more knowledge.

They were police.

'You flouted inspection.' One of them pulled at the girl's wings, while another examined the four still-wet membranes. The edge of one was shrivelled.

'Spare me,' she cried. 'I will not fly, I will serve in any other way—'

'Deformity is evil. Deformity is not permitted.'

Before the bee could speak the two officers pressed her head down until there was a sharp crack. She hung limp between them and they dropped her body in the corridor.

'You.' A peculiar rasping voice addressed Flora and she did not know which one spoke, but stared at the black hocks on the backs of their legs. 'Hold still.' Long black callipers slid from their gauntlets and they measured her height. 'Excessive variation. Abnormal.'

'That will be all, officers.' At the kind voice and fragrant smell, the police released Flora. They bowed to a tall and well-groomed bee with a beautiful face.

'Sister Sage, this one is obscenity ugly.'

'And excessively large.'

'It would appear so. Thank you, officers, you may go.'

Sister Sage waited for them to leave. She smiled at Flora.

'To you it is good. Be still while I read your kin—'

'I am Flora 717.'

Sister Sage raised her antennae. 'A sanitation worker who speaks. Most notable...'

Flora stared at her tawny and gold face with its huge dark eyes. 'Am I to be killed?'
Extract 10: The Bees by Laline Paull

1. Read again the lines 1-5.
   List four things from this part of the text about Flora's experience of hatching.

2. Look in detail at 6-16 of the extract.
   How does the writer use language to describe Flora's first experience of the world of the hive?
   You could include the writer's choice of:
   • words and phrases
   • language features and techniques
   • sentence forms

3. You now need to think about the whole of the source
   This text is from the opening of a novel.
   How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?
   You could write about:
   • what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
   • how and why the writer changes the focus as the source develops
   • any other structural features that interest you

4. Focus on lines 20 to the end.
   A student, having read this part of the text, said: 'This part of the text, from when the police arrive, show how violent and controlled bee society is. You really feel frightened for Flora until Sister Sage saves her.'
   To what extent do you agree?
   In your response, you could:
   • consider your own impressions of bee society
   • evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
   • support your opinions with quotations from the text
In this extract, a woman named Mabel and her husband Jack, have moved to the cold, remote Alaskan wilderness to start a new life.

Wolverine River, Alaska, 1920

Mabel had known there would be silence. That was the point, after all. No infants crying or wailing. No neighbor children playfully hollering down the lane. No pad of small feet on wooden stairs worn smooth by generations, or clackety-clack of toys along the kitchen floor. All those sounds of her failure and regret would be left behind, and in their place there would be silence.

She had imagined that in the Alaska wilderness silence would be peaceful, like snow falling at night, air filled with promise but no sound, but that was not what she found. Instead, when she swept the plank floor, the broom bristles screeched like some sharp-toothed shrew nibbling at her heart. When she washed the dishes, plates and bowls clattered as if they were breaking to pieces. The only sound not of her making was a sudden ‘caw, cawwww’ from outside. Mabel wrung dishwater from a rag and locked out the kitchen window in time to see a raven flapping its way from one leafless birch tree to another. No children chasing each other through autumn leaves, calling each other’s names. Not even a solitary child on a swing.

There had been the one. A tiny thing, born still and silent. Ten years past, but even now she found herself returning to the birth to touch Jack’s arm, stop him, reach out. She should have. She should have cupped the baby’s head in the palm of her hand and snipped a few of its tiny hairs to keep in a locket at her throat.

She should have locked into its small face and known if it was a boy or a girl, and then stood beside Jack as he buried it in the Pennsylvania winter ground. She should have marked its grave. She should have allowed herself that grief.

It was a child, after all, although it looked more like a fairy changeling. Pinched face, tiny jaw, ears that came to narrow points; that much she had seen and wept over because she knew she could have loved it still.

Mabel was too long at the window. The raven had since flown away above the treetops. The sun had slipped behind a mountain, and the light had fallen flat. The branches were bare, the grass yellowed gray. Not a single snowflake. It was as if everything line and glittering had been ground from the world and swept away as dust.

November was here, and it frightened her because she knew what it brought — cold upon the valley like a coming death, glacial wind through the cracks between the cabin logs. But most of all, darkness. Darkness so complete even the pale-ill hours would be choked.

She entered last winter blind, not knowing what to expect in this new, hard land. Now she knew. By December, the sun would rise just before noon and skirt the mountaintops for a few hours of twilight before sinking again. Mabel would move in and out of sleep as she sat in a chair beside the woodstove. She would not pick up any of her favorite books; the pages would be lifeless. She would not write; what would there be to capture in her sketchbook? Dull skies, shadowy corners. It would become harder and harder to leave the warm bed each morning. She would stumble about in a walking sleep, scrape together meals and drape wet laundry around the cabin. Jack would struggle to keep the animals alive. The days would run together, winter’s stranglehold tightening.

All her life she had believed in something more, in the mystery that shape-shifted at the edge of her senses. It was the flutter of moth wings on glass and the promise of river nymphs in the dappled creek beds. It was the smell of oak trees on the summer evening she fell in love, and the way dawn threw itself across the cow pond and turned the water to light.

Mabel could not remember the last time she caught such a flicker.
Extract 11: The Snow Child by Eowyn Ivey

1. Read again the lines 11-19. List four things from this part of the text about the baby. [4 marks]

2. Look in detail at 1-11 of the extract. How does the writer use language here to describe Mabel's life in Alaska? You could include the writer’s choice of:
   • words and phrases
   • language features and techniques
   • sentence forms [8 marks]

3. You now need to think about the whole of the source. This text is from the opening of a novel. How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader? You could write about:
   • what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
   • how and why the writer changes the focus as the source develops
   • any other structural features that interest you [8 marks]

4. Focus on lines 20 to the end. A student, having read this part of the text, said: 'The writer makes it really clear how Mabel is feeling. It makes me feel the emotions she is feeling too.' To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:
   • write about your own feelings on reading the passage
   • evaluate how the writer has created those feelings
   • support your opinions with quotations from the text [20 marks]
In the cool blue twilight of two steep streets in Camden Town, the shop at the corner, a confectioner's,\textsuperscript{1} glowed like the butt of a cigar. One should rather say, perhaps, like the butt of a firework, for the light was of many colours and some complexity, broken up by many mirrors and dancing on many gilt and gaily-coloured cakes and sweetmeats. Against this one fiery glass were glued the noses of many gutter-snipes,\textsuperscript{2} for the chocolates were all wrapped in those red and gold and green metallic colours which are almost better than chocolate itself; and the huge white wedding-cake in the window was somehow at once remote and satisfying, just as if the whole North Pole were good to eat. Such rainbow provocations could naturally collect the youth of the neighbourhood up to the ages of ten or twelve. But this corner was also attractive to youth at a later stage; and a young man, not less than twenty-four, was staring into the same shop window. To him, also, the shop was of fiery charm, but this attraction was not wholly to be explained by chocolates; which, however, he was far from despising.

He was a tall, burly, red-haired young man, with a resolute face but a listless manner. He carried under his arm a flat, grey portfolio of black-and-white sketches, which he had sold with more or less success to publishers ever since his uncle (who was an admiral) had disinherited him for Socialism, because of a lecture which he had delivered against that economic theory. His name was John Turnbull Angus.

Entering at last, he walked through the confectioner's shop to the back room, which was a sort of pastry-cook restaurant, merely raising his hat to the young lady who was serving there. She was a dark, elegant, alert girl in black, with a high colour and very quick, dark eyes; and after the ordinary interval she followed him into the inner room to take his order.

His order was evidently a usual one. 'I want, please,' he said with precision, 'one halfpenny bun and a small cup of black coffee.' An instant before the girl could turn away he added, 'Also, I want you to marry me.'

\textsuperscript{1} \textit{confectioner} – a maker or seller of sweets and pastries

\textsuperscript{2} \textit{gutter-snipes} – 'street' children
1. Read again the lines 1-12.
   List four things that can be seen through the window of the confectioner’s window.

2. Look in detail at 1-9 of the extract.
   How does the writer use language here to describe how attractive the shop window is to children?
   You could include the writer’s choice of:
   - words and phrases
   - language features and techniques
   - sentence forms

3. You now need to think about the whole of the source
   This text is from the opening of a short story.
   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 the focus as the source develops
   - any other structural features that interest you

4. Focus on lines 9 to the end.
   A student, having read this part of the text, said: ‘The writer really brings the two characters to life, making me interested in them and their story.’
   To what extent do you agree?
   In your response, you could:
   - write about your own impressions of the characters
   - evaluate how the writer has created those impressions
   - support your opinions with quotations from the text
Survival

As the spaceport bus trundled unhurriedly over the mile or more of open field that separated the terminal building from the embarkation hoist, Mrs Feltham stared intently forward across the receding row of shoulders in front of her.

The ship stood up on the plain like an isolated silver spire. Near its bow she could see the intense blue light which proclaimed it all but ready to take off. Among and around the great tailfins, dwarf vehicles and little dots of men moved in a fuss of final preparations. Mrs Feltham glared at the scene, at this moment loathing it and all the inventions of men with a hard, hopeless hatred.

Presently she withdrew her gaze from the distance and focused it on the back of her son-in-law’s head, a yard in front of her. She hated him, too.

She turned, darting a swift glance at the face of her daughter in the seat beside her. Alice looked pale; her lips were firmly set, her eyes fixed straight ahead.

Mrs Feltham hesitated. Her glance returned to the spaceship. She decided on one last effort. Under cover of the bus noise, she said: ‘Alice, darling, it’s not too late, even now, you know.’

The girl did not look at her. There was no sign that she had heard, save that her lips compressed a little more firmly. Then they parted.

‘Mother please!’ she said.

But Mrs Feltham, once started, had to go on.

‘It’s for your own sake, darling. All you have to do is say you’ve changed your mind.’

The girl held a protesting silence.

‘Nobody would blame you,’ Mrs Feltham persisted. ‘They’d not think a bit worse of you. After all, everybody knows that Mars is no place for –’

‘Mother, please stop it,’ interrupted the girl.

The sharpness of her tone took Mrs Feltham aback for a moment. She hesitated. But time was growing too short to allow herself the luxury of offended dignity. She went on: ‘You’re not used to the sort of life you’ll have to live there, darling. Absolutely primitive. No kind of life for any woman. After all, dear, it is only a five-year appointment for David. I’m sure if he really loves you he’d rather know that you are safe here and waiting –’

The girl said, harshly: ‘We’ve been over all this before, Mother. I tell you it’s no good. I’m not a child. I’ve thought it out, and I’ve made up my mind.’

Mrs Feltham sat silent for some moments. The bus swayed on across the field, and the rocketship seemed to tower further into the sky.

‘If you had a child of your own –‘ she said, half to herself. ‘Well, I expect some day you will. Then you will begin to understand...’

‘embarkation hoist – take off platform for the space ship
Extract 13: Survival by John Wyndham

1. Read again the lines 1-5. List four things from this part of the text about Mrs Feltham's journey.

[4 marks]

2. Look in detail at 6-16 of the extract. How does the writer use language here to describe the space ship and Mrs Feltham's response to it? You could include the writer's choice of:

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

[8 marks]

3. You now need to think about the whole of the source. This text is from the opening of a short story. 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 the focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you

[8 marks]

4. Focus on lines 17 to the end. A novelist once said: 'Mothers and daughters with strong personalities might see the world from very different points of view.' To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:

- write about what impressions Mrs Feltham and Alice make on the reader
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with quotations from the text

[20 marks]
Extract 14: The Thing in the Forest by A.S. Byatt

This extract is from a short story, two little girls have been evacuated to the countryside during the Second World War.

The two little girls had not met before, and made friends on the train. They shared a square of chocolate, and took alternate bites at an apple. One gave the other the inside page of her Beano. Their names were Penny and Primrose. Penny was thin and dark and taller, possibly older, than Primrose, who was plump and blonde and curly. Primrose had bitten nails, and a velvet collar to her dressy green coat. Penny had a bloodless transparent paleness, a touch of blue in her fine lips. Neither of them knew where they were going, nor how long the journey might take. They did not even know why they were going, since neither of their mothers had quite known how to explain the danger to them. How do you say to your child, I am sending you away, because enemy bombs may fall out of the sky, because the streets of the city may burn like forest fires of brick and timber, but I myself am staying here, in what I believe may be daily danger of burning, burying alive, gas, and ultimately perhaps a grey army rolling in on tanks over the suburbs, or sailing its submarines up our river, all guns blazing? So the mothers (who did not resemble each other at all) behaved alike, and explained nothing, it was easier. Their daughters they knew were little girls, who would not be able to understand or imagine.

The girls discussed on the train whether it was a sort of holiday or a sort of punishment, or a bit of both. Penny had read a book about Boy Scouts, but the children on the train did not appear to be Brownies or Wolf Cubs, only a mongrel battalion of the lost. Both little girls had the idea that these were all perhaps not very good children, possibly being sent away for that reason. They were pleased to be able to define each other as ‘nice’. They would stick together, they agreed. Try to sit together, and things.

The train crawled sluggishly further and further away from the city and their homes. It was not a clean train – the upholstery of their carriage had the dank smell of unwashed trousers, and the gusts of hot steam rolling backwards past their windows were full of specks of flimsy ash, and sharp grit, and occasional fiery sparks that picked face and fingers like hot needles if you opened the window. It was very noisy too, whenever it picked up a little speed. The engine gave great bellowing signs, and the invisible wheels underneath clicked rhythmically and monotonously, tap-tap-tap-CRASH, tap-tap-tap-CRASH. The window-panes were both grimy and misted up. The train stopped frequently, and when it stopped, they used their gloves to wipe rounds, through which they peered out at flooded fields, furrowed hillsides and tiny stations whose names were carefully blanked out, whose platforms were empty of life.

The children did not know that the namelessness was meant to baffle or delude an invading army. They felt – they did not think it out, but somewhere inside them the idea sprouted – that the erasure was because of them, because they were not meant to know where they were going or, like Hansel and Gretel, to find the way back. They did not speak to each other of this anxiety, but begun the kind of conversation children have about things they really disliked, things that upset, or disgusted, or frightened them. Someone pudding with its grizzly texture, mushy peas, fat on roast meat. Listening to the stairs and the window-sashes creaking in the dark or the rain. Having your head held roughly back over the basin to have your hair washed, with cold water running down inside your liberty bodice. Gangs in playgrounds. They felt the pressure of all the other alien children in all the other carriages as a potential gang. They shared another square of chocolate, and licked their fingers, and looked out at a great white goose flapping its wings beside an inky pond.

Glossary:

1 whose names were carefully blanked out – during the Second World War, place names on stations and road signs were blanked out so that, if the enemy invaded, they would find it harder to know where they were

2 liberty bodice – a kind of vest once worn by girls and women
Extract 14: The Thing in the Forest by A.S. Byatt

1. Read again the lines 1-4.
   List four things you learn about the girls.  [4 marks]

2. Look in detail at 4-14 of the extract.
   How does the writer use language here to create a sense of danger and destruction
   in the coming war?
   You could include the writer's choice of:
   - words and phrases
   - language features and techniques
   - sentence forms  [8 marks]

3. You now need to think about the whole of the source
   This text is from the opening of a short story.
   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 the focus as the source develops
   - any other structural features that interest you  [8 marks]

4. Focus on lines 15 to the end.
   A student, having read this section of the texts said: 'The writer really brings out the
   feelings of confusion and fear the girls had during their experience.'
   To what extent do you agree?
   In your response, you could:
   - write about the impression that you get of the girls' experience
   - evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
   - support your opinions with quotations from the text  [20 marks]
In this extract, Kingshaw is a schoolboy who has just found out he has to change schools. His new school is also attended by a boy called Hooper who Kingshaw is afraid of.

Kingshaw walked forward very cautiously into the shed, smelling his way like an animal.

It was airless and very dark. When the door swung open, a scissor of daylight fell on to the concrete floor, showing clumps of trodden-down straw, and mud. Kingshaw took another step inside, looking anxiously round him. Nothing. Nobody. A pile of old sacks in one corner. He went slowly over to them and sat down. He was shivering a little.

Seconds later, the door slammed shut. Kingshaw leaped up and ran forward, but as he put his hand out to the door, he heard the click of the padlock. After that, silence.

For a moment or two, he waited. Then he said, ‘Hooper?’

Silence.

‘Look, I know it’s you.’

Silence.

He raised his voice. ‘I can get out of here, you needn’t think I’m bothered if you’ve locked the stupid door. I know a way to get out any time I like.’

Silence.

If Hooper had locked him in, then he had been watching out of a window, and then followed him. He was cunning, he could do anything. Yet he had seen and heard nothing, and he had kept on looking back.

He thought, perhaps it isn’t Hooper.

The allotment led towards a thick hedge, and then into the fields. It was right away from the village; there never seemed to be anyone up here. But now there might be. Last year, someone had been strangled to death twenty miles away. Hooper had told him that. Twenty miles wasn’t far.

He imagined tramps and murderers, and the cowman at Barr Farm, with bad teeth and hands like raw red meat. Anybody might have been hanging about behind the shed, and locked him in. Later, they might come back.

Sometimes, they were not allowed to see the newspapers, at school, because of things like murder trials, but they had them all in the Senior Library, and Lower School boys got sent in there, on messages. If you began to read something, your eyes went on and on, you couldn’t stop them until you knew every terrible thing about it, and then you had thoughts and nightmares, you could never return to the time of not-knowing.

He remembered that he was not going back to his own school. That was all finished. He went about the building in his mind, thinking about the smells inside all the rooms. Perhaps he didn’t mind so much about the people, except for Devereux and Lynch, and Mr Gardner. People didn’t matter. But he couldn’t separate any part of it, now, it was the whole of his existence there, jumbled together in his mind, time and place and people, and the way he felt about them.

He was still standing by the door of the hut. Somebody had used it for animals, once. It smelled faintly of pig muck, and old, dried hen pellets. The walls and roof were made of corrugated metal, bolted together. There was no window, no light at all from anywhere, except for a thin line beneath the door. Kingshaw put out his hands and began to grope his way slowly round until he came to the corner with the sacks. He sat down.

Perhaps they wouldn’t wait until night before they came back. Anybody could walk down the allotment and into the shed, and never be seen. They could do anything to him, in here, choke him, or hit him with an axe, or hang him, or stab him, they could get a saw and saw off both his feet and then leave him to bleed. Kingshaw stuffed his face in his mouth, in terror. Somebody had done that, he’d read it in one of the blood-bath books Ikden had had, last term. Ikden lent them out, at 2d, for four days. Kingshaw had read it in the bogies, and wished that he could stop himself and dread the nights that came after.

Now, he said to himself, it’s Hooper, it’s Hooper, there’s nobody else it could be. Hooper would be creeping through the grass, back up to the house. Then, he would just wait. Hours and hours, all day, maybe, wait until he decided it was time to let him out.

Kingshaw said aloud, ‘I’m not scared of being by myself in the bloody dark.’ His voice echoed.

But it was not the dark, only the thoughts which passed through his head, the pictures in front of his eyes. He remembered why he had come here, remembered Mr Hooper’s face, smiling at him, that morning, over the breakfast table. ‘You will be going to school with Edmund.’ He knew nothing about the place, except its name. It was called Drummond’s. They were the ones who knew.

The sacks at the bottom of the pile were damp, and now the damp was coming through. Kingshaw stood up. His jeans felt wet, over his behind. He went back towards the door, and lay down on his
side, trying to see out. But the crack was much thinner than he'd thought, so now he got down to it, he could see nothing except a faint greyness. He stayed there, pressing his ear to the cold concrete floor of the hut, and straining for the sound of movement, for footsteps. There was nothing.

Then a few minutes later, the faint sound of a truck, going down the lane. Kingshaw leaped up, and began to pound and beat upon the door, and then on the corrugated walls, until they crashed and rang in his ears, to scream and yell to be let out, he thought oh God, God, God, please let somebody come, please let somebody come down the lane, or into the garden, please, Oh God, God, God, God...

He gave up. The palms of his hand were hot and throbbing and the skin had come off one of his knuckles. He sucked at the loose edge, tasting blood. Silence.

Hooper might have decided to leave him in the shed for ever. There was nothing and nobody who could stop him, nothing that he would not be capable of.

Eventually, Kingshaw crawled on his hands and knees back over the concrete and the mucky straw, on to the sacks. He pulled out the bottom ones, which were the dampest, and started to spread the others over the floor. He meant to lie down. He could see nothing at all, only feel clumsily at what he was doing. Then, something ran out of the sacks over his hands. He screamed and began to beat them desperately against his trousers, terrified of what it might be. In the end, he was certain that it had gone. His fingers, when he opened them out again, were slimy and sticky.

1: *allotment:* a rented piece of land for growing vegetables or flowers

2: *hen pellets:* hen food

3: *2d.*: two pence, in old English money

4: *bogs:* toilets
Extract 15: I’m the King of the Castle by Susan Hill

1. Read again the lines 1-5.
   List four things from this part of the text that we learn about the shed.

2. Look in detail at 6-18 of the extract.
   How does the writer use language here to describe Kingshaw's feelings?
   You could include the writer’s choice of:
   - words and phrases
   - language features and techniques
   - sentence forms

3. You now need to think about the whole of the source
   This text is from the opening of a short story.
   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 the focus as the source develops
   - any other structural features that interest you

4. Focus on lines 35 to the end.
   A student, having read this part of the text, said: ‘The presentation of Kingshaw as a coward stops me feeling any sympathy towards him.’
   To what extent do you agree with this statement?
   In your response, you could:
   - write about your own impressions of Kingshaw
   - evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
   - support your opinions with quotations from the text