

GCSE English Language

Paper 1

Explorations in creative reading and writing



Study pack

Answer the questions **below**.

If you get stuck, think harder. And if you're still stuck, look in your book.

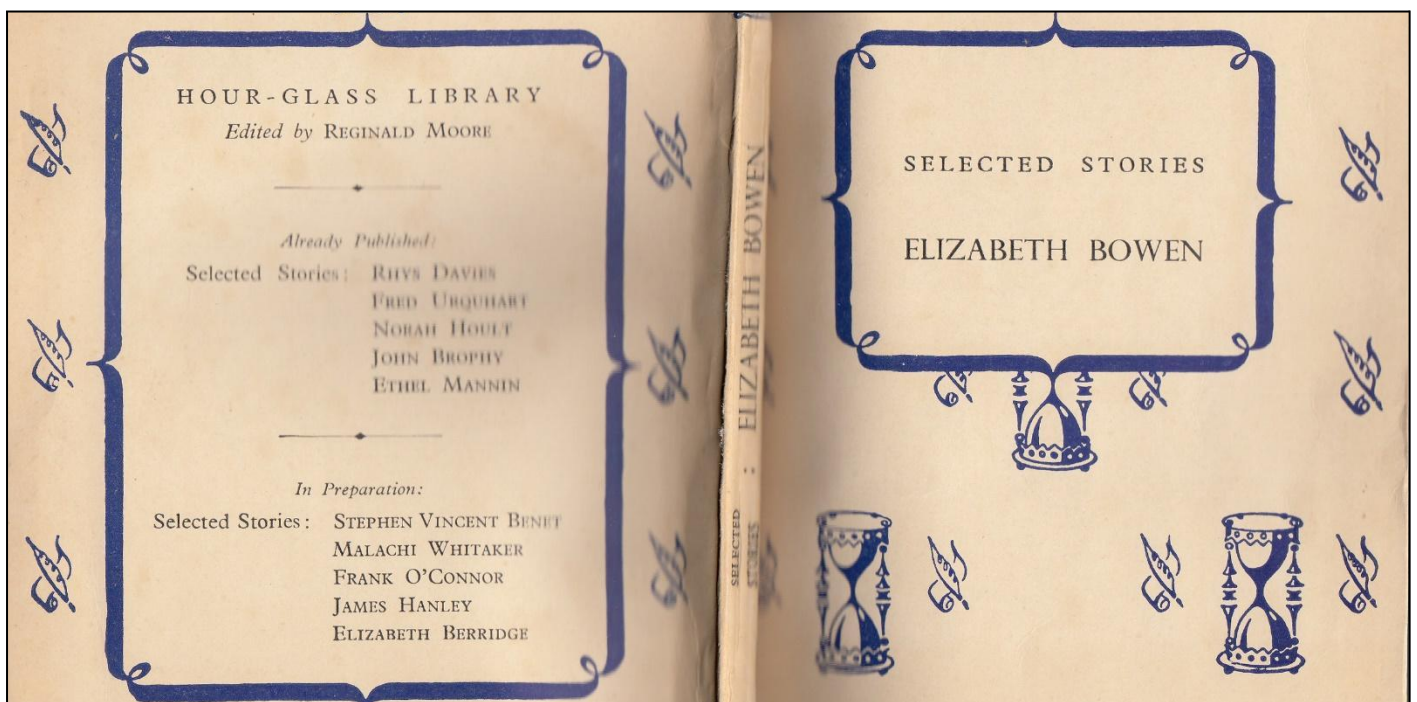
1. How much time do you get to complete the whole paper?
2. How much time do you get to complete section A?
3. How much time do you get to complete section B?
4. Is the section A text fiction or non-fiction?
5. What does section B require you to do?
6. How many marks are available for the whole paper?
7. How many marks are available for question 3?
8. How many marks are available for question 4?
9. How many marks are available for question 5?
10. How many of the marks for question 5 are awarded for technical accuracy?
11. What are you required to do for question 1?
12. What are you required to do for question 2?
13. What are you required to do for question 4?
14. List three 'language' terms?
15. List three 'structure' terms?

Extracts from *Elizabeth Berridge obituary*

The novelist Elizabeth Berridge, who has died aged 89, was a writer of rare distinction who deserved more recognition than she ever received. She was born in south London, of English/Welsh ancestry. Her father was a land agent, administering large London and country estates, and she may have inherited something of his eye for property, for her descriptions of houses and localities, especially of the growth and development of the southern suburbs where she grew up and lived for large parts of her life, are **memorable for their sharpness and accuracy**.

Although [Berridge] was, on the surface, a conventional master of conservative suburban fiction, her work concealed a deep subversiveness. The reader continually finds his expectations railroaded on to a completely different track. She was, par excellence, the **celebrator of family life**. There is, as she said herself, no substitute for the family: 'It is society's first teething ring, man's proving ground. When repudiated, it still leaves its strengthening mark. When it does the rejecting, the outcast is damaged. Within its confines, devils and angels rage together, emotions creep underfoot like wet rot, or flourish like Russian ivy. It is the world in microcosm, the nursery of tyrants, the no man's land of suffering, a place and a time, a rehearsal for silent parlour murder.'

Berridge was an expert at **charting the small cruelties that husband and wife**, parent and child, can inflict on each other in the domestic arena, and at describing the intrinsic dignity and extrinsic humiliations of old age. On the other hand, she freely admitted to a preoccupation with aunts, and this is manifest in most of her finely crafted fiction, where aunts of all varieties – mainly elderly – proliferate on the page, realistically, if lovingly, described. Readers of *Across the Common* will not soon forget Aunt Seraphina, expertly stuffing her bag with cuttings from the flowerbeds of Regent's Park under the nose of the keeper for the benefit of her garden at home.



Lullaby, by Elizabeth Berridge

She had never been quite sure about it, but he was convinced.

'It's a great idea, a marvellous idea,' he said, 'but of course if you don't want to come out with me when I'm on leave, just say so.'

So she had given in. She always did. Life with him was precarious; always had been. She had sudden terrible fears of him leaving her. Suddenly walking from the room, out of the house, knowing he had gone on to some other life and needed no one. 'It's being in the air so much, doing so much flying,' she thought. 'It must do something to you.' Hanging on to a cloud and never coming down – only of course you fell through a cloud.

When they had the child it was better, for a time. Then the juggling began. She could keep them both spinning equably, dexterously, for a time; father and son, son and father, but then her hand would become tired, the trick fail. This was such a time, so she said yes, and they went to friend of his who had cashed in on the pre-war vanity of people who wanted their voices recorded.

'Only a few left,' he said. Wistfully he looked over the wax discs. 'Still, it was fun while it lasted.– Did I tell you the story of the man who was too nervous to propose on the spot?'

'Yes,' he was told.

'Oh.' He was obviously disappointed, 'Well, what are you going to do?'

It was explained.

'Why, that's wonderful' he exclaimed. 'That's – come on, let's hear you.'

They tried it out that evening and sat listening in the next room. The child was in his cot, but was talking to himself in a queer half-language

of his own. He sang a little, chuckled and made astonished noises. Then the record was started.

'Go to sleep, darling,' came his mother's voice from the black box. There was a pause, then 'Hush now, bye-byes.' The baby stopped murmuring and settled down. Then the voice said: 'Everything's all right, Mama's here.' The child seemed to be asleep, but they let the record run to the end. 'It won't disturb him,' she whispered, and gazed as the voice sang, a little self-consciously spinning from under the needle. 'What's to be done with the baby son –'

A little breathlessly the record stopped, clicked. The next room was silent.

'There!' he said triumphant. 'That's all right, isn't it? He only needs to hear your voice and off he goes.' She smiled. It did seem a good idea.

'Come on,' he said, 'let's go.'

They did it once or twice after that, until he had to return to his station. But he couldn't forget it. 'You must make one for me,' he wrote. But somehow she never did. She hated her voice spinning off the black disc; she felt as if her whole being was caught beneath the sharp needle, dragged round like a piece of fluff in the shining grooves.

When he next came on leave he said: 'Sanders tells me we positively must see that film at the Empire. It's tremendous.'

'The Empire?' she said. 'It's a long way.'

He looked at her with the peculiarly blank expression he assumed when he was determined to do something in the face of any obstacle.

'We've got the record,' he said. 'We'll be home by ten if we go early.'

So that evening she put the baby to bed earlier, and they set the record off as they went out of the door. In the hall, he stopped suddenly and caught her in his arms. 'You're sure you feel all right about leaving him, darling?' he asked. 'I'm a selfish brute.'

She laughed. Her fear was always there, but it must not spoil his evening, and the idea of him being worried somehow strengthened her.

'He'll be all right,' she said firmly. 'Don't worry.'

Together they walked down the road.

'What a wind!' she said.

Back in the nursery the wind in a sudden gust shifted aside the blackout curtain they had always meant to fix. The house stood on a corner and took the full force of any storm.

'More of a gale,' he said.

The nightlight, usually unwavering in its saucer, flickered unsteadily; a tiny edge of the curtain was blown across and remained a little above it. From his cot the baby watched the flame grow bright. He chuckled and sang to himself. Then his mother's voice came gently. 'Go to sleep, darling.' He turned over and put his thumb in his mouth. But the brightness still fascinated him; he wanted

to tell his mother about it. 'Hush now, bye-byes.' Obediently he closed his eyes. A sudden intensity of light swept across his eyelids; the curtains were blazing. He opened his mouth to scream with sudden inexplicable fear, but across the lighted room came the trusted voice that was with him all day, 'You're quite all right. Mama's here.' He looked about, where was she?

He didn't like it. The wind rushed round the corner and swept the fire across to the chest of drawers – cottonwool, picture-books. The baby was standing in his cot now, gripping the rail and shaking, his eyes wide and black with fear, almost islanded by flame and across the room came the lullaby... 'we'll put him away for a rainy day...'

As they got off the bus, she gripped his arm. The journey had passed in silence, but now it was as if she lay beneath the sharp needle, caught in the spinning grooves.

'Did you hum that song we made up for the baby just then?' Her voice was edged, and he looked at her, startled.

'No,' he said, 'I could have sworn you were singing it.'

For a moment they looked at one another. Then:

'Taxi!' he shouted. 'Taxi!'

0 | 1 Read again the **third paragraph** of the source.

List **four** things about the (unnamed) wife from this part of the source

[4 marks]

☐ **Don't** write lengthy, unfocused answers

☐ **Don't** make inferences on the passage

☐ **Do** write short, succinct answers

☐ **Do** select short, relevant quotations

0 | 2 Look in detail at this extract, from **paragraph four** of the source:

When they had the child it was better, for a time. Then the juggling began. She could keep them both spinning equably, dexterously, for a time; father and son, son and father, but then her hand would become tired, the trick fail. This was such a time, so she said yes, and they went to friend of his who had cashed in on the pre-war vanity of people who wanted their voices recorded.

How does the writer use language here to convey the wife's views on family life?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

[8 marks]

- ☐ **Don't** simply list technical terms
- ☐ **Don't** feel obligated to write about 'complex' language features
- ☐ **Don't** make unnecessary points about sentence lengths (e.g. the long sentences reflect amount of work)
- ☒ **Do** focus on why the writer has used certain words, short phrases and language devices

0 | 3 You now need to think about the whole of the source.

This text is a complete 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 of the source
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you

[8 marks]

☐ **Don't** retell the sequence of events

☐ **Don't** write about the writer's use of language

☐ **Don't** use obscurely complex technical terms

☐ **Do** explain why events happen at certain points

☐ **Do** note a structural feature at a certain point and then comment on how it is developed

0 | 4 Focus this part of your answer on the **second page of the source to the end**.

A student said, 'This part of the story, where the two parents decide to go to the cinema, shows how neglectful and selfish they are, and the fire is ultimately their fault.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of what the actions of the parents
- evaluate how the writer conveys the actions of the parents
- support your response with references to the text.

[20 marks]

- ☐ **Don't** write about details outside the stated lines
- ☐ **Don't** feel that it is a necessity to construct artificial counter-arguments
- ☐ **Don't** include unrelated or superficial information about historical context
- ☐ **Do** remember that the best answers are 'detailed' and 'perceptive'
- ☐ **Do** adopt a method-based approach (e.g. the writer used the word/phrase to show...)
- ☐ **Do** explicitly refer back to the question

0 | 5 A magazine has asked for contributions for their creative writing section.

Either

Write a description of an evening at the cinema as suggested by the picture below:



or

Write a story about a time when you made a bad decision.

(24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

- ☐ **Don't** use contrived 'wow' words and remember that an 'advanced' words do not always add clarity
- ☐ **Don't** use plots based on films or computer games
- ☐ **Don't** write about gory or unpleasant incidents
- ☒ **Do** plan your response (but don't take too long)
- ☒ **Do** spell key words correctly
- ☒ **Do** use correct homophones, apostrophes and speech punctuation