



AQA GCSE ENGLISH LANGUAGE PAPER 1

Revision Booklet

EXPLORATIONS IN CREATIVE READING AND WRITING

Explorations: a thorough examination of something. Searching for the purpose of something.

Creative: describing and producing original ideas that are imaginative.

1 hour 45 minutes
5 Questions
Section A Q1-4: 40 marks
Section B Q5: 40 marks
(24+16)

Name:



EXTRACT 1

Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me I stood by the iron gate leading to the drive, and for a while I could not enter, for the way was barred to me. There was a padlock and a chain upon the gate. I called in my dream to the lodge-keeper, and had no answer, and peering closer through the rusted spokes of the gate I saw that the lodge was uninhabited.

No smoke came from the chimney, and the little lattice windows gaped forlorn. Then, like all dreamers, I was possessed of a sudden with supernatural powers and passed like a spirit through the barrier before me. The drive wound away in front of me, twisting and turning as it had always done, but as I advanced I was aware that a change had come upon it; it was narrow and unkept, not the drive that we had known. At first I was puzzled and did not understand, and it was only when I bent my head to avoid the low swinging branch of a tree that I realized what had happened. Nature had come into her own again and, little by little, in her stealthy, insidious way had encroached upon the drive with long, tenacious fingers. The woods, always a menace even in the past, had triumphed in the end. They crowded, dark and uncontrolled, to the borders of the drive. The beeches with white, naked limbs leant close to one another, their branches intermingled in a strange embrace, making a vault above my head like the archway of a church. And there were other trees as well, trees that I did not recognize, squat oaks and tortured elms that straggled cheek by jowl with the beeches, and had thrust themselves out of the quiet earth, along with monster shrubs and plants, none of which I remembered.

The drive was a ribbon now, a thread of its former self, with gravel surface gone, and choked with grass and moss. The trees had thrown out low branches, making an impediment to progress; the gnarled roots looked like skeleton claws. Scattered here and again amongst this jungle growth I would recognize shrubs that had been landmarks in our time, things of culture and grace, hydrangeas whose blue heads had been famous. No hand had checked their progress, and they had gone native now, rearing to monster height without a bloom, black and ugly as the name-less parasites that grew beside them.

On and on, now east now west, wound the poor thread that once had been our drive. Sometimes I thought it lost, but it appeared again, beneath a fallen tree perhaps, or struggling on the other side of a muddied ditch created by the winter rains. I had not thought the way so long. Surely the miles had multiplied, even as the trees had done, and this path led but to a labyrinth, some choked wilderness, and not to the house at all. I came upon it suddenly; the approach masked by the unnatural growth of a vast shrub that spread in all directions, and I stood, my heart thumping in my breast, the strange prick of tears behind my eyes.

EXTRACT 2

My name was Salmon, like the fish; first name, Susie. I was fourteen when I was murdered on December 6, 1973. In newspaper photos of missing girls from the seventies, most looked like me: white girls with mousy brown hair. This was before kids of all races and genders started appearing on milk cartons or in the daily mail. It was still back when people believed things like that didn't happen.

In my junior high yearbook was a quote from a Spanish poet my sister had turned me on to, Juan Ramon Jimenez. It went like this: "If they give you ruled paper, write the other way." I chose it both because it expressed my contempt for my structured surroundings a la the classroom and because, not being some dopey quote from a rock group, I thought it marked me as literary. I was a member of the Chess Club and Chem Club and burned everything I tried to make in Mrs. Delminico's home economics class. My favorite teacher was Mr. Botte, who taught biology and liked to animate the frogs and crawfish we had to dissect by making them dance in their waxed pans.

I wasn't killed by Mr. Botte, by the way. Don't think every person you're going to meet in here is suspect. That's the problem. You never know. Mr. Botte came to my memorial (as, may I add, did almost the entire junior high school — I was never so popular) and cried quite a bit. He had a sick kid. We all knew this, so when he laughed at his own jokes, which were rusty way before I had him, we laughed too, forcing it sometimes just to make him happy. His daughter died a year and a half after I did. She had leukemia, but I never saw her in my heaven.

The murderer was a man from our neighborhood. My mother liked his border flowers, and my father talked to him once about fertilizer. My murderer believed in old-fashioned things like eggshell and coffee grounds, which he said his own mother had used. My father came home smiling, making jokes about how the man's garden might be beautiful but it would stink to high heaven once a heat wave hit.

But on December 6, 1973, it was snowing, and I took a shortcut through the cornfield back from junior high. It was dark out because the days were shorter in winter, and I remember how the broken cornstalks made my walk more difficult. The snow was falling lightly, like a flurry of small hands, and I was breathing through my nose until it was running so much that I had to open my mouth. Six feet from where Mr. Harvey stood, I stuck my tongue out to taste a snowflake. "Don't let me startle you," Mr. Harvey said.

Of course, in a cornfield, in the dark, I was startled. After I was dead I thought about how there had been the light scent of cologne in the air but that I had not been paying attention, or thought it was coming from one of the houses up ahead.

"Mr. Harvey," I said.

"You're the older Salmon girl, right?"

I wish now that I had known this was weird. I had never told him my name.

EXTRACT 3

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 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 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 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 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.

QUESTION 1

4 MARKS

3-5 MINUTES

1. The question will direct you to specific lines, box these off on your source sheet
2. Highlight the focus and ONLY focus on that
3. Use the focus of the question to start off every bullet point. For example: The car is.... OR The flowers are... OR Mr Smith is...

Example 1

Question 1

Read again lines 1-5. List 4 facts you learn about the gate.

Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me I stood by the iron gate leading to the drive, and for a while I could not enter, for the way was barred to me. There was a padlock and a chain upon the gate. I called in my dream to the lodge-keeper, and had no answer, and peering closer through the rusted spokes of the gate I saw that the lodge was uninhabited.

1. The gate is
2. The gate is
3. The gate is
4. The gate is

Example 2

Question 1

Read again lines 1-5. List 4 facts you learn about Susie.

My name was Salmon, like the fish; first name, Susie. I was fourteen when I was murdered on December 6, 1973. In newspaper photos of missing girls from the seventies, most looked like me: white girls with mousy brown hair. This was before kids of all races and genders started appearing on milk cartons or in the daily mail. It was still back when people believed things like that didn't happen.

1. Susie
2. Susie
3. Susie
4. Susie

Example 3

Question 1

Read again lines 1-7. List 4 facts you learn about Maycomb.

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 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.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

QUESTION 2

8 MARKS

15 MINUTES

LANGUAGE

1. The question will direct you to specific lines, box these off on your source sheet
2. Highlight the focus and ONLY focus on that
3. Use our WHAT, HOW, WHY (x2) system to ensure you are analysing and exploring each quotation effectively.

WHAT: opening sentence that focuses on the question and an embedded quotation.

HOW: what does your quotation suggest? Is there a specific word in your quotation that reinforces this suggestion? What language device does it use? What does it tell the reader?

WHY: What is the impact on the reader's feelings? What does the reader learn because of this moment? Why is this important to learn?

Example 1

Extract from chapter 1 of Rebecca.

This excerpt in lines 8-15.

Question 2

Look at lines 8-15. How does the writer use language describe the driveway?

The drive wound away in front of me, twisting and turning as it had always done, but as I advanced I was aware that a change had come upon it; it was narrow and unkept, not the drive that we had known. At first I was puzzled and did not understand, and it was only when I bent my head to avoid the low swinging branch of a tree that I realized what had happened. Nature had come into her own again and, little by little, in her stealthy, insidious way had encroached upon the drive with long, tenacious fingers. The woods, always a menace even in the past, had triumphed in the end. They crowded, dark and uncontrolled, to the borders of the drive.

Example 2

Extract from chapter 1 of *The Lovely Bones*.

This excerpt in lines 11-20.

Question 2

Look at lines 11-20. How does the writer use language to describe the character of Mr Botte?

My favourite teacher was Mr. Botte, who taught biology and liked to animate the frogs and crawfish we had to dissect by making them dance in their waxed pans. I wasn't killed by Mr. Botte, by the way. Don't think every person you're going to meet in here is suspect. That's the problem. You never know. Mr. Botte came to my memorial (as, may I add, did almost the entire junior high school — I was never so popular) and cried quite a bit. He had a sick kid. We all knew this, so when he laughed at his own jokes, which were rusty way before I had him, we laughed too, forcing it sometimes just to make him happy. His daughter died a year and a half after I did. She had leukemia, but I never saw her in my heaven.

Example 3

Extract from chapter 1 of *To Kill A Mocking Bird*.

This excerpt is from lines 8-13.

Question 2

How does the writer use language to describe the behaviours and movement of the people in Maycomb?

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 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.

QUESTION 3

8 MARKS

15 MINUTES

STRUCTURE

1. The question will direct you to the **WHOLE** source - you must reference the beginning and the end

2. Track the tone at the beginning and then again at the end

3. Do **NOT** zoom in! Use the **WHAT, HOW, WHY** in more simple terms:

BEGINNING paragraph

WHAT: what tone is being established at the beginning? Embed a quotation that best shows this tone.

HOW: explain what the tone helps you to understand - do you learn something about a character? a place? an event? **You may even want to comment on how this is done - is it a short sentence? a long sentence? interrogative? declarative? etc.**

WHY: Why was it important for you to know this piece of information first? what does it set up for you? how do you immediately feel? what are you predicting/what does this foreshadow?

ENDING paragraph

WHAT: what has happened to the tone? has it shifted? or stayed the same? embed a quotation that best suggests this

HOW: explain what the change/lack of change in tone helps you to understand - do you learn something new about a character? a place? an event? **You may find that your source has used a flashback or a flashforward or speaks in a different tense, you can discuss this too.**

WHY: Why was it important for you to know this piece of information at the end? what does it now tell you about the character/setting/event? how do you feel now? **If the tone has changed then what does this linear structure suggest? If the tone didn't change, what does the cyclical structure tell you? What are you now predicting?**

EXTRACT 1

OPENING AND ENDING PARAGRAPH

Beginning

Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me I stood by the iron gate leading to the drive, and for a while I could not enter, for the way was barred to me. There was a padlock and a chain upon the gate. I called in my dream to the lodge-keeper, and had no answer, and peering closer through the rusted spokes of the gate I saw that the lodge was uninhabited.

Ending

On and on, now east now west, wound the poor thread that once had been our drive. Sometimes I thought it lost, but it appeared again, beneath a fallen tree perhaps, or struggling on the other side of a muddied ditch created by the winter rains. I had not thought the way so long. Surely the miles had multiplied, even as the trees had done, and this path led but to a labyrinth, some choked wilderness, and not to the house at all. I came upon it suddenly; the approach masked by the unnatural growth of a vast shrub that spread in all directions, and I stood, my heart thumping in my breast, the strange prick of tears behind my eyes.



Linear



Cyclical

EXTRACT 2

OPENING AND ENDING PARAGRAPH

Beginning

My name was Salmon, like the fish; first name, Susie. I was fourteen when I was murdered on December 6, 1973. In newspaper photos of missing girls from the seventies, most looked like me: white girls with mousy brown hair.

This was before kids of all races and genders started appearing on milk cartons or in the daily mail. It was still back when people believed things like that didn't happen.

Ending

Of course, in a cornfield, in the dark, I was startled. After I was dead I thought about how there had been the light scent of cologne in the air but that I had not been paying attention, or thought it was coming from one of the houses up ahead.

"Mr. Harvey," I said.

"You're the older Salmon girl, right? Susie?"

I wish now that I had known this was weird. I had never told him my name.



Linear



Cyclical

EXTRACT 3

OPENING AND ENDING PARAGRAPH

Beginning

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 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.

Ending

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 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.



Linear



Cyclical

QUESTION 4

20 MARKS
25 MINUTES
EVALUATION (LANGUAGE)

Evaluation: to make a judgement based on the evidence that you have.

1. The question will usually direct you to looking at the end of the source - it will identify line numbers for you
2. The question involves an opinionated statement that you have to agree or disagree with. There will be enough quotations for each side to argued effectively
3. Use the **WHAT, HOW, WHY** structure (x3) - 2 paragraphs should be your opinion (agree/disagree) and one should appreciate the counter.

WHAT: opening sentence that focuses on the question, your opinion of the statement and an embedded quotation.

HOW: what does your quotation suggest? Is there a specific word in your quotation that reinforces this suggestion? What **method** does it use? What does it tell the reader?

WHY: What is the impact on the reader's feelings? What does the reader learn because of this moment? Why is this important to learn?

Methods

- Language devices
- Imagery
- Punctuation for effect
- Sentence types
- Repetition
- Juxtapositions
- Dialogue

EXAMPLE 1

Question 4

Looking at lines 21-35. A student said 'The description of the driveway goes beyond a place of neglect and portrays a place that is alive with darkness and evil.'

To what extent do you agree?

The drive was a ribbon now, a thread of its former self, with gravel surface gone, and choked with grass and moss. The trees had thrown out low branches, making an impediment to progress; the gnarled roots looked like skeleton claws. Scattered here and again amongst this jungle growth I would recognize shrubs that had been landmarks in our time, things of culture and grace, hydrangeas whose blue heads had been famous. No hand had checked their progress, and they had gone native now, rearing to monster height without a bloom, black and ugly as the name-less parasites that grew beside them.

On and on, now east now west, wound the poor thread that once had been our drive. Sometimes I thought it lost, but it appeared again, beneath a fallen tree perhaps, or struggling on the other side of a muddied ditch created by the winter rains. I had not thought the way so long. Surely the miles had multiplied, even as the trees had done, and this path led but to a labyrinth, some choked wilderness, and not to the house at all. I came upon it suddenly; the approach masked by the unnatural growth of a vast shrub that spread in all directions, and I stood, my heart thumping in my breast, the strange prick of tears behind my eyes.

EXAMPLE 2

Question 4

Looking at lines 19-35. A student said 'Sebold portrays Susie Salmon as a young, naïve teenager who is to blame for her own murder.'

To what extent do you agree?

The murderer was a man from our neighborhood. My mother liked his border flowers, and my father talked to him once about fertilizer. My murderer believed in old-fashioned things like eggshell and coffee grounds, which he said his own mother had used. My father came home smiling, making jokes about how the man's garden might be beautiful but it would stink to high heaven once a heat wave hit.

But on December 6, 1973, it was snowing, and I took a shortcut through the cornfield back from junior high. It was dark out because the days were shorter in winter, and I remember how the broken cornstalks made my walk more difficult. The snow was falling lightly, like a flurry of small hands, and I was breathing through my nose until it was running so much that I had to open my mouth. Six feet from where Mr. Harvey stood, I stuck my tongue out to taste a snowflake. "Don't let me startle you," Mr. Harvey said.

Of course, in a cornfield, in the dark, I was startled. After I was dead I thought about how there had been the light scent of cologne in the air but that I had not been paying attention, or thought it was coming from one of the houses up ahead.

"Mr. Harvey," I said.

"You're the older Salmon girl, right?"

I wish now that I had known this was weird. I had never told him my name.

EXAMPLE 3

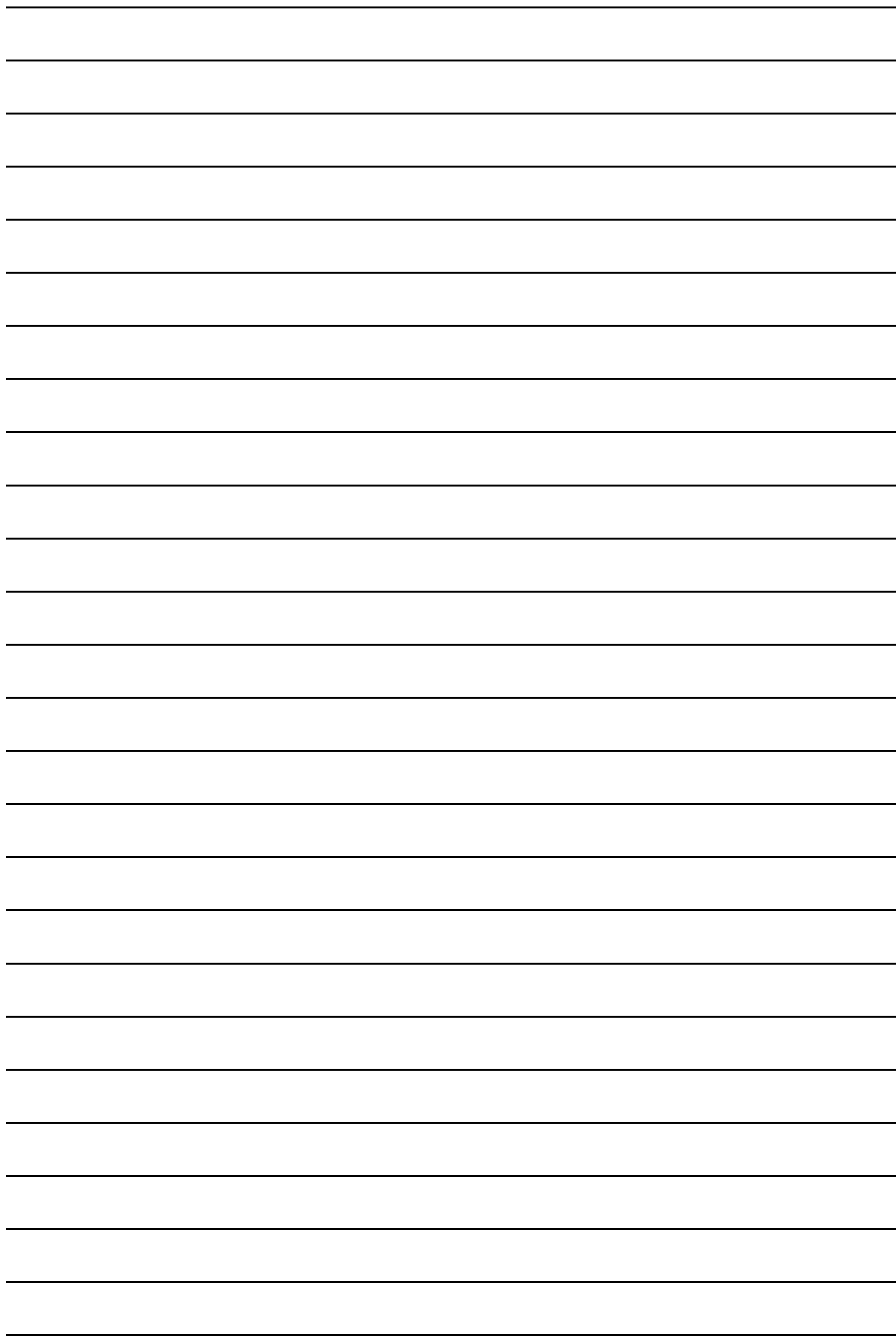
Question 4

Looking at lines 14-23. A student said 'The children are surrounded by hostility and are treated with deliberate unkindness.'

To what extent do you agree?

We lived on the main residential street in town – Atticus, Jem and I, plus 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 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.



QUESTION 5

40 MARKS

24 MARKS FOR CONTENT

16 MARKS FOR SPAG

DESCRIPTION/NARRATIVE WITH A VISUAL STIMULUS

SET THE SCENE

- WEATHER
- LOCATION
- BRIEF INTRODUCTION TO YOUR CHARACTER: WHO, HOW AND WHAT.

DROP

IMPORTANCE

- ZOOM IN ON SOMETHING OF IMPORTANCE TO YOUR CHARACTER: OBJECT, APPEARANCE, WEATHER, SETTING.

ZOOM

FLASHBACK

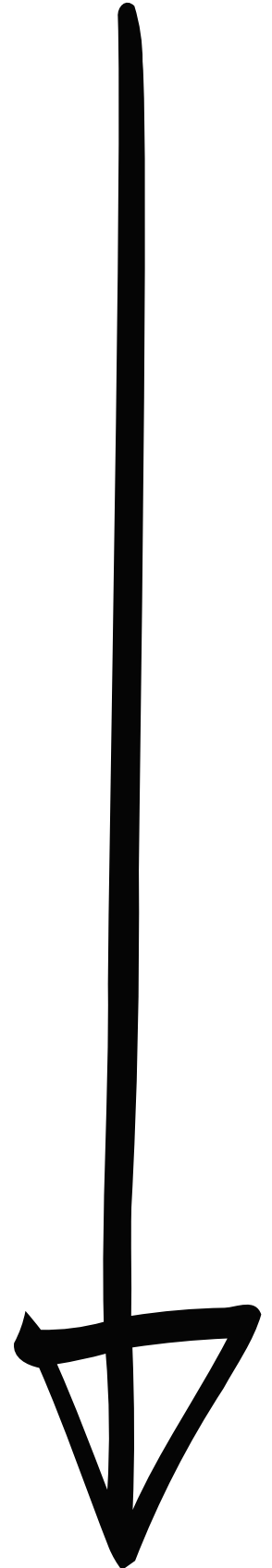
- CONTRAST THE TONE OF YOUR WRITING WITH THIS FLASHBACK
- HAPPIER/SADDER TIME
- ADD DETAIL TO YOUR CHARACTER
- ADD SYMPATHY.

SHIFT

END

- IMPROVE/INTENSIFY THE WEATHER THAT YOU SPOKE ABOUT IN THE 'DROP'
- DESCRIBE THE PRESENT REALITY AND WHAT THE FUTURE ENTAILS.

ECHO



EXAMPLE 1

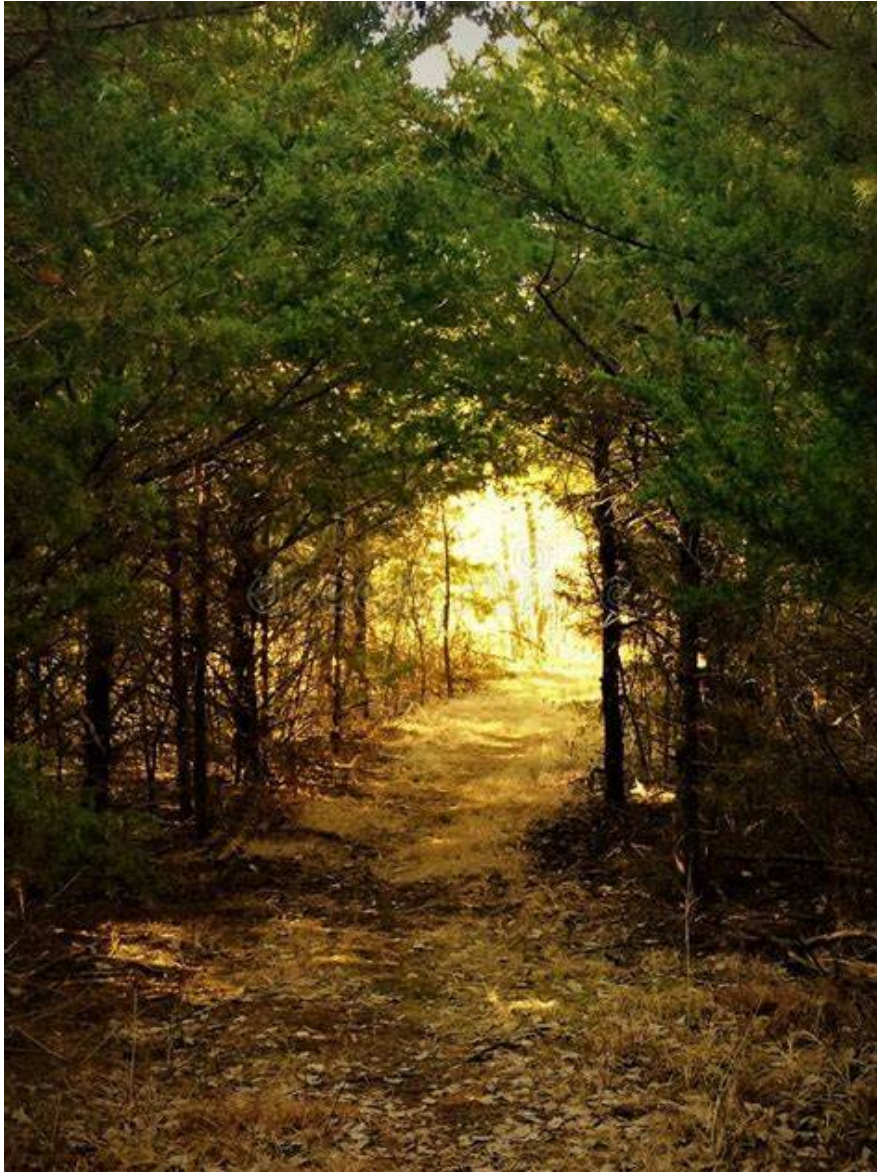
Either: Write a description suggested by the image below.



Or: Write the opening of a story ending with the line: The door closed on another decade, on another family and another murder.

EXAMPLE 2

Either: Write a description about a time where you took an important journey



Or: Write the opening of a story with the title 'New Beginnings.'

EXAMPLE 3

Either: Write a description about a time where you felt abandoned.



Or: Write the opening of a story ending with the opening line: 'Shuffling through a sea of leaves, the bench was in sight, well Helen's Bench.'