



GCSE English Language Model Answers:

English Language (1EN0) (NEW SPEC) June 2022

Paper 1

Q1. 'the unwonted exercise, and the air'.

Examiner report:

- This question assesses the **first part of AO1**- identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas.
 - Information is **correct**, the student has read the source carefully.
 - Only information from within the **specified lines** 3-4 has been used in the answer.
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Q2.

- 1) 'The fog was much heavier than it had been'
- 2) 'No rain fell'

Examiner report:

- This question assesses the **first part of AO1**- identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas.
 - The information is **correct** and relevant to the question. The student has read the source and question carefully.
 - Only information from within the **specified lines** 8-11 has been used in the answer.
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Q3.

In this extract, the writer uses language and structure to emphasise the cautious and quick movements that the characters make. A quick succession of verbs like 'quickening', 'turned', 'walking' and 'stopped' allow the reader to be immersed in the speed of the activity, in which Toby is 'scarcely pausing to take a breath' in his haste. The inclusion of a short piece of

dialogue maintains the rapid pace of the text, as imperative verbs like 'hoist' and 'Get up' indicate urgency and a need for action. These imperatives also show that Oliver is completely controlled and mistreated by the other characters, as he is depersonalised as 'the boy' and treated almost like an object as he is almost thrown over the wall.

When the characters finally make it over the wall, the focus shifts to Oliver's emotions as he processes what is happening. Dickens uses emotive language to describe him as 'well-nigh mad with grief and terror', hyperbolically suggesting that Oliver's morality and extreme aversion to the possibility of 'housebreaking and robbery, if not murder' brings him almost to the point of insanity. Oliver's 'subdued exclamation of horror' draws attention to the fear that he feels, which then seems to overtake his body as 'a mist came before his eyes; the cold sweat stood upon his ashy face; his limbs failed him; and he sank upon his knees'. Here, Dickens uses semicolons to slow the pace of the text and show Oliver's physical reaction as he processes what is happening so quickly around him. It seems as if the very idea of committing a crime drains all the life and warmth out of Oliver, leaving him unable to stand. His complexion mirrors the gloomy weather described earlier in the text, as he is overcome with a 'mist' and 'cold sweat' that make him almost blend into the setting. This emphasises his helplessness as he seems almost to disintegrate, or perhaps suggesting his desire to simply disappear rather than defy his strong morals.

Alongside Oliver's clear aversion to the immoral, Sikes' repeated imperative exclamation 'Get up!', the violent imagery of him 'trembling with rage' and his threats to kill Oliver lead the reader to feel extreme pity for the poor young boy, who is rendered completely powerless. This imagery contributes to the sense that Oliver is a victim, forced to be part of wicked deeds that could irrevocably change his life and self-worth. The reader therefore understands through the imagery that this is a critical point in the text, where Oliver must choose between death or a life of crime.

Examiner report:

- This question assesses you on **AO2** - explain, comment on and analyse how writers use language and structure to achieve effects and influence readers, using relevant subject terminology to support their views.
- The answer shows a perceptive understanding of **both language and structural features**, including dialogue, focus shift, imperatives, emotive language, hyperbole, and pace.
- The **effects** of language and structural features are adequately analysed and the points are **explained** fully using **evidence** from the text.
- The answer uses sophisticated **subject specific language** to explain the points.

Q4.

From the outset, Dickens is effective in building tension within the extract. Short paragraphs are interspersed with Sikes' terse imperatives as he commands Toby to 'Take [Oliver's] other hand', preventing him from escaping and making him seem imprisoned between 'the two robbers'. Oliver's confusion at their actions as he is rendered 'completely stupefied' successfully builds tension as, like Oliver, the reader cannot anticipate what will happen next and they fear for Oliver.

The foreboding description of the 'intensely dark' setting with increasingly thickening 'fog' further builds suspense and dread, as the darkness and fog form a protective shroud over the robbers and make their success more likely. The 'damp' air that leaves Oliver's hair 'stiff with the half-frozen moisture' further creates anticipation as the adjective 'stiff' is suggestive of a corpse, leading the reader to fear for Oliver's life. The coldness that is later mirrored in Oliver's 'cold sweat' as he realises what is happening further creates an atmosphere of a dark and lifeless winter night; the perfect setting for misdeeds to occur.

An array of staccato sentences follow, increasing the pace of the text and drawing the reader into the action with a quick succession of verbs like 'crossed', 'kept', 'walked' and 'arrived', all broken up with punctuation. Sikes' whispering as he informs the reader that 'there'll be nobody in the way, tonight, to see us' is ominous, as the reader anticipates that the robbery will be successful and the robbers will not be seen. Dickens drives this point repetitively, noting that the town was 'wholly deserted' and 'there was nobody abroad'. As well as increasing the tension by suggesting that the robbery will be successful, Dickens' repetition of this point also suggests that there will be nobody to help Oliver- he is completely alone and (quite literally) in the hands of the two villains.

Tension continues to be built as the pace of the text is increased through the use of further staccato sentences using the active voice and verbs like 'quickenings'. The image of Toby 'scarcely pausing to take a breath' as the robbers climb the wall and get closer to the house further contributes to the accelerating pace of the text. Dickens' use of emotive language as he describes Oliver's 'grief and terror' and his 'exclamation of horror' are effective in temporarily breaking up the action to portray the depth of Oliver's emotions, leading the reader to doubt whether Oliver will go through with the robbery. Sikes' violent response then shocks the reader and builds the tension further, as the gory suggestion that he will 'strew [Oliver's] brains upon the grass' makes the situation even more severe and threatening.

Dickens maintains the tension as Oliver speaks for the first time in the extract. The short, exclamative phrase 'Oh!' is repeated to highlight Oliver's despair. His appeals to divine Providence as he begs the robbers to release him 'for God's sake' and 'for the love of all the bright Angels that rest in Heaven' serve to bring the tension to a fever pitch, as he is aligned with heavenly beings in contrast to the evil men that threaten his life. The reader wonders whether Oliver will survive this moment of defiance, or whether he will become like the 'Angels' and 'rest in Heaven'. The complex sentence 'The man to whom this appeal was made, swore a dreadful oath, and had cocked the pistol...' brings the moment of highest tension, as the reader anticipates Oliver's death.

Despite the threat of Oliver's death being instantly relieved as Toby prevents Sikes from shooting Oliver, the tension remains as Toby 'placed his hand upon the boy's mouth'. Here, Oliver's pleas are finally silenced and Toby's exclamation, 'Hush!', forces the reader to once again consider the perilous possibility of the group being discovered. As the extract ends with Sikes using a string of imperatives such as 'listen', 'take' and 'go' to tell Oliver what to do, the reader anticipates that Oliver will follow these instructions and commit deeds that, for him, are worse than death.

Overall, Dickens successfully creates tension throughout the extract, as the quick succession of events within the foreboding setting startles the reader. Tension is brought to a height as Oliver's life and morals are threatened, and it is maintained at the end of the extract as the reader anticipates the robbery being carried out.

Examiner's report:

- This question assesses you on **AO4** - evaluate texts critically and support this with appropriate textual references.
 - The answer develops a **convincing and critical** response relevant to the statement in the question.
 - The student shows a perceptive understanding of the **writer's methods**, for example the use of emotive language and imperatives.
 - The student has **evaluated critically** and in detail the **effects** of the writer's use of **language and structure** on the reader; the student makes **sustained critical judgments** about the text.
 - A range of judicious **textual detail** from the source has been selected which adequately supports the points being made.
 - **Keywords** and phrases from the question such as 'successfully builds tension' are used frequently in order to **signpost** the answer to the examiner.
 - A short **conclusion** is reached in order to signpost to the examiner what has already been argued throughout the answer.
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Q5.

The hours had allowed themselves to tick by in a stupor as he languished upon the bed, sweat dripping from each pore in a miniature fountain of feverish exhaustion. Sleep came and went almost unannounced, and day followed night with no relief. There was no point in knowing whether the red sky signified dawn or dusk. What did it matter? The only thing that seemed to matter at all was laying very, very still. As if dead. Waiting for death. With mercy, it would come soon.

Yet it did not come. Days must have passed by now, and still the reaper hadn't graced him with a final swing of the scythe. Attempts to procure food and water had been abandoned with agonised yells long ago, when he had attempted to stand and found that it sent shards of pain screaming up through his feet to his brain. He was thirsty. So thirsty that he could feel his throat bristling and begging for even the tiniest drop of water. It became all he could think about- especially as the throbbing in his head was beginning to make it feel as if his brain was hammering on his skull. In bouts of consciousness, he imagined himself as a half-dead wretch in the desert, begging for the next mirage to be a true oasis.

There was nothing for it. He would have to stand. The desperate animal buried deep within him had risen to the surface now that his body had been roughly shorn away by sickness.

Survival... Was the animal right? And if it was, could he dare to survive this pestilence that had ripped through his entire family? With an effort, he turned his head an inch towards the limp corpses, clothed in stained sacks and stacked up in the corner of the room. He blinked a couple of times to ease the stinging in his eyes, and through a phlegm-clouded mist, he saw that a swarm of flies had gathered to claim their flesh. He shuddered involuntarily, and was surprised to find that the jerking movement did not send the usual burning spasms through his limbs. Could it be? Was it possible that as he walked in dark dreams, his body had been busy fighting to restore him?

He had to try. Much as he grieved the loss of those he loved, the thought of his dead guts filling with maggots alongside them sickened him and drove him to action.

With a painstaking flare of willpower, he burned through the fever to push himself from the bed. The effort was excruciating, and needle-like pockets of pain jumped up through his nerves, but his affliction did not bite quite so hard as it had done the last time he recalled being awake. Digging his nails into the cracks between the floorboards, he dragged his pale, yellow body to the door. The stench of decaying cadavers hit him as he passed by his once-beautiful wife, but he dared not take a closer look.

The door. Water. That was all that mattered now.

Clutching at the handle, he dragged himself upright. His feet, though protesting bitterly at this turn of events, reluctantly allowed him to stand, and he pushed the door open. Cauterised by the feel of the sun on his icy, stiff neck, he watched the feet stumble mechanically onwards towards the lake.

Examiner report:

- This will be marked on **AO5** - content and organisation- and **AO6**- technical accuracy.
- **AO5:** The answer's communication is **convincing and compelling**, and the tone, style and register are suitable to the **purpose** of a story.

- There is use of **extensive and ambitious vocabulary** such as ‘pestilence’ and ‘excruciating’.
- The answer employs a varied use of different **language techniques**, such as personification, simile and metaphor.
- A variety of **structural features** are used, including short sentences and paragraphs,
- **AO6:** The answer uses a **wide range of punctuation** including question marks and dashes, and there is a **high level** of accuracy with **spelling**.
- Complex and compound sentences show secure control of **complex grammatical structures**.

Q6.

Today is a sunny day. There are clouds, and birds are singing, and the sky is behaving in its usual sort of blue way. It may sound unbelievable, but my dreams (or, more precisely, lack thereof) are the chief cause of this pleasant, usual sort of weather. Allow me to explain...

I have always thought of myself as a fairly standard teenager- I have a regular number of friends, despise being embarrassed by my parents, and would ideally like to be a rockstar in a few years' time rather than enduring university and a dreary nine-to-five. Totally normal, except for one unusual thing. I had never had a dream until that fateful day.

I was fourteen years, three months, two days and six hours old. I had a regular day at school and brushed my teeth with my usual toothpaste, but when my head hit the pillow at night, my dozing brain was assaulted with vivid visions. In a blinding spectacle of light, a fine, emerald-green rain swept across the fields and watered great grey trees that sprouted from the ground with merciless vigour. Strange animals with bearlike faces and toasterlike bodies streaked across the sky. Their long wiry tails were dragged along behind them in a spiralling dance, and the bronze prongs that clung to the end of each tail shone brightly in the light of a pink moon. Winged cats wailed as they shot bolts of white lightning from their claws, and people ran in terror as the unbearable and unnatural storm spiralled out of control.

I awoke from this singular dream and laughed hysterically at the outlandish images that my mind had managed to conjure. I had not yet realised the nightmarish severity of the situation. When, half-asleep, I crashed down the stairs in the regular teenagerish fashion, I was met with the haunting clamour of terrified gasps and cries. My mother sped past me, herding my younger siblings to the safety of the under-stairs cupboard. A contagious horror came upon me, and I rushed to my father to ask whatever the matter could be. He could not answer me, such was his utter stupor in the face of such an unearthly occurrence.

So I followed his gaze to the window. Instantly, I was floored. A bear-faced toaster was heading straight for us, set on a diabolical collision course and determined to crash through the window. Determined not to let my dad become a breakfast snack, I seized a still-sizzling frying pan from

the hob and thrust it in the face of this grotesque enemy. Instantly, it disintegrated into a fine metallic dust upon the kitchen floor, and we stared at it, for the moment utterly confused.

Illuminated by the bolt of a winged cat, and with the eerie green glow of the rain mingling with pink sunlight and spreading in an unearthly and twisted streak across my face, I turned to my father.

“Dad...”

He pulled his bewildered gaze from the ex-toaster creature to meet mine.

“I think this is happening because of...me.”

That was two years ago. Thankfully, I have not been plagued with a single dream since that fateful day. In the end, the authorities put it down to climate change. Everyone accepted that gladly, and when they realised that all was put to rights the next day, they blissfully carried on with their lives as if it had never happened. If it wasn't for the jar of glittery toaster-bear ashes I keep beside my bed (which sounds a touch macabre now I say it out loud), I'm not sure that I would believe it happened at all.

Examiner report:

- This will be marked on **AO5** - content and organisation- and **AO6**- technical accuracy.
 - **AO5:** The answer's communication is **convincing and compelling**, and the tone, style and register are suitable to the **purpose** of a descriptive story.
 - There is use of **extensive and ambitious vocabulary** such as 'clamour' and 'diabolical'.
 - The answer employs a varied use of different **language techniques**, such as alliteration, emotive language and simile.
 - A variety of **structural features** are used, including repetition and flashback.
 - The **paragraphs are fluently linked** and the story flows in a logical narrative.
 - **AO6:** The answer uses a wide range of **punctuation** including speech marks, parentheses, and ellipsis, and there is a high level of accuracy with **spelling**.
 - Complex and compound sentences show secure control of **complex grammatical structures**.
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