



GCSE English Language Model Answers:

English Language (8700) (NEW SPEC) June 2019

Paper 1

Q1. Source Unavailable Due To Copyright

Q2. Source Unavailable Due To Copyright

Q3. Source Unavailable Due To Copyright

Q4. Source Unavailable Due To Copyright

Q5.

- a) As the doors were thrust open, the market came to life before Tara's eyes. Every available space was crammed with any kind of wares you could imagine. Each alcove called to customers, with the promise of discovery. Rich tapestries beckoned to the crowds, eager to tell their stories and secrets- for a reasonable price. Tara felt herself shrinking, a drop in the ocean of the crowd that rolled and crashed against the sides of the bustling hall. It was breathtaking. She took a moment to gather herself, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath before delving in to see what she might find.

She moved with the tide, allowing herself to be directed towards a small nook in which an elderly lady stood, framed against spices that glowed like the embers of a fiery flame. As she moved closer she caught the scent of chilli, paprika and turmeric, before they all became one and invaded her nostrils. Out of the corner of her eye she spotted saffron. She'd only ever read about it. But now, here it was. The most expensive food, worth

even more than gold. She longed to try it. To treasure the tiny red tendrils and take them home to her family. As she leaned towards the stand, one look at the price told her that this wouldn't be a possibility today.

Tara pressed on. Vendors crowded like cockerels, trying to outshine one another, desperate to grab the interest of the crowd. She found herself drawn towards a stall of toy monkeys. The animals had miniature cymbals clasped in their paws which moved and clanged loudly every few seconds. Their faces bared wide smiles and their fur gleamed with an artificial sheen. Toby would've loved one of those, she mused wistfully. As she rounded the corner, she could see the other door in the distance. Glancing at her watch, she gasped. Only three hours until her return flight home! She needed to hurry if she was going to make it in time, and her rucksack was still at the hostel, yet she didn't feel ready to leave. It felt as if she had barely made a dent in the market, and she yearned to see more. Tara made up her mind in a split second. She was staying, and that was that.

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 **description**.
- There is use of **extensive and ambitious vocabulary** such as 'wistfully' and 'tendrils'
- The answer employs a varied use of different **language techniques**, such as simile and metaphor.
- A variety of **structural features** are used, including complex sentences.
- **AO6:** The answer uses a **wide range of punctuation** including commas and exclamation marks, and there is a **high level** of accuracy with **spelling**.
- Complex and compound sentences show secure control of **complex grammatical structures**.

- b) Vines strangled the crumbling bricks, whilst paint peeled away, a serpent shedding its final skin. Rotten rubbish lay strewn across what once would've been a front garden, but which now resembled some sort of jungle. The overgrown grass shifted gently in the cold wintery breeze. Charlie and Fred froze. Everyone in Parkley High knew about the house on Spring Road. It had been abandoned for as long as anyone could remember. Going to see it had seemed a great idea at breaktime, to see whether the rumours were actually true. Was it really haunted? The boys shifted uncomfortably, each waiting for the other to take the first step towards what remained of the house.

'C'mon Charlie, it'll be fine,' persuaded Fred. Charlie scanned the building, his eyes swivelling to each pane of shattered glass, quietly surveying the ruin. Satisfied that no ghoulish face leered too obviously from any windows, he began to wade through the tall grass. Fred pressed the record button on his camera and followed with his torch. They'd

wanted to start a YouTube channel for ages, and an exploration of the legendary house was bound to get them loads of views. Charlie clambered through the missing panel in the door before reaching back to help Fred. The smell hit them as soon as they entered. Charlie felt the putrid, musty damp smell in the back of his throat and gagged. Perhaps this wasn't a great idea after all. The beam of the torch probed through the living space and the house groaned as they made their way across the ancient floor. An armchair sagged in the corner of the room, mice had eaten through the tattered fabric, leaving the stuffing exposed. A television lay in the centre of the floor, the knobs had been twisted off and punched back through what was left of the screen. Yellowed newspapers and letters littered the ground and scrunched under their feet. Fred flipped the camera around and grinned. He started explaining the rumours about the house dramatically, the disappearance of the Smith family in 1963. The whole family had simply vanished one day, leaving everything they owned behind untouched, and for all the world as though they were coming back any minute. The case remained unsolved. Fred continued to jabber away as they creaked up the sloping staircase.

Suddenly, a ferocious barking erupted around them. The sound moved closer and closer. Fred's eyes widened in pure terror as a voice raged, 'THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY. YOU ARE TRESPASSING!' It could've been security, police, a local - it didn't matter, the boys didn't wait around to find out. Fred and Charlie raced down the stairs and began to make their way through the back of the house. Skidding across the dank kitchen they approached the backdoor. Charlie tried the handle, but it crumbled away in his hand. He gave the door an almighty kick, but it wouldn't budge. Fred attacked it, punching, booting and launching himself at the solid wood, but it was no use. The scream of the front door's hinges sounded then, like a slow, malevolent smile in the dark. It was no use. They were cornered.

Examiner's 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 'serpent' and 'ghoulish'
- The answer employs a varied use of different **language techniques**, such as multisensory depictions and sibilance.
- A variety of **structural features** are used, including long and short sentences.
- The **paragraphs are fluently linked** with seamlessly integrated **connectives**.
- **AO6**: The answer uses a wide range of **punctuation** including commas, and exclamation marks, and there is a high level of accuracy with **spelling**.
- Complex and compound sentences show secure control of **complex grammatical structures**.