



GCSE English Language Model Answers:

English Language (8700) (NEW SPEC) November 2017

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) Sam gazed out across the water and felt the wind rustle through his hair. A single tear rolled down his cheek and fell soundlessly into the lake. It had been three years, and still he hadn't gotten over it. He hadn't dared to come back here until now. The place held too many painful memories- etched into the grey rock of the mountains themselves.

Sitting by the lake and sobbing wasn't doing him any good, so Sam rose with an agonised sigh. The trees groaned along with him as the wind howled through their branches. Sam walked for a while. Up the familiar mountain path that his family had trudged along for generations, passing a flat white rock. He remembered the long summer hikes with his parents. He could almost taste the sickly-sweet orange squash, and hear the shrieks of his little sister, as she skipped down the rocky slopes. Those

were the good days, back when all he had to worry about was collecting leaves and spotting hawks.

Anywhere but here, it might have been good to get out of the city. Anywhere at all. Sam had considered retreating back to the mountains the second he had arrived in the city, but had eventually accepted the drudgery of a nine-to-five urban lifestyle. Perhaps he ought to try and find a remote job and live out in a desolate place like this, but then the loneliness might crush him. He was well aware that his musings were merely a distraction from what he knew was coming, and after a couple of miles or so, arrested by the horribly familiar vista, Sam stopped in his tracks.

His heart swam downwards, burrowing itself in an uncomfortable pit at the base of his stomach. His palms were sweaty. He sank to his knees, and felt his heart try to escape from his chest by leaking out of his eyes. It too, it seemed, was trying to escape.

She had fallen three years ago today. Right here. Right in front of him.

Ella.

Ella with the dark brown eyes and the pitch black jokes. Ella with the short hair and the shorter temper. The love of his life had vanished before his eyes, and he wished that he had fallen too. At least then he wouldn't have to feel the knife-edge of her loss wherever he went.

She had been joy itself. She had been everything, yet the mountains had swallowed her up, as if she had never mattered at all. With trembling hands and a year's worth of agony streaming down his reddened face, Sam reached into his pocket and took out a glistening silver necklace: 'Goodbye Ella'.

The pendant fell from his grasp, and disappeared into the cavernous grave below.

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 'desolate' and 'glistening'.
- The answer employs a varied use of different **language techniques**, such as personification and metaphor.
- A variety of **structural features** are used, including repetition and a mixture of short and complex sentences.
- **AO6:** The answer uses a **wide range of punctuation** including commas and semicolons, 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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b) Mr Snuffles had spent his entire life locked up. A prisoner in a plastic cell. Of course, he adored his wheel, and he had all of the delicious snacks that a hamster could wish for, but it wasn't enough. He had been working on his escape plan for weeks now. Ever since he'd been moved from the table to a larger cage on the floor, he'd been analysing the layout of the room and monitoring the movements of the humans. Now, his time had finally come. Today was the day that he would wiggle his round little body through the hideously narrow pink pipe, and fight his way to freedom. The hamster took a deep breath and did a final sweep of the room to identify any lingering humans. The coast was clear.

As Mr Snuffles popped his head through the opening and squeezed himself out of the pipe, a sense of elation washed over him. Free. Free as a bird. Free to roam. He had achieved what all of his hamster brethren could only dream of. With a victorious squeak, he began phase two of his master plan. He scurried across the carpet towards the door; he knew that lettuce came from there, and he was going to need rations.

When he reached the door, he stole across to the fridge. From his scouting in the plastic ball, he knew that the humans kept all of their food in that great humming machine. He also knew that sometimes, the fridge shut its great doors and would become impossible for him to open. Mercifully, the fridge had been left ajar, and he was ready to clamber into its cold, bright embrace. There was just one problem- how on earth could he climb the slippery glass shelves, and reach his favourite treats? As Mr Snuffles was pondering this very serious issue, his concentration was broken, by an ominous slow, shuffling noise.

The fur on his back rose to stand on end. Not for nothing had his ancestors learnt to sense the wildcats and wolves of the prairies. He turned, determinedly, to face the source of the noise, and came face-to-face with a hard, vaguely reflective surface: a pair of shoes! Gazing upwards, he took in the giant frame of the beastly creature, as it bellowed out a cry of alarm- Snuffles had been discovered.

He tried to make a break for it, but the human's hands were quick to loom over him in a horribly familiar gesture. Panting furiously, he urged himself to keep running. Never stop! But- it was too late. He had been busted. All that careful planning, out the hamster ball. With his mission fatally compromised, he sank resentfully back into its great pink hands; back to imprisonment he went.

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 'hideously' and 'lingering'.
 - The answer employs a varied use of different **language techniques**, such as extended metaphor and simile.
 - A variety of **structural features** are used, including repetition and a variety of short and long sentences.
 - The **paragraphs are fluently linked** with seamlessly integrated **connectives**.
 - **AO6:** The answer uses a wide range of **punctuation** including semicolons and exclamation marks, 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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