



GCSE English Language Model Answers:

English Language (1EN0) (NEW SPEC) June 2017

Paper 1

Q1.

'Lightly and suddenly'.

Examiner's report:

- This question assesses the **first part of AO1**- identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas.
 - Information is **correct** and the student has read the source carefully.
 - Only information from within the **specified lines** 1-2 has been used in the answer.
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Q2.

1. The woman is dressed completely in white.
2. 'her hand pointing to the dark cloud over London'

Examiner's report:

- This question assesses the **first part of AO1**- identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas.
 - Information is **correct** and the student has read the source carefully.
 - Only information from within the **specified lines** 4-10 has been used in the answer.
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Q3.

The narrator uses a variety of language and structural techniques to show his thoughts and feelings. His rather serious and alert tone as well as his confusion are reflected in the writer's use of adverbs such as 'attentively', 'perplexingly' and 'suspiciously'. Repetition of negatives like 'nothing' and 'not' in phrases like 'nothing wild, nothing immodest', and 'not exactly the manner

of a lady, and, at the same time, not the manner of a woman in the humblest rank of life-' also contribute to the narrator's attentiveness and confusion as he tries to eliminate possibilities and work out who the woman is and what her intentions are. His interest in the woman, which continues throughout this part of the text, is evident from the writer's use of lists in this long, descriptive paragraph. The punctuation in long sentences such as 'She held a small bag in her hand: and her dress – bonnet, shawl, and gown all of white – was, so far as I could guess, certainly not composed of very delicate or very expensive materials.' shows the reader the intensity of the narrator's train of thought as he gradually makes a range of observations and educated guesses about the woman. He is evidently consumed by curiosity, and is almost detective-like in his stream of observations and inferences.

As the narrator begins to draw conclusions about the woman's physical appearance and possible intentions, he indicates a belief that she is of modest means, and he expresses some pity for her. He notes that her 'manner' is telling when determining her income- the narrator concludes solely from her behaviour that the woman is neither 'a lady' nor 'a woman in the humblest rank of life'. He also notices that she is 'nervous' and 'uncertain', yet also 'quiet and self-controlled'. The listing of her characteristics and the narrator's train-of-thought inferences about her character builds up a sympathetic picture of a pitiable ill-at-ease woman with a modest income. Yet the adjectives 'quiet and self-controlled' perhaps indicate the narrator's admiration for the woman as she manages to retain a respectable and calm manner despite her obvious distress.

The writer therefore uses a range of language and structural techniques to show that the narrator feels alert and confused as he thinks about the woman and makes some tentative judgments about her character.

Examiner's 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 features**, such as adverbs, and **structural features**, such as repetition.
- Relevant **evidence** from the text is used to identify these features and to perceptively analyse their **effects** on the reader.

Q4.

From the very start of the extract, the author creates a tone of mystery and suspense. The narrator recalls that 'In one moment, every drop of blood in my body was brought to a stop by the touch of a hand laid lightly and suddenly on my shoulder from behind me. I turned on the instant, with my fingers tightening round the handle of my stick.' The author's use of plosive

alliteration and sibilance in the opening to the extract is particularly effective in creating a mysterious atmosphere. The alliterative and plosive phrase 'blood in my body was brought' creates an eerie tone as the narrator feels the sudden and jarring sensation of a mysterious hand on his shoulder. The use of sibilance in the phrase 'suddenly on my shoulder' makes the scene even more mysterious as it reflects the silent night-time setting, and creates a sound similar to hissing when read aloud. The narrator's fear is implicitly and effectively demonstrated by the author as the narrator's hand tightens around his stick, showing that his body has temporarily tensed in preparation for a potential fight-or-flight response. At this point in the extract, the sense of mystery is particularly strong because either the narrator nor the reader know who- or what- has touched the narrator's shoulder.

When the narrator turns to face the woman in white, the writer's use of a long paragraph and a series of lists to describe her appearance and possible intentions very successfully creates a mysterious tone. The reader is encouraged to think like a detective as the narrator slowly pieces together a picture of a woman who is 'youthful', 'quiet and self-controlled', and probably of modest means due to her 'small' bag and inexpensive-looking clothes. Yet an aura of mystery about the woman remains as the narrator (and also the reader) must admit that they have 'failed to guess' the type of woman she is or why she is out on the road so late at night.

The woman's short and suspicious dialogue makes the author's portrayal of mystery even more successful. The narrator's shock at the sudden appearance of this strange woman stands in contrast to her matter-of-fact speech, as she asks the narrator if he has heard her and repeats her question 'quietly and rapidly, and without the least fretfulness or impatience'. It is clear from the use of the negative 'without' that the narrator finds her manner of speaking peculiar for the situation. Despite her 'nervous' and 'melancholy' bearing, she speaks as if there is nothing strange going on. Her accusation "'You don't suspect me of doing anything wrong, do you?'" creates a form of unintended irony as the narrator and reader would immediately suspect her of wrongdoing; if she had not done anything wrong, it is unlikely that she would ask this question. The writer continues to use her dialogue to great effect as the evasive phrase "'I have met with an accident'" is extremely vague, leading the reader to question what form of mysterious 'accident' the woman has encountered, and to ask why she has failed to provide further details. The mystery remains at the end of the text when the narrator ominously asks two rhetorical questions: 'Steal after me and touch me? Why not call to me?'. These questions reinforce the idea that the woman's actions are 'strange, to say the least of it' as she does not take a course of action that the narrator considers to be normal.

Overall, the author's effective use of alliteration, lists, and dialogue is very successful in creating a mysterious atmosphere. By the end of the extract, the reader still knows very little about the woman and may have questions about her strange behaviour.

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 to the question, and uses a short **conclusion** to summarise the **sustained judgments** made throughout the answer.
 - The student shows a perceptive understanding of the **writer's methods**, for example the use of alliteration, and the **effect** of these methods on the reader.
 - A range of judicious **textual detail** from the source has been selected which adequately supports the points being made.
 - **Keywords** and phrases such as 'even more successful' and 'is particularly effective' are used in order to **signpost** the judgments made in the answer to the examiner.
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Q5.

I waited in the bowling alley. A tribe of screaming kids swarmed like monkeys to a horribly colourful balloon-filled birthday party. I glanced at my phone. Still no message. He was already ten minutes late, and I hastily texted my friend to ask how long I should wait before accepting that he'd stood me up. The distinctive, dusty smell of the ageing building assaulted my nostrils, and mingled with the noise of the kids in an attempt to drive me mad. There was no way he could have forgotten. We'd been texting for weeks and I was fairly sure that this little meeting had been floating around in the pit of his stomach just as it had been in mine.

The minutes ticked by mockingly. It was as if the clock had decided that my agony was a priority, and it watched me despair with every passing second. I moved to leave, sighing and starting to feel the tears sting in my eyes. There's nothing like the feeling of being unwanted. As I hitched up my bag and sheepishly shuffled towards the exit, he burst in. His face was scarlet, and he panted heavily. Relief washed over me, splashing and swaying with the sea of nerves and anticipation in my heart.

"Hi...sorry. The bus...the bus was late! I ran"

I cut him short with a smile and a laugh of reassurance. For a while, it was awkward. Behind the protective glass layers of a phone screen, conversation had flowed naturally. Now it was reduced to a mere trickle- a comment about the weather, a complaint about the state of public transport these days. I realised that I was shaking with nerves and embarrassment. God, I thought to myself. I'm actually losing the game. I'm losing badly.

I'd gone bowling every other week for the past year with school. The string of five or six pins appearing on the board above me made me seasick. When we'd planned the trip, I'd bragged about my many strikes and uninterrupted stream of victories. Now he was going to think that I had lied. I felt like a total fraud. This person- this interesting, intelligent human being that had his own separate life in my imagination- was going to hate me. I could have died right there and then.

Then, after the game, things got better. There's nothing like a bottle of coke and a cheap burger to get a real conversation going- especially when you're a nerdy sixteen-year-old who doesn't get out much. We laughed together. Could it be? Was this actually going well? The stormy ocean within me quieted itself. He didn't hate me. The waters were still, and there was a bright shining sun on the horizon.

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 'distinctive' and 'assaulted.'
- The answer employs a varied use of different **language techniques**, such as extended metaphor and personification; various **structural features** are used, including complex and simple sentences and repetition.
- The student has subtly shaped the audience response by maintaining a **consistent tone, style, and register**. Complex ideas are expressed in a logical order; the story is **coherent**.
- **AO6:** The answer uses a **wide range of punctuation** including commas, question marks, and exclamation marks; and there is a **high level** of accuracy with **spelling**.
- Complex and compound sentences show secure control of **complex grammatical structures**.

Q6.

I think I know what it feels like to die.

It's possible that I actually have died. When I was a baby, the umbilical cord wound itself so tightly around my neck that I emerged into the world with a face the colour of spring violets. The doctors weren't sure if I was alive when I was born, so perhaps- for a short while- I died. Of course, I don't remember this experience. As far as I can recall, I spent the rest of my early life smelling daffodils and chasing my brother through the garden sprinklers in my underwear.

Such innocence is a distant memory. Looking back on the past, I can see the chubby little body almost as my own, but the child is gone. She is not me. She does not belong to me. I know this because I have felt myself fly up and out of my body, and it was as if all traces of her were gone. I had no memory of her- I could only experience the present. In psychological terms, such 'out-of-body' experiences are referred to as 'dissociation'. It often happens to people when they have a panic attack, or when someone who has experienced trauma needs to detach themselves from reality in order to cope with the weight of existence. My own experience attests to psychological research.

Two years ago, I left my body. I was on a school trip to an anatomical museum. I was studying the history of medicine, and the museum was filled with all manner of organs- hearts, brains, full bodies. They looked out at me from their glass prisons, and I pitied their unwitting decades of sitting in jars full of formaldehyde. Some animal instinct inside me told me that this entire place- this silent graveyard full of stared-at body parts- was so utterly inhuman. I could almost hear the echoes of the beating hearts, and the electrical fizz of the now useless brains. For a while, I was intrigued by these strange 'objects'. The student in me read each placard carefully, and considered how I could use the bits of human to achieve a first-class essay. Then, it all became too much. Time stopped. I was in a state of uncontrollable panic. My blood coiled around my mind and forced me to abandon this body, just as all those poor dead souls had abandoned theirs and left their traces spread across the museum hall.

It was a dizzying experience. I was somewhere between the land of dreams and the stark reality of consciousness, floating above my body as if I were some kind of apparition. I wasn't quite myself. I wasn't quite in the room. I was somewhere else, floating in the ether, drinking in the formaldehyde all around me. I was a heart in a glass jar; a brain accompanied by a short description of the person it once belonged to.

Then, without warning, I was back. There was a purple, leather sofa beneath me. I could only assume that it had been so kind as to catch and support my body as my mind took me away. After a few minutes of catching my breath and confirming with my tutor that I was sufficiently restored to go home, I descended the glass steps down to the museum courtyard, and went on with life.

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 'formaldehyde' and 'descended'.
 - The answer employs a varied use of different **language techniques**, such as simile and metaphor.
 - A variety of **structural features** are used, including varied sentence structure and flashback.
 - The **paragraphs are fluently linked** with seamlessly integrated **connectives**. The narrative is clearly ordered.
 - **AO6**: The answer uses a wide range of **punctuation** including semicolons and dashes, 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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