

J355 (FROM 2012)

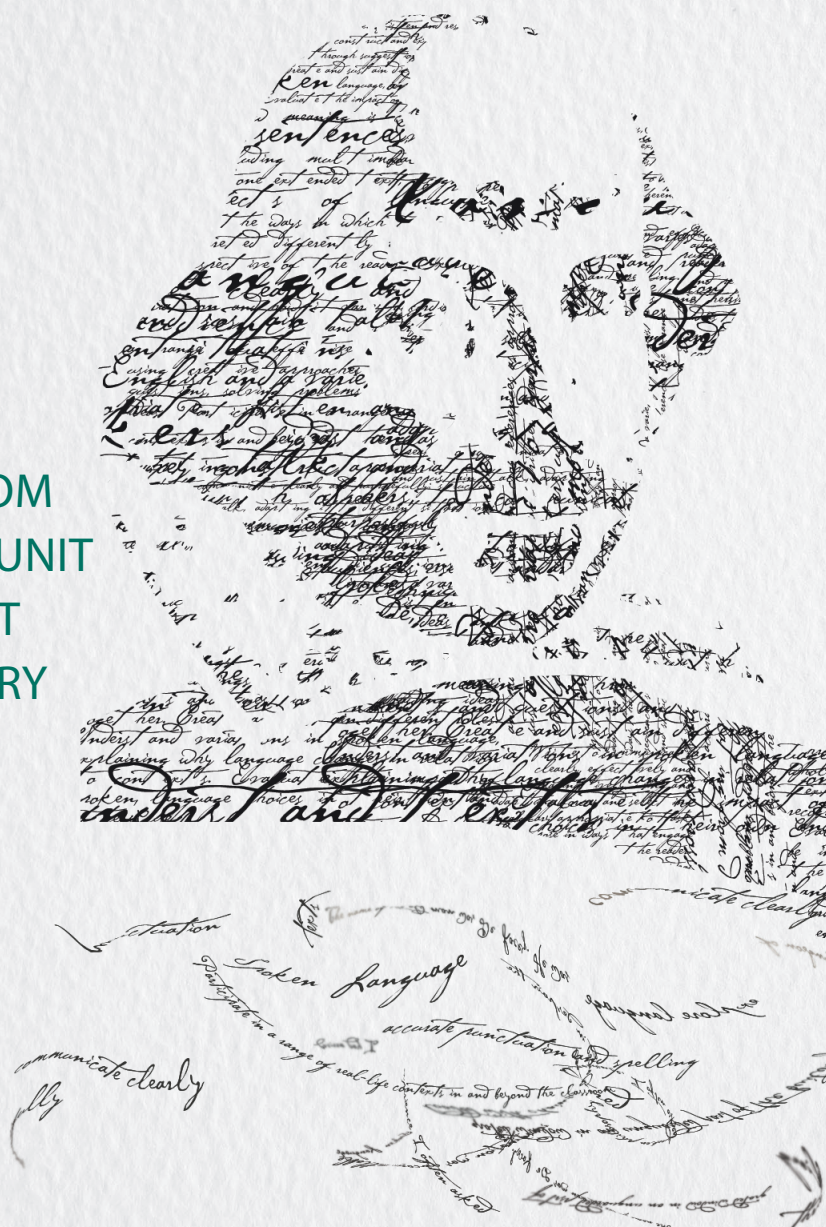
Unit A651 Extended Literary Text and Imaginative Writing

EXEMPLAR CANDIDATE ANSWERS

FOUR STUDENT RESPONSES FROM
THE GCSE ENGLISH LANGUAGE UNIT
A651 CONTROLLED ASSESSMENT
WITH MODERATOR COMMENTARY

NOVEMBER 2014

BRINGING ENGLISH TO LIFE



CONTENTS

EXEMPLAR SCRIPT A	3
SECTION A: RESPONSE TO CAROL ANN DUFFY, SELECTED POEMS	3
SECTION B: CORE TASK: 'THE VICTIMS'	6
SECTION C: SATELLITE TASK: INTERVIEW	8
EXEMPLAR SCRIPT B	11
SECTION A: RESPONSE TO <i>THE JOY LUCK CLUB</i>	11
SECTION B: CORE TASK: 'THE VICTIMS'	14
SECTION C: SATELLITE TASK: OBITUARY	16
EXEMPLAR SCRIPT C	17
SECTION A: RESPONSE TO <i>WILFRED OWEN, SELECTED POEMS</i>	17
SECTION B: CORE TASK: 'THE VICTIMS'	20
SECTION C: SATELLITE TASK: OBITUARY	22
EXEMPLAR SCRIPT D	23
SECTION A: RESPONSE TO <i>OF MICE AND MEN</i>	23
SECTION B: CORE TASK: 'THE VICTIMS'	25
SECTION C: SATELLITE TASK: OBITUARY	26



We'd like to know your view on the resources we produce. By clicking on the 'Like' or 'Dislike' button you can help us to ensure that our resources work for you. When the email template pops up please add additional comments if you wish and then just click 'Send'. Thank you.

OCR Resources: the small print

OCR's resources are provided to support the teaching of OCR specifications, but in no way constitute an endorsed teaching method that is required by the Board and the decision to use them lies with the individual teacher. Whilst every effort is made to ensure the accuracy of the content, OCR cannot be held responsible for any errors or omissions within these resources.

© OCR 2014 - This resource may be freely copied and distributed, as long as the OCR logo and this message remain intact and OCR is acknowledged as the originator of this work.

EXEMPLAR SCRIPT A

Section A: Response to Carol Ann Duffy, Selected Poems

Section B: Core task: 'The Victims'

Section B: Satellite task: Interview

This work is of a very high standard, reflecting an encyclopaedic understanding of what is required, and fully justifies top marks throughout.

This candidate received an A* grade.

SECTION A: RESPONSE TO CAROL ANN DUFFY, SELECTED POEMS

Carol Ann Duffy's poems are often presented as dramatic monologues which speak directly to the reader and convincingly voice a single character or persona's thoughts. This method delivered by a range of characters, creates a better understanding of the ideas and the underlying message the poet is trying to express and as is common to much of Duffy's writing the themes of dreams and imagination feature heavily. She employs her favoured dramatic monologue to form a bond between the speaker and the reader, taking the poem to a personal level, and this has proved to be extremely effective in conveying the poet laureate's message to the masses as shown by her popularity. Duffy's use of this literary technique when combined with direct, accessible, colloquial language make the speakers seem straightforward in the three poems "The Woman in the Moon", "In your Mind" and "Captain of the 1964 'Top of the Form Team'". In the three poems Duffy employs her favoured form to explore the inner workings of the human imagination and to present her ideas on the place dreaming plays in our lives.

"The Woman in the Moon" is a witty, linguistically playful poem which considers earth from the imagined perspective of the moon as the concerned motherly narrator and ends in a crescendo of foreboding on the serious theme of global warming. It immediately challenges our stereotypical and childhood imprinting with the rhetorical question "How could you ever think it was a man up here?" and the humorous familiar reference to a nursery rhyme "A cow jumped over the." The persona's opening line employs a term of endearment "Darlings" grabbing out attention with the technique of writing a letter from someone we have ignored "Round I go---" but that person has been watching us "I hide behind", "What reached me were your joys, griefs, here's --the- crac ...". Throughout, the persona uses endearment terms "Devoted" which conjure up an imagined impression of a mother watching over her children's lives, their highs and lows of mortal life and culminates in her alarm, frustration and disappointment "what have you done, what have you done to the to the world?". The structure of the poem builds with each stanza. The first with humour reflects our childhood and the second depicts our "brief lives" coupled with the moon's timeless eternal existence "a talented loneliness" but longing "blue". The third focuses on the changing phases of the moon as it orbits the earth and our lives legacy as she keeps turning but also expresses the persona's understanding of our part time exposure to her lunar gazing. Finally, in the fourth stanza it evolves to declare the real message that the moon believes we are awaking to the fact we are destroying "my blue vacation" "sick seas". This stanza with a term of endearment, "my darlings," also questions like a disappointed mother if it's too late. The poet employs extensive use of metaphors very effectively and the alliteration "I gaze, gawp, glare;" and "sick seas" really stress something is wrong as the sibilant s's contrast with the guttural g's of the previous line for impact. The syntactical positioning of "deserts", and caesural pauses add to the overall impact making it for me a hard hitting yet engaging poem in which Duffy uses an imagined persona to induce a sense of guilt also made me personally think about her final message and the inevitable circle my own human life will follow.

By contrast, I disliked the undertone of the adult personality of the persona behind "Captain of the 1964 "Top of the Form" Team" but not the poem itself. Duffy in this poem focuses on a man looking back on private memories on a time in his life when things were better and culminates in the last stanzas by exposing the real unpleasant character who is dissatisfied with his current life. The narrator is male and very definitely transfixed by the optimism and glory of his past dreams to the detriment of his future. It explores the themes of time and change and the losses that these can bring. This poem centres on him recalling in his imagination his childhood memories when he was captain of a school academic team in a 60s quiz show competition between schools "Top of the Form". He was top of his class and had all the answers then. The "captain" is a symbol of his youth, a past he wants back but it's so isolated and remote that he can't obtain it as it only exists as memories in his mind. The poem is written in the first person as if it is the "Captain" that is speaking to us and the dramatic monologue by the narrator further implies we are his audience "I can give you the B side". The stanzas are all of various lengths with the absence of verbs serving to imply it is current. The structure is disjointed suggesting that this is his trail of thought, that his mind is working so quickly everything is rushed and not planned out. The date in the title gives us a clue that it is stuck in time so we as the reader know it must be about past tense, reminiscing and wistful dreaming. The opening stanza throws out fact after fact from the era and Duffy employs this literary style to emphasise how the persona only remembers his childhood through a series of game-show type answers which is very significant in aiding our understanding that this was all that was important to him at this time in his youth. Its jumpy tone highlights the persona's energy, optimism and pride in himself as a boy and Duffy masterly demonstrates this by using adjectives like 'fizzing', 'whooped' and 'blew like Mick'. She also articulates the persona's confidence by using self-assured phrases like 'No snags', 'Come on', 'I smiled' and presents these to us as short phrases, a pause between facts, giving the impression that he only stops to congratulate himself. We, as readers, are invited in to view his personality and share his remembrances "Come see about me" while her clever use of paradox within the onomatopoeic phrase, "I lived in fizzing hope" warns us that fizz inevitably goes flat. Duffy skilfully paints a picture of the persona as an eager clever self-assured child "salute white shirt" "I look so brainy you'd think I'd just had a bath" but successfully manages to completely change the rolling optimistic tone in the fourth stanza by opening it in the present tense with a very sad longing phrase; 'I want it back'. The persona really needs that feeling of success back but "all the answers" are absent in his life. The distasteful adjectival phrases 'stale wife' and 'thick kids' provide an interesting comparison with "fizzing youth" implying he feels his life has ebbed away from excitement and freshness to mundane boredom and dissatisfaction with his life.

"In Your Mind" is another monologue poem embracing an escaped memory which contains one person's view on remembrance but the persona's wistful and nostalgic voice implies to us the reader that it is about a real person. Duffy creates a woman not happy with her current place, bored, but calm and happy when she daydreams of the other place which still offers her hope. We can all identify with the clear sense of longing Duffy's poem instils as it focuses on dreams, aspirations and imaginings. However, regret is also present mixed with the remaining sense of hope that one day she will return to the "other Country". The cryptic title of the poem refers to a process of thought implying a shared experience with the use of the second person "you" and the opening rhetorical question draws us in. This gives the poem its universality although an undercurrent of reality resurfacing is prevalent throughout the piece. There is a craving for a past that 'fades like newsprint in the sun' because it offers respite from an unpalatable present. The second stanza is composed of fragments of memory from the past and Duffy cleverly uses the visual image of photographs as a metaphor for the images that often live in our memories.. The fact that these are on the 'wrong side' of the eyes 'adds to the sense of dissatisfaction with what is being experienced in the present. One of the most striking aspects of stanzas two, three and four is that they contain a great deal of detail in the memory but the time taken to think of them is 'a moment'. The window of the mind provides a much more attractive view than that set into the wall of the work place in the poem's present. The simultaneous sense of being 'lost but not lost' places the persona for us in a benign setting where to be uncertain of bearings is not threatening. The verb 'dawdling' emphasises an unhurried attitude to life while the primary colour of the 'blue bridge' suggests an uncomplicated optimistic past and the ease of the passage of time seems to be symbolised by "six swans". Duffy uses metaphors and alliteration effectively to describe memories "beautiful boy" but one of the saddest elements in the poem is the notion that the only means of escape from the mind's unrecognisable England is in the imagination. The final line of four short sentences of concrete nouns delineate and circumscribe the persona's real situation and provide contrast between the expansive possibilities of memories and the unwelcome restrictions of routine. The place of work with all its paraphernalia that has been the point of departure for a daydream in stanza one snaps back into focus at the end of the poem bring us sharply back to reality.

All three poems provide an insight into the workings of the human imagination; whether it be Duffy imagining herself as the ideological woman in the moon or her personae's imagining that dreams of glorified past times override present happiness.

SECTION A COMMENTARY

This is an immensely thorough account of Carol Ann Duffy with exhaustive analysis of three aptly chosen and complementary poems. It is worth noting that the candidate achieves a very well balanced appreciation of language and structure throughout, supported by precise quotations, and whilst retaining consistently fresh, personal and perceptive insights, also sticks extremely closely to an exposition of the Band One descriptors.

The very wide critical terminology it embraces is all marshalled and deployed in order to elucidate the task, never to draw attention to itself. The personal engagement with the writer and her work is impressive.

This work is at the very top of Band 1.

SECTION B: CORE TASK: 'THE VICTIMS'

Gloomy, grim, grey: walls close in as the moment marches closer. Each etching on those walls is the scoring of a memory that shows a man condemned leaving his last mark, the sign of a life lived but lost to slavery before a baying crowd. Honour and esteem are the labels: mauling and anguish the reality

No escaping. Two corners of the room house the silent, the accused, the fearful. A sharp voice issues a command - the scuffling sound of a man being 'escorted' out of it, struggling with every ounce of energy he has left Who could blame him? Leaving the cell is the pathway to death.

Dawn encroaches again. Footsteps tread heavier as the guards loom closer. The hourly patrol? Or is it TIME? Past march the footsteps: they have escaped it -- for now. Every second and every breath of the dust-laden air is savoured.

This time seven sun-rises ago, his life had been purposeful -- he had awoken to his first day of work for the emperor. Although it was only serving wine, for the first time he felt needed, important. He had slept well but anticipation had awakened him well before sunrise. He had shot up at once, he remembered what the day ahead of him consisted of -- up off the body-warm reeds full of eagerness, unknowledgeable yet eager to do the work that awaited. Speedily, with the resolve of a spitting camel, he set out to work: he had heard rumours passed through the old oral network about the last servant who had been late and had been sent to house-arrest.

Drawing closer to the villa, he slowed his gait, astonished at its vastness: bountiful and ornate it was. He had never been this close to a proper house before. He laid his foot one after another upon the polished, cold marble floor. A new life had been offered to him: a life worth living -- he would do anything to keep it.

He trooped to the emperor's head of staff, stopped by a guard and was directed to his superior. With a delight that made him feel child-like, he donned his work apparel: a tunic and sandals at last! As he slipped on each one, he embraced the joy of protecting his stone- stabbed feet.

His first job was to serve the emperor wine in the Presentation Chamber and, if he could do this, his day would be complete. Seasons ago, two total turns of the moon, Flavius could hardly think of when his next drink of water would be and now he would be serving lavish wine to the head of the Roman Empire!

Sidling up to the table (nerves making his spine tremble, his palms sweat, his stomach fill with acid), he observed the empress staring at him. She winked! She just did that? Having properly caught the attention of the new servant, she lowered her eyelids coquettishly. Uncertain of his place and of how to react, he lowered his eyes but could not resist one more glance in her direction. A roar reverberated around the chamber, "Get him out of at once! Who dares to disrespect the Emperor and his Empress?" Confusion immobilised him and his ears picked up a rustle from various areas of the hall. Forcefully thrust around, a hot, sweating, hand gripped him vice-like, a taloned bird of prey clutching its next victim, and he plunged to the ground - a mule to be branded.

House arrest found him caged in the bowels of the villa. From this prison, instinct told him that the coliseum awaited: the only outcome would be fighting there against another human (or ravenous wild animal!) for survival.

Cacophonous roars of almost 50,000 people resonate in bloodthirsty intimidation as the gladiators trudge out onto the golden sands that absorbed the blood spilled from the gashes of weapons and lacerations of lions' claws. Shamed servants and sturdy slaves were the entertainment. Two minutes or two hours -- they fought to the death.

Sun glistened off the heavy metal armour with which they were equipped - balteus, galerus, subarmalis and an ocrea - but even this didn't seem enough. They knew their lives could be grabbed away from them at any point. Flavius and Antonius stared at each other with disbelief: Flavius thinking that, less than a month ago, his life had taken an upward turn; Antonius wondering how his family would survive without his earnings...

Sweat-drenched, thirsty, hungry, tired, the labouring team rhythmically lifted brick after brick after brick. They toiled: no breaks, limited food and just enough water to prevent dehydration.

The overseer approached, sitting proud and aloof, astride a sweating black horse. He lifted a scroll from his four slaves who flanked the horse. Aloud he read: I come here on the command of your Emperor Aulus Vitellius to choose one of the kingdom's servants to be paraded before the coliseum crowd; the victor may be given a new lifestyle, a better lifestyle - if he is worthy, of course. Raise your hand if you wish to compete for the honour of this prize." Every worker raised his hand with the same picture in his mind: being tested and chosen to dress in the Emperor's colours. The overseer chose three different labourers to be brought before Emperor Vitellius to distinguish himself and be chosen.

Antonius, son of Antonina and Tertius, had won many tests to earn his 'selection'.

Now look where he was!

Flavius and Antonius were the third pair to come face to face with their destiny: face and fight to the death one of the men in whose company they had spent many days -- etchings on the wall marked the rise of sun each day of their incarceration. Trapped in the square space with its bland grey walls, they had shared memories and secrets with the only person each now had to trust. But all that was to be set aside -- in front of the baying crowd in the coliseum they would now act out a macabre scene playing the role of enemies.

Emperor Vitellius stood, followed by the rest of the crowd. He ordered that the game should start. Antonius and Flavius looked at each other, knowing there would be no reprieve or any hope of leaving this life -- the Emperor in whose arena they were to fight had murdered his first son and would show no mercy to any man.

Each lifts his sword and assumes a charging position. A glance flickers between them -- each knowing the other's thoughts at this moment; each has known the others thought since they played as infants around their mother's feet.

A charge; a thrust; each will end his brother's misery...

SECTION B: CORE TASK COMMENTARY

Great knowledge, care and skill have gone into the authenticity and credibility of the narrative. The "inside out" structure is beautifully crafted, as are the twin narrative timescales. The contrasts between the two victims and the subtle suggestibility of the reasons they are in the arena represent very high order work. The conclusion is compelling in its synthesis of birth in death and vice versa.

This work is at the top of Band 1.

SECTION C: SATELLITE TASK: INTERVIEW

Interview

[**The Stephen Nolan Show** is a radio chat show with high ratings aired from 9 - 11 am on weekdays. Its listeners are from a wide audience base, across the age spectrum.]

Stephen Nolan: Good morning, listeners. If you missed that competition number I'll be repeating it again before the 10 o'clock news. Right now we have local lad come good, Gareth Black. He is the published author of several short stories, two of which are in the process of being adapted for screen play by the BBC. Now, he may not be a household name just yet but, when he hits the big time, remember you heard him here on the Nolan Show!

Stephen Nolan: Hello Gareth, it's a real treat that we have you here this morning.

Gareth Black: Thanks, Stephen. It's great to have the chance to be on the show.

Stephen Nolan: You join us here to give us some inside information into the workings of the writer's brain. We have been reading your new beautifully crafted short story, "The Victims": what was your inspiration for its superb plot?

Gareth Black: Well, Stephen, the main inspiration was visiting Rome as a child. It was a family holiday and I vividly remember getting a tour around an Ancient Roman coliseum.

Stephen Nolan: Yeah, they're AMAZING, aren't they?

Gareth Black: Absolutely! Since then I have been mesmerised by everything I see or read about gladiators and Ancient Rome. Having been there, then, you'll get where I'm coming from. I personally love to read about the era and, so, when "The Victims" anthology came along and I was asked to contribute that's the first subject I thought of – you know, the gladiators' situation and predicament.

Stephen Nolan: Now, I have read your story (yes, listeners, I DO actually read, you know!) and I thoroughly enjoyed it. But how would you describe the storyline without giving away too much, Gareth?

Gareth Black: I would say that it's based around genuine historic events that took place. But even if that's not your kind of read, there are other genres linked in with the story as well.

Stephen Nolan: I totally agree with that. It's a great story for any age group. Is historic genre your favourite type?

Gareth Black: Em, I like all types of books but I would probably say that it is – probably because, since no age, I have been always overwhelmed by history. Even though it involved a lot of research, I knew I would enjoy creating the characters, interweaving their lives and working towards that ending.

Stephen Nolan: Now, I noticed that you did something unusual with the storyline: am I right in saying there are actually two stories running parallel?

Gareth Black: There are two main characters so I felt that a dual-narrative structure would help the narratives about the characters' lives unfold.

Stephen Nolan: Yes and then you develop the story to leave us on a cliff-hanger. Does that mean there might be a sequel?

Gareth Black: Em, I don't think so, hadn't intended to, you know. Mainly because I think the power of the narrative is in the twist; the denouement seals the deal, so to speak.

Stephen Nolan: Without giving too much away, it certainly did have power – that ending caught ME by surprise, anyway.

Gareth Black: Yeah, so many readers have said that. I've also been told it's quite emotive, you know the image of ... I don't think I'll say anymore there. I'm glad it's had that impact: one of the critics, "The Guardian", if I remember correctly,

describes it as a modern classic and that's good enough for me!

Stephen Nolan: An emailer comments: *I hope Gareth brings out something else soon – any chance of a novel – I need a good Summer read!*

Gareth Black: Funny you should say that...

Stephen Nolan: Really? Brilliant, Gareth! Some writers say that they put a hidden message or significance behind what they write. Was there any type of message behind what you have written in "The Victims"?

Gareth Black: I wouldn't really say that I intended to put a message of hidden significance in the story but I think it shows that anything can happen and that today's world is a huge step forward in law and human rights.

Stephen Nolan: One of our tweets here asks if there is a reason you wrote it with an "omniscient narrator"?

Gareth Black: Just so that the reader can get the whole story and anything that happens in it. I also enjoy reading stories written from an omniscient as it give me a really good sense of what's happening and I find that I know more about the characters. So, I suppose you could say that I want my audience to enjoy reading the way I do.

Stephen Nolan: I know there is more to writing a story than just sitting down with a plan and a few ideas. I'm talking about structure and development of plot, etcetera. I know don't give the appearance of being cultured but I'm really fascinated with the writing process.

Gareth Black: Well, my story is set in Ancient Rome. My protagonist is thrown into a new situation through the trigger of getting a job in serving the head of the Roman Empire. In the parallel story the trigger is that he is extricated from slavery to fight to entertain the Emperor and his wealthy citizens. Hence, my two characters are brought together and their paths become entwined inextricably.

Stephen Nolan: Excellent, Gareth, this is what my readers want to hear; they're tuned in to hear how an expert like you works.

Gareth Black: Hardly "expert", now, Stephen.

Stephen Nolan: Ah, stop being so bashful! I'm on a roll here. I see you have not written your story in chronological order, for example, the flashback device. Have you used this technique in previous narratives?

Gareth Black: I used it in "The Marionette", my first short story, but not in the any of the others - until now. Yeah, I think it works in giving "The Victims" originality and in producing that twist.

Stephen Nolan: What kind of preparation do you make for a story like this, Gareth?

Gareth Black: Lots of research, mainly. It's based on what really used to happen in the 1st century. Yeah, research helped me recognise some of the issues and difficulties of that time and gave me an insight into what actually happened.

Stephen Nolan: Ok, another tweet here: *Gareth, did your family support you when you first chose to be a writer or did they try to bring you back down to earth like many other families try to do?*

Gareth Black: At the start they were trying to convince me to take part in the family business but after a while of persuading they finally supported me and since then they have done everything to help me succeed in my dream in every way they could.

Stephen Nolan: Are there any other books or films that inspired your choice for this style or writing?

Gareth Black: Yes, there is a few like 'Possession' by A.S Byatt, 'The Hours' by Michael Cunningham and movies like 'The Green Mile'; I enjoyed reading and watching these more than any others, just because of the view and detail you get of the movie or book. I think it's the most interesting and best way to read or view a story unfold..

Stephen Nolan: Who is your target reader?

Gareth Black: Everyone! The genre that the book consists of and the style of the writing isn't too hard for teenage reader but also isn't too childish for adults.

Stephen Nolan: This is your sixth short story to be published to great acclaim: is there any substance in the rumours that you have been approached by RTE to make a 'mini-series' of your stories to screen?

Gareth Black: I have but I'm not sure if that's the right path to take. I'm thinking it over at the minute. There are so many books and stories I have read that were magical on paper but did not retain the same magic for me on screen.

Stephen Nolan: Thanks very much for the interview today Gareth, looking at our screens here my audience thoroughly enjoyed it and it surely raised our viewing stats today – (laughing) I'll definitely get a raise now! I hope we see a book-cover soon with *Gareth Black* on it - that novel you promised!

Gareth Black: Thanks very much, Stephen, and thanks to all your listeners. Good luck.

SECTION B: SATELLITE TASK COMMENTARY

It is pleasing to see a candidate choosing a very appropriate task to shed much light on their composition for the Core task. The construction and development of the dialogue, and the ways in which both the characters are differentiated and the understanding of the interview format are of a very high standard - these are difficult elements to achieve convincingly.

The presentation of Nolan borders teasingly on the parodic without ever openly acknowledging satirical intent and the picture of the writer is impressively multifaceted.

This is convincing, imaginative and shows confident, ambitious use of vocabulary which is very appropriate for the purpose.

The work is at the top of Band 1.

EXEMPLAR SCRIPT B

Section A: Response to *The Joy Luck Club*

Section B: Core task: 'The Victims'

Section B: Satellite task: Obituary

The work in this folder very efficiently and accurately meets the assessment objectives and band descriptors.

This candidate received an A grade.

SECTION A: RESPONSE TO *THE JOY LUCK CLUB*

"How does the writer present one or two female characters who challenge conventions in a text you have studied?"

Carol In the 'Joy Luck Club' both Lindo Jong and Rose Hsu Jordan face multiple conventions created by the use of Amy Tan's colloquialism and multiple writing techniques. Both women challenge the convention of marriage; an essential part of Chinese culture. As well as this, Tan writes how both characters contradict the typical role of women, while exploring the roles of both genders, who at the time were expected to maintain such customs. However, she mainly concentrates on female perspective with the use of first person dialogue throughout the novel, allowing the reader to empathise with the character's deepest innermost thoughts and feelings. These conventions are challenged to emphasise the subsequent effects of not following the traditional expectations and values that are considered to be so important.

The first example of such circumstances is in the fourth chapter: 'The Red Candle'. In this scene, Lindo Jong describes of her betrothal to Tyan-yu – an infant of one year old; a year younger than her. 'We were always the last to give up stupid old-fashioned customs' This is an obvious indication of Jong's desperation for cultural development, as it shows that she has yearned for the modernisation of her own family life for many years. She clarifies that her family are one of firm, outdated beliefs, and because of her upbringing in such strict conditions, her lust for rebellion only strengthens. This makes her actions even more deplorable, because of the contrast in background and her own independent perception. She also describes her mother saying "Such an ugly face. The Huangs won't want you and our whole family will be disgraced." This shows that her family, especially her mother, are not compassionate and lack empathy for their child-bride daughter. This in itself is a convention; as mothers are typically dependent on their daughters, and wish to hold onto the innocence of their children as much as they can. Family is an essential part of life in Chinese tradition, so the fact that she is detached from emotional connection with her relatives shows that she has no support or sympathy behind her inevitable marriage. Lindo Jong then describes an American film, saying: 'And suddenly! -- her eyes look straight down and she knows now she loves him, so much she wants to cry. "Yes," she says at last, and they marry forever.' By saying this, Tan portrays Lindo Jong as a modernized, previously outdated girl, who believes in the sanctity of love and marriage. In contrast to this, she explains 'This was not my case. Instead, the village matchmaker came to my family when I was two years old.' This too, is conventional as it shows her reluctance towards the marriage -- a traditionally happy occasion, in which the bride and groom love and depend on one another. The contrast between her description of the film and her own marital experience shows that she believes that she was stripped of her innocence, and that she was deprived of a normal, compassionate partnership. She challenges the tradition by comparing her idea of childhood normality, versus the life she received at a young age.

'Instead, the village matchmaker came to my family when I was just two years old. No, nobody told me this, I remember it all.' This explains the sense of terror and extreme sadness she must have felt, and the fact she remembered it shows she found the situation traumatising. As well as this, she also shows that this circumstance differentiated from her normal life. She describes her life as a peaceful environment of simplicity and innocence. 'It was summertime, very hot and dusty outside, and I could hear cicadas crying in the yard. We were under the trees in our orchard. The servants and my brothers were picking pears high above me. And I was sitting in my mother's hot sticky arms.' The two very different descriptions show that, even as a two year old, she specifically remembers the day that would take her nonchalance and determine the rest of her life.

Another example of a convention in the book is in 'Without Wood'. Here, Rose Hsu Jordan explains the breakdown of her marriage. While remembering how her now Ex-husband used to do the gardening around their home, she explains how the beautiful, once blooming flowers had now been overgrown by ugly, destructive weeds; 'The whole thing had grown wild from months neglect'. Her description of the scene explains her subconscious emotions towards the divorce. She does not realize the devastating impact that the break up is having upon her, and subconsciously reflects upon this while remembering him as someone who created a beautiful landscape, (relationship) while also abandoning it to become a chaotic tragedy. She also describes that 'this forgotten situation reminded me of something I once read in a fortune cookie: When a husband stops paying attention to the garden, he's thinking of pulling up roots'. This implies Rose Hsu Jordan latches on to her Chinese origin, and has complete faith in the superstitions that it holds. The fact that she is reminded of her previous lifestyle shows us that her life of simplicity was significantly easier than adulthood, and that she wishes to return to this period in her life. This, again, is also a convention; as traditionally women had a particularly hard time growing up. This greatly contrasts the lives of the other women in the book of an earlier generation. The hardships of their lives were described in great detail, and most were betrothed, abused or born into poverty stricken homes.

As well as this, Rose Hsu Jordan challenges her mother's advice after revealing her obsession with revenge. She explains how, after her divorce with Ted, she had dreams of how she would avenge the cruelty he inflicted upon her. She explains that she didn't know what to think anymore, after boring her doctor and her friends, who showed little sympathy for her. She then explains how her mother once told her why she was so confused all the time. 'She said I was without wood. Born without wood so that I listened to too many people. She knew this because once she had almost become this way'. This shows that Rose Hsu Jordan is a particularly sensitive person, who acts upon approval. Her mother, similarly, almost became this way; demonstrating the resemblance of both characters, and showing their parallel susceptibility to weakness. 'A girl is like a young tree, you must stand tall and listen to your mother standing next to you. That is the only way to grow strong and straight. But if you bend to listen to other people, you will grow crooked and weak. You will fall to the ground with the first strong wind. And then you will be like a weed, growing wild in any direction, running along the ground until someone pulls you out and throws you away'. This is undeniably similar to her earlier experience, where she compared her relationship to an uncontrollable burst of inevitable destruction. Here, she comes to the realization that she had already begun to demean herself for other people, and that she has broken her mother's word. She explains how she 'listened to my mother, but learned how to let her words blow through me'. Her decision to listen to her mother but not necessarily act upon her words is one of many conventions. China latches on to the principle of elderly respect and honour, and this is further proven after Rose's description of her teacher -- Mrs. Berry. She explains that she 'lined us up and marched us in and out of the rooms, up and down hallways while she called out, "Boys and girls, follow me." And if you didn't listen to her, she would make you bend over and whack you with a yardstick ten times'. Rose Hsu Jordan does not listen to her mother's wise words as much as she should, showing that the relationship has been weakened, her attachment to tradition has been lost, or that she does not value herself enough to carry out such actions.

In conclusion I believe that Amy Tan successfully portrays Rose Hsu Jordan and Lindo Jong as fascinating characters through their revolutions and trials. This is done using various writing techniques: emotive vocabulary and sensory writing to indulge the reader in first-hand empathy for the character, alliteration to make the sentence memorable, and adjectives to describe people and places with perfect detail. The book generally leaves the reader with mixed emotions, allowing it to be such a fantastically puzzling read, allowing the reader to want to read it again. It provokes feelings of joy, heartache and even nostalgia; all while unravelling the development of women who have been witnessed as growing children into late adulthood. Tan also allows us to have a personal feeling of responsibility for each and every character through the use of direct dialogue; enabling us to share the pain and happiness that they experience.

SECTION A: COMMENTARY

It is pleasing to see work on *The Joy Luck Club* which is generally under represented on the work that has been submitted in the lifetime of the specification. The complementarity between the task (a themed task) and the text is excellent and gives much scope for high quality work.

The essay starts with an insightful overview of task and text and continues with a clearly developed and relevant account of Lindo's betrothal, its cultural context and her attitude to it all. All is cogent and fluently argued with a significant degree of personal engagement. There could, even at this stage, be more that is directly focused on language.

The sections on Rose do get into language detail: there is a careful exploration of the extended horticultural metaphor Tan uses and a sensitive sense of dialogue and individual diction, always a key issue with this writer. The immediate relevance to "challenging conventions" is less clear however, although the confidence of the work is irrefutable. The conclusion is, again very cogent and strongly personal.

There is a clear sense of the writer's perspective and well-developed interpretations of what has been read. There is much to admire in this essay, which is on the borderline of Band 2 and Band 1.

SECTION B: CORE TASK: 'THE VICTIMS'

We decided that the only way to continue our simple lives was to ignore the complications that plagued them. It was a day after the council's warning, and both mother and father showed no signs of apprehension. Mother was in the kitchen and carried the same bogus air as she always did, whilst father rested beneath the trees, sheltered from the summer's cruel rays. In spite of this, my siblings spent their time beneath the cloudless skies, which soon darkened and became illuminated by, as we called them, 'touchable stars' -- who's beating wings filled the night sky and echoed between the heavens.

Mother stepped out and signified our departure to the kitchen. Being the oldest female child, I helped her set the table, plate in one hand, baby in the other, while the boys sat aloft their chairs, slamming their wrists against the splintered surface. After thanking God for the meal, which although minimalistic, was a rarity, we snatched all that could fit into our pathetic little hands and gnawed upon the bones of an uncooked animal in silence. However, these five minutes of serenity would undoubtedly be shattered by the unhappiness of a screaming child, who I would tend to, and then return to an empty plate. Father then retired to the warmth of a fire, and strummed upon a poorly tuned lute as he recited shaker hymns with his favourable sons, before coercing them to bed. Barred from the festive activities, after scrubbing remnants of breadcrumbs and raw vegetables off the weakened enamel, I kissed both parents and faltered upstairs, downtrodden by the hoard of young children desperate for the reassurance of scratchy cotton bed sheets.

The day came to the same clichéd conclusion as it always did, but this time my family slipped into a slumber so warm that the predatory temperature rose and disrupted the beat of their hearts. The most terrifying thing about that night was the ironic silence of it all -- the absence of sound was as horrendous as the satanic flames, who's destructive tongues licked the walls and destroyed the only things that really belonged to me. Helpless screams of naïve children wavered between the haze's consumption, and a little idealistic part of me believed that this was merely a nightmare from which a dream had transcended. In concentrated horror, I stood there, impassive. I looked around, slowly turning my head from one place to another, and noticed my dear little brother, who's tiny, undeserving body was slowly being weakened to nothingness. His eyes gleamed with fright, and in the teary, sweaty reflection, I could only see myself.

Undeservedly, I managed to escape through a window. If only I could have leaped into action and saved my poor, vulnerable siblings. I was too little, too young and too foolish to know how to react, and if I did attempt to help them, no one would have come out alive. I remember scrambling out of a searing window, as glass fractured to diamonds and tore my skin into a bloodied, ragged mess. Reaching out, my fingers grabbed on to the silver oak we used to play on as kids, and, using the remaining fraction of ambition, slid down on to brittle grass. The reassurance of such a childish memory distracted me from the dismay that I faced that night. I sat on the swing that remained untouched, and, like father did, sheltered beneath glittering leaves. Blue in heart and body, I waited for an eternity, until the blaze began to die and life turned to dust, shattered into ash.

Inevitably, everyone in my family had become a victim of their own destruction, and to this day I am still plagued with the constant wondering of my family's murderers. Maybe my parents had been the cause of the entire monstrosity, but I suppose what is worse about the event is that no one ever found out the perpetrator of that life ruining fire, which only led to speculation and my own sense of resentment towards the only people I had ever loved.

SECTION B: CORE TASK: COMMENTARY

The sole survivor of an arsonist conflagration tells her story and her feelings.

We have a superb opening, which is deceptive in its simplicity. The description is evocative, suggestive and very disturbing at times. There is a confident use of syntactical choices (for example at the beginning of the fourth paragraph). The climax is very well handled.

This is intense work, which must have required thorough preparation. It is, perhaps, a little too elliptical in places and needs a touch more clarity. Control isn't quite complete, therefore, although the take on the task is impressive. The variety of vocabulary is a real strength and makes for impressive individuality and originality.

Structure is capably used for effect with each segment of the writing contributing more than its individual strength to the overall effect. There is the occasional lapse in accuracy, for example in paragraph 3.

Again, this work is on the cusp of Band 2 and Band 1.

SECTION C: SATELLITE TASK: OBITUARY

June Meredith was killed in a fire along with her 7 beautiful children and loving husband. Their cause of deaths were supposedly from suicide by arson, inflicted by both June and her partner, Duncan. Both June and Duncan contributed greatly to the Official Amish Church of Tennessee, and were much loved residents of the local community.

June Sylvia Dawson was born and raised in the same place that she had lived her entire life. She lived her life through selflessness, philanthropy and a love of God and had always been considered a valuable friend and companion. In school, June was said to be of 'highest intelligence and labouring effort' and was reluctant to get married and give up on her education. However, her family's financial support plummeted after her father tragically died, so on her 16th birthday, June was married to 23 year old Duncan Meredith, an Amish farmer. At 17 she became mother to her first beautiful baby girl, who went missing after the night of the incident. She later went on to have another 6 children, all of whom spent their short little lives being inquisitive of the world and developing into contributing members of society.

She spent most of her time tending to her brood, whilst maintaining an impeccable household, organising church meetings and voluntarily educating the youths of Franklin, all of whom described her as 'a second mother, who's compassion softened the hardest hearts. and who's warmth will forever flow through the streams of Tennessee'.

Everyone was aware of the benevolence June contributed towards the intimate little town, and she will, inevitably, be recognised as remembered as a woman of intellect and affection. Her loss not only weighs down on our emotions, but tugs on the hearts of people for years to come, for she was a rarity in her own kind, and an irreplaceable member of humanity.

SECTION C: SATELLITE TASK: COMMENTARY

An obituary of the family. This works very hard at the genre and again is compellingly intense and concise in equal measure.

There are some slips in the phrasing, for example on paragraph 2.

This gets a lower Band 2 mark because it is not as well developed as the other pieces.

EXEMPLAR SCRIPT C

Section A: Response to Wilfred Owen, Selected Poems

Section B: Core task: 'The Victims'

Section B: Satellite task: Obituary

In this folder, the reading (Band 3) is significantly stronger than the writing (Band 4).

This candidate received a C grade.

SECTION A: RESPONSE TO WILFRED OWEN, SELECTED POETRY

Explore the ways Owen presents differing responses to the war in two or three of his poems.

I am analysing Dulce et Decorum Est and Exposure by Wilfred Owen. Owen presents two different responses. In Dulce et Decorum Est Owen speaks about how hard life at war is but the way he put it makes it seem like something dangerous is going to happen but in fact it never did. In Exposure Owen indicates the same type of thing but in a different text / format. He states that nothing happens after every terrifying stanza he writes.

Wilfred Owen is writing about his own personal experience from World War 1. Owen was born in England in 1893 and died age 25 in 1918 in France. Owen was the eldest of four siblings with two brothers and one sister. He worked as a private tutor teaching English and French at a school in France. Owen first wrote poetry as a teenager. Owen described very well and realistically how war was at the western front. It wasn't how everyone expected it to be in fact far from that. Reading the first few lines will even make you understand how grim it was. 'Bent double, like old beggars under sacks' This first line shows alone that the soldiers were exhausted, it showed the physical impact war had on these men. The youth and vitality of these men had gone they were now old and bent this is the first line and it alone shows how horrible life on the front line was.

The poem Dulce Et Decorum Est is generally about a description of a gas attack and the results of horrible death situations. The reader uses dreadful details to describe how this poem is and how life at war really is. If people could have witnessed his death they wouldn't have said it was sweet to die for one's country. In Exposure it is a description of night to day and back to night again on the front line during the cold winter time as the soldiers wait for the enemies to attack.

In Owen's poem Dulce Et Decorum Est in Stanza one it starts very slow and you can see the tiredness in words alone, it soon follows by panic as the men are under gas attack. Then it moves to desperation and despair as a fellow soldier is caught and is 'choking' and dying. Finally, the poem ends in an angry and annoying manner. It describes and suggests the frustration of it not being annoying. In Exposure throughout the poem the tone and mood is tense. The soldiers expect something to happen but ends always in anticlimax, as still 'nothing happens'

The structure of Dulce Et Decorum Est is not a very defined structure, There are four irregular stanzas. Owen makes use of rhyme mostly alternative line endings. The poem opens with descriptions of trench life and the conditions faced by the soldiers. It then comes to the gas attack and the poem offers a graphic description of the effect such as an attack. In Exposure there is eight, five line stanzas with repetition of the 5th line 'nothing happens'. This emphasises the passing of so much time and agony of the soldiers

In *Dulce Et Decorum Est* is slow to start with alternative line rhymes used. It is then picked up using punctuation and capital letter and short sentences. 'Gas! Gas!' This gives the effect of a fast pace and a lot of seriousness. Whereas in *Exposure* there is a sense of unease as pararhyme the slow pace created by low vowels and a lot of alliterations. Sublime then is used to quicken the pace again through the poem.

The language features in *Dulce Et Decorum Est* are used regularly. In the opening stanza is characterised by language about fatigue using similes to describe the soldiers' negativity and metaphors. 'Bent double, like old beggars under sacks.' 'Knock-kneed, coughing like hags' This just explains how tired and exhausted these men are but still keep going. 'Rest began to trudge.' Owen tries to explain there at rest camp but this could potentially mean death, for one it does due to the gas attack 'Gas! Gas!' This is the change of pace. This is when things pick up. 'ecstasy of fumbling' This shows the soldiers are panicking they have no time to lose. Owen writes with 'my' showing that he himself has experienced this horrible fright. It can't escape the horror of the experience. Verbs reinforce the horror of watching a man die. 'In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,' Guttural language helps to describe scene deeply and shows the sense of suffering. 'Behind the wagon that we flung him in' says that they had no respect for the own men fighting for their country. 'And watch the white eyes writhing in his face' Alliteration of the 'w' draws out his sense of suffering. Owen refers to youth again mentioning 'sores on innocent tongues.' It ends with a sense of anger and frustration as it's referred to as a lie. 'The Old Lie: Dulce et decorum est'. *Dulce et Decorum Est* uses onomatopoeia to give the reader a feel to the story. 'the hooks' makes it sound more real life. In *Exposure* Owen states how much ache and agony these men were in. 'ache' There brains were throbbing. They had no mercy no intervals just sharp stabbing pains. 'in the merciless iced east winds that knife us ...' This shows the constant pain. The use of '...' shows us the suspiciousness and worry in the men. 'Low drooping flares' Owen uses different onomatopoeia speeds to change the pace in excitement. Owen uses listing to show how many things there actually is. How many feelings these men have waiting. "Worried by silence, sentries whisper, curious, nervous. But nothing happens." Owen uses the present participle to put out he was actually there. He actually experienced this. 'Watching' Owen then uses horrible words like 'brambles' to describe to them at home how bad of a place they have to live in. In stanza two Owen uses a rhetorical question to make you think to yourself what are we actually doing here. Why do we put ourselves through so much just for our country. 'What are we doing here!' Owen also uses similes to let people know at home what it is like in their life. 'Far off like a dull rumour of some other war.' 'The poignant misery of dawn' Owen arouses sympathy and very sentimental. Owen then goes on to use personification 'Dawn massing in the east her melancholy army.' He uses words to emphasise that it is horrible there is no realise which makes things worse. 'attacks' This proves they keep going they don't know when it's going to stop. Owen uses alliteration to make the speech catchy and make the reader want to read on 'With sidelong flowing flakes that flock' The 'F's' make this line stand out from the rest 'We watched them wandering up and down the wind's nonchalance.' Owen uses the word wandering to show they have no care or panic also he uses the word nonchalance to show there's no rush, no hurry, no panic. All no feelings and careless snow-dazzled means in a trance, staring and not interested. Tired and weary 'blossoms truckling' Owen expresses that the soldiers are dreaming of a pleasant summer's day. Owen also shows that the men have no energy, no physical movement by saying, 'Slowly our ghosts drag home with crushed dark-red jewels' suggest a richness and warmth, the fire and heat is more precious than anything. Owen then states throughout stanza 7 that because the soldiers are there defending exhausting themselves while we wish for home fires. 'Shaking grasps' This quote describes a lack of health and strength 'Pause over half-known flares' Something familiar but not known anymore. They are dead and frozen. 'All their eyes are ice.'

In my conclusion, I have seen that in *Dulce et Decorum Est* that at the beginning it was horrible to fight for your country but finishes saying it's a lie and then in *Exposure* Owen tells you that in fact you don't go to war to die for your country, you go to freeze to death in these horrible conditions. This is a summary of how the two poems go.

SECTION A: COMMENTARY

The candidate takes some time to get into the task. The opening is unconvincing and the biographical details are not required. The essay really gets going in the fourth paragraph as general comparisons cease and we get onto a detailed examination of 'Dulce et Decorum est'. Attention is given to the shape and structure of the poem and the diction and vocabulary are given careful commentary. The strongest section is the extended paragraph.

The commentary on 'Exposure' is less effective because the poem has been less well understood and some of the subtler points (e.g. the ironies in "the poignant misery of dawn") are missed. Although a range of references is given, analysis is not as fully developed as it was on the previous poem. The ending is weak.

Overall this is a personal and mainly well-developed response. There is a good understanding of form and structure and some evaluation of language and its effects. There are some open comparisons and more that are implied. Support is well selected throughout. This gets a mark in upper middle Band 3.

SECTION B: CORE TASK: 'THE VICTIMS'

One winter morning I was skipping wonderfully through the red, yellow and orange leaves. There was hundreds and hundreds gushing around in the whistling wind. They were crisping under my twinkle toes. I was scared. I was alone. I was anxious. I skipped happily along a long dark path to meet my friends Jane and Lu

The atmosphere was nerve-racking, crazy, alarming and very unusual. There was no noise. No breathing. You could hear a pin drop. There was nobody about. I felt as if the path was never ending. And I was never getting out of here.

Suddenly everything changed: Behind a big stompy tree I see a sharp movement. It looked like a human. It was wearing black baggy trousers, a black scrappy jacket which looked as if it had been stored away for many years and lastly a black hat. It was dark I couldn't see whether it was a man or a woman. As I was going past I could only hope I was seeing things. As I passed I heard someone shout

"Oi you stop"

I replied "What? Who me? Who are you?" anxiously

"Yes, you stop, right now!" He replied angrily.

I wasn't stopping for nobody. I started sprinting trying my best to get away but I knew I wasn't anywhere near a quick sprinter.

BUT...

Unfortunately he caught me. I couldn't believe what was happening in front of my eyes. This could be my life ruined or maybe even ended soon. He grabbed me harshly and dragged me backwards by the hood. I didn't know where I was going. It was dark and I was walking backwards. The van was white and had tinted windows. It was very intimidating. I was so scared at this stage. I didn't know what was happening nor what was going to happen. He put me in the van and locked the doors. He drove me for what felt like forever, miles and miles. I finally ended up somewhere at last. I was so nervous I didn't want to get out. But I did.

Once I first got out + seen a house in the middle of load of bright green grass. You could see nobody. There was no noise but the heavy rain hitting off the ground it was so terrifying. We then entered the house still no site of anybody. no lads. no wife. just me and him. He took me into a room and sat me down he said. "Stay here do not move" Then walked out and slammed the door. I waited nervously. He returned back with food and water. The food was some bread. I was starving but food wasn't the first thing on my mind. I just wanted out of this horrendous house. I didn't eat it. He then commented "Eat the food I give you! Be happy you're getting something" So I did. I slowly started eating. I slowly but surely finished it. The house was old-fashion, smelly and very dirty. He then took me into a tiny room that I just about fitted into. He shoved me in and locked the door. He didn't speak any words to me. I just took it I was there to sleep for the night. I was scared. Frightened. Sad. Hurt.

The next day came slowly but finally it did. He came and unlocked the door. He brought me downstairs and gave me the same meal as last night. Some bread and water. He was being nice said a few words to me. But dark came. About 6pm, He sat me down on a dark dusty sofa He said confidently.

"Tonight when I tell you I am taking you out to a street I pick. You will get me money! You will do what I tell you I will be watching you and you will not get away!"

I thought to myself no way I cannot let this happen to myself I was not brought up this way – I didn't reply to him. I was so frightened. He then said.

"Is that OK?"

"Hmmm." I answered crying my eyes out. I could of cried a river.

"You will!" He answered angrily

"I don't want to" I said

"Do it. If you don't you will be punished very harshly and I mean it. I will stick to my word!"

I didn't answer back I just took it I had to do it or something worse is going to happen.

I have now been doing prostitution for months and months now and I never know when it's going to end. It's a very rubbish life I would never like anyone to go through this. Nothing has changed I still get bread and water and I still have to sleep in that small room. It just me and him still and I don't even know about him. Nothing at all about him. I can only pray one day I will get my normal life back and get to see my family again and spend the rest of my life together.

SECTION B: CORE TASK: COMMENTARY

Again, this kind of task almost inevitably fails to convince, it is likely so far from the candidate's experience that the narrative voice lacks authenticity. There is an effective contrast between the "innocent" opening and the "experienced" conclusion. The exchanges of dialogue are unconvincing and the narrative is rather predictable. The ending is suitably bleak and unpromising. There is some relevant attention to tone here.

There is some general control of the material and some intermittent ambition in the description and dialogue even though it doesn't work consistently well. The task has been grasped and the vocabulary consciously chosen in places. There is little subtlety but we have a clear if predictable sense of direction. Paragraphs are used with some confidence.

There is some inaccuracy and faulty expression: tenses are confused on more than one occasion.

The marks for both AO4i/AO4ii and AO4iii are in Band 4.

SECTION C: SATELLITE TASK: OBITUARY

A much loved wife, mother and sister Mrs Sarah Wright (Saz), passed away suddenly at her home on January 16th, 2018, late of Main Street, Belfast.

Aged 98, Sarah was born in Belfast, on July 21 1920, the oldest of three.

A brother James Washington, 79 and a Sister Rebecca Little, 75. Sarah's husband Tom Wright and their daughter, Amy 52 and Son, Ross, 50 She was educated at Drumagary Primary School. A very popular and well known child. At age 11 she then carried on to Drumagary High School and there was also very well known. Sarah was very into her style and looks and was a very naturally pretty child.

Sarah never had a job in mind and never realised what subject she enjoyed at school. Sarah had a bumpy lifestyle, a lot of ups and downs but aged 29 she got her life back on track.

She then met her now husband and have a son and daughter together.

Sarah is a full time house wife and has been all her life.

She liked to help others as much as much as possible and always put them first. She helped out at a local youth club and church called Drumagary Methodist Church.

Sarah's favourite sport was badminton and regularly played it with close friend Katie.

The cross community support which had been recieved by her family was described as unbelievable. The family would like to express their sincere thanks to all those who cared for Sarah during her death period. Words are inadequate to express how deeply appricated the medical care recieved Sarah's funeral service was held at Drumagary Methodist Church, led by the Rev. Charles Clements. The hymns were The Lord's My Shepard and Amazing Grace

The funeral arrangements were by S.R Poots and Sons, Darling Street, Belfast.

SECTION C: SATELLITE TASK: COMMENTARY

This attempts to engage the genre and is suitably concise. It is simple (no bad thing) but slight. Development is limited. It is mainly clear and accurate although again there is some tense confusion.

This task gets a mark in Band 5 for both AO4i/AO4ii and AO4iii.

EXEMPLAR SCRIPT D

Section A: Response to *Of Mice and Men*

Section B: Core task: 'The Victims'

Section B: Satellite task: Obituary

This candidate received a D grade.

SECTION A: RESPONSE TO *OF MICE AND MEN*

How does Steinbeck show the power of dreams and dreaming in the novel?

Steinbeck shows the power of dreams and dreaming because the dreams are so important to the people who have them and too the characters in *Mice and Men*, they play a big part in the Novel and they are a huge meaning in the novel. They play a big part because everyone in America had a dream that they thought would happen someday and for the people in the novel, it was something to look forward too and gave them hope. The novel was placed in the time of the 1930's After the Wall Street Crash and there was a depression happening in America.

From the start of the book til the end, the characters continue talking about the dreams and when a twist comes at the end, everyone is shocked because the dreams meant so much to the characters and then one thing changed everything.

A dream is powerful in this Novel because this dream that George and Lennie share keeps them going and when Candy mentions being able to get in on this dream off theirs and that he had some money he could put towards the land, this dream starts to become reality and seems like it could actually work out for them George and Lennie's dream wasn't the only dream that there was on the ranch Curley's dream was to be a boxer but he was so small that everyone on the ranch knew that this wasn't possible for him.

Almost every character in the novel had a dream, also a lonely man who lived on the ranch. No one talked to him, his name was Crook's and he was black. He lived on a different part of the ranch and had his own personal space because he was black and this was at a time when black people were treated as third class citizens white people wouldn't have been seen talking to a black person and when Lennie went into talk to Crook's, he was awful rude to Lennie because Lennie wasn't like the others and didn't think it was a bad thing going to talk to him. His dream was too become like any normal person to these men on the ranch. Lennie made it seem like Crook's dream was going to come true and gave him hope.

The significance about dreams in this Novel is that every character has got one and they all have hope in Something and that is what keeps them going and it is what keeps Lennie and George going throughout the entire book. George knows that this dream is very unlikely to happen but to keep Lennie happy, he continues with telling the story many times over and over again to keep him contained and happy. But when Candy says he has money for the dream and that he would like to get involved in it, it gives George hope that something could happen. Candy didn't have anything after his dog was put down so he wanted in on the dream.

When George killed Lennie, he knew the dream was over and he could do nothing but get on with his depressing life.

SECTION A: COMMENTARY

The reading gets a mark at the bottom of Band 4 as there is much of Band 5 as well as some of Band 4 about the response.

The candidate appears to need a paragraph on context, which is not asked for in this Unit, to get into the response. There are some generalisations and then some relevant comments on Candy and Curley. The passage on Crooks struggles for relevance and is not well supported. What follows on Lennie and George, and, again, Candy is clearer and a little more focused. The conclusion is abrupt and effectively so.

This begins to develop a response and makes some comparisons, most of which are implied. General references to the text support in places but there is little direct reference to linguistic detail.

SECTION B: CORE TASK: 'THE VICTIMS'

A dark, quiet path. A vulnerable girl walking down it on a foggy night. I'm sure you know where this is going... But I am going to start from the beginning.

Chloe, who was a very vulnerable wee girl, didn't think anything of walking home by herself after a night out with her friends. She gasped and froze as she saw a tiny red car waiting at the end of the dark, misty alleyway, but she decided to carry on with her journey home because her house was only a 5 minute walk away from the end of the alley. Closer, closer and closer she got to the car. She started thinking about things. She took another glance at the car and thought it looked very suspicious. Bad things started going round in circles in her head and she couldn't escape from them. They left her panicking.

Out of the car came a lanky man, dressed all in black with his hood up. Scared, Chloe put her worried head down and walked on up the misty, foggy, cold road. Suddenly, she felt a hand land on her shoulder and another that covered her mouth. The gloves smelling like cigars and after getting a whiff of alcohol, she knew this wasn't going to end well. She was terrified. A deep voice started talking into her ear. "scream and this won't be as easy for you." the struggle to get free suddenly stopped as tears rolled down the side of her face. Before she knows it, she is in a dark space and finds it hard to breathe in this place.

Her neighbour's house. Her parents are out desperately trying to find her, looking all around the city! When little do they know, their missing daughter is closer than they think. Waiting patiently for someone to find her, Chloe is still allowed food, showers and to watch tv. But only at certain times in the day. If the adults were to leave the house, she would be chained to a rusty, steel bed and also at night time, she would be chained up. Like an animal. In the zoo. Waiting to be free. But will it ever happen?

One lonely night, when Chloe had nothing to do but cry and wait. But no one knew when that was going to be.

"Knock knock!" Went the door. She heard loads of voices, some that she recognised but couldn't put a name too.

She screamed in hope that they would hear her and they did. Was this it? Was she going to get free? She could hear the full conversation coming from the roof above her. Next thing, the door flew open with a BANG! Scared for her life, she looked up to realise it was her dad!

SECTION B: CORE TASK: COMMENTARY

This is simple description with very little relation to anything felt or experienced. It does see the task and works at the scene with some conscious vocabulary choices in the first three paragraphs. There is a clear structure albeit a very basic one which is demarcated by the paragraphing.

The expression is basically secure although some sentences aren't fully controlled.

This writing gets a mark in Band 5 for both AO4i/AO4ii and AO4iii.

SECTION C: SATELLITE TASK: OBITUARY

An obituary for Robert Michael Smith, 42, of London, died on a thursday night.

A tragic thing that shocked the neighbourhood! Murdered in a neighbour's basement, shot multiple times to the face. Some rumours even going around saying you couldn't even recognise him. There wasn't even a wake for the be-loved man.

He was a lovely man. Everyone loved him. He was a councillor and dealt with everyones problems. No matter how big a situation. When his daughter went missing, it took a massive turn on him and he wasnt the same. He even looked different. As if he had aged 10 years. Desperately trying to find his daughter Chloe, he finally did and something awful happened. He was taken from this life and taken to a new one, so suddenly.

A funeral will be placed on Christmas day because it is a special day to everyone and at least he will be with us on Christmas. It will be massive. Everyone respected him and cared alot for him. On the 25th of december, he will enter the kingdom of god.

SECTION C: SATELLITE TASK: COMMENTARY

Understanding of the task, genre and subject is very limited. There is a little control but the writing is firmly stuck as a basic narrative. There is a little sense of direction.

The expression is much the same as in the previous task.



GENERAL QUALIFICATIONS

Telephone 01223 553998

Facsimile 01223 552627

general.qualifications@ocr.org.uk

1 Hills Road, Cambridge CB1 2EU

For staff training purposes and as part of our quality assurance programme your call may be recorded or monitored.

© OCR 2014 Oxford Cambridge and RSA Examinations is a Company Limited by Guarantee. Registered in England.

Registered office 1 Hills Road, Cambridge CB1 2EU.

Registered company number 3484466. OCR is an exempt charity.

www.ocr.org.uk/english