

FOLDER 1, TOP BAND 1

Adopting the persona of one of Gerald's family, retell an episode from the perspective of this character. Use your understanding of the text to generate convincing detail and characterisation

Larry:

Why me? I attempted to remove myself from the nightmare that was beginning to unfold and in which my relatives had decided that they were to play starring roles. Oh goodness, I picked up the pace and continued to make my way through the great force of the crowd and eradicate any stray locals who made the fatal mistake of getting in the way. I caught the eye of a customs officer who was standing by the wayside, eyeing me suspiciously. "No," I tell him. "We are most certainly not related." I made the best effort I could to carry on walking, ignoring the chaos and mayhem that the low-life that just happen to make up my family seem to cause everywhere we go. I made the best attempt I could not to look back because I knew it would infuriate me further. Once again, I tried to remind myself of the fact that obviously I do not have any relation to these 'people' – I am so generous - whatsoever.

As I emerged from the customs hall, I was met by yet another crowd, this time making an awful din that seemed to shake me to the very core. The force was overwhelming, but of course I battled on, whilst at the same time keeping a close eye on the surrounding locals. A number of whom had very willingly, (possibly too willingly), offered to carry our bags for us from the ferry to the awaiting cab. I looked up and squinted into the blazing sunshine; a big golden ball just managing to hang above the sea that stretched out across the horizon.

It was already clear by that point in time that I was of the most sophisticated and civilised on this undeveloped little island. Dear me, I was starting to regret what I had got myself into moving over here. I make the mistake of looking behind me and, oh no, what do I see? The scene was indescribable. Mother was struggling to keep control of Roger. Margo was wailing about this that and the other and Gerry was carrying a random selection of his favourite jars, filled with a variety of revolting little animals that should not have a name or have the right exist on this planet. I turned back around and stormed up the hill. As we arrived at the cab with all the trunks piling high behind the carriages, I turned around to see the whole family behind me. Slowly I let out a deep breath, relieved to have regained control. I turned to the cab to get in, but no one seemed to be following.

"Well?" I asked. "What are we waiting for?"

"We're waiting for Mother," explained Leslie. "Roger's found a lamp-post." What? We did not have time for such things. However, in my most unfortunate situation, there is no one in my family who understands the concept of following orders. I hoisted myself up into the cab and bellowed at Mother, "Come on Mother, come on. Can't the dog wait?" "Coming, dear," Mother lied. Roger showed no signs of leaving his newly found lamp - post."

"That dog's been a damned nuisance all the way." Sometimes I think to myself why we even took the dog with us to Corfu. He had been a hindrance the whole way, yet the rest of the family were still so eager to fulfil any of his personal needs. I am never given such luxuries.

"Don't be so impatient," Margo told me indignantly; "the dog can't help it... and anyway, we had to wait an hour in Naples for you."

"My stomach was out of order," I stared down at her, un-amused.

"Well presumably his stomach's out of order," Margo grinned at me triumphantly. Her scent of muslin seemed suddenly overpowering. "It's six of one and a dozen of the other."

"You mean half a dozen of the other," I explained to her patiently. Informing the ignorant is one of my very many talents.

"Whatever I mean, it's the same thing."

I turned my attention back to shouting at Mother to hurry up for God's sake and after a long while she began to

Re-creative Writing: I'm the King of the Castle

Kingshaw shivered. He didn't want to be out here. He felt uncomfortable standing, waiting. Mrs Helena Kingshaw stood beside him, rolling her bracelets up and down her arm. He thought, stop; I hate that noise. He wanted to close his ears but his arms remained frozen by his sides. "Oh Charles, you really must learn to tidy yourself up. It is extremely important that we look smart to welcome Edmund back home." Mrs Kingshaw brushed his hair with a comb, pulling it over to one side and tucked in his shirt. "You know that, don't you? Of course you do. You're a good boy, really." Kingshaw did not like the clothes he was wearing. He did not like looking smart. Mrs Helena Kingshaw had bathed him for a long time and had scrubbed his skin so that now it looked red; raw almost. She had said, "It is very important that we are there for Edmund when he returns. He has found it very difficult in hospital and Mr. Hooper has said that he is very much looking forward to returning home. We must be looking respectable." She turned away. "Yes, it is very important."

Now, Kingshaw stood, feeling the roughness of his shirt against his skin and looking at the dark, grey trousers that had never fit him. He thought, this is silly; this isn't right. He wanted to tell Mrs Helena Kingshaw, he wanted to shout at her, tell her, this is silly! I hate Hooper I hate him! He remembered the first day, when they had arrived and how excited she had been. He had hoped that everything would be alright and for a while he had thought, it will be okay in the end. But now he wanted to shout, he wanted to leave. Leave this place and leave Hooper far, far behind him. His brain was whirring with the energy and the emotion of his thoughts and he wished with his whole being that he could express himself in some way, but he knew that he could not.

The clouds were moving steadily across the dark sky. Warings loomed behind them as they stood, waiting in the driveway. Kingshaw could see the small copse within which stood the yew trees, with their dark green leaves and heavy bark. They shot up into the air, protruding through the clouds and interrupting the angry pattern of the sky. They were intruders, trespassers on foreign territory where they did not belong. The clouds swirled around them and seemed to force them out of their own kingdom. Looking out onto the vast expanse of fields, Kingshaw could see Hang Wood a long way off into the distance. From here, it looked dark and frightening. A cloud hung low, encircling the wood and He remembered how he had run away, how he had meticulously planned his escaped and how he had failed. He thought, I will always fail. I will never get away from here, from Hooper and from the building of red brick that is Warings. But then he thought of the clearing in the woods and of the small stream that ran through it. It was quiet there; he liked he sound of the trickling water and of the security that the woods lent him. He wished that he were there once again, floating on the surface of the clear water. He had felt happy there, almost hopeful. Now, Kingshaw thought of Hooper. He thought of the peace that he had enjoyed so much, soon to be shattered by the return of his constant nightmare, his constant torture. He knew Hooper would never let him be, knew that he could never escape. He felt helpless and alone. But then Kingshaw thought of Fielding, the gentle, carefree boy who he could call his friend. When Kingshaw was with him, he began to believe once more that everything would be alright. Hooper would never take that away from him, couldn't take that away from him. Fielding was his companion and Hooper would never find out. It was his secret.

A noise of an engine came from further down the drive. "Oh! They're here! Charles, make sure that you are ever so polite and help Edmund with his things." She continued to tell Kingshaw how to treat Hooper, how to look after him and he wanted to say, Why? Why should I? He doesn't deserve it! But he knew that he was guilty also. It was his fault that Hooper had fallen and he knew that he must listen to his mother. Obey his mother and help Hooper. He looked down. Turning the corner, the car crept slowly crept towards them. Inside, Kingshaw could see the dark outlines of the driver and Mr Hooper in the front and as he squinted he could make out a dark shadow sitting in the middle of the back seat. Small raindrops began to fall down onto the driveway. The car pulled up to a stop next to a smiling Mrs Helena Kingshaw. As the door opened, the driver jumped out and walked over to open the door for Mr Hooper. Mr Hooper climbed out. He greeted Mrs Helena Kingshaw, hugging her awkwardly and giving her a peck on the cheek. Mrs Helena Kingshaw beamed, the bracelets rolling up and down her arm. He turned to greet Kingshaw. "Hello Charles. I hope you are well. I'm sure you're very excited to see Edmund, he's been much looking forward to returning home." Kingshaw looked down and said nothing. He didn't like Mr Hooper. Then, the driver opened the door on the other side of the car and Hooper appeared. Kingshaw thought, I could run, he would never catch me now. Hooper began to hobble over to where the three of them were standing and Mrs Helena Kingshaw rushed to help him. Kingshaw stayed frozen. As Hooper approached, Kingshaw glanced at him. He looked the same, but his right leg had been put in a cast and he struggled with the effort of moving forwards. Soon, he was stood directly in front of Hooper. "It is so nice that you boys now have each other again," Mrs Helena Kingshaw said. Mr Hooper

FOLDER 2, MID-BAND 1

Essay in the style of Mary Church Terrell

I find that as a coloured woman, the freedom I have to do the things I wish to do and the things I need to do are limited and unless I happen to know other coloureds who can tell me of places I can go to for my requirements, I will go without whatever it is I need. My home state of Washington does not feel so homely when I walk the streets and get treated with disrespect from the whites. This is because whites are thought to deserve more than the coloureds even though we are all from the same God.

When white men and women need to go to hospital, they walk or take transport to the hospital, worry-free of the treatment they are going to receive because they would be admitted to the best wards where they are treated with respect. When coloured men and women need to go to the hospital, we are directed to a separate ward for coloureds. We are not treated with respect and our wards are smaller and more uncomfortable than any of the wards for the whites. We have to wait for treatment and don't always receive what's best for our needs; white people get the treatment they need without having to wait.

When coloured people want to meet socially, life is made exceedingly difficult for us. We are not infrequently denied accommodation to meet at a public building where we might want to hold a meeting, these buildings are reserved for white people and, even when buildings are free, coloured people are not always permitted to enter/allowed in. Our social lives depend on the sympathy of the whites even though no white man or women can ever imagine the life of coloureds living under an awful shadow and being second-class citizens, as white know not of a life where their incentive to effort would be stripped away from them. Therefore we depend on the availability of poor accommodation in the outskirts of the city.

Our housing is based on the same principals. Coloured people live in the outskirts of the city; whites live in the middle of the city in the better housing with better sanitation. Coloured people have to walk or catch the train and sit in the compartments for coloured people to get into the city for work, if they are lucky enough to have a job. It matters not what intellectual attainments a coloured person might have, although most coloureds wouldn't be qualified as the chance of a proper education is unlikely, where whites can enter into a job, coloured are turned away/will always get the priority of the job and coloured will be the last resort-sometimes not even that.

As a coloured woman if I go out to look for work, I would usually have to spend a whole day if not longer looking for a job that would earn me a meager wage, the amount most coloured people would earn. I would go on foot so as not to spend my precious earned wages on transport and at the end of the day with aching feet and limbs, if I had not been successful I would resort to spend my wages on transport. I would have been walking around and now would be tired and hungry so I would get on the train hoping for a more relaxing journey home. But then on the way home, I would ride in the coloured carriages in such an uncomfortable seat that I ached more after the journey than before I got on the train. Why might you ask? Because I had the cold, hard seats in the coloured compartment and no white person was going to give up their seat for someone coloured. How does that make the coloured people feel? Judged is the word I use. As a coloured person I feel judged before I have met anyone, seen anyone or got to know anyone. Before I could have even thought about getting on that train to go home I was being judged. Before I could even step onto that train, before I was born into this confused world I was judged because they knew I would be coloured and so I was destined for a life apart from the white human race. A separate human race to the coloured race.

Segregation is in almost everything coloured people do and the consequence of being judged. In South Carolina companies providing meals to passengers at train or railroad stations were prohibited from serving meals to whites and coloured passengers in the same room, at the same counter or at the same table. The penalty for doing this would be either a fine from \$25 to \$100 or imprisonment for up to 30 days. Is that a just and fair system? Are we treated with courtesy?

Coloured people are not only discriminated against but also punished unjustly. The Atlanta riot-less than a month ago on the 22-24 of September; coloured people were killed because whites decide to group together in a mob and kill coloureds. Whites decided to kill coloureds so they did, if we decided to kill whites, could we? The riot started from the newspaper. Four alleged assaults, none of which were substantiated, upon local white women. Rumours

spread and these accounts grew more and more dramatic, intended to spark fear or revenge. Soon enough, white people believed these stories and thousands of whites started gathering in Atlanta City. From midnight onwards the crowd surged through the streets, assaulted and sometimes killing any coloureds in the streets. The mob attacked black-owned businesses and shops, smashing the windows and attacking any coloureds inside. At least three coloured men were beaten to death and many others killed. The whites wanted to have revenge on events that didn't exist and so our people were killed for being innocent! Coloureds fled the city for fear of death and assault when just four years earlier; Atlanta City had a historian say, "There has never been a race riot in Atlanta. The white man and the negro have lived together in this city more peacefully and in better spirit than in any other city, in either the North or South." Why would someone say that when coloureds are treated as the inferior race? Has this historian visited our city and seen the so-called white man and the negro living happily in peace?

If this is a place supposedly has coloureds and whites living in harmony and a riot takes place, how am I, as part of the coloured population, meant to feel safe living in a place where racism is known and the coloured live differently to the whites? How would I, as part of the coloured race, feel safe walking into town or opening a black-owned business, simply things that every human should be able to do when a riot takes place and kills innocent men and women. Washington D.C, the coloureds man's paradise is no paradise for coloureds; it's a place for segregation and two separate races of people.

Essay in the style of Nigel Slater

Now, even the thought of rice pudding makes me feel ill. One mouthful of the pudding makes me physically sick and I throw up everywhere. These feelings all come from the experience of rice pudding at school. I'd never had a rice pudding before and I never even knew what it was before the dreaded school meals started. My family had never eaten it so there had been no encounters of me gagging at the mere thought of it. It was only when I had school dinners every so often that rice pudding would crop up at lunchtime. We'd start off lunch by going out to play with our friends, no worry in the world about what food might be on our plate that day, and then when the bang rang, we would line up to go inside to get the meal of the day.

Before we got inside however, Linda the dinner lady would check for dirty hands. She was a stern-faced woman who seemed to bark at you rather than talk, as most adults do to children. The clothes were as always a black and white stripped t-shirt which always made my friend and me think she was a robber out of school time, which didn't really help our opinion of her, along with plain black trousers. When I was that age, clothes that an adult wore seemed to be a big clue as to what type of person they were and clothes that reminded me of robbers made me dislike her even more. She would stand at the door, give us a menacing glare and order us to spread out our hands, as wide as possible so she could have a bigger area to find fault with. If there was so much as a speck of dirt anywhere, even on the wrist which wouldn't be going anywhere near our food, we would be sent out the hall, down the corridor, down the steps and along another corridor just to get to the toilets to quickly wash our hands and then all the way back again, to join the end of the queue and go through the same process. Sometimes, we would be sent back two or three times by Linda before getting to the next food queue because of a bad mood she was on or if she felt cruel that day.

For the school dinners, we weren't given a choice. Not even the choice to not eat the food. We didn't usually see the menu for the day until we were lining up so we didn't know which days to avoid the school dinners and bring a packed lunch instead. It was probably the highlight of the dinner ladies day; watching the face of the child they were serving, express a look of pure horror as the dinner was revealed to them. I remember being in the queue once when an older girl whispered, "Watch out for the rice pudding." For three weeks all was good, three weeks went by before the dreaded food was served up.

It was one cold day in November, everyone was eager to get inside to the warmth and have a nice hot meal. But this meal was not nice.

I remember nearing the front of the queue and seeing the large, silver cooking pots. One full of potatoes, one of pork and one sitting on the end, full of steaming and bubbling rice pudding, the dreaded pudding. Laura the cook seemed to give you an evil smile as she dished up the slop that spread and filled the pudding section so quickly. Its watery content expanded filling every student with fear. Nobody could eat this? "Rice pudding?" She shouted as we pushed our tray along, as if we had a choice!

FOLDER 3, MID-BAND 1

“Cask of Amontillado” re-creative piece

It was on the dark night that was the carnival when encountered Montresor. He, unlike most others (myself included) was not wearing carnival attire, but a rather banal set of trousers with a roquelaire, which at the time I thought was like looking into an abyss. He seemed troubled, and had certainly not drunk his fair share of wine, as I had, and then some. I approached him warmly, every slightly wobbly step jingling the bells which sat atop my head. As he turned to face me, his expression changed abruptly, this time to one of happiness, but etched with anxiety. We started talking, and he was a lot more amicable than usual, but still nervous, as if trying to force the conversation. This was when he mentioned the Amontillado. I stood in momentary shock, startled at him. “What a fool,” I thought, “I would have thought him clever than to buy such a purchase without proper consultation first.” We talked some more, this time more urgently, as if it was a matter of life or death. “I feel good friend that this must be our parting of ways,” said Montresor, “For I must go to seek out Luchresi-

““Luchresi! Luchresi cannot tell Amontillado from mere Sherry. Please my friend, allow us to depart.”

“To whither?”

“To your vaults of course- we would not have Luchresi give his foolish opinion on ‘ such a matter”

“I could not bother you like this in the carnival time-”

“Please- it is no matter. Hmmp, Amontillado,” I said sniggering drunkenly.

The house was deserted, as was expected at this time of carnival, but it was still a bit odd that the attendants weren't there if they knew he was coming back at this hour. However, this was the least of my problems- I could feel myself growing ever more intoxicated as the wine I had drunk slowly set in. Montresor hurried me along, but subtly, as if not wanting to seem agitated. I felt his tension, which was not normal for him. My thoughts were diverted however, as he handed me a flambeaux from its holder. It was heavy and unwieldy too, but it would do for this short trip. Montresor however, seemed not to be struggling at all with his torch. I pondered this, but came quickly to the conclusion that Montresor. Being the man he was, was probably just keeping the lighter one for himself. A click echoed around me and seemed to pervade every part of me. It was the click of a key being turned in a lock, quickly followed by the chipped wooden door opening. I stumbled down the step and into the catacombs of the Montresors. The door slammed shut behind me with a dull thud, yet I was concentrating more on my surroundings than what had already been. They were not too dissimilar from my own vaults: the walls were lined with wine bottles resting upon wooden racks covered in mould, and the walls were made of years of mud and human bones. The one thing that was different was the thing that worried me most. “Nitre,” stated Montresor, as I ran my eyes over the clumps of white crystals that lingered on the walls. “We must head back, your health-” “Is less important than this,” I stated, worried he might allow Luchresi to be the one to deliver judgement on the alcohol. “Fine, but please accept a draught of this Medoc to ward off the cold.” He passed me a bottle of wine –I knocked the neck off it and drank heavily, leaving little for Montresor. Suddenly my head became clouded with a thick fog, any sense of reason hidden within its misty veil. “Shall we continue,” I said in a slurred voice. Montresor did not reply, but carried on walking, and I, not wanting to get lost in the sider's web that was the vaults, followed him into the lower depths of the catacombs, a gateway to the underworld being lit only by two feeble torches and the lights in our eyes.

“These vaults are huge indeed,” I said in wonder.

“The Montresors were a great and numerous family once, but... complications arose.” At the time I did not realise that sed complication was my family, but later, when I had more than enough time to think, I realised this, and how my family had slowly driven the Montresors out of the limelight and into the shadows. My drunken trance was broken for a few seconds when I bashed my arm into a wall, and in doing so, felt sharp crystalline edges threaten to tear my skin. “The nitre, see it increases,” said Montresor. “Come, we must head back, for I would not want the worsening of your health to be on my head.” “Tis nothing Montresor, although another draught of the Medoc would not go amiss.” He leaned across to the wall and picked me up another bottle of Medoc, this time a De Grave. I emptied it before my mind had time to reason, and quickly my mind was flooded with another bout of fog, this time even thicker. Montresor took me by the arm this time to lead me through the vaults, his hand clamped like a vice round my arm. Suddenly to fog in my mind cleared and I started to think rationally. Why was Montresor holding me so? Why was the pipe so far down? My hand tightened on the flambeaux in my right hand, almost instinctively. I could tell now

that I was afraid, and could feel the fear climbing through my chest and flooding my heart. I turned to my left and realised that the source of my fear was the man holding my arm next to me. But what reason had I to be afraid of Montresor – surely he would not lie about a matter of such importance? My flambeaux started to splutter, and fade out into a glow, as did Montresor's. "It is here," he said ominously. "There, at the extremity of that niche." I stepped into the niche my fear now threatening to overwhelm me. Why was I here? Why did I not feel nor see a pipe anywhere in the niche? Why, why, WHY!? I realised as I reached the end of the niche that it was a trick and turned around quickly to hit my abductor with the flambeaux that lay in my hand. However, its weight was too much for me in my drunken state, so I dropped it onto the floor with a thud. I saw a flash of red in Montresor's eyes as he lunged at me and within a few seconds I had been tied in the length of chain that hung from the ceiling, and hung there as my flambeaux died pitifully on the floor, soon to be followed by the lights in my eyes.

The Village that time forgot

In England there are 51 cities, 936 towns and a seemingly infinite amount of small villages, little strongholds of resistance that have been left out from every major social and political movement since the Reformation. I live in one of these forgotten areas, the sort of place that confuses your sat-nav as you pass through it and where all the roads are slightly lopsided. It is called Apethorpe, as is proclaimed by a small but very appropriate sign on the way in.

It has the classic array of villagey things, a pub (although this is no quite up to scratch), an enormous hall, which is very sadly falling into disrepair and a buyer cannot be found, a lovely little 14th century church and a dazzling assortment of both little cottages and larger, albeit newer, stone houses. The only real surprise is the two tennis courts which you will find all of 50 metres from the pub, hidden away from the main body of the village. These are, in classic village manner, not exactly top notch, but very well cared for. The tennis club, behind the church and the pub, is one of the main social hubs of the village, with almost everyone in the village having membership, whether it be to play or just for social reasons. To an outsider, one who is uninitiated to village life, it may seem strange that people join a tennis club just as a means to talk to people, but when you live in this odd little society, everything makes sense. For these places, the last strongholds of the truly middle-class family, are a gossip Mecca. You see the ones who start the innocent gossip tinged with malice. They stride around the savannah, like lions waiting for that antelope that just wasn't quite fast enough. And when they pounce you can see the fear in the victim's eyes as they are helplessly torn apart. Okay, so maybe that last bit wasn't quite true but seriously, it's not that far off. When you are having one of these gossipy conversations you have no choice but to agree with their point of view, for fear of ridicule or public humiliation and within minutes you find yourself embroiled in a tense argument in which you have apparently picked a side.

I don't know, I try to steer clear of the appropriately branded "mother's mafia" as much as possible. I'm not overly interested in whether the house next door is allowed to stop people walking 15 feet through their garden to get to the church a little faster, or whether the next village fete should be held in Manor Farm or Main Street, or if Sandra is looking fat after her last child. Although I do like the closeness of a village community and how, in most cases, people are very friendly, it is definitely something which is better in moderation and if you take most of what people say with a pinch of salt. Another thing about these cliques is that they are usually headed up by an "established villager", a term which is awash with ambiguity. You can have lived in Apethorpe for, as my family have, 7 years and yet still feel like you have not yet been given permission to call yourself a local. Naturally, there are the old timers who have lived in the area since the day they were born and will live there until the day that they die, which I can imagine being unbelievably boring, even if it does make them a true villager. Apart from these strange creatures, who roam around the village with looking confused but in a confident "I sort of know what I'm doing and where I'm going" kind of way, the rest of the villagers are left to decide for themselves whether they have lived in the village long enough to gain the rank of local. This, it has to be said, causes a large amount of unnecessary tension, especially when people send out invites for parties. You look at the title and stare with disgust as it reads "Come round to Julia and Steve's nibbles and drinks party to celebrate our five years in the village!" At this point you do one of two things: if you have lived in the village for less than five years you look upon it appreciatively and decide to go, however, if you've lived there for more than five years you find a suitable object to throw up on before ranting for several hours about how you never had a party for a measly 5 years and "how dare they think that..." and so it goes on.

The final fascinating thing that one is able to observe while living in this strange community is the wide variety of people who live in a village like Apethorpe. Whenever I am at a mass village gathering I look around every so often and just take stock of the people with whom I am about to make idle small talk with for the next several hours. There's the gamekeeper, who dons his usual blue fleece, beige trousers and sturdy boots, usually found standing

FOLDER 4, BOTTOM BAND 1

Sabriel by Garth Nix – Re-creative Writing

Sabriel lay on the floor for some time after waking up. She still expected to suddenly wake up and be lying in her bed in Wyverly College, about to attend class. Well, she was in Wyverly College but she felt much further away as she gazed upon the faces of the girls who had been pulled into this terrible battle. She started to weep as she felt the presence of all the dead girls in her mind. She had done this. She had brought the undead to the school for she had run away from them. Touchstone tried to console her but her crying was relentless. He tried to tell her that there was no other way and that she had done the right thing.

The destruction in the great hall of the school was also saddening to her since she had spent so many years here when she was younger, oblivious to the world right outside the gates. The bodies of the girls and soldiers who had died protecting her as she had sought to defeat Kerrigor were being removed from the hall and were being lain down outside in the courtyard which had now become a dark and tangled mess of gates, glass and barricades. At last she stopped crying and gazed upon Touchstone, her sworn-protector. He lay next to her comforting her and watching her adoringly. His wound that he had received from Kerrigor had not been tended to and Sabriel smiled at his stubbornness for she knew he would do nothing until he knew that she had recovered. Her leg had already been healed by several of her school friends and a medic was currently tightening a bandage around her stomach at the order of Touchstone.

"Sabriel, I thought that you were gone," said Touchstone bitterly. When he had seen her frozen body, he expected that she had been dragged down the cold, icy waters of the river of death.

"I couldn't die," Sabriel replied and, once she saw the puzzled expression on his face, explained slowly, "As in, the spirits of the past Abhorsen would not let me die for they said that I couldn't die until another Abhorsen could take my place."

"Well, I am then in dept to your ancestors," he remarked.

She smiled and then gasped as she beheld the wound he had received from the explosion. Splinters and bricks alike had torn through his armoured coat and blood was streaming down his broken body.

"Touchstone, you must get yourself healed," Sabriel ordered worryingly. "I shall be fine but you lying here won't do yourself any good!"

"Are you sure you are fine for I will never forgive myself if anything bad should happen to you." "Yes, of course I am. Now go!" Sabriel implored.

At Sabriel's signal, two soldiers rushed over and helped Touchstone onto a stretcher. He stared back at her lovingly as he was carried out through the wall that lay in ruin after it had been destroyed. Sabriel lay back and let her senses roam through the school and beyond. Although she felt the dead bodies, she also felt the sensation of much life and realised that not as many people had died than she had originally assumed. The bodies of the dead had disappeared as quickly as they had arrived, the dust of their rotten flesh fleeing as their spirits had been controlled and destroyed by Sabriel's will. A temporary infirmary had been set up in the great hall and the wounded girls and soldiers were being examined by the army doctors and local ambulance crews.

Two soldiers approached her as she examined her surroundings. They both saluted and she was caught off guard as she jumped with shock.

"I'm sorry Abhorsen Sabriel," said the more senior of the two, "Lieutenant Colonel Dawson at your service."

"Oh no, it's all right," replied Sabriel pulling her rug tighter around herself. She inspected the man who had spoken. She now recognized him as Captain Horyse's second in command. He was short, balding and clearly well into his fifties but definitely the more experienced of the two when concerning death. The other one was broad and tall but seemed not that long out of school. However, he clutched a sheet of paper in his white, shivering hands. He had obviously never fought or been accustomed to the dead.

"I would like to personally thank you for what you have done today Abhorsen," Dawson continued. "I dread to wonder what would have happened if you had not saved us."

"You are very kind," she said. "But I assure that there are many more than just myself who we would not have been able to achieve this without."

"Of course," said Dawson and then remembering the new recruit holding the piece of paper next to him, continued. "Ah yes. This is the report of the losses today. As you'll be pleased to know, not very many civilians were killed apart from the few who were trapped in the streets when the army of dead passed through. It seems that they were more intent on reaching you."

"Thank you for that. However, we lost many brave men and women today and I believe that the time for remembering is now and then we shall see what the future shall bring."

"Very well Abhorsen. I shall leave you to recuperate." And with that, he turned on the balls of his feet and marched off with the boy trailing a few steps behind. Sabriel closed her eyes and thought back to before her father, the previous Abhorsen, had been captured. She had felt like a normal girl in the sixth form, just about to take her exams but then her whole world had tumbled out of balance and she found herself in a race against time to find her father. She had had to become the Abhorsen. She had had to become the person who kept the dead from returning to life and, if they did, the one who banished them back into the darkness and eternal misery of death. Yet, she knew that her work was nowhere near done. No, her job had only just begun.

Re-creative Writing on 'Touching the Void'

I woke up suddenly. The tent was shaking wildly as the violent winds wrapped around the frail body of my tent, trying to rip the tent pegs from the ground. Tiredness gripped me and tried to pull me back into the warm and strong hold of sleep. Yet, I was unable to fall asleep, however hard I closed my eyes. Soon after, I raised myself into a sitting position and checked my watch. It was half-past midnight which meant that Richard and I had only stopped playing cards just over an hour ago. I had felt extremely tired then but now; it felt as if I no longer yearned for it.

An eerie wail suddenly rose up from the valley. Yet, for some reason, it seemed to me that it was much closer than once presumed. It was probably just wild dogs but maybe, just maybe.... Coughing from Richard's tent brought me back to reality. Obviously, he wasn't having such a good night's sleep either. I opened the tent a little and I was hit by flurries of snow as the wind whipped past my tent. Through the dense black of the night I could see a dim light coming from the direction of Richard's tent. I assumed that he was reading through candlelight.

I quickly closed the tent as the temperature was already passing freezing. I quickly snuggled back under my two sleeping bags and sleep soon overwhelmed me. Not long after I had fallen asleep, I awoke as another wild but strangely familiar sound came from the darkness.

"Richard", I whispered to the other tent. "Did you hear that?"

"Yeh, what was it?"

"I don't know. Yet, it sounded oddly like..."

"I thought we agreed on this Simon!"

"I know. I know. But even you would agree that that definitely sounded like my name!"

"Don't be ridiculous. It's just what you want to hear but it's really only the wind. You really should just get some sleep."

"But..."

"Please, just trust me!"

"I guess you're right." I turned over but I couldn't sleep. Something was telling me, somewhere in the depths of my mind that what I had heard was real. It wasn't just my imagination. I tried to forget about it but it wouldn't be silenced.

"Help Meeeeeeel" That scream though, would never go unrecognised. I had heard that voice countless number of times before whilst climbing. Whatever Richard said, I was going after the source of that hideous wail. I scrambled around the tent for my boots which I put on without tying up the laces. I reached for an extra layer and grabbed a torch before

hurriedly opening the front of the tent. To my surprise, Richard was already there. We nodded at each other as we both knew what we had to do. He had a look of certain determination that I hadn't seen before. "Do you know where it came from?" I shouted above the roar of the ever so increasing storm. He shook his head.

"No but it can't be more than a hundred metres away!"

"Fine, you head for the stream, and I'll check the cooking rocks." I tried to run, but I ended up tripping on the loose rocks as my torch was not strong enough for the sheer darkness of the night. Suddenly, a low and miserable groan erupted from nearby. I shone my torch over the surrounding area.

I nearly missed him. Well, if 'him' is really how you described Joe. Such was the state of Joe that I had to take a second look as his frail body looked like that of a young, starved child. His limp body was spread over the rocks and he was so thin, that it first looked as if Richard or I had mistakenly left our clothes outside. Yet, the light from my torch reflected in his pale green eyes so I knew it was him.

"Joe! No surely not! JOE!" I couldn't believe it. At first, I stood dumbfounded. This must be a dream. It couldn't really be possible. He was dead. He died up there on that wretched mountain. It was just my mind messing with me. But then he spoke my name in a harsh whisper and the adrenaline kicked in. I realised what I had to do. I screamed for Richard to come and he was right beside me in an instant. Joe, meanwhile, was murmuring obscenities, hardly audible above the storm. I grabbed him around his chest and half lifted, half dragged him towards the tent whilst all the time telling him he was safe. When we at last arrived after what seemed like half an hour, Richard was busy making tea and stirring porridge whilst adding heaps of sugar.

"It's alright Joe. I'm here. You're safe." I kept calming and comforting him. I gently placed him inside the tent and draped layers of jackets, fleeces and sleeping bags on top of him. I felt a certain responsibility for him that I hadn't felt before. I forced countless cups of tea down him and tried to make him finish all of his food. However, he kept looking at me uncertainly and smiling. It was odd. I thought at first that it was just his lack of energy and tiredness. But then it occurred to me that not only was I comforting him, but he was also trying to forgive me. It was as if he was agreeing with my decision to cut the rope.

Commentary

Garth Nix

Evoking a passage from Garth Nix's fantasy novel 'Sabriel', this passage is careful and creative in its evocation of character, its sense of placement in the narrative, and its identification and use of stylistic features of the original.

Joe Simpson

A neatly characterised and intensely evocative piece based on Simpson's narrative: it uses Simpson's characteristic style with some skill.

This folder was placed at the bottom of band 1

FOLDER 5, MID BAND 2

Talking heads, Alan Bennett Miss Ruddock, continuation of A Lady of Letters

It has been 4 years and I'm still stuck here. Sure, they have let me out on my own a few times but it's not the same. At the beginning, I loved it, this place was my sanctuary, now it has become my hell. This room has a chill ever since Bridget went. Things all got too much for the poor girl, guilt was strangling her. I tried to help her, everyone did but no one could save her from her own demons. It was a Sunday; I had just come back from dinner. I found her in a pool of her own blood. Suicide.

No one has been the same since Bridgett left. Such a bubbly character, only 36 years old such a waste of a life. I had grown so close to her, she was like a little sister I never had. Her death hit me the hardest, now this room haunts me, full of memories, dreams that have turned into nightmares.

I have changed a lot since when I first arrived, I don't write anymore, perhaps a bit here and there. This prison is full of patronising smiles and constant lies I have learnt to get on with it. I have noticed workers being far more violent now that there is a new boss in charged called Mr. Johnson, he looks like a drinker and stinks of cigarettes. he never comes in though. however we all know when he does because he shouts at everyone. Another one will be sacked, 7 workers have gone in the past year, Sally, being one of them unfortunately. She arrived in my second week of being here.

Sometimes I sit here and think about the great big world that is wait beyond these walls outside these four walls. I wonder who is living in my old house, they better not of repainted the walls as I was quite found of that colour. My mother painted the whole house in this sort of brown which did I must admit take a bit of getting use to. I also wonder about the Asian's next door, their children must be heading off o university now. Maybe they remember the 'crazy' old woman next door who wrote to them about their bins because that is always what I will be to them nothing more and nothing less. Or then again they might be glad that I'm locked up.

Sometimes I have a dream that mother is cooking lasagne in the kitchen and I am in the dining room. A lacy table cloth is spread across the table with silver cutlery and plates. The old teapot steaming in the centre of the table. It is just how it was 30 years ago when mother was alive still. I would do anything to go back to those days. I am stuck in here till the day I die. Each day becomes harder to find a reason to smile or laugh. The doctor says that I am coming down with something because of this recharged cough. I told him I knew that I think your parents might of wasted their money on sending you to medical school because anyone could tell me that. I complained to Jillian about this new doctor who must only be about 26. So inexperienced. He keeps topping me up with pills every now and again. He said it will take the pain away, but it will never take the pain of losing loved ones like my dear Bridgett. I made a promise that I will live everyday for the ones who can longer.

Task 4 final - In the style of Trina Holden write a letter to your younger self

Dear me,

First of all you need to star avoiding stress. You do not need any more; school is hard enough as it is. Quit caring what other people think, you won't keep in touch with any of them except for Georgie and Sam. You know that boy band you have been obsessing over for all of your teenage years and wasting every penny on new posters, new albums and new concert tickets. Well it turns out one of these days you will finally meet them and catch one of their eyes. Never give up on fan-girling over them, even when people call you stupid for doing it. Trust me, it's not! You two are thinking of a July wedding, maybe abroad?

Now, about the hobby. Saving up for a boat? Just buy it already, I recommend getting a one-man laser or mirror to start from eBay. Then, upgrade to a fire ball later on. Try to put all your spare time in to racing and one day you will get to professional level. You deserve it, been sailing since you were 4 with your dad in that old enterprise (Every time you sailed in that boat a bit would break off.) or going on holidays in Devon in the flying-15. He would be so proud.

Which reminds me, you will past your driving test first time! Also, do not worry about living on your own when Eve leaves for university. However, remember the walls are not sound proof so maybe you should avoid parties, the

neighbours will tell her. Oh, and about that cat you were never allowed when you were little, as soon as you move out in to a house of your own, you make a trip to the rescue centre, and brought a little black and white cat with brown stripes named Kit-Kat. The first thing you did to prove you were an adult and you can do what you like. Still as immature as ever! However, remember to toilet train her as a kitten and by that I also mean stop her from drinking out of the human toilet. Seriously, that is horrible; she fell in once but learnt her lesson as she never did it again.

School worrying you again? You will pass with flying colours, well except for science. Never was your best subject was it? Don't leave it till the night before because it was Olivia's party you had to retake that exam. Not funny. Your geography teacher will retire soon so don't stress about that Antarctica project she won't even bother marking I still have no idea why she never liked you.

Your shyness isn't forever engraved into your personality, it is just a minor symptom of grieving and lack in self-confidence. However in a few more years you will grow out of this and become a very outgoing person. Now, on to worrying about your friends. Constantly wondering who will be your bridesmaid on your special day, well I'm not going to share that little secret just yet. Throughout your whole life you will be surrounded by loving friends who truly care for you. Sure some will come and go and turn out to be fake but you are never alone. You will end up doing everything with them including:

- Run 5k every year
- Babysit each other's kids
- Do cake sales and coffee morning together
- Even start yoga however that one did not last long!

Your phone bills have gone up each year because of constantly calling each other because texting is to main stream. also with technology improving it seems as if your generation has been left behind.

The most important part in a mother's life is her children. You have currently got a small baby bump that is starting to show along with your 2 year old son called Isaac who is a cheeky little monster that keeps you on your toes day and unfortunately night. Nut you love him to death. You live in an adorable house in the country side with your perfect husband.

So stop worrying and try to do your best at school and god will do the rest setting you on the right path for your incredible future to come. However, your appalling spelling will never change, but your eye sight will decrease and try not to sit on this pair of glasses!

The thing to remember is do what makes your heart smile.

Your 30 year old self,

Grace.

Commentary

Bennett

Based on Miss Ruddock's piece 'A Lady of Letters' in 'Talking Heads', this evokes deftly the pathos of the character's position in prison. Although the language has occasionally a disconcerting informality, it is without the sense which is evident in the original, of the character being between two linguistic worlds (that of the formal past and the prison present). Some neat linkages to the original text in memories of the past.

Trina Holden

This is another piece which uses a style model to inform what is in effect a semi-personal creative piece. It establishes a clear voice, and sustains interest, combining seriousness and humour in the style of the original.

The folder as a whole was placed in the middle of band 2

FOLDER 6, BETWEEN BANDS 2 AND 3

Jelly and ice-cream

I am at my friends house sitting upon the table awaiting the evil that is coming my way. Jelly and ice-cream. There are two things that I cannot stand. Jelly and milk. And there sitting in front of me is jelly and ice-cream with a glass of stomach churning milk. Of course I have to eat it, I don't want to offend anyone. Each mouthful is torture. My gag reflexes are slowly choking me to death. A clump of lumpy unset jelly goes down my throat, I am holding back my heave of release. It was vile, if you could taste death, it would be the taste of jelly and ice-cream. It had no distinct flavour but the texture was enough to turn me off of food forever.

Then to the milk, it was warm by the time I got to it. I took a small sip that trickled down my throat, it was like drinking your own lumpy sick through a straw. I put on a smile and said 'this is lovely', whilst trying to hide my horror. I heaved, but swallowed at the same time, my struggled attempt to hold my stomach's contents had worked for the time being.

I got home that day after holding down the acidic lump in my throat, and as soon as I stepped in the front door, a massive heave and my stomach clenched and all of my muscles went weak, I was standing barely in my front door, covered in puke. It was all down my front and down my bare legs. I was wearing sandals too. So there was me weak, and covered in my milky sick, in it that had red lumps in.

I am two years old in the hospital I have just had my tonsils and adenoids out, the nurse has just come into my Section of the ward with a tray, on the tray was six pots of jelly, she put the tray down next to me and gave me a spoon and a jelly. She said sternly 'eat up' I had a spoonful and quite enjoyed it, I then had a gulp of water, then the water and bits of jelly came gushing out of my nose its burning like acid is pouring out of my nose! I keep trying to eat more jelly but every time it gushes out of my nose. 'I don't want anymore!' I said but the nurse is sitting next to me forcing this down my throat, lump by lump one pot goes, but lands on the white sheets, that is pulled up to my chin.

Each time the nurse enters my ward I pretend to be asleep, about an hour later she came back in and she opened a jelly pot and straight away I was sick, she then forced an apricot jelly down my throat and surely enough it came back out my nose. 'Never again will I eat jelly' I said.

There were numerous attempts from my mother to get me to eat jelly she made; Trifle, blancmange, jelly with fruit in and so called yummy pots. I can assure you that they are not 'yummy' in any way. I have never touched any form of jelly since.

Spaghetti bolenaise

I am at my Grandparent's house, and my Grandma is cooking her 'spag bol'. I don't know what she puts in it but it is amazing. I would die for this food. My Grandma's spaghetti bolegnaise is only ever made when I am going to stay for the weekend with my Grandparents. I am never too old to stay with them. My Grandparents house is the one place I can relax fully, it's more homely than my home. I can smell the bolegnaise bubbling away on the hob, my Grandad calls out to my Grandma from the lounge so she makes her way in. Me and my Grandad are running as fast as we can into the kitchen both of us grabbing a spoon and stopping, just standing still looking at the sauce pan containing heaven, we look at each other and with one nod we both gently scoop up a mouthful of heaven and slowly savour it, both of our shoulders drop as we both relax 'aaahhh ... just as good as always' is our line we always say.

Me and my Grandad always offer to help out but my Grandma has learnt not to let us in the kitchen when her masterpiece is in the making. We have both been sent into the lounge by my Grandma. We are doing our usual sulky walk of shame into the lounge, not succeeding to hide our cheshire cat grins.

What seems like a life time of sitting waiting by the lounge next to the fire, we are called 'Lucy ... Malc ... dinner', I look at my Grandad and he looks at me, it is the race to the kitchen, I grab the closest pillow cushion and as he stands I throw it at him, full power, he falls back into his seat and I have gotten up and started to run, I then find myself on the floor as the same cushion hits me on the back of the legs, my Grandad then runs past me grinning

and laughing, we get into the kitchen and both become two year olds on our best behaviour both fidgeting as my Grandma places the bowls in front of us. I am reaching over grabbing the salty parmesan and shovelling it on, my Grandad is now doing the same, and before we have our first mouthful my Grandma always says 'Now children don't forget your manners ... only joking dig in' and the three of us plunge our spoons and forks into the bowl of heaven and twirl the spaghetti around our forks and at the first mouthful we all go 'mmmmmm ...' and my Grandad says 'I have been waiting for you to come for weeks!'

Once we are finished me and my Grandad go into the lounge and start to put a DVD into the TV as my Grandma loads the dishwasher, me and my Grandad do our secret hand shake, and then sit down waiting for my Grandma so we can start the film.

One of the best parts of home made food is the left overs, after the film me and my Grandad claim that we are thirsty so we go and make tea, but what we actually do is finish off the mince, which finishes off my whole fantastic weekend of paradise.

Re-creative Writing: Of Mice and Men, John Steinbeck

Back at the dark lifeless ranch there was a sense of solitude, and there stood an empty bunk by the stove. On the bunk lay a bundle, the whole bunk house was dark and in the corner sat a small hunched over shadow, of a small male figure. A loud bellow hit the room, echoing from left to right getting quieter and fainter, the bellow came from a tall slim man standing in the doorway 'George?' there was no response, then again but much softer, friendly even 'George ... you in here?' The tall slim shape stood at the doorway blocking the moon's glow then took a step towards the darkened corner and the small delicate figure.

The tall shape said cautiously 'George is that you? ... George? ...' a faint sniffing noise came from the darkened corner. The noise seemed to bewilder the tall shape which slowly took a small step back as if it had never heard the noise before. The small male figure in the corner cleared his throat and began to find his feet 'yes, I'm here ... That you slim? ...' George said whilst clearing his throat again. The tall figure walked over to George and his face lit up under the single beam of moonlight shining onto the solitary table. Slim walked over to George as quiet as a mouse, 'C'mon mate ... we're all gonna have a drink ... wanna come?' Slim said warmly. George's answer was slow and delicate 'well, I guess I could have one or two.' Slim then led George out of the bunk house and towards the barn.

A loud holler came from Candy 'mice, mice ... MICE ... them bastards been eatin' the alfalfa' George screamed 'NO ... don't ... let 'em be, oh Candy let 'em be? ...' Candy's face then dropped into a frown with no other expression but emptiness and confusion, he then continued to viciously sweep them away, all trying to scurry back and away. One or two got clobbered over the head by the big heavy wooden broom. Candy then replied looking puzzled but quite sharply like the snap of a jack russel 'WHAT ... Why? ... Why George?' George replied whilst looking down at the floor, acting and looking a lot like Lennie 'jus' 'cos ... they ain't givin' us hell ... they jus' wanna jungle-up ... jus' let 'em be Candy.'

It grew darker outside but George remained up, he just sat there with a swollen red expression on his face, he wore his hat, and he had it pulled down so it covered his eyes. Everyone else was asleep, Carlson and Candy both snoring and the noise echoed in the dark room. George shuffled to the edge of his bunk and scrambled off, stood up and briefly brushed himself down, with a deep breath, and a small sigh he walked over to Carlson's bunk and reached underneath it being careful not to wake him, and the cold metal of the luger burned his hand. He hesitated. Pulling his hand back a fraction, but with a sigh he reached into the bag and grasped the unfriendly metal of the luger. He began to pack up his bundle and placed the luger in his jacket pocket, he began to walk out of the door, Slim then called out from outside 'Where you off to George?' George answered with a drooping face and a glum expression like a bulldog.

'Wot ... dunno' George said acting hesitant Slim answered 'Why you got your bundle George?'

'oh I got my stake so I'm leaving ...' George replied quietly.

'When will I see you next' Slim questioned.

'oh you'll see me jus' you wait.'

George walked away without looking back he headed North towards the brush.



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