
GCSE - AQA Style

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 1 Explorations in creative reading and writing

Insert

Source A: an extract from *The Children of Men* – P.D. James (1992)

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Please turn the page over to see the model answers

02

Look in detail at this extract, **lines 7 to 11** of the source.

How does the writer use language here to describe the unusual appearance of the doll?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms

[8 marks]

Sample 1

Firstly the writer uses "glossy irises" which tells me her eyes are shiny. It then says "like spiders" which tells us her eyelashes look all creepy.

simple references and simple comment on effect of language

Sample 2

The writer creates a weird atmosphere when she describes the doll. She describes the features as non-human and likens them to things that create a strange almost "alien and monstrous" vision. The use of the phrase "glossy irises" suggests it looks quite attractive but then they are described as being "unnaturally large" implying again that they aren't human-like. Finally she uses the adjectives "yellow, crimped hair" which adds to our vision of a doll but also the suggestion that it has been 'crimped' suggests the owner treats it more like a human than a doll.

attempts to comment on the effect of language, some use of subject terminology

Sample 3

The writer uses sophisticated language to describe the unusual appearance of the doll "their unseeing stare which yet horribly suggested a dormant intelligence". Literally this shows that the reader isn't being exposed to the realness of the doll as it is described as 'horribly'. On a deeper level this gives the reader a surreal impression of the doll creating a sense of discomfort and mystery for the reader. The use of the simile "lay like spiders" suggests the doll is something to fear, people often have a phobia of spiders which gives the impression that the doll could be something that would feature in your nightmares. Finally the use of the noun 'porcelain' connotes something pure and flawless again reinforcing the idea that this doll is unhuman like in some way.

clear, accurate use of subject terminology, range of relevant detail

03

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**.

This text is taken from the middle of the novel

How has the writer structured the text to interest the reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how / why the writer changes focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you

8 marks]

Sample 1

Firstly, the writer uses a hook to draw us in “it happened on the fourth Wednesday” as readers we want to know exactly what happened on the fourth Wednesday” which makes the reader interested and want to read on.

simple use of subject term, simple examples

Sample 2

Structurally, the writer uses a hook to draw in the reader through the opening sentence “it happened” this acts as a hook as the word “it” is mysterious and we are left wondering what the event was so we are forced to read on. It then shifts to the women who are looking at the baby and we learn it is in fact a doll which intrigues us as we want to know more about why she is pushing a doll around and finally it ends with the words “she could always buy another child” which is a bit of a mystery as we don’t know why these women are buying dolls and pretending they are children.

attempts to comment on effect of structural features, some appropriate examples

Sample 3

The use of an omniscient narrator and the clear focus on places such as ‘Magdalen’ and ‘St John Street’ creates a sense of familiarity with the setting which makes the events later on in the extract even more shocking almost as though we are transported there as readers to witness the action. The focus then shifts to the introduction of new characters and widens to multiple characters which leads to a climatic point where one of the women forcibly attacks the child. The final shift takes us back to the narrator and we learn Theo’s rather dismissive view on the attack “he could have pointed out that she could buy another child”. To end the extract with the word “child” as opposed to “doll” furthers the unsettling atmosphere which in turn encourages the reader to pursue the story to establish why this society appears to view dolls as their own children.

clear explanation of the effects of structural features, relevant detail

04

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, **from line 21 to the end.**

A student, having read this part of the text, said: “This part of the story, where the women meet the baby, really captures the shock of the mother and the horror of the situation.”

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of the women
- evaluate how the writer creates a sense of shock and grief
- support your opinions with quotations from the text.

[20 marks]

Sample 1

I fully agree with the statement that this part of the text shows shock and horror. Shock is shown when it says “and then she screamed” this shows she is upset and can’t believe what the woman has done to her doll. The word ‘screamed’ is used to show this shock. I see horror when the writer tells us what she does to the doll so when she “dashed it against the stone wall” this shows violence towards the doll and she does it hard as it says “tremendous force” which I think is really effective as I can imagine how horrific this must have been for the mother.

some attempt at evaluation

Sample 2

To a large extent I do agree with the student.

Firstly the writer says “the scream of the tortured, the bereaved, high pitched squealing” this suggests the mother is really suffering and is horrified by what she has seen happen to her doll. The writer uses the verb ‘scream’ this is effective as it makes the reader imagine the horror she is going through.

The writer also uses “and then she screamed” this implies that she paused before screamed through the use of the word ‘and’ this is successful as it make you imagine it being quiet and then suddenly going very loud when she screams to show how upset she is.

Finally, the last effective line is “her agony, her grief, her anger” this is a rule of 3 and is successful as it really emphasises how shocked and upset she is.

range of relevant textual references, clear and relevant response

Sample 3

I fully agree with this statement. The writer really emphasises the woman's shock through the use of the declarative "the owner was for two seconds absolutely silent" this captures the surprise of the mother through the fact that the atmosphere is silent and unmoving. The idea of the woman being described as the 'owner' forces the reader to experience the same feeling of possessiveness and this creates a close link between the woman and the doll effectively highlighting the mother's distress. Metaphorically, the use of the intensifier 'absolutely' puts emphasis on the tense atmosphere that is 'silent'. The writer then leads into the alliterative phrase "she screamed". The negative verb 'screamed' juxtaposes the idea of the setting being silent and the writer's use of this contrast is effective in reinforcing the magnitude of the sound created.

The writer illustrates the distress of the mother within this part of the text through the use of religious imagery "head thrown back to the heavens", on the one level this perfectly captures the mother's agony but on a deeper level the violent verb "thrown" adds a desperate tone to the piece furthered through the noun "heaven" which connotes almost certain death which forces the reader to feel a sense of sympathy for the doll and its mother.

Without doubt, the most effective reference in the text to convey shock lies in the phrase "suddenly seized" through the combination of alliteration and the adverb "suddenly" we are thrown into the unexpected act of what happens to the doll. The sense of panic is further reinforced through the use of the verb "seized" which emphasises the force at which the doll is taken and destroyed leaving the reader in no doubt that this act was unexpected to both the mother and narrator.

Evaluates critically and in detail, judicious range of textual detail

05

Your school or college is asking students to contribute some creative writing for its website.

Write a story that is set in the future called '2021'.

(24 marks for content and organisation, 16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

Sample 1

I always imagined the future would be amazing with an advanced society and incredible health care with next to no war and with space travel technology far from what we used in the past. Never, Never would I have thought it would end up this; everywhere that I've been looks like a barren wasteland. There used to be a plethora of food now you're lucky if you find a scrap of food within a month, that's how we have to live now, I say we I don't even know if anyone else is still alive. It all started a couple of years ago.

It was all so sudden; I guess nature caught up with us. Bacteria adapted to the antibiotics and became resistant; we had no way of stopping them except for our natural immune system which was rendered useless to a new strand of bacteria. It was far more lethal than any strand of bacteria that came before it. It's like a modern day plague which has been modified to be exponentially more dangerous. All hope was lost the moment this new strand came into being.

There's no official name for it but the survivors I've come across have seemed to call it Ragnarok, the end times in Norse religion, pretty fitting. I heard that there were some scientists that survived were creating or at least attempting to create a new cure. Seems impossible but maybe just maybe we can save humanity, but even then will we have enough resources to produce the amount we need.

3 billion people died before we found this new bacterium most of our resources had been used up by then and a high amount of the great scientific minds had died before we knew what was going on. That was a year ago now there's no telling how many people have died by then, the only source of news is the rumours spread by other survivors I have no way to verify whether it's true or not.

Ruminants of humanities are few and far between, I have met the odd person here and there such as a woman I met in London, her name was Abigale, my first thought was she had a posh name as irrelevant as it is she was smart she created a routine to protect herself from the bacteria. She distilled all the water she drank to kill off any water born bacteria, viruses and parasites, She grew her own food and bred her own cattle to make sure that her food was fresh and clean, but this meant that she had to keep her crops and cattle clean to maintain this cycle. I haven't seen her in a while, I don't know whether she's still alive maybe she slipped up on her method maybe someone killed her for her food, I've heard of this happening but I haven't witnessed it yet.

I've started to feel ill. I've been coughing up blood. My throat has been clogging up, and I've been feeling chest pains. I don't think I'm going to make it, my vision has become blurry, everything's getting dark.

I think this is it for me.

**register consistently matched to audience and purpose, coherent paragraphing
most control agreement, increasingly sophisticated vocabulary**

Sample 2

The constant screech of the alarm outside engulfs my ears waking me from my deep sleep. Every morning I wake up to the same old view that sits outside of my window. Over the walls is a complete mystery to us all. By us I mean the millions of people that are imprisoned with me. Nothing seems to change round here apart from the colour of the sky. Anyone who tries to escape doesn't get to far, they either end up dead or beaten until they have one last breath left then they are sent back to work. Everyone has a number that no knows the meaning for. The people that call themselves 'Superior' say that we have to work to make the world great again. As those two words echo through the speakers the same devil creeps into everyone's mind. His name is not to be disrespected or we could face the punishment that no one comes back from. His name is Donald Trump.

It was the 28th April 2016. Me and my family and were hiking the awe-inspiring mountains of Hollywood. This was one of the only days that I really got to spend with my family as I work away from home a lot. The day was all going to plan and with us reaching the top we stopped to take pictures of the view. BANG. Suddenly screams of horror and panic ran from the city, as a vast cloud of thick black smoke rose from the building that lay not too far from us. BANG. Again we heard what seemed to be an explosion with more screams that followed. I quickly ordered my family to the car while I ran into the city to see what was going on, and to see if maybe my help was needed. Bodies scattered the streets with pools of blood sat around them. My eyes flooded with tears. I felt like I was nightmare where I was stuck inside a never ending hell that ripped away something I loved every so often. I saw people running away from the catastrophic destruction that was left behind them. I heard a thump close by making my ears ring painfully. A gun shot.

I was awake.

Still to this day I did not know where I was or where my family was. 5 years later I still look for my family hoping that they might still be alive. I would do anything to see my family again; I am the only person who can be blamed. I sent them away to what could have been their death. I always wonder if I would see the outside world again or even know what all the other countries are doing. My life will never be the same again. Everyone I ever cared about is gone or still out there somewhere.

My number is called.

**convincing register matched to audience, conscious crafting
wide range of appropriate sentence forms for effect,**

Sample 3

This is 2021, the future. Nothing is like the past. Everyone expected the future to be a much greater society, but it isn't. It's just a hectic planet. Destruction, chaos. It's only been 4 years since the earth had normality, now it's just apocalyptic. No one runs the world the world runs us. Dictatorship, dominance, But for what? There is nothing left that is worth dictating.

Nothing is worth living for. All those ideas of flying cars or more advanced equipment is all a myth. Over the past 4 years we have practically been set back in time because of all this havoc that has released. What about world peace or solving world starvation. NO! Everyone expected the future to be a bigger brighter better world but they were far from right.

Communism has broken out and it has made this entire planet break out. Corruption if you ask me. No holidays, no vacation, no social life. Everyone is earning the same and is acting the same it has shrunk this world and destroyed it too. All this hierarchy sitting up on their thrones watching us all suffer. It causes us to provoke poverty while they rule this generation. They say communism makes the world greater, they were wrong, we were wrong for voting for this. For this dictatorship. This stops you from having an opinion, stopping us from communicating, stops us from being human, a human that we used to be, it stops us from being us.

The day they go is the day we come. We proclaim our lives back, our dignity, and our pride. That will be the day this planet awakens. We were once restricted from life but when this day comes all of these curses will be lifted, mankind will be there again. 2021 is a disaster but not for much longer.

writing is engaging, increasingly sophisticated vocabulary
most control agreement

Sample 4

There are two choices in life: kill or be killed.

Walking up the stairs, his stairs, the stairs where she was found. I'm feeling a thousand different emotions but the anger takes over, I have to do this even though I might regret it, it's for her. The aroma of drugs and alcohol fills the air, what an awful place this is. I walk slowly up to his door and knock quietly, no answer, I knock again louder this time. The door opens and there he is standing right in front of me "can I come in" I walk through the hall. I slam the door, anger fills my body, I pull out the gun and point it right at him "this is for my daughter" I shout "please don't" he begs, I bet my daughter did the same but he still done it so what makes him think I will stop. Dead.

Chaos. I run, I run as fast as I can. People are looking; I have blood on my hands how will I get away with this. Guilt eats away at me she wouldn't of wanted it like this but here I am trying to not get caught and it was all for her, my precious daughter. I get home and wash the blood off straight away I throw the gun and explain to my wife what I've just done. Mistakes, life full of mistakes. My wife tells me to go, never speak to her again; I've ruined her life she screams. I leave town, I get away as fast as I could never to come back I have nothing left I'm alone forever all because of a stupid mistake.

I haven't always been a killer.

2011-when things were so different. 10 years ago I was happy I had a family; I had people that cared about me. Until the night it all changed, she never came home; my little Lucy-Rose never came home instead the police came, told us what had happened, I felt empty, and what can I do without her I was lost. We done everything together I took her shopping, I was the stay at home father so I raised her she was my everything and when she was took away I had nothing left without her. The night it all changed, July 17th 3 days before Lucy's birthday she would have been 15 the police came to tell us that our little Lucy had been found dead; she had been sexually abused then killed. We knew something wasn't right that morning when we found out she wasn't in school and we thought she was just skipping school with her friends but then she never answered her phone so we got scared, the news was life changing our precious girl had been taken from us just like that.

Now, I'm alone. I chose to be alone because it means I can't just push everyone away. There is no one left for me to go to I have to run because they can't find out what I've done otherwise I'll be sent down and that's something I can't risk. Starting a new life somewhere else will change everything for me, keeping my story from everyone having no one to talk to will ruin everything, I need help. I'll never find love like I used to have and this is just unfair how will I ever get over the hurt of not having my Lucy. I'm a killer because it's the only way I've ever gotten over this hurt, I hurt everyone who's ever hurt me to make me feel better about what I've been through.

So, there are two choices in life: kill or be killed. I chose the former. The only question left is: who's next?

varied and effective structural features, convincing communication
most control agreement, increasingly sophisticated vocabulary

Sample 5

Welcome to the future. The year is 2021 and it is chaos! They run everything: the streets, the towns, the cities, everything. The new school mafia, the cartels, the drugs and the money. Corruption. The government? Ha what government? That went about four years ago now. I mean it was bad enough having to bow down to their every word like it's royalty, but now, they control the TV, the Internet, I mean everything is blocked. Literally everything.

No-one knows why, they've not announced that yet, we're still waiting for them to tell us why they're doing it all. This is not a life worth living; hell it isn't even a life. I feel like a Jewish citizen in 1942, I have no control. My life is a myth, the idea of free living and having full control of your life, it doesn't exist. I refuse to accept that there is such thing as full control of your life, hell even your brain. The government is paying of their government and they are running us bit by bit. I can see it. But no one else can.

The higher tier of kings and queens in a game of chess sit up there in their ivory towers, judging people like us, not taking into consideration why we do what we do. We do it to survive. We've had it tough, and I mean tough. I don't ever want to hear these ignorant, stuck up dictators complain about their lives, they use us as pawns.

The day they die is the day we are reborn. We regain our lives, our rights, our humanity, our dignity. The ability to speak freely no longer exists, going the shop? That's easy, if you're one of them. We have to have a pass for each time we want some bread or milk, it's killing us. The tickets are more than the food itself, we are literally starving. 11:00 that's what time we have to be in. If we aren't, we are shot. You don't even want to know what that is. Welcome to the future.

writing is engaging and consistently matched to purpose and audience
increasingly sophisticated vocabulary, most control agreement

05

Write a description suggested by this picture:



(24 marks for content and organisation, 16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

Sample 1

Rubbish and waste tumbling along the unsteady pathways, a soft humid wind blowing through my ragged dress. A plethora of glass shattered beneath the concrete. A mass of unfinished paths crumbling to my feet. Dark alleys to shelter from the cold, filled with dark heartless memories and events that have happened. Lampposts' struggling to stay standing, it looks like their bodies are tumbling but trying to stay in place. Rats scuttling into the sewage pipes with their prey dangling out of their mouths. Spiders attached to the two walls of an alleyway wrapping flies in their cotton like webs. Raindrops starting to dance down the remaining windows; this is my life.

Poverty.

Holding my baby in my arms wrapped in the blanket I knitted at her birth; I try to protect her from the cold, but there's no escaping poverty. Inequality. That describes how unfair and cruel the world is. These houses are like towers shadowing the pathways to success; they hold more belongings than what I carry with me. Scavenging for leftovers, my fingertips run across the bricks – my only chance of survival amidst these slums.

Poverty.

Old rags stuffed in boxes in random places of this little village, flooded in dirt and dust. Who knows what lies beneath? The same washing which had been there for weeks on end, swaying to the whistles of the remaining birds on the chimneys. Empty carriages crooked and rusty fighting against the struggles; just like me. Everything has a purpose, just like the windowless houses, which over rule me, have a job have a role. That's too keep your head high and fight through the tough times, crooked or weak.

Poverty.

I pick up my feet, with the over worn shoes which protect even a tiny amount of my body, and stumble through the remaining streets. Whilst walking through dirt; dust and empty packets, pierced through tights discarded into the alley ways, I know this is inescapable.

This thing called poverty.

convincing and compelling for audience, inventive structural features
range of appropriate sentence forms for effect, high level of accuracy in spelling

Sample 2

Absolute destruction. Broken pieces of glass scattered the filthy floor while bits of ripped up cardboard suffocated the isolated glasses of bottles been thrown on to the floor. The pungent aroma of urine and smoke filled and spread all across the setting like a blazing fire. Standing tall, the dismal buildings crumbling away with desperation to breathe again while the dreary windows with now nothing but an empty gap between them. Shadowed walls remained silently still like a child with nobody to talk to. Screaming sounds were heard from every corner like someone crying for a way out and taking over the horrific atmosphere with horrific piercing cries.

Terrifying. Sinister. Cruel. A poor helpless woman trying to care for a small innocent child, her bare feet digging into the hard pieces of rock tearing away her skin. Ragged grey dress was her only warmth in the raw and intense blasts of winds hitting her. Her hands, with clumps of ice and snow lay on them, trying to get any strength she could to save the crying baby. Chills spread from her feet through her body an up to her head making her glued to the spot she was in.

But absolute destruction wasn't always what it was described to be. White fluffy clouds used to spread along the clear blue sky while the sun shone down lighting up the beautiful place it once was. Bright buildings rose above the clean pathways. Scents of dirt and grass lifted into peoples' noses. Paradise. Just paradise with the proud walls perfectly standing with not one scratch placed on them. Uplifting laughter was heard from miles away, happy shouts of children playing in the sizzling sunshine.

Pure serenity. Light from the sun shone through the empty windows onto one building. One shining building stood heroically showing hope and desperation for the tragic place to be like it was before. The sun reflecting on the glass on the windows lighting up the scenery. Sounds of screams were not heard at that building, only tiny birds flying across the sky above.

Silence. The miniscule glass remained untouched along the floor. The bits of cardboard still broken but with more hope. Dark buildings now getting a little bit of colour back. Walls remained grey and wrecked but starting to clear up.

**register consistently matched to purpose and audience, engaging
most control agreement, increasingly sophisticated vocabulary**

Sample 3

Picture this: a plethora of rubbish fills the dirty ground below. The stench of urine diffuses across the whole street taking over all little shacks that are broken by the heavy rain on a long cold night. Unable to escape the walls that close you in of the poverty the dull paint on each of the walls carries memories that can't be forgotten, the reason this place is like this. The day in the slums starts: Claustrophobia. Overcrowded. Dirty children running about the unhygienic streets making any fun for themselves that they can.

Terrifying. Sinister. Cruel. A young innocent mum trying to bring up her young innocent child in such an awful place. She looks down at the suffocated floor filled with broken shattered glass. The young children running around with nothing but a long top to cover their body. Looking at the tiny place she calls home the square room holds nothing but a broken worn out bed that didn't even have a proper mattress that was only big enough for a child and a little blanket on the floor that she has to rest on every night the over filled toilet that can't even be flushed often she has to walk miles down the haunting streets of the slums.

But, it didn't always look this way. Now picture this: an aroma of fresh cooking and market stalls as you walk slowly down the warm welcoming streets of this well known, loved city. The houses are filled with thousands of colours, red, purple, blue and many more. Magical. Out at the new park that's just been built children run around happy feeling better than they ever have before, free at last from the long school day they have finally got home from. The day in this city starts: Happiness. Freedom. The view of the sea from people's houses is luxurious, a sense of tranquillity.

Loving. Welcoming. Calm. A mum bringing her child up in a fresh, clean town. She looks down at the pebbled path she sees her house in the distance. The same walls she sees everyday bring back thousands of cherished memories that she will remember forever. The spacious room she shares with her child has two large beds and colourful walls that would make any family home better. The view out of the window is majestic, children running down the streets cheering and having fun. The calm sense of happiness and cleanliness.

Silence.

Now the happy children no longer run the clean streets instead they have to step carefully across the shattered glass covering the streets, instead of washing in a clean bath they have to share a bucket between a large overcrowded family of 7 or 8. Children no longer get an education, new mums no longer get to raise their babies up in a welcoming environment instead they have to raise them in a place that people are ashamed to call home. The once tranquil place has turned into hell. One big nightmare. Horror.

register is convincingly matched to purpose and audience
wide range of appropriate sentences forms for effect