



Exam Preparation Guide

AQA English Language Paper 1 – Explorations in Creative Writing and Reading



Key Tips to Success!

*Well done on your hard work, efforts +
progress. Do your best and good luck!*

Overview

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Timings

Pre Exam:

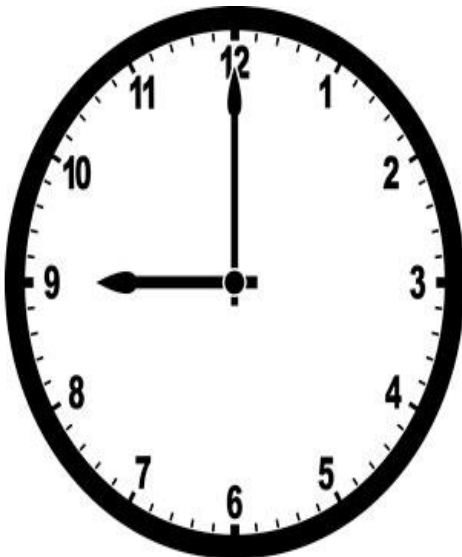
Be at school on time!

Have 2 pens + a highlighter!

Go to the toilet before you go to avoid taking time out!



9.00 Start



- Look at Section B. Task is there to
- inspire
- provide stimulus
- get you thinking!

Create a vocab list – extract + your own

Zoom in on picture to help describe

Plan

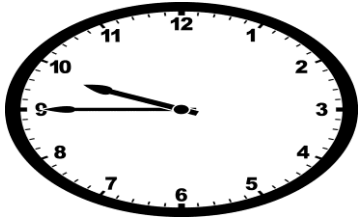
9.40 ish

Re-read intro to link to conclusion

Check for errors!

Read the 4 reading questions

Re-read extract



9.45 -9.50 AT LATEST– Start Reading
Q4 – Evaluate

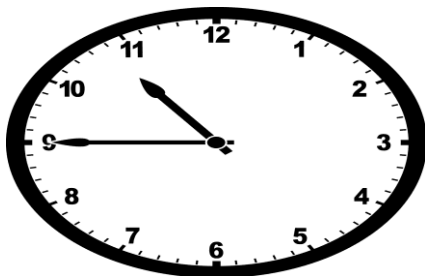
10.15 – complete Reading Q4 –
Evaluate



10.15-10.25 – Complete Q2 – Language

10.25-10.35 – Complete Q3 – Structure

10.35-10.40 – Complete Q1 – Identify



10.45 – FINISH

ANSWER EVERYTHING!
TIME LEFT – Reading Q4

YOU HAVE ONE CHANCE – USE ALL THE TIME YOU ARE
GIVEN WHILE YOU HAVE IT!
NO REGRETS!

Creative Writing Top Tips – 9.00 – 9.40

Picture = stimulus – main focus – BE CREATIVE

Capture moment – avoid drawn out stories + narrative

Picture is a starting point – use it to inspire you to bring this to an interesting place

Think metaphorically as well as literally!

Start – intrigue / mystery / entice

Jump straight into action

Avoid being obvious!

Could be flashback / flashforward / memory + work back

Methods to include:

Interesting narrative voice - personify, voice from past or future, God like, watching down,

Single line paragraphs

Single word sentences

Triplets

Hyperbolic / exaggerate / over the top!

Repetition

Cyclical

Contrasts

SPAG Tips

Semi colon ;

The exam was drawing near; the feeling of success was in the air.
They had worked hard; every moment was used wisely.
Excitement washed over the students; this was their time to show
their potential.

Dash –

This was it – the moment to show what they could do!
The moment had arrived – it was time to shine!
The doors opened – it was time to begin

Question marks ?

Was this the sign they had been waiting for?
Would their hard work pay off?

Exclamation marks !

It was time!
They were ready!

Ellipsis

The end was drawing near

The doors shut

their
there
they^are

Their success was clear.

There was no time left - this was it!

They are going to do their best.

TWO
Is a number



Two cats are on a scooter.

TOO
Means also or excessively



It is too hot outside.

TO
Is used for everything else



The alien is traveling to Earth.

Are / Our

We ARE going to do well!

OUR exam is today!

I am - I'm
do not - don't
cannot - can't
I would - I'd
we would - we'd

APOSTROPHES



It's - it is
They're - they are
Who's - who is
We're - we are
You're - you are

Apostrophe

In place of missing letter

Show ownership

Eg

Ms Smith's paper.

Ollie's grade.

Lucy's ideas.

DON'T need on

Shows / conveys / portrays / suggests

Vocab List English Language

Agony	Ascend	A heaven, a	Fighting	Watching
Apocalypse	Astonishing	haven, a home	warring	observing
Armageddon	Astounding	Sanctuary – safe	battling	peering
Assault	Belief	+ secure	brutal	glancing
Catastrophe	Blissful	Retreat	confronting	detecting
Caution	Bravery	Refuge	attack + assault	perceiving
Collapse	Breath taking	Idyllic	clash + combat	
Deadly	Command	Paradise	conflict + crusade	thinking
Death	Conquer	Tranquil	encounter	contemplating
Deceiving	Courage	Peaceful	hostility	reflecting
Destroy	Daring	Serene	ravage	pondering
Devastating	Defeat	Eternal +	havoc	brooding
Disastrous	Defiance	everlasting	chaos	longing
Feeble	Delight	Immortal	Victim	
Frantic	Devoted	Celestial	Hero / heroic	soaring
Frightening	Dignity	Majestic	Brutal	
Horrific	Dominate		Survival	distraught
Insidious	Effortless	Inferno	Suffering	devastation
Invasion	Empower	Torment +	Sacrifice	despairing
Jeopardy	Epic	torture	Brandish	distressed
Lurking	Excellent	Punishment	Division	agitated
Looming	Excited	Blazing + burning	Rebellion	Apprehensive
Massacre	Fearless	Scorching	Anarchy	Anxiety
Nightmare	Ferocious	Afflicting	Sinister	Nervously
Painful	Fierce	Anguish + agony	Menacing	
Pale	Force	Condemning		Delight
Panic	Fulfil			Elated
Peril	Glorious	Distance	Violent + vicious	Excited /
Plummet	Glory	Gulf	Aggressive	excitement
Plunge	Graceful	abyss	Fierce + ferocious	Anticipation
Poison	Jubilant	chasm	+ frenzied	Exhilarated
Torture	Miraculous	void		Ecstatic
Tragedy	Noble	crater	Clawing	
Victim	Perfection		Biting	Heartless
Volatile	Praise	Reminisce	Stabbing	Cruelty
Vulnerable	Prevail	Nostalgic	Gnawing	Dehumanising
		Yearning	Piercing	
Ruthless	Reville	Sentimental	searing	Triumphant
Savage	Revolting	Remembrance	Stabbing	
Barbaric	Tyranny	Memories		Thunderous
Arrogant	Ancient	Craving	Demanding /	Devastating
Delinquent	Relic		dominating	Dangerous
Demolish	Concealed	distraught	Towering	Treacherous
Rampant	Veil	devastation	Taking over	Peril
	Shroud	despairing	devour +	Tempest
		distressed	demolish	
		agitated	flood	
		Apprehensive	overpower	
		Anxiety	controlling	
		Nervously		

Sample Answers

Mountain Piece – Student 1

I finally found it; the perfect place. No people, no nearby villages, no nothing. Just me and the mountains.

Except, something's still not right.

He's still here.

He's not talking to me, but I can still feel him at the back of my mind, just ... waiting. But that's good, it means he can't be influencing me, guiding me, forcing me to commit unspeakable acts. I can be in control for once, as if I finally got rid of the backseat driver. It's so satisfying, and so I decide I'm going to do something before my life inevitably comes crashing down again.

I slowly get up from my pier and slowly walk towards the hut, relishing not having to run anymore, except if I want to. I grab my fishing rod and head back the way I came. It's funny, I always thought dad was stupid for wanting to catch his own fish, but now it's all I can think to do. I cast the line, and the distant splash tells me I haven't lost my touch. The constant running has given me a new found appreciation for just sitting and waiting. What was it they used to say? Patience is a virtue, oh yes, how could I forget.

I sit for maybe minutes, maybe hours, listening to the gentle and almost soothing rustle of the trees. However, a consistently more aggressive rustle suddenly reached my ear. I barely have time to process it before several black clad figures emerge from the forest and there's one behind me and he's holding me down and I drop the rod and I feel him emerging from the back of my mind and I can't stop him and ...

I'm surrounded by darkness, trapped in my own mind.
And I know ... all those men.

I let my guard down.
And they died for it.

Student 2

The surrounding water on the dock was calm – a bit too calm for me.
The surrounding mountains looked dark and ominous – how I felt inside.

Far beyond the darkness around me I could make out a blinding light, it hurt my eyes if I looked directly at it for a long period of time. Out of nowhere, a beautiful dainty looking bird landed close to me on one of the stilts. I have a weakness for animals, they're the only thing that brings warmth to my stone-cold heart.

Why am I even here? I should know by now that nothing good comes out of being here. There's something that tugs violently on me, something so overwhelming, so overbearing, it takes over me and I cannot control it. It leads me to the same place – here.

I have always wondered why it brings me here, strange things that are unspeakable, to a single soul happen here and I feel like with each event that happens I'm going to become melancholy mad.

I can smell a foul stench that seems to be present when the night time appears. The night time comes and goes very quickly here, it's like a thief – you'd never know it was here. Here, all that happens are grotesque events. Events so malevolent that it puts Satan's work to shame and would make Christians cry out for mercy.

My mouth is clamped shut, from the darkness that is slowly taking over me, it's like a serpent of smoke intermingling with every part of me, with it comes a dual personality. When I'm away from here I'm like the lovable, charitable Mr Jekyll, but when I'm here it's like I've got the signature of Satan written upon my face like Mr Hyde.

I wake up from my draining sleep with beads of sweat breaking out on my forehead and clutching my chest in aggravation like someone had plunged a knife through me. I had experienced dreams like this before, the same damn dream that is draining me slowly while I sleep so when I wake up I feel barely alive.

I live two different lifestyles, the only difference is that one is real and the other isn't.

Student 3

As the man sat on the damp wood he began to glare at the expansions of the mountains forming a zig-zag, a delicate white bird caught his eye, it was resting on the wooden post, calmly stretching his satin soft wings and letting the soft Scotland breeze dance with his wonderful white feathers. It were as if he was an angel. The jagged peaks of the mountains are towering so high that they kissed the cascade of clouds as they devoured the blue in the sky. The fresh air whistled as it spoke of the picturesque landscape that had been carved by God himself. As the man was watching the clouds race each other like birds it felt like the world was going back in time. As the tranquil waters sat still, the man could see a droplet of water diving through the soft air and into the lake, quietly disturbing the calmness of the scene, the microscopic waves as they expand along the lake.

The layers of damp grass bled into the mountains whilst the little white bird lifted his wings and took flight. When this happened, the man began to realise the true meaning of life, the meaning that no technology could ever give. He grasped the moment of peace and tranquillity and kept it in his heart and mind and didn't plan on letting it go.

The smell of damp grass wafted around the man's nose. He could smell the purity of this place and it felt like he discovered it. The peaceful chorus of the little birds filled the whole of the mountains it was echoing around the place. The beautiful mountains looked though as if they were painted by God because their beauty is unmatched, it showed so much divinity and peace and the man had quickly fell in love with the place.

The bird continued to fly and the unfurling of its wings seemed to reflect in its natural simplicity the sudden relief of all the man's stress and anxieties. It was as if all his troubles had taken flight with the beauty of the bird, a reminder of his own youth. How precious was freedom, he thought. The magnificence of the landscape, its purity, had the capability of cleansing souls.

The place was concealed from the world, it was waiting to be discovered by mankind and now the magic of it is found. Speckles of green could be observed from the mini-islands that were scattered along the vast landscape. The mute mountains spoke volumes of the beauty of the place. It was magical.

Student 4

The day is cold and overcast, and the dark grey sky looms endlessly above me. As I take my first step onto the rickety old pier the wood creaks and groans, like an elderly woman rising from her chair, joints popping and complaining. Once I am seated, the cold air settles around me. The atmosphere alongside the lake is clammy, and condensation beads upon the dried-out wooden planks of the walkway.

I am completely alone up here, I realise as the overwhelming sound of nothing envelops me. When I gaze down into the water of the lake my own reflection stares back at me, only slightly contorted by the light ripples: the day is calm, the air is still, and the weather although chill is surprisingly welcoming. The high peaks of the mountains loom ahead, barely meeting in the middle and creating a gateway for the valley beyond. I can see the trail of the lake as it heads up hill, only slightly obscured by the light mist that curls around the slopes of the mountains in the distance. When summer breaks through the veil of spring the slopes will be mottled yellow, pink and healthy green as the warmth encourages life back into the landscape. For now, everything is cast through a stale grey filter.

Suddenly, the peaceful silence is interrupted. The sound is small, but stark against the tranquillity that my ears had grown accustomed to. There again, the noise surrounds me, bouncing off of the edges of the mountains and disorienting my senses. Again. Behind me this time. I whip around in search of the source, the sound growing louder to reveal a strange murmuring. My heart pounds in my chest as I try to level my breathing.

The sound is everywhere, growing louder and more frequent, and I try my best to convince myself it's nothing but I'm all alone, what if – a deafening screech echoes around the lake. My heart stops in my chest.

Earlier, I had eyed my pocket knife from its perch on my garage shelf. Why didn't I pick it up? I ask myself as the horrifying sound reverberates around the ravine. Just as I am preparing myself for defence ... a single gull lands to perch on the post in front of me. It looks me in the eye, tilts its head as if considering me, and lets out a screeching call. Relief floods me, adrenaline coursing through my veins and warming me against the chill air. I laugh, standing to leave, and give the gull a courteous wave. Smiling and shaking my head at my own mistake, I head home.

Creative Writing Examples - Student A

Abruptly the air was flooded with disgust. Once perfect porcelain walls now meandered with cracks racing from the rural floor to the peeling ceiling. The vast floor littered with various states of mould and a layer of dust over the whole room like dirty snow. A pristine dust layer. Lightning bolt scratches all along the emerald floor, each mark was the start of a story that would never be told.

Dirt scattered everywhere.

The broken window, archaic but not attractively so, allows the sun to stream in like a flamboyant ghost, not waiting for an invitation. The daylight illuminates the grime and dust dancing in the air. The most uniquely beautiful thing was the view. There was a gate of rough wood as big as a mountain and had ivy cascading over the fence. The stone path was punctuated with weeds after every stone. The un-manicured lawn was more moss than grass and was overshadowed by a huge

weeping willow flowing down onto the dank ground. Amidst the gloom, defiant daffodils reared their golden heads towards the window view as if they were an audience.

The crumbling walls and rooms were nothing more than a ghostly silhouette of some previous existence. The wind whistled through the trees bringing with it the laughter of children who once lived there and the caring call of a mother. The oldest residence of that house were spiders. Many generations had laced the walls with cobwebs of intricate beauty, even though they lay in dusty rags.

All around are artefacts of a life lived – and hastily forgotten.

Student B

The sea was wild and tumultuous. The black blanket that filled the sky felt as though it was enveloping me with every breath. Intermittently, it was as silent as a graveyard, interrupted by the crashing of the rollercoaster waves upon the smooth sand. Suddenly, a bolt of lightning flashed through the sky, sending a shiver down my spine. My toes clenched the sand, gritting it beneath my feet. I was stricken with fear. Shaking with the cold.

Earlier on today, while the sun shone brightly in the sky, the beach was filled with young children, laughing and playing. The warm sea gently lapped against the hot sand. Piercing through the thin, irregular clouds, the strong sun glared onto those who dared to lay in it; seemingly relaxed and in comfort, oblivious to the tattered, dark beach house which sat soullessly at the summit of a small sand dune.

From the outside, the hut was just an abandoned old shack, with its wooden panels splintering and its windows poorly patched up with splats of paint and odd strands of tape; exerting slight senses of undefinable eeriness. There would be no reason for you to walk up to it, while your mind is occupied with sunbathing, surfing and playing. However, from the inside, the walls are lined with sheets of solid metal, impossible to break or bend. Uncomfortably, the metal walls act as an insulating box, with the intense midday temperatures being exaggerated to a very extreme. The windows are sealed and half covered, but with vision only allowed from inside out; from the outside looking in, all you can see is darkness. Through the deafening silence, there is a penetrating ticking noise, coming from a black box in the top corner of the hut.

I am inside. Trapped.

As the sun fell in the sky, the temperatures plummeted, the crowds dispersed and once again I was left stranded in the pitch black box, with the bitter wind whistling through the gaps in the screws on the wall. All I could see out the slits of the windows were the violent waves, with the roaring sky conjuring a storm above it, calmly lit up by the moon ignorantly looking down upon me.

With each piercing gust of wind and each thud of water upon the shore, the ticking noise became more frequent. Ticking. Ticking. Louder and louder. Of all the questions rattling through my head, there was only one I could answer for myself; the box.

Student C

Sometimes I think you left with a fistful of breadcrumbs. Maybe that's why I find you everywhere I go. You had an innate sense of compassion which manifested itself in various ways; it often demonstrated itself in attempts to fix things that were not broken.

That may be why it was so unexpected when you left.

I slumped onto a log in the centre of the forest; I had been walking for hours in a futile attempt to erase my memories. Transfixed by a ladybug crawling tentatively towards me, I pressed another bottle to my lips and kicked a mound of leaves that had been mocking me since I sat down. My watch kept getting louder, the ticking tricking me into a false sense of security. I realise the increase in volume was entirely self-fabricated but it was the only thing louder than my thoughts.

I remembered that night. We stood in a concrete jungle as two drunken tongues argued themselves sober. I tried to help by swallowing my pride but it clawed its way out of my mouth and pushed you away. My hands grasped at your shirt – tugging gently – but I already knew you were gone, the air made breathing so bitter.

The ladybug crawled onto my hand and up my arm; the subtle tickle warmed my heart. I smiled. Tears began to swell in the corner of my eyes. It was getting harder to determine my emotions. Once again I looked down at the ladybug, which had now found comfort on my fingertips. Smiling again, I took the deepest breath I could.

I remembered that night. An isolated lamp post towered over us as we sank to the lowest level of resentment. The tragedy was, by tomorrow we would be over. The irony was that I think you knew that yesterday. Fingers cramped from pointing. Eyes sore from crying. Head numb from shouting. We came to the conclusion that being in love was not a sufficient reason for two people to stay together.

I was pushed back into reality by a weight on the opposite side of the log; it took my feet off the ground. Our eyes were reluctant to meet and so they darted across the forest, already searching for an escape. Then you leaned closer to me and my heart no longer retained resilience – it shook and quivered like a Haitian road as you turned my jaw to face you.

‘I’ve missed you’.

Flustered, my heart stopped beating and when it restarted, it was going too fast to configure an actual sentence.

I stuttered ‘How did you find me?’

‘It’s strange, sometimes I think you must have left with a fistful of breadcrumbs. I find you everywhere I go’.

Student D - Angel on Fire

A patchwork of broken bones. Fragments of their skeletons litter the floor, wrecked, spilling blood. A coffin of shattered glass. Once upon a time, this house had breathed in incandescent lights and colourful hues. Now, it shudders in the wake of one too many broken hearts.

He lies in the midst of a waging war. Sleep, ever fitful as it is, looks good on him. For a fleeting moment, I can see my father as the man he once was, back before I stole everything from him. The thin line of his mouth stretches into something akin to a smile. Though the room is shrouded in darkness, the crescent moon squints through a gap in closed curtains, casting shadows over washed out skin. In the twilight, I see a man who has already lost everything he has to live for. The long months have constructed thin lines and creases in places where they shouldn’t yet exist. I know that if he were to open his eyes, flutter pale lashes against wrinkled lids, I wouldn’t recognise the man inside them.

My heart aches for the solid familiarity of his hand in mine, of evenings eating takeaway pizza in front of the TV, of playgrounds and dancing for too long and falling asleep to the sound of his voice reciting stories crafted just for me. Stories of the angel who fell from grace and the girl who lost herself trying to save her.

Hesitating. I reach out, tentative, deliberating. Strands of greying hair tumble over creased forehead and the urge to brush them away is irrepressible in my veins but I do not. I do not move. I cannot torture myself with what I no longer have.

In the middle of a battleground, a man lies. His only daughter steals a final glance back at his unconscious body and closes the door on their memory.

Forever is a long time.

Sixteen years had come and passed in the blink of an eye, yet two months seemed like a lifetime. Agonizingly slowly, the seconds had ticked by, feeling more like minutes with each passing day. A week had stretched into years. A month felt longer than the time I had spent on Earth.

It's funny how things are different when you're dead.

No longer breathing, but unable to pass on. Trapped in a limbo, midway between nothing and the edge of forever. Your vessel, buried six feet under, decaying and rotting, while insects crawl into your eye sockets and feast on the remains. Your soul, immortal, forced to watch on as the lives of people who once loved you fall apart without you in it.

It's cold here. They told me that when you die, the pain vanishes with you. But I'm dead, and it's cold, and the icy chill never fades. It seeps into my heart, and my mind, and it will not go away. When I was five years old, Mum told me that Granddad had gone to a special place called Heaven, where the sun always shines and everybody dances and the pain is non-existent.

But I'm dead Mum, and it's cold and dark and I'm all alone. Nobody dances and everything hurts. Where are you? I thought I'd find you here. Instead, all I've found is a thousand different ways to hurt. I can't save them. Dad lost the love of his life, and he lost his baby girl, and now he's all alone with nothing but one hundred bottles of beer.

I long for them. I long for the man who gave up a life of fame and stardom to protect his only daughter. Alone, in this inbetween, I scream for them.

My call goes unanswered.

Sometimes, when the pain I left them with is too much for any of us to handle, and their suffering reopens wounds that will never fade, I leave. Let my soul float up into the night sky, away from the scars I have left on their lives, to the deepest parts of this darkened city, where light cannot find its way.

She is radiant, glowing, ethereal. A Goddess of the Night.

Bathed in a silver hue, she gazes at the broken body which once housed her dreams and her demons. The sight of my own corpse was enough to grind everything to a halt, the shock seeping

into my cold, cold bones. I could feel nothing, but I knew that if I could, I would have choked on the bile sure to be rising in my throat.

There is something that keeps me from him. He is the sun and I am the moon – two lovers trapped in an eternal state of chasing yet never finding. Too different to exist side by side.

Her blood red lips stumble over syllables, forming words, but no sound reaches my ears. It is silent. It is always silent in this realm of immortal shadows and broken promises.

A fire is ignited deep within some unearthed part of my soul. Where once I felt nothing but an icy chill, I can feel the heat of a thousand suns, licking at the charred remains of a broken heart. The flames curl higher, leaving tendrils of smoke in their wake. I am burning. I am on fire. Standing in the ashes of who I used to be, my world goes cold.

I will watch you, while you watch your father. The three of us, once a happy family, now trapped here forever in a state of frozen futility. Imprisoned in a world where the sun never shines, where nobody dances and where pain is all we will ever know.

It is cold here. Say goodbye to everything.

Descriptive Fire Picture

Example 1

He searched frantically for the match stick, scanning endlessly across the room. His eyes glared in the darkness, quickly shifting left to right. There! There it was! His sweating palms clenched onto the thin devil that was about to kick start his plan. He raised his hand towards the sky as if glorifying the deadly thing. All he needed was the lighter. The lighter to start this fire. The lighter to make this house burn.....

The flames sprinted up towards the sky. Racing, competing, against one another. The dancing devils pranced around the screaming house; unaware of the damage it's causing. They coughed puffs of black smoke, suffocating and intoxicating the night sky and the blazing building. The choking mess became claustrophobic, spitting and spluttering bits of wood. Slowly dying. First it's limbs. Now it's body. The heat gnawed at its skin, eager to take a bite of its roasted flesh.

He sprinted towards the door; joy bubbling inside him. He stood outside the fiery wreck. The flames were huge, nothing was going to stop them. The wood crackled in the blistering heat, the varnish bubbled, gradually turning into thick black slime. During this spectacular moment, he couldn't help but notice a sudden movement from within the burning hell. Questions ran through his mind. What have I done? What if someone's in there? He edged closer towards the disaster. The window burst free, crying a plea of help, leaving traces of shattered bodies on the starving sod. But it was evident... Within the house crying in agony, was what seemed to be a young girl....

At that moment he realised. The plan had gone for the worst

He barged through the burning door, shouting frantically, in search to save the girl. What had he done? He began to become imprisoned in his thoughts. Questions overpowering him. His mind was just as chaotic as this mess. He was a mess. The plan was a mess. Everything was a mess.

Racing up the stairs, he came across a room. But it was locked. He had this eerie feeling, she was in there. He helplessly kicked, punched and threw all sorts of objects at the barrier but it was no use.

Crouched sadly behind the door, he began to think. He began to think about his little sister. He began to think about why she wasn't with him anymore. Her piercing screams rang in his ear; tears rolling down his face. The tragic image of the flames licking her poor body sent shivers down his spine. Why? Why did it have to happen? I could have saved her.

But there was nothing he could do.

The night was calm, as if oblivious to the havoc erupting below. His blistered body stood outside the large pile of burnt, crispy wood. All that ran through his mind was 'could I have saved her?' The bitter breeze battered his red malicious body as if punishing him for his torturous plan. His mind was corrupted. Vicious images slaughtered his mind. He was exposed to the darkness. Exposed to brutality. Exposed to trauma

He realised he had to forget about this. Forget about the house. Forget about the dead girl. Forget once more

Example 2

It was a cold winter morning. The cold air danced with the leaves, swaying from side to side, from left to right. The cold, lifeless logs sitting there. No movement. I started the fire

It was lively, the place was alive. Spirits of joy filled the room. There was a dark shadow in sight. The trees danced with the music. The air was calm. Glasses clinked, feet stomped, laughter filled the air. The velvet curtains sat next to the window; watching the herd dancing and laughing and smiling. The wood gleamed almost like a crystal. The chandelier twinkled with happiness. Buzz and excitement was contagious. Everyone enjoying their evening; one last time.....

I was like a wolf searching for my prey. The sound of happiness making my stomach churn. The thought of my head racing towards my mind, were not for another's mind. Hands shaking, lips quivering. Thinking about the injustice I was about to commit. Would I ever forgive myself?

Spark!

The glossy velvet curtains were the first target; easy to set alight like fire to paper. The wood cracking, people screaming, the roof shooting down and crushing the insects beneath. The flames roared, spreading the waves of fury throughout the house. I watched as the flames raced against each other, destroying everything in its path. The excruciating screams of those pierced the ears of the dead. Nothing could stop the destruction ahead.

The windows burst out a scream of help, shattering helplessly. The sounds of those running sounded like a herd of horses galloping; the ground vibrating. Panic filled the air, frantic actions possessing the minds of the good. The fire became a beast, roaring aloud, making its

way outside to these surroundings. People to bones, trees to ashes, bricks to cement. The flaming grass was smoky. Everything was perished.

Darkness filled my soul. What was once good was lost. I was surrounded by corruption and hate and treachery. It brought joy to me, to others it brought destruction.

Breathing the cool air into my lungs and back out. The scene outside was breath-taking. Everything was so white and so pure. This was one's heaven. The lighter in my hand let out a spark, I started a fire once more.....

Example 3

Dark. So dark. Andrew rose from where he was laying; piles of sweat running down his pale face. Smoke battered his tensed body and puddles formed his eyes. What had happened? Even though the night engulfed him, the air was intoxicating. A round of coughing fits corrupted his body. He heard a noise coming from behind his door. He screamed

Balls of flames roared above the ceiling; illuminating the dark sky from outside. A solitary tear ran down his cheek and it was then that he felt the heat pushing him back. His breath took over, in and out. Half expecting it all to be a dream, his eyes opened. Reality.

He remembered every detail.
He remembered the emotions.
He remembered death.

He sunk to the ground, staring outside his window. Wood was blistering in the heat and watched the flames racing and meeting each other. Slowly, very slowly, Andrew began to rise. His legs were shaking rapidly and he dragged his feet across the floorboards. The leaves from the trees danced with the thin air that brushed against his cold cheek. It was time. Darkness.

Andrew watched the way the leaves flew off the tree and from that moment, he wondered what life would be like if he flew away too.....

Example 4

I never believed that something so dark could occur during my life. Thinking about that day gives me an unimaginable amount of pain. The thought of it rips me to shreds. As I lay here in the bed staring through the window, hoping something would take my mind off that night. Scars do not heal

Life was perfect! I had anything I could possibly ever want. The perfect job, the perfect car and the perfect house. When one day that was taken away. Light and heat are my enemies. The source that causes me to think about that night.

Warm and toasty. The fireplace was on and giving a joyful and relaxing feel throughout my home. Now. I was always told to keep an eye on the fire but I never listened!

The flames leaped onto the soft velvet rug quicker than a tiger pounce. Spreading faster than a tsunami. Within seconds my home was flooded with fire. The smell of smoke filled my nose with the taste of burning wood in the air. I made a desperate attempt to try to stop it. I was overpowered. I felt weak. My knees began to weaken and my arms began to lose strength. I stood there in agony and suspense. Rapidly thinking about how or what I'm going to do.

As my house melted, my heart melted too.

I felt heat like I'd never felt before. I knew my only option was to make a desperate attempt and run outside. Another part of me wanted to make a brave attempt to save as many of my possessions as possible. I made an attempt for the door when suddenly a large piece of wood collapsed on my legs. I felt imprisoned, scared, trapped. A tear ran down my face as I knew the end was coming. The fire had caught up to me.

The fire swallowed my legs. Burning my skin and melting my flesh. My legs blistered and boiled as I screamed. Second by second I could feel my heart beating slower and the world around me was collapsing. Was this it? Am I going to die?

Example 5

As I stood there, watching my beloved house smoke and slowly disintegrate, the tree shooshed and swayed from side to side. This time the smoke was brutally engulfing the bitter air. As the flames shot up and met each other in the air, I could hear 'CRASH' 'BANG' as the whole upstairs was falling apart.

When the fire was huge and immortal, the wood was blistering and you could hear pops and sizzles as the varnish bubbled. As the dark, depressing clouds overlooked the bright and outrageous fire, I knew everything was over. I knew at this moment in time the fire brigade would take ages so I accepted defeat. There was nothing I could do to stop this fire.

However, the night was calm. But depressing. As the flames furiously took over my house and caused it to crumble, the green grass was flaming and was very smoky. I stood there watching my house burn and I felt the flames heating me up. I could see it again. The flames. The house. The grass. It all came back to me and I could feel the emotion from it.

Example 6

The smoke rose to the sky. The sky glistened. The heat spread across the land. I panicked. I didn't know what to do.

My house was on fire.

I dashed outside. The blistering heat of the flames scorched my skin. I looked at the house – the flames had engulfed the entire house. The fire burned so bright it was like a beacon of

destruction. The flames blast through all of the doors and windows, like a tsunami, destroying every object that steps in its path.

I could not believe this was happening.....
I tried to tell myself it was just a dream.

I could hear the vicious roars of the flames, spreading onto the grass. Almost as if it was marking its territory.

But then I heard a snap.

It was the snap of a twig; I quickly turned around. There was a dark, tall figure. I sprinted towards him as he ran into the darkness.

The fire burned on.

The heat increased. The flames got brighter. The flames became stronger. As the flames spiralled out of control, I wondered – who was that shadowy figure?

Mysterious Situation

Lightning permeated the dense, grey clouds. It flashed hot and bright- so blinding that the sky, for an instant, became a single sheet of white. A low rumble of thunder echoed across the vast canopy of sky and reverberated through the nooks of the turret. Scudding in from the West, a thick blanket of black raincloud threatened to release floods of water onto the castle parapets beneath.

The castle stood abandoned; it was ancient and in disrepair. Its walls were permanently sodden from years of exposure to the cruel elements and they were caked with moss and mould. The brickwork – huge, rectangular blocks of sandstone – was carefully crafted to form its solid structure, yet it was crumbling in places and likely to tumble should any particularly ferocious tempest stray nearby. A moat of deep, dark, dangerous water swirled around the castle walls in whirlpools, tormented by the raging storm.

Despite the unsettled, angry water, a small wooden vessel seemed to glide through it like a swan. Unaffected, it approached the craggy rocks forming the base of the castle. A man, soaked to the skin and blisteringly cold, got out and began to moor up.

Meanwhile, in the boat, there was another drenched man-hunched over, sheltering his face from the bitter storm under a large black cloak. In his hands, he held a heavy rope- his fingers worked quickly and dexterously trying to untangle a large sailor knot that was hindering them from mooring safely. After a few moments of struggle, he hastily flung the unknotted rope out of the vessel to his companion who tied it to a limp looking post with a metal ring attached to it.

Falling backwards onto the abrasive floor below, the man appeared to snap like a dry and feeble branch.

As he lay there on the ground, a bolt of lightning shoots down, penetrating the thick mass of grey cloud for a final time.

Abandoned Setting

Green limbs tangled above the decaying shells of long-abandoned vehicles, forming a canopy that barely permitted the harsh rays of the sun to burn through. The stealthy fingers of squat oak trees reached out tenaciously towards them. The vehicles themselves were coated in a thick layer of rust - the colour of burnt copper – and were battered and bruised through years of exposure to the elements.

Like a queue of taxi cabs, the vehicles waited patiently in the forgotten depths of the forest. Specks of light from the midday sun, which had successfully fought their way through the overhead canopy, lit up their broken bodies. Their trunks gaped open woefully and their shattered eye sockets stared blindly forwards.

The aroma of rust and decay occupied the clearing: it was choking, corrosive. No fresh breeze could infiltrate the thick shrubbery to provide relief. The cars lay there, suffocating on their own putrid stench. It was overpowering. Meanwhile, the squawks of blackbirds echoed like sirens around the clearing. The chilling sound was relentless. It echoed through the car's hollow bodies, feeling its way through the cracks in windows and doors, stroking the upholstery of the rotting seat as it passed.

Spread over the floor of the clearing, a thick blanket of autumn leaves hid the earth beneath. They had turned a shade of burnt red and had bleached edges that resembled torn parchment. They were brittle and cracked from the heat in the clearing. Amongst them, all manner of insects scuttled- manoeuvring themselves between moments of shade, before the unforgiving rays of sun could scorch their exposed bodies.

Peaceful setting

Two recumbent mountains lay either side of the glassy, cool waters of the lake, resting peacefully as bruised clouds gather around their summits. Their gargantuan bodies create a valley in which the mountain lake has formed, finally settling after centuries of earth movement.

As well as reflecting both of the craggy rock faces and the layers of moist shrubbery coating them, the perfectly still water forms a mirror. The smooth surface replicates the patterns of grey from the canopy of cloud above. The whole scene is a picturesque watercolour, designed at the hands of the skilled landscape artist.

On one side of the lake, there is a small shack. It appears insignificant at first—just decaying timber panelled walls and a rickety door hanging from its hinges. The slate tiles on the roof are cracked and broken. The windows, which have not been cleaned for some time, are smeared with dirt and grime. It seems as though this residence has been neglected for several years.

In this tranquil, uninhabited setting, the only sounds are made by Mother Nature herself: the gentle swish of the breeze as it passes through the shrubbery, the melodic whistles of distant birds and the occasional plop of water as a heron searches for its next meal.

Happiness

Soothing, tranquil waters of the city's majestic river snaked round the city like a blue silk ribbon, rows of trees standing erect along the outer edges of its banks. Each tree danced and chattered in the gentle caress of the summer breeze, their branches gesturing to welcome me. From this distance, they looked like splatters of paint on a busy artist's canvas; the view itself a stunning painting of life. I took in the incredible view from the highest point that I had found in the city, contemplating my next move but reluctant at first to move on from this happy place.

Lavender. I picked up the unwavering, blissful aroma of the flowers that clung to the high wall. Those delicate, dainty flowers, I thought, clinging on to this unforgiving rock and battling against the Mediterranean winds day after day. If only they could be free, like me.

The sun, which had been casting its monumental golden rays over the city all day, was finally setting low sun behind me; I noticed its yellowing effect on the wisps of blonde hair which had escaped my ponytail. The gentle breeze teased the peak of my straw hat, playfully threatening to carry it way down to the bustling city below.

As I glanced contentedly over Paris, I caught a glimpse of the bells in the cathedral tower beginning to sway with strength, control and rhythm; bells that I knew were colossal in size, but from here, looked like bronze specks, like the minute inner-workings of a priceless, ancient watch. After the movement of the bells came the melodic, metallic sounds; carried, it seemed, on the warm light winds. It was as if the bells were beckoning me with song to explore the city.

I drew a long, slow breath and listened intently.

My open palm rested atop the rock wall where I perched. It was cold. Coarse. Callous even. I made my decision in that instant. The skin of my fingertips scraped uncomfortably along the stone as I sprang sprightly backward, gleefully running down the first of hundreds of uneven stone steps, down to the undiscovered secrets of the city.

Reading Questions

Key Language Methods – Use in Q4 + Q2

Remember,

Don't need to say what the method means BUT why used – what does it show us?

Adjective	Describing word
Verb	Doing word
Adverb	Describes a verb
Simile	Describes something as LIKE something else
Metaphor	Describes AS something else
Personification	Gives human features WHAT FEATURES + WHY?
Alliteration	Words with same letter What sound create? Eg 's' – soft? Sinister? 'h' – hard? Threatening? 'b' – aggressive?
Triplet	3 words / phrases used together What feeling create? Could create entrapment / enclosed / surrounded
Dialogue	Speech
Repetition	Idea / word / phrase which re-used – why?
Sensory language	Linked to senses See, hear, touch, smell, taste
Contrast	Opposing / opposite ideas
Imperative	Order / command
Colloquial	Informal language
Hyperbole / hyperbolic	Exaggerating – why?
Imagery	Words which connect to something else

	Eg animalistic Can't just say imagery is used – what kind + why?
Onomatopoeia	Creating sound described
Oxymoron	2 contrasting words put together
Pathos	Creates pity / sorrow
Irony	Not what expected
Symbol / symbolic / symbolism	Represents something else / deeper concept / idea
Tone	Creates mood / feeling
Pathetic fallacy	Weather represents tone / action

Key Structural Methods – Use in Q3 + Q4

Remember,

Don't need to say what the method means BUT why used – what does it show us?

Start / beginning / commencement	
End / close/ denouement	
Pivotal shift	Writer change focus
Contrast	Opposite ideas
Juxtaposition	Opposing ideas placed side by side
Cyclical	Linking back to previous idea
Foreshadowing	Hinting / inferring / introducing idea which returned to later
Chronological	Ordered time sequence
Flashback	Use of past
Flashforward	Use of future
Orientation	Use of place / location
Character	Consider when introduced + why
Narrowing of focus	Zooming in – why?

Widening of focus	Zooming out – why?
Narrative	Who is telling – why?
Temporal adverbials	Words linked to time – convey passing of it
Climax	Key moment

Reading Questions

Q4 – Evaluate – statement – quote / method / what we learn – layers of meaning/development

9.45 – 10.15

- Agree with statement
- Quotes which link to it
- Methods
- Explain how demonstrate sentence

Use first person narrative – give YOUR opinion on HOW WELL the writer has demonstrated idea in statement

I fully agree we do see
The writer has successfully portrayed this through
The use of the shows us that
This could also reveal that which lead us to

Another key way I believe the writer has Is in ‘.....’
The use of the is significant to demonstrate
This might also lead us to

I strongly feel the writer has effectively demonstrated.....

Q2 – Language – key word in question / quote / method / what we learn – layers of meaning + development

10.15 – 10.25

Only use box given – not outside of this

The writer conveys..... link to question

*This is shown through quote
The use of the Method*

THIS SHOWS ...	THIS SUGGESTS ...	THIS HIGHLIGHTS	THIS INTERESTS ...
Demonstrates	Implies	Emphasises	Fascinates
Reveals	Infers	Stresses	Amuses
Exposes	Hints at	Spotlights	Satisfies
Discloses	Signifies	Underlines	Terrifies
Uncovers	Connotes	Accentuates	Enthralls
Unearths	Denotes	Underscores	Enthuses
Proves	Insinuates	Foreshadows	Stimulates
Validates	Intimates	Exaggerates	Galvanises
Exhibits	Advocates	Reiterates	Animates
Establishes	Poses	Restates	Rouses
Denotes	Conjures	Zeroes in on	Stirs
Displays	Symbolises	Promotes	Placates
Flaunts	Points towards	Pinpoints	Provokes
Showcases	Indicates	Bombards	Deceives
Presents	Alludes to		Astonishes
Conveys	Evokes		Manipulates

Key words
shows
implies
highlights
portrays
conveys
Demonstrates
Significant

Q3 – Structure – Where? What? Why?

Start / pivotal shift / end

10/25-10.35

The writer structures the text to open with

.....

We see this when

This suggests that which is interesting because

The writer further structures the text to create a pivotal shift.

We see this when

This is intriguing as it shows us

.....

Finally, the writer has structured the text to end by

.....

This is shown in

The writer has sustained interest by

.....

This is significant because

Q1 – Identify – 4 pieces of information 10.35-10.40

- Take from section given ONLY!
- Check information definitely answers question
- Stick to obvious
- Write into full sentence
- Don't need to analyse / say what we learn – just give the info!

Q2 - Language – 8 marks = 10 mins

Question – what do you have to ans?

Approx 3 quotes

Method used

What does this show?

Language methods

Nouns + adjectives
Verbs + adverbs
Similes / metaphors / personification
Imagery / symbols
Short sentences / complex sentences

Q2 - Language – 8 marks = 10 mins

No intro + DON'T list devices

The writer uses aDEVICE.....

This is shown in theQUOTE.....

From this, we can learn that

Develop / explain / detail!

Key words

shows
implies
highlights
portrays
conveys
Demonstrates
Significant

Q3 - Structure – 8 marks = 10 mins

• The writer structures the extract to open withPOINT

• We see this inQUOTE

• This METHOD is used to EXPLAIN

• The writer structures the extract through a pivotal shiftPOINT

• We see this inQUOTE

• This METHOD shows EXPLAIN

Structure methods

Foreshadow
Contrast
Juxtaposition
Cyclical
Linear
Chronological
Flashback

Q3 - Structure – 8 marks = 10 mins

• The writer structures the extract to close withPOINT

• We see this inQUOTE

• This METHOD is effective as EXPLAIN

• **Remember**

- Quotes!
- Explain WHY used in order does
- How aspects connect!

Structure methods

Zoom in / out
Location / orientation
Characterisation
Temporal (time)
Spatial (space/location)

Q4 - Evaluate – 20 marks – as long as possible!

WHY agree?

First person narrative!

To what extent agree?

Quotes + methods x5

Language methods

Nouns + adjectives
Verbs + adverbs
Similes / metaphors / personification
Imagery / symbols
Short sentences / complex sentences

Structure methods

Foreshadow
Contrast
Juxtaposition
Cyclical
Linear
Chronological
Flashback

Q4 - Evaluate – 20 marks – as long as possible!

I agree that

This is shown inQUOTE.....

I think that the strongDEVICE ... means that ...

Another reason why I agree is through the use of

The writer has also effectively shown that

Evaluation Key words

Significant / strong / powerful / effective / key

Key words

shows
implies
highlights
portrays
conveys
Demonstrates
Significant

Question 2 - Total Marks - 8

AO2

Explain, comment on and analyse how writers use language and structure to achieve effects and influence readers, using relevant subject terminology to support their views.

This question assesses Language ie: Words / Phrases / Language Features / Language Techniques / Sentence Forms

Marks	Skills Descriptors
<u>Level 4</u> Perceptive, detailed 7-8 marks	Shows <u>detailed</u> and <u>perceptive</u> understanding of language <input type="checkbox"/> <u>Analyses</u> the effects of the writer's choices of language <input type="checkbox"/> Selects a <u>range</u> of <u>judicious</u> quotations <input type="checkbox"/> Uses <u>sophisticated</u> subject terminology accurately
<u>Level 3</u> Clear, relevant 5-6 marks	Shows <u>clear</u> understanding of language <input type="checkbox"/> Clearly <u>explains</u> the effects of the writer's choices of language <input type="checkbox"/> Selects a <u>range</u> of <u>relevant</u> quotations <input type="checkbox"/> Uses <u>subject terminology</u> accurately
<u>Level 2</u> Some, attempts 3-4 marks	Shows <u>some</u> understanding of language <input type="checkbox"/> <u>Attempts</u> to comment on the effect of language <input type="checkbox"/> Selects <u>some relevant</u> quotations <input type="checkbox"/> Uses <u>some</u> subject terminology, not always appropriately
<u>Level 1</u> Simple, limited 1-2 marks	Shows <u>simple</u> awareness of language <input type="checkbox"/> Offers <u>simple</u> comment on the effect of language <input type="checkbox"/> <u>Simple</u> references or textual details <input type="checkbox"/> <u>Simple</u> mention of subject terminology
<u>Level 0</u> No marks	No comments offered on the use of language. Nothing to reward

Q3 - Total Marks - 8

AO2

Explain, comment on and analyse how writers use language and structure to achieve effects and influence readers, using relevant subject terminology to support their views.

This question assesses how the writer has structured a text. Structural features can be: at a whole text level

eg. beginnings / endings / perspective shifts; at a paragraph level eg. topic change / aspects of cohesion; and at a sentence level when judged to contribute to whole structure

Marks	Skills Descriptors
<u>Level 4</u> Perceptive, detailed 7-8 marks	Shows <u>detailed</u> and <u>perceptive</u> understanding of structural features <input type="checkbox"/> <u>Analyses</u> the effects of the writer's choice of structural features <input type="checkbox"/> Selects a <u>range</u> of <u>judicious</u> examples <input type="checkbox"/> Uses a <u>range</u> of <u>subject terminology</u> <u>appropriately</u>
<u>Level 3</u> Clear, relevant 5-6 marks	Shows <u>clear</u> understanding of structural features <input type="checkbox"/> Clearly <u>explains</u> the effects of the writer's choice of structural features <input type="checkbox"/> Selects a <u>range</u> of <u>relevant</u> examples <input type="checkbox"/> Uses <u>subject terminology</u> <u>accurately</u>
<u>Level 2</u> Some, attempts 3-4 marks	Shows <u>some</u> understanding of structural features <input type="checkbox"/> <u>Attempts to comment</u> on the effect of structural features <input type="checkbox"/> Selects <u>some</u> <u>relevant</u> examples <input type="checkbox"/> Uses <u>some</u> <u>subject terminology</u> , not always appropriately
<u>Level 1</u> Simple, limited 1-2 marks	Shows <u>simple</u> awareness of structure <input type="checkbox"/> Offers <u>simple</u> comment on the effect of structure <input type="checkbox"/> <u>Simple</u> references or examples <input type="checkbox"/> <u>Simple</u> mention of subject terminology
<u>Level 0</u> No marks	No comments offered on the use of structure Nothing to reward

Q4 - Total Marks - 20

AO4

Evaluate texts critically and support this with appropriate textual references

Marks	Overview Statement	Skills Descriptors
<u>Level 4</u> Perceptive,	In this level critical evaluation will be	<u>Critically</u> evaluates the text in a detailed way <input type="checkbox"/> Offers examples from the text to <u>explain</u> views

detailed 16-20 marks	perceptive and detailed	<u>convincingly</u> □ <u>Analyses effects</u> of a range of writer's choices □ Selects a <u>range</u> of relevant quotations to validate views
<u>Level 3</u> Clear, relevant 11-15 marks	In this level critical evaluation will be clear and consistent	<u>Clearly evaluates the text</u> □ Offers examples from the text to <u>explain views clearly</u> □ Clearly <u>explains</u> the effect of writer's choices □ Selects <u>some relevant quotations</u> to support views
<u>Level 2</u> Some, attempts 6-10 marks	In this level there will be some evaluative comments	<u>Attempts evaluative comment on the text</u> □ Offers an example from the text to <u>explain view(s)</u> □ <u>Attempts to comment</u> on writer's methods □ Selects <u>some quotations</u> , which <u>occasionally</u> support views
<u>Level 1</u> Simple, Limited 1-5 marks	In this level there will be simple personal comment	<u>Simple evaluative comment on the text</u> □ Offers <u>simple example</u> from the text which <u>may explain view</u> □ <u>Simple mention</u> of writer's methods <u>Simple references</u> or textual details
<u>Level 0</u> No marks		No relevant comments offered in response to the statement, no impressions, no evaluation.

Writing

24 marks for content and organisation + 16 marks for technical accuracy =40 marks

AO5 Content and Organisation

Communicate clearly, effectively and imaginatively, selecting and adapting tone, style and register for different forms, purposes and audiences.

Organise information and ideas, using structural and grammatical features to support coherence and cohesion of texts.

Marks		Skills Descriptors
	Upper Level 4	Content □ Communication is <u>convincing and compelling</u> throughout

<p>Level 4</p> <p>19-24 marks</p> <p>Content is convincing and crafted;</p> <p>Organisation is structured, developed, complex and varied</p>	<p>22-24 marks</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☐ Tone style and register <u>assuredly matched</u> to purpose, form and audience; manipulative, subtle and increasingly abstract ☐ <u>Extensive</u> and <u>ambitious vocabulary</u> with sustained crafting of linguistic devices <p>Organisation</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☐ <u>Highly structured</u> and <u>developed</u> writing, incorporating a range of integrated and complex ideas ☐ <u>Fluently linked paragraphs</u> with seamlessly integrated discourse markers ☐ <u>Varied and inventive</u> use of structural features
	<p>Lower Level 4</p> <p>19-21 marks</p>	<p>Content</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☐ Communication is <u>convincing</u> ☐ Tone, style and register <u>consistently match</u> purpose, form and audience; ☐ <u>Extensive vocabulary</u> with evidence of conscious crafting of linguistic devices <p>Organisation</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☐ <u>Structured and developed</u> writing with a range of engaging complex ideas ☐ <u>Consistently coherent</u> use of paragraphs with integrated discourse markers ☐ <u>Varied and effective</u> structural features
<p>Level 3</p> <p>13-18 marks</p> <p>Content is clear and chosen for effect</p> <p>Organisation is engaging and connected</p>	<p>Upper Level 3</p> <p>16-18 marks</p>	<p>Content</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☐ Communication is <u>consistently clear and effective</u> ☐ Tone, style and register <u>matched</u> to purpose, form and audience ☐ <u>Increasingly sophisticated vocabulary</u> and phrasing, chosen for effect with a <u>range</u> of appropriate linguistic devices <p>Organisation</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☐ Writing is engaging using a range of <u>detailed connected ideas</u> ☐ <u>Coherent paragraphs</u> with <u>integrated discourse markers</u> ☐ <u>Effective</u> use of structural features
	<p>Lower Level 3</p> <p>13-15 marks</p>	<p>Content</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☐ Communication is <u>clear</u> ☐ Tone, style and register <u>generally matched</u> to purpose, form and audience ☐ Vocabulary <u>clearly chosen</u> for effect and <u>successful</u> use of linguistic devices <p>Organisation</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☐ Writing is engaging with a <u>range of connected ideas</u> ☐ <u>Usually coherent paragraphs</u> with <u>range of discourse markers</u> ☐ <u>Usually effective</u> use of structural features
<p>Level 2</p>	<p>Upper Level 2</p>	<p>Content</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☐ Communication is <u>mostly successful</u>

7-12 marks Content is mostly successful and controlled	10-12 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> □ <u>Some sustained attempt</u> to match purpose, form and audience; some control of register □ <u>Conscious use</u> of vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices Organisation <ul style="list-style-type: none"> □ <u>Increasing variety</u> of linked and relevant ideas □ <u>Some</u> use of paragraphs and some use of discourse markers □ <u>Some</u> use of structural features
	Lower Level 2 7-9 marks	Content <ul style="list-style-type: none"> □ Communicates with <u>some success</u> □ <u>Attempts</u> to match purpose, form and audience; <u>attempts</u> to control register □ <u>Begins</u> to vary vocabulary with <u>some use</u> of linguistic devices Organisation <ul style="list-style-type: none"> □ <u>Some</u> linked and relevant ideas □ <u>Attempt</u> to write in paragraphs with <u>some</u> discourse markers, not always appropriate □ <u>Attempts</u> to use structural features furniture
Level 1 1-6 marks Content is simple	Upper Level 1 4-6 marks	Content <ul style="list-style-type: none"> □ <u>Simple</u> communication of ideas □ <u>Simple awareness</u> of purpose, form and audience; <u>limited</u> control of register □ <u>Simple</u> vocabulary; <u>simple</u> linguistic devices Organisation <ul style="list-style-type: none"> □ One or two relevant ideas, <u>simply linked</u> □ <u>Random</u> paragraph structure □ Evidence of <u>simple</u> structural features
	Lower Level 1 1-3 marks	Content <ul style="list-style-type: none"> □ Communicates <u>limited meaning</u> □ <u>Occasional</u> sense of purpose, form and/or audience □ <u>Simple</u> vocabulary Organisation <ul style="list-style-type: none"> □ One or two <u>unlinked</u> ideas □ <u>No</u> paragraphs □ <u>Limited or no</u> evidence of structural features
Level 0 No marks	Candidates will not have offered any meaningful writing to assess Nothing to reward	

AO6 Technical Accuracy

Candidates must use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation.

Marks	Skills Descriptors
<u>Level 4</u>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> □ Sentence demarcation is <u>consistently secure</u> and <u>consistently accurate</u> □ <u>Wide range</u> of punctuation is used with a <u>high level</u> of accuracy

13-16 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> □ Uses a <u>full range</u> of appropriate sentence forms for effect □ Uses Standard English <u>consistently and appropriately</u> with secure control of complex grammatical structures □ <u>High level of accuracy</u> in spelling, including ambitious vocabulary □ <u>Extensive and ambitious</u> use of vocabulary
<u>Level 3</u> 9-12 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> □ Sentence demarcation is <u>mostly secure</u> and <u>mostly accurate</u> □ Range of punctuation is used, <u>mostly with success</u> □ Uses a <u>variety</u> of sentence forms for effect □ <u>Mostly uses</u> Standard English appropriately with <u>mostly controlled</u> grammatical structures □ <u>Generally accurate</u> spelling, including complex and irregular words □ <u>Increasingly</u> sophisticated use of vocabulary
<u>Level 2</u> 5-8 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> □ Sentence demarcation is <u>mostly secure</u> and <u>sometimes accurate</u> □ <u>Some control</u> of a range of punctuation □ <u>Attempts</u> a variety of sentence forms □ <u>Some use</u> of Standard English with <u>some control</u> of agreement □ <u>Some accurate</u> spelling of more complex words □ <u>Varied</u> use of vocabulary
<u>Level 1</u> 1-4 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> □ <u>Occasional</u> use of sentence demarcation □ <u>Some evidence</u> of conscious punctuation □ <u>Simple</u> range of sentence forms □ <u>Occasional use</u> of Standard English with limited control of agreement □ <u>Accurate basic</u> spelling □ <u>Simple use</u> of vocabulary
<u>Level 0</u> No marks	Candidates' spelling, punctuation etc. is sufficiently poor to prevent understanding or meaning.