



Pearson
Edexcel

A Level English Language and Literature

Summer 2019 Exemplars

NEA/Coursework:
Investigating and Creating
Texts (9EL0/03)





	Page
Introduction	3
Exemplar Folders 1–4	4–59
Exemplar Folder Commentaries	60–62



Introduction

- The purpose of this pack is to provide teachers and students with some examples of responses to A Level English Language and Literature NEA/Coursework component: Investigating and Creating Texts (9EL0/03).
- In this pack, you will find sample folders; moderator commentaries and marks.
- If you have any enquiries regarding these materials or have any other questions about the course, please contact our subject advisor team on 03330 164120 or via [here](#).



Exemplar Folders



Folder 1

Commentary

My written pieces are both based around the Holocaust, looking at its impact on society. My fiction piece, *Birds of a Feather Flock Together (Flock)* is the opening to a feature length screenplay, looking at an outsider's perspective of the Holocaust, based on the film script *Schindler's List (List)* written by Steven Zaillian and the original novel, entitled *Schindler's Ark* Thomas Keneally. The film's focus on an individual is replicated within *Flock*. Similarly, my non-fiction piece *Facts verses Fiction: Denial answers all (Versus)*, reviews the 2016 film *Denial*. The review's core text is *The Feminine Mystic* by Pauline Kael (*Feminine*), replicating the declaratives satirical tone found in the *Cupcakes and Kalashnikovs* collection (*Cupcakes*). However, stylistically *Versus* emulates generic conventions of *The Guardian* reviews. My article is aimed at the more liberal readership of *The Guardian* newspaper and both pieces are aimed at the millennial adult reader and audience.

Flock's graphology and font, *Courier*, is conventional of a film script, opening with stage directions. These directions give potential directors an indication to what the writer intended the scene to look like. The capitalisation, like that in *List*, stresses the importance of a specific direction to a director. "SQUAWKING" is the first capitalised direction, as it's imperative to setting a distressed opening tone. The direction also introduces the ornithological motif, signposting to viewers this is an important theme used throughout the screenplay.

Flock's other stimulus text, *Maus* by Art Spiegelman, distinguishes the Jewish community from other groups, through anthropomorphism. Similarly, *Flock* uses Payam the city pigeon, to narrate as an objective onlooker. Payam etymologically means messenger, indicating his natural narrator role. Additionally, pigeons are considered to be spirit messengers, carrying messages between the worlds of the living and the dead which helps to enforce that Payam is a reliable narrator, telling the story of those killed. Payam, being a bird, separates his narration and the story, allowing him to note nuances, which characters cannot. The

Word Count : 324 /1186



character differences also reflect the audience's distant perspective of the Holocaust. I chose to do this as it reflects my own initial distance from the Holocaust, before my research through the Lessons From Auschwitz project. A lexical field is created to reflect the anthropomorphism created through verbs like "soaring", "squawked" and "flying" demonstrating the narrator's idiolect, suggesting the narrator is not human due to their lexical choice. This lexical field is continued throughout, reinforcing the narrator's distance from the story and their ornithological form.

Throughout the script, *Flock* uses non-standard orthography highlighting the narrator's difficulty in speaking a second language. Paralleling this, *Maus*' non-standard orthography demonstrates a speaker's difficulty when attempting to learn a second language's grammatical rules; presented through the speaker's unconventional syntax and grammatical errors. Phrases in *Frozen* like "Migrations many I've seen" and "persons love" replicate *Maus*' idiosyncratic grammatical style. The declarative sentence "Is when it began truly.", highlights linguistic proficiency of the narrator. Truly would usually be earlier in the sentence for emphasis, this change highlights Payam's second language struggle. These grammatical choices are imperative to the screenplay, developing characterisation and distancing the narrator from the viewers.

Another stimulus text for *Flock*, *The Girls* by Emma Cline, uses childlike similes and metaphors to demonstrate the narrator's adolescent mind and naivety. The misinterpretation of the Jewish identification as a sign of being a "Christmas lover" replicates this. The star of David is an indication of the Jewish faith, but stars also carry Christmas connotations. Misinterpreting the star's meaning creates a juxtaposition, highlighting the idiocy of forced identification. The extended simile of the "song box" continues the adolescent tone, signaling the narrator's childlike mind, paralleling the life of the "turner" with the life of those inside the ghetto. This makes the situation for those inside the ghetto relatable to the audience.

Word Count : 303 /1186



Furthermore, it subtly evokes a sense of closure, closing the gates as well as closing people out from their destiny, just like closing a music box closes the ballerina off from fulfilling their destiny.

This idea of closure is cemented throughout, reiterated through the scene's cyclical structure, opening with a "slapped up" poster and ending with a simplified explanation that the poster "explained it all". This demonstrates the poster's perpetual affect, implying the inevitability of those within the ghettos fate. It controls those subjected to it, forcing their removal from society. The adverbial phrase "slapped up" suggests that the poster means so little to those unaffected by it that they are emotionless to it, for them it is just paper.

This perpetual effect is also subtly conveyed for the liberal readers of *The Guardian* in my non-fiction review. Typical of the review genre, a first-person narrative is used throughout, creating my own distinctive voice, like Bradshaw's in *Review*. The cliché phrase "left me on tenterhooks", allows me to create my enthusiastic informal voice, typical of the distinct review genre voices. The metaphor and the first-person personal pronoun "me", indicates from the offset, my personal opinion will be integrated throughout. The first-person narrative allows me to explore this perpetual affect, indicating to the reader that the Holocaust's impact is still relevant and always will be, a central idea reflected in Kael's review that the 'shrewd film' 'touches on something deeper than men's fear of feminism'.

Like *Feminine*, *Versus* uses intertextuality to create a reference point for readers. The declarative sentence "It's not like *Schindler's List* or *The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas*, leaving you crying for days on end.", highlights to the reader the film's theme. However, the hyperbolic phrase "crying for days" signifies Denial's difference from previous interpretations. This is necessary, suggesting to the reader that the film's gravitas differs from the films mentioned: as it is of more importance. *Versus* topical news ending, typical of a *Guardian*

Word Count : 328 / 1186



article, forces readers to reflect on their assumptions of the Holocaust. Intertextuality also gives readers a sense of character, while creating a humorous tone. The italics within the sub-clause “just this time it’s a figurative *rat*.” creates a comical tone and voice for me, reinforcing the informal conversational tone of the review. The indirect first-person opinion continues the first-person narration, like Naomi Wolf’s *Sex and the Sisters* stating, ‘nobody yells at the women for spending too much on their shoes.’

Versus analysis of cinematic techniques, like that found in *Feminine*, is another generic convection of film reviews. The humorous phrase “utilises the cheesy and overworked iconic rainy taxi scene for once, successfully.” borrows other genre features along. The high frequency word “cheesy” and the low frequency word “utilises” cements the structure of review as both informal and formal; informal in its approach but formal in its writing, needed for the sophisticated Guardian readership. Cinematic techniques are also present in *Flock*, through stage directions like “giving a bird’s eye view above the ghetto”. These directions give potential directors a clear insight into my vision. Although this may restrict actors, as well as directors, it assures that both parties know what is being asked of them. Additionally, it continues to reinforce the ornithological motif and connotations as seen throughout the script, ensuring the idea of a distant narrator is conveyed to the audience.



Birds of a Feather Flock Together

Ext. 1940s Winter Poland.

Black screen disappears as SQUAWKING birds spread from center screen revealing Warsaw underneath. People wearing thick winter coats, some with a YELLOW STAR SEWN ON.

The camera follows one bird, A PIGEON. The pigeon swoops and land on a ROOFTOP OVERLOOKING THE CITY.

Guard walks to a lamppost and takes a POSTER from his bag, covers it with a paintbrush and glues it on a lamppost. Guard leaves SILENTLY as people stare at him, they then hastily move to where he came from.

A pigeon is only seen in the corner of the screen as a part of the background. Payam speaks with a POLISH ACCENT.

PAYAM (NARRATOR)

Slapped up that poster was. Delicate, drippy desires soaring away. All squawks within that flock were extinguished.

Crowd is SILENT.

Word Count : 138/815



Some squawked. Some didn't. Most didn't. Most follow the
flock.

Migrations... many I've seen. Flying under many different
currents. Yes, done that too I have. But none like this.
Never a person migration. Only ever a flock. Only for a
warmer winter. Never to migrate persons.

*Payam leaves the roof and hovers over the city. It lowers and
lands on top of a lamppost. The people are below are all
standing in silence, STARING at the poster.*

PAYAM

Stars are for Christmas.

November 1940: The gate closed on the many ecstatic for
Christmas. Neither ecstatic nor Christmas lovers were what
the star-wearers were.

This flock nested together so it seemed their breed
followed Christmas. Squawks later told me I was
misinformed. It wasn't an early festivities seed. It was
forced identification. It was for all those who didn't
celebrate Christmas. It was for the Jews. Nazi occupied

Word Count : 147/815²



Poland is where the flock were forced to nest. In that
Winter. Specifically that Winter. Winter that those
overbearing, unperchable gates locked. Is when it began
truly.

*SNOW BEGINS TO FALL. The people begin to disperse, moving
forward until all have read the poster then leaving in all
directions.*

*All JEWS TURN LEFT and begin to walk quickly towards the
gates.*

ADAGIO FOR STRINGS BY SAMUEL BARBER BEGINS TO PLAY.

*The Jews shoulders are hunched, and their heads are down,
and all are walking quickly away. Payam rests on a lamp
post.*

PAYAM

Persons love snow. They make snow persons and snow chick
persons with wings made from nest material and small eyes
black. Every made is different, like their creators. The
frozen water ruins nests but looks beautiful while flying
floor towards. They're different, all of them. All within

Word Count : 140/815 ³



the flock are different. All special. All happiness,
opportunities and luck deserved.

*Payam glides down and follows a mother and daughter who
walk hastily towards the gate. The mother, Marta, is
middle-aged, and her daughter, Ola, is around 10/12 they
are HOLDING HANDS.*

OLA

Mama are we to return immediately to the ghetto?

MARTA

Simply Serduszko, Yes. Hitler said so, we do so.

*Ola trails behind her mother attempting to match her pace.
They enter the ghetto gates. Everyone's facial expression
is panicked. The camera and Payam follow the pair. Payam
flies over the 20 foot gates and brings the camera with him
giving a bird's eye view above the ghetto where everyone's*

Word Count : 132/815

⁴



*movement is erratic. Dead bodies line the streets and
FEATHERS are STUCK TO THE BARBED WIRE above the gates.*

MARTA

Ola you must hasten. We have no time for floating around
if we want to survive.

PAYAM

Mother hens: always right. No exception this time. Flying
was only useful to those who could, like me. Not them.
Being slow gained nothing.

I didn't understand why the Jews separately lived. That
poster explained it all. Survival of the fittest is natural
to me, them not. It had to become natural for the flock
forced to nest.

I remember seeing children with their song boxes playing.
The little tiny person turning on one leg surrounded by a
magpie's jewel-hoard dream, while some song played. Maybe
life was this before the nest was closed. Not longer. Apart
from both were inside locked, the turner and the Jews.

I could fly, escape the walls. They couldn't. I wasn't
locked in or forced on a train. I knew where my family was.



They didn't. Similarities began and ended with hunting for
food. We both did it.

Ola walks quicker appearing visibly worried and panicked.

MARTA

Ola, Serduszko, please don't worry.

PAYAM

This time mother hen was wrong. Worry she should.

*The ghetto is in an anxious silence. All turn to the ghetto
gates. SS soldiers push closed the gates, slamming them
shut. All present stare at them in fear and bewilderment. A
crow flies from the rooftop of a building inside the ghetto
to one outside.*

PAYAM

I guess he knew what was coming. One of the few lucky
enough to escape the ghetto freely and alive.

Screen turns black

SCENE ENDS

Word Count : 96/815 ⁶



Facts versus Fiction: *Denial* answers all

"Silence encourages the tormentor, never the tormented", Elie Wiesel.

Emmy award winning director, Mick Jackson's *Denial* is everything a film with this importance should be. Its gripping narrative left me on tenterhooks and kept me asking for more. More information, more justice and more emotion.

After the many Holocaust films, I thought it was impossible for a new light to shine on an old narrative. However, *Denial's* approach is fresh and tasteful. It's not like *Schindler's List* or *The Pianist*, leaving you crying for days on end. Instead, you're left questioning as to why in our society, one arguably more accepting and understanding, people can freely deny the Holocaust. Why aren't there stricter guidelines around fake news and why are we so naïve to believe the majority of what we read?

The film is based on Lipstadt's self-penned autobiography, *History on Trial: My Day in Court with a Holocaust Denier*. From the outset I thought the film lacked substance. It seemed too blasé to cover such a sensitive topic. Oh, my naivety!

Lipstadt is a woman of her word, which Rachel Weisz embodies while playing Lipstadt. I've met Lipstadt, she's an unbelievable woman, but not someone you'd describe as bubbly. She's straight-talking, determined and inspiring. Weisz was critiqued for 'flat acting' but, I think it's true to character. Lipstadt's there to win her case, not make friends.

Word Count: 233/927



Timothy Spall, known to modern day viewers as 'Scabbers' the rat in the *Harry Potter Series*, once again fulfils this role as David Irving, just this time it's a figurative rat. I see Irving as an arrogant, egotistical liar who ignores fact and presents his opinion as historical truth. He's the modern-day Amon Göth, shooting lie after lie at his audience who feed off his every word, following him into a sewer of lies.

Lipstadt's 'lawyered up' with Princess Diana's divorce Lawyer Anthony Julius, played by Andrew Scott. Or, her 'junkyard dog' (her words, not mine). As a Brit, I never acknowledged our judiciary system differed enormously from elsewhere. Like Lipstadt, I expected the system to favour her. We both struggled to understand why she should have to prove the Holocaust to someone who "sees history from Hitler's point of view."

Irving treats the trial like a continuous cat-and-mouse game or rather, a cat and rat game. He attempts to escape all claims made against him while running further into his delusion. He claims the case is 'David versus Goliath already'. That he's the underdog against Penguin the publishing heavyweight and that the case was 'academia versus the rest'.

Lipstadt's arrival in London, coupled with Jackson's clever use of pathetic fallacy, utilises the cheesy and overworked iconic rainy taxi scene for once, successfully. Unconventionally, it's usage actually aids the film rather than hinders it. A miserable, dark and hopeless tone is created as her defeat seems imminent. Lipstadt's legal team are still to find their "atom bomb defence" while Irving's popularity and confidence perpetually grows.

Word Count: 265/927



Tom Wilkinson's portrayal of Richard Rampton, Lipstadt's libel lawyer is everything I wanted and more. He is that cold, emotionless lawyer, but he's also a multifaceted and caring person. He cares more than he wants to reveal. If emotion overcomes him, he becomes a liability, too involved with what the case stands for rather than the case itself. Thankfully for us and Lipstadt, his business acumen never wavers. The case is to be won and is not an emotional appeal to the British public for support.

Today, freedom of expression is something we're proud of. With social media's limited censorship, we're allowed to say what we want within a matter of seconds. Freedom to say what we want, about who we want, when we want seems positive. But, in cases like Irving's, where freedom of speech is left in the wrong hands, can we argue as a society it is always good to be free when the factually incorrect can be stated as historical fact?

I felt no sympathy for Irving, as Lipstadt reiterates he took her to court as she called him a "falsifier of history". That's undeniable, he is. Irving was jailed for three years in Austria in 2006 after his 2005 arrest for Holocaust denial. Of these three years, Irving served just thirteen months. Was this enough? Irving's website, preaching continual Holocaust denial and anti-Semitism, is active. His "Irregular Blog: A Radical's Diary" is still in the public domain. His "Index on the Auschwitz Controversies", including a photo of Adolf Hitler and a speech bubble next to him saying "\$1000 reward offer for proof that Hitler knew of the Holocaust." is also still accessible. Our society seems tolerant on the surface, but Irving's Holocaust denial is still online for anyone to see.

Word Count: 295/927



How is this fair to the millions that lost their lives because of the Holocaust? When do we say enough is enough and remove hate speech from the Internet? Would we want future generations to read and believe Irving when no survivors are left to tell their tale?

If *Denial* has stood for anything to me it's for representing the unrepresented, showing survivors the respect, they deserve. Like Elie Wiesel said, "Silence encourages the tormentor, never the tormented".

If we sit in silence *nothing* will improve.

Denial is an unmissable film. I believe its importance and relevance is more prevalent now than ever. Truth shines ever brighter in the societal sewer of lies. When fiction brings fact to the dock, fact always wins.

Denial is available to stream on Netflix from 27th June 2018.



Bibliography

Core Texts:

Zaillian, Steven., 1993, *Schindler's List Script*, Universal Pictures

Mills, Eleanor et al (Editors) 2012, *Cupcakes and Kalashnikovs: 100 years of the best Journalism by women*, 3rd Ed, London, Constable

Additional Texts:

Speilgelman A., 2003, *The Complete Maus*, 1st Ed, London, Penguin Group

Cline,E., 2016, *The Girls*, 1st Ed, United States, Chatto & Windus

Frank, A., 1995, *The Diary of a Young Girl*, 1st Ed, United States, Doubleday

Wladsylaw, S., 1999, *The Pianist*, 1st Ed, Great Britain, Phoenix

Morris, Heath., 2018, *The Tattooist of Auschwitz*, 1st Ed, Australia, Bonnier Publishing Australia

Articles:

Bradshaw, Peter., 2018, *Mamma Mia! Here we go again review – feta fever dream sequel is weirdly irresistible*. The Guardian Review

Bradshaw, P.,2018 The Guardian Review, *Mary Poppins Returns review - a spoonful of state-of-the-art genetically modified sweetener*. Available from :



<https://www.theguardian.com/film/2018/dec/12/mary-poppins-returns-review-sequel-emily-blunt>

Television/Films:

Schindler's List (Film) 1993 produced by Steven Spielberg, Branko Lustig and Gerald R. Molen

Denial (Film) 2017 produced by Gary Foster and Russ Krasnoff

The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas (Film) 2008 produced by David Heyman

The Pianist (Film) 2003 produced by Roman Polanski, Robert Benmussa and Alain Sarde

Deborah Lipstadt Speech and Question and Answer session at the Holocaust Educational Trust's Ambassador Conference 2018 [

<https://vimeo.com/278353197>]

Music:

Barber, Samuel., Adagio for Strings [

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KyIMqxLzNGo>]



Folder 2

Commentary

My two pieces inspect the theme of the individual in society, particularly the impact of parental figures on a child's life. My fiction piece *The truth About My Peter* is a short story. It is a story that directs the focus to the untold truths of living with abusive parents and is influenced by my knowledge of the care system. It was influenced by *A Child Called It (A Child)* by Dave Pelzer and *The Kite Runner* by Khaled Hosseini. The article is intended to be featured in *The Guardian*, particularly in the Society (the Social Care section). It is written to inspire families and adults to take an interest in Foster Care and increase awareness on the rising issue of carer shortages. The article was inspired by 'The Right to Life: what can the White Man... Say to the Black Woman?' in *Cupcakes and Kalashnikovs* (ed. Eleanor Mills) and Kevin Williams' article '*Foster carers are more than parents - it's important to recognise that.*' He has created an opinionated piece which is full of figures demonstrating an intelligible and direct understanding of the Social Care System by using his personal experiences as anecdotes.

The truth about My Peter gives the same insight into the character's mind as Pelzer does in *A Child*. More importantly, by stating the location as 'South London', I aim to evoke a geographical stereotype which is that the lower the class as it is more likely a poorer child would be put into care. When I contacted a social worker as part of my research she stated that more foster carers are needed in London due to an increase in children that are in care, particularly South London. Consequently, I have contextually shaped my piece this to reflect this reality. Additionally, 'Peter' has outbursts of profanity - "*I'm fucked.*" – which serves as an indicator of his sociolect and influences the reader's judgement of the character's class.

The graphology I have used is important. By writing in bold and italics I suggest that there is a difference in voices and characters talking. More noticeably, the fact that Peter uses more educated lexis and sophisticated register than his Mother – 'impaled the

366/1219



fumes’ and ‘hissing with pure bleach’ - also implies and create a difference in voice which creates a division between the two characters.

The naming of my character was very important: I decided to employ a name that had a hidden meaning. ‘Dom’ means a ‘harmful stranger’ in Greek yet in English the name means ‘Lord’. I did this to suggest the difference between how the character sees himself and how he is portrayed to others. I found inspiration for this in a few pieces of writing, including ‘Her Saving Grace’ by Kadener. She uses the name Kayla as her main character, which has various possible meanings and origins. Having a hidden meaning in the name can give a complex but subtle insight into the story at the beginning of this piece and I intended to hint at the character’s personalities to shape the readers knowledge of the story.

In the final paragraph of my fiction piece, I have the ‘Mother’ burning the books that Peter had once used to document his trauma, and the last sentence creates the image of the book burning: “They burn the air, my heart, his skin.” This implies the lasting affect that abuse to a child can have on their life, an idea of a permanent mark that can’t be removed, demonstrating the impact of having abusive parents and how it can influence them in the future.

In my Non-Fiction piece, *The Breakable Bond*, one of the style stimuli I decided to use is Alice Walker’s ‘The Right to Life: what can the White Man... say to the Black Woman?’ in *Cupcakes*. It inspired the tone and structure of my non-fiction piece because her use of discourse markers intensifies her point of view as her article develops. Walker uses short declaratives such as, “Let us be clear” and “Let it be remembered”, which convey a commanding and assertive tone which is emulated when I used declaratives such as, “It isn’t.” and “that number terrifies me”. In doing so, I was able to convey the untold truths about the need for additional foster carers and to inform people of the struggles the social care system is facing. Walker’s thought-provoking ending, “We are listening” helped influence my ending, “He deserved to be”. This declarative produces an emotional response to leave readers thinking that there is more that they can do to help.

764/1219



Candice

I use my own experience of being a part of a family who foster children and who have done so for over two years to be able to connect with the reader and to create a more realistic and relatable approach. I use a personal narrative of a little boy to create an emotional response. I was inspired to try and achieve this response by reading articles such as Sally Weale's piece in *The Guardian*, where she discusses 'David's' issues with learning in school after being adopted. I introduce the story of "Peter [that] is a twelve-year-old boy who doesn't understand what he has done wrong." This helps to humanise the issue and invest in the story and connect with the people behind the facts and figures.

Prior to writing the article, I did research to obtain some statistical information on the negative and positive effects of foster care in children's lives, using statistics and figures make the piece of writing more reliable and trust worthy, all the statistics and figures used in this article have been taken from 'Social Service Northants'. From this research I have used a direct quotation from a former foster carer and current social worker. This is a direct quote (name changed for data protection) from an employee of the ██████████ shire Foster Care Agency. Using people such as 'Alice Smith' to give their opinion gives the piece of writing a personal aspect and creates a sense of expert authority. I have reinforced this by choosing to write an opinionated style piece. By doing this I have included phrases such as "In my experience" and giving clear examples of what I had to do. This has been included in the writing to create a distinctive and honest tone for the article.

In terms of structure, I decided to use a cyclical structure by using Peter at the beginning of the piece and referring to him once again while closing the article. This brings the reader back to the personal aspect of the article and is effective in achieving the purpose of the article because it remind the readers of my context which is to encourage readers to recognise the human lives that are affected by being in the foster care system.

In conclusion both pieces that have been written have been created to try and create a level of awareness of children that have either been lost or found through the Social Care

1172/1219



System. I have implied a degree of understanding of the topic I have chosen to write my pieces on. Through this in both pieces of writing I have scrutinised the theme of the individual in society and how parental figures can leave a lasting effect on children.

1219/1219



The truth about My Peter

October 25, 2005, Peckham, South-East London,

England.

I'm late. I know I am.

I can't move my legs any quicker than I already am. It's as if my legs are starting to become frozen.

Numb. Useless.

Yet my mind is racing, chasing thoughts away that threaten to beat me. My mind is already there.

In that house.

It's Tuesday. How could I forget that it's Tuesday.

I can already see his fucking car parked outside the house.

I'm too late.

I halt before opening the door. I think about all the possible punishments; we ran out of bleach yesterday, so it won't be too bad.

I need an excuse. That's what I need. My last ones weren't fucking good enough.

I hold the ice against the black bruise on his arm. Quietly sniffing, not letting him know, not letting him see the pain that this brings me. How could I?

How could I show him *my* sadness when he is the one suffering? How could I make the guilt of his mum's sadness rest upon his young mind?

183/1871



He does love me. And I love him, I always will. But what can I do if he doesn't do his jobs that he has been asked to do?

Dom sets *simple* rules.

Rules that should be enforced in every household. If you don't follow the rules there must be consequences. He's set them to keep me safe, to help me not get caught. We've all had to experience Dom's anger. He doesn't mean to come across rude. He's very protective of his clients. He's helped me through a lot. It's hard being a single mum, you know? You probably don't. That's why I call Dom, He just gets it.

I remove the pack and wipe away the melted ice left on the bruise. I smile at him with nothing but love.

I love him. And he loves me.

October 26, 2005

I hate her. She holds ice to the swelling bulge that was gifted from Dom last night. We don't talk. At least, I don't. Every now and again she'll re-organise my hair a little. She rested her cold, thin arms upon my shoulders and distantly stared at me, most likely expecting some sort of response from me. Which was incredibly naïve of her.

Kelly had the same upbringing that I'm "lucky" enough to have. The only thing different is that she was completely incapable of ever understanding the concept of learning in a school environment. She was brought up to believe that the only place you could learn something new was watching how your parents did things.

442/1871



She's crying. The incapable wench. She calls herself a mother. Mother?

The ice comes off and the smile is out. That smile. The smile that means, "I can't help you, but good luck".

A son is supposed to love their mum. But the term love isn't in my vocabulary when talking about Kelly.

I walk downstairs to leave for school. Breakfast hasn't crossed my mind as I know there's nothing but alcohol and drugs in our fridge and cupboards. It's easy to make mistakes, mistakes such as being alone in the house and thinking you have found a rare bag of icing sugar in one of the top draws.

Leaving the house gives me an automatic sigh of relief. As I step on the fallen brown, orange and red crispy leaves, I listen to the crunch they make as the impact of my flimsy shoe deformed the lifeless crumbs of what was once a part of a beautiful, strong tree.

Walking to school must be my favourite part of each day.

I like to count my steps. Every time my feet gently pat the cold, firm ground.

1...2...3...4

I always wonder what would happen if I didn't walk to school. If one day I turned left instead of right. If one day I stopped counting my footsteps and start running. If on that day I ran to somewhere warm. Somewhere where I am loved. Somewhere kind. Somewhere gentle. Somewhere that will protect me.

How naïve of me.

I turned into the school gates where I was greeted each day by Angie. Angie is the school's social worker, she's taken care of a few kids in the past couple of years, it was only

725/1871



a matter of time before she was instructed to speak to me. However, overtime Angie and I became quite good friends, she let me talk. She lets me talk quite a lot.

She examines my bruises and brushes her fingers through my hair to find last week's present from Dom. She's so gentle. She talks to me about what she's planning on doing for Christmas with her family, I'm so focussed on the sound of her voice that I forget to tell her where it hurts. Purely because nothing hurts when I'm with Angie.

She asks me to explain to her what happened. One more time. As I begin to speak. I close my eyes. I speak of lasts weeks tactics that Dom used to try to teach me to keep my mouth shut . I told her about how I reluctantly climbed into the bath that was hissing with pure bleach. Dom shut and locked the door. The first couple of times we played this game I would leap out of the bath as soon as I heard the key turning in the door. I was stupid then. I now began to listen as the footsteps started going down the stairs. I don't jump out either anymore, I balance with my feet on one end of the bath and my hands holding me up on the other, they slowly started to shake with the weight of my body becoming too much for them to handle. The whistle of a cool breeze drifted over my bleach-burnt skin.

Footsteps.

I lowed myself, slowly. Quietly, back into the acidic pool and closed my eyes. The toxic gases had become so strong in this tiny chamber that my eyes had been relentless watering and stinging with agony. As I struggle to breathe, I can do nothing but cough and cry. The sick bastard is outside listening, waiting for me to beg.

"Help. Please".

The fulfilling noise of the door being unlocked has impaled the fumes and reached my desperate ears.

1062/1871



I open my eyes to see Angie facing the wall, emotions flooding her eyes, blinking aggressively to hold back the tears. A smile slowly started to appear on her face, and as always she tells me how brave I had been and that I did a great job.

She gave me a hug and whispered in my ear that 'change was coming'. In that very precise and exact moment,

I believed her.

Staring at the bare, lifeless room where my son had once slept, it hadn't changed a bit. It happened so quickly: they took him with only what was on his body. His books – only *his* books were left behind. Books which he confided in, the ones that broke me, where he spoke of things that he would never have been able to tell me. Two years of horror stories, two years of pain. Dom's guilt, my recrimination.

I watch the papers curl into crisp, blackening shards and disintegrate into dust. They burn the air, my heart, his skin.

1232/1871



Non-fiction

The Breakable Bond

...investigates the challenges of being a foster carer and why there is such a high demand for them.



Peter is a twelve-year-old boy who doesn't understand what he has done wrong. He doesn't understand why his dad would hit him. He wants to be able to go to the park and to play freely. He wants to eat at the dinner table, to be surrounded by his family, to be loved.

He isn't.

To some, being a foster carer may seem over-whelming and complex. Yet, in my view, it consists of three things: to teach, to love, to care. Three things people are being paid to show young children that have been brought up without those essential nurturing qualities. Yet that isn't just what a foster carer does: the complexity of their responsibilities has grown exponentially over the last few years, and in light of cuts to social care and childrens' services, things are only getting tougher. But as the job description becomes more elaborate, the number of carers has fallen by 9,000.

That number terrifies me.

In my experience of being part of a family who foster, carers play a vital role in "looked after" childrens' lives. They offer love, support and nurture – all the time, every day, twenty-four-seven.

They sit through hours of Disney films, mouthing every word, they help

1460/1871



with the never-ending amount of homework, bake hundreds of cakes for the school fairs and read, it seems, every bedtime story ever written... twice.

In the toughest darkest corner of Social Services, ██████████ has been a social worker for over 12 years, a job that "follows you home".

"There's nothing worse than taking a vulnerable child out of their home and have nowhere to put them," she says. "Several times I've had to have children come and stay at my house because there are not enough foster carers available." When asked about why she didn't become a foster carer herself, she responded with "I used to be one at the beginning of my career with social services, I did it for a year or two but couldn't hack creating a bond then saying goodbye. As a social worker each child is a number, they have to be or the job would be too emotionally difficult."

There are 55,200 children living with a foster family in 2018. A survey that consist of 68% of these families, states the most common challenge that they struggle with is disciplining a "looked after" child. A foster carer would have to take precautions to not trigger abusive emotions, violent past experiences or have a phantasmagoria of fear and panic.

They must take all of this into consideration and *still* try not to be a doormat.

A foster carer is so much more than just a 'parent', they are at the centre of a multi-disciplinary team of professionals. . They do an endless amount of reports and paperwork, they must complete a variety of assessments, have regular supervision and they also have to conduct monthly home reviews. Yet the most important thing to remember is that they are given the opportunity to change childrens' lives every day, they enable each child that walks through their door to have a brand-new start at life, a new perspective to see the world and allows them to change their future to be whatever they want it to be.

1800/1871



We were all born with the ability to change someone's life and foster carers play a vital role in doing so. Peter could be placed into a new home, with a new family and a new life ahead of him, something every child deserves. They deserve to be able to go to the park and play freely. To be able to eat dinner surrounded by their family.

He deserves to be loved.

1871/1871



Bibliography

Core Texts:

David Pelzer, 1995, *A Child Called It*, Deerfield Beach, Florida: Health Communications

Mills, Eleanor et al (Editors), 2012, *Cupcakes and Kalashnikovs: 100 years of the best Journalism by women*, 3rd Ed, London, Constable

Hosseini K, 2011, *The Kite Runner*, open market edition, UK Bloomsbury Paperbacks

Additional Texts:

Elizabeth Scott, 2008, *Living Dead Girl*, Reprint ed. Edition, UK Bloomsbury Paperbacks

Articles:

Kevin Williams, 2018, The Guardian, Social Life Blog, *Foster carers are more than parents – it's important to recognise that*. Available from: <https://www.theguardian.com/social-life-blog/2018/sep/12/foster-carers-arent-parents>

<https://www.theguardian.com/social-life-blog/2018/sep/12/foster-carers-arent-parents>

Rob Davies, 2018, The Guardian, Fostering, *Children used as 'bargaining chips' in foster care disputes*. Available from: <https://www.theguardian.com/fostering/2018/sep/12/children-used-as-bargaining-chips-in-foster-care-disputes>

<https://www.theguardian.com/fostering/2018/sep/12/children-used-as-bargaining-chips-in-foster-care-disputes>

Sally Weale, 2018, The Guardian, Adoption, *Adopted children 'barely surviving' in high pressure schools*. Available from: <https://www.theguardian.com/adoption/2018/sep/12/adopted-children-barely-surviving-in-high-pressure-schools>

<https://www.theguardian.com/adoption/2018/sep/12/adopted-children-barely-surviving-in-high-pressure-schools>

Interview:

With Social Worker employed by ██████████ shire County Council, 15th December 2018.



Folder 3

Commentary

My two pieces explore the theme of the individual in society, specifically the consequences and attitudes towards mental health. The inspiration for my article 'I thought I was insane' comes from the extensive understanding of current issues and persuasive nature of the texts in 'Cupcakes and Kalashnikovs'. It focuses on the understanding about the stigma around mental health and tries to educate the generally liberal viewed readers of *The Guardian*, to try and destroy the stigma. 'The Kite Runner' inspired me to write about first person traumas and thoughts in my fiction piece 'The Friends'. The protagonist unravels his mental health disorder, schizophrenia, through his thoughts and voices that only the reader will ever know. This short story intends to raise awareness of the horrific consequences of schizophrenia and enlighten the reader to want to help.

'The Friends' uses different fonts and arrangements on the page to suggest the difference between the main protagonist's voice compared to the schizophrenia voices. The text size also gradually gets larger nearer the end to imply the voices intoxicate the brain and get louder, his suffering gets worse. This powerful effect was chosen because it is similarly used in my other stimulus text, 'The Shock of the Fall' by Nathan Filer. It creates a contrast between reality and normal thinking to the unrealistic, negative thoughts that disguise themselves as part of the person. It begins with 'She doesn't want you.' This introduction to the first character is intense, and with a schizophrenia voice starting the piece, it conveys to the reader that the voices are in control, not the protagonist, creating a lexical field. The negative phrase also sets the tone for the piece and by addressing the reader as 'you', they are immediately involved in the story, making them a witness. The voices are named as 'friends' to refer to the middle of the text 'I now have friends I

Word count: 318



thought' though because they are negative, I wanted the contrast of the stereotypical values of a friend to compare to how the voices behave. The italics in the title conveys the irony of them being defined as friends, making the reader have sympathy for the character and forming an emotional connection.

'I thought I was insane' was encouraged by another one of my stimulus texts, the article 'Mental health stigma hasn't gone away' by Pete Etchells, The Guardian. The use of statistics and case studies enforced the use in my own piece taken from trusted researched websites and the case study from the BBC website, on 'Jenny Carter'. I chose this case study because I think it represents how young someone can be in their career and be treated in such a horrific way in the work place. I also purposely chose it because of the use of the setting as the work place can be commonly experienced in the wider world for stigmatization. The stimulus text also uses rhetorical devices such as rhetorical questions which I've decided to use in my own article, 'But what is the stigma?'. By placing this at the end of the first paragraph it flows on to the answer in the next paragraph, while keeping the reader interested in the article to find out.

I used another stimulus text 'The Catcher in the Rye' by J. D. Salinger for my fiction piece 'The Friends'. This is because the first-person narrative makes my text more personal as well as the use of declaratives and colloquial language 'I tried, I really did', 'you see', 'you know' highlighting how the protagonist's thoughts and the voices flow. There is a theme throughout that the world is cruel and harsh. 'To escape from the sickening reality' with the pre-modifying adjective 'sickening' having a double meaning: that the world is sick in how it represents social norms and creates expectations. This causes the protagonist to believe that there is something wrong with him for not being able to make friends, which leads him

Word count: 661



to accept his voices as his friends to have some comfort. The other meaning is how he is sick in terms of his mental health which he is finding it hard to cope with. The snakes come into place as being companions for the character but also a physical form of his voices making them more real to him.

In the last paragraph of my non-fiction piece, I start off with a noun 'Action', to emphasise the importance of the need for people to get involved to support the issue surrounding the stigma. Later, I then use a triplet that refers to the wider world society which the readers are included in, 'resulting in a society that is closer, more empathetic and more knowledgeable.' This creates an idea to the reader that they will receive something in return, making them improved human beings and engaging with them personally. I link back to the individual in the case study in the last line to stress how the decrease in the stigma could change a person's life, with evidence and a name, it makes it more personal and real to the reader.

Towards the end of 'The Friends', the declarative single lines differ from the usual protagonist's dialogue, creating a contrast and pulling the reader up short. The emotions relating to the schizophrenia are separated and compared to the thoughts, 'Every day. Same voices every day.' With the repetition and lengths of phrases implying anger and stress. As it reaches the last section, the dialogue turns into his emotions about the voices representing a sense of losing control and feeling overwhelmed, he surrenders. The ellipsis 'because you don't remember what it was like before you became...this' signifies his life from when he was born to now. It's the creation of him and how he has got to this low point in his life of not even living mentally anymore. With the last line, 'The deceitful world finally getting what it wants.' The reader is left with a sense of ambiguity about whether the character is dead or whether metaphorically every original and true part of

Word count: 1014



him is dead, leaving him to only have the voices as his own thoughts. Both perceptions are equally traumatic as the other and should hopefully create a lasting effect on the reader.



The Friends

She doesn't want you.

You're such a burden

"Mum's invited us over for brunch next week, will you?"

She'll just try to kill you.

"No." I interrupted her. I was rude. I felt bad I really did, Kat's all I have left but I was angry she'd even suggested it. Did she want me dead? No stop, she is the only one who doesn't.

TELL HER TO LEAVE.

You deserve to be alone

"I think it's best if you go now." I don't know how she even heard me, my voice was soft as if I was in church.

"Oh okay, I'll see you in a few days then...make sure you keep taking your medication." I didn't get up to show her out, she knew the way. I just observed.

Well that's better.

I thought she'd never go

*Did you actually think she wanted to stay with someone as pathetic
as you?*

Word count: 154



Chills shivered up my spine.

It's the only place I feel myself you know, here. I'm sat in my leather armchair alone surrounded by my slithery voices, touching their scaly physical forms. I like them quiet. It gives me a chance to think.

I won't bore you with all my childhood shit, so I'll just give you an overview so we're on the same page. My childhood was pretty normal, when I was a very little kid, me, Kat, Danny, Mum and Dad would always be doing things as a family. One big happy family.

They didn't want you.

Not that any of it was important enough to remember. But there is one thing that we did multiple times that affected me. I was seven when I went to my first zoo. All the animals mesmerised me of course, as an innocent little being, but there was one part. Straight through the entrance, turn left and on your first right, the reptiles. Not just the reptiles. The snakes. So silent and deadly, yet beautiful. As I locked eyes with the Boa constrictor, I felt like I saw deep inside him. His voice. And I haven't had a connection like that with anything or anyone since. I wouldn't say I was *obsessed* with snakes, I just find them comforting to be around. They're the only innocence left in a world that's full of deceit you see. That's why I have this room. My room. My snake room. To escape from the sickening reality.

No one cares about your shitty life.

Kill yourself.

Word count: 415



I should mention that at the age of about 17 I got diagnosed with schizophrenia. I'm supposed to take medication for it but I stopped taking it about a month ago. It was making me have headaches and nauseous to an extent I couldn't get up. I apparently hallucinate and have delusions of persecution but that implies they're not real. I know they are. I hear three voices. One, a man telling me I'm worthless and should kill myself. Another, a woman warning me to be wary of others because they're trying to kill me. And the last one is a girl screaming but it's much quieter than the others. It started when I realised I wasn't alone in my sanity anymore, I started to hear different voices. Different people. With different pitch and tone as if they were sitting right next to me. I now have friends, I thought. You see I always found it hard to make friends like normal kids and I used to get angry that I was never the one they chose. That's what friendship is about really isn't it. Choosing someone you liked. I tried, I really did, trying to fool myself into thinking I just hadn't found the right people, like me yet. That's what my mum told me anyway. Then one day it came to my realisation, it was simple. No one wanted me. My voices helped me see.

The best gift you could give anyone is by not being here.

My brother Danny was about 21 then and had a real bitch of a girlfriend. Cassie. You could tell he was starting to distance himself from us because of her. She didn't like us. I found a note one day when I came home from school, left on the table in the kitchen. It said something like he'd gone to America with Cassie to explore his true identity or some shit and the gist of it was he didn't want to be part of us anymore. Oh well.

The real reason he left because he couldn't handle you anymore.

Word count: 763



You' re a disappointment to Danny and he' s not the only one. You disappoint everyone every day. There' s nothing good about you. Why are you still alive?

Every day. Same voices every day. Same voices getting louder every fucking day. I can't sleep.

I'll get straight to the point about my killer mum. When I got diagnosed about two years ago my mum didn't understand and my dad wasn't around much at this point. Working hard to *support* the family (some sick joke if that's what you call support these days). She would try and talk to me about my 'disorder', but it would just end up with some argument. What I'm about to tell you had incidents similar building up to this, but one time I swear I saw my mum pour floor cleaner in my tea before she gave it to me and that was the last straw. To cut a long story short I packed a bag, stole some money and got myself out of that murder house.

Kat's the only one who truly listens to me and she's been great. Truly. Just I don't think she's enough to keep me going anymore.

She deserves better than you. Just leave her. Leave everyone.

It's louder now.

There's only so much hate one person can take you know. And sometimes it just gets too hard to handle. Too hard to live with the constant emotional drain. Being alone yet not alone. Having a personality, but not knowing what it is, because you don't remember what it was like before you became...this.

Word count: 1025



Just do it. No one will miss you.

The screams of the girl filling up my whole head making it ache. The man shouting as if he was standing right over, looking down at me.

So insignificant.

The snakes were my voices. Stabbing into my skin. Letting the chaos seep out.

The deceitful world finally getting what it wants.



I thought I was insane

exposes the stigma around mental health

In recent years illnesses in mental health have risen dramatically. Parallel to this, we have become increasingly more aware of the issues surrounding the illnesses that mental health encompasses. However, this awareness has failed to tackle the stigma associated with mental health. The Mental Health Foundation established that one in four people will experience a mental health problem at some point in their lives. This includes child cases; one in ten children experience mental health problems, displaying how early illnesses can manifest itself. Depression itself affects around one in 12 of the whole population, with rates of self-harm in the UK the highest in Europe at 400 per 100,000. Overall, 450 million people world-wide have a mental health problem. But what is the stigma?

There are two distinct types of mental health stigma, social stigma and self-stigma but what do we need to understand about these stigmas? Social stigma outlines the prejudice and discrimination towards others, typically based on the disorder they have been 'labelled' as suffering from. In contrast, self-stigma is something which the individual thinks about themselves, and how others perceive them. The existence of self-stigma can dramatically increase feelings of shame and can result in less people seeking help.

The renowned psychology journal, *Psychology Today*, conducted a survey with over 1700 adults in the UK and found that the most commonly held belief was that people with mental health problems were a danger to society, especially those suffering from schizophrenia, alcoholism and drug dependence. The findings also showed how people believed that some mental health problems

Word count: 272



were self-inflicted and that individuals suffering were difficult to talk to. Additionally, it was also found that employers would be less likely to hire someone with a mental health problem. Some problems people with mental health issues face alongside struggling with their illness are: being in a steady long-term relationship, living in decent housing and being socially included in mainstream society. What does this actually mean for these sufferers? The stigma around mental health can cause individuals to feel ashamed for something that is out of their control, whilst preventing them from seeking the help they need. For a group of people who already carry such a heavy burden, stigma is an unacceptable addition to their pain. Whilst stigma has reduced in recent years, the pace of progress has not been sufficient and the reduction has not been consistent across all social groups.

To illustrate the severity of the stigma around mental health, the following case studies show an example of how it can dramatically impact a person's life.

'Jenny Carter, 24, a charity worker in London. Diagnosis: OCD previously, now depression and anxiety. States, 'I chose not to tell my new employers about my mental health problems because I didn't want it to be a big deal. The job was stressful and I was signed off work. But when I returned and told them, no-one there knew what to do. At one point, my manager stopped talking to me, and an HR person said: "If it's so awful here, why haven't you left?" After six months, I was dismissed because my work was not up to standard, despite having told them I couldn't cope. But it was discrimination, and they got away with it.'

This example of social stigma is not a rare occurrence and displays how information surrounding mental health and how to help others must be more widely spoken about. With relation to this typical case study, employers

Word count: 593



and fellow employees must be exposed further to the reasons behind mental health problems, rather than disregarding them as a person's own failure to behave a certain way. One way of making these individuals more aware is through media, however, media has been used mostly negatively in portraying the stigma around mental health.

The entertainment media is very much responsible for creating or carrying on the stigma around mental health by stereotyping using misinformation about the symptoms, causes and treatments. In an analysis of English-language movies released between 1990-2010 that included at least one character with schizophrenia, most schizophrenic characters demonstrated violent behaviour, one-third of these involved in homicidal behaviour, and a quarter committed suicide. These modern movies strengthen the prejudiced beliefs. By media portraying mental health in this destructive way gives evidence of the strong influence it has on forming the stigmatizing attitudes individuals have.

What can be done to ensure our understanding has positive consequences? Stigmatising attitudes can be changed if different tackling tools are put in place such as: talking openly about mental health, educating yourself and others, encouraging equality between physical and mental illness, showing compassion for those with mental illness, choosing empowerment over shame, being honest about treatment, and letting the media know when they're being stigmatizing. These are just to name a few, however, there are also other many ways we can defeat the stigma.

Action taken could change the lives of so many individuals with mental health illnesses. It will help them feel more accepted and accepting of themselves in society, making them more able to be open about their

Word count: 860



disorder in places such as work, school and social groups. This gives more of an understanding of how family, friends and people around us can help reduce the effects of the disorder, ultimately resulting in a society that is closer, more empathetic and more knowledgeable. Help support people like Jenny feel less isolated and helpless in their daily life.



Bibliography

Core Texts:

Hosseini K., 2011, *The Kite Runner*, open market ed edition, UK: Bloomsbury
Paperbacks;

Mills, Eleanor et al (Editors), 2012, *Cupcakes and Kalashnikovs: 100 years of the
best Journalism by women*, 3rd Ed, London, Constable

Additional Texts:

Nathan Filer, 2013, *The Shock of the Fall*,

Articles:

37 Schizophrenic People Describe The Terrifying Voices They Hear, by Lorenzo
Jensen III, October 6th 2017. Available from: [https://thoughtcatalog.com/lorenzo-
jensen-iii/2017/10/37-schizophrenic-people-describe-the-terrifying-voices-they-hear/](https://thoughtcatalog.com/lorenzo-jensen-iii/2017/10/37-schizophrenic-people-describe-the-terrifying-voices-they-hear/)

What It's Like to Live with Schizophrenia, by Margarita Tartakovsky, M.S. Associate
Editor, 8 July 2018. Available from: [https://psychcentral.com/blog/what-its-like-to-live-
with-schizophrenia/](https://psychcentral.com/blog/what-its-like-to-live-with-schizophrenia/)

A Look Inside the Mind of Schizophrenia, by Margarita Tartakovsky, M.S. Associate
Editor, 8 July 2018. Available from: [https://psychcentral.com/blog/a-look-inside-the-
mind-of-schizophrenia/](https://psychcentral.com/blog/a-look-inside-the-mind-of-schizophrenia/)

Stigma and Discrimination, Mental Health Foundation. Available from:
<https://www.mentalhealth.org.uk/a-to-z/s/stigma-and-discrimination>



Depression: my story, my questions, by Guest blogger, 19 May 2016, Personal stories. Available from: https://www.mqmentalhealth.org/posts/depression-my-story-my-questions?gclid=EAlalQobChMIhYXcwlqN3gIVaLvtCh0rKQ_1EAAYASAAEgJKJvD_BwE

Mental Health & Stigma, Graham C.L. Davey Ph.D., 20 August 2013. Available from: <https://www.psychologytoday.com/gb/blog/why-we-worry/201308/mental-health-stigma>

Mental health and stigma: 'You're not alone', by Marie Jackson, BBC News, 2 February 2017. Available from: <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-38814377>

Videos:

Schizophrenia stimulation <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Pr8lyNGAqlw>

What schizophrenia sounds like <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=afbKXWCQMvE>



Folder 4

My two pieces explore the overarching theme of 'society and the individual', focusing on the topic of domestic abuse. My non-fiction piece is an opinion article, written for The Guardian. It takes a liberal view on this topic as I focus on the effects on victims and how they can be supported. 'We Will Tackle The Terrifying Taboo' (The Taboo) informs people about the effects of domestic abuse and how society has influenced its portrayal as a taboo. The target audience for this piece is young people as the purpose of my article is to inform people from a young age of the effects of Domestic Abuse, to prevent it from happening in their own lives. This piece was inspired by articles in *Cupcakes And Kalashnikovs* edited by Eleanor Mills; in particular *The Post-Feminist Woman* by Erica Jong. My fiction piece 'Love Can Kill' is an interior monologue based on a woman who is killed by her husband, with a target audience of young adults as the theme of domestic abuse is reflected throughout. My piece has taken inspiration from the posthumous voice used in *The Lovely Bones (TLB)* a novel by Alice Sebold, another stimulus text I used to form my fiction piece is *The Kite Runner* by Khaled Hosseini.

The use of this posthumous narration in 'Love can kill' is reflective of the narrative perspective in *TLB*. I have used this homodiegetic narrative to improve the reader's connection with the protagonist, as they are given a direct account of the past events. This unique style of narrative engages the reader as it clearly distinguishes the memories from the narrator's life and death. This creates an intimate relationship between the reader and the narrator as they are not only receiving a recount of her life, but also her thoughts after death.



In *TLB* the narrator often uses contrasting memories to show a confusion between the horrible and pleasant experiences within her life. The narrator describes her murder's lips as 'wet and blubbery' and at the same time she forces herself to picture the happy memory of kissing her crush's 'chapped' lips. This technique is also present in 'Love can kill' as the narrator often reminisces on the past which creates a more fragmented narrative. Towards the end the story she 'feared the lake where all her happy childhood memories were sinking.' The use of the present participle verb 'sinking' gives the lake ongoing, negative connotations which was once described as 'an oasis of tranquillity,' the semantic field of the lake emphasises the idea that she cannot escape the horrible thoughts of her death, highlighting to the reader the trauma which she has experienced.

I have written my non-fiction piece using the first-person plural 'we will accept no blame,' this technique is also present in the article written by Jess Hill for The Guardian, *What I've learned about domestic violence in my year reporting on it*. I used this technique to include the reader in this topic and emphasise to them how common domestic violence is in today's society. This makes the reader feel some responsibility for the current outcome of the issue in society. The use of the imperative verb 'will' creates a more authoritative tone which can enable me as the writer to make my viewpoint appear as the truth. This also makes the reader feel some responsibility for the stereotypical opinion on domestic abuse which has been created by society. As both the Jess Hill article and 'The Taboo' are written for The Guardian they both are written from a similar point of view on domestic abuse to relate more to the opinions of the targeted audience as they would have a liberal view on this topic. I took inspiration from the article *Domestic Abuse: Focus More on*



Children to create this tone in my piece. The use of the imperative verb 'focus' in the heading creates a commanding voice which has influenced me to do so in my article as my title includes the phrase 'we will tackle.' This sets the authoritative tone of my article which is clear throughout my piece. As a 21st century, educated, white female who lives in a society where domestic abuse is a common crime I felt that it was important to explain to the reader the importance of helping victims.

Similarly to articles in *Cupcakes And Kalashnikovs* such as *The Post-Feminist Woman* by Erica Jong, I have followed the structure of rhetorical questions at the end of paragraphs to emphasise important points, such as 'why do we allow this to happen and where do we draw the line?' This literary technique forces the reader to engage with the points I have made and influence their opinion based on my view point. Positioning these rhetorical questions at the end of paragraphs, as a concluding point gives the impression they are the most vital and asks the reader to re-evaluate their opinion on the topic. By forcing the reader to reconsider these points, it makes them realise the effects and influences society have on domestic abuse even if they are not the perpetrators.

The voice of the protagonist in 'Love Can Kill' is similar to the first person, childlike voice of Amir in *The Kite Runner* when describing his father, as he idolises him. This voice is clear when Amir describes his father's legs 'as if he were sitting on a pair of tree trunks.' This simile gives his father a powerful image which almost seems mythical. Amir also reminisces on stories including his father which emphasises his idolisation. This technique is also used in my fiction piece to give the reader an insight into the life of the narrator. Their happy memories not only reflect their close



relationship, but also creates a contrast with her emotions after her father's death. In 'Love Can Kill' I use the repetition of the phrase 'my father' rather than the alternative use of pronouns such as 'he.' Giving her father this title each time he is referenced in the story reflects how proud she is to call him 'father' and the possessive pronoun 'my' emphasises this point and reminds the reader of the intimacy of their relationship each time. This allows the reader to feel sympathy for the narrator later on in the story after her father's death as the reader realises how much this has affected her.



Love Can Kill

It was a dark, autumn day. The inescapable rain poured for what felt like days, even a bus shelter could not provide protection from the sharp gusts of wind. The whole area was more isolated than usual as the few residents had taken to the comfort of their own small, cottages for a sense of security. By 2 o'clock the sky was as dark as a funeral. The only light that shone was from a small street lamp flickering in the dull sky, struggling to stay alight. The rain formed into small, dirty streams as it hammered against the uneven pavements, washing away any remains of life and happiness. Leaving behind the murky reflection of the heavy, blackened clouds. Some may say the perfect day for a murder to take place – my murder...

Every Sunday, since the age of 5, my father would take me down to the lake by our house. My father's small, red wooden boat was waiting there for us like a dependable collie. The boat knew the lake too well, it took us on an endless journey from the sunrise to its setting. We would watch the first orange and pink rays of the sun appear as the lake and sky merged together. The pungent smell of algae suffocated my airways. It was a place with an eldritch beauty all of its own. We would compare our catches; my father's collection of powerful pikes glistened in the midday sun, towering above me and my measly minnow. But none of that mattered, the Sundays we spent together were the best memories of my childhood. The Lake was my happy place, an oasis of tranquillity.

When we visited the lake, we would arrive early in the morning ready for an exciting adventure. My father took me on a Sunday as we would have the lake to ourselves. It was always isolated and we would only share it with the fish and frogs who called the lake their home. Apart from one particular spring evening, the memory of this day



is carved into my head. There was a strange figure, crouching in the distance. It was difficult to spot any features through the foggy air. It seemed as if he was floating on the water, however as we approached him the brown, rotting boat he was dependant on became visible. A pipe rested in the corner of his mouth, the smoke curling slowly into the salty breeze. The wrinkles carved into his forehead represented years of hard work and suffering. We approached as he had made a catch, he pulled the fish over the side of the boat with what seemed like all of his strength. I felt my father's dry hands cover my eyes as I heard the horrendous sound of the knife cutting through the fish vigorously until the blade reached the surface of the boat, and there was no other sound than the man tossing the guts to the side of his boat. As a 5 year old I was confused and frightened. Me and my father always put the fish back in the water so they too could enjoy what used to be a beautiful lake. Now, after my murder this story sits fresh in my mind as if it happened today.

My father was my lighthouse, guiding me through life, but even lighthouses do not last forever... They wither away slowly no matter how hard they try to fight the force of the waves. Nothing lasts forever. My father was never one who feared death, even as it creped up on him like a shadow. Until the shadow was no longer a puddle on the ground but had consumed him. My father never wanted to worry me so he didn't tell me about the cancer which was consuming him until he was told he had 6 weeks to live and then he had no choice.

6 weeks,

That's all the time I had left to spend with my wonderful father. I cherished every moment we had together, making the happiest memories possible. We would take walks along the lake, watching the sunset together just like old times. Until he was



too weak to walk and his wheelchair was too much for me to push along the muddy path, the rocks creating an obstacle course. We would bake our favourite chocolate fudge cake like we used to when I was younger. Until the sweet chocolate smell was too much for my father. I reassured him that I would finish the cake which I was sure after all our years of practise, I could ice to perfection in my sleep. Once he had left I sobbed over the chocolate buttons as I began to realise, I was losing him.

For a year after my father's death I had the burden of grief to handle alone with no mother or siblings to share it with. What was once sadness had developed into an anger which was consuming me. I would sit at home, each night would end with a bottle of red wine in one hand as my only company, attempting to drink away my sorrows. Death had ripped away a part of me and the pain was unbearable.

If I was to die, like my father it may have been easier to accept. It would have been my time to go. But my life was taken by the man who promised to 'love and cherish' me through everything. The fear I had for Mark had trapped me in an inescapable relationship. The years of abuse became a normality, I drowned in my sorrows. Isolated from the rest of the world by him.

Death did not creep up on me like it did my father or stalk me until deciding to reveal itself. Death pounced on me like a vicious, hungry tiger, forcing me to feel the most pain possible. The dark, autumn day came around. One which I will never forget, it stays with me. There came a point where I could do nothing but accept death. I no longer had anything to fight for, my life was falling apart. My father taught me to swim at a young age, all of the time we spent on the lake I was used to it. But for the first time ever, I feared the water where all my happy childhood memories were sinking. One awful memory of a place can erase all happiness. And I hate him for doing that



to me, taking away my happy Sundays spent at the lake with my father and replacing them with the image of death. My helpless body sinking into the lake.

I should have divorced him, I should have saved myself from the suffering that was to come and I should have saved my life. I just expected that this was what became of all marriages. It was impossible to be happy forever. Wasn't it? These are the thoughts that have consumed me for the past 5 months. Since I was murdered by him. It is easy to blame myself for what happened. I expected that when I died it would mean endless days spent with my father, my mind would be at rest from the suffering and pain which I had dealt with for most of my life. We could relive the days of my beautiful childhood together. Make up for the time he had left me.



We will tackle the terrifying taboo

Domestic abuse: we need more survivors and less victims

Domestic abuse is one of the most common forms of violence. 1 in 4 women will be a victim of severe domestic abuse in their lifetime. It is clear that men can also be victims, but statistically women suffer more from domestic abuse therefore it is as a gender based violence. It is more than just physical assault. It can include emotional, financial and verbal abuse. With it affecting 1 in 7 people; each of us could find ourselves as a victim of domestic abuse regardless of gender, background or class. It is a largely invisible crime, with most cases taking place behind closed doors and sadly staying locked up. So why is it an issue we choose to silence?

One of the main reasons why it is still an ongoing crime today is due to the fact as a society we are guilty of turning a blind eye to this problem. It is still seen as a taboo topic due to the judgemental mind-set of society. Victims of domestic abuse are convinced that they are to blame, however that is not the case. As a society we have silenced the vulnerable victims because we feel this is the way to escape the issue. Where do we draw the line?

We are reluctant to intervene with domestic affairs if they are not affecting us directly which immediately puts the issue in the realm of private life. If somebody is at risk of danger because of a partner do we ignore it and allow the situation to worsen?

Distancing ourselves from the problem means we will accept no blame for the issue that arises in society so often and we will feel no guilt. Unless this situation was to arise in our own lives many of us would prefer to take a back seat and brush domestic abuse under the carpet. The wall of silence that separates victims from the



rest of society needs to be broken. This will help the victims of domestic abuse reach out for the support they desperately need.

If faced with a victim of domestic abuse, what would be your advice and how would you help? Many of us would feel helpless. The reason for this is because we have not been educated on how to deal with these real life situations. Many people choose to remain ignorant to the issues of Domestic Abuse due to their lack of knowledge. To be able to tackle this ongoing problem, schools must teach children from a young age how to deal with Domestic Abuse if it was to arise in their life or others around them. Children must be taught the importance of respect and the consequences of behaving violently to decrease the number of cases. By breaking the taboo of Domestic Abuse and allowing victims to feel confident speaking up about their experiences from the start, I am confident we will see a decline in the number of Domestic Abuse incidents.

The amount of victims coming forward with accusations has increased dramatically in the last 2 years due to the wide spread of technology and social media. The twitter campaign #whyistayed has allowed victims to share their experiences after a long period of silence. Many victims are scared to leave, some have grown up with domestic violence from a young age and others may think that over time their partners will change for the better. A lot of progress has been made since 50 years ago when 'wife beating' was referred to as a therapeutic act. This seems shocking to many of us however victims are still being abused in their own homes and we are allowing it to happen. It is clear from the statistics that society still has a long way to go when it comes to understanding Domestic Abuse.



Bibliography

Core texts

- *Cupcakes and Kalashnikovs: 100 years of the best journalism by women, edited by Eleanor Mills*
- *The Lovely Bones by Alice Sebold*
- *The Kite Runner by Khaled Hosseini*

Additional Texts

- *Yesterday by Felicia Yap*
- *Out Of The Darkness by Tina Nash*
- *Ten by Gretchen Mcneil*

Articles

- *The Post-Feminist Woman by Erica Jong*
- *What I've Learned About Domestic Violence In My Year Reporting On It by Jess Hill*
- *Why Domestic Abuse Happens by Buddy T*



Exemplar Folder Commentaries



Folder number	Moderator commentary and mark
Folder 1	<p>This is a very good example of a full mark folder which easily fulfils all the assessment criteria and shows that the student is comfortable writing in two distinct genres and can discuss the writing process. The folder is not without flaws, but its virtues lift it into the top level and the moderation process concluded that there was no reason not to award it full marks.</p> <p>The fiction writing is a that rarest of coursework items, namely a successful script. The bibliography indicates that the student has researched the screenplay genre, and this is obvious in the content of the piece.</p> <p>The non-fiction is confident and engaging. Anyone reading this would be intrigued to see the film being reviewed and although there are a few moments where the piece lapses into essay mode, the overall effect is very convincing. The commentary opens with a clear statement of intent regarding genre, purpose and audience.</p> <p>The analysis is focused on language and effect, with contextual discussion neatly integrated into the whole. There is also integrated acknowledgement of the stylistic and thematic influence of the wider reading.</p> <p>FICTION 18; NON-FICTION 18; COMMENTARY 24</p>
Folder 2	<p>This folder was included as an example of creative work which belongs in the top level but where the commentary is not incisive or integrated enough to earn a place in the top level.</p> <p>As with folder 1, there is a clear indication of audience, purpose and genre on the front sheet and this might be regarded as good practice. Students should be able to summarise, briefly, the nature of the work, why they have written it and who it is aimed at. Another strength of this folder is the personal nature of the topic. The student is clearly writing from experience and has included research based on their own interviews. It was pleasing to see many students in this year's series taking a similar approach and the results were uniformly engaging and certainly embody the spirit of the specification.</p> <p>The two creative pieces again show a student who can work in different genres but who has worked to shape their task with clarity of purpose.</p> <p>The commentary is often detailed and impressive in terms of identifying the key features of the two pieces, as well as acknowledging how the texts were shaped. It does, however, tend to observe and describe which, despite, much excellent analysis, does keep it in Level 4. However, there is much to admire in this folder.</p> <p>FICTION 15; NON-FICTION 15; COMMENTARY 17</p>



Folder number	Moderator commentary and mark
Folder 3	<p>This folder tackles an issue which was very popular with a significant number of students. The student has clearly researched the topic and thought carefully about the nature of the two creative pieces, although the overall effect does suggest a lack of final polishing.</p> <p>The non-fiction is slightly more successful although there is a tendency for the piece to become an essay in places and this is a common problem with many non-fiction submissions where the student loses sight of the genre of their work.</p> <p>The short story is to be commended for attempting to create a variety of voices and this is also a feature of many fiction submissions.</p> <p>The commentary is often observational and descriptive so that although there is an awareness of shaping of texts for a specific purpose, there is not enough detailed analysis to merit a higher mark.</p> <p>The bibliography is also worth looking at as it offers a realistic model of research, with multi modal texts evident.</p> <p>FICTION 10; NON-FICTION 11; COMMENTARY 12</p>
Folder 4	<p>This commentary in this folder might be regarded as something of a mixed bag.</p> <p>There is clearly plenty of potential here, but the student has missed many opportunities to dig into their work. The relative brevity of the commentary is the main problem and students should be encouraged to use the full word count if possible. (It is also worth repeating that exceeding the word count should also be discouraged.</p> <p>Editing work can reasonably be regarded as a key feature of AO1.) Monologues are a popular genre and are often successful.</p> <p>There is a clear attempt to create a distinct idiolect here, although the mark might have been higher if the student had been clearer about the reception of the piece. The non-fiction work is also powerful, if slightly underdeveloped.</p> <p>FICTION 14; NON-FICTION 13; COMMENTARY 13</p>