

A Level English Language



EXEMPLAR RESPONSES

A Level Coursework – Crafting Language

Contents

Contents.....	1
About this exemplar pack	2
Mark scheme.....	3
Exemplar responses	6
Candidate A: Monologue	6
Assignment 1, Text 1: Sarah spills the beans	6
Assignment 1, Text 2: Sheila	7
Assignment 2: Commentary.....	10
Examiner comment.....	12
Candidate B: Article	13
Assignment 1, Text 1: We're radical believers.....	13
Assignment 1, Text 2: Artist profile	16
Assignment 2: Commentary.....	18
Examiner comment.....	19
Candidate C: Narrative.....	21
Assignment 1, Text 1: My Time, The Chance of a Lifetime	21
Assignment 1, Text 2: Downtown	23
Assignment 2: Commentary.....	24
Examiner comment.....	26
Candidate D: Narrative	27
Assignment 1, Text 1: Yo Ho Sebastian.....	27
Assignment 1, Text 2: The Khyber Pass.....	29
Assignment 2: Commentary.....	32
Examiner comment.....	33

About this exemplar pack

This pack has been produced to support English Language teachers delivering the new GCE English Language specification (first assessment summer 2017).

The pack contains exemplar student portfolios for GCE A level English Language Coursework – Crafting Language. These portfolios have been adapted from coursework responses to the 2008 legacy specification, using two students' creative pieces and commentaries for the creation of one new portfolio. They have been marked against the new criteria.

The coursework component assesses AO1, AO2, AO3, AO4 and AO5.

Assessment Objectives and weightings

Students must:		% in GCE
AO1	Apply appropriate methods of language analysis, using associated terminology and coherent written expression	24.4
AO2	Demonstrate critical understanding of concepts and issues relevant to language use	24.4
AO3	Analyse and evaluate how contextual factors and language features are associated with the construction of meaning	24.4
AO4	Explore connections across texts, informed by linguistic concepts and methods	15
AO5	Demonstrate expertise and creativity in the use of English to communicate in different ways <i>Note: This Assessment Objective must be targeted with at least one of AO2, AO3 or AO4, either in the same task or in two or more linked tasks.</i>	12
Total		100%

NB: total has been rounded down

Following each question you will find the mark scheme for the level that the student has achieved, with accompanying examiner comments on how the marks have been awarded, and any ways in which the response might have been improved.

Mark scheme

Coursework: Crafting Language – Original Writing		
Level	Mark	Descriptor (A05)
	0	No rewardable material
Level 1	1–6	Low skill level <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Writing has frequent errors and technical lapses. Limited control of genre and mode, with inappropriate style used for audience and function. • Writing is formulaic and predictable.
Level 2	7–12	General/imprecise skills <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Writing has some errors and technical lapses. Shows general understanding of genre, mode and the requirements of audience and function. • Writing attempts an individual voice. Makes obvious, though not always successful, attempts at crafting language for effect.
Level 3	13–18	Clear skills <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Writing has minor errors and technical lapses. Applies clear understanding of genre, mode and the requirements of audience and function. • Writing has an individual voice, with clear engaging attempts at crafting language.
Level 4	19–24	Controlled skills <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Writing is precisely edited and controlled. Demonstrates effective understanding of genre, mode and the requirements of audience and function. • Writing uses an effective individual voice, that crafts an engaging response. Displays a skilful selection of techniques for effect.
Level 5	25–30	Assured skills <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Writing is assured, accurate and highly effective. Displays an assured control of genre, mode and the requirements of audience and function. • Writing employs a sophisticated individual voice that differentiates in terms of audience and/or function. Crafts a highly-engaging response, with sophisticated selection of techniques.

		Coursework: Crafting Language – Commentary			
		AO1 – bullet point 1	AO2 – bullet point 2	AO3 – bullet point 3	AO4 – bullet point 4
Level	Mark	Descriptor (AO1, AO2, AO3, AO4)			
	0	No rewardable material			
Level 1	1–4	Descriptive <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Knowledge of methods is largely unassimilated. Recalls limited range of terminology and makes frequent errors and technical lapses. • Has a descriptive approach with little awareness of concepts and issues. Makes simple comments on how and why language is used in own writing and style models. • Shows limited understanding of contextual factors. Able to show in simple ways how audience and function can affect the construction of meaning in own writing and style models. • Makes limited links between style models and own writing. Shows limited understanding of relevant concepts and methods. 			
Level 2	5–8	General understanding <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Recalls methods of analysis that show general understanding. Organises and expresses ideas with some clarity, though has lapses in use of terminology. • Shows general understanding of concepts and issues. Able to apply some of this understanding when describing language use in own writing and style models. • Has general understanding of contextual factors. Can explain effect of audience and function on construction of meaning in own writing and style models, though not always securely applied. • Describes general links between style models and own writing. Shows general understanding of relevant concepts and methods. 			
Level 3	9–12	Clear relevant application <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Applies relevant methods of analysis to texts with clear examples. Ideas are structured logically and expressed with few lapses in clarity and transitioning. Clear use of terminology. • Clear understanding and application of some concepts and issues. Able to explain language use in own writing and style models. • Able to show clear awareness of contextual factors. Able to explain how audience and function affect construction of meaning in own writing and style models. • Explains clear links between style models and own writing. Explains relevant concepts and methods. 			

		Coursework: Crafting Language – Commentary			
		A01 – bullet point 1	A02 – bullet point 2	A03 – bullet point 3	A04 – bullet point 4
Level	Mark	Descriptor (A01, A02, A03, A04)			
Level 4	13-15	<p>Discriminating controlled approach</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Applies controlled discussion of methods supported with use of discriminating examples. Controls the structure of response with effective transitions, carefully chosen language and use of terminology. • Discriminating selection and application of a range of concepts and issues. Able to analyse language use in own writing and style models. • Makes inferences about contextual factors. Discriminating approach to explaining how audience and function affect the construction of meaning in own writing and style models. • Discriminating connections made between style models and own writing. Examines in a controlled way links to concepts and methods. 			
Level 5	16-20	<p>Critical evaluative approach</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Presents critical application of language analysis with sustained examples. Uses sophisticated structure and expression with appropriate register and style, including use of appropriate terminology. • Critical application of a wide range of concepts and issues. Evaluates language use in own writing and style models. • Exhibits a sophisticated awareness of complex contextual factors. Evaluates how contextual factors affect the construction of meaning in own writing and style models. • Evaluates connections made between style models and own writing. Critically examines links to concepts and methods. 			

Exemplar responses

Candidate A: Monologue

Assignment 1, Text 1: Sarah spills the beans

Sixteen year old Sarah is sitting cross-legged on her bed, laptop in front of her, earphones in. Her hair sits scruffily on the top of her head and she wears cotton pyjamas. Her mascara-stained panda eyes are wide with delight.

It sounds really big-headed and everything but I did feel really pretty, I guess that's the right word. It was just, wow! Almost a whole year I spent, planning and waiting and anticipating that one night. So much planning as well! I got through so many magazines, finalising every little detail. I was really worried in case I was disappointed by it but no, it really was magical. It's something every little girl dreams of, their big day. I had the weirdest dream a couple of days ago, nightmare even, I guess, that I was there and I had forgotten everything, and I mean *everything*. My face was naked, my comfy converse sneaked out from under the layers of my dress and my hair, well; let's just say the mane was at its' worst! Do you know when it feels so real as well? Like you actually believe that it's really happening and then when you wake up you still feel a bit crappy about it until you've calmed yourself down and tell yourself that it actually might be okay. Such a pain, anywaaaaay, back to real life!

It really was AAAMAAAZING! Usually, at parties and stuff, I look out for what the other girls are wearing and whether their hair is longer and silkier than mine. But not last night, I actually couldn't give a care in the world what anyone else looked like. I felt really good in myself, you know? The champagne in the limo and a day of pampering with the girls may have been the reason behind that though! It's a once in a life time thing, isn't it? There's no going back after it's done.

OH MY GOSH! I was watching an episode of that programme- I can't even remember what it's called now, Promzillas or something like that? I'm so glad that I was never like that. They were all so organised and so bothered about the whole night, you would have thought it was their wedding day, the way they were going on about it! Oh really and the money they spent! So ridiculous! One girl, Georgiana her name was, that says it all, doesn't it? Well she spent around £12,000! My £1,500 in comparison seems pathetic-although my dress was much nicer than hers. Yeah, I had my hair and nails done professionally, but everyone does that, don't they? I cannot imagine having a friend like one of those girls on that programme though; I really would not have been able to cope with all that obsessing over one night, it was like her whole life depended on looking perfect for prom!

Some of the dresses I saw last night were just madness. I mean, seriously, highlighter-yellow? Even *that* disaster couldn't take the spotlight from my own powder-blue beauty. I had found it on a boutique website that made handmade dresses to fit. It truly was made for me-literally! I knew straight away that that was the dress I *really really* needed and persuaded my mum of this.

Sarah laughs.

I was really chuffed with my hair. I'd been looking through hair magazines for a while to try and find something and it did look lovely, 'cos it's important you know, it's a big deal, you only do it the once. Also, it was probably the last time I see some people so you want to make a lasting impression, right? Of course there are already thousands of photos going up on Facebook as we speak, some from horrible angles without me knowing one was being taken no doubt.

I wish so bad that I could go back to last night! I don't think I'd change anything, maybe a lighter shade of lip gloss, if anything. See, that's the advantage of being prepared, everything ran smoothly, no regrets.

Sarah looks over at the crumpled powder-blue material in a heap on her bedroom floor.

To be honest, now, it seems a little silly of me. All those days of nagging my mum to buy me the stupidly expensive dress that I stubbornly said I just *had* to have, a dress that I knew we couldn't really afford.

I guess it's over now then; it seemed to have happened so quickly, I don't really know what more I was expecting, after all the actual Prom was over within 4 hours. 4 hours, I slept for double that amount of time last night. Looking back at the photos on Facebook, everyone looked really pretty; they had all made an effort to look their best. Maybe I took it just one step too far.

Assignment 1, Text 2: Sheila

(Sheila is a middle aged, well spoken, widowed, English woman with three grown up children. She's had an incredibly hard life and in this monologue is sitting in a room during a group counselling session. Sheila speaks as if she is the group leader, however in reality, each separate person she is seen talking to are actually different versions of herself that have all been through saddening situations.)

establishes
character
no
so

(Sheila introduces herself as she dreamily sorts out her hair as if she is looking in the mirror directly in front of her. She also attempts to sort out a black mark under her eye with her ring finger. Her speech is mumbled as if she is talking to herself.)

o.d.m.p.

Sheila : Good evening everybody, I'm Sheila Dodd and I'm going to be your group leader today. I'm going to start by introducing myself, my name is Sheila Donald, as you already know, I'm 60 years old, I know, I know, I don't look it!

(LAUGHS)

Let's start by going round the circle introducing ourselves and telling everyone why we're here today.

(Sheila fades out of her daydream and starts to talk clearly as if she is the group leader of a counselling group session.)

(Clears throat and adjusts body language and tone of voice as if she is talking to a young girl. Her voice becomes higher and sounds sympathetic towards the young girl. She tilts her head to one side and smiles gently.)

detail
stage

emphasising Sheila's
vulnerability

re woman

Let's start with you sweetheart, what's your name? Charlotte, that's a pretty name. And how old are you Charlotte? 16, lovely, so tell us why you're here today. (Pause) Tell us as little or as much as you like. (Pause)

(Takes deep breath in and looks sympathetic)

Oh gosh, (Pause) I'm so sorry to hear that darling. When did she pass away, if you don't mind us knowing? That's incredibly recent. Gosh, you're very brave Charlotte. I lost my mother at your age through a car crash so all my sympathy is with you sweetie. (Pause) Oh, what a coincidence. Was there anyone else in the car with your mother? Oh you poor thing. Did anyone survive?

You see, you have to look at the positives in situations like these. You have your father and sister with you so cherish them. Ok darling, well thank you for opening up to us. Everyone give Charlotte round of applause.

(Claps)

(Sheila moves her body slightly to the left as if she is facing someone else and bushes skirt twice whilst taking a deep breath in. Her voice now goes back to a normal non sympathetic but friendly tone.)

Right, let's move on to you.....

Hi, let's start with your name and age please. Hello Sharon, it's a pleasure to have you here today. And how old are yousorry? 30? What a lovely age.

Why are you here today then Sharon? Uh huh, and how many children do you have? Three? The same as me! Two boys and one girl. You're the same? They're lovely until they grow up eh? **(LAUGHS)**.

So I'm guessing there's a bad story that goes with this. **(Pauses)** Oh gosh, my husband passed away from cancer too. It's such a horrible thing. How old was he? I take my hat off to you. Were your kids close to their father? Yes mine were too. And are they alright? Mmm, yes, that is expected. I know it's a lot to ask for but you just have to be strong around them, get them through school and they will thank you when they grow up. Your middle child did what... sorry?! Punched you? Does he have anger problems? Mmm yeah so does my son..... You poor lady, you have a lot to deal with. If you don't mind we're going to move on as we're running out of time. We will come back and speak about this more in depth next week.

(Sheila moves her body to the right and looks at the person 'there' with a large, welcoming smile.)

Ok..... so last but not least..... we have?

Chloe. Hi Chloe. Sorry you were last. How old are you Chloe if you don't mind me asking? I'm 60 too, when's your birthday? No way?! So is mine! We could be long lost sisters for all you know.....

(Laughs once then looks confused)

So what's your story Chloe? **(Pauses)** Oh gosh. I had a controlling husband. He was my second marriage. He, er, **(Pauses)**his name was Darren. Horrible man, awful. He.....he stole from me.

(Starts welling up)

He, er, he stole over 200,000 pounds from right under my nose. **STUPID WOMAN.**

(LONG PAUSE) That's not the worst thing though **(PAUSES)** He raped.....

(Daughter knocks on door and enters room. Sheila quickly returns to sorting herself out in the mirror, trying to hide the tears with a fake smile on her face.)

Yes darling what do you want? Oh no one, just muttering away to myself. Yes I'm fine darling, thank you.

Two
extra
ever

Assignment 2: Commentary

I have chosen dramatic monologues for my coursework genre. I have written two monologues, one is intended to entertain teenage girls, the other is aimed at a general adult audience.

The monologue for teenage girls is called 'Sarah Spills the Beans'. For this piece I chose a subject that will interest this particular age group and I have tried to tackle some issues that matter to them. I placed my character in a 'typical' setting for a teenage girl, sitting cross-legged on the bed in her pyjamas with her laptop and earphones in. This is a comfortable and realistic setting for her and it is one that my intended audience will relate to.

I used foreshadowing at the very beginning of my monologue. In the same way that Tony Merchant does in 'The Caretaker' I included hints at what the plot will involve later (e.g. *I did feel really pretty and something every girl dreams of.*). However, I didn't reveal that Sarah is talking about Prom night until later, therefore creating an enigma.

Another of my style models was Wade Bradford's 'Cassandra's Rant'. In which the central character is dramatic and over exaggerates wildly. I wanted to create a similar voice for my character. I used exclamation marks to try to convey Sarah's theatricality. I also used unconventional orthography to indicate the animation in Sarah's voice and her enthusiasm; (*AAAMAAAZING!*). I believe my audience will find this entertaining. Short sentences are also a feature that I used to give the impression that she is speaking very quickly, also showing happiness. An example of this is when she goes on about her hair; *I was really chuffed with my hair. I'd been ...* Bradford's script has a semantic field of Greek mythology, mine of weddings, for example, *big day* and *you only do it once*, therefore when the audience learns it is her high school prom they will find her obsession humorous.

I used colloquial sociolect, *like* and *and stuff*, common fillers used by teenagers, which will engage the target audience. Another word typical of teenage sociolect, was *madness* used to describe something that is bad. The relationship between character and audience is informal at first, an inviting 'girlie' gossip, although an unequal relationship develops as the audience begins to laugh *at* her, not with her. The audience may find Sarah is a character whose traits they can see in their own friends.

In both pieces I have made use of dramatic irony. Here, the irony is that Sarah does not realise that she is, herself, a Promzilla, something she constantly criticises and mocks. The audience will find Sarah at first vain but humorous, anticipating the character's realisation moment. From the constructive criticism I received, I chose to give my

character this moment of realisation. I aimed to make the audience warm to Sarah by the end when she realises her obsession. Sarah becomes more 'human' and less self-centred in this section which hopefully changes the audience's view of the character. For example Sarah describes herself first as having *persuaded* her mother to buy her dress, later she admits to *nagging*.

I think that the subject matter, the distinctive teenage voice of the character and her language will successfully appeal to an audience of teenage girls.

The monologue for a general adult audience involves a middle-aged, well-spoken woman. I have experimented with the form of the monologue in this piece as it involves my main character talking to a number of different people who turn out to be versions of herself. The subject matter, the ups and downs of different stages of a woman's life would be appropriate for an adult audience. Also the revelations about domestic violence would be more appropriate to an older audience.

As with 'Sarah Spills the Beans', I have tried to create a convincing character. Here, I did it partly by using colloquial language and hedging, such as *Uh huh*, to make the speech sound 'chattier'. I have also used emboldening (graphology) indicate stress on the words my character is saying. I used capitalisation to show the anger in her voice. **STUPID WOMAN.**

At the beginning, my main character is talking to a young child. I used the accommodation theory and adapted my character's speech towards the child by using words such as *sweetie* and *darling*.

There are a lot of questions in my discourse as I felt that was the best way to show my character was in a group session; *And how old are you ... sorry? 30?*

Towards the end I have used hesitation and false starts to show my character is becoming upset and in great confusion. This also causes confusion and an enigma for the audience; *He was my second marriage. He, er (pauses) ... his name was Darren.*

I wanted to keep the truth of the situation hidden until the end of the monologue. I got this idea through seeing Alan Bennett's monologue, 'My Big Chance' in which the truth in the situation is known to the audience but not to the character (dramatic irony). I adapted this technique but made my piece one in which the truth about the situation only becomes apparent to the audience at the very end. Just before my character gets interrupted by her daughter entering the bedroom, she lets out a big secret. I purposely missed out the last words in the sentence (ellipsis) as I felt that it added drama.

As in 'Sarah Spills the Beans' I have used foreshadowing. I have done this by dropping small clues into the script that only become significant at the end when the audience find out the truth.

I was able to spend time on this monologue with a professional actor and see my monologue performed in front of me. This enabled me to see what worked in my piece and the parts that perhaps didn't work as well. The feedback I received was that I needed to improve my stage directions so it's clearer to the audience how my main character reacts in certain situations and to add more pauses in and around the more upsetting situations to show the speaker's emotions.

Examiner comment

Original writing: Level 4, 24 marks

The original writing tasks meet with the demands of the specification in that they are both from the same genre and are differentiated by target audience.

The first piece is ambitious and attempts to take an original approach to the genre and shows controlled skills. The writing is precisely edited and controlled and the candidate clearly demonstrates effective understanding of their chosen genre and the requirements of the intended audience.

The second piece is slightly less assured but still shows controlled skills. The candidate has a clear sense of character and sustains an individual voice throughout but the variety of techniques used to engage the audience is not as great as in the first piece. Although the writing is generally controlled, there is some evidence of technical lapses that should have been picked up at the proof reading stage.

Level 4	19–24	<p>Controlled skills</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Writing is precisely edited and controlled. Demonstrates effective understanding of genre, mode and the requirements of audience and function. • Writing uses an effective individual voice, that crafts an engaging response. Displays a skilful selection of techniques for effect.
----------------	-------	--

Commentary: Level 4, 14 marks

Overall, there is a controlled and discriminating application of linguistic knowledge. The language of the discussion is controlled throughout, has effective transitions between sections and has an appropriate register and style. Clear examples are used to illustrate relevant language choices and terminology is relevant but there are some limitations with regards to range. The candidate makes a number of comments on contextual factors with a number of references to audience and in the course of the analysis they discuss aspects of orthography, graphology and discourse with some references to syntax. There are clear links to style models and the candidate is aware of the need to explain how these were used and adapted. Whilst many of these show a discriminating approach, some, (such as the comment on lexis in 'Cassandra's Rant') are a little general.

Level 4	13–15	<p>Discriminating controlled approach</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Applies controlled discussion of methods supported with use of discriminating examples. Controls the structure of response with effective transitions, carefully chosen language and use of terminology. • Discriminating selection and application of a range of concepts and issues. Able to analyse language use in own writing and style models. • Makes inferences about contextual factors. Discriminating approach to explaining how audience and function affect the construction of meaning in own writing and style models. • Discriminating connections made between style models and own writing. Examines in a controlled way links to concepts and methods.
----------------	-------	---

Candidate B: Article

Assignment 1, Text 1: We're radical believers

In 1991 Archbishop Lord Carey called for a "decade of evangelism". Unfortunately it seems that this evangelism was not as far reaching as hoped and this month he predicted that the "church is one generation from extinction". He claimed that going to church "is not something that is natural to people in their lives nowadays". Carey felt that the Church of England should be ashamed of itself for not changing to appeal to a new generation of churchgoers. However you would be mistaken to think that there are no branches of Christianity which appeal to the modern pilgrim.

"The Baptists have always been on the fringes," Reverend Martin Mills smiles. "Always been a little bit radical and edgy." The pastor seems very relaxed in his homely living room, not far from Alcester Baptist Church. He is sitting in the window seat, and the afternoon light shining around his face makes him look almost ethereal, like an angelic halo. "You can call me Martin, if you want," he says, bringing me back into the room, and making me remember that he's just a northern minister, who I can call Martin, if I want. — interesting use of repetition

When I ask about his core beliefs, Martin wants to make one thing absolutely clear. "I believe in God, obviously," he states, looking as though he thinks the answer to my question is just too simple. "It's belief in God, God who is revealed in Jesus, Jesus who is God," he elaborates, while making sure that I understand such a huge concept. This belief has been Martin's life since childhood, when his parents told him there was somebody in the heavens watching over him. However, nowadays he suggests that forcing a religion onto a child is not the right thing to do, which is why he chose to become a Baptist minister. "One belief that is particularly Baptist is Believer's Baptism. We are baptised by our own confession of faith, not by the choice of our parents." This is a concept that larger churches such as the Roman Catholic Church have failed to grasp, instead christening even children from non-religious families before they are old enough to understand what's happening and what effect their parents' decision may have on their future.

Martin admits, however, that being Baptist has its difficulties, one of the biggest being church attendance. In a 2009 survey of British Social attitudes, only 0.53% of British citizens identified as Baptists. The pastor seems shocked at the surprising figure and after a quiet moment of consideration tells me that he finds the statistic "quite sobering". However he is soon confident again, explaining that that 0.53% of the population is Baptist by choice, not by assumption. "They are intentional Baptists," he says proudly, "they go to a Baptist church and partake in the life of this Baptist church. It's much more deliberate."

"We don't get the same influence or access as the Church of England does," sighs Martin, perhaps considering the possibility of a better national awareness for his faith. After a moment, he reconsiders: "Although it means we're on the margins, and perhaps we should be as Christians." As Reverend Mills fondly recalls times he has been able to help his parishioners, I get the sense that he feels the Baptist faith forms a closer community than other churches. "It can bring it down to a much more personal level."

As Martin stops to greet his daughters from school, I survey our surroundings. To my left is, perhaps unsurprisingly, a bookcase full of various editions of the Bible and other religious material, from which Martin forms his weekly sermons. However you'd be wrong to think that the Mills family was only concerned with Christianity. Although God is, as Martin tells me, at the centre of their daily life, they have other interests as a family. One of which must be films; there is also a huge collection of DVDs which would be the envy of movie buffs the world around. It seems that Martin Mills is very much the modern minister. This is especially shown later in our interview, when he talks to me about football as if it is somehow relevant to Christianity today.

When his daughters have left the room, I ask him about life as a Christian family. Do his daughters, aged thirteen and eleven, understand when he talks about God? "As a family we talk about God with our children and they seem to accept that but we wait and see where they will go." His oldest daughter recently had her Believer's Baptism, as a confirmation of her faith. Martin knows, however, that as time passes views can change, especially outside of a religious environment. "There will come a point at which they will move out of the family home and they will have to make their own decisions." The pastor seems to accept that, although his mood has become more sombre. He says that this has become the case for many. "Some people say that they believe in God, but we don't always know what that means."

Both Martin and his wife Bobbie are keen to "find time to meet people where they're at" by aiming to get out of the conventional Sunday Morning church tradition. As well as the weekly sermon, Alcester Baptist Church hosts many other schemes, each to suit the different personalities they have found in the community since they moved there in late 2012. This includes Time Out Sessions, Bible study in the homes of deacons, and Messy Church once a month for younger members. Bobbie is also keen to introduce a Youth Group at the church for local teenagers. Martin is glad that, unlike some other churches, "we're not constrained to one hour a week."

It is clear that Martin is interested in getting more people to church, and "getting people to taste and see that the Lord is good," as he quotes from the Bible sitting in front of him. Reverend Mills confesses that sharing his religion is not without difficulties and he accepts that methods of evangelism need to change. "There's been a lot of change to the way that people view authority, the way people view truth. Previously we all wanted to belong and be defined by what we belonged to. Now people are much more keen to forge their own identity. People make their own decisions and choose their own paths and I think it's the same with faith," Martin contemplates, knowing how times have changed. "Faith needs to be owned personally. People aren't going to accept a label that is imposed on them... it's a much more honest approach."

The changes are not just limited to the change in the way in which people accept faith, Martin says, but also the way in which a congregation should be addressed nowadays. "We live in a multimedia age where no screenshot lasts longer than three minutes and we expect people to listen for half an hour? People just aren't set up for that any more." He shakes his head, knowing that there are probably flaws in even his own sermons when it comes to certain congregation members. "We're all a lot busier than we used to be, so it's finding ways of being relevant in a busy world."

"I think that in time there will be less opportunities for full-time ministers like me," says Martin, saddened by the prospective future of his occupation. Does that worry him? "Well it worries me because I think this is my job, this is what I'm trained for," Martin laughs wholeheartedly. Catching his breath, he answers more seriously. "At the end of the day, it's not down to the ministers; it's down to the spirit of God. If you think about the early church, very few of them were trained and God still used them to do a very good job. Historically Christians had to live in different cultures and adapt to those cultures and somehow continue to express their faith within that culture. Well, this is ours."

One thing that Martin doesn't worry about is those who scorn Christianity. "I think that God can take it. I don't get too worked up about it," he smiles. "God's God. Just because someone says He's not real doesn't change the fact that He is." He tells me that what he doesn't understand is why they feel the need to challenge God. "Sometimes people have completely misguided ideas about Christianity." No problem fazes this cheery minister, and he grins as he confesses the reason why: "I'm a glass half-full kind of guy, and it's difficult to see problems because I want to look for opportunities!"

Although the Church of England may be nearing its end Martin has faith in the future of the Baptists. "Christianity will flourish again. There is an interest in mystery and spirituality." Martin smiles. "It will continue to thrive".

For more information, visit www.alcesterbaptist.org.uk

*well-structured
ending*

Assignment 1, Text 2: Artist profile

Artist Profile: InFormat

From Dave Pierce trance anthems to Burial, InFormat gives us the lowdown on being a teenage producer.

HAVING BEEN greeted by a casually dressed Tom Wood, I'm told to climb 2 floors before reaching the top of this tall house and being ushered into his large bedroom. At just 16, it's as typical a teenage boy's room as you'd expect: clothes strewn about the place, duvet sheets in disordered mess at the bottom of the bed and various miscellaneous items in not-so-organised positions about the room. Tom grins, "Sorry, it's not particularly clean!"

An average teenager's lair, maybe, but it's when you look around the room in more detail and especially into one of the corners of the spacious room that you see clues that a musician lurks here. A homemade soundproofing board has been placed around a small area of the room - presumably a crude attempt to avoid demands from angry parents to turn the music down. A poster of the Belgian producer Netsky is stamped proudly on the slanted wall, orbited by an armada of tickets from various events Tom has attended. Clearly a lover of live music, but there is more to see here. On a small desk sits Tom's laptop, (tattooed with a mass of stickers), which is surrounded by a web of wires and cables. The number of wires protruding from the little computer is clearly not the same as someone who doesn't have a definite purpose and use for the machine. In the mess of wires, musical items can be identified: a speaker system, 2 keyboards and other small controllers as well as Tom's live equipment, and a fairly serious little Alesis mixer. Evidently not the room of a teenager who spends all their time on an Xbox.

Tom looks around for somewhere to sit before drawing up two chairs awkwardly. Let's talk music. His fascination with dance music and began when watching a Dave Pierce Trance Anthems advert on TV, and, having bought it, he started to become interested in trance. As his tastes grew, Tom recalls wanting to work out how such sounds were created. "I always wanted to find out how to make these noises on a

computer." From downloading Sony Acid Xpress for free and fiddling with Audacity, he had a good introduction into EDM and got a basic insight into production. "I got Ableton Live for my birthday in 2010," Tom says. Ableton has become the main weapon in Tom's arsenal, being his production base and also what he uses live.

His current music project, under the name InFormat is a result of his love of music and general experimentation. Having listened to his debut EP before the interview, I want to know Tom's thoughts on his creation, and, of course, Tom is eager for feedback! Titled *Night // Light* the 5 track EP begins on a moody, dark introduction to the music. *The Road* introduces Tom's style of dark ambience and uses samples from the film of the same name. "It's quite a scary and depressing piece," he notes, but as the slow percussion drifts in, you get a sense of what the rest of the EP could be like. Comparisons are easily drawn to Burial, one of Tom's idols, but it definitely feels fresh and original. "Burial is definitely a big inspiration for me. I love the way he can make something amazing out of practically nothing. I'm trying to do the same but with my own spin."

Drifting follows the long introductory song with a heavily shuffled percussive beat and pads focused around a squelchy bass which pulsates through the track. In almost a James Blake style Tom's vocals are often featured in his compositions, adding a very human touch to the music.

The third track, *Divergence*, features as the pivot of the EP, as the song's moods gradually lighten throughout the play, hence the title. "It goes from sort of darker sounds to lighter ones," Tom explains about the choice of words, "cheesy I know but I guess it's kind of clear once you listen."

Ascension is a clear change from the first couple of songs, still featuring light pads and shuffled percussion, but with a definite lighter feel. It's clearly not loud music meant to be played to angry teens who want to mosh, but calming

and subtle, and very well crafted. Tiny details in the sounds and some of the processing of them can only be described as damn intelligent! The final song, titled *Running*, carries on from *Ascension's* happy mood, featuring bouncy arpeggiated mallets and a clever little vocal line backed up by warm chords from piano that appears in most of Tom's tracks.

At the end of the 30 minute play I can't help feeling refreshed and happy, even though the beginning of it starts so darkly. Impressed by the style, I start to ask about what inspires Tom to make music like this rather than the angry growls of dubstep that most young producers flock to. "I guess I like making something that has a bit more of a groove and a feeling to it than some styles of popular dance music."

So, from this meaningful, ambient style, what can we expect from InFormat in a live situation? "I play very different stuff live!" Tom smirks, perhaps acknowledging the fact that his music may not be particularly well received by people ready for loud, up tempo bangers – which is what he plays live. However, it's not all commercial electro and Skrillex. The InFormat live experience is actually something very different indeed. Yes, the loud, bouncy styles that party-goers so crave are there, but Tom's cleverer than just playing mainstream dance.

Using Notation's popular Launchpad controller that was made famous by French sensation Madeon, and a consumer DJ controller, the Mixtrack by Numark, Tom is able to perform mashups and almost remix on the fly, firing off songs with acapellas from other songs of completely different genres and never letting the audience get too used to a genre before switching it up again completely and keeping it so fresh. "This setup allows me to be a little freer. I find it more fun than DJing because I can do what I want more."

He clearly thrives on the audience's reaction, and his sets are always full of an incredible energy and upbeat atmosphere. A perfect balance between playing songs well known by the audience and his preferred taste of more obscure (but still exciting) is established and you can never quite tell what you'll hear next. "I like to play a lot of moombahton and trap.

Moombahton is a really great little genre that's very bouncy, and gets people moving," Tom explains, "but I also like to play more mainstream dance early on in the set to get people used to the situation and be more confident dancing and just hopefully enjoying themselves."

Spending hours on Soundcloud and Beatport searching for music to listen to and play, Tom definitely takes his time to ensure that his sets are always fresh and exciting. "One of my favourites is this little blog called trapdoor, which is completely dedicated in posting trap songs." You can be assured, if there's a new, weird genre that people are starting to discover, Tom will already have heard of it.

Unfortunately, most of his shows are relatively local parties and events. "I'd quite like to do something bigger with the shows, more lights and perhaps more people who like the underground genres," Tom ponders. "I'm also broke so making a bit of money from this thing would be good!" I'm interested in finding out how a young producer plans for the future. "I did music GCSE and I'm doing A level Music Tech," Tom explains. "I'd love to carry on doing something to do with music, because I enjoy it so much." It's clearly a passion of his, and he's invested a lot of time and money in his music. "Maybe I could do something music tech-y at uni." If this isn't an option, perhaps film or sound design would be a way to go? There's always use for producers, not just in the most obvious jobs. Tom's not even too fussed if his job is not completely encompassed in music production. "As long as I can continue doing something to do with music and technology I'll be happy."

Meanwhile InFormat is building up his fan base through online social networks. All of his music, including his EP is available to listen to for free on Soundcloud, and he has increasing numbers of followers on Facebook and Twitter. And who knows, perhaps he'll be the next Burial of his time. "Maybe," he laughs, "maybe."

Informat's EP *Night // Light* is available for free at his Bandcamp page, and his remix of his friend Rous's song *To Reality* will be available on iTunes and Beatport from 1st December.

Assignment 2: Commentary

For my coursework I have written two Journalist Interviews for different audiences. The first interview is with Reverend Martin M who is a pastor of a Baptist Church. The audience I am writing for is an adult audience of local people interested in different forms of Christianity. As the Baptist denomination is relatively small in the area, I thought Martin would be able to offer a largely unheard view of Christianity. The article might appear in a local magazine or regional newspaper or perhaps in a parish magazine.

I tried to emphasise Martin's friendliness and his attitude towards his faith. I also tried to show that the Roman Catholic Church and the Church of England aren't the only denominations of Christianity in spite of their popularity. I tried to keep a positive tone and I was helped in this by Martin's 'glass half-full' attitude. I wanted readers to be encouraged to find out more about the Baptist church.

As part of my research I read Elizabeth Day's interview with Tess Daly (of 'Strictly Come Dancing') in the Guardian newspaper. From this article I took the idea of beginning the interview with something 'off-topic' that I would link to the main body of the interview later. In my article, I began by discussing the predicted extinction of the larger churches. I was also inspired by an interview by Jan Moir with explorer Bruce Parry in the Daily Telegraph. In this interview she begins the article with a topic and she returns to it in the final paragraph. I used this technique in my own piece.

I used standard English throughout implying Martin's level of education, perhaps instilling a sense of trust in him. In fact Martin had a northern accent but I didn't attempt to suggest this phonetically as I felt that doing so might influence the reader negatively. I also rephrased and reordered some passages from the recording to make them easier for the reader to follow.

In the interview I felt that Martin made many worthwhile and quotable comments so I decided to use quite a lot of direct speech. I thought this would show the reader a more honest version of my interviewee. Martin is clearly a confident speaker used to speaking to the public. This is also why I chose to end my interview with something he said during the interview ("I will continue to thrive") rather than writing something myself which may have been less effective.

Generally, I did not include my own comments although at times I chose to include my question phrased in Free Direct Speech (e.g. "Does this worry him?"). I felt this would help the reader to feel as though they were also involved in the interview. I thought this would mirror Martin's desire to get more people involved in church life. Including the church website's URL also reflected Martin's comments about living 'in a multi-media age' and the pragmatics of this are that the reader would see that Martin's church would appeal to modern churchgoers.

I felt that my interview was successful in presenting the Baptist denomination as an alternative to the more 'traditional' or popular Christian denominations and if it were published I think it would stir an interest in the Baptist Church.

My second interview is with an aspiring music producer, Tom W. I thought this would be an interesting contrast to the interview with the Baptist pastor as it targets a completely different audience. This article is intended for the magazine MixMag which has an established fan-base of electronic music fans. Readers of MixMag tend to be young and as Tom himself is only sixteen, I felt confident that they would be interested in his story. The magazine is in a sense, a 'specialist' magazine and assumes its readers will have a good knowledge of contemporary electronic dance music. I was able to use a range of

subject specific lexis from the semantic field of music production, terms like 'Launchpad' and 'Moombahton'.

I opened the interview by describing Tom's room as a typical teenage boy's room. Having gone on to explain that Tom's room is also a studio, I used ellipsis in the sentence, "Evidently not the room of a teenager who spends all their time on Xbox" to add humour and to emphasise that Tom's interests are different from those of a typical teenager.

I then decided that I should profile Tom to show his background in electronic dance music. As in the interview with the pastor I used direct speech mainly, but chose certain inquirits to give a positive slant. When Tom talks about having no money, I indicated his sense of humour by adding "he laughs". I tried to avoid the word 'says' throughout and tried to find inquirits like this that captured Tom's character. Sometimes rather than using direct speech I just gave the gist of what he said, "Tom is eager for Feedback", "Unfortunately, most of his shows are relatively local parties and social events". In my very first draft I included all my questions in direct speech, to aid me with structuring the discourse of the article. However, I found this limited my ability to slant responses or integrate them with description and/or information. In the interviews that I researched in preparation for my coursework I thought the ones that added description and narrative report of action to the account of what the subject said were better at conveying the personality of the subject than the ones that just gave questions and answers. For this reason I added description and narrative report of action in both interviews.

For the MixMag article I included a section in which we played through Tom's tracks giving each a brief description. This ended up longer than I anticipated but I thought it was necessary to the article and it fitted in with the usual pattern of articles in the magazine. I felt readers being introduced to a new artist would expect a description of the music and I also included a quote about other producers who had inspired Tom. Then I moved on to his live sound and performance.

I decided to finish the article with a contrast to the 'typical teenage boy's bedroom' by exploring the possibility of Tom's future as a producer.

Examiner comment

Original writing: Level 5, 27 marks

Both of these pieces show assured skills. The candidate adopts a highly effective journalistic style clearly differentiated by audience. In 'We're radical believers' the writer is careful to engage the adult audience with pronouns and the use of first names creates a closer relationship – typical of the 'local' audience for whom the writer is aiming. Subtle authorial intervention and the use of statistics links clearly to the function of the piece and is further illustration of this student's ability to use a range of techniques. The second piece is similarly assured. The lexical choice reflects the younger audience and the wide range of different inquirits and narrative reports of actions reflect the different expectations of this audience and help reinforce the interviewee's identity. Both responses are highly engaging with a sophisticated selection of techniques that would not be out of place in a published piece.

Level 5	25–30	Assured skills <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Writing is assured, accurate and highly effective. Displays an assured control of genre, mode and the requirements of audience and function. • Writing employs a sophisticated individual voice that differentiates in terms of audience and/or function. Crafts a highly-engaging response, with sophisticated selection of techniques.
----------------	-------	---

Commentary: Level 5, 16 marks

The language of the commentary is always controlled and accurate and has enough aspects of a critical and evaluative approach to achieve Level 5. Examples are frequent and discriminating and there is a sophisticated structure with carefully chosen language and a range of terminology associated with the presentation of speech in journalistic interviews. There are a number of careful and detailed references to the source material and this is matched to the language choices the candidate made when constructing the original writing, including how the writing evolved during the drafting process. There is a discriminating approach to explaining how audience and function affect meaning with the candidates noting at the start of each section what they were trying to achieve.

Level 5	16–20	Critical evaluative approach <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Presents critical application of language analysis with sustained examples. Uses sophisticated structure and expression with appropriate register and style, including use of appropriate terminology. • Critical application of a wide range of concepts and issues. Evaluates language use in own writing and style models. • Exhibits a sophisticated awareness of complex contextual factors. Evaluates how contextual factors affect the construction of meaning in own writing and style models. • Evaluates connections made between style models and own writing. Critically examines links to concepts and methods.
----------------	-------	---

Candidate C: Narrative

Assignment 1, Text 1: My Time, The Chance of a Lifetime

It was a clear sunny day on the motorway, no clouds in the sky to be seen, I had been travelling on the motorway non stop for 2 hours and I can tell you that you may not be claustrophobic in general but honestly being confined in a 4x4 in the heat the small space you have in your seat begins to get to you. Travelling in Zimbabwe or in most of Africa the road length and space is great, the long stretches of road are perfect for sleek men's sport convertible cars. For the majority of our trip, my dad had been showing where he went to school, the Zimbabwe national stadium, where the president stayed so when we turned into a well established suburbs I assumed that he was showing us where he lived. I honestly didn't mind where we were going as long as we got to leave the car for at least 5 minutes.

We pulled up into the drive way of a large house with a remarkable large front garden with clean cut fresh grass, large stone fountain, a gazebo and football goals. I then got out the car and immediately began stretching my legs I walked around the car and saw a familiar face that I just couldn't match it to anyone, they continued to walk and greet us I heard my dad say "Hello Peter" then I knew it was Peter Ndlovu former Premier League star player for Coventry City, Birmingham City, Huddersfield Town and Sheffield United. This was my Uncle. The last time I saw him I was around 6 months when he was still playing for Coventry City. I have dvd's, posters and pictures of him in my room along with my other Cristiano Ronaldo posters. I had always wanted to meet my Uncle Peter since I began playing football myself.

"Hello Uncle"

"Hello Junior, its been a while eh?" We all walked inside and immediately our eyes drawn to the trophy shelf he had custom made for him. There were Man of the Match champagne bottles, a few Golden Boots, pictures of him at charity events, all so remarkable. I went and held a Golden Boot in my hands, it was stunning it had his name engraved with the year and the team he played for at the time. I took out my camera phone and began snapping some pictures to show off to my friends. My Uncle then came and told we when he got these trophies and champagne bottles and how they meant so much to him.

He then brought me to the living room where my dad and the Highlanders Coach Kevin Kaindu was, (in Zimbabwe the Highlanders are equivalent to the Premier Leagues Manchester United). My Uncle sat me down, then my father took a deep breath and looked at me and said "Rocky, Uncle Peter and Kevin have some things to ask and discuss with you". I was very nervous and quite skeptical I had no idea what I was just to be faced with.

Kevin spoke first breaking the tension, "Rocky how would you like to train with the Highlander 1st team?"

I had to have a second to comprehend what was just offered to me "Wow? Really? That would be fantastic I would love to" I said, I then lent forward to shake Kevin's hand and thank him again.

Before it sank in, I was given the opportunity to train with Highlander FC my Uncle said "Junior as well as training with Highlanders FC would you like to train with the Zimbabwe National Team?"

Inside me right at this moment was this burst of adrenaline where I wanted to run outside through the sprinklers screaming but back to reality "Yes!, Yes! That is just ... fantastic thank so much both you thank you, I just have to go use the bathroom" In seriousness I was just so overwhelmed I had to have a moment to myself to really let this all sink in. *wrote with some clarity but with notable technical lapses*

Now I had been training with the National Team for three months, we had a game in 2 days against Egypt a World Cup Qualifier. The National Head Coach Klaus Deiter Pagels kept me behind after training to discuss something important with me. "Rocky," Klaus Deiter Pagels said in a thick German accent, "I have decided to start you this up coming game against Egypt, you have impressed me with your technique, your work ethic and ability to cope playing against older stronger players. I don't want you to worry or be nervous for the game just treat it as a match at the end of a training session and you'll shine".

I was completely shocked I didn't even see this coming it was something I never saw heading my way I mean I expected to make it on to the bench but to start on my debut was something else. *inclusion of connect*

We arrived three hours before kick off and headed to the home changing room getting ready for a pre match training session/warm up. After we had finished, we gathered round and prayed as a group and headed for the changing room where we were told the game plan.

"Rocky, you are the Centre Forward, your job is to drag the defenders back lay off the ball to either wings and run into the box as the target man. You can also switch positions with Khama Billiat and play on the left wing as Cristiano Ronaldo figure. Remember don't be afraid to shoot! You saw their keeper he's useless really. Make him work".

There was a knock at the changing room door for us to line up in the tunnel.

This was the moment I had dreamt of since I was 11, walking out the tunnel hearing the fans cheering, screaming, chanting and singing. I could hear it all, I shook off the remainder of any nervous feeling I had and lined up with the other players. The referee and other officials walked passed and led us out onto the pitch.

Assignment 1, Text 2: Downtown

"Sally, all I'm saying is you might need a little lingerie, spice it up a tad – show him you're worth it."
"I have lingerie. I can spice it up" truth be told, that was a lie. "I am a mature woman who can walk into an underwear shop and buy some floss like, skimpy, highly uncomfortable, expensive, let's face it their just pants, made out of some lace itchy material. To then get the result to get some action from a hopefully very nice gentleman."

My best friend Hannah looked at me with a concerned look. "Very nice gentleman?" she questioned. "I need to get out more don't I?"

Hannah didn't even have to say anything to know her hard hitting look meant yes, I needed to get out more.

Right so that shop is closing down, oh and it's an underwear shop, so it'll be cheap." I shouted at the top of my lungs down the middle of the high-street.

"Sweetie, I love you, but you can be really blonde sometimes, even though it says going bust, it doesn't mean its closing down hun, it means another word for boobs. Come on though you need some underwear that isn't from Bridget Jones' diary." Well that's my best friend for you, but it was fine for her, she's 24 got an amazing career, stunning to look at, always well dressed, and most importantly had the most amazing boyfriend possible, they adored each other, high school sweethearts, so romantic, only been with each other and nobody else and he was planning to propose next week on their eight year anniversary and I couldn't even get a man to look at me.

"Sal, its fine people don't care, just go into the underwear shop, buy a thong and leave, it's not hard to do."

There was a confession I had to make there, it seems to me that pretty much every 24 year old woman has been to buy and has worn a thong in their life...well...not every woman has done that as here are my confessions;

Go into a proper underwear shop and buy well...anything. I prefer comfort over damaging my body. Wear a thong, or even have the courage to buy one, I really don't see the fascination - it's called a private area for a reason, doesn't need to be out on display.

Never have I ever felt the actual need to go into an underwear shop, by this I mean a classy one, not some dirty sex shop, which of course I haven't done either, well actually maybe once, but I didn't mean to

"Why can I find someone Hannah?" I moaned.

"Aren't you trying to get with Robert?" she asked. Robert was my boss, 27 years of pure perfection and actually shown some interest in me, were going out on a sophisticated date out to dinner, I just had to make the effort on my part and look the part, even though I try to look the part every day at work, I just meant look the part in the underwear department. Hence this uncomfortable shopping trip.

"Yes I am, but it's hard, it's not like I can change what I look like." I moaned at her again.

"What's wrong with the way you look, you're stunning." I felt like crying inside, all my life I've had weirdoes and creepy drug dealer, cannabis smoking, gang creeps after me. I'm not saying I look like a type of person who would go for those types of men. I mean I'm not ugly; I've got bouncy chocolate curls, boobs that could possibly pass as watermelons, although not green, and always dress appropriately. All I want to do is attract a sensible, good looking man, with a secure job and good prospects of life...aka...Robert!

Hannah and I walked into the shop and were greeted by some skinny little blonde whose happiness wanted me to slap her in the face with some education; however I just smiled back and pretended to know what I was doing. When in fact all I was thinking was:

1. *To keep calm*
2. *Don't do anything stupid*
3. *No jokes (act your age Sally)*
4. *Find something to wear*
5. *Look at the price tag*

"Hannah what about these?" I picked up a pale pink thong made of grandma's net curtains, or as others like to call it, lace... and instead of just holding it, I stretched both sides of the fabric so it was stretched out to as big as it was ever going to get (Even then I still think I couldn't get it past my knee let alone all the way up there!) and accidentally and I do repeat accidentally flung it across the room, across to the other side of the store and out of the door, making the alarms go off and some other poor woman had to be searched for stealing. I looked at Hannah and she looked very shocked indeed. I couldn't help but going bright red and burst into fits of laughter. My checklist of things to have done flew out of the window with the thong, which a young boy had now picked up and had given it to his mother who also looked very red in the face. Hannah ran up to me in a hurry, "maybe we should leave."
"Hannah there is a sale on, and I can only just afford this place, go into another one and I'll have to ring the bank for a loan. Now pick something up so we can leave."
We hadn't been in the shop five minutes before facing some unfortunate events, on the other hand, I don't think the bimbo always happy sales assistant had noticed it was me, or at least I hoped she didn't.

At last I had found something suitable, not too lacy and uncomfortable looking, decent enough to cover all the private areas and just about in my price range. I might as well go and buy them. So that's exactly what I did, although I would probably have a phone call from the bank for a large amount of money missing from my bank account in one transaction and I had to think of something to say other than 'sorry I'm trying to seduce my boss'.
Nevertheless that awful trip was over and I could just leave, except I didn't anticipate walking into a whole stack of 50 Shade of Grey books so they're all over the floor and I'm casually lying on top of them, just to make matters worse, the thong I had just shamefully bought decided it would be absolutely hilarious to roll out of the cardboard bag and display itself right in the middle of the high street for the whole world to see.

Assignment 2: Commentary

The mode of coursework I have decided to tackle is the written narrative. I have written two narratives aimed at different audiences.

The first one was based on story a friend told me about an underwear mishap that happened walking down a street. The genre of the written narrative is a comedy story and therefore the narrative is to entertain.

The intended audience is young women generally over the age of 16 due to somewhat sexual and rude comedy written in the narrative.

My style model was 'The (Im)perfect Girlfriend' by Lucy-Anne Holmes. This is a romantic comedy aimed at teenage girls and it has the same type of humour as the coursework was trying to convey.

The lexis that was used in the piece of work was informal language. This was used because that is what was used in the style model and is how spontaneous conversation happens in real life. The style model also uses a lot of slang for the same reason.

During the narrative, 'Downtown' there is a range of simple, compound and complex sentences. The simple sentences have been used when the main character uses different adjectives to explain and emphasise a point. This is because there is only one subject and one clause and the rest of the words in the sentence are adjectives, for example, "go into an underwear shop to buy some floss-like skimpy, highly expensive pants made of some skimpy lace".

There are also bullet points used in the narrative where the main character is reviewing and is thinking different points in her head. An example of this is;

- Check the price

I decided to use direct and indirect speech. I used direct speech for dramatic effect and indirect speech for casual chit-chat talk.

The phonology describes awkward moments which all happen in chronological order to how they happened. This gives the reader some images as if they have a little film rolling in their heads about what is happening so reader has an idea about what is going on. This then allows the audience to put themselves into that situation. This also allows them to find the comical side of the story and then hopefully find it funny and it would have a good high impact on the audience.

The mood of 'Downtown' is very upbeat and makes the audience feel sorry for the main character as she is very clumsy and embarrasses herself a lot on an extremely frequent basis.

The graphology used in the task was bold to emphasise a point, bullet points to make the point more important so the reader can relate to it.

'Downtown' is related in a typical book form including standard punctuation, paragraphs.

The colour of the font will be standard and therefore will be black. The standard font that will be used is Times New Roman as it is the font that was used in my style model and overall it is a very popular font.

My second narrative is based on what happened to my brother when he went to visit our family in Zimbabwe. The audience is sporty people, perhaps mainly boys, who are keen on football and may themselves be aspiring footballers themselves. Perhaps young boys who have the same dream my brother had and want to make it as a professional footballer. I have written the story, like the other narrative, in the first person so the events which happen are related from the point of view of the main character. I have done this because it makes the story more relatable to the reader.

The genre of the narrative is a short story. It is meant to entertain and inspire. However, unlike 'Downtown' it isn't intended to be comic. I have included an orientation where I give clear information on the time, place and people in my story and I know my story includes an abstract narrative because I mention the boy's goal of playing for the national team.

I didn't feel that having an 'in media res' narrative style would have fitted with my story so I didn't include that in my narrative. Also using the 'in ultimate res' technique was just not suitable for my type of story and there was no way I could have built my story around this narrative style. Because my narrative style was abstract there was a lack of closure because there could be more than what was left for the reader to read.

I changed the audience for my story during the course because I couldn't get involved with it. My earlier draft was for a much younger audience but I felt I would have to write in a much too simplistic manner. Instead I wanted to share something as a writer and

create a story for a more intellectual reader who would have a wider vocabulary. The structural feature I used for my story is 'frames'. This is creating a story within a story, situation or conversation. In my case, within a situation.

Examiner comment

Original writing: Level 2, 11 marks

Although 'Downtown' is attempting to produce a comedic self-mocking female the result is not highly convincing and it can be somewhat confusing at times as a result of some technical lapses in its structure. There is clear attempt to produce an individual voice that relates clearly to a named audience and there are obvious, albeit not successful, attempts at crafting language. The second piece, 'My Time' shares many of the same characteristics as the first but is not as ambitious in its scope and is somewhat flat. Again, the writing has technical lapses, shows only a general understanding of genre and the requirements of audience. There are some limited attempts at creating an individual voice.

Level 2	7-12	<p>General/imprecise skills</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Writing has some errors and technical lapses. Shows general understanding of genre, mode and the requirements of audience and function. • Writing attempts an individual voice. Makes obvious, though not always successful, attempts at crafting language for effect.
----------------	------	--

Commentary: Level 2, 6 marks

The ideas are organised with some clarity but there are lapses and examples are often missing or show a lack of discrimination. Many of the assertions about language show a lack of a very general understanding. There is some reference to audience but again, this is often quite broad and general. Although there are some references to the style models and links to shaping language used for the first task, these are not present or developed for the second task.

Level 2	5-8	<p>General understanding</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Recalls methods of analysis that show general understanding. Organises and expresses ideas with some clarity, though has lapses in use of terminology. • Shows general understanding of concepts and issues. Able to apply some of this understanding when describing language use in own writing and style models. • Has general understanding of contextual factors. Can explain effect of audience and function on construction of meaning in own writing and style models, though not always securely applied. • Describes general links between style models and own writing. Shows general understanding of relevant concepts and methods.
----------------	-----	---

Candidate D: Narrative

Assignment 1, Text 1: Yo Ho Sebastian

Dawn broke slowly over the Tiderunner that crisp morning; her sails catching the orange light; her oak boards dyed a different hue in the morning's warmth; melting the harsh chill of the night before with its warm beam. The Jolly Roger caught the breeze with a half-hearted flutter, as though it were tired; black folds exposing the white motif to the surrounding ocean, which was bare of all except the ship from which it fluttered, and the occasional flock of birds. The cannons had an orange tint to their dull grey barrels; the detritus on deck seemed to glow with light which at any other time would have seemed warm and friendly. The rays extended further as the morning deepened, but their warmth could not clear the icy atmosphere that kept silence over the deck. Those on deck squinted as the sun hit their eyes, covering their faces with raised hands or the brims of hats; but they remained hushed despite their discomfort. Minutes passed hushed; the only sounds were those of the waves gently embracing the hull, and the ever-present gulls screeching their discomfort from the starboard side.

Three figures stood in the centre of a semi-circle of around fifty pirates, who were all gathered on the starboard half of the deck. The middle figure, with his air of the grandiosity; his long coat and tricorne hat; his immaculately trimmed beard and his self-satisfied smirk, was obviously the captain of the vessel. He stood proud, cocking two loaded flintlocks and pointing them at the other two. Both men were bound harshly with rope; the crude knots securing them raising welts on their arms. The first man stood to the captain's left, and his expression was hard; his jaw jutted defiantly, and his eyes remained fixed on the slightly swaying horizon in an attitude of pride and scorn. The second man was not faring so well. From the captain's right came the audible chattering of teeth, as the thinner pirate visibly trembled; his azure eyes darting between each member of the scowling crew, watching their now illuminated faces for any signs of either violence or pity. Beads of sweat raced each other down his brow.

The first pirate raised his head slightly, baring his teeth as he gazed around at the crew. Some of the less brave drew back slightly, receiving small kicks and reprimands from the older members of the crew. His glare was one to be feared. Everyone knew about Percy, or 'lion' as they called him when his back was turned. Even his eyes were thin and feline as he stared around, as though wondering which of them to devour next, on this orange-tinted savannah of the deck.

The captain flicked back the catch on his flintlock, drawing a sideways glance from Percy, and began to speak in a loud, commanding voice.

"Gentlemen," he began, addressing the crew as a whole, "we are gathered on decks to execute these two men for a blasphemy the like of which has ne'er been seen upon this ship." The assembled pirates shuddered.

"It is a crime, as y' all know, t' love another," he drawled, scanning his crew for weakness or sympathy, but he saw only animalistic glee; the prospect of blood stirring their souls like a festival might. "Yet, last night, I came across these two ..." The captain stopped for a moment, trying to think of a word to describe what it was he had seen, but had none. Pirates had no words for matters concerning love. He shook himself, and continued.

"It is said by meself, it is said by the laws which govern us as free men, and it is said by th' laws o' th' Bible itself." His arms flexed, levelling the pistols to each captive, and his expression hardened once more.

"I won't stand for any o' this ..." The captain spat onto the deck in his disgust emphasising his words. "I won't 'ave ...faggotry 'board my ship. As bound by the code, I'll shoot you dogs where ya stand.'

"Percy," yelled a voice, thin with abject terror, "I'm sorry, Percy!" All eyes turned to the second pirate; the morning sun on his back casting a prouder silhouette than his actions suggested. Percy lowered his head, deliberately not looking at the smaller man; his eyes shut tight to drown out anything else in his head. "Percy, I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry ...'

* * * * *

"...I'm sorry, Seb. I should never've let them speak to ya like that."

Three weeks ago, it was a chill night like no other; tendrils of cold mist snaked on deck; the barrels of the cannons were covered in a light frost, and two figures sat hunched together, staving off the bitter night air with only a threadbare blanket and the menial warmth that the other could provide. The second pirate, Sebastian, was nestled in the safe warmth of Percy's shoulder, with Percy's hand moving through his long hair softly; this simple act reassuring both of them for another evening.

"S'alright, Perc. Crew just don' like what they don't understand." Seb grinned slightly, moving closer to Percy's central warmth. He looked up, staring into Percy's eyes. "Hey, Percy."

"What is it, Seb?"

"When're we gonna leave, Perc?" His eyes stared into the murky darkness, unfocused. "Let's go far away. Somewhere where Cap'n won't be mad."

The hand dropped from Seb's hair, as he spoke in no more than a hoarse whisper. "I can't promise ya anything, Seb. I can only promise that I will always lo-... I'll love ya, Seb." Their faces joined in the cold; firstly in a quick, tender kiss, and then they pressed together, forehead to forehead; sharing their warmth and feelings; grinning at each other despite the cold that threatened to push them apart; locked tightly by the gaze. Percy's eyes closed, during this one perfect moment. He wanted to remember this, always.

* * * * *

Percy's eyes in the present snapped open. Silencing the baying crew at once his cracked lips opened and shut experimentally. He was not good with words. He knew, however, that what he was going to say had to be said.

"Sebastian," he said, in his softest voice, which carried in the now deathly silence. Even the gulls seemed to perk up and listen. "I...I hope they didn't tie up your hands as...as tight as mine." These words were spoken in almost a croaky whisper, but the whole crew heard. Even the older ones were scared this time. Lion never showed any kind of emotion like this. Never.

The captain scoffed outwardly at his crew's cowardice.

j

"You bastards," he started, holding his pistols high; but even he noticed a slight tremble

that rattled the guns he held ever so slightly. "Y-ya think I'll allow this on ma ship, you've got anoth-..."

"Stow it!" yelled Percy, his voice more like a lion's roar than anything else, and the captain backed away.

The heel of Percy's shoe struck his stomach, winding him, and sending him collapsing to the deck. The same heel slammed down into the captain's hat, and the captain's nose broke with a sickening crunch, sending a small spurt of crimson over the otherwise single-hued deck. There was silence, apart from the captain's groans, the mutters and shouts of the crew, and Percy's heavy breathing. He stood proud once more; hands still fastened securely behind him, watching the crew warily.

"Sebastian," he growled, turning to face the other pirate fully for the first time this morning, "ya needn't cry. We're not welcome 'ere, and I think it's safe t' say that we don't belong 'ere, or anywhere else fer that matter. But, no matter what this lot think," he stepped towards Seb, taking advantage of the confusion before another member of the crew decided to put a bullet in them, "I will love ya still in hell." He strode towards the edge of the deck, and turned to face Sebastian; his face illuminated by the morning sun as though he were an oil painting. "Ya coming or what?"

Without warning, he leapt lithely from the deck, and plummeted with a splash into the ocean's depths.

"Perc!" Sebastian screamed, and jumped without thinking; desperate to follow the man he loved. He fell too, and, to those watching from the deck, was lost in the churning waves.

They sank in that vast world of blues and greens, and struggled to the other, pressing their foreheads together just like on that bitter night, and both were still and calm. Percy grinned again. 'Let's go far away, Seb. Somewhere where the captain won't be mad,' he thought, and took one long breath of water; the waves filling his lungs for the final time, and the last things he saw were Seb's eyes, the brightest azure in that dark and silent sea.

Assignment 1, Text 2: The Khyber Pass

When springtime flushes the desert grass
Our Kafilas wind through the Khyber Pass

Rudyard Kipling

A surprisingly cool wind made the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. It was early morning; I had understood that the truck would begin its pilgrimage again at 3:00am and it was the gentle rocking motion of the vehicle that awakened me out of my fragmented sleep. I felt Kim stiffening anxiously and his large hand flex and rest reassuringly in the small of my back, reassuming the position it had occupied almost consistently for the last 13 hours. I rolled the pieces of grit that had gathered in my palms between my fingers and tried to shift position but I found my joints stiff and achy from sitting too long in one place. As the dullness of sleep left I caught slivers of hushed conversation;

"Do you have it?" a hoarse voice asked in a strange dialect of Persian.

"I will have it," came the authoritative response.

I tried to quieten the hunger that was gnawing petulantly at my insides but that, combined with the gravelly sounds of the truck, succeeded in reducing any further exchanges to an indecipherable hum. I slowly forced myself to sit up straight. My eyelids felt like sandpaper as I coaxed them open, every blink scratching away at eyes that were already red and raw. My movement aroused the attention of Kim who was eying me worriedly, squinting against the sun that was rising behind me. He silently brushed the laceration on my cheek with a warm finger and his eyes met mine, filling with regret. His camera swung like a pendulum around his neck in time to the movement of the truck.

Suddenly the truck lurched to a complete standstill. We were both thrown to the floor of the truck; gravel imbedding itself in our knees and forearms.

"Out," said the hoarse voice in English.

We half-fell out of the truck, our eyes momentarily dazzled by the bright sunlight. As I forced my brain to form coherent instructions to my limbs, I could feel the rising heat begin to burn my shoulders; my tank top sticking to my body.

A tall, heavily built man stood in front of us, a long rifle resting against his shoulder. He smirked as Kim grabbed my hand. Kim let go. The man paced. He stopped. I had started to tremble in the heat. My eyes watered and my head swam. My eyes turned into camera lenses zooming in and out to get a clear picture but only returning a changing blur. He said a few words in a dialect I didn't understand.

He took two steps towards me and grabbed my breast roughly, exhaling aggressively through his teeth next to my ear. A pathetic pride pricked at the back of my eye lids. He let go and moved back to his original place. I attempted to form a Persian phrase of disgust but my mouth was too dry to form the words. The man understood.

"So you speak my language eh?" he asked. I nodded. "You're a journalist, yes?" I nodded. "You write stories." He laughed darkly and turned to Kim. "And you. You're a ... photographer." Kim glanced nervously at me, not understanding the man's words. I nodded for him. Then, without warning, the man wrenched the camera from around Kim's neck and hurled it at the ground. The lens shattered into bitter pieces. Kim choked back a sob and bit his lip hard, drawing blood.

"Funny thing, camera film," the man said pulling ribbons of it out of the metal corpse, "It doesn't like sunlight." He held the film up to the rising sun.

Bill was an Australian Vietnam Vet. He had the build of a soldier and the mouth of a sailor. He had begun driving old army trucks through Afghanistan and Pakistan for tourists after he had come home from Vietnam and suffered a breakdown. Alan, his partner in love and in crime, used to be an accountant in England until he too broke down, left his wife and found Bill by way of a Lonely Hearts ad. Between them, they had a heart the size of a continent and a bladder the size of a button mushroom.

"Again Bill?" I mocked, leaning out the back of the van as it stopped for the eighth time that morning. He swore at me and I laughed, leaning against Kim's shoulder. A

few minutes later the truck started to move again and I moved to the other side to gaze out the window at the barren countryside approaching the Khyber Pass. As I looked at Kim I thought once again how lucky I was to call him mine; broad shoulders, dark shaggy hair, shy smile. He kissed me softly on the cheek.

"The locals call this the 'Silk Road,'" Bill yelled back to us as the road got significantly bumpier. "Dimwits." We laughed and talked as we went further down between the mountains. As the light started to fade so did my stamina and I began to doze. Just as I was about to drop off, the truck came to a violent halt. My head whipped back and my cheek hit the sharp edge of the widow-sill hard.

"Jesus Bill, give us some warning why don't you!" I gasped, touching my cheek. It felt sticky and my fingers came away stained. I curled up against Kim, his large body undisturbed by the sudden stop, and tried to sooth the stinging with his warmth. I waited for Bill to get back in the truck. The temperature had dropped the way it did overnight and the wind had picked up bringing sand and grit into the air and in through the windows of the truck. Minutes passed.

"Alan, will you get your man in here please, so we can go!" I mumbled. He didn't reply so I sat up grouchily and glared in the direction of the driver's seat. I blinked to get the dust out of my eyes. The cab was empty. I stopped and listened. Men's voices. Unfamiliar. I moved silently to the other side of the truck and peered out into the night. As my eyes adjusted I saw the outline of figures; two of them, tall and broad, another two kneeling, heads down, bodies contracting in pain. I felt the blood drain from my face. Kim's hand appeared at my hip and I jumped at his touch. He followed my gaze.

"Bloody hell" he sighed.

They heard.

* * * * *

Kim arched his neck. It was red and sore where his camera strap had, until recently, been chafing. We were standing like cattle with hundreds of other people at the border of Pakistan; Mostly women with babies on their backs, fanning themselves with official looking papers when they weren't waving them at unofficial looking men with guns, not dissimilar to the one pressing gently but insistently into the small of my back. The men behind us made no effort to disguise our tied hands, but no one looked. When we got to the front of the herd the man spoke coldly into my ear,

"One word, he's dead."

The flying bullet down the pass,

That whistles clear "All flesh grass"

Rudyard Kipling

Assignment 2: Commentary

The genre I have chosen for my original writing coursework is narrative fiction. The first piece, 'Yo Ho Sebastian' is aimed at teenagers. It was based on the song 'Gay Pirates' by Cosmo Jarvis. I changed the title to 'Yo Ho Sebastian' (which is the chorus of the song) because I didn't want to give the plot away. The song tells the story of two pirates from relationship bliss to execution. I started my written narrative, however, with the beginning of the execution and ended it with their deaths, and included a flashback to a time of calm and warmth. I used some of the words from the song (e.g. 'Let's go far away. Somewhere the Cap'n won't be mad') in the dialogue between the pirates. I used 'in medias res' ("Dawn broke slowly over the Tiderunner...") which has the effect of opening the story dramatically. I believe that my story will appeal to a teenage audience partly because of the absurdity and unexpected aspect of pirates being gay, but also because of the popularity of movies such as the Pirates of the Caribbean series.

Diverging from the story structure devised by Labov, I decided to start with orientation instead of an abstract . This meant a descriptive opening (e.g. "...her sails catching the orange light,"). I then moved on to the complicating action of the execution ("...cocking two loaded flintlocks at the other two"), and from there came the explanation of the events that unfolded, ending with the result of their descent into the sea and the coda of their final parting. I focused on my initial descriptions so that I could create an antithesis between the descriptions of nature and the ominous execution.

I used an omniscient narrator, but during the flashback it slips into Percy's consciousness (e.g. "He wanted to remember this always."). This has the effect of making the flashback more personal as the reader is seeing things from Percy's perspective.

I used emotive and imaginative imagery and lexis to describe the ocean setting and the mood of waiting that fell upon the crew ("...the prospect of blood stirring their souls like a festival might"). I also used pathetic fallacy, which I had come across in the opening chapter of Great Expectations where the terrible weather reflects Pip's unhappy mood. In my case though I decided to have the setting contrast with the mood rather than enhance it. As the mood on the deck of the ship was cold and tense, the weather was "warm and friendly", whereas in the flashback scene it "...was a chill night like no other" and yet the characters' mood, in stark contrast, is far warmer and more relaxed: "Seb grinned ... moving closer to Percy's central warmth". The calm feeling of the flashback also contrasts with the tense nature of the preceding scene.

Non-standard orthography was used to convey a distinctive idiolect, i.e. the Captain's speech, ("It is a crime, as y'all know, t' love another man ...") This creates a more realistic effect as though a real person was speaking.

In the beginning I emphasised that the two lovers were polar opposites; Percy is a terrifying individual and Sebastian is anything but. In this I was influenced by the contrast between Lennie and George in Steinbeck's 'Of Mice and Men'. However, their true characters are eventually revealed. Percy is shown to have a loving heart beneath his fearsome exterior, using showing not telling. ("Percy's hand moving through his long hair softly ...") Sebastian appears feeble but he is able to show courage when he follows the man he loves to his death. The aim was to show the audience slowly that the pirates were gay so I didn't state it outright. Eventually it becomes clear. "It is a crime to love another man," ends the narrative suspense. I

think I have described the main characters in a way which will make the reader sympathise with them and their situation and that the elements of humour and tragedy will affect the teenage audience emotionally.

My second piece is not a complete story but the opening of a longer piece. It is aimed at a general adult audience as it will contain some scenes of extreme violence and will require some understanding of recent events in the Afghanistan and Pakistan. My piece was intended to be a gripping thriller, like those of John Le Carre, set in a realistic modern day area of conflict. It describes the kidnapping of two journalists. I began and ended the piece with a quote from a Kipling poem which sets the scene and I think creates an ominous tone that the narrative itself then follows. Like the first piece I used anachrony. It begins with the journalist and the photographer having been driven through the desert by their kidnappers. Then again, like in 'Yo Ho Sebastian' there is a flashback to the earlier events that led to the kidnapping and finally it returns to the point where the journalists are told to get out of the vehicle and continues to the attempt to cross the border to Pakistan. After the quote, the story begins 'in medias res', ("A surprisingly cool wind made the hairs on the back of my neck stand up.") Unlike the first piece I used a homodiegetic narrator to portray the exact emotions of my protagonist. I decided in this story not to give my protagonist a name at this point because I wanted the reader to be drawn straight into the immediate feelings of the character as if the events described were happening to them. I felt that a named protagonist would have created a barrier between the reader and the action. This is also why I went into quite minute detail about certain aspects of her experience and how she was feeling, (e.g. "I found my joints stiff and achy after sitting too long in one place", "My eyelids felt like sandpaper as I coaxed them open ...") I also tried, wherever possible, to use language that was not gender specific. Like in 'Yo Ho Sebastian' I have tried to challenge the reader's expectations all the way through by presenting a strong female protagonist with a less assertive boyfriend and a gay Vietnam veteran who retains traditionally masculine qualities in his speech.

I have used standard grammar in my narrative. However, as in my first piece I have tried to represent some of the patterns of spontaneous spoken discourse. I have also used pauses, ellipses and minor sentences to indicate speech patterns ("And you. You're a ... photographer." "Out!") but, unlike in my first story, I haven't used non-standard orthography to represent idiolect. I noticed while researching narrative techniques in the work of Stephen King that he often also uses minor sentences and single sentence paragraphs to build up the reader inside the character's head and to create dramatic effect so I used a similar technique (e.g. "Men's voices. Unfamiliar." "They heard.")

Examiner comment

Original writing: Level 5, 30 marks

This candidate has written two narrative pieces for different audiences. The writer clearly understands the demands of their chosen genre and the writing for both pieces is assured, accurate and highly effective. Both narratives are highly engaging and *Yo-Ho Sebastian* in particular shows the employment of a sophisticated selection of techniques to develop character and voice and ambitious use of language to create a highly original and fun piece of writing. The second piece is equally ambitious and creates a convincing atmosphere of threat while sustaining an illusion of realism by describing the impact on the protagonist's senses. In doing so, the writer has clearly differentiated by audience because of these more 'adult' themes.

The sense of individual voice here is also well developed and contributes to differentiating the audience from the other work. There are some inconsistencies in *The Khyber Pass*, such as some issues with the chronology but it was felt that these did not significantly affect the quality of the narrative in terms of awarding.

Commentary: Level 5, 18 marks

The candidate takes a critical and evaluative approach to their commentary.

There is a critical application of language analysis and a wide range of discriminating examples are used alongside appropriate and wide ranging terminology to describe the language techniques employed by the writer. The structure of the entire commentary is sophisticated with an appropriate register and style throughout. The references to style models, including how they were changed or adapted, are sustained throughout the whole responses and are both detailed and frequent, clearly showing a candidate who has done a significant amount of planning and research before commencing their writing tasks. In all instances, the candidate clearly evaluates both their own language use and that found in the style models. While there is detailed analysis of character and voice, other important aspects of context such as audience and function are slightly underdeveloped. For this reason, the candidate did not achieve all the marks that were available.

