

GCSE English

5EH3A

Unit 3 - Creative Writing

Candidate A:

Creative Writing

Theme: Relationships

The dry, long, bleached grass snapped like a whip in the wind. The air whistled loudly, almost uncomfortably loud. An old, crusty smell engulfed the place, as did heavy tension. In the backdrop, there was a coal mine – large, black and dusty. By the left was a one-story shack, which was built out of termite infested timber. On the top of the coal mine was a built up house: painted with royal yellow; three stories high and two trailers wide; and a bright, rosy flower patch. A small, if not frail, girl stood in the field. She stared at the house. She turned herself forward to the centre of a confused, shocked crowd, “He’s not coming back... is he?” she blubbered, “Daddy’s not coming back...” The girl gestured to the centre of the crowd and collapsed into a heap on the floor. A blue, flannel blanket rippled in the breeze, like a pond. A leather, lavish cowboy hat jutted out the top. Threateningly, bright blood splattered diagonally from the top right onto the parched soil.

A few sheltered in the miner’s shack, their faces were either painted with glee or woe. Whispers echoed, “At least he’s eventually pushin’ up old daisies, the frugal mister.” A small, but still unjust, giggle thundered round the cabin which added to the melancholy mood of fellow workers. They cradled their possessions: a few, measly dollars; the faded reminisce of dearly loved family photos; smutted, ratty hats; an odd pack of cards - missing the ace of hearts; and newspapers and magazines stuck on the jobs page. With faces more puzzled than a jigsaw, they sat formulating, planning, trying to fix their already broken futures. One of the older, weaker men sat clawing soot from his purple, baggy eye to excuse his crying. The group was now sitting, silent, bar the battering wind.

The coal mine stood still. Inactive and lifeless, vultures didn’t even bother scavenging the barren pit. Not a flower, a leaf, or a blade of grass was in sight, even water was scarce. Shades of blacks and browns ravaged the rocky hill. Rusty rail tracks lined the mound, however not a cart was to be seen. Scrappy, wooden mine entrances were dotted along the landscape, with their entrances boarded up. Tunnels, more tunnels and even more tunnels crisscrossed in the hill; all were empty. The reassuring chipping and the banging of the now drained coal mine was no more.

The owner’s house looked down upon the crusty landscape. The curtains were drawn in the front room, but if you were to peek inside you would find it was very modern. There was a two piece settee at either side of the room, complete with a mini table at the center with a bible, a newspaper and a few magazines lain on top. At the back of the room, there was a black and white television, much coveted by the locals. But the centre piece of the room was a wall of pictures. The fifteen or twenty pictures were hung in a nearly perfect grid, picturing each member of the owner’s family equally: a young blonde haired, thin framed girl; another blonde haired, but tall and older girl; and finally a lanky, acne ridden boy. Upstairs there were 3 bedrooms for his kids, one pink, one crème and one blue. The older girl lay on her bed scrunched up, weeping, while embracing a pillow and a picture of her father. The final floor contained two rooms. Firstly, there was the owner’s bedroom - brown, spacey and cold. The bed was unmade, the chest of draws was open, clothes were strewn across the floor, and the blinds were drawn closed. Adjacent to this, was a door: shut and locked it was the second room, the owner’s office. Pens rolled off a solid, ancient desk because of the breeze blowing from the window, as did the crumbled up reminisce of last ditch plans. Aggressive outbursts, in the form of cracks and scrapes, were sporadically dotted around little office. Money, letters and

the poem. The reason the narrator uses this punctuation is to represent the lack of connection between the three men in the poem. Finally, the poem is only one verse with only one perspective – the high ranking officer's perspective. This means the poem is biased towards the high ranking officer, as shown with his final line which reflects his patriotic views: "Such men have lost all patriotic feeling." Other bias could be seen with the use of a rhyme scheme, e.g. 'crying' and 'trying,' and how this relates to the high ranking officer's unified, connected army views and patriotism.

Moderator comment and marks:

This is a convincingly organised response, with a well planned structure and some sophisticated narrative devices: 'The curtains were drawn in the front room, but if you were to peek inside you would find it was very modern.' A range of sentence structures are used and some ambitious vocabulary choices are evident, even if these are not always successful/accurate. Ideas are maybe not fully developed but the overall structure is a strong.

Marks:

AO3i/ii: 15; AO3iii: 7

Candidate B

Living on the Edge

All around me was a white blanket of snow and it bombarded down from the glowing northern lights. Sharply, the snow felt like spiky icicles like a million tiny knives pushing down into my back. The snow was like an extremely strong mist, as you couldn't see two inches in front of your face as if you were going blind.

Then I found a deep, dark cave that sheltered me while the storm continued rage. Afterwards, I looked around the pitch black cave and it was full of ancient carvings from the caveman era. Later, I pitched my camping tent and went to sleep. Because it was freezing cold, I couldn't sleep for half the night as it was uncomfortable and the fire in the cave wouldn't set alight because it was too windy. Angrily, I drifted in and out of sleep.

Hearing the sound of snuffling, cautiously I woke up. I was alone. I was frightened. Quickly, I un-pitched my tent, pushed all of my things in my bag and crept out of the cave opening. I got out the cave and that was all working well, until a wolf pack spotted me.

Foolishly, I ran out of the cave and went to the only place I could think of to run to. Running towards the top of the mountain, about half way up, I saw another cave in front of me. I sprinted past it, but on my way past I saw something shiny out the corner of my eye. That didn't seem to matter at the time because I didn't know if I was going to live or die.

I was near the top of the steep mountain and I could hear what seemed like a thousand wolves chasing me. I heard one of the wolves howl and it sounded like a noise louder than the explosion that started the world. So I kept running up and up the mountain until there was a cliff edge straight ahead of me. There were only three things at the cliff edge and that was the snow, a cave and the cliff. My choices were to climb the cliff or to run. I decided to take my chances and nervously ran to the small entrance of the cave. When I got there, I prayed that there was an exit to escape or the hungry wolves didn't find me.

Running into the cave, there was no light what so ever. Frantically, I yanked out my torch and had a quick look around. At a fast pace I went deep into the cave, but only to find that there was no exit. Defeated, I jogged back out of the cave, but as I did there was a flicker of light coming from a part of the cave which I didn't see before. I saw a narrow tunnel and I crept down through it. There was a glimmering water fall breaking from the ceiling and at the other side of the freezing water fall, there was light that I followed which lead me down to the bottom of the mountain. As I walked down the slippery mountain, I started to think to myself, "lucky that water fall was there", otherwise I would have still been at the top of the mountain wondering and worrying about how I could escape from the wolves. As soon I say that to myself, a pain shoots through my leg and it went into a cramp and then I slipped on a large patch of ice on the path and then continued down the mountain.

Moderator comment and marks:

The imagery developed in this piece is controlled and effective, and ideas are appropriate for purpose. Vocabulary is chosen carefully: 'it bombarded down from the glowing northern lights' and there is some variation in sentence structure, although the second paragraph shows that at times this is mechanical. Spelling is accurate but there are some slips in tenses and punctuation is not always secure.

Marks:

AO3i/ii: 9; AO3iii: 5

Candidate C

English Exams

the poor of the couple
Two People, one world. Belinda and Frank live in a one bedroom flat in the back of beyond, they are really struggling and it's not their fault. It all started a few months ago when something shocked the street.

descriptive language
On 22nd of April 2001 a blazing fire erupted down Kingfisher Road. The house was owned by an old married couple, before all of this happened they lived a happy life and had settled down after their retirement.

As the fire was spreading and slowly turning the house into a death trap Frank was collecting all their valuables and Belinda was nowhere in sight. After Frank collected a bag of valuables he began to look for his wife, - where could she be...

He heard blood curdling screams from the back room. Dancing fire separated him from the screams, and his main priority was getting him and Belinda out alive. He took two steps back and then took a deep life ending breath, he then ran and jumped at the speed of light through the burning hot flames; once he had jumped through the orange coated flames his wife was laid there and all her precious legs had been burnt. Frank picked her up and carried her to the disintegrated door where the only escape route was.

The fire engulfed the air and Brenda didnt have long left but she was hanging in there. Frank kicked the door open and struggled to the end garden with his Belinda in his life saving arms; he put her down and laid next to her trying his best to catch a breathe. In the process Belinda was struggling to function and it was not looking for her, Frank told her to be strong. He looked to his right and by the time he had took a breath she was gone; she had stopped breathing. Frank grabbed hold of her and a waterfall of tears poured out of his eyes.

Moderator comment and marks:

There is a clear attempt here to construct a narrative response, and some control of sentence structure and vocabulary for effect: 'He heard blood-curdling screams from the back room. Dancing fire separated him from the screams, and his main priority was getting him and Brenda out alive.' However, the overall narrative structure is not as controlled, with the first paragraph not matching the conclusion. Spelling is mainly accurate and punctuation mostly allows the intended effects to be conveyed.

Marks:

AO3i/ii: 7; AO3iii: 4

Candidate D

Dear Diary, the story of my wife. ~~King~~.
we have been married for 50 years
and my wife was out with some of
her old friends. I was at ~~work~~ my last
day at work because I'm getting too old
now. My wife phones me and told me
to come and pick her up. She said
she lost her bus pass and she had
no money on her. So I got on
the bus and ~~met~~ ^{met} her outside the
pub. She came outside and ~~shouted~~ shouted
"Goodbye!" to her friends and she was
walking all over the place. She was
drunk! "no wonder she lost her bus
pass." I walked her to the bus
stop and she started to be annoying.
She kept poking me and
laughing so much and shouting
at people across the road. 50 years
I put up with her. 50 years! I still
love her no matter what. we
got on the bus and went home
she fell asleep as soon as we
got in. It was ~~pretty~~ pretty late at this
time. the time was 11:00 pm and
~~the~~ the children were coming to
tomorrow at 4:00 am hopefully she will
be awake then. well I'm off to
bed as well. night! Spelling often

Moderator comment and marks:

There is some evidence that the candidate has tried to develop a narrative response to the stimulus, but there is little, if any, awareness of purpose and audience. There is some accurate spelling but punctuation is not controlled, and overall marks in Band 1 and 2 were most appropriate.

Marks:

A03i/ii: 3; A03iii: 2

