

**Pearson Edexcel
International GCSE English Language A (4EA0/03)**

The purpose of this pack is to provide centres with marked exemplars of responses to the June 2015 examination.

Included in this pack:

- Questions from June 2015 paper
- Marked responses
- Examiner commentary

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SCRIPT A:

7!

'Pick two poems and compare how the author creates a strong response from the reader'

'Out Out' and 'Refugee Blues' each have certain similarities but very different tragedies. The characters show us their personal feeling of desperation.

'Refugee Blues' conjures up the troubled life for the two people in this poem. Blues music represents unhappiness and is very lyrical; the poem reflects this. The main subject of the poem is two German Jews who appear to be a male and female couple, although we do not know this for certain. They are trying to find somewhere to stay, where they are accepted. They are currently homeless and helpless.

The couple in 'Refugee Blues' are strongly discriminated against and are ignored by others because they are Jewish. They are turned away by everyone that they come across because of this. At the end of each line on each stanza there's repetition this is called a dying fall it creates the sense of a definite ending. The other effect of using repetition is that it represents that nothing is going to change and it will always stay the same, the couple will always be seen as outcasts because of what they believe in. In the last stanza it says 'ten thousand soldiers marched to and fro' this gives us as readers the impression that the soldiers are hunting the Jews, or are trying to capture them. In the poem it also refers to a storm coming, this could come across as the soldiers being the storm. In the seventh stanza the characters refer to the storm being Hitler shouting down at them, this would make them very worried and even more worried and nervous about where they can go. This creates a sadness to the reader because the characters are being hunted and saying that 'They must die! it makes you realise that there is most definitely going to be an ending... of their lives. 'Some are living in mansions some are living in holes' this line shows inequality and the different sort of lives that people lead as well as this it also shows a contrast.

examples please!

'The old yew blossoms anew' shows the cycles of life and death. This is a natural affect. At the end of the beginning two lines, of each stanza the poet uses clumsy rhyme which gives the impression that the lives of the Jewish couple are irregular. The theme of the poem is that fact that to everyone else they do not exist, it's just them in their separate world and everyone is out to get them. The couple shouldn't expect any human rights because no one would side with them and agree to the things that they may want. The speaker who I suspect is a male is very calm almost as though he knows it's the end but he wants the woman not to worry. All the emotion is echoing the construction of a blues song. 'But where shall we go to-day, my dear, where shall we go to-day?' The questions that are asked are never answered there always rhetorical; this means that there is false hope. 'If you've got no passport you're officially dead' your passport is a use of identity and because their passports are out of date/old they don't have any identity, therefore they have lost their identity and are no one, there no longer individuals.

why?

Even the animals are being cared for and accepted but the couple isn't all because their Jewish. Their being given nothing and they have nothing. The animals are made out to have more importance than the Jews. Their freedom has been

can't

Their

taken away from them and they may never get this back. 'They weren't the human race my dear, they weren't the human race' this is discordant. The Jews can reach out and touch freedom but they can't be a part of that. ✓

'Out Out' is a very tragic poem of a boy who is cutting wood and suddenly cuts off his own wrist which causes him to die. The situation is gradually revealed to be a lot more serious. The chainsaw is personified and made out to be more like a person, 'it leaped'. 'Snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled' the use of repetition makes it a lot more intimidating. When 'snarled' is used it is given an animal quality, like an animal that can't be tamed. 'Buzz' 'snarled' and 'rattled' are all onomatopoeic words that give predatory characteristics. 'Saw snarled' this is a use of sibilance that emphasises the sounds and gives it a more realistic effect. 'Sweet scented stuff' this is a use of alliteration. 'rueful laugh' this sort of laugh is a laugh of emptiness and regret, he's laughing at the sight of his arm being cut off because he is so shocked at what the saw has done. When the word 'supper' the saw almost realises this word and goes for the boys wrist as though it's the saw's supper. ✓

is that it?

Structure

The structure of 'out out' is a lot simpler to 'refugee blues' where as refugee blues has a total of twelve stanzas. The boy in 'out out' didn't choose to die in the way that he did, just like in 'refugee blues' the couple didn't decide to be outcasts and be isolated. When the words 'supper' and 'don't let them' are used it adds an emotional connection to the characters just like 'Refugee Blues'. The atmosphere in 'Out Out' gradually goes from good to bad, where as the atmosphere in 'Refugee Blues' is constantly filled with hopelessness and sadness. ✓

The language in 'Out Out' is more complicated, and a lot harder to analyse whereas the language used in 'Refugee Blues' has a more simple text. When the doctor in 'Out Out' says that nothing can be done this it creates a very gloomy scene just like in 'Refugee Blues' when the Jewish couple are told that they have no passport, no identity.

In conclusion each poem brings us as reader's great sadness. The characters go through similar feelings and emotion throughout their journeys. The circumstances that they go through are very different but the images that they bring out are very strong. Each poem is very overwhelming and shares emotion in so many different ways. 'Refugee Blues' written by Auden is a lot easier to understand whereas 'Out Out' written by Frost is a lot more complex, meaning it needs a lot more analysis.

You make some good points but do not explore or respond to the poems in enough detail. I need further understanding of poetic technique and subsequent reader response please. ✓

22? (21) 86 ✓

Some might like longer

One Night Changed My Life.

My name is Annie, I am 16 years old and im in year 11. I had a normal life and went out most Saturday nights. One day when I was in town one night I met this boy, Daniel, he was tall and had dark hair and hazel brown eyes, he didnt tell me how old he was at first I only found out later that night that he was infact 4 years older than me, but i didnt see this as a problem, considering i was 16. so it didnt really matter. *Take Care!*

We went out to this club down town that I'd never been to before called liquid. As soon as i walked into the club i knew that tonight was going to go wrong, the atmosphere of the club made me feel nervous and i had shivers going through the whole of my body i felt as though there were insects crawling all over my body, I just knew from the start that i shouldnt be there. The walls were all wet and dripping, the club wasnt as nice and classy as i thought it was going to be, but I didnt want Daniel to think I was scared or thought where he'd taken me wasnt very pleasant so I just went along with it and pretended that i was fine when really i was so scared and felt lost about where i was. It was around 12am and I'd done a lot of shots mixed with glasses of wine, I remember feeling dizzy and nauseaus I knew I shouldnt have drank that much, i could feel my heart throbbing and the strobe lights were confusing me i kept seeing different parts of people i just didnt know what was going on, i wasnt stable. As the night progressed me and Daniel went into one of the v.i.p rooms, the moment I stepped into that room my life was going to change... There were a lot of people in the room and i remember them looking really rough, there skin was pasty and they were all sweating there eyes were caved in they just didnt look like normal people, or at least the sort of people that i wanted to have the company with. The room smelt stale, I knew that I shouldnt have been there but I was so drunk I couldnt bring *Always remember!*

myself to move, it was as though there was a strong force pulling me down to the chair i just didnt have the strength to use my arms to pull me up. Daniel was friends with the people in there. My vision was blurred but I could still see exactly what the people in there were doing... they were doing cocaine, rolling up 10pound notes and slowly snorting up the poisonous white powder that lay in line after line on the table. I tried to get up so that I could get out but Daniel grabbed hold of me so that I couldnt get out, he told me that if i didnt do a line of cocaine then i was weak and not what he wanted, he made me feel pressured into doing it so I did, not having a single clue what the consequences were. My heart started *Paranoid?*

pounding, the palms of my hands became sweaty. It was the morning after, I woke up not knowing where I was or how i got there, in the distance was a blurred tall dark figure making its way towards me it was Daniel... I was confused.. I was at home..in my bed.. how did he know where I lived? I was staying with a friend so luckily my parents werent there. Daniel ask me how I was and how I felt, I couldnt remember much about the night before. All i could feel was a craving that was in need of feeding... this was the start of my addiction.

I began to feel hooked i couldn't stop myself from taking the cocaine, my body needed it. I became more angry and frustrated with people, I felt paranoid about what they were thinking. My friends didnt want anything to do with me, they didnt know I was taking cocaine but they didnt like the way that I was

changing, it felt as though they were afraid of me. This upset me but not for long because I knew I had a new, more important friend, my drugs. My Mum didnt find out until I was within 3 months of taking it. She walked in on me in the bathroom just as I was snorting a line of the cocaine, we both paused for a moment and there was silence and suddenly she started shouting at me, I cant exactly remember this because I wasnt all myself at that moment in time. I could tell that she didnt know how to treat me anymore, she didn't know what to do. She tried to help me but none of it would work, it would end up in a huge arguement and i'd walk out. Eventually she took me to go to see a doctor to help me overcome my addiction. I didn't want to go but my mum made me see how much of a problem I had and it needed to stop. I liked the feeling of being happy all the time and not having to be miserable or care about anything. But things got so bad that i had to go to rehab . It wasn't as bad as I thought because I wasn't the only one in there that had a problem, there were other people who understood what I was going through so i had support from others around me, I wasnt alone. As for

Daniel as soon as i'd explained to my mum about how i'd started taking cocaine and that it was mainly him that got me into it, she told him to stay away from me, she wouldnt even let me out with anyone anymore i had to stay indoors.

I didn't just stop taking drugs but I had a little less each day, I used to get cross because it was never enough to feed my addiction, but i knew that it wasn't good for me and I knew that my mum and dad were upset about what I was doing, but I didn't care I didn't realise how much it was hurting anyone else, I only thought about myself and didn't care about anyone or anything except me. I kept a diary of each day, sometimes I'd write things like I don't care about what I'm doing to my life I just want to take drugs so that I can feel happy all the time.

Other days I'd write about my family and how upset I was that I'd done this to them, and how I'd ruined there life as well as mine.

When I got out of rehab, I slowly gained confidence. I felt so guilty! Everything was perfect before because my mum had just had my little brother George and we were all very happy. I am going to re-take my G.C.S.E's next year and after that I plan to go to college. I have deleted Daniels number and am never taking drugs again!

Some evidence of control in choice of vocab or structure.
Broadly appropriate paragraphs and sequencing.
Mostly secure punctuation.
You need to tighten up your writing style as it can be confusing at times (lack of structure).
Mistakes

13
7.
Agred. 20.
Ela
4.
✓
NEV.

Sample A - Commentary

Centre Marks: Reading: 21

Writing: 21 [13 + 7]

Total: 41

Moderated Marks: Reading: 21

Writing: 20 [13 + 7]

Total: 41

Comments:

The Reading assignment shows a personal response which looks at the ways meaning is conveyed in the poems, and just about reaches Band 6. It has a number of relevant examples, and some sense of structure as well comments on language choice, which is linked to meaning and effect.

The Writing assignment does show grasp of structure, with paragraphs used to develop the story, and there is some attempt to vary sentence structure and vocabulary. There is a broad awareness of the effects on the reader. Punctuation is generally secure, as is spelling.

The centre's marks were setted.

SCRIPT B:

5ⁿ

The Last Night

*Analysis
not
attached
by
Orinus
Carruth.*

The writer uses many techniques to bring out the feeling of fear in the piece, for example the writer uses the emotions of the adults and the children to create atmosphere and suspense. We are told in the opening sentence that the children are waiting to be transported to the concentration camps.

The pencils that the the adults used to write a message to their children, are used to foreshadow what may happen down the line. This is a very clever way that the writer use an object to portray what will happen further down the line to the Jewish people. As only a few survived the search of the barracks and only a few Jewish people survived the Germans. This builds up the fear in the readers as they will already have knowledge about what happened.

The writer brings out the feeling of fear though the adults. The adults knew what was going to happen, therefore they didn't want to go to bed as this would speed up the night, and the fact they just couldn't go to sleep through fear of what might happen to their children. "The adults in the room, sat slumped the walls, wakeful and talking in lowered voices." This quote shows that the adults feared for their children's lives and that they knew that the Germans were ruthless and didn't care if they are children. The parents also stayed awake to prolong the last night that they would have with their children as this maybe the last time they see them. The adults also wanted to shield the children. "A woman came round with a sandwich for each child." This shows that the adults knew that the children were going to be treated badly, therefore they wanted to help the children get through this. "André was lying on the straw, the soft bloom of his cheek laid, uncaring, in the dung." This quote shows the condition in which they were living, it portrays the fear that the conditions will get worse as the Germans don't care for the Jewish people. It also takes a traditional view of childhood being a time of hope and innocence and smashes it. It is further broken when he mentions the dung.

The writer also showed fear in the way that he showed the adults writing a final message, "Some wrote with sobbing passion, some wrote with punctilious care, as though their safety, or at least the way in which they were remembered, depended upon their choice of words." This is in the first paragraph and shows how the adults don't know how to show their feelings because of the mounting fear, the way the writer uses the word "safety" in this passage also shows their awareness of the danger that they are all in. The children are also told to throw the letters away this is their form of posting, but they are never going to arrive. This is one way that fear is shown, as is it a hopeless act because they are never going to arrive, this shows the negative aspect of the situation.

There was a woman who was trying to remember what her child look like before he was forced away. "She kept her eyes so intensely open in order to fix the picture of her child in her mind. She was looking to remember, for ever." This show the fear that this lady has, she is so focused on remembering what her child looked like that it is a look of pure passion as she wants to never forget. This shows the fear as she will never see her children again, but will only remember their faces as they were forced away

The children didn't feel as much fear as the adults because they were not aware of what was going to happen and how it will affect them; you can tell this by the way they managed to sleep compared to the adults, who were too restless to get to sleep. The older boys kind of knew how large this event was to the parents, "One of the older boys embraced her in his gratitude". This shows that even though the younger children didn't understand what was going on. The fear really set in for the children when the men came to take them away "dug in their heels and screamed" this is when the children and the adults were feeling the most scared as they knew this was not going to be easy for each other. The way the bus "roared" is there to show how inhumane these acts were and how cruel acts like this happen in the animal world. The way they everyone was crammed into the bus also shows how badly treated the people were. This spreads the fear across the whole group because they know they are different from normal people. The writer also uses the word enclosure to portray how the Germans treated these people as animals showing their power and creating fear. The delaying of the bus also prolongs the fear as it does not allow a smooth exit also showing how the rest of the children's lives will be rough.

Fear is one of the main themes in this part of the story as it has a huge effect of the way that people act and view certain situations.

Band 4 (15)

There are aspects of personal response and there is a clear understanding of the intent and meaning of the piece. He does explore some of the ways it is conveyed. He has an attempt at expressing views which works. Quite well written.

i. Band. 3 7 iii Band. 3 15

SB

Shadows

Are shadows anyone friend?

A man came out of the alley cast in shadows towards me. He was running at full tilt. What was he running from? His face was taut, just perceptible in the wavering light from the street lamp further down the road. The man was dressed in a dark tailored suit, the jacket flapping wildly as he ran. To my surprise he didn't call for help as he ran past me. Yet he was obviously scared. What had he seen? He was tall, young, quite heavy, built like a rugby player. What would he be scared of in the shadows of the alley?

I grabbed on to his jacket the man stumbled for a few meters then got his balance back and started running again, I gathered myself a ran after him. I was faster than him but he was running through fear and determination, he lost me as we got towards the high street. Over the radio came a message from Sgt Watson who was in the car that night. "The man is on the high street running back towards you." I start running wondering where the man would go. As I pulled onto the high street I see the man lying there. I knew something was wrong. As arrived at his body and check he is still breathing he mutters quietly "The alley".

With some trepidation I headed back to the shadowy alley that the man emerged from. Should I wait for backup. It will be too late, so i went in by myself with my hand grasping the baton that was on my belt.

It was about fifty meters down. I found an empty syringe with a trace of clear liquid. I saw an open door with light flooding into the alley, inside the door there was a aluminium baseball bat and a rather tatty brown parcel. I looked at the parcel there was no address or name on it. Suddenly, I was slammed into the staircase! A tall lean figure dressed in black blasted past out into the night, into the shadows. By the time I had picked myself up the man was long gone.

My radio crackled to life, "PC Jones the man that collapsed was pronounced DEAD at the scene. Suspected murder...perhaps by poison; there are needle punctures in his left arm. Update required."

I stated what I had found and asked them to send a car to the alley but knowing that it would probably be too late. In this dark part of the town it would be easy for anyone to disappear into the shadows. I bagged up the syringe and the parcel, then the car arrived to take charge of the crime scene. With the shadows pushed away by the car lights, the situation becomes clearer and

the syringe looked more like a weapon now. I was thinking to myself. "Had the businessman been killed for the contents of the parcel. Was it money, drugs or secrets?"

All I did knew was something dark, mysterious and dangerous had happened in the shadows that night. All I had achieved was collecting some clues.

All of a sudden a call came in over the radio "We have picked up a man running out of the west exit of the alley. We are taking him to the station now. Get back here."

"Before I entered the interrogation room, Sergeant Watson came to me. He said "We don't have any grounds on which to hold this guy, so you better get something out of him."

"Why were you in the alley at that time of night?" I asked.

"Its the fastest way home" he said.

"There are no houses on the west side of town, and why were you running?" I knew something wasn't right at that point.

He then spoke harshly with a tone of anger in his voice "That alley freaks me out. There are too many shadows down that way."

"Did you see what happened down there to night?" I was starting to believe that this guy knew how to stop an interrogation because all his answers were thought through and did not provoke any more questions. It was like this for the next 10 minutes until Watson came and said "Let's hold him overnight."

That next morning, I just had a feeling that I had let a bad man get away with an inhuman act, just because of the fact that he knew how to evade suspicion whilst under close supervision. I looked into the man's background and there was a history of violence and cruel acts, this was clearly not his first run in with the law. As he was leaving after all the paper work was done, I just knew it was him. He had that smug look as he was walking, he knew nothing we could throw at him would stick.

That day I was restless, the guilt was keeping me up I just knew it was him. No one innocent would be in the alley at that time. That's when I made myself a promise, this guy was not going to get away with what he had done. Sooner or later he would betray himself. Until that moment I was going to be his shadow!

i. Verb tenses work mostly
Punctuation mostly secure
including speech marks.
Occasional errors
Spelling wide range accurate.

iii Well structured - leads us to
the manufactured conclusion.
intentionally. Mostly sound
clear structure.
Opening development
and closure.

Sample B Commentary

Centre Marks: Reading: 15

Writing: 22 [15 + 7]

Total: 37

Moderated Marks: Reading: 16

Writing: 21 [14 + 7]

Total: 37

Comments

In the Reading assignment, the student shows a clear understanding of the meaning and purpose of the passage. He explores some of the ways in which meaning is conveyed, though this can be limited when clear connections are missed. He expresses his views, with some textual support. A low Band 5 mark is indicated. For the Writing assignment there is a clear attempt at crafting, and the piece works towards its closure, suggesting some control and purpose. However, there are errors of punctuation and sentence structure is not always controlled, though spelling is largely accurate. Just into Band 3 for all AOs.

SCRIPT C:

LEAD 3
Coursework Section B

How do the narrators of 'An Unknown Girl' and 'Veronica' portray their places of origin and their feelings towards them?

'Veronica' is a story by Adewale Maja-Pearce set in Nigeria. The story 'Veronica' has two main characters: Okeke and Veronica. The story uses Okeke to be a narrator to provide a first person point of view. 'An unknown girl' is a poem by Moniza Alvi. There is a main character who is the narrator. The narrator of 'An unknown girl' wants to be involved with India's culture, whereas 'Veronica' has a contrast between the two main characters: Okeke wants to live in the city which gives him a new life; Veronica wants to be a traditional woman, to take care her family members. The narrator of 'An Unknown Girl' feels to be a part of Indian culture but the narrator of 'Veronica' does not like to be a part of his origin.

The similarity of the poem and the prose is that both texts discuss a place of origin, where they grew up, but have left. However, the attitudes of both narrators are totally different. The narrator of 'Veronica' is being positive towards her place of origin. Whereas the narrator of 'An Unknown Girl' was being negative to his place of origin.

In 'Veronica', the narrator describes his place of origin - a village - as a negative place. In lines 1-2, it says "her family had been even poorer than mine" it shows that both of the families are not wealthy, or even struggle to survive. Moreover, the narrator wanted to move to the city and achieve a better life. It says in line 35, "But think of all the things you can do in the city, I said." This shows that narrator believes that city can be so much better than village and he can get what he desired. However, after he has gone to the city, the narrator has lost his desire to return. He had returned because of his work. This is shown in lines 54-55, "while I had been a student I lacked the time, and afterwards I lacked the inclination." the narrator does enjoy the life in the city and he does not care about the village.

The narrator did not like his place of origin because he believed he couldn't do much in the village. Due to the poor condition in the village, it created a negative image in the narrator's mind because he did not want to be poor and crowded by illness. He did not even miss his life in the village.

'An Unknown Girl' is about the narrator's love for India and sense of belonging India where she wants to be involved into her life. The narrator describes India as a colourful place. It shows that in line 2 "studded with neon", line 9 "on her satin-peach knee," in line 27 "I have new brown veins" and in line 33 "to these firm peacock lines". The narrators shows the reader that India is full of colour by different elements.

In the poem, the narrator went back to her place of origin. She missed the place and she did not want to leave, even wanted to be a part of India. The narrator believes that she belongs to India. It says in line 27, "I have new brown veins." the reason of making her veins turn brown is because of the henna tattoo. She feels that the brown henna is a symbol in India, therefore India is in her blood.

Moreover, it is a fond memory for her. She misses the place. Even when she has already left the country, she still has the good memories in the country. It shows that in lines 45-46, "I'll lean across a country with my hands outstretched." There is a faded henna tattoo on her hands. It means that even her tattoo will be faded, she will still be proud to show the tattoo to everyone in her country.

In this poem, I can see that narrator wants to be involved into the life of India. I know that in lines 34-35, which says "like people who cling to the sides of a train". It shows that the Indian culture. However, the narrator knows that she is not belonged to the country, therefore she didn't do it but she shows that she wants to do it like a local Indian.

The narrator was being positive to her trip to India. She likes their cultures. She loves her place of origin because she loves everything of it no matter how bad was the condition in India.

Both texts have a similarity which is having a secondary character. In 'Veronica', Veronica is the secondary character which is used to give a contrast between Okeke and Veronica. The unknown girl in 'An Unknown Girl' is the secondary character. The unknown girl was used to build up mystery.

The character Veronica was abused by her father. The author shows that in lines 8-9, "Night after night I would lie awake listening to her screams," the author shows that she didn't have a happy life when she was young. However, as a traditionally minded woman, she insisted on staying in the village to take care of her family. I know that because of lines 32 and 34. Veronica says "I can't just leave my family." and "Don't talk like that. They are my family, that is enough." She didn't even regret this even at the end of the story. It shows that in line 132, "Okeke, I won't live to see tomorrow. Nor do I want to. My husband is dead, and my child also. There is nothing left for me in this world." Veronica is shown as traditional and caring. She didn't want to have freedom but only wants her family members to be satisfied. These traditional values held by Veronica resemble the place of origin.

As a contrast of the narrator, Veronica was totally different to him. Veronica did not want to leave and she just wanted to serve everyone till the end of her lifetime. However, the narrator wants a better life, who hates origin and not loyal to his home village. It is an opposite of Veronica, therefore it builds a contrast on it.

The character unknown girl had given out a henna tattoo to the narrator. She does not seem to be important in the poem. However, she was mentioned by the narrator 3 times which is in lines 3, 12 and 29. The unknown girl was a mystery figure, simple and uneducated. Whereas the narrator is reflected to the unknown girl because she was well-educated in the western world. The unknown girl also represents the Indian side of herself which the narrator wants to find out. It gives a contrast by being the secondary character in the poem to the narrator. It shows that even the narrator does not know the unknown girl, she still misses her as how she misses India.

Both texts contain a contrast on a better world and a poor world. In 'Veronica', city and village is a contrast. In 'An Unknown Girl', West and East is a contrast in the poem.

In Veronica, it shows the contrast between village and city. It seems like being in a village will not fulfil people's desire. For instance, Okeke does not want to be staying in poor conditions. He believes that the life in city must be better than the village, therefore he chose to leave. After Okeke left his origin, he discovered city gives him more opportunities and better life but he also lost his desire and passion in city. He also knows that girls in city are materialistic. that is not what Okeke expected, therefore it shows that the city is not a Utopia.

However, the village is a contrast to the city; poor, uncompleted, etc. The Village is poor and infested with disease but does not mean that they are not having a happy life. Veronica chose to stay in the village and not to join into the city as Okeke. Staying in the village has a simple life which is totally suitable for Veronica.

Compared to the life in the city and the village, the village has an easier and simple life for people. However, due to the poor condition in the village, it might not be a good place to live. Whereas the city has its own completed system, but the lifestyle in the city is much more complicated.

In 'An Unknown Girl', it has the contrast between the west and the east. In lines 20-23, "dummies in shop-fronts tilt and stare with their Western perm." Dummies with western perm is belonged to the western world. It is also what the narrator familiar with. However, in lines 34-35, "like people who cling to the sides of a train". This is an Eastern culture which is not belonged to the narrator. Between the west and the east, the biggest difference is culture. By different culture, it creates different images to people which also make a contrast. However, the western culture invades the eastern culture by many little things in life. For instance, western perm contrasts with the Indian clothes wore by the dummies. It shows that India was influenced by the west, so that it always builds up a contrast.

In conclusion, 'An Unknown girl' shows the sense of belongings of the narrator. She wants to stay in India but she realised she does not belong to it. She wants to be involved to Indian culture. The narrator feels that she is a part of India but she must goes back and continue her normal life. In 'Veronica', it contains a contrast in the story which Veronica loves her place of origin and Okeke does not. The narrator always wants to leave because of the poor conditions even at the end he insisted that it is the last time for him to come back to his origin. The narrator of 'An Unknown Girl' portrays her places of origin as an important part of her life. Whereas the narrator of 'Veronica'

describes his place of origin as a place which should not be suitable for him to stay due to the condition which traps his freedom, so that it is valueless to him.

25 ✓ agree

Good use of quotes to support points.
 Explanations can be more elaborate to reveal understanding. The understanding of the two works isn't entirely equal as some of the imagery in the poem has not been clearly explained.

Descriptive Passage

"Once you come here, you will never forget anything!" The caretaker grinned at me.

The summer holiday has finished. This was the first day I went to the school. The school was painted orange. It was quarter to eight in the morning. The sunshine was blazing all over the school site. The shadow of the school was like a stocky man sheltering me. The steel green gate was opened wide for the students to get in. Inside the school gate, grey floor tiles were arranged neatly like the long carpet in Hollywood. When I got into the school, "Beep! Beep!" My phone rang. The caretaker wore a broad smile on his face and said to me, 'Welcome but switch off your phone!' I could totally feel the warmth of his big smile.

Getting into the classroom, the room was very bright. Everyone was sitting still like dolls. I found a seat next to the window. The view was blocked by skyscrapers which stands in front of the school like muscular guards. The street outside the window was overwhelmed by people's conversation. "Queue up and get down to the tennis court now for the assembly!" A teacher came into the classroom and shouted. Everyone queued up like a machine and went down to the stairs one by one. While walking down to the tennis court, the school was crowded by Christian music. Students were exposed to the sun and queuing up like soldiers, but the atmosphere was full of dread. However, I had been fascinated by my first assembly in my new school. After the assembly, I finally understood: Boring speech by teachers, extreme hot weather and sleepy music around the tennis court while standing. When we went up to the stairs, the smell of sweat lingered in the air, everyone covered their nose by their sleeve and grunted.

Time flies, I became a sixth-former and study leave would start tomorrow. The school was repainted with blue. The cold colour of the building was contrasted by the weather. The wind slapped on my cheek with rage. The clouds were dark grey and rain was falling down. The sun was hiding behind them, few light sewed through the grey curtain. Everyone wore big coats and scarf. Umbrellas were held up by people. It makes the street being colourful, it has blue, green, pink, yellow, red, etc. Suddenly, "Boom!" Thunder shouted. It was not expected for a sudden thunder. I could barely hear that girls screamed and a baby cried. It was not a nice day. My uniform was soaked by the rain. When I sat down in the classroom, I was absolutely frustrated. I could feel that some of my classmates were being upset by the study leave.

I sat in the school till evening, the sky was getting darker and darker and the streetlamp was turned on as bright as a guild. I stayed in the lonely library and read a book. I smelt the atmosphere of the library. I could still remember how I had worked on my essay like a machine. I felt the sense of belonging in the school. Suddenly, the door opened, I saw the caretaker holding a Hoover. He gave me a warm smile that I hadn't seen for a long time and said, "study hard!"

19/10/18 Rt

Sample C Commentary

Centre Marks: Reading: 25

Writing: 23 [17 + 6]

Total: 48

Moderated Marks: Reading: 20

Writing: 19 [13 + 5]

Total: 39

Comments

The student tends to explain rather than analyse in his Reading assignment. He gives several examples from each text, but does not always make clear what their significance is. He compares the texts, in a fairly simple content-based way. His understanding of the two pieces is not always totally secure, but he does refer to aspects of each text to support his interpretations, and does show some awareness of the significance of the settings. A mark in Band 5 is indicated, but at the top of the range. In the Writing assignment, the candidate is obviously using words for effect, trying out different kinds of vocabulary to have an impact on the reader but though there is evidence of crafting, there is little variety in sentence structure. There is a definite attempt to structure the writing so that the end reflects the beginning. However, the use of tenses is insecure, and punctuation not always accurate. The marks awarded were 14 + 5.

SCRIPT D:

How does Owen convey the effects of war on the individual in *Disabled*?

In the war poem, *Disabled*, Owen conveys the depressing effects of war on the individual by employing a variety of techniques such as contrast, structure and imagery. Through his use of language, Owen communicates that those individuals who have been left disabled by war are perceived by society as inferior which leads them to suffer additional problems such as loss of identity and purpose in life and premature ageing. *well expressed who.*

Owen uses the soldier's loss of legs in the war as a recurring metaphor to represent the notion that he has also lost his identity and purpose in life. Owen uses the clause "before he threw away his knees" to contrast the quality of his life before and after he lost his legs. The brevity of this phrase mirrors how the soldier's life irrevocably changed at that point in time. The verb "threw" has an aggressive tone and implies that in the same way that one casually throws out one's rubbish, so too has the soldier thrown away his legs. It also suggests that he regrets not thinking through his decision to go to war carefully. By making the soldier the subject of the verb, the implication is that he was the author of his misfortune. A similar message is expressed in the line "Poured it down shell-holes till the veins ran dry". Again, the use of the verb "poured" suggests that the soldier has actively brought about his own demise. "The veins ran dry" provokes an image of his body becoming desiccated due to loss of blood, which parallels his loss of life force. The image of "down shell-holes" vividly reminds us of the indentations caused by falling bombs and the context within which he lost reason to live. In the line "leap of purple spurted from his thigh", the diphthong in "leap" elongates the verb and accentuates the image of the large volume of blood which is being pumped out of his body. By using such an emphatic verb, we sense that he has suffered a serious wound, perhaps the severing of a major artery. The lexical choice "purple" is

effective as it describes the colour of blood and symbolises vitality. One gets the impression that as the blood is expelled from his body, so too is his vivacity and youth. "Spurting" is a violent verb. Not only does it show the force with which the blood is being propelled from his body, and the gravity of his wound, it is also symbolic of the brutality of war and how promptly his previous life has now left him. *beautifully expressed analysis*

It is evident that Owen feels that war ages the individual prematurely. The poem begins emphatically with the melancholy words "He sat in a wheeled chair, waiting for dark" which sets the sombre tone of the poem. The use of the passive verb "sat" shows how disability has limited everything the soldier can do. Although later we infer that he is a young man in the prime of life, he is depicted as old and defeated. "Waiting for dark" suggests that he is either waiting to die or find solitude from his anxiety, while "and shivered in his ghastly suit of grey" reinforces the gloomy portrayal of the soldier. The verb "shivered" suggests he is fearful and diminished as a person. The use of the strong adjectives "ghastly" and "grey"

show how he has become a ghost-like shadow of his former self. "Grey" is poignant as it is normally associated with old age, suggesting that disability has robbed him of his youth and his youthful identity died in the war. The line "Now, he is old; his back will never brace;" is the most emphatic confirmation of his premature ageing. The irony behind the statement is evident because the reader is aware that the soldier is still in his youth. The caesura is used to slow down the pace of the line symbolising the fact that the soldier's life has been slowed by his disability. The terse tone of "never brace" shows that his condition will not improve; the image conveyed by the line is that the soldier is hunched like an old man.

Warren

Finally, the poem vividly describes the attitude of society towards those left disabled by war. Owen shows this in the three lined verse beginning "some cheered him home/about his soul" which contrasts with the longer stanzas used elsewhere. Three lines are used to show how dramatic a change there has been in his life, how his body has literally been halved just like the length of the stanza and how the soldier feels worthless compared to everyone else because of his disability. Owen focuses in particular on the reaction of girls to the soldier both before and after the war. Before the war "girls glanced lovelier as the air grew dim". This shows that girls were an important part of his life, and emphasis is drawn to the fact that they looked at him particularly in the evening as light faded, by the use of the alliteration of "g" in "girls glanced". This is later contrasted with "tonight he noticed how the women's eyes passed from him to the strong men that were whole". The word "tonight" shows that this incident is a direct comparison to the previous example. The fact that he now views the girls as "women" suggests that war has matured him. The use of the enjambement implies the idea of them looking straight past the soldier without acknowledgement and towards the "strong men that were whole". The emphatic placement of "whole" at the end of line highlights how incomplete and impotent he feels without his limbs in comparison to those who still have theirs and how inadequate the women perceive him to be.

To conclude, Owen presents a bleak portrayal of the effects of war on the individual. Many of the themes which he addresses are as prevalent today as they were at the time of writing. Some of society still has a negative view of disability, which is so often a tragic consequence of war.

Word Count: 1000 words



Beautifully expressed; thoughtful analysis, careful attention to both language and structure.

40+

Moderated - agreed NJH.

punctuated effectively

I put my ear to the old, wooden door and could hear faint movements inside. This was my moment; it had to be done. I gently tried to push the door open but my hand glided through the solid frame like water through a sieve. There he was; his back turned towards me. I felt a sudden rush of exhilaration, overwhelmed by the sensation of his being. You see, we had always been friends, very close, but not lovers. I stared at him, paralysed with fear- but there was no turning back. Summoning all the strength I had deep within me, I uttered the three words which I had for so long ached to say. My vocal chords strained at the effort, but nothing, not even a single word came out. All I could feel and see was cold air being exhaled from my mouth. I tried again with all my might but in vain, nothing, not even a syllable came out.

My heart leapt as he turned towards the doorway. Perhaps he had heard me after all? I stretched out my arms to him, craving his embrace. His pace quickened as he neared me; I noticed how he suddenly shivered. Perhaps he shared my elation? I had been waiting for this moment ever since we were parted. I savoured the anticipation of his presence and understood that this would be something etched deep in my heart forever.

effective opening

Left in the dark

It was all so familiar. The luscious green foliage of the wisteria which entwined around the old pillar-box at the end of Millbrook Lane. I touched it furtively with the tips of my fingers and felt it slip away like a snowflake evaporating in the sunlight. My heart raced as I spotted the weather beaten thatch of the house nestled under the shadow of the resplendent oak tree. Acorns topped in their woolly hats were hanging in clusters from the leathery, lobed leaves. The silver top of his car glinted in the searing sunshine; he was undoubtedly at home.

lovely vocabulary choices

sentences combined varied

It was then that I saw my reflection for the very first time after it had happened. My erstwhile jet-black hair now looked thin and ash grey, lifelessly hanging just beneath my rib cage. My sallow face was expressionless like a blank canvass. I stared. Longing and hoping it was not real, but it was, without a doubt, me. My piercing green eyes penetrated into the depths of what was left of my soul. I stroked my left cheek, hoping it would be soft and plump, but instead, it was waxy and paper-thin. This was me now, nothing could change that, I just had to try and accept it- hopefully he would too.

My footsteps quickened as I neared the gravel pathway. It was then that I saw the rose wilting, yearning for existence, craving affection. I empathised unequivocally with its sadness and solitude. Why did it have to happen to me too?

I stealthily slipped through the doorway in search of him. Climbing the stairs ahead, I made straight for his office, expecting to find him perched at his desk just as he used to be. The stifled creak of the floor boards echoed unnervingly around the stairwell as I tried to move unnoticed. I needed to set the record straight once and for all. The door was slightly ajar, and I peered around looking for him; he was not there. Papers were strewn all over the desk and a half finished cup of coffee was placed precariously on his bookshelf. The room looked dusty and unkempt. Frantically, I turned my back and retraced my steps to think again. Where would I find him? The door to the kitchen was closed. That's where he must be, I thought.

Counting down the steps, three, two, one - I held my breath and closed my eyes. Time seemed to stop still. I waited for his embrace but felt nothing. He walked straight through me like a passing shadow and in that instant, he was gone. My dreams became a nightmare.

Just as that car had shattered my body irreversibly, so too was my heart crushed to its core. The realisation of my true reality bore down on me like the metal bonnet which pulverised my bones. Tears streamed down my pallid face unremittingly just like those murderous wheels which never seemed to stop. Why did my life have to end like that? The silence was deafening. He did not hear what he should have heard and he never will. My last chance had vanished. I will forever subsist in regret.

Heart-broken, I shuffled out of the house. Clouds had gathered gloomily above, enveloping the sun's warmth. The rose petals lay scattered on the ground, shrivelled and wasted, drained of their lifeblood. Everything was dark.



Word Count: 800

This is carefully crafted and thus powerful in its impact. The structure is controlled; there is creative use of a broad range of vocabulary and punctuation; the writing is both accurate and imaginative.

i) + 10) 27

iii) 13

40/40

Powerful, controlled, effectively communicated.

40/40 Agreed ALK

SAMPLE D Commentary

Centre Marks: Reading: 40

Writing: 40

Total: 80

Moderated Marks: Reading: 40

Writing: 40

Total: 80

Comments

The Reading assignment shows real originality of analysis, with discriminating selection from the text to support the interpretation. Internal comparisons are made with subtlety and perception. The Writing assignment is carefully crafted, with a range of vocabulary and sentence form, and has a powerful impact on the reader.

SCRIPT E:

Consider The Theme of Reality and Appearance in the Necklace

The theme of reality and appearance is explored in Maupassant's short story 'The Necklace'. The points in which the reader can see this most is with the character of Madame Loisel. In this essay I will highlight that it is Madame Loisel's constant dream of living in her fantasy, her reluctance to live in her reality which ultimately condemns her. But equally it is through living in her brutal life as a result of the imitation necklace that she finally learns a sense of the true value of life. *clear introduction*

Madame Loisel, in the beginning of 'The Necklace', lives more her fantasy than in reality; ironically however, her fantasy is an illusion. In the third paragraph, the narrator emphasises how much time she spends dreaming about her fantasy. The anaphora of 'she dreamed' highlights her obsession with material objects and the extent to which she lives in an idealistic dream world in stark contrast to the brief description of her real home, where she describes a miniscule amount of items with a small amount of adjective symbolizing her distaste of her reality; 'ugly, battered, peeling', all have negative connotations suggesting that she disapproves of her home. In addition, all these adjectives are used to describe the appearance of her house which conveys Madame Loisel's transfixed with superficial beauty. Yet when she describes her fantasy she uses a multitude of adjectives such as 'pretty, famous, oriental, heavy' and describes many trifles such as 'tapestries, candelabras, perfumes' and more. The listing of unimportant expensive items creates a cumulative effect, conveying her excitement and detail of her fantasy world which consumes her but, like the necklace, is an illusion. There is a semantic field of a magic fairy tale; the sensory adjectives, "heavy and silent" appeal to the readers' imagination which, in turn, helps create the surreal atmosphere of a dream. 'Enchanted Forests' are associated with Fairy tales and Magic suggests that she spends more time in a dream world, that she can never reach reality.

detailed analysis of language and structure. Shows how intertextuality is used

20% of marks are for this paragraph

Madame Loisel, throughout 'The Necklace', is depicted always wanting her fantasy to be her reality despite it being an illusion. She smiles over "the wings of a hazel hen" when dreaming of a different life." The hen, as a bird, is a link to the sky, which represents her freedom in the form of this fantasy. However, the hen is essentially a flightless bird and so is grounded. This symbol not only condemns her delusional state of freedom but also how she will tragically never reach her fantasy yet lust for it. In addition, she remarks that she had "no fine dresses, no jewellery, nothing". The triadic structure of negatives promotes her pining for the things from her fantasy and how she does not have them in her reality thus longing for her fantasy to be her reality.

20% of marks are for this paragraph

Madame Loisel, throughout 'The Necklace', is depicted always wanting her fantasy to be her reality despite it being an illusion. She smiles over "the wings of a hazel hen" when dreaming of a different life." The hen, as a bird, is a link to the sky, which represents her freedom in the form of this fantasy. However, the hen is essentially a flightless bird and so is grounded. This symbol not only condemns her delusional state of freedom but also how she will tragically never reach her fantasy yet lust for it. In addition, she remarks that she had "no fine dresses, no jewellery, nothing". The triadic structure of negatives promotes her pining for the things from her fantasy and how she does not have them in her reality thus longing for her fantasy to be her reality.

The diamond necklace, in 'The Necklace', is to Madame Loisel the greatest of her friend's jewellery however in reality is an artificial imitation. Madame Loisel is so transfixed by outward appearances that the most expensive things are the prettiest things and she judges people by the same merits. For example her husband is a 'clerk' and therefore she treats him as an inferior because he is not rich or as important as she would like. Throughout 'The Necklace' Madame Loisel displays a desire

originality of analysis -
 judgements which are "perceptive!"

to become rich and therefore focuses on the things she deems worthy, expensive and important rather than the things that matter. The diamond necklace is very pretty and to Madame Loisel this means that it must be so expensive and important, enough that she enslaves 10 years of the life for it. However, in reality it is an illusionary trinket and worthless. This embodies the reality of the world Madame Loisel lives in. In her fantasy the things that are pretty and seem expensive are the important things in life; however in reality beauty of something or someone does not lie in their outward appearance but rather their kindness, selflessness and charity, such as her husband who

gives her the dress despite his desire to hunt with his friends, whom is shunned by his wife 'in a anteroom' and still helps her. This metaphorically represents his goodness of heart but how it is not she wants. The necklace not only depicts how she is living in her fantasy but how even her reality, due to her warped perceptions of the world, is but an illusion. She has wasted so much time in her fantasy that she cannot understand her reality and therefore cannot see how something's (or someone's) worth is not shown by their appearance or class.

solid aspects of what

The Ball scene, in 'The Necklace', is a crowning achievement in Madame Loisel's life. This is because she is, if even for a short while, living in her reality as if it was her fantasy. She is the most important, sought after woman there and, for once in her life, is happy. We are shown this by the metaphor "floating on a cloud of happiness". Clouds are high in the sky and the sky represents her fantasy, the verb 'floating' has connotations of a dreamlike state that is what she is in at that point. Interestingly, the fact that she is 'high' links to the idea that she is only happy when she is of higher social status; she only reaches happiness once she has reached her fantasy. However she cannot stay in her fantasy and she is "brought down to earth" when her husband wraps a 'modest everyday coat' around her which symbolises how she is no longer living in her fantasy and visually presents her fall in class. Her husband is not in her fantasy and grounding her to reality. This also represents how reality and fantasy cannot exist together.

evolution the story

As the short story draws to a close Madame Loisel is in poverty in direct contrast to the beginning. For one, although she still fantasises about being rich and adored it no longer takes over her life. She now focuses on her reality helping her husband pay off their debts. This testifies to Madame Loisel's new found honesty; She is now described as 'hard, uncouth... untidy'. She is no longer pretty or beautiful at face value however she has now found her real beauty inside of her. She is proud and confident in herself, as we can tell when she 'rules' the home because rule is a powerful verb and suggests in some way that she has gained status at last in the reader's eyes. She no longer waits for others to give her what she wants but rather gets it herself. However, she is still living in an illusion and only at the end of the story, when we learn of the Necklace's deceptive nature, does Madame Loisel fully realise the implications of being seduced by outward appearances.

an interesting AS level theme

Analytical + interpretative essay which provides a variety of detailed, original interpretations.
 Apt + careful comparisons throughout and some cogent + critical ideas.

(35/40) Moderated A+

SE

The Hunt

Whack! I am thrown off my feet as the muscular tail smashes into my chest. I fly backwards several meters before rolling into position. Luckily, I didn't take a lot of damage from the attack.

My allies don't stop to help me nor see if I was OK after that move, instead circling around the beast with swords raised; just as well, I must not stop the hunt. I unfasten my belt and rummage around in my inventory.

The monster, however, targets me and rockets out of its jagged crack in the cliff edge, sending my team of hunters flying into the background. I dodge out of the way as the living tank rushes through my previous area, jagged rocks falling on the flimsy flowers. My allies run to it as moths to a light and hit it with everything they have. The monster is sly though. Targeting the weakest of the lot and bringing him down to the ground with one fell bite. He does not move.

I draw out a smoking glass shimmering in the sun's light. Medicine. I chug the liquid down and I can immediately feel my weariness vanish. I check the time; our employer wants the beast within a certain time frame. If we do not kill it in the allotted time we get no payment. I ready my sword and run back into the fray to join the warriors facing the monster, hoping to kill it quickly and cleanly. Failure is not an option.

energetic
clearly
complex
writing

Slash, Hack, Dodge repeat. Like a dancer I twist and jump taking turns to lower the huge lizard's high defences with the hunters. Green scales glitter in the harsh light, its yellow mane around its neck (protecting it from any easy death) pulses with alien movement and the gleaming green eyes narrow in jaded rage.

vivid +
complex

I point at the snarling lizard's head. My allies turn around and methodically start hacking at it.

As they distract it with their strange movements (like puppets with snapped strings) I climb over the steep cliff edge above the monster's visual range. One of the warriors body is strewn in sight amongst the flowers in an unnatural position, a blemish on the unmoving Eden.

sophisticated, ambitious
vocab

I take a deep breath, loosely stroke my gleaming silver sword, crouch as a hunting tiger stalking its prey, AND I JUMP.

Scales meet face. We roar as one. We struggle as one. We anger as one.

varied grammar / punchy
paraphrasing

The great tail flies into the air then swerves into my back. Razor teeth go over a shoulder with lust for raw meat.

+ sentence
structure
for effect.

I hack, slash and stab at its back ignoring its roars of pain. Suddenly I am no longer seeing green smooth scales but cold grey water. I am thrown off its back. I feel its eyes narrowing on me with untamed fire.

The ruse is up!

I try to stand but the monster jumps into the scene and collapses its full weight onto me. I do not scream but rather squirm and writhe as I panic. Limbs flailing everywhere as I try to escape from the green eyed monster.

My allies run around the monster slashing at him with their axes and knives, they may be irritating flies for all it cares.

In the pain and yelling I hear a faint sound. Almost unnoticeable at first- but it becomes louder and louder and louder. A beeping sound almost, the monster does not seem to hear it. I feel no more pain; it is as if I am watching a Horror Theatrical. Beep! The Monster ripping into the now limp arms with furious gusto, jagged fangs cutting into the flesh and bone. Beep! The allies trying to pull the ferocious monster off of me. Beep! The serene environment of greens and blues become silent and still. Beep!

Suddenly it is Silent.

Suddenly It is Black.

I find myself standing, no marks on my pristine body. There is nothing in the darkness. Just one person. There is no ballistic monster biting and scratching. There are no warrior allies, fighting alongside myself. No flowers of every bloom and colour littering a backdrop of serenity.

Just me and the darkness.

As I slowly struggle to breath in the descending darkness I see light. It flows and turns in lucid movements, forming into words. Those words change everything.

GAME OVER!

"Dammit, that Dabanan always kills me!"

"We'll try again. We will defeat someday."

"I suppose you're right."

I hear a clicking sound as I feel a cold fire running through my veins leading me to sleep. The last that I see are the words glowing luminously as they float above my head.

I have failed.

This short story is for Gamers and is trying to show the side of the protagonist and what they think about what is happening in game and out of it.

40
40

27/27 A compelling, clever, visually stunning piece of writing. Sharply focused on purpose + audience. Intensity idea for a short story. Sophisticated control of text structure.
13/13 Ambition, controlled, flawless!

SAMPLE E Commentary

Centre Marks: Reading: 35

Writing: 40

Total: 75

Moderated Marks: Reading: 36

Writing: 40

Total: 76

Comments

There is a sustained focus on the text's details with effectively chosen supporting examples.

Discriminating comparisons are evident throughout the piece which has much evidence of textual analysis, and independent interpretation. A mark into Band 9 is justified. In the Writing assignment the student deploys a varied often visual vocabulary which is often very sophisticated. The idea is original and ambitious, and the piece is well-controlled and compelling. Punctuation, spelling and grammar accurate throughout. Top Band 5.

SCRIPT F:

English language course work

The following poems I have chosen explore how tragedy and the loss of youth are explored in 'Out Out' and 'Disabled'. The first poem I am going to look at is 'Out Out' written by Robert Frost.

This poem is about a child labouring in a dangerous circumstance and, as the poem unfolds, the unforgiving nature of the poem is increased by three main circumstances. The first circumstance is that the accident happened to happen near the end of his work; second is that the victim is young and innocent and thirdly, the injury proves to be fatal and when he could have easily survived. There is potential cruelty and danger in the setting, which is clear from an early description of the saw, which was described by how it 'snarled and rattled'. This suggests it is like a vicious animal and that it is loose and dangerous. The backdrop to of the hardship suffered by the boy is held in contrast by a more pleasant tone than expected. The accident happened while the sun was going down behind the mountains of Vermont, while the fragrance of freshly cut wood was carried in the evening breeze.

The accident happens on the cue of the boy's sister, calling for supper and, in spite of the presence of others, neither nature nor family can prevent the horrific events that occur after. Robert Frost emphasised the pity of the accident when the boy courageously utters 'a rueful laugh', before he finally comes to a sense of his horrific accident. The following words show the hardship of the situation 'A big boy/Doing a man's work,' the boy is, in the end, old enough to understand the severity of his injury, old enough to understand the seriousness of his injury, but he is just too young to be operating such dangerous machinery.

Dramatically, the poet recounts the boy's fearful cries when the doctor arrives are, 'Don't let him cut my hand off... Don't let him sister!' this underlines the horror of the injury. The appeal to his sister, rather than

his parents, might suggest that another young person will be suffering from the accident. The adults are never called by the boy, who only seeks reassurance from his sister. Instead, 'they' quickly forget the boy's passing. 'And they, since they/ were not the one dead, turned to their affairs.' This poem must have been set in a time of hardship, a time of a high mortality rate and a time of child labour. It seems to be a period in which life's difficulties have made people insensitive to suffering.

The second poem, I have chosen at is called 'Disabled' by Wilfred Owen.

This poem is about a young man that has been crippled because of the World War I. In the first stanza, it quickly tell us that the man is disabled 'Legless, sewn short at elbow'. It also tells us that he is wearing a 'ghastly' suit of grey. This might be seen as ironic to the reader, as he reads further into the poem, because it gives the impression that he is ghostly. The sound of the playful and cheerful voices of children playing is saddening to the disabled man because he is surrounded by joy here and he lost all his joy the moment he lost his legs. This is saddening because he is a young man no older than 18, and he has lost his youth. But, in a way, he is still connected to the children in that fact that he still has to be cared for, as if he were being cared for by his mother at a younger age.

In the second stanza, the poet says that the man has 'throw away his knees', saying thrown away his knees it is metaphorical because he went to war and ironically suggest that he was careless about his safety in going to war but true because what really happened is that his knees were "thrown away" in an explosion. Now he feels a bit like an outcast from the world, 'he will never feel again how slim girls' waists are'. Their beauty makes him feel horrific, 'All of them touch him like some queer disease'

In the third stanza it says that 'he is old, his back will never brace;' although he is young he still has the qualities of an old man because he is now disabled and, because of this, even if he had legs, his back would be so damaged that he could not lift himself up. 'He's lost his colour very far

from here' he loses the colour in his skin because of blood lost from when he was injured in the trenches. He lost half of his life as it 'lapsed in the hot race', which means that he has lost half of his life as hot blood spilled from his body.

In stanza four it says that one time 'he liked a blood-smear down his leg'. Before he didn't mind about being in minor pain, or having blood smeared down his leg, because he was playing football, and this was probably between the ages of 16-18. He joined the army to impress his girl called Meg 'to please his meg;' he also did not have to beg because they needed the numbers and they let him sign up.

In stanza five, it explains how he was signed up without them taking any notice of his age and that he lied about it, 'smiling they wrote his lie'. To him the political side of the war did not matter to him, he signed up to be flashy and look, dashing to his girl Meg; he was lured in by the 'Esprit de corps'. And soon he was drafted with drums and cheers'; he left to go and fight with the public behind him. 'Some cheered him home, but not as crowds cheer Goal,' he was not cheered home as if he was a football star and he was presented of fruits a small gift from a solemn man. This seems upsetting because he made a large sacrifice of his legs and when he returns there is nothing but a small offering of fruit and an expression of sadness and a sense of shame.

In the final stanza, he goes over how people don't even find the time to pity him anymore, 'whatever pity they may dole'. He could see that women don't dare to go near him and they instead head to the men with legs and arms, they 'passed from him to the strong men that were whole'. His carers seem to have completely forgotten him which is ironic because that gives the impression they think he is dead, 'why don't they come' he thinks. It is also very sad to think that he did so much for his country he sacrificed his life but he has now been forgotten even though his gave his life for them.

1. worthy, sustained, and logical response.

30/40 Perceptive personal response.

Forge of the Empire of Regan

Max.

(The adventure of the monster of the north)

Regan and his fleet of one thousand left the land of Airim the empire of the Dragons, which they had spent conquering over the last five years. They had spent the last five months recovering from the battle against the Jarl Black Blade the tyrant of this land, with his army of 50,000 against his, The Army of 5,000 Knight's of Fargon. Meany lives had been lost to the dragon of Rorikstead, The Jarl's personal dragon. The five-year conquest was won and they set for new lands that they seeked for the empire.

They had left the port of Summerhold in the middle of the day in Leafsway on Thurofs (the month and day). Regan had spent many moons on his plans to take Dawnmouth. The Empire of Giants. This would have to be the fourth empire that he would have taken for his own and to complete his destiny of ruling and reuniting the once great land of Elmsguard.

He boarded his ship Thunder Heart that he had used to win his first ever battle, with his Commodore of the armada Commodore Skiv the nimble. They left the harbour in the great spirit of their God Talos, sing the songs of their elders. All was good in the Armada of one thousand.

In the Regan's quarters, this Captain had given him a map of the route that they were going to take. The thought arose in the mind of Regan about stories of a beast that lurked in the waters in this part of Elmsguard. The beast could take down an entire fleet and even Red Bow the man who went to fight it. He had died but had fatally wounded it by shooting a ball of fire into the eye of the beast. Since then it had been taking down ships that had crossed these waters. That's why Dawnmouth had remained safe for the sea all these years. All the armada had to do was wait until it attacked them so they could kill it once and for all.

Six months into their voyage and they hadn't seen anything apart from a fishing ship heading back to Rorikstead. They were around three quarters of the way to Dawnmouth and heading into the danger zone of the beast.

Commodore Skiv warned the fleet to be on the lookout for a beast 74 foot long and as wide as four of these ships.

Seven months came and still nothing. The Commodore wanted a ship count to see if any of the ships had been lost since the start of the voyage but none had gone.

The final month of the voyage had come. The ships were readying the cannons for the landing of Dawnmouth. With the last of the days approaching, they believed that they were not going to see the beast. With their battle formation was beginning to take shape they heard a mysterious call and then a tremendous splash. Commodore York orders the ships to be counted. One was missing. Over the edge of Thunder Heart, a man was crying of help. They hauled him on board. The man explained his brief encounter of the Beast and how its eye is a torn peace of flesh.

In the background, there were cannon shots and the roaring of the Beast. The boats were ordered to load their fire shots. They sailed towards the Beast not knowing what the monster would look like or how it would fight. They got to the rest of the fleet as they were beginning of the epic battle. Thunder Heart joined up in the circle that surrounded the Beast. With the order to fire, the sea lit up like a firecracker hitting the Beast from all side. Nets were dropped so that the beast could not escape from the bombardment of fireballs.

Blood scattered the sea around the beast as one of its fins was torn of creating a wave that hit half of the ships rendering them harmless. Regan saw this as an opportunity and pulled his mighty sword, forged by the white elves in the mouth of the great elder dragon. He grabbed the shield from his fallen father and leaped onto the fin. Placing the shield on his back he pull from his belt two daggers and plunged them into the body of the Beast and began to climb.

Reaching the head of the Beast, he got a firsthand view of the eye up-close. He jumped from the top of the head to the snout of the Beast and plunged his sword into its head. The Beast swung its heads back in pain, Regan only staying on top of the Beast by holding his sword. Grabbing one of the knives on his belt, he throws it into the good Eye of the monster. Now blinding the Beast plunging the sword again into the head of the Beast, the Beast began to fall back into the water. Regan jumps down to the mouth of the Beast ripping out

one of its teeth with his bare hands placing it in his pouch before running and jumping out of its mouth, swallow diving into the water.

Swimming back to his ship the firing had stopped as he was beginning to be hauled up onto the deck and sat on the ledge of the ship in deep thought. He was thinking about how he and his fleet had just killed the legend of the sea.

Morning came and they counted the casualties and only ten of his ships had been taken by the Beast. His Commodore prepared fleet for the attack the land of Dawnmouth. He sat in the crow's nest looking at the wonders of his fleet and how they were the ones to finally take the Beast life.

He clean his shield and the memories of his father came back about how he had tried and failed to kill the Beast when he tried to unite and bring peace to the kingdoms of Elmsguard. He said a prayer to the shield thought Venex there God queen of all Gods, the one how thought them worthy to kill such a Beast.

A sad and tiny fantasy story.

The End

20/29 Some realisation of task according to purpose.

(ii) 9/13. Packet broadly accurate

SAMPLE F Commentary

Centre Marks:

Reading: 30

Writing: 29 [20 + 9]

Total: 59

Moderated Marks:

Reading: 23

Writing: 28 [20 + 8]

Total: 51

Comments

The student tends to take an explanatory approach in the Reading assignment, going through the poems chronologically and suggesting what the meaning is. There is some evidence of interpretation as well as a clear personal response. The student refers to aspects of the texts to support his views, and makes some inferences. A mark in Band 6 is indicated.

In the Writing assignment the student produces a sustained piece in a particular genre. There are some errors of spelling and punctuation, and the word choice seems sometimes not quite appropriate. The work is controlled in that it works towards a specific conclusion and the student is aware of the impact on the reader. There is variety in sentence structure and in vocabulary. Upper Band 3/lower Band 4.

SCRIPT G:

A Comparison of the themes and techniques seen in
'Refugee Blues' by W.H. Auden and 'Out, Out' by Robert Frost. ✓

The poem 'Refugee Blues' by W.H. Auden describes the gradual increase in persecution of the Jews during the 1930s in Europe under the Nazi regime. 'Out, Out' by Robert Frost is about a boy whose hand is cut off when he is working with a buzz saw and later dies of his wound. When he dies life goes on as usual without him. Both poems deal with cruelty and human suffering. This essay will examine these themes and how the poets chose to convey them ✓

Good + clear

In 'Refugee Blues' Auden, explores the mass migration of German Jewish citizens at the beginning of the Holocaust in the 1930s and the subsequent quality of life experienced by those who remained under the Nazi regime. The poem uses a 'Blues Song' structure that mimics the songs of protest by African-Americans in the early 20th century. The 'Blues' element can be seen in the poem's repetitive rhythms to which four beats will occupy each line of a three-line stanza and a repeated refrain in each last line. It's protest element fits in with how the Jews are being persecuted and highlights their suffering. ✓

The narrator of the poem is a German Jewish citizen who, according to the colloquial and conversational language used, appears to be talking to his wife, "Say this city has... Went to a committee... Saw a poodle..." However her lack of response suggests that the events he describes have no solution as if nothing can be said let alone done to stop the horror. Auden gives his narrator such straight-forward language as it helps the reader identify with him and sympathise too. This is also achieved through the repetition of key points which the narrator wishes to emphasize, for example Auden repeats "Yet there's no place for us" twice in one line which heightens the couple's cruel situation. ✓

At the beginning of the poem the narrator begins by describing a city in which "ten million souls" live, however he immediately states the difference in the quality of life between two sides of this city. He says "Some are living in mansions", an obvious statement drawn to show the vast wealth and comfort the majority of Germans experience, immediately followed by "some are living in holes", a contrast which quickly tells the reader the difference in the quality of life and the prejudice the Jews are experiencing. The mention of living in holes clearly depicts how the Nazi regime dehumanized the Jewish population. Auden uses irony here with the word "souls" because it suggests that all men are equal in the eyes of God but clearly in Hitler's rules they are not. ✓

The poem then fills with metaphors and similes, which use the theme of Nature. The first is the comparison between Hitler and a storm, in which the narrator is trying to imply the ferocious, violent and destructive tendencies of the Nazi leader and draw comparisons between the approaching Holocaust and the far away roar of a brewing storm, "Thought I heard the thunder rumbling in the sky." This onomatopoeia builds anticipation to the end of the poem as the reader expects a dramatic event similar to how lightning might strike during a storm. The narrator then comments on how ✓

German pets seem to be experiencing a better quality of life, "a poodle in a jacket and fastened pin... saw a door opened and a cat let in..." than the Jewish people are and how the narrator wishes it could be the Jews instead. This shows the Nazi tendency to dehumanize the Jews as they depicted being below animals on the social ladder.

The Jewish narrator then goes to marvel at how Nature, when void of human beings, doesn't seem to engage in these acts of discrimination and victimisation, "Walked through a wood, saw the birds in the trees They had no politicians and sang at their ease." There is a strong tone of longing in his voice as he appears to wish for a life like the animals he sees which are free of restraints in Nature, a life void of the prejudice he and his people are experiencing.

The final chilling image of the poem is of "Ten thousand" Nazi soldiers marching through the snow trying to find the Jewish couple. The couple do not have a chance to escape as they are trapped on "a great plain" which means they have nowhere to hide as it is all open ground. The odds are against them with ten thousand soldiers looking for two harmless civilians. The "falling snow" is a metaphor for the cruelty, suffering and fear they will face once they are tracked down and finally exterminated. This is the climax of the poem. It is the final stage of the horror that has been gradually building up throughout the poem as the Nazis increase their restrictions against the Jews, isolate them and finally destroy them.

Some of these themes are shared with 'Out Out', by Robert Frost. This is a narrative of one boy's tragic accident and subsequent death. It can be seen as a protest against the practice of child labour. In the poem a boy is cutting wood with a buzz saw and cuts his hand using it. The boy soon dies from blood loss, then, instead of mourning, the other workers proceed back to their work unaffected by the event.

The first major similarity between these two poems is they both use the technique of gradually building up events to inevitable and tragic endings where we see their protagonists' fate. The chronological development of the poems helps create suspense in both cases. Frost builds up tension to the boy's death and Auden shows how things go from bad to worse for the Jews under Hitler. Both poets are protesting against the exploitation of human rights in their respective time periods on both a large scale and a small one. Good!

'Out, Out' starts off with, "The buzz saw snarled and rattled in the yard." This is an example of onomatopoeia which is also a predatory vicious animalistic sound, which emphasises danger. This is similar to Auden's use and effect of onomatopoeia when he is describing Hitler. Both poems contain repetition: "And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled," this increases the sense of danger and Frost is using zoomorphism here by bringing the saw to life. Auden uses repetition to heighten the sense of desperation his protagonists feel, "But where shall we go to-day, my dear, where shall we go to-day?" This technique is also used to create pathos for both the Jewish couple and the young boy forced to work.

Frost refuses to lay blame for the injury on the boy, who is still a "child at heart." He blames the adults for making him do a job he is too young for. Frost accuses the adults of not even giving the child a break, "Call it a day I wish they would To please the boy by giving him half an hour that a boy counts so much when saved from

work." The repetition of 'boy' is to emphasise how young the child is and he should not be doing a dangerous job. The word 'saved' tells us it is dangerous. When the boy cuts his hand Frost says, "He must have given the hand" which suggests that a serious accident was clearly going to happen in such an obvious dangerous situation. This is stated in a matter of fact way similar to the blunt words of the consul in 'Refugee Blues', "If you got no passport you're officially dead." Both these quotations have a feeling of inevitability about them. *well observed!*

The last part of 'Out, Out' has the same feeling as 'Refugee Blues,' "And they, since they were not the one dead, turned to their affairs," Which is a horrible thing to do as it shows how no one cared about someone who was suffering because they weren't suffering as much as them, also the reader feels sympathy towards the boy. In both poems Auden and Frost finish with a harsh ending. By the end of Frost's poem, the narrator no longer has anything to say about the tragedy of the boy's death. While the first twenty-six lines contain elegant metaphors and descriptions of the scene, the final eight lines are detached, unemotional and cold in tone. The narrator's "So" and "No more to build on there" reveal that even the narrator is unable to find any explanation for why such a young boy had to die. This could be compared to the cold cruelty and awful realization at the end of 'Refugee Blues.'

In conclusion 'Refugee Blues' and 'Out, Out' are protest poems that use similar themes and similar techniques, but are not totally identical. Though both poems deal with cruelty and human suffering, Frost uses detachment and blunt language to make his point, while Auden uses more symbolism and lets us imagine the horrors that are going to come, especially in the disturbing final stanza. These are still two strong poems with strong messages for both their and our times.

35

A convincing and thoughtful piece of writing. Well done.

You developed your line of thought and referred in detail to aspects of language and structure making apt and careful comparison within and between the poems

Writing to Explore, Imagine and Entertain

Hajime Owari

It was now about 6:00pm and Hajime decided it was time to call it a day; he had scrubbed every inch of the house whilst cleaning in anticipation for his mother's arrival on the following day and decided it was time to relax knowing that no matter how hard he tried she would never think it was spotless.

He walked over towards the couch to sit down and watch TV. He flicked through the channels and couldn't find much on, he decided to stick with a terrible Rom-Com until something good came on later. It was the same sappy story they always use, about a young girl living in Tokyo trying to find love with her goofy friend. He grabbed the newspaper and decided to read whilst it played.

He continued to read but became distracted. On the TV there were two characters walking through a club, it was relatively normal but behind them were huge letters in bright yellow graffiti, Hajime slowly read them out loud.

"あ…な…た…の…後…ろ" he said with a confused tone, "あなたの後ろ?" he murmured before realizing what it said with a fright.

He bolted upwards and turned around looking behind the sofa at the kitchen counter, his heart pumping loudly, he felt the veins in his neck fill with hot blood, pumping in time with his heart, pressing out against the inside of his skin. "But why should I look behind me?" he whispered shaking with fright. Then he felt it, right on the back of his neck making his hairs stand on end and his body quiver with a wave of cold. His chest tightened and he felt light headed from fear. Right on the back of his neck he could feel it, a pair of eyes looking straight at him.

He didn't need to see if someone was standing there, he could feel it. An animal instinct clawing at his mind, as if unravelling what he knew. There was somebody there without a doubt; they were standing staring right at him without moving an inch.

His breathing became slow and regulated, he didn't know what it was standing there, the presence felt like that of wild animal, something savage like a bear or wolf, but yet it seemed to have some kind of sophistication, a higher intelligence as if mocking him like an animal at the zoo. His wrists hurt from all the blood pumping through and he felt as if the smallest bite from the smallest mosquito would spring a fountain of blood.

Action had to be taken.

As quick as a flash he hopped over the low, white cushioned back support of the couch and ran to the door.

He ran as fast as he could and didn't manage to slow down colliding into the wooden door with a loud thump. He tried to grab the handle but his hands were shaking and couldn't catch a proper grip. His hands thumbed over the knob before he finally grasped and tried to turn, but just before he did and ran out of the room, he felt it.

It was a tiny warm breeze that seemed to follow a rhythm... just like breathing. The breathing became faster and louder as if the thing could read minds and had become angry at his thoughts. The breath got closer to his neck and now Hajime was almost certain that if he moved a mere millimeter he would feel the hairs in the thing's nose tickle his skin.

He stood awaiting his fate to take him.

Then he felt a small drop of moisture roll from his shoulder to his collarbone, then roll down his chest to his stomach, and another one, and another. Then he felt the pressure of a hand pressed ever so slightly down against his skin, pushing the clothes down against his shoulder. Hajime held his breath from fear and the hands grip slowly tightened around the skin, the fingers brittle and thin, digging in like knives into the flesh. As it did he felt colder and colder, whilst more and more water was dripping down onto the floor like tears.

Drip...

Drip...

Drip...

"あ...な...た...の...後...ろ" a voiced whispered in his ear

Hajime Owari turned quickly... nothing. The room was empty; apart from him, the most living thing in the room was the wooden table.

His heart was still beating fast and his whole body shook from fear, his knees shaking like rattling teeth in the cold December winds. He collapsed onto the floor, back against the door.

He dared not move. He sat for a few minutes to catch his breath and calm his racing mind. He muttered small prayers of joy, thankful to still be alive. He looked down at his shirt expecting to see stains of water left but it was immaculate.

He stood, back still pressed against the door, fearing to leave and clinging on as a child clings to its mother. Then with a sigh of relief he turned to walk back to the couch, but something caught his eye. A small splinter from the door. He turned his eye to the right... there were more splinters. The door had been scratched by something like a needle or fingernail. He turned completely to look at the etchings:

"你...不...想...要...死" ... He stood in shock.

59

Just as he had calmed himself he was again terrified of being in the flat, the dark seemingly closing in around him like hands clawing flesh off his bones. The shaking was back and his body felt weak, his mind was dismantling in the madness of his situation. He tried to walk away but felt overcome by the situation and began thrashing about in a frenzy. His mind went blank from fear and his body was left to fall around like a plastic bag caught in the wind. He tripped and fell to the floor, the crash woke him from his manic state and he suddenly became eerily quiet and still like a dead body. He turned to look up at the carving... it was gone.

"I... I don't want... don't want... to... to... to die" he muttered in frantic fear, his eyes widened and his pupils dilated.

Then suddenly like an uncoiled spring he was running through the flat.

Then he stopped, and he was hit hard with a sudden realization, as if by a concrete brick. In this corridor there were four doors. However, there were only three rooms on this corridor, at least three that he had been in. So what was the extra door and what was behind it?

He walked unsteadily down the hall to the mystery door. The walls spun dizzily around him as if he were on a rollercoaster and his heart nearly jumped out of his chest with fear. It was as if he was in a trance, purely focused on the door he had never seen, walking towards it like a lamb to the slaughter blissfully unaware of his surroundings. The door filled his mind and he appeared to be on autopilot.

He stood before it.

He walked unsteadily down the hall to the mystery door. The walls spun dizzily around him as if he were on a rollercoaster and his heart nearly jumped out of his chest with fear. It was as if he was in a trance, purely focused on the door he had never seen, walking towards it like a lamb to the slaughter blissfully unaware of his surroundings. The door filled his mind and he appeared to be on autopilot.

He stood before it.

He reached down for the metal handle... it was warm and a little clammy... somebody had used this door very recently. He pushed down on the handle and with almost no force the door clicked. It was open and Hajime knew that whatever was on this other side would not be happy to see him, but a wave of courage took hold and he slowly pushed the door open. The hinges gave way with no noise or resistance and the door opened wide.

Hajime then blacked out.
Then Hajime woke up.

He was in his bed, the sheets were thrown around the room and the dust was settling in the rays of the sun through his blinds. He sat up quickly and noticed he had been sweating an incredible amount. He jumped out of bed, nearly tripping over a pile of clothes on the floor, and ran out the room into the hallway. Three doors. There were three doors... he had dreamt it all up!

He showered and dressed, his mother would be here soon and she most likely wouldn't be best pleased if he was still in his pajamas. He tidied the living room one last time before her arrival. She strode in with her usual swagger, nose pointed in the air.

They chatted and exchanged remarks about neighbours, work and the weather, a rather mundane yet sobering change from Hajime Owari's previous nightmare.

"Oh darling, I have to see these holiday photos you took!" his mother suddenly remarked taking Hajime by surprise.

"Of course Mother," he said whilst taking his phone out, they proceeded to flick through the photos in a rather rhythmic fashion. The photos dried up and none were left, but one last photo remained on his phone, Hajime wondered what on earth it might be. His mother stood up and walked into the kitchen after a drink of water. He looked down at his phone and flicked to the left and the photo came up on the screen quite clearly.

The photo showed Hajime lying in bed... asleep... taken from the side of the room with what looked like a figure standing next to the bed.

Perhaps Hajime Owari's dreams were more real than he thought.

Perhaps Hajime Owari was still dreaming.

But perhaps, and most frightening of all, Hajime Owari didn't really live alone.

An effective use of Japanese lettering and you employ an effective, sparse writing style which is apt for this genre of story. Your organisation of your material is secure with a well-judged text structure.

$$\frac{11}{13} + \frac{25}{27} = 36$$

SAMPLE G Commentary

Centre Marks:

Reading: 35

Writing: 36 [25 + 11]

Total: 71

Moderated Marks:

Reading: 35

Writing: 33 [23 + 10]

Total: 68

Comments

The student makes some perceptive links between the chosen poems, and includes analytical comments on meaning and effect. There are supported sound comments on structure as well as on language. There is clear evidence of interpretative skill, and a mark at the top of Band 6 is indicated. The Writing assignment is unusual and a style appropriate for the genre is maintained. There is some range of sentence structure and a range of vocabulary, though at times the effect is a little stilted. The ending shows some authorial control, and a certain amount of humour. There are occasional slips of spelling and punctuation. Band 4.

SCRIPT H:

Language coursework

Note like elliptical

Loss of youth, the opening of the poem is pleasant so a beautiful setting but it won't be by the end. It sounds like an animal snarling. Really near the end of a working day. He was tired and he lost his concentration and he had his hand sworn of. Alternation like the rhythm of the heart. Either anesthetic. Little less nothing this follows the last few beats of his heart and the dash marks of science Old hard time when life was hard and life was cheap. The responsibility of loss of life these lives are presented through the language used. The third person is used in both poems, Wilfred Owen makes the young soldier seem objectified and distant from other people.

"Out out" ↑ ↓ ?

There is an accident involving a young boy in the work place. The accident happens near the end of work so the boy was tired and not concentrating fully on what he was doing. The victim is very young and he is innocent and non-deserving of the accident. The injury is very bad and it proves fatal. The accident happens once his sister rings for supper. A kid doing adult jobs he was too young to be working with the adult machines. His parents don't care that much about the boy only the sister cares and she is his comfort. He did not want the doctor to cut his hand off "don't let them cut off my hand, sister!" but his hand was already gone. Then his pulse stopped and everybody listened for a pulse and he just died. It was unfortunate because of the age of the boy was so young and he lost a life once he had so long to live. But after the boy dies they turn to their normal affairs and don't care that much that he just died at such a young age.

Disabled ↑ ↓ ?

At the start of the poem it talks about a young man who is sitting in a wheel chair and has lost his legs and arms and is waiting for something. He can hear in the park children having fun until the kids go home. He was remembering his town before the war. It was a nice town with nice girls. Now know likes him because they think he is ugly due to his injury's and they don't welcome him back they just think they are better than him. Before the war he was good looking and an artist wanted to paint him but now they don't. Now he looks old and lost his colour. Before he would not mind a bit of cuts on his leg after football to look harder and braver. After a football match he may have had one to many drinks and he signed up for the army. Some one said he would look good in army uniform or maybe to please the girls.

He was too young to sign up so they lied about his age. He didn't think about the Germans he thought about holidays, pride and the nice uniform. Then he went to war and people were cheering him. There were only a few cheers once he comes home. He will spend some years in care homes. And he will follow the rules and take peoples pity. And he noticed women don't look at him any more.

15 (14/40)

Person response which was familiar when dealing with key ideas.

Stuck inside

It was June 6, 1944 near Omaha beach, ten soldiers per boat we were going to try and take the beach from the Germans. I was nervous I was shaking I was so scared I did not want to be here it was cold it I would have to get wet and people shooting at me from many different directions. Last week platoon 1,2,3,4,5,6 and 7 attempted to take the beach but failed not even any members of those platoons alive to give us advice. I realized this would be my last few moments to reflect on my life-my wife at home, my kids still very young, and thinking they might have to grow up without a father. Then the moment came where the doors of the boat opened and I heard the call of the platoon leader "get to the beach, if you die you die heroes" and suddenly machine gun fire from every direction at such rapid pace and I saw people getting shot, even the person in front of me got shot.

I had to get out the boat so I got the courage to climb over the sidewall of the boat and I hid behind the boat. I used it as an opportunity to have a look around, British people were on the beach but the sea was red with blood. But then I saw the German machine gunners around a 100 yards away with a line of Germans with machine guns firing down the British soldiers. I swam under water to the boat nearer to the beach and I heard this screaming it was my best friend in platoon 5 boat and he had lost a leg. I was shell shocked I didn't know what to do. I just decided I had to get him to the beach so I carried him out of the boat. I was surprised there was no fire at us, probably the Germans were occupied with the soldiers on the beach I walked with Tim leaning on my shoulder. It took a lot of effort to get him to the beach once we got there he hit the floor and he said "go kill the Germans I am a dead man any way" I was shocked but I decided to try and get a medic.

I ran to where a lot of British soldiers were hiding to try get a medic and bullets flying past my face and body. One bullet hit my finger on my left hand I had never felt so much pain but I remembered my mission to save Tim. I found a medic behind a rock who was covered in blood I said "please help me, my friend has been hit and has lost his leg he is hiding on the edge of the beach" he came with me as we ran back to where I had left him but Tim had already gone.

I just could not believe it my best friend the person I knew better than anyone the person I had known since we were 5, the person I went to school with dead. I cried and I reflected on his life I didn't care what was happening next to me. Tim's death was the saddest moment of my life but in that moment I realized the Germans had killed him I got up gave Tim one last look and ran at the Germans I had never run so fast I wanted to kill Germans kill every last German soldier for the death of my best friend. I heard cries and shouts from the British soldiers "it's suicide don't, stop, come back here" but I just kept running and I felt adrenaline rushing through my veins.

That's the last thing I remember I woke up 3 weeks after the day in bed at home. I got out of bed and I saw it I had no right hand I was thinking this must be a dream but it wasn't. I ran downstairs where my whole family had cakes and presents and party hats on. My wife came of to me and said "you are a

hero and no one can take that away from you" I just stared through her and said "what happened to me, what happened to me where is my hand?" she replied " you pasted out, you got shot in the hand and you got rescued, your platoon took Omaha beach and we are lucky to have you home." And I saw a new picture on the wall of me and Tim at the pub on the last night before we went to war and I started crying people comforted me but I would never be the same joyful happy person due to the war I wouldn't be able to play cricket my favorite part of life.

This mans story is great and he will be known as a hero for serving his country, he was never the same person and he died 6 weeks later, he committed suicide and suffered depression but he is still a hero.

17

AO (i & ii)

14/27

Generally clear sense of purpose and undertone.

AO (iii)

6/13

Mostly clear presentation

~~19/40~~

Reverted up.

23/40

SAMPLE H Commentary

Centre Marks:

Reading: 15

Writing: 23 [17 + 6]

Total: 38

Moderated Marks:

Reading: 9

Writing: 19 [5 + 14]

Total: 28

Comments

The Reading assignment is brief and seems to touch only peripherally on the poems' details. The essay is not always easy to follow and seems to suggest only a personal response with some familiarity with characters and situations since there is paraphrase but little interpretation. Band 3. In the Writing assignment the relationship between the last paragraph and the rest of the piece is not clear but it seems the student is trying to bring closure by commenting on the earlier narrator. There is some sort of control of the narrative, and an attempt to influence the reader, but there are many inaccuracies of spelling, punctuation and grammar, indicating Band 2 for these, but Band 3 at the lowest end for AOs (i) and (ii).