

# International GCSE

## English Language A (9–1)

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Component 3 (4EA1/03): Poetry and Prose Texts and Imaginative Writing

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Exemplar Scripts and Commentaries

June 2024 Series





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## Introduction

- The purpose of this pack is to provide teachers and students with some examples of responses to International GCSE English Language A component 3: Non-Examined Assessment.
- The responses in this pack were taken from the June 2024 examination series, the first assessment with an amended format for Assignment A. The question papers and mark schemes can be found on the Pearson website [here](#).
- In this pack you will find a sample of responses, examiner commentaries and marks.
- If you have any enquiries regarding these materials or have any other questions about the course, please contact our English subject advisor on [teachingenglish@pearson.com](mailto:teachingenglish@pearson.com)



## Assignment A: Poetry and Prose Texts

Candidates complete one 30-mark essay question based on any three poetry or prose texts from Part 2 of the Pearson Edexcel International GCSE English Anthology. At least one poetry text and one prose text must be discussed in the assignment. Students must write on a single topic/theme across the three texts.

## Assignment B: Imaginative Writing

Candidates complete one 30-mark imaginative writing task.

### Script 1, Assignment A – *Disabled*, *Still I Rise*, *The Story of an Hour*

In *Disabled*, the writer uses language to create the feeling of sadness because the man in the poem is disabled and cannot play football anymore.

The quote that supports my point is 'How cold and late it is! Why don't they come and put him into bed? Why don't they come?' Alliteration and rhetorical question.

This quote shows how sad the old man in the poem is. Sad because it repeats why don't they come two times.

This makes the reader feel low-spirited because the old man is not getting any help.

The writer uses structure to create the effect that time has passed.

The quote that supports my point is 'now, he will spend a few sick years in institutes.'

This quote shows how time has passed by showing how the old man in the poem will spend some time in old people homes feeling sick.

This makes the reader feel absorbed in the story.

She uses repetition by repeating I rise at the end 3 times this shows how she is rising through the bullying and hate that she gets because she is black.

This makes the reader feel furious because she has been bullied.

In *The story of an hour*, the writer uses language to create the effect that joy can kill.

The quote that supports my point is 'of the joy that kills'.

This quote shows personification because joy can't actually kill a person.

This makes the reader feel upset and heartbroken that she died.

The writer uses language to create the effect that time is passing.

The quote that supports my point is 'Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her'.

This quote shows references to time by saying 'those days ahead of her'.

This makes the reader feel immersed in the story.





### **Assignment A: Moderator comment and mark**

The candidate has used the title ‘How does the writer convey powerful feelings?’ on their work. They may have benefitted from the scaffolded mode of task setting suggested in the support documentation for the revised specification.

The reading section here contains some very basic ideas about three texts which have been dealt with separately. The understanding is limited – for example, in *Disabled* there is no mention of the war, and the candidate perceives the man to be old. The quotations do not actively support the ideas given. There are some mentions of language and structural terminology but again, there is misunderstanding, for example in the reference to personification in the Angelou where the candidate perceives the oil wells to be walking. As a result, the level 2 mark is generous. Comments are simple and generalised.

### **Assignment A: Final mark 3 + 3**



## Script 1, Assignment B – Once, there was a house

Once, there was a house on a Muggle beach by the ocean on a record-breaking heat wave summers day where Harry Portfillo , the order of the Griffins, Professor Reed Odomes, Mr. Malvaez Ryker and Dazzling Twinkly Hearth Elfin live it is a refuge for all these witches, wizards and magical creatures to come hide and to plan how to finally defeat Lord Hawk Mace Nightshade once and for all.

Harry Portfillo was with the order of Griffins discussing how to sneak into the Group only known as the mighty order called the mighty order of Lord Hawk Mace Nightshade. Professor Reed Odomes was talking to Mr. Malvaez Ryker when Dazzling Twinkly Hearth Elfin joined the discussion, they were discussing what magical creatures were going to join them in their plan to sneak into the mighty order of Lord Hawk Mace Nightshade. Professor Reed Odomes, Mr. Malvaez Ryker and Dazzling Twinkly Hearth Elfin decided that in order to sneak into the mighty order of Lord Hawk Mace Nightshade that they would have to use midnight dark pegasi in order to sneak into the mighty order of Lord Hawk Mace Nightshade successfully. Professor Reed Odomes, Mr. Malvaez Ryker and Dazzling Twinkly Hearth Elfin Decided on midnight dark pegasi because that was the magical creature that was used by the mighty order of Lord Hawk Mace Nightshade also Harry Portfillo, the order of the Griffins, Professor Reed Odomes, Mr. Malvaez Ryker and Dazzling Twinkly Hearth Elfin had in their arsenal at the time when they were living in the house on a Muggle beach by the ocean on a record-breaking heat wave summers day. The group had the magical creatures that they were going to use to sneak into the mighty order of Lord Hawk Mace Nightshade all they needed was disguises in order to sneak into the mighty order of Lord Hawk Mace Nightshade. But before they could talk about disguises the last thing, they needed to discuss about was which 3 witches/wizards were going to be the poor unfortunate souls who would be stealthily infiltrating the might order of Lord Hawk Mace Nightshade.

From the sounds of it Lord Hawk Mace Nightshade was planning to steal all witch/wizard and magical creature magic and make that good magic evil.

The group decided the 3 witches/wizards and magical creatures that would be the poor unfortunate souls that would be stealthily infiltrating the mighty order of Lord Hawk Mace Nightshade would be Harry Portfillo, the order of the Griffins and Dazzling Twinkly Hearth Elfin because the one's they had picked had the special unique abilities that they needed to successfully stealthily infiltrate the might order of Lord Hawk Mace Nightshade successfully. The group had the Magical creatures that they were going us also the 3 witches/wizards and magical creature that was going to infiltrate the mighty order of Lord Hawk Mace Nightshade all they needed now was disguises after they get the disguises, they can successfully infiltrate the mighty order of Lord Hawk Nightshade. But before all that they needed disguises. The group decided on the disguises that Harry Portfillo, the order of the Griffins and Dazzling Twinkly Hearth Elfin were going to wear to stealthily infiltrate the mighty order of Lord Hawk Mace Nightshade successfully. After, Harry Portfillo, the order of the Griffins and Dazzling Twinkly Hearth Elfin got their disguises on they mounted their midnight dark pegasi then they were off to stealthily infiltrate the mighty order of Lord Hawk Mace Nightshade and discover what the mighty order of Lord Hawk Mace Nightshade was planning. Harry Portfillo, the order of the Griffins and Dazzling Hearth Elfin dismounted their midnight pegasi. THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN...



### **Assignment B: Moderator comment and mark**

The candidate attempts to organise the work into sections or paragraphs and has an idea perhaps linked to the Harry Potter narratives. The piece communicates at a basic level, though repeats character names rather than developing a narrative and so the piece becomes limited in its clarity. We can see level 1 skills for both AO4 and AO5. However, there are examples of accurate spelling to be credited and occasionally the punctuation is controlled for example, there is some sentence demarcation, and some commas correctly used.

### **Assignment B: Final mark 3 + 3**





## Script 2, Assignment A – *Disabled*, *Out Out* and *The Necklace*

How is loss of youth portrayed throughout disabled, out out and The necklace?

### Disabled

Loss of youth is portrayed throughout the poem. From the poem we can gather that it is about a disabled man who used to be a soldier that lost his legs in the war. The quote "he sat in a wheelchair waiting for dark" is different from the quotes at the start which explain how he used to enjoy hearing the sound of people at football. Now, after the war he is just waiting to die. The word 'dark' has connotations of being depressed and sad which is what the writer is trying to tell us about the soldier.

The writer goes on to tell us that he feels no woman would ever want him again. We can see this in the quote "never feel again how slim girls' waists are". This tells us that all the girls used to like him but now he has lost his youth and his appearance in the war, his life is over. The word 'never' suggests that in his mind he is never going to be how he was when he was younger and his life may as well already be over. This makes the reader feel sorry for the soldier as he will never experience love again.

The writer also talks about "voices of play and pleasures after day" this suggests that when he was younger he really used to enjoy life and listening to the voices around him and the simple pleasures of life that he might have taken for granted before he went to fight in the war. The use of alliteration suggests the writer wants us to focus on the fact that he has now lost those happy voices and lost the pleasures after day that he experienced as a young man. This makes the reader feel annoyed for the sacrifices that the soldier had to experience and sad that he threw his youth away to the war.

The writer also uses irony to portray the loss of the soldier's youth. The quote "never feel again how slim girls' waists are, how warm their subtle hands" suggests nobody wants him which is ironic because he joined the army to attract women and to protect 'his Meg'. This shows that the writer wanted to show us that even though he had everything when he was young, he risked this when he went to the army and this attention off women had stopped.

### Out out

The quote "call it a day I wish they might have said" in out out suggests that the boy wants the day to be over. When we think about it, as a child we usually enjoy our days because we are having fun but this boy just wants the day to end. The word 'wish' has connotations of wanting something to happen, something magical. The boy is desperate for the day to be over because he is having to do work. This makes the reader feel sorry for the boy and sympathise to his situation.

Another quote to suggest the boy has lost his youth in out out can be seen in the quote "big boy doing a man's job". This quote suggests that the young boy is doing a man's work which he should not be doing. He should be playing in the park or out with his friends but instead he is doing work with a dangerous tool which is what caused the accident. The phrase "big boy" is showing contrast because it is trying to say that the boy is big as in an adult so they are trying to get the reader to think what they are doing to him is not wrong but actually it is.

Another quote is the "boys first outcry was a rueful laugh". This suggests that the boy did not know how to react to the incident or how to feel as the cry is what a child would do but an adult would not laugh if they had their hand chopped off. This shows how young the boy is in his mind. This makes the reader feel worried and scared for the boy because he should not be working and doing a man's job he should be enjoying his youth.



### The necklace

The necklace is a story about a girl who steals a necklace but she has her reasons. When she was born the story tells us that she was born into a middle-class family and she thought this was 'fate'. The quote "she dressed simply, she could not afford anything better" suggests that she can't buy any expensive clothes and doesn't have much money but we already know that she is middle class so she does have money but not enough to buy really expensive things. She is spending most of her life worrying about things she could have rather than things she already has. The word 'simply' means she has a relaxed life with no stress but also a boring life with no excitement.

The quote "she would have given anything to be popular, envied, attractive and in demand" suggests that she is wanting more out of life. The adjectives used tell us how much she wants to be like this and how she is feeling at the minute. She is growing up unhappy because she is not happy with the life that she has. She is throwing away all of her youth by sitting there and thinking about the things she could have if she was rich. The word 'attractive' tells us that she wants to be attractive so rich men will like her but we already know from the start of the story that she is 'pretty'.

At the end of the story the quote "we've been paying for it these past ten years" tells us that although she stole the necklace to make it look like she had money, she has spent all of her youth paying for the necklace so really this didn't help her become rich in any way. The word 'paying' has connotations of someone giving money to someone which tells us that she has spent all of her youth paying for something that she didn't have the money for. She is now 'paying' for her greediness.

### **Assignment A: Moderator comment and mark**

The reference to 'youth' in the title here is perhaps more relevant for the poetry texts chosen than the prose. Annotation here is only at AO level rather than pinpointing skills within precise bands. There is no evidence of internal moderation on the reading work.

The candidate writes about three texts using subheadings and can show some understanding of key events with support. There is some interpretation and inference made though the candidate tends to write about 'quotes' rather than the text. There is some misunderstanding of *The Necklace*. AO2 tends to be at word level but there is something about every text and they have a method which has enabled them to show some AO2 work in each paragraph and make an attempt at commenting on effect.

### **Assignment A: Final mark 6 + 5**





## Script 2 – Assignment B – I was on the highway

I was on the highway and everything seemed fine but straight ahead looks like hell judging by the area next to the highway already I was having a bad feeling, everything looked broken and destroyed and set on fire or even bombed. But I doubt that was what was happening, it looks like something you would see in a game.

In the background I could hear the sound of car engines roaring and I could smell petrol from the cars ahead and fire from the burning buildings, the smell getting stronger, the more I go the more I see smoke rising in the air and the clouds getting greyer.

I set off to come here to find a better place to call home but it looks just as bad as the last place I lived at or at least the place near it looks worse. I went to go and check it out, the city, the place I will be living was a nice place. All of a sudden two cars crashed and we couldn't get past and I couldn't turn back as I had to sit there for a couple of hours waiting for it to be sorted out. After an hour when they sorted it out, I started to get hungry and thirsty yet tired so I ended up pulling over and having a nap. Half an hour goes by, I was awoken by the sound of people honking their horns at me. The situation was resolved so I continued my journey and I went and got something to eat and checked out the places and I thought it was alright.

I chose to stay and give the city a chance but in order to do that and explore the city I needed to create a bucket list of things I wanted to try which involved restaurants, takeaways, bowling, cinema and cafes. I believe all together without the car ride, I will be at the destinations for 5 and a half hours maybe six. This could change though if I get stuck in traffic and other factors like how long the film is at the cinema.

Of course, I wouldn't be able to do that today because it's almost tea time and it all needs booking and scheduling and I need to see what films are out and how long the film will be. I would also need to see what time the restaurants are open and what food they serve. I started to book it all and then went to the cinema then bowling and then to finish it off a nice meal. The movie at the cinema started at 12.30am and I had booked bowling at 16.15pm then after that I had a nice meal booked at a luxury restaurant at 6pm. I ordered a nice donner kebab on a naan bread even though it was considered as posh. All this could be some of course, if we were not living in the middle of an apocalypse with rubble and dust stinging my eyes and the scorching sun bubbling every inch of my body.

### Assignment B: Moderator comment and mark

The writing is in paragraphs but loses focus within paragraph three and deviates from the purpose and the initial premise. There are some imaginative moments early in the piece and in the final sentence where the candidate does try to use the senses to describe. Some of the spelling is secure but there are slips in both punctuation and tense. More annotation in the body of the writing piece to pinpoint the skills would have helped the moderator.

### Assignment B: Final mark 5 + 4



## Script 3, Assignment A – *Still I Rise*, *The Story of an Hour*, *The Necklace*

In the three texts it is clear that society puts a lot of pressure on the women to fit other people's expectations. In *Still I Rise* the woman is forced to live up to white people's expectations in which she overcomes this and shares her story to other people. This is different to the other two texts because the women are pressured into marriages which they are unhappy with. The texts also show that there was a stereotype on women which was to be housewives.

### *Still I Rise*

In the first stanza of the poem the speaker talks about how people can talk about her all they want and she will take no note of it. A quote to support this is "you may write me down in history with your bitter, twisted lies". She is using a direct address and is talking to her audience so that she can get her point across forcefully. Emotive language is also used when she says "bitter, twisted lies" it gives the reader the impression that the people saying these things are quite malicious. She is under a lot of pressure when talking to her audience as she needs to seem confident in what she is saying. She then goes on to say "But still, like dust, I'll rise" This shows she doesn't care what other people think of her and she will continue to grow as a person. She also uses a simile to show she can't be kept down and won't be defeated. In the second stanza she asks a strong question which is "Does my sassiness upset you?" This tells me that she is confident and it also comes across in an aggressive manner. This shows that women are marginalised by society but also shows that she has self worth.

A structure technique that Angelou uses is that she changes the comparison to show how she rises, at the start of the poem she says "But still, like dust, I'll rise". In this sentence she is comparing herself to dust. This shows that she may not be confident in herself because dust is dirty. Later in the poem she says "but still, like air, I'll rise". In this sentence she is comparing herself to air which is clean. This suggests that she has gained confidence throughout the poem. At the end of the poem Angelou says "I rise / I rise / I rise". She uses epizeuxis to show that she now no longer compares herself to other things and it shows she is now fully confident in herself.

### *Story of an hour*

The writer starts the story off by telling us that "Mrs Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble", Mrs Mallard is portrayed as weak and fragile this implies that if the news of her husband's death wasn't given to her in a gentle manner it could cause a heart attack. "Great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.", The news of her husband's death was given to her in the most gentle way possible. This implies that her sister telling her this information must have





been scared of how she might react or knows about her heart troubles and doesn't want to put pressure on Mrs Mallard. This example uses a simile and an intensifier to tell us what society thinks about her. Tells the reader that people think of her as fragile because she is given the information in such a gentle manner. "She did not hear the story as many women had heard the same". The writer contrasts Mrs Mallard with how other women would be expected to react. This also suggests she is not like other women. Mrs Mallard now gets to live on her own and other people think that she will struggle to cope but it is revealed later on in the story that it was a gift in disguise. Mrs Mallard is under pressure to think what people want her to think which they are expecting her to be very overwhelmed and distraught with the information given to her.

The writer uses imagery to show new things that could be coming Mrs Mallard's way. "There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window". This could be a symbol for freedom because there is light shining through the clouds. Mrs Mallard also felt constricted in her marriage an example for this is "she breathed a quick prayer that life might be long, it was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long". This gives the impression that whilst in her marriage she didn't want her life to last for a long time, whereas now that her husband has died she wants her life to last as long as possible because now she feels happy with her life. This might be because she felt trapped and unhappy in her marriage. Another example to show Mrs Mallard felt trapped in her marriage is "she said it over and over under her breath: free, free, free!" The writer uses repetition to emphasise that she is now free and has control over her own life.

A structure technique Kate Chopin uses is that she introduces Mrs Mallard as weak and fragile. She is also limited to doing things she actually wants to do and instead she is in a way forced to do house work. People think Mrs Mallard is weak because she shows immediate shock at the news of her husband's death. There is also a slow build up of Mrs Mallard's realisation that this 'frees' her from marriage, a quote to support this would be. "She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her" she means that the joy she feels may be evil but she is unsure what the feeling means because she is having mixed signals in her mind as she is thinking of the good things that might come but she is also thinking of the bad things that might come as well. This shows that society has gaslighted her into thinking what she should feel and also shows she is marginalised because she is not allowed to feel her own feelings.

### The necklace

The writer starts this story off with telling us how Mathilde Loisel lives and he also describes what she looks like. The writer describes her as "one of those pretty charming girls born, as if by an error of fate, into a family of clerks. She had no



dowry, no expectations, no means of becoming known, understood, loved or wedded by a man of wealth and distinction". This shows she is marginalised because she wants to be at high society events but can't afford and the only way for her to be known would be from marrying a man. For women the writer uses the semantic field of beauty by using "pretty" and "charming" ; these relate to words like dress, necklace and make-up which are all of the same concept. For men the writer uses the semantic field of power by using words such as "distinction" and "wealth" ; this makes the reader think of men as smart, and have money, wealth and luxury . This makes men look like they are in charge because the Mathilde Loisel has nothing going for her unless she is married to a wealthy man.

The writer uses emotive language when he says "Making a supreme effort, she controlled her sorrows" this tells me that she is trying hard to keep herself together. It also shows that she really wants to go to the event as she is showing physical emotion. When he uses the word sorrows it gives me the idea that this event is something serious to her. She firmly believes that she should've been born into a wealthier class. Mathilde Loisel has strong thoughts on the way she looks, to prove this she says "it vexes me that I haven't got a single piece of jewellery, not one stone, that i can put on. I'll look like a church mouse". This shows she wants to look classy like the other women but it also shows that pressure is being put on her by society because she is expected to dress nicely with expensive jewellery.

### **Assignment A: Moderator comment and mark**

The task is challenging for a student working at this level and could perhaps have been simplified and scaffolded using bullet points as per the specification exemplars. There is very little annotation of precise skills and no summative comment on the writing work. There is no evidence of internal moderation.

The candidate provides an overview paragraph at the start of their essay and maintains a focus on the theme of the task throughout. They work on each text separately but include two prose texts in their response. The work makes some clear assertions about each text, which are supported with more relevant quotations. Several sensible inferences are made, and we have a clear sense of the candidate's understanding of the three texts. We see more of a weighting towards the Chopin text overall. We see a number of techniques identified in the Angelou content with appropriate examples. The AO2 work is perhaps less detailed in the exploration of the prose texts, though we do still see some reference to devices. Work on the effect of writers' choices is perhaps less developed.

### **Assignment A: Final mark 9 + 9**



### Script 3, Assignment B – Among the four of us

Among the four of us stood a gargantuan residence, <sup>Es</sup> with tremendously huge doors where I read the name aloud 'Warlock Dwelling'. The area was in an old, almost abandoned town near the forest and lake with a pathway where kids would walk to get home after school. As Ruth and I cautiously crept through the door, a tornado of mist came flooding down the back of my spine. Mum and Duane, her new partner, followed closely behind. ✓

I wandered through the grounds of the house alone. Something so different yet fascinating caught my eye. The winding ascended so hypnotically until I found the stained glass skylight window letting very little sunlight through at the top. I raced to the spiral staircase mesmerised by what I saw. Trying to go as quick as I possibly could up the stairs, I was overworked by the third set. As I reached the rooftop there were naked tree branches that overshadowed through the glass. I felt the senses in my pupils widen the longer I gazed at it. I'm not sure how something so random yet so unique made my heart crumble. The way the branches stood so tall and made the most perfect pattern made me instantly fall in love with this home. ✓

<sup>uses  
mistaken</sup> To the left of me; I made out it was young adults gossiping. I walk towards the room where I heard the people and look out the meagre window. As I stare out the window I realise that this is the one house where each person's footsteps quicken when they walk past with their head held down, trying to avoid any eye contact with the house. Shrieking children would gather on their walk home from school, daring one another to run up and touch the





front gate. I breathed in deeply smelling wet oak wood reminding me of winter fires.

When the time came the trees outside fell blacker and darker than the night itself. I shared a room with Ruth until she was comfortable with the house. As my eyes began to close, my whole body jumps as if it was falling asleep faster than my brain could comprehend. I stared blankly at what I thought was the wall until I fell asleep. The longer I stare, the more I can make out the outline of something much taller and wider than a person. I saw the image perfectly through my eyes, apart from the face which looked as if it could have been demented in a way. My eyes shut tight. As I pretend to be asleep, heavy breaths come from across the room. I was unsure if it was the thing I saw or Ruth having her night terrors.

The sunlight gleamed through the blinds of the window, instantly waking me up. My eyes squint as I try to look at Ruth and realise she isn't there. I shout her name repeatedly and no answer is given back. A faint pounding noise coming from the home ground grabbed my attention. I cunningly descended down the stairs, The pounding grew louder the further down I got. As I came to the bottom of the staircase the noise instantly stopped and two voices came from the kitchen. One voice was clear to me whereas the other I couldn't quite work out who it was. My mouth was so dehydrated and goosebumps began to form along my arms. I peer through the crack of the door to the kitchen to spot my sister and my grandmother, who died three years ago from heart failure, talking.

My body timidly inched forward like a lion approaching its prey. Ruth looked up at me with a proud look on her face



and I noticed that she had been crying at some point. As my grandmother turned to look at me for the first time in years, I felt like everything stopped and started to move in slow motion. A rush of emotions fell onto my shoulders and floods of tears fell down my face before she even got to look at me. At that moment both of our eyes met one another and a silver colour shone in her eyes. The intensity in her face looked like she was desperate to tell me something.

My grandmother pulled me to the side, where Ruth could hear us but didn't have any interest in listening. She was talking to me as if she was craving to tell me something important. Standing close to me she said "There's something I want you to know" and before I had any chance to get a word in, she handed me a necklace that had a picture of me in the charm. As I looked at it I felt the warmth of her hand connect to my shoulder but felt no touch. Completely puzzled by the things she said I went to look back up at her and I took in that her presence started to descend. Like a cloud of smoke her body disappeared and I stood gazing at the kitchen worktop.

I say Ruth's name asking why my grandmother gave me this necklace but she chose to completely ignore each word I said; like I wasn't there. Sitting down opposite my sister I take a minute and watch what she does, but I see something that confuses me more than I already was. Wrapped around her neck was the same silver necklace that my grandmother gave me. Why does she have this? Where did she get it from? I snapped at her uncontrollably but she didn't jump or flinch. She just sat looking down playing with her bobble that was almost falling apart.



"Ruth", "Ruth", "Ruth", I said over and over again but still she sits and takes no notice of me.

At that moment Ruth looks up and stares straight at me. I saw someone in the reflection of her eyes, it didn't look like me but it mirrored each movement I made. Ruth didn't even glance to look at any of the moves I did, it just looked like her eyes were piercing straight through me and couldn't see me.

Sitting staring at the oak table in front of me my hands start to change colour like the cloud of smoke I saw from before. A white line appeared in my eye and the skylight I saw was all in my imagination. I blinked and couldn't see anything anymore. That's when I realised that I was dead.

#### **Assignment B: Moderator comment and mark**

The candidate constructs a narrative, organised into paragraphs. It is not immediately clear whether the family are moving into the house, staying there or simply exploring. However, as the work progresses, we can see all Level 2 skills in place for AO4 and the purpose becomes clearer with more of a sense of the reader's expectations. At times, there are some engaging descriptive details and choices. We have some varied vocabulary and the beginnings of varied punctuation, but there are slips in control and accuracy and slips in tense too.

#### **Assignment B: Final mark 8 + 5**





## Script 4, Assignment A – *The Story of an Hour*, *An Unknown Girl*, *Still I Rise*

In the three texts, 'Still I Rise' by Maya Angelou, 'The Unknown Girl' by Moniza Alvi and 'Story of an Hour' by Kate Chopin, the writers explore the thoughts and feelings of the central characters who are females struggling to discover their sense of identity. In Maya Angelou's poem, 'Still I Rise', being an African American woman she explores her identity by drawing upon the history and culture of her own people. Similarly Moniza Alvi, in her poem, 'An Unknown Girl', tries to find a connection with the girl in the bazaar in an attempt to fill in the gaps she feels exist in her identity as a dual national. Whereas, in the text, 'Story of an Hour', Kate Chopin focuses on the struggle of a married woman to establish her identity independently of her husband.

AO2

In the poem "Still I Rise" Maya Angelou uses a simile effectively to show that she has a strong sense of her identity and who she really is. This can be seen in "you may trod me in the very dirt but still like dust I'll rise". This suggests that Angelou is quite self-confident and knows that no matter what happens or what people try to do to her, she will always stand and overcome it. The use of the definite statement 'I rise' demonstrates that no one can stop her from rebelling against oppression. The word 'like' is a simile she is using to compare herself to something as seemingly insignificant as dust in the eyes of people, however, dust can also imply something which is irksome and repelling; this might be how most of the people that tried to get her down and targeted her self-worth and success but she remained resilient in the face of it all. She establishes a strong sense of identity when she clearly resolves not to bow under the pressure of others' low opinion of her due to her race and colour. People think that if they start to say horrible things to her they will make her feel vulnerable and she will crumble under the inferiority complex they create within her. However, she faces adversity with determination. This also can show how she has a tenacious grasp on her own identity which is not influenced by the opinion of how others view her or have conditioned her to behave.

AO2

Maya Angelou intentionally increases the stanza lengths throughout her poem in order to reflect her increasing sense of strength and power. The first seven stanzas of the poem are restrictive, controlled quatrains, which then increase in length at the final stanza. This breaking free from restrictive structures is symbolic, her awareness of civil rights and her racial legacy of the slave trade also being reflected in her message, as suggested by the poem's structure, should aspire to unshackle ourselves, open up and embrace our own sense of identity, rather than it being controlled by the opinion of others. This sense of overcoming difficulty, is mirrored by how the stanzas elongate and develop. The first few stanzas are controlled but by the end they are freed from constraint and conformity, as Angelou is. To emphasise this certainty of her free identity, Angelou ends the poem with the repetition of the

AO2





phrase 'I rise' this may portray what she will do or what she does, which is to always get up and try again. <sup>AO2</sup> She uses repetition of 'I rise' at the end because she is certain that she will overcome it. And she also uses it to make sure that everyone knows how important it is to her and how she will make sure to get it done.

<sup>AO2</sup> In the poem 'An Unknown Girl', Moniza Alvi uses a metaphor effectively in order to reflect the speaker's growing yearning to attach herself inextricably to her cultural identity despite living distantly from it. This can be seen in "I have new brown veins". This metaphor suggests that now she is more internally connected to the other part <sup>AO2</sup> of her cultural identity and is also beginning to identify herself as Indian because of the 'henna', which represents the beauty of this cultural heritage: her identity is being enhanced by this experience. Getting the henna done by an unknown girl made her feel like she was part of her Indian heritage and it made her feel as if it was home and she made it seem like the partition between India and Pakistan never happened. When she got the henna applied, "hennaing" being a subcontinental custom, the design was of a beautiful "peacock" which is the national bird of India drawn all over her hand. A peacock spreads its lines across my palm". She wanted it to be big and obvious as she was proud of what she was part of and wanted to show it off, wanting people to know that she is from two different cultures, presenting them in the best way possible. <sup>AO2</sup> The adjective 'new' shows that she tried something different, something she had never tried before. The poet wants to experience new things, and her getting henna depicts how she is exploring and getting to know the other side of her identity to grow. We get the sense that she enjoyed it and wished she could stay longer in order to discover more about her cultural heritage and how she connects to it on an innate level.

The title 'An unknown girl' represents the 'unknown girl' that is applying henna on her hand. Alvi doesn't know anything about this 'girl'. This title starts with 'An' because it might reflect that she is a random person, rather than a specific one. It also shows that she is one of many; it's an indefinite article mirroring her uncertain identity and this poem about cultural diversity and uncertainty could be applicable to more than just the poet - she is one of many unknown people. The choice of the adjective <sup>AO2</sup> 'Unknown' shows that she's not confident in her own identity, being a victim of split cultural identity, she feels her real identity is a mystery, perhaps even to herself. The diminishing word 'girl' clarifies that she is female, which is therefore clearly important to her sense of identity. This word also shows that she perhaps feels like she is treated like a child, they are infantilizing her. It seems Alvi chose this title because she is exploring a sense of her own shifting sense of identity; she repeats the title 'unknown girl' three times in the poem, in reference to the second 'unknown girl' hennaing her hand - she perhaps wishes she could be her, the 'unknown girl' in order to be more connected to her Indian heritage in the way she seems to be so <sup>AO2</sup>





much a part of it. Alvi is presenting her feelings of split cultural identity, as without this connection to her heritage she feels “unknown” and undefined too: we don't know her name or anything further about her; she has a secret identity. An unknown girl is a free verse poem which means that it doesn't rhyme and there is no conventional use of rhythm, there is only one free-flowing stanza in the entire poem.

In the short story “Story of an hour” Kate Chopin portrays the idea that the death of Louise Mallard’s husband opens up a new life of opportunities to her. This is shown when she describes Louise's reaction to her husband's death: “When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. she said it over and over under her breath: free, free, free.” This phrase suggests that she is loose now and has new opportunities to embrace and obstacles to get through alone without needing to take someone else's last name. She is at last growing her own sense of identity. The writer also uses epizeuxis which is the repetition of the same word. This could also show that her life now is her own, because before she was known as “Mrs Mallard”, this suggests ownership as her identity is tied up entirely with his identity, she is only known as someone's wife. The word ‘free’ shows that she is now not trapped in a life she didn't want, she is out in the open allowed to do anything she wishes to do and even if she fails she could say that she tried all alone. This represents that she has emerged as a different person. The writer is showing us that she is independent with her life now, in control and can do what she couldn't do when she was married and owned someone else's identity.

*The Story of An Hour* explores the concept of how marriage has repressed Louise's sense of personal identity, as a married woman she did not have her own sense of self in the 1800s. “Knowing that Mrs Mallard was afflicted with heart trouble”. This foreshadowing of the tragic ending suggests that she doesn't have a strong sense of identity. She is getting identified as someone else's wife and she is being addressed by her husband's last name. She is not known by her own personal identity. In fact, the writer does not reveal her name until they announce the shocking and tragic news of her husband's death, suggesting only with his death does she gain her own sense of individuality. Even though her husband was dead she seemed to be happy about it because she could finally make her own decisions without needing anyone to do it for her. Her being known as ‘Mrs Mallard’, Mallard being a proper noun and someone else's name suggests that she was almost like a possession labelled under his name, emphasising how it seemed as if she was trapped in her married life. This could be why she was delighted about her husband's death, because then we finally found out her real name and who she is. She also felt as if her whole life was planned in front of her, but in her heart she didn't want that, she didn't want her life being controlled because of that last name, and yearned to be free; she wanted to make her own decisions and prove her own identity and feeling of self-worth. She



claimed she did love her husband, and he loved her. However, she did not love the way her life was controlled. She felt as if she needed to work in order to validate her own self for inner fulfilment. She did not want to be just someone's wife, she wanted to be more than that, she wanted to be recognised for her own achievements. She strove to become proud of something she achieved independently without any help from anyone, especially that of her husband. The woman felt guilty about the way she reacted to his death but the happiness overwhelmed that feeling as suggested by how "she did not stop to ask if it were or was not a monstrous joy that held her." She felt free but was aware that it was unnatural to have felt that way. The word 'monstrous' showed how she views herself as a 'monster' for the relief that filled her at the death of her previously beloved husband yet could not prevent the unhindered joy that her identity could grow and she could emerge as a more whole person rather than living as a mere insignificant shadow of a man.

#### **Assignment A: Moderator comment and mark**

The candidate provides an overview paragraph at the beginning of their work before dealing with each of the three texts in turn. The work has a real clarity to it and moves between AO1 ideas with relevant supporting quotations into usefully connected AO2 observations. There is a pleasing balance of content on each of the three texts with relevant interpretation throughout. The candidate does not use complex terminology but does have a confident grasp of AO2 and exemplifies the features they have identified accurately. They are able to comment on both language and aspects of structure meaningfully and offer more detailed comments.

#### **Assignment A: Final mark: 9+12**





## Script 4, Assignment B – My Neighbour

Trapped in my sleep, the feeling of being baked alive overwhelmed me. Smelling a burning sensation around me, I opened my eyes to see lava-like flames making their way through the building. Everyone's shadows moved before my eyes, crying for help. Their miserable panicked faces made my heart painfully flutter with anxiety. I could hear the sound of the fire crackling ominously. The burning smell made everyone in the building cough and sputter; I could see the blood-orange flames erupt, making their way up the stairs. The sound of firefighters crashing into the building shattered the air, the men in red making sure they got us out all safely. We started to evacuate the building. We were all safely on our way out until...

I realised that there was something missing. My kids! I had 4 children, 2 girls and 2 boys; they were my pride and joy. My eldest child, Josh was 17; a calm and extremely smart boy. My second son was called Alex. He was one of the youngest; he was only 11 years old. I also had a pair of twin girls - Vanessa and Chloe, aged 13. I stopped for a second to remember all of the amazing memories we had together as a family. Skimming through the crowd, I tried to look for them, but I was unable to locate them. I sent the firefighter to help me look for them. The firefighter went into the crumbling building. It seemed on the verge of falling apart. My eyes watched all of my family's memories being destroyed. I saw him come out but he didn't have any kids with him. He came empty-handed and he looked at me with devastated eyes and I knew that there were no kids with him.

My heart skipped several beats. The whole world seized. My mind shattered. I couldn't think straight. He told me that he would inform the cops and that they would help me find them. At that moment I felt that my whole body was paralysed - I couldn't move a muscle. As my neighbour came to help me calm down and comfort me, I inhaled deep breaths and eventually found some vague semblance of 'calm', but one stark realisation struck me. Whenever I brought up the conversation about my children, she would start acting differently. She couldn't look me in the eye. It was like she was hiding something. I thought that she also might be sad but it turns out that wasn't the case.

The police came and collected a search team to help me find my absent children. It broke my heart to think about what they were going through, that they were all alone, no one to look after them. I searched for them as much as I could, but I realised that I couldn't do it on my own so I put up more than one search party to help me. Posters were pinned all over town; I looked for any hint of them online, but it was a futile





exercise. Months turned into years and there was still no trace of my beloved children. Everyone had given up. We lost hope. We tried everything possible. Nothing seemed to get them back. However, a part of me knew that we would find them someday and I would reunite with my kids again. I felt my heart breaking apart and shattering into pieces every time the search turned up nothing. My entire world was disintegrating. I watched the sunset until it went all down before my eyes beyond the pale horizon. I saw the moon rising, and the sparkling stars shining in the sky. It looked beautiful. But my world still remained dark and impervious to its surroundings.

I got ready to get into bed and started to drift off, but I couldn't stop thinking about my children, so I went to the kitchen to get a glass of water. The whispering of people reached my ears coming from behind my doorstep. I was still wondering who it might be, when there was a sudden doorbell ring. Before I went to open the door, I thought to myself, that it was midnight and way too late for anyone to ring at my door. I kept thinking to myself until it hit me - it could be the investigators coming to tell me that they had found my kids. I started running to the door but as soon as I reached for the door knob I hesitated to open it. I was frightened but I gathered all my courage and opened the door. There was a policeman and a tall man wearing a black suit standing beside him. I looked at the gent up and down and pondered to myself if he could possibly be the investigator. I looked at both of their miserable faces and I knew that it wasn't a good sign. "Welcome, come in" I said. They broke the shocking news to me. I had never expected it

The investigator finally broke the silence. "Please have a seat," the investigator offered. I sat down but that didn't make me feel any relief, instead making me anxious...I knew that something bad had happened to my kids. They started to whisper amongst each other and I was trying to eavesdrop on what they were saying but my mind kept wandering off to another world, wondering about what had happened to my kids and if I would ever set eyes on them again. My hands would not stop shaking and my legs would not stay still. They told me that the answer to that was no. I would never see them again. I froze and refused to believe them till they showed me pictures. My four kids were lying lifeless on the floor. They stared at me and realised I was devastated. My eyes were all teary and I could not move, talk or blink.

The investigator broke it down for me to understand but as soon as he said they knew who did it, I asked who it was and to my utter shock I found out that it was...I couldn't believe my ears when they said the name to me. It was dreadful. I started to look at the officer with my crimson-rimmed eyes filled with tears, not knowing how to react. I never felt so alone in my life. I was raging with madness, she was the only



one who had helped me calm down. I don't know how she was capable of such brutality, but at the same time, I should have known it. Whenever I used to bring my kids up she would look guilty and scared, she would never look me in the eye. I felt betrayed and I couldn't trust anyone anymore. She used to make me smile whenever I was hurt but this time she broke it all with her betrayal. This was the first time I saw the other half of her. Her motive for cold-blooded murder was that she had no children of her own and I had 4 - all healthy and happy. The police stated that she had been caught and confessed everything...how it was her that lit the fire so she could have time to sneak the kids away. She was put in jail for a lifetime. I couldn't believe that my own best friend could have done that to me. That person was my <sup>AO4</sup> neighbour.

#### **Assignment B: Moderator comment and mark**

The candidate creates a narrative organised into clear paragraphs with a definite structure. The opening is effective with some good choices of vocabulary to engage the reader. We are not entirely convinced by the premise, but we can clearly see all Level 3 skills in terms of AO5 and the spelling and punctuation go on to enhance the accuracy and clarity throughout.

#### **Assignment B: Final mark: 11+9**





## Script 5, Assignment A – *Still I Rise*, *The Bright Lights of Sarajevo*, *The Story of an Hour*

### Final Coursework

"The Story of an Hour"?

Oppression, conflict and hope are the three words that relate the texts 'Still I'll Rise', 'The Bright Lights of Sarajevo' and 'The Story of an Hour'. Each one of these texts gives voice to different types of conflicts and oppressions, plus the hope that each of those problems harbors. In 'Still I'll Rise' race oppression is presented, in 'The Bright Lights of Sarajevo' the ethnical and war conflicts, and in 'The Story of an Hour' the gender oppression.

V. grand intro.

For a start, in the poem "Still I Rise," Maya Angelou uses language and structure to transmit a powerful message about conflicts, oppression, and hope. By using various literary devices, such as metaphors, personification, enjambment, and repetition, she creates a sense of determination that is both inspiring and motivational for the readers.

Primarily, we see an effective usage of language when it comes to the simile and personification "shoulders falling down like tears." This builds an emotive image that creates a sense of sadness and vulnerability, but also of resilience, as she refuses to be overcome by the struggles she has to get up with. Because of this quote, we spot she is giving the readers a point about the oppression she is fighting through, and how does it feel when you are in her skin.

Furthermore, we observe an example of a declarative sentence "you may write me down in history." This sentence is decisive and reassures the reader. Hence, it shows that she is not afraid of being criticized or overlooked. Instead, she is proud of her heritage and she is determined to make a mark in history. This transmits a powerful message about hope, as she is challenging and communicating directly to the oppressor, which makes her voice stand out and gives her the confidence of empowering herself towards the oppressor.

Maya Angelou also makes a use of metaphors to convey her message. For example, in the line "you may trod me in the very dirt" she names herself as unbreakable, which show the oppressor and the audience that she has the hope of recovering of this repression. Similarly, in the metaphoric line "I'm a black ocean" she gives the reader the suggestion that her strength and power is limitless, such as the brutality of the ocean.

In this quotation, the use of personification is evident, a like the one in the line "hopes springing high." This personification creates an image of hope as a living thing, which is full of energy and positiveness.





Moreover, the reference to Martin Luther King's speech, 'I have a dream', in the line "I am the dream and the hope of the slave" is a strong reminder of the struggles that African Americans have faced throughout history. This reference adds historical context to the poem, while also strengthening the idea that she has been part of a large, longtime struggle for freedom of the oppression to African

Americans. This, links to the idea of Angelou expressing and approaching the message about the conflict and oppression occurred to the black skinned community.

Additionally, Maya Angelou makes use of the pre-modifiers 'bitter, twisted' in line two, to show that, historically, international people have mistreated African Americans. By using these simple but influential words, she is addressing the conflict and expanding the knowledge about it and about the feeling of being the focus of the oppression to the readers, which shows them that she is constantly fighting against this injustice, but she will never forget the harshness of the actions towards Afro-Americans.

Enjambment is also used in the poem to create a sense of rhythm and flow. For example, the lines "I am a black ocean, leaping and wide, / Welling and swelling I bear in the tide" are broken between two lines, which creates a sensation of movement and energy, as it speeds the pace of the poem. This enjambment is equally intense and inspiring for the Maya Angelou and the readers, as well as key to continue the repeated term of hope through-out the poem.

Lastly, the repetition of the phrase "still I rise" throughout the poem strengthen the message of resilience and acts as a mantra for herself. On top, the change of the verb tense from "Still I'll rise" to "Still I rise" in the final stanza, emphasizes Angelou's continuous commitment to overcome adversity and rise up towards her struggles. This, once more, links to the message of hope and pursue resilience.

My interpretation of this poem is based on how she creates a meaningful message about the struggles of African Americans, resilience, and mostly hope through a range of devices, language and structure. In this way, she creates a very direct and literary way of transmitting her thought and opinions in this matter, and that really attaches the readers to the poem.

Proceeding with Tony Harrison's poem, "Bright lights of Sarajevo" is a powerful text that explores the themes of conflict, oppression, and hope during the Bosnian War. Through his usage of language and structure, Harrison presents a sharp and devastating picture of the violence and destruction that the war brought, while also offering a spark of hope that will lead to a brighter future.



In terms of structure, Harrison uses a number of different techniques to explore these themes. One of the most powerful is his use of rhyming couplets, which is repeated throughout the whole poem. For instance, we can spot "pass/gas", "day/way" or even "sky/eye", as they are mostly imperfect rhymes, which means that the words sound nearly alike but not exactly. These rhyming couplets emphasize the predictability of life under the siege of Sarajevo, which links back to

good  
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One way in which Harrison uses language to explore the theme of conflict, is through his vivid and emotional imagery. Throughout the poem, he paints a vivid picture of the horrors of war in the reader, using language that is both poetic and brutal. As an example, he describes the city of Sarajevo as if it "would be totally devoid" or where "mortars massacred the breadshop queue". This language is clear and evocating, plus it conveys a sense of devastation and destruction to the readers, especially in the alliteration "mortars massacred" as it transmits a powerful sense of violence.

good.  
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and

Furthermore, in the phrase "death-deep, death-dark", Harrison uses asyndeton and 'death' as a pre-modifier to show how devastating and perverse the war is. Moreover, the repetition of the negative word "death" is used by the author as a tool to make the audience clearly understand the situation and to impact them and make sure they fully sympathize with Sarajevo's population.

At the same time, however, Harrison also uses language to suggest a spark of hope in the middle of a tragedy. He describes the encounter between two young individuals during an everyday night with phrases like: "Then match or lighter to a cigarette to check in her eyes" or "The dark boy-shape leads dark girl-shape away". In these phrases the words "match" and "lighter" highlight and reinforces the theme of hope in this time of war by linking it into mutual outcoming love. This positive language, furthermore, suggests that even in the darkest of times, there is always the possibility of hope and resilience.

Ongoing, Harrison makes an interesting use of alliteration to, once again, reassure the reader in thinking that there is hope yet to come. In the alliteration words "tender/tope" and "Flirtatious/fancied" he foregrounds the attraction between young people and the blossoming of a new romance during this tough time, as well as connecting it back to the theme of hope and buoyancy.

- Could mention the ending

Overall, "Bright lights of Sarajevo" is a powerful exploration of the themes of conflict, oppression, and hope, especially in the last stanza. Through his use of vivid language and his systematic structure, Tony Harrison offers an unforgettable portrait of this city caught in the dangers of war, which makes me, as a reader, really connect with the dramatic situation but at the same time pray for the ray of hope to grow bigger in such a difficult environment, and so think this poem as sentimentally appealing.



Finalizing, "The Story of an Hour" is a short story, written by Kate Chopin, that explores the themes of conflict, oppression, and hope through the use of language and structure. The text revolves around the character of Mrs. Mallard, who experiences conflicting emotions after knowing about his husband's death, and, eventually, leading to a critical moment and a tragic end.

Chopin uses language in the story to highlight the conflict between Mrs. Mallard's interior feelings and the outer expectations of society. For instance, when Mrs. Mallard first discovers about her husband's death, Kate Chopin describes her reaction as "she wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment." Which makes the reader feel as if a torrent of outpouring emotions burst violently. This language puts forwards the depth of Mrs. Mallard's misery, but it also sets a contrast with the later discussion about her feelings of joy and freedom. Further, the language then used to describe these later emotions is equally intense, as when Kate Chopin writes that "her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body." By using such dramatic language, Kate Chopin emphasizes the intensity of Mrs. Mallard's inconstant emotions. – *And sense of freedom.*

Specifying, the theme of hope is explored throughout the text by the way Kate Chopin uses language to create a sense of liberty and possibility. The main example in the text, is when Mrs. Mallard realizes that she is free to live for herself rather than for her husband, and Kate Chopin emphasizes this by using positive language such as "spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own." However, the fact that Mrs. Mallard's hope is resultingly crushed by her husband's unexpected return and her following death, indicates that the idea of that true liberation she thinks she gained, may not be possible in the society she lives in.

Additionally, Kate Chopin also uses the structure of the text to explore the theme of oppression. In this story, the reader is able to see Mrs. Mallard's internal struggle with the restrictions the society placed over her, as the story is told from her point of view. Furthermore, Kate Chopin makes use of the complex sentence "She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with paralyzed inability to accept the significance" to show that she had a contrasting opinion to that of the society, referring to gender and marriage oppression. Plus, the fact that she is only able to express her true feelings when she is alone, emphasizes and re-sets the idea that she is oppressed by the expectations of her role, as a wife. On top of that, the fact that she dies just as she is experiencing a moment of freedom suggests that the oppression she has experienced throughout her life has, in the end, proved her that it was too much for her to bear, which also makes the ending culminate with irony.





Peaking this text, I think that Kate Chopin, by highlighting the intensity of Mrs. Mallard's emotional journey, the limitations imposed by the society, and the possibility of liberation, has created a powerful and thought-provoking story for the readers, but, specially, for the ones, who now-a-days, have an alike situation in their marriages.

Personally, I have enjoyed all of the texts, as they all had powerful and meaningful messages about war, conflict, race oppression, gender equality, hope, etc. Moreover, these are all issues that we are still faced with today, which makes them

even more influential texts. However, the text I particularly enjoyed most was " Still I'll Rise " in view of the fact that it talks in a way that it is significant and motivational not only for the people that see themselves in facing race oppression, but also for the rest of the people, that in the vast majority, have, sadly, face other type of social oppression.

#### **Assignment A: Moderator comment and mark**

Rather a wide-ranging task here covering three themes which could have been honed to give the candidate more of a focus and to ensure the coverage of ideas for AO1 was proportionate to the weighting. The nature of the task leads the candidate to zone in on AO2 first, with AO1 becoming more implicit in places. This response has an introductory paragraph and a conclusion, bringing all three texts together and seeks to move more cohesively from one text to the next. From paragraph four onwards, we begin to see the candidate's understanding emerging clearly and the AO2 work is building in confidence with detail and exemplification and more confident levels of analysis.

#### **Assignment A: Final mark: 9+14**



## Script 5, Assignment B – A Rainy Day

### A Rainy Day

Waking up from a nap, I saw the sun was not there. The formerly beautiful azure <sup>des</sup> shades of sky had turned to gravel grey. Large marshmallows of cloud formed, blocking out the radiance of the sun. "Just another storm" I said to myself. Each drop <sup>nos</sup> creates a rhythmic symphony as it meets the roof and gently rustles the trees. <sup>e</sup> Outside, puddles form under the gentle, persistent fall of rain. Encroaching darkness and the heavy cold make the little room feel much smaller than usual. Like there is <sup>nos</sup> something outside aching to come in, the windows seem pressed against the furniture.

<sup>H.</sup> The rain gives back what the sun took away. The lush greenery and foliage around <sup>e</sup> returns to vibrancy, but the streets and buildings become <sup>ASH.</sup> dull. Streets and parks get quieter, with only a few lonely souls strolling outside. However sometimes the light drizzles or showers can be refreshing from the heat.

<sup>id</sup> As I watched the rain drip down the glass outside the window. My mind immediately returns to a simpler time when I was a young little girl playing in the rain. When I was <sup>ASH.</sup> a girl, I used to get excited about the rain. Joyful sounds of children playing and <sup>nos</sup> stomping over puddles brings back these fond memories. As I splashed through the puddles in my shiny, bright <sup>nos</sup> pink-rain boots, the water seeped in. With each leap, I <sup>se</sup> watched rings ripple across the surface until I stumbled, bursting into laughter <sup>fo</sup> alongside my dear parents. Memories flooded back of the solace I found in the rain, <sup>le</sup> alone with only my imagination to guide me.

<sup>ASH.</sup> Laughter would whirl around as I spread my arms and feel the cool water splashing over my face; rainy months were my favourite season. I adored the way it sounded, smelt, and felt. The fresh green leaves tipped with the amber light of the sunset. My favourite was watching the tiny drops of rain fall, the way that they gently decorate <sup>ASH.</sup> leaves astonished me, the way that they delicately form beautiful perfect beads on <sup>nos</sup> surfaces. Rhythmic tapping on the slides whispering secrets of the clouds, a <sup>L</sup>



language only those who paid attention to could understand. It was as if the world had been transformed into a giant playground, and was finally free to explore it uncontrolled and unrestricted.

I thought to myself if I should take a lonely stroll outside myself to fully regain all these memories. But now instead of my glittery bright pink rain boots and jumper, it's a pair of dull black boots with a navy rain coat. As I leave my flat I gain a sense of uneasiness on the elevator.

As I venture out into the rain, the icy droplets cling to my hair, saturating into my clothes. The droplets fell softly, with a gentle rhythm. The air was cool and refreshing, and I welcomed the soothing patter against my skin. However, as I proceeded, the rain gradually intensified, transforming into a heavy downpour.

The once delicate drops now pounded relentlessly, soaking through my clothes and creating rivulets along the pavement. With each passing moment, the weight of the rain increased, and I could feel its chill seeping into my bones. I decided it was time to go home and get warm up.

It's a calm night; the pale crescent moon sat, suspended in the night sky, shining through the floor-to-ceiling windows. The sound of rain falling against the windows adds to the ambiance, making it a perfect day for me to relax, read, or watch movies.

The rain outside started to fall softly again as midnight approached, resulting in a serene atmosphere. Staring out of the floor-to-ceiling windows, I welcomed the calming sound of raindrops tapping on the glass and felt the coolness surrounding the air.

Yet, as time went on, the rain got heavier and intensified every second. The room was filled with a sense of urgency as the once at ease drips began to pound relentlessly at the glass. Even though it was warm indoors, I could still feel the cold, humidity of the rain immersing into my bones.





A calmness surrounded me as I settled down on the couch's comfortable cushions. <sup>AOH</sup> Even though the rain didn't stop slamming on the windows, it looked distant and <sup>use</sup> even comforting from where I was curled up in my warm fluffy blanket.

<sup>AOH</sup> I could feel myself drifting off with every breath, my eyes getting heavier as I stared out at the world outside. The delicate brightness of the milky moon lit the streets that were drenched in rain, casting a pleasant light across the country. <sup>engaging</sup>

The raindrops swirled in the moonlight forming glistening patterns against the glass <sup>AOH</sup> which had a calm elegance to it, even in the night's darkness. <sup>AOH</sup> Though nature itself was entertaining me by creating a fascinating play.

The sound of the rain turned into a lullaby as I gave in to the embrace of sleep, <sup>AOH</sup> soothing me into a restful condition. I could feel my weight dropping into the pillows of the cloudy couch with every minute, my <sup>AOH</sup> worries from the day dissolving as I gave myself over to the soft beat of the night.

<sup>AOH</sup> Suddenly, I woke up panickedly with warmth and humidity filled in the air, with the sound of crickets chirping in the distance. <sup>AOH</sup> Fragrant aromas of blooming flowers replaced the once-heavy rainfall. Interrupting the tranquillity quickly, rain started to <sup>AOH</sup> fall lightly as the night went on, creating a calming rhythm that was like a heartbeat. A small town's people fell asleep peacefully as the water drops gently tapped against <sup>AOH</sup> the window panes. Nevertheless as the hours passed, the rain began to pour more heavily. Rhythmically the rain became increasingly chaotic as the gentle pattering intensified into a violent downpour. <sup>AOH</sup> As every drop fell down, droplets of water soon started to build up on the sidewalks and streets, forming small puddles that quickly developed into raging streams...

<sup>AOH</sup> Before the once calm rain quickly changed into a violent flood. Man's new enemy is <sup>AOH</sup> rain, according to news reports. Drains overflowed, torrents cascaded through the streets, engulfing the town in a symphony of rushing water. The storm arrived abruptly, the wind intensifying and trees quivering as if in protest.





As the night went on people in the town became more worried. Many people were forced to look for safety on higher land since the floodwaters were rising quickly. Emergency services rushed to the scene, but their efforts were held back by the raging storm. The sound of the rain continued despite the disruption outside, serving as a reminder of the might of nature and the uncontrollable forces that we will never entirely be able to control. The storm had subsided by dawn, leaving despite being disturbed, the people of the town were still alive. That was a night that would live in memory for a long time and serve as a tribute to the strength of the human spirit in the face of nature's relentless power.

### **Assignment B: Moderator comment and mark**

An engaging opening with some effective vocabulary is created to engage the reader. Spelling is accurate and the control of punctuation becomes more confident. The tone is maintained until the turning point of the rain increasing in severity. The piece is successful overall with a secure realisation of the progression of the night. Work is generally managed successfully and cohesively – though perhaps a strategic edit would have enhanced the work.

### **Assignment B: Final mark: 15+10**



## Script 6, Assignment A – *Disabled*, *The Road Home*, *The Necklace*

'Symbolism is the idea that things represent other things.' (Elbom) It is an important tool used by poets and authors to draw the reader into a deeper and contextualised understanding of the message and purpose of the text. This essay will explore a range of symbols used by different writers to create meaning for the reader. My first text, '*Disabled*', by Wilfred Owen is about a young man (too young to legally fight) who becomes paralysed in the war and thinks about how he misses and loves his old life. Owen also suggests that we should be critical of government propaganda which leads young people's lives and futures to be destroyed by war. Furthermore, Owen uses symbolism to focus the reader's attention on the futility of war. My second text, '*Significant Cigarettes*,' a short extract from Rose Tremain's novel, *The Road Home*, describes the journey of Lev from Eastern Europe and his conversations with fellow passenger, Lydia. This piece differs from Owen's '*Disabled*' because Lev is describing his hope for the future and his anger at the past whereas symbolically, Owen's nameless soldier sits in despair, with regret for what he has thrown away and yearns for his past life. My final text, '*The Necklace*', by Guy de Maupassant, a short story set in late 19th century France, portrays the life of Mathilde Loisel, an ungrateful and anguished young wife whose greed for a life she had never lived leads to her losing the little she had and wasting ten years of her life. The three authors, Owen, Tremain, and de Maupassant each use a range of symbolism to convey deeper themes and meanings in their texts although all are centred around the idea of wanting more from life and the transience of life. For example, Owen uses colour to symbolise the transition from frivolity to despair, Tremain uses the vivid imagery of a cigarette to express the craving for solace and lastly, de Maupassant uses the ironic fake diamond necklace to symbolise the dangers of materialistic





motivations in making judgments. Furthermore, each has a unique message on the connections between the reason for and the outcomes of the decisions that follow.

Wilfred Owen's poem, *'Disabled'* uses symbolism in a variety of different ways to gain the reader's sympathy for the wounded soldier and tell the message of the dangers of the glorifying war and how this can result in disillusionment and despair. One way Owen uses symbolism is by using colour to criticise the lie that war is a romantic, heroic and exhilarating experience; instead Owen suggests, war only leaves young men empty and soulless. Owen juxtaposes the dull, cold and menacing colours of the present with vibrant, joyful colours of the past throughout the poem to compare the devastating effects of war with the naive expectations of his former self. The nameless soldier is first introduced, *'waiting for dark...in his ghastly suit of grey'*. Here, Owen uses alliteration to emphasise dark colours that are cold, empty and meaningless. He reminisces of the past using light, bright colour to symbolise happiness and innocence when the *'Town used to swing so gay/ When glow-lamps budded in the light blue trees'* in a direct contrast to the previous stanza's despair.

Owen continues to powerfully describe the shooting in the line *'lost his colour'* when a *'leap of purple spurted from his thigh'*. The colour *'purple'*, conveys the young soldier's energy and vigour, but the verb spurted emphasises the violent and instantaneous damage inflicted upon his body. The colour imagery, associated with royalty, symbolises the visual loss of blood from his wounds but, more importantly, it symbolically suggests the moment his soul and vitality left him and the country he was fighting for deserted him. Owen continually juxtaposes the soldier's life before and after his injury - he creates a vibrant image of the young man as *'a god in kilts'*, a powerful, ironically immortal being in vivid tweed; dreaming of *'jewelled hilts'* with colourful, sparkling adornments, connecting the past with his lavish expectations. However, Owen this when he concludes the poem with a return to darkness:





*'how cold and late it is!'*, with the soldier waiting and pleading *'Why don't they come'*. The emptiness of the night, the hour of death, and the desperation evoked in the repeated rhetorical question are a euphemism for his desperation to be relieved from his cycle of torture.

Another way Owen uses symbolism is by using the game of football to symbolise the frivolous, carefree lifestyle that was important to the soldier before he learnt that war is not a game. With the line *'One time he liked a blood-smear down his leg'*, Owen uses a superficial playing injury worn as a medal or a symbol of his masculinity and popularity. The contrasting ironic imagery of the hero being *'carried shoulder-high'* with an insignificant sporting injury is juxtaposed with the simile, *'like some queer disease'* as he is now facing isolation and disgust due to his lost legs; this symbolises his fall from brave, admired warrior to a discarded, forgotten invalid. The poem finishes with the disillusioned soldier pleading this time to be carried to bed or his final coffin. Owen uses repetition, *'Why don't they come And put him to bed? Why don't they come?'* to symbolise the isolation and solitude of the discarded soldier.

In my second text, Rose Tremain's *'Significant Cigarettes,'* the cigarette symbolises Lev's need for comfort and familiarity, surrendering to his addictive needs to cope with his increasing anxiety and emotion after abandoning life in Eastern Europe, it becomes a physical connection to a life left behind: *'But, even an unlit cigarette was a companion - something to hold onto'*. As the long journey continues, Lev's *'yearning'* for his cigarette, continues to symbolise his despair and longing for the long journey to be over and his new life to begin. Through this symbolism of addiction, Tremain illustrates the power of these feelings in Lev, wanting to move forward but chained to the past — *'his heart remained in his own country'*. Tremain uses Lev's use of cigarettes and alcohol to convey his need to escape from his survivor's guilt at 'still being alive' and this is juxtaposed with Lydia's healthy 'rye bread' to create a vivid contrast in backgrounds and class.



Tremain also uses symbolism to convey the transient nature of life, suggesting that nothing lasts forever, there is always change. '*They ran out of trees*', just as Lev ran out of vodka, illustrating that the journey from Eastern Europe to England, central to the text, conveys the message that life's journey is a series of constantly changing, shifting moments.

Furthermore, Tremain develops her use of symbolism with the image of the two people despite sitting for many hours '*like a married couple*', the couple had not spoken and Lev is lost in his dark thoughts about his tragic past and his difficult journey. Lydia '*unwrapped a hard-boiled egg*', a symbol of rebirth and a '*clean cotton napkin was spread and white hands smoothed it*'. The scene symbolises Lev observing a feast being laid out before him as a thought of hope for what lies ahead. The phrase '*Smoothed out*' suggests that Lev is looking to the future with his hardships removed, whilst Tremain, like Owen, uses the colour white as a symbol of peace and comfort.

Lastly, Lev is distracted studying a £20 note — a clear symbolic reference to the wealth and fortune that Lev associates with the capitalist West. However, the language used to describe the '*frumpy Queen, with her diadem, her face grey*', symbolises the ambivalence Lev feels towards these people. The rear of the banknote describes a man who '*looked like a banker*' - Tremain shows how Lev's thoughts turn to jealousy and disgust of these fortunate, '*lucky English*' who would never have known fear with a hint towards the English's colonial past. The chapter closes with the image of Lev's determination to have some of that for himself. Lev's assertion that '*my time is coming.*' has the effect of lifting the perception of Lev from a drinking, smoking immigrant with very little English, to a determined and hopeful new pioneer.

My third text, de Maupassant's '*The Necklace*', uses symbolism to showcase the life Mathilde wants and believes she deserves. She thinks that a life of refinement and luxury is owed to her, although she was denied it by '*some error of fate*'. This causes her to be unhappy all the time. Ironically, the





sparkling necklace that Mathilde believed would deliver that miracle lifestyle, turned out to be fake — further symbolising the shallow, materialistic and envious nature of her greed.

De Maupassant uses hyperbole for Mathilde's perception of the dreadfulness of her current drab situation, a nameless '*rich friend*', symbolising the jealousy and misery she caused Mathilde, and who could not be called upon because '*for days on end, she would weep tears of sorrow, regret, despair and anguish.*' symbolising the narcissistic and self-indulgent nature of Mathilde's nature. In fact '*all of this any other woman of her station may not have noticed, was torture to her and made her very angry*' suggests a comfortable if simple lifestyle. This excessive judgement juxtaposed with the equally extreme desire and vision of the wealth that would make her happy - '*oriental tapestries, bronze candelabras ... gleaming silverware*' - further symbolises the lack of reality in Mathilde's aspirations. Once again, de Maupassant employs colour symbolism here, with the opulent colours desired in Mathilde's wealthy dreams, '*tapestries peopled the walls with mythical creatures and strange birds in enchanted forests*', contrasted with the drab existence of '*peeling walls, battered chairs and the ugly curtains*'. This strengthens the impression of the power of Mathilde's yearning.

De Maupassant continues to use colour to symbolise hidden meanings. The fake necklace first appears '*in a black satinwood case*' symbolically foreshadowing the future dark and unhappy twist that the '*magnificent diamond necklace will bring*'. However, it is ultimately Mathilde's refusal to stay in her '*modest, everyday coat*' and instead rushing out into the night, symbolising her refusal to accept the reality of her situation that leads to her fate.

De Maupassant uses the coat which is '*violently at odds*' with the '*cloud of happiness*' from the evening as a final symbol of the fleeting nature of happiness if it is trivial and without depth, foreshadowing the final collapse of





Mathilde's dreams as she '*scrubbed floors on her hands and knees*', as if prostrate in prayer.

Perce

All three writers use symbolism to convey meanings, emotion and themes within their texts to help the reader connect with these passages and ideas.

With some similarities, the writers use both subtle symbolism combined with

vivid imagery to assist the reader in making judgements about the characters

and their choices. Owen's dramatic use of a '*wheeled chair*' conveyed the

message of transition from a joyful young man to a regretful veteran. Whilst

Tremain presents desperate companionship of cigarettes and vodka before

the journey from sorrow towards hope. Lastly, De Maupassant expresses a

warning that change may not be what you want it to be through the jealous

desire for a '*magnificent necklace*'. Across the texts, each writer explores the

idea that choices have consequences.

### Assignment A: Moderator comment and mark

A high-level synthesised response. The question here has really focused an able candidate. The candidate sets out a strong thesis at the start in terms of AO1. The candidate moves confidently between the texts, crafting their response whilst maintaining the focus on symbolism. There is a subtlety here. The candidate is showing both perceptive ideas and perceptive analysis in terms of AO2. The candidate moves seamlessly to synthesise the three texts in relation to the task and uses the texts in a very discriminating way to support.

### Assignment A: Final mark: 12+18



## Script 6, Assignment B – Power

### Power

After another blissful day lying under the blazing sun on the island of Cebu, I teased the soft white sand beneath my toes, considering the many suggestions in my Lonely Planet: spectacular waterfalls, serene and spiritual temples or the provoking, iconic 'Magellan's Cross' brought by the Spanish in the 16th century. Like early rains giving life to arid plains, the sweet taste of chilled fresh coconut water slowly revived my parched throat. Only a few hours earlier, I'd been on an exhilarating early morning free-dive adventure and achieved a new personal depth record of 30 metres. Still basking in my pride - and accompanied by the joyful sounds of excited children splashing in the shallows - my mind wandered back to memories of happy childhood holidays on the Pembrokeshire coast.

As the glowing sun journeyed west across the clear blue sky, the rippling of laughter quietened as families began to escape the intensity of the afternoon heat. In the tranquil surroundings, underneath the dappled shade of soaring palm, I slipped into a peaceful doze.

'Ahhhh!' A terrifying screech pierced my dreams and catapulted me back to reality.

Was it a cry of horror? Or a cry of panic?

Leaping to my feet, buzzing with adrenalin, I frantically searched for the source of such fear and alarm. My head spun with life-or-death questions. What had instructed my body to inject jet fuel into every vein and artery?

Now many people were screaming.

An ominous rumble sounded behind me; I turned to face the ocean.

In the distance, a wall of water began to emerge. At first, it seemed to rear slowly upwards, but then, as my eyes focused on the horizon, it became devastatingly clear that it was hurtling towards the shore.

Tsunami!

Unable to move, I stood, rooted in dread. The sea was my friend, my playground; now here it was powering towards me, hell-bent on my destruction!

Frenzied screams and cries woke me from my trance as I surveyed the confusion around me. Children wailing, not understanding the gravitas of the events unfolding; parents howling names, desperately searching for their





young ones with deep-rooted animal instincts; workers frantically gathering their few precious possessions, clinging onto the last of their livelihood.

'Run!' someone screamed, 'Get off the beach, everyone!!'

Frenetic cries filled the air.

All of a sudden, a thundering sound drowned everything out; BOOM! A freight train was charging towards us. I turned and sprinted from the hell unfolding in front of me.

Side-stepping abandoned children's toys, upturned chairs and tables and the naive crowds eagerly waiting to catch their Insta-video, I darted from the beach, aware of the dangers that a fall would bring. Behind me, the freight train collided with land. The noise was deafening. Suppressing the urge to turn and look, I propelled myself forward to escape the dark mass of liquified death.

'Run like the wind!' I screamed.

Among the frantic stampede, I glimpsed a small figure quivering in a ball on the floor. Too late. We rolled across the floor in unison like circus acrobats performing for the crowd's enjoyment. The whirling ended and we came to a halt. The small whimpering child looked at me in despair. Something in his green eyes instantly reminded me of my young brother who had been cruelly taken from my family in the dark, frigid waters of Lake Vyrnwy many years ago.

I grabbed the young boy's fragile, exhausted body into my arms, our cheeks fastened together in a silent pledge of symbiotic alliance. The human connection, although small and brief, was a spark of warmth and comfort.

Without warning, a second surge of water swelled and lifted me off my feet as if carried by the angel of death.

We clung to each other desperately hoping for safe delivery from danger, but the embrace of the acrid flood pulled us down to its black heart. Choking, gasping, suffocating, our lungs burned as we fought against its powerful arms. The watery dark angel lost its grip and we made a wild, desperate attempt for the surface to fill our veins with ambrosia. On the surface, we witnessed the extent of the abomination: a cold community drifting all around us. Lifeless shapes who had not been blessed with our fortune.





'Not again! Never again!' I vowed, resolutely pledging an oath that another young life was not going to be taken from me. Without words, we were now a team, determined to beat this evil together.

Instinct and training replaced my hysteria. I would survive and I would save this young life. This could be just another family water park adventure from my childhood; we could be just two little boys enjoying the lazy river at Disney. Uprooted trees became hand-carved Venetian gondolas; brightly painted longtails were now the fine yachts from Cannes; even the corpses became our white divinity guiding us through our fantasy adventure.

We glided past abandoned houses, church spires and temples on our spiritual pilgrimage. The pungent smell of death and destruction was traded with smells from long-past holidays, of sun-screen and gelato.

Slowly, with every stroke, the water's daemonic grasp lost its strength, the sky grew brighter and the water became clearer. However, as the adrenalin began to subside, so did my faith in survival. I began to doubt my conviction, all around me was a watery hell, surely I couldn't be chosen?

Confused and delirious with exhaustion yet desperately clinging to my comrade, the sudden pressure I felt around my arm alerted me. Jolted back into the present, spinning quickly, I faced the source of the powerful yet tender touch: a face! Beneath a lid of silver, a pair of dark, wise eyes captured us both. In defiance of the heavily creased evidence of a long battle with the elements; powerful arms raised us from our hell on earth. Finally, we were able to rest. With our saviour, we surveyed the perpetual war below created by the powerful tsunami.

'We're going to live,' I whispered to my companion.

### **Assignment B: Moderator comment and mark**

The writing fulfils all of level 4 and is sharply focused in terms of purpose with some complex phrasing and an extensive vocabulary. At times the sentence structure lacks absolute precision and there are some occasional leaps of imagination which lack subtlety.

### **Assignment B: Final Mark 16+11**



## Script 7, Assignment A – *Disabled*, *The Bright Lights of Sarajevo*, *The Story of an Hour*

### Explore How the Writers Present the Theme of Loss in ‘Disabled’, ‘The Bright Lights of Sarajevo’ and ‘The Story of an Hour’.

Owen, Harrison and Chopin communicate various ideas about loss. Whilst in ‘Disabled’, the reader is mainly presented with the **loss** of beauty, in ‘The Bright Lights of Sarajevo’, Harrison’s principle aim is to convey that connection is altered but not **lost** through war. Finally in ‘The Story of an Hour’, Chopin portrays her view that **loss** creates freedom.

In ‘Disabled’, Owen presents the perspective that war creates a **loss** of beauty. The soldier is depicted in a “ghastly suit of grey”, and here the guttural alliteration creates an atmosphere of sickness and disease, emphasised through the adjective “ghastly”. The writer intends for the reader to feel disgust, simulating an emotion felt by many that come into contact with the soldier. The unfortunate fact that his appearance may deter others, shows his loss of beauty and the isolation this causes. The colour imagery of dull and muted tones illustrates the joy and beauty in his life ceasing to exist. Owen continues to emphasise loss through describing the soldier’s condition as “legless, sewn short at elbow”. The corporal language once again expresses feelings of repulsion and aversion to the soldier felt by society. Owen uses curtailed language by writing in this note-like form; possibly, in order to imitate a military or doctoral note, illustrating the idea that the soldier has also lost his humanity. The shortened phrasing is a parallel to the shortened life that our protagonist is forced to live. The soldier’s physical loss of beauty is further expressed through a loss of stylistic romance in the writing style of the poem. Owen’s restraint in literary flourishes through his phrasing creates a tone of sadness and morbidity. The caesura in this line through a further separation of the lexis and emphasises the detachment from his past and former beauty. The poet later describes the soldier with the line: “now, he is old; [... and] He’s lost his colour”. There is an extended metaphor throughout this stanza of paint and colour, where the soldier’s beauty is described to be drained out of him through war. His life, his potential, his joy; all seeping out of him on the battlefield. Alternatively, this line could be interpreted as an organic and natural ageing- a process which happens to all of us; yet, I do find the former interpretation far more compelling. The metaphor of colour continues, as the soldier is described to have “poured it down [... until his] veins ran dry [...a] leap of purple spurted from his thigh”. The imagery of thick purple blood is used to symbolise anything truly worth living for that he may have once had, now only being lost in darkness. War itself is portrayed as a villainous agent that sucks his beauty dry, rather than individuals of enemy nations. The form of the poem reflects this- it is seemingly ordered; yet actually chaotic. There is presence of rhyme and a generally consistent syllable count; however, there is no consistent metre or stanza length, creating a sense of inconsistency and chaos. Owens could use the form to illustrate the beautiful illusion of war that the soldier was bewildered by, yet this beauty was once again stripped from him by the horrors of conflict.

In ‘The Bright Lights of Sarajevo’, Harrison portrays the idea that connection is altered but not lost through war. The writer firstly presents this idea through describing the first interaction of a couple in the war-ridden streets of Sarajevo: “the tender radar of the tone of voice/ shows by its signal she approves his choice”. The interaction between these two characters is proof that connection through romance prevails





during war. This is emphasised through the enjambement between these lines which couples the two, reflecting the romantic love of the couple. Nevertheless, the semantic field of military language created through the nouns “radar” and “signals” exaggerates the strain that the harsh backdrop of war brings upon the young couple’s relationship. Harrison uses alliteration to accentuate this point; the harsh dental alliteration in the first line highlights the difficulty of successful romantic relationships, in this context, whilst the soft sibilance in the second accentuates the ability of connection to flourish: romance then, is strained but not lost. The poet then goes on to present an alternate form of connection: that of mankind’s connection with nature. Harrison describes the “fragments of splintered Pleiades,/ sprinkled on those death-deep, death-dark wells”, portraying his view that our connection to nature is altered but not lost in war. The writer creates a seemingly aggressive tone through the grating dental alliteration and the repetition of “death”, along with the caesura which fragments the phrase; however, once again hope shines through. The use of cosmic, celestial imagery creates a beautiful atmosphere and highlights humanity’s interconnection with nature. The writer creates a sense of finality through these lines, presenting the notion that even though the dead are no longer with us, they will live on in the stars and therefore forever be connected to us. War has altered a connection to nature, giving it a saddened, mortal aspect; yet, it will never be lost. Harrison further describes his perspective in the last stanza, painting the scene of the couple “sharing one coffee in a candlelit cafe/ until curfew he holds her hand”. These lines are the final image of the entire poem, their bittersweet tone opening the reader’s eyes to the true message of the text: war modifies relationships but does not erase them. At first glance, the imagery is soft and romantic, offering a sense of warmth and privacy; symbols of intimacy like “candlelit” and “holds her hand” achieve this. The reader would likely feel uplifted through this heart-warming connection. However when more closely examined, there is a harsh alliteration of ‘c’s which reveals the true alteration of their connection. Their sense of normality and comfort is stripped from them due to conflict, there is this constant intrusion of war at every step of their relationship, creating tension for the young couple. Nonetheless, their persistence and desire for a relationship proves that connection is still possible. This hidden meaning can also be applied to the form of the poem. The text is seemingly ordered due to the consistent rhyming couplets and similar line length; yet, the unequal stanza lengths and the almost constant enjambment create a sense of disorder. Before coming to understand the poem in its entirety we may believe that it holds the idea that war destroys connection; in spite of this, Harrison’s true aim is to present connection as something that is altered but not lost through war.

In ‘The Story of an Hour’, Chopin depicts her view that loss creates freedom. This concept is first presented through the description of the setting after the reported death of the protagonist’s husband: “new spring life [... and the] delicious breath of rain”. The adjective “spring” gives the reader a feeling of joy at the renewal and replenishment of nature. Mrs. Mallard’s perspective on her environment is refreshed from the loss, she is therefore being freed from her previous sadness and restriction. The vibrant, euphoric imagery is a harsh contrast to the beginning of the text where the tone is debilitating and depressive, as achieved through the metaphor “physical exhaustion [...] haunted her body”. The writer describes the widow’s husband to “haunt” her as a ghost may to a person; paired with the sensory language, loss is portrayed as crippling and heartbreaking. This shift in tone foreshadows the protagonist’s realisation that this loss is truly freeing. Loss creates new richness in her life, through describing natural beauty, emphasised through the personification





of the rain. This is further achieved through the protagonist whispering: "Free! Body and soul free". This one line paragraph slows the pace of the dialogue, highlighting the untainted nature of her freedom. Furthermore, this delight is continually portrayed through the exclamative minor sentences which show the protagonist's disbelief. In this daze, Mrs. Mallard has an inability to form coherent sentences, further painting the idea of bliss within her freedom. The principle character's freedom through loss is reiterated again when the narrator describes the "spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own". The idea that the loss of her husband creates an abundance of time for Mrs. Mallard is introduced, shown through syndetic listing and soft sibilance which emphasise the bountiful nature of her possibilities. Moreover, this is exaggerated through the possessive pronoun phrase, "her own", which reiterates this idea of self sufficiency and agency. Throughout the short story, again and again, the protagonist's life is filled with this tone of imperturbable excitement and pure hope following a loss. 'The Story of an Hour' consists of many short paragraphs especially after Mrs Mallard learns of her husband's death, and this form may reflect the wild, delirious state of happiness, ultimately capturing Chopin's notion that loss creates freedom.

In my opinion, the most engaging exploration of loss is in Harrison's 'The Bright Lights of Sarajevo', where he tells the tale of a young and enamoured couple whose flame of love burns through the dangerous, hostile and unstable environment. I believe it is most entertaining due to its narrative quality and beautiful metaphors.

### Assignment A: Moderator comment and mark

A high-level response dealing with each text in turn. A mature and confident response which is highly detailed and wide ranging in its coverage of AO2. The candidate's engagement with the three texts is impressive and includes perceptive ideas and personal response with judicious referencing throughout. The analysis of *Disabled* in particular moves beyond the standard points normally seen and has originality of thought. This example fulfils all of level 5 comfortably and in places moves beyond the parameters of the mark scheme.

### Assignment A: Final mark 12+18



## Script 7, Assignment B – The Blank Canvas

Flickering behind her, the kitchen light illuminated her stray wisps of hair with an icy blue glare. Her toes curled around the cold metal stool on which she was perched, her knee bounced anxiously. The stool was an island, as a refuge from the savage sea of old coffee mugs and murky paint cups and teared paper. Stood incongruously, a neglected armchair created a pit of blackness in the corner of the room. The little of the lonely piece of furniture that could be seen revealed its dark, battered fabric indicating relentless use. The only piece of technology in the room was a small land-line telephone which lay lifeless in the opposite corner, unplugged. Art materials and clutter littered every surface of the studio. Empty paint tubes shrivelled dry like withered, rotten fruit and splatters of crackling colour gripped the walls. The stench of damp and rot was impossible to ignore, yet Willow seemed so utterly absorbed by the object in front of her that no odour or sight or sound could cause a flinch in her concentration. Not even the deafening car horns or thundering wails of ambulance sirens would break it. The once glossy coating of her paintbrush had begun to crack from persistent swivelling between her fingers.

Having stared at the canvas for days, Willow had wracked every corner of her mind for a glimpse of inspiration. Nothing. The blank canvas. An overwhelming void of closely woven fabric stared at her. Then Darkness. Darkness surrounded her. Darkness consumed her mind. *It* consumed her mind. Ideas used to flow like a constant stream of colour, igniting her thoughts with creativity. The blues, the reds, the yellows: they all came together and expelled the Darkness. But slowly, *It* had begun to creep back in and now only Darkness remained.

*“You’ll never create art again Willow.”* An eerie, childlike voice rang through the walls of the studio. Willow held her own cold face between her palms and closed her eyes as she rocked back and forth.

*“Look at me Willow. Do I really scare you that much?”* the voice continued, yet Willow remained in her position.

*“Look.”* This time, the voice returned stern and hard. Forcing her eyes open, Willow saw the familiar unsettling glow surrounding a small girl. Any warmth that could have once come from each feature ingrained her frail body, long since drained, leaving only the pale reminiscence of a soul. Each feature was ingrained into Willow’s mind. Patent shoes and socks with small, white frills were the objects that too often would cross her sight. The white dress that draped *It’s* skeletal frame was adorned with delicate lace trimmings, adding an eerie elegance to *It’s* ghostly appearance. Willow’s eyes were slowly drawn up, passing the two pigtails that sat almost perfectly on her shoulders, to her eyes; two marbles, two black holes - sucking her into Darkness. *It* seemed to suck every ounce of colour out of the room. The kitchen light, no longer a shade of blue, but now a cold, unnerving white. The small telephone shifted from a bright red to a shade of grey. Each paint tube and splatter also turned from a multi-coloured kingdom to charcoal, ash and graphite.





She trembled as usual at the chilling sight.

"You're not real. You're not real. You're not real." She muttered deliriously as tears trickled down her countenance, dripping onto her hands

"If I'm not real, Willow, then neither are you. We're the same," now taking on a sing-songy quality, "And you Willow, are a failure."

Sadness and fright boiled over into anger. Something from deep within Willow had ignited, turning her complexion to a fiery red.

"You're not real!" she howled, standing up off her stool.

Something had taken over and from her seeped a delirious rage as untamable as a thunderstorm. Blinded by fury, she began smashing the pots and mugs left and right. The shrieking crash of china on the concrete floor only seemed to kindle a desire for further destruction. Every countertop was stripped of its clutter, each painting ripped off the wall and extreme chaos erupted. The anger consumed her, pulsating through her veins like burning lava. The only rational thought understandable within the rage was the word "failure", which echoed through her, haunting her and the more she thought, the more she destroyed. She whirled to the kitchen, pulling out every dish and glass and pan and cup, dirty or clean, only to shatter each one against the floor below her. Within the violent frustration, *It* didn't seem to be frightened but instead energised, twirling around in circles in delighted malice and every few seconds when the noise of destruction was at its peak, *It* would let out an alarming cackle. Each moment *It's* presence remained caused Willow to be more and more infuriated, every bad thought, every tear, every scream was a result of *It*. *It* was to blame.

A pile of cardboard boxes were to be Willow's last victims. Tearing apart each box, she threw its contents into the stale air. Small pictures littered her surroundings, creating a surreal rainfall of colour around her as gentle beams of light trickled through the blinds onto her face and the images. Colour slowly returned, bringing back the vibrant of the paint tubes and multicoloured splatters and ... the red telephone. As the photographs settled on the floor, she picked up the nearest image. A photo of a family. A photo of *her* family. She noticed that *It* was no longer spinning or laughing or even smiling its menacing grin but instead standing anxiously. Willow's rage began to wash away, no longer overcoming her. The familiar figures all stood, linked together, glowing in the radiant sun. Willow scanned the faces. She flinched. *It* was there. Yet in the picture *It* lacked the threatening aspect

Willow was so used to, *It's* eyes were closed and a full smile spread across *It's* face. *It* was happy. *It* was Willow.

Slowly, waves of warmth rippled through her. Not burning like anger, but energising like the shimmer of summer sun, bringing an undeniable happiness to her. Willow immediately leaped over the broken mess, diving straight for the canvas. In a giddy rush, she placed it on the easel and collected the paints and brushes that had been scattered on the floor. Her paintbrush lightly touched the surface; and so, Willow began to paint. With each brush stroke, this dark version of herself was slowly washed away, taking the anger and pain with her. Slowly, the bright faces of her family began to appear. Slowly the canvas was no longer blank, but overflowing with joy. The layers of darkness and doom peeled away to reveal the vibrant girl that Willow once was. *It* would always be a part of





Willow, a shadow in her light, yet now Willow was now complete. She rushed over to the corner of the room that she had tried to ignore, picking up the red telephone and dialling the numbers that she knew by heart.

“Willow?” a soft voice gently asked.

### **Assignment B: Moderator comment and mark**

A complex, well-controlled and sophisticated narrative. The piece manipulates a complex idea and punctuates with precision. Vocabulary is extensive. Spelling is accurate throughout except for the very obvious ‘it’s’! Nonetheless, a highly accurate and impressively controlled piece which fulfils all the Level 5 descriptors.

### **Assignment B: Final mark 18+12**