**ENGLISH LANGUAGE WAGOLL**

Paper 1: Question 2 (awarded 7 out of 8 marks)

**Colour Code**:

**Language Features and Techniques – BLUE Quotations – Red**

**Effect of language – ORANGE Sentence Form - GREEN**

The writer uses a list of similes to express Mr Fisher’s views on books of the past. The stories which ‘exploded like rockets’ are described in this way to replicate the imagination they spark in those who read them.

The various similes create an image of awe and amazement when reading books of the past. Furthermore, the similes are contained within a complex sentence. This implies that Mr Fisher believes that the books’ positive effects are never ending, they stretch out to everyone. This is strengthened by the use of contrasting nouns ‘gazelles’ and ‘rockets’. These differ to show that the messages in books can be applied to anyone anywhere as the gazelles are delicate and on earth whereas the rocket is forceful and in space.

The writer also uses the verb ‘illuminating’ to convey Mr Fisher’s views. It connotes the idea that books of the past will let light into your heart, clearing a pathway through the darkness of boredom and misery. Furthermore, the verb ‘exploded’ implies that Mr Fisher feels that the books will have enough power to ignite a spark in young minds, setting them on the right path.

The metaphor ‘books were golden’ was used in the past tense to imply that books have now become dull and lost their shine. The metaphor itself indicates how strong Mr Fisher’s positive feelings towards old books are as he suggests that they physically were golden, implying that they are a very valuable and powerful creation.

**PAPER ONE QUESTION 3: (awarded 8 out of 8 marks)**

At the beginning of the extract, the writer focuses the reader’s attention on Mr Fisher and his somewhat simplistic life ‘in a small terraced house’. This is demonstrated through the writer’s use of simple sentences, which could be used to present Mr Fisher as an ordinary man leading an unfulfilling life.

As the extract progresses, the writer changes the time phase to the past as ‘Mr Fisher remembered a time’ and demonstrates his excitement towards the concept of books and stories. In contrast to the beginning of the extract, the writer uses complex sentences and provides more exciting description. The writer could do this to highlight the difference between Mr Fisher’s real life on the outside with the colourful thoughts of his imagination as he ‘dreamed in colour’.

Towards the end of the extract, the writer switches from the macro focus of the outline of Mr Fisher’s life at the beginning to the ‘smell of chalk polish in his nostrils’. The writer could do this in order to highlight the ‘strange sensation’ that Mr Fisher is feeling as he is reading Tibbet’s exercise book. This tells the reader that what Mr Fisher is reading must have some significance as he read it again with ‘meticulous care’, and the writer is also describing how Mr Fisher is feeling in that same detail.

The extract ends with the writer saying ‘This was something new. Something

entirely original’. This shows a linear progression as the focus has changed from the uninteresting life of Mr Fisher at the start to ‘something new’ and exciting at the end.

**Paper 1: Question 4 (awarded 16 out of 20 marks)**

At the start of the extract, Mr Fisher doesn’t expect a great story from Tibbet. ‘Not a brilliant scholar by any means’. Mr Fisher believes that there is nothing that special about this boy and that there is not anything amazing about his writing. His doubt in Tibbet is ironic as he is about to be proven quite wrong after Tibbet gives him an amazing story, destroying any doubts Mr Fisher had about his capabilities. This will show the reader how Mr Fisher’s faith in his own students was very much dwindling, only for it to soon be relit after he reads Tibbet’s story, showing us how Mr Fisher has low expectations of Tibbet.

Once Mr Fisher has read Tibbet’s story, he finds himself in awe at what he has just read. ‘Mr Fisher began to experience a very strange sensation.’ This shows us how Mr Fisher feels emotionally connected with Tibbet’s story, showing us how he is gripped and having physical feelings towards this story. The quote shows us how Mr Fisher is having a new experience in literature as he is so amazed by what has

been done quickly by this boy on the bus. This shows us that his reaction to Tibbet is extreme, in the sense that he feels so emotionally struck by something that was never supposed to be good in his opinion.

I agree that Mr Fisher’s reaction is extreme, however, I don’t fully believe that it is due to the low expectations being proved wrong. ‘As if a long unused muscle had been brought into action.’ Mr Fisher is re-experiencing what he had loved as a child, a great story. The metaphor of a muscle is actually his childish wonder being sparked and showing him again what it is like to love a story once again. This will show the reader that anyone can love a story or something they loved as a child again even in their golden years.

In conclusion, I believe that the student is right that the story in better than Mr Fisher expected but this may just be Mr Fisher reading a story that isn’t that great but it has reminded him of a time in his childhood which made his reminisce back to a better time, making his reaction more extreme and Tibbet’s story much better in his eyes.

**Paper 1: Question 5**

*(awarded 22 out of 24 marks content & organisation)*

**Colour Code**: **AO5 Content**

Communication convincing and compelling – BLUE

Tone style and register are assuredly matched to purpose and audience – **BOLD**

Extensive and ambitious vocab with sustained crafting of linguistic devices - ORANGE

**AO5 Organisation**

Varied and inventive use of structural features – OLIVE GREEN

Writing is compelling – UNDERLINED

Fluently linked paragraphs with seamlessly integrated discourse markers – GREEN

**AO6 Technical Accuracy Conveyed on Example B**

In this neighbourhood there is someone who seems to like bus stops. Every day he is there. He rests on the annoyingly angled, anti-ergonomic, anti-comfort, so-called bench, taking up very little space on the very end, seemingly unperturbed by the straining he must do to avoid sliding onto the ground. He sits, quite silent, whether politely or nonchalantly: not waiting, simply sitting.

He is old. He is the kind of old that would prompt almost any adult younger than sixty to jump up out of their seat on the bus and offer it to him without question; perhaps the kind of old that would prompt considerable staring from any child under the age of eight.

And stare they do.

In the mornings, the families with their school children and their babies arrive at the bus stop. To see this man sitting there, day in, day out, in the exact same spot, is obviously quite intriguing. Children giggle or gawp, while grown-ups tend to shoot fleeting glances in his direction. Unsurprisingly, there is great befuddlement surrounding the Bus Stop Man. For that is the name he has gained from the locals – he has become a sort of attraction, a sight to see.

Across the road there are quite often spectators, some with their mobiles videoing the sight, many shouting comments on his lack of movement. His reaction? Very little. Maybe a blink or a twitch of a withered finger, but otherwise he shows no annoyance and no sign of retaliation.

Sometimes, in the case of newcomers to the bus stop, people attempt to start meaningless dialogue with the man – maybe a comment on the overcast sky, or an expression of their wonderings about when the bus will arrive. Of course, they receive no reply, for he is silent. Their reaction? Also silence. Perhaps they assume that because of his age he has not heard them or could still be processing their words, and would not like to be impolite.

Maybe he does have a condition: there is a possibility that his almost inhuman demeanour is a result of a lack of knowledge of where he really is, or how he came to be there, or how long he remains there each day. He could be deaf, blind or have a problem with memory.

It would make more sense if he were not human – nobody has ever seen him leave that spot at the bus stop and he carries no belongings: no bag containing a sandwich or Worther’s Originals or medication of any kind. There is great discussion among the locals as to how he survives.

Example B:

**Colour Code**: **AO6 Technical Accuracy** (awarded 15 out of 16 marks technical accuracy)

*Sentence demarcation is consistently secure and consistently accurate –* ***BOLD***

*Wide range of punctuation is used with a high level of accuracy - ORANGE*

*Uses a range of appropriate sentence forms for effect – LT GREEN*

*Uses Standard English consistently and appropriately with secure control of complex grammatical structures – UNDERLINED*

*High level of accuracy in spelling, including ambitious vocabulary/Extensive and ambitious use of vocabulary - RED*

Sometimes I think you left with a fistful of breadcrumbs. Maybe that’s why I find you everywhere I go. You had an innate sense of compassion which manifested itself in various ways: it often demonstrated itself in attempts to fix things that were not broken.

That may be why it was so unexpected when you left.

I slumped onto a log in the centre of the forest: I had been walking for hours in a futile attempt to erase my memories. Transfixed by a ladybug crawling tentatively towards me, I pressed another bottle to my lips and kicked a mound of leaves that had been mocking me since I sat down. My watch kept getting louder, the ticking tricking me into a false sense of security. I realise the increase in volume was entirely self-fabricated but it was the only thing louder than my thoughts.

I remembered that night. We stood in a concrete jungle as two drunken tongues argued themselves sober. I tried to help by swallowing my pride but it clawed its way out of my mouth and pushed you away. My hands grasped at your shirt – tugging gently – but I already knew you were gone. The air made breathing so bitter.

The ladybug crawled onto my hand and up my arm; the subtle tickle warmed my heart. I smiled. Tears began to swell in the corner of my eyes. It was getting harder to determine my emotions. Once again I looked down at the ladybug, which had now found comfort on my fingertips. Smiling again, I took the deepest breath I could.

I remembered that night. An isolated lamp post towered over us as we sank to the lowest level of resentment. The tragedy was, by tomorrow we would be over. The irony was that I think you knew that yesterday. Fingers cramped from pointing; eyes sore from crying; head numb from shouting. We came to the conclusion that being in love was not a sufficient reason for two people to stay together.

I was pushed back into reality by a weight on the opposite side of the log: it took my feet off the ground. Our eyes were reluctant to meet and so they darted across the forest, already searching for an escape. Then you leaned closer to me and my heart no longer retained resilience – it shook and quivered and cracked like a Haitian road as you turned my jaw to face you.

‘I’ve missed you.’

Flustered, my heart stopped beating and when it restarted, it was going too fast to configure an actual sentence.

I stuttered: ‘How did you find me?’

‘It’s weird; sometimes I think you must have left with a fistful of breadcrumbs. I find you everywhere I go.’