

Fahrenheit 451 by Ray Bradbury

Guy Montag is a fireman who burns books in a futuristic American city. In Montag's world, firemen start fires rather than putting them out. The people in this society do not read books, enjoy nature, spend time by themselves, think independently, or have meaningful conversations.

It was a pleasure to burn. It was a special pleasure to see things eaten, to see things blackened and changed. With the brass nozzle in his fists, with this great python spitting its venomous kerosene upon the world, the blood pounded in his head, and his hands were the hands of some amazing conductor playing all the symphonies of blazing and burning to bring down the tatters and charcoal ruins of history.

5 With his symbolic helmet numbered 451 on his stolid head, and his eyes all orange flame with the thought of what came next, he flicked the igniter and the house jumped up in a gorging fire that burned the evening sky red and yellow and black. He strode in a swarm of fireflies. He wanted above all, like the old joke, to shove a marshmallow on a stick in the furnace, while the flapping pigeon-winged books died on the porch and lawn of the house. While the books went up in sparkling whirls and blew away on a
10 wind turned dark with burning.

Montag grinned the fierce grin of all men singed and driven back by flame.

He knew that when he returned to the firehouse, he might wink at himself, a minstrel man, burnt-corked, in the mirror. Later, going to sleep, he would feel the fiery smile still gripped by his face muscles, in the dark. It never went away, that smile, it never ever went away, as long as he remembered.

15 He hung up his black-beetle-coloured helmet and shined it, he hung his flameproof jacket neatly; he showered luxuriously, and then, whistling, hands in pockets, walked across the upper floor of the fire station and fell down the hole. At the last moment, when disaster seemed positive, he pulled his hands from his pockets and broke his fall by grasping the golden pole. He slid to a squeaking halt, the heels one inch from the concrete floor downstairs.

20 He walked out of the fire station and along the midnight street. He walked toward the corner, thinking little at all about nothing in particular. Before he reached the corner, however, he slowed as if a wind had sprung up from nowhere, as if someone had called his name.

The last few nights he had had the most uncertain feelings about the sidewalk just around the corner here, moving in the starlight toward his house. He had felt that a moment before his making the turn,
25 someone had been there. The air seemed charged with a special calm as if someone had waited there, quietly, and only a moment before he came, simply turned to a shadow and let him through. Perhaps his nose detected a faint perfume, perhaps the skin on the backs of his hands, on his face, felt the temperature rise at this one spot where a person's standing might raise the immediate atmosphere ten degrees for an instant. There was no understanding it. Each time he made the turn, he saw only the
30 white, unused, buckling sidewalk, with perhaps, on one night, something vanishing swiftly across a lawn before he could focus his eyes or speak.

But now, tonight, he slowed almost to a stop. His inner mind, reaching out to turn the corner for him, had heard the faintest whisper. Breathing? Or was the atmosphere compressed merely by someone standing very quietly there, waiting?

35 He turned the corner.

The autumn leaves blew over the moonlit pavement in such a way as to make the girl who was moving there seem fixed to a sliding walk, letting the motion of the wind and the leaves carry her forward. Her head was half bent to watch her shoes stir the circling leaves. Her face was slender and milk-white, and in it was a kind of gentle hunger that touched over everything with tireless curiosity. It was a look, almost,
40 of pale surprise; the dark eyes were so fixed to the world that no move escaped them. Her dress was white and it whispered. He almost thought he heard the motion of her hands as she walked, and the infinitely small sound now, the white stir of her face turning when she discovered she was a moment away from a man who stood in the middle of the pavement waiting.

Section A

Answer all questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

1. Read again **lines 15-18**.

List four things from this part of the source about what Guy Montag does. (4 marks)

2. Look in detail at **lines 22-33** of the source

How does the writer use language here to describe Guy Montag's uncertainty?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- Words and phrases
- Language features and techniques
- Sentence forms

(8 marks)

3. You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

(8 marks)

4. Focus this part of your answer on the opening part of the source, from **line 1 to line 14**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said "This part, where you are introduced to Guy Montag and he reveals his almost fanatical love of destroying things, is subtly disturbing".

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of Guy Montag's love for destroying things
- Evaluate how the writer presents Guy Montag's behaviour

Support your opinions with quotations from the text. (20 marks)

Scar Night (by Alan Campbell)

The city of Deepgate hangs suspended by giant chains over a seemingly bottomless abyss where the dread god Ulcis, 'hoarder of souls', is said to reside. Above the unfathomable darkness, it is Scar Night and the rogue angel, Carnival, is seeking souls. Except, tonight, the Church's Assassins guild has finally trapped her.

Chains snarled the courtyard behind the derelict cannon foundry in Applecross: spears of chain radiating at every angle, secured into walls with rusted hooks and pins, and knitted together like a madwoman's puzzle. In the centre, Barraby's watchtower stood ensnared. Smoke unfurled from its ruined summit and blew west across the city under a million winter stars.

5 Huffing and gasping, Presbyter Scrimlock climbed through the chains. His lantern swung, knocked against links and welds and God knows what, threw shadows like lattices of cracks across the gleaming cobbles. When he looked up, he saw squares and triangles full of stars. His sandals slipped as though on melted glass. The chains, where he touched them, were wet. And when he finally reached the Spine Adept waiting by the watchtower door he saw why.

10 'Blood,' the Presbyter whispered, horrified. He rubbed feverishly at his cassock, but the gore would not shift.

The Spine Adept, skin stretched so tight over his muscles he seemed cadaverous, turned lifeless eyes on the priest. 'From the dead,' he explained. 'She ejects them from the tower. Will not suffer them there inside with her.' He tilted his head to one side.

15 Below the chains numerous Spine bodies lay in a shapeless mound, their leather armour glistening like venom.

'Ulcis have mercy,' Scrimlock said. 'How many has she killed?'

'Eleven.'

20 Scrimlock drew a breath. The night tasted dank and rusty, like the air in a dungeon. 'You're making it worse,' he complained. 'Can't you see that? You're feeding her fury.'

'We have injured her,' the Adept said. His expression remained unreadable, but he pressed a pale hand against the watchtower door brace, as if to reinforce it.

'What?' The Presbyter's heart leapt. 'You've injured her? That's . . . How could you possibly . . .'

'She heals quickly.' The Adept looked up. 'Now we must hurry.'

25 Scrimlock followed the man's gaze, and for a moment wondered what he was looking at. Then he spotted them: silhouettes against the glittering night, lean figures scaling the chains, moving quickly and silently to the watchtower's single window. More Spine than Scrimlock had ever seen together. There had to be fifty, sixty. How was it possible he'd failed to notice them before?

'Every single Adept answered the summons.'

30 'All of them?' Scrimlock hissed, lowering his voice. 'Insanity! If she escapes . . .' He wrung his hands. The Church could not afford to lose so many of its assassins.

'She cannot escape. The window is too narrow for her wings; the roof is sealed, the door barricaded.'

35 Scrimlock glanced at the watchtower door. The iron brace looked solid enough to thwart an army. That still did not give him peace of mind. He looked for reassurance in the Adept's eyes, but of course there was nothing there: only a profound emptiness the priest felt in his marrow. Could they have injured her? And what would be the cost to the Church? What revenge would she seek? God help him, this was too much.

'I will not sanction this,' he protested. He waved a hand at the heap of dead bodies, at the blood still leaking onto the cobbles. 'Ulcis will not accept these opened corpses; every one of them is damned.'

Section A

Answer all questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

1. Read again **lines 1-4**.

List four things from this part of the source about the chains.

(4 marks)

2. Look in detail at lines **11-20** of the source

How does the writer use language here to describe the Spine Adept?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- Words and phrases
- Language features and techniques
- Sentence forms

(8 marks)

3. You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

(8 marks)

4. Focus this part of your answer on the first part of the source, from line **23 to line 36**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said "This part of the text, where Scrimlock observes the Spine, reveals his worry and concern".

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of Scrimlock's reaction in these lines
- Evaluate how the writer reveals Scrimlock's anxieties
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

(20 marks)

The Dubliners (The Dead) by James Joyce

Coming at the end of the short story, Gabriel is jealous that Gretta has been thinking of her first love. Gabriel becomes furious with her and himself, realising that he has and never will have any control over her, but as she falls asleep he softens.

Gretta was fast asleep.

Gabriel, leaning on his elbow, looked for a few moments unresentfully on her tangled hair and half open mouth, listening to her deep-drawn breath. So she had had that romance in her life: a man had died for her sake. It hardly pained him now to think how poor a part he, her husband, had played in her life. He watched her while she slept, as though he and she had never lived together as man and wife. His curious eyes rested long upon her face and on her hair: and, as he thought of what she must have been then, in that time of her first girlish beauty, a strange, friendly pity for her entered his soul. He did not like to say even to himself that her face was no longer beautiful, but he knew that it was no longer the face for which Michael Furey had braved death.

Perhaps she had not told him all the story. His eyes moved to the chair over which she had thrown some of her clothes. A petticoat string dangled to the floor. One boot stood upright, its limp upper fallen down: the fellow of it lay upon its side. He wondered at his riot of emotions of an hour before. From what had it proceeded? From his aunt's supper, from his own foolish speech, from the wine and dancing, the merry-making when saying good night in the hall, the pleasure of the walk along the river in the snow. Poor Aunt Julia! She, too, would soon be a shade. He had caught that haggard look upon her face for a moment when she was singing *Arrayed for the Bridal*. Soon, perhaps, he would be sitting in that same drawing-room, dressed in black, his silk hat on his knees. The blinds would be drawn down and Aunt Kate would be sitting beside him, crying and blowing her nose and telling him how Julia had died. He would cast about in his mind for some words that might console her, and would find only lame and useless ones. Yes, yes: that would happen very soon.

The air of the room chilled his shoulders. He stretched himself cautiously along under the sheets and lay down beside his wife. One by one, they were all becoming shades. Better pass boldly into that other world, in the full glory of some passion, than fade and wither dismally with age. He thought of how she who lay beside him had locked in her heart for so many years that image of her lover's eyes when he had told her that he did not wish to live.

Generous tears filled Gabriel's eyes. He had never felt like that himself towards any woman, but he knew that such a feeling must be love. The tears gathered more thickly in his eyes and in the partial darkness he imagined he saw the form of a young man standing under a dripping tree. Other forms were near. His soul had approached that region where dwell the vast hosts of the dead. He was conscious of, but could not apprehend, their wayward and flickering existence. His own identity was fading out into a grey impalpable world: the solid world itself, which these dead had one time reared and lived in, was dissolving and dwindling.

A few light taps upon the pane made him turn to the window. It had begun to snow again. He watched sleepily the flakes, silver and dark, falling obliquely against the lamplight. The time had come for him to set out on his journey westward. Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland. It was falling on every part of the dark central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen and, farther westward, softly falling into the dark mutinous Shannon waves. It was falling, too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead.

Section A

Answer all questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

1. Read again **lines 25-30**.

List four things from this part of the source about Gabriel.

(4 marks)

2. Look in detail at **lines 30-37** of the source

How does the writer use language here to describe the fall of the snow?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- Words and phrases
- Language features and techniques
- Sentence forms

(8 marks)

3. You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

(8 marks)

4. Focus this part of your answer on the middle part of the source, from **line 2 to line 23**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said "This part, where Gabriel watches Gretta, reveals his surrender to the idea that he is a shadow of a person, flickering in a world in which the living and the dead meet".

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of Gabriel's surrender
- Evaluate how the writer explores the idea of a world in which the living and the dead meet
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

(20 marks)

Read the extract below and then answer the questions that follow.

This extract is taken from the beginning of More Than This, where a boy named Seth drowns; desperate and alone in his final moments, he loses his life as the pounding sea claims him.

Here is the boy, drowning.

5 In these last moments, it's not the water that's finally done for him; it's the cold. It has bled all the energy from his body and contracted his muscles into a painful uselessness, no matter how much he fights to keep himself above the surface. He is strong, and young, nearly seventeen, but the wintry waves keep coming, each one seemingly larger than the last. They spin him round, topple him over, force him deeper down and down. Even when he can catch his breath in the few terrified seconds he manages to push his face into the air, he is shaking so badly he can barely get half a lungful before he's under again. It isn't enough, grows less each time, and he feels a terrible yearning in his chest as he aches, fruitlessly, for more.

10 He is in full panic now. He knows he's drifted just slightly too far from shore to make it back, the icy tide pulling him out farther and farther with every wave, pushing him towards the rocks that make this bit of coast so treacherous. He also knows there is no one who'll notice he's gone in time, no one who'll raise the alarm before the water defeats him. He won't be saved by chance, either. There are no beachcombers or tourists to dive in from the shoreline to save him, not this time of year, not in these
15 freezing temperatures.

It is too late for him.

He will die.

And he will die alone.

20 The sudden, gasping horror of knowing this makes him panic even more. He tries again to break the surface, not daring to think that it might be his last time, not daring to think much at all. He forces his legs to kick, forces his arms to heave himself upward, to at least get his body the right way round, to try and grasp another breath just inches away-

But the current is too strong. It allows him tantalizingly near the surface but spins him upside down before he can get there, dragging him closer to the rocks.

25 The waves toy with him as he tries again.

And fails.

Then, without warning, the game the sea seems to have been playing, the cruel game of keeping him just alive enough to think he might make it, that game seems to be over.

30 The current surges, slamming him into the killingly hard rocks. His right shoulder blade snaps in two so loudly he can hear the crack, even underwater, even in this rush of tide. The mindless intensity of the pain is so great that he calls out, his mouth instantly filling with freezing, briny sea water. He coughs against it, but only drags more into his lungs. He curves into the pain of his shoulder, blinded by it, paralyzed by its intensity. He is unable to even try and swim now, unable to brace himself as the waves turn him over once more.

35 Please, is all he thinks. Just the one word, echoing through his head. Please.

The current grips him a final time. It rears back as if to throw him, and it dashes him head first into the rocks. He slams into them with the full, furious weight of an angry ocean behind him. He is unable to even raise his hands to try and soften the blow.

40

Section A

Answer **all** questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

1. Read again **lines 1-9**.

List four things from this part of the source about the boy.

(4 marks)

2. Look in detail at lines **22-27** of the source

How does the writer use language here to bring the sea to life?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- Words and phrases
- Language features and techniques
- Sentence forms

(8 marks)

3. You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

(8 marks)

4. Focus this part of your answer on the first part of the source, from line **28 to line 37**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said "This part of the text, where the current becomes its most violent, is horrifying".

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of the current
- Evaluate how the writer personifies the current and the waves
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

(20 marks)

Section B

5. Your local newspaper is running a creative writing competition and the best entries will be published.

Write a story about a journey through a strange place:

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]



Section B

5. Your local newspaper is running a creative writing competition and the best entries will be published.

Write a **description** suggested by this picture:

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]



Section B

5. Your local newspaper is running a creative writing competition and the best entries will be published.

Write a **description** suggested by this picture:

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

