

Year 11
English GCSE

Name:

Type to enter text

Who usually teaches you English?

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What are the main areas you want/need to focus on to get your C in English? (eg spelling, punctuation, reading skills, speaking & listening, extending the amount you write...)

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Reading Skills:

Watch the screen carefully and answer the questions in the spaces below.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

8.

On the following pages, you have been given extracts from different books. For each extract, you need to find evidence that the story is set in an alternative reality or a place different from the world as we know it today.

This phrase shows that the writer was unfamiliar with major elements of his surroundings.

This word makes us wonder whether the description is real or imagined.

When I was small I would sometimes **dream** of a city- which was strange because it began before I even knew what a city was. But this city, clustered on the curve of a big blue bay would come into my mind. I could see the streets, and the buildings that lined them, the waterfront, even boats in the harbour; yet, waking, I had never seen the sea, or a boat...

And **the buildings were quite unlike any I knew**. The traffic in the streets was strange, carts running with no horses to pull them; and sometimes there were things in the sky, shiny fish shaped things that were certainly not birds.

Most often, I would see this wonderful place by daylight, but occasionally it was by night when lights lay like strings of glow-worms along the shore, and a few of them seemed to be sparks drifting on the water, or in the air.

It was a beautiful fascinating place, and once, when I was still young enough to know no better, I asked my eldest sister, Mary, where this lovely city could be.

She shook her head and told me that there was no such place- not now. But, perhaps she suggested, I could somehow be dreaming about times long ago. Dreams were funny things and there was no accounting for them; so it might be that what I was seeing was a bit of the world that the Old People had lived in; as it had been before God sent the Tribulation.

(from The Chrysalids, John Wyndham)

THEY ALL LOOKED AROUND, SHIVERING IN SPITE OF THE WARM SUN, THE CROWDED WHARF, THE FAMILIAR SMELLS OF TAR AND HORSES AND SMOKING-LEAF. THE TROUBLE WAS THAT NO ONE KNEW WHAT THESE GOBBLERS LOOKED LIKE, ANYONE MIGHT BE A GOBBLER, AS LYRA POINTED OUT TO THE APPALLED GANG, WHO WERE NOW ALL UNDER HER SWAY, COLLEGERS AND GYPTIANS ALIKE.

"THEY'RE BOUND TO LOOK LIKE ORDINARY PEOPLE, ELSE THEY'D BE SEEN AT ONCE," SHE EXPLAINED. "IF THEY ONLY CAME AT NIGHT, THEY COULD LOOK LIKE ANYTHING. BUT IF THEY COME IN THE DAYLIGHT THEY GOT TO LOOK ORDINARY. SO ANY OF THESE PEOPLE MIGHT BE GOBBLERS..."

"THEY EN'T," A GYPTIAN SAID UNCERTAINLY. "I KNOW EM ALL."

"ALL RIGHT, NOT THESE BUT ANYONE ELSE," SAID LYRA. "LET'S GO AND LOOK FOR 'EM! AND THEIR WHITE TRUCK."

(FROM NORTHERN LIGHTS, PHILIP PULLMAN)

It was a bright, cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions, though not quickly enough to prevent a swirl of gritty dust from entering along with him.

The hallway smelt of boiled cabbage and old rag mats. At one end of it, a coloured poster, too large for indoor display, had been tacked to the wall. It depicted the face of the man of about forty-five, with a heavy black moustache and ruggedly handsome features. Winston made for the lift. At the best of times it was seldom working, and at present the electric current was cut off during the daylight hours. It was part of the preparation for Hate Week. The flat was seven flights up, and Winston, who was thirty-nine and had a varicose ulcer above his right ankle, went slowly, resting several times on the way. On each landing, opposite the lift shaft, the poster with the enormous face gazed from the wall. It was one of those pictures which are so contrived that the eyes follow you about when you move. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption beneath it ran.

(from Nineteen Eighty-Four, George Orwell)

A group of people is coming towards us. They're tourists, from Japan it looks like, a trade delegation perhaps, on a tour of the historic landmarks or out for local colour. They're diminutive and neatly turned out; each has his or her camera, his or her smile. They look around, bright-eyed, cocking their heads to one side like robins, their very cheerfulness aggressive, and I can't help staring. It's been a long time since I've seen skirts that short on women. The skirts reach just below the knee and the legs come out from beneath them, nearly naked in their thin stockings, blatant, the high-heeled shoes with their straps attached to the feet like delicate instruments of torture. The women teeter on their spiked feet as if on stilts, but off balance; their backs arch at the waist, thrusting the buttocks out. Their heads are uncovered and their hair too is exposed, in all its darkness and sexuality. They wear lipstick, red outlining the damp cavities of their mouths, like scrawls on a washroom wall, of the time before.

I stop walking. Ofglen stops beside me and I know that she cannot take her eyes off these women. We are fascinated, but also repelled. They seem undressed. It has taken so little to change our minds, about things like this.

Then I think: I used to dress like that. That was freedom.

(From *The Handmaid's Tale*, Margaret Atwood)

On this particular Thursday, something was moving quietly through the ionosphere many miles above the surface of the planet; several somethings in fact, several dozen huge yellow chunky slablike somethings, huge as office blocks, silent as birds. They soared with ease, basking in electromagnetic rays from the star Sol, biding their time, grouping, preparing, The planet beneath them was almost perfectly oblivious of their presence, which was just how they wanted it for the moment. The huge yellow something went unnoticed at Goonhilly, they passed over Cape Canaveral without a blip, Woomera and Jodrell Bank looked straight through them, which was a pity because it was exactly the sort of thing they'd been looking for all these years,

The only place they registered at all was on a small black device called a Sub-Etha Sens-O-Matic which winked away quietly to itself. It nestled in the darkness inside a leather satchel which Ford Prefect habitually wore slung around his neck. The contents of Ford Prefect's satchel were quiet interesting in fact and would have made any Earth physicist's eyes pop out of his head, which is why he always concealed them by keeping a couple of dogeared scripts for plays he pretended he was auditioning for stuffed in the top. Besides the Sub-Etha Sens-O-Matic and the scripts he had an Electronic Thumb - a short squat black rod, smooth and matt with a couple of flat switches and dials at one end; he also had a device that looked rather like a largish electronic calculator. This had about a hundred tiny flat press buttons and a screen about four inches square on which any one of a million "pages" could be summoned at a moment's notice. It looked insanely complicated, and this was one of the reasons why the snug plastic cover it fitted into had the words DON'T PANIC printed on it in large friendly letters. The other reason was that this device was in fact that most remarkable of all books ever to come out of the great publishing corporations of Ursa Minor - *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. The reason why it was published in the form of a micro sub meson electronic component is that if it were printed in normal book form, an interstellar hitchhiker would require several inconveniently large buildings to carry it around in.

(From *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, Douglas Adams)

Now, choose ONE of the extracts. Using your notes and highlighting, write a paragraph answering the question below. You must use and explain quotations.

What kind of setting does the writer create and how is this achieved?

Writing Skills

Log on to <http://www.tesspag.com/asr445/ks3f1> and complete the grammar activities in the folder. You must record your mark for each test below. If you are not happy with your score, you are allowed to seek help, revise the skill, then retake the test before you record your mark.

Test 1:

Test 2:

Test 3:

Test 4:

Test 5:

Test 6:

Test 7:

Test 8:

Now, write a paragraph describing your journey to school today. Your paragraph must include everything that you have just been tested on:

possessive apostrophes

apostrophes of contraction

proper nouns

colons

commas in direct speech

commas showing fronted adverbials

commas separating phrases and clauses

parenthetical commas (just like brackets)

semi colons

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