

English Language & Literature – Summer Independent Learning

COMPULSORY TASKS

Task 1: NEA

Continue work on your fiction and non-fiction original writing pieces. Complete both for submission on Teams by 1st September 2021.

Check

- You have made intelligent use of features in your core stimulus texts
- Word count (1000-1100 words each)
- UK spelling, punctuation and grammar

Task 2: Wuthering Heights and Romantic Poetry revision and essay

2 a] Re-read Wuthering Heights. Add to your annotations in the 25 key passages. Make sure your notes are organised and complete.

2 b] Re-read the Romantic Poems you have studied. Make sure your annotations are detailed, and make sure your notes are organised and complete.

2 c] Having done these tasks, plan and then answer this exam-style question:

Evaluate the effectiveness of the methods used by the writers of your two studied texts to present overwhelming encounters.

In your answer you must consider the use of linguistic and literary features, connections across texts and relevant contextual factors.

Task 3: Unseen Prose

3 a] Read through and annotate the following notes from the exam board on Paper 2, Section A - the unseen prose question.

Introduction

The whole component focuses on the ways in which different writers convey their thoughts or ideas on a theme in literary and non-fiction writing. In Paper 2, Section A, students will respond to an **unseen non-fiction** text, related to their studied theme (Encounters, Love and Loss, Society and the Individual, Crossing Boundaries).

Many of the skills that students need to succeed in this section of Paper 2 will have been developed in preparation for Paper 1, where unseen texts are compared to texts from the Anthology. However, whereas Paper 1 focuses on the creation of 'voices' in speech and writing, Paper 2 focuses more on how writers convey **themes** and **issues in texts**.

In this pack, we have included suggested areas of study for Paper 2 Section A by looking at learning outcomes; sample questions; the mark scheme; and annotated texts to exemplify what is required by critical evaluation.

Learning outcomes

When preparing students for Paper 2 Section A, it is useful to focus on developing your students' understanding of the following areas:

- the features of a text that define or signal its generic form
- the language choices made by writers or speakers to conform to generic convention and meet the expectation of the target audience
- the importance of context to inform understanding of the text
- how the selected theme is presented in a range of texts
- how a text is structured to meet the conventions of the genre, the expectations of the audience and the objectives of the writer
- the importance of contextual factors in shaping the content of a text
- how the writer uses language to meet the expectations of audience and purpose
- the literary and linguistic conventions applied in a range of exemplar text types and the effects they produce
- how to select and structure evidence into a coherent argument or written response which meets the Assessment Objectives for this component
- how to apply the mark scheme to peer assignments and how to justify the marks awarded
- using a range of literary/linguistic terminology and integrating this effectively into the analysis
- the Assessment Objectives against which examination responses for Paper 2, Section A will be judged.

3 b] **Read and annotate these two unseen non-fiction texts as if you were going to answer the exam questions provided. Your annotations should include:**

- **Terminology for linguistic and literary features/techniques writers use**
- **Effects of writers' choices**
- **Notes about how language used reflects genre, audience and purposes**

'Critically evaluate how Moore conveys her feelings towards the government's treatment of women.'

TEXT 18

THE INDIVIDUAL IN SOCIETY

An extract from a column written by the journalist Suzanne Moore, which appeared in *The Guardian* newspaper in 2011.

This coalition hasn't forgotten women. It's targeted them.

It's easy enough to do, I guess. You're rushing round trying to keep on top of everything, but you know you might have forgotten something. It'll come back to you later. Oh yes – women. Where did you put them? When did you last see them? Retrace your steps. From the superb leaked memo this week, we see this government has been so busy "messaging about deficit reduction" it has simply forgotten how to get its message through to women. Perhaps more specifically, to women who may vote for them. Please don't confuse these guys and tell them all women are not exactly the same. We don't want to blow their freaky-deaky minds.

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If I was feeling forgiving I could think, well, it happens in every field – this "whoops, what woman?" deal – why should the government be any different?

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You think to yourself, let's make a funny, topical show about the news. It will be such a laugh, and so you get something like *Mock the Week*, where two teams of three men compete, chaired by a man. This is not some deliberate gender apartheid. Relax, people. It's comedy! Or you could edit something like a satirical magazine, and occupy the higher moral ground of *Ian Hislop*, a place I can barely imagine, and just happen to think that describing all female journalists, whoever they are (Deborah Orr?), as Polly Filler or Glenda Slagg is hilarious. It's a scientific fact that men never write badly or fill up the back half of newspapers with drivel. Ever!

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If you are really anti-establishment, you can have a blog named after *Guy Fawkes* with its regular *Totty Watch* and encourage your clientele to take part in a really creepy smutfest. That's really one in the face to the system, boys! Or how about selling crappy T-shirts with slogans such as "Nice new girlfriend, what breed is she?", or ones that provide a list of excuses for domestic violence. Weirdly, just as a new campaign aimed at teenagers starts because, repulsively, many teenage girls are used to being kicked or punched within relationships. Anyone who complains about these things is probably some hairy, humourless ho. That's right, and here I am.

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Because I am too long in the tooth to listen to the excuses any more. I have been in too many situations where someone at the last minute remembers the missing vital ingredient to their plan. And I get the token-woman phone call. TV people, radio people, people giving prizes, people discussing or campaigning often have a great lineup. It's just that they have forgotten the woman thing. By the time they phone someone like me, they are deranged by their newfound passion for the appearance of equality. "We think you'd be really good at it because ..." They cannot say, "Because you are a woman", so twisted are they by now in their sudden antisexism they can't risk sounding ... sexist. So they just start begging. Perhaps any of us "token women" should be flattered by our exalted status. To be one of the boys. It's what we always wanted!

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It isn't, actually. What we wanted a lot of the time was for it not to matter. For it not always to be an issue. That's the hopeless ideal. In grownup company and in grownup companies, in positions of power and positions of pleasure, some of us are men and some of us are women. Equality would mean the presence of women as simply normal – not abnormal, not tokenistic, not even snigger-worthy.

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The vaguest notion of any kind of equality would mean you could not govern for a year with a load of policies that create higher unemployment for women, while further impoverishing women on benefits. You could not suggest the so-called work-life balance is simply a female issue, or assume we are all wives and mothers. This leaked, panicky memo shows these guys waking up to the fact that many women are not simply disappointed but bloody livid, that women are not an afterthought; nor are we an interchangeable, homogenous mass to be spun over with some "family-friendly policies". 45

'Critically evaluate how Markham conveys the experience of hunting an elephant.'

Beryl Markham, extract from "West With the Night" (1942)

Markham was an English-born Kenyan aviator (one of the first bush pilots), adventurer, racehorse trainer and author. She was the first person to fly solo, non-stop across the Atlantic from Britain to the North America.

We were silent. The elephant we advanced(1) upon heard nothing – even when the enormous hindquarters of two bulls loomed before us like grey rocks wedded to the earth.(2) Blix stopped.(3) He whispered with his fingers and I read the whisper. 'Watch the wind. Swing round them. I want to see their tusks.'(4) Swing, indeed!(5) It took us slightly over an hour to negotiate(6) a semi-circle of fifty yards. The bulls were big – with ivory enough(7) – hundred-pounds at least, or better. One bull raised his head, elevated his trunk, and moved to face us.(8) His gargantuan ears began to spread as if to capture(9) even the sound of our heartbeats. By chance, he had grazed over a spot we had lately left, and he had got our scent. It was all he needed.(10)

I have rarely seen anything so calm as that bull elephant – or so casually determined upon destruction.(11) It might be said that he shuffled to the kill.(12) Being, like all elephants, almost blind, this one could not see us, but he was used to that. He would follow scent and sound until he could see us, which, I computed, would take about thirty seconds.

Blix wiggled his fingers earthward, and that meant, 'Drop and crawl.'(13) It is amazing what a lot of insect life goes on under your nose(14) when you have got it an inch from the earth. By the time I had crawled three feet, I am sure that somewhere over fifty distinct species of insect life were individually and severally represented in my clothes, with Siafu ants conducting the congress.(15)

There was no sound from the elephant. I don't know how long we crawled like that, but the little shadows in the thicket were leaning toward the east when we stopped. Possibly we had gone a hundred yards. The insect bites had become just broad, burning patches.(16) We were breathing easier – or at least I was(17) – when Blix's feet and legs went motionless. I could just see his head close against his shoulder, and watch him turn to peek upward into the bush. He gave no signal to continue. He only looked horribly embarrassed like a child caught stealing eggs.

But(18) my own expression must have been a little more intense. The big bull was about ten feet away—and at that distance elephant are not blind. Blix stood up and raised his rifle slowly, with an expression of ineffable(19) sadness. 'That's for me,' I thought. 'He knows that even a shot in the brain won't stop that bull before we're both crushed like mangos.'(20) The bull's ears were spread wide now, his trunk was up and extended toward us, and he began the elephant scream of anger which is so terrifying as to hold you silent where you stand, like fingers clamped upon your

throat. It is a shrill scream, cold as winter wind. The elephant advanced.(21) A single biscuit tin would do for both of us – cremation would be superfluous.(22)

'I may have to shoot him,' Blix announced, and the remark struck me as an under-statement of classic magnificence. Bullets would sink into that monstrous(23) hide like pebbles in a pond. I was looking into the elephant's mouth when he screamed again – and thereby, I am convinced, saved both Blix and me from a fate no more tragic than simple death, but infinitely less tidy.(24) It was such an authentic scream, of such splendid resonance, that his cronies, still grazing in the bush, accepted it as a legitimate warning and left. They left,(25) and it seemed they tore the country from its roots in leaving.

Everything went – bush, trees, sansivena, clods of dirt(26) – and the monster who confronted us. He was off in a typhoon of crumbled vegetation and crashing trees.(27)