

Paper 1

A. RESPONSE TO LITERARY FICTION (FROM EITHER PRE 19C, 19C OR 20C)

B. DESCRIPTIVE/NARRATIVE WRITING

1. **A01: List 4 things... identify explicit information. Identify explicit ideas**
2. **A02: How does the writer's use of language... Explain, comment on, analyse**
3. **A02: How does the writer's use structure... Explain, comment on, analyse**
4. **A04: To what extent do you agree? Evaluate texts critically.**
5. **Writing_A05/6: Descriptive or narrative writing:**

Communicate clearly

Organise information

Use a range of vocabulary and sentences

Accurate spelling and punctuation

Planning a narrative

- Opening: Setting: Trigger: Climax: Conclusion:

Planning a description:

- Whole scene – zoom in – shift focus – shift focus – link to opening description

Revision

Read a *range* of fiction texts.

You need to experience a *range* of texts across the centuries

Apply the questions to the texts.

Use your exercise book.

<https://www.gcsepod.com/>

<https://www.google.co.uk/search?q=bbc+bitesize>

<https://www.youtube.com/user/mrbruff/videos?app=desktop>

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCJhuqpyhE8NzYZFkwTzi_7g

<https://my.educake.co.uk/>

Example question section b:

Either: Write a description

suggested by this picture:



Or: Write a part of a story about a place in extreme cold

Example extract:

There were no curtains up. The window was a hard edged block the colour of the night sky. Inside the bedroom the darkness was of a gritty texture. The wardrobe and bed were blurred shapes in the darkness. Silence.

Billy moved over, towards the outside of the bed. Jud moved with him, leaving one half of the bed empty. He snorted and rubbed his nose. Billy whimpered. They settled. Wind whipped the window and swept along the wall outside.

Billy turned over. Jud followed him and cough – coughed into his neck. Billy pulled the blankets up round his ears and whipped his neck with them. Most of the bed was now empty, and the unoccupied space quickly cooled. Silence. Then the alarm rang. The noise brought Billy upright, feeling for it in the darkness, eyes shut tight. Jud groaned and hunched back across the cold sheet. He reached down side of the bed and knocked the clock over, grabbed for it, and knocked it further away.

'Come here, you bloody thing.'

He stretched down and grabbed it with both hands. The glass lay curved in one palm, while the fingers of his other hand fumbled amongst the knobs and levers at the back. He found the lever and the noise stopped. Then he coiled back into the bed and left the clock lying on its back.

'The bloody thing.'

He stayed in his own half of the bed, groaning and turning over every few minutes. Billy lay with his back to him, listening. Then he turned his cheek slightly from the pillow.

'Jud?'

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