

English Language: Week beginning 6th July 2020

Now we have finished looking at the reading skills for Paper 1, you are going to practise the skills by answering exam style questions.

Work can be completed electronically or handwritten. Then, it can be emailed to me via the email below. For the handwritten work, take a photo of the handwritten work and send it in this way.

Do not worry if do not understand all of the tasks, do what you can. If you have any questions about his work, or you would like to send your completed work, please email: amanda.dixon@grangepark.kent.sch.uk.

LO: To be able to answer practice exam questions.

Task:

Read the extract on the following page and answer the exam style questions at the end.

Source 1: 21st Century Fiction

This extract is taken from a novel written in 2011 by Carol Birch about a boy's relationship with a group of exotic animals in London. In this extract, the boy has his first ever encounter with a tiger.

Jamrach's Menagerie

Of course, I'd seen a cat before. You couldn't sleep for them in Bermondsey, creeping about over the roofs and wailing like devils. They lived in packs, spiky, wild-eyed, stalking the wooden walkways and bridges, fighting with the rats. But this cat ...

5 The sun himself came down and walked on earth.

Just as the birds of Bermondsey were small and brown, and those of my new home were large and rainbow-hued, so it seemed the cats of Ratcliffe Highway must be an altogether superior breed to our scrawny south-of-the-river mogs. This cat was the size of a small horse, solid, massively chested, rippling powerfully about the shoulders. He was gold, and the pattern painted so carefully all over him, so utterly perfect, was the blackest black in the world. His paws were the size of footstools, his chest snow white.

10 I'd seen him somewhere, his picture in a poster in London Street, over the river. He was jumping through a ring of fire and his mouth was open. A mythical beast.

15 I have no recall of one foot in front of the other, cobblestones under my feet. He drew me like honey draws a wasp. I had no fear. I came before the godly indifference of his face and looked into his clear yellow eyes. His nose was a slope of downy gold, his nostrils pink and moist as a pup's. He raised his thick, white dotted lips and smiled, and his whiskers bloomed.

20 I became aware of my heart somewhere too high up, beating as if it was a little fist trying to get out.

Nothing in the world could have prevented me from lifting my hand and stroking the broad warm nap of his nose. Even now I feel how beautiful that touch was. Nothing had ever been so soft and clean. A ripple ran through his right shoulder as he raised his paw - bigger than my head - and lazily knocked me off my feet. It was like being felled by a cushion. I hit the ground but was not much hurt, only winded, and after that it was a dream. There was, I remember, much screaming and shouting, but from a distance, as if I was sinking underwater. The world turned upside down and went by me in a bright stream, the ground moved under me, my hair hung in my eyes. There was a kind of joy in me, I do know that - and nothing that could go by the name of fear, only a wildness. I was in his jaws. His breath burned the back of my neck. My bare toes trailed, hurting distantly. I could see his feet, tawny orange with white toes, pacing the ground away, gentle as feathers.

Practice Exam Questions

Source 1: *Jamrach's Menagerie* by Carol Birch (2011)

Question 1

Read again the first part of the source from **lines 1–3**.

List four things the cats do in this part of the text.

[4 marks]

1.
2.
3.
4.

Question 2

Look in detail at this extract from lines 5–15 of the source:

The sun himself came down and walked on earth.

Just as the birds of Bermondsey were small and brown, and those of my new home were large and rainbow-hued, so it seemed the cats of Ratcliffe Highway must be an altogether superior breed to our scrawny south-of-the-river mogs. This cat was the size of a small horse, solid, massively chested, rippling powerfully about the shoulders. He was gold, and the pattern painted so carefully all over him, so utterly perfect, was the blackest black in the world. His paws were the size of footstools, his chest snow white.

I'd seen him somewhere, his picture in a poster in London Street, over the river. He was jumping through a ring of fire and his mouth was open. A mythical beast.

How does the writer use language here to describe the tiger?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

[8 marks]

Question 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 the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features which interest you.

[8 marks]

Question 4

Focus this part of your answer on the last part of the source, from lines 23-35.

A student said: 'The writer makes the tiger sound gentle and tame. It doesn't sound very dangerous.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of the tiger
- evaluate how the writer makes the tiger sound gentle and tame
- support your response with reference to the text.

[20 marks]