

# Revising English Language



# Tip 1: Know the exam layout

## Paper 1: Creative Reading and Writing

- 1 hour 45 minutes
- 1 fiction text
- 4 Qs in Section A
- Choice of two questions in Section B

## Paper 2: Writers' Viewpoints and Perspectives

- 1 hour 45 minutes
- 2 non-fiction texts
- 4 Qs in Section A
- One question in Section B



# Tip 1: Know the exam layout

Question	Paper 1	Marks	Paper 2	Marks
1	List 4 things	4	4 multiple choice statements ( <u>Shade</u> the circles)	4
2	How does the writer use language... (WHW)	8	Write a summary... (What, Evidence, Infer, Compare)	8
3	How has the writer structured the text to interest you...	8	How does the writer use language... (WHW)	12
4	'Statement' To what extent do you agree? (WHW)	20	Compare the writers' <b>similar/different</b> perspectives on... (WHW)	16
5	Choice of two creative writing prompts	24+16	'Statement' Write a non-fiction text for a specific audience giving your opinion	24+16



## Tip 2: Section off the texts

- Get used to sectioning off the exam papers so you just focus on the questions and information needed.
- Extra highlighters are great for colour coding information.



# Tip 2: Paper 1

Source A

This extract is from the beginning of a novel by Graham Joyce. A young married couple, Zoe and Jake, are on a skiing holiday in the French Pyrenean mountains.

Q1  
Zoe's  
surroundings

1 It was snowing again. Gentle six-pointed flakes from a picture book were settling on her jacket sleeve. The mountain air prickled with ice and the smell of pine resin. Several hundred metres below lay the dark outline of Saint-Bernard-en-Haut, their Pyrenean resort village; across to the west, the irregular peaks of the mountain range.

Q2  
Zoe's  
feelings

Zoe pulled the air into her lungs, feeling the cracking cold of it before letting go. And when the mountain seemed to nod and sigh back at her, she almost thought she could die in that place, and happily.

9 If there are few moments in life that come as clear and as pure as ice, when the mountain breathed back at her, Zoe knew that she had trapped one such moment and that it could never be taken away. Everywhere was snow and silence. Snow and silence; the complete arrest of life; a rehearsal and a pre-echo of death. She pointed her skis down the hill. They looked like weird talons of brilliant red and gold in the powder snow as she waited, ready to swoop. *I am alive. I am an eagle.*

15 The sun was up now; in a few minutes there would be more skiers to break the eerie morning spell. But right now they had the snow and the morning entirely to themselves.

There was a whisper behind her. It was the effortless track of Jake's skis as he came over the ridge and caught up with her.

20 'This is perfection.'

'You ready to go?' she asked.

'Yep. Let's do it.'

They'd got up early to beat the holiday-making hordes for this first run of the morning. Because this – the tranquillity, the silence, the undisturbed snow and the feeling of proximity to an eagle's flight – was what it was all about. Jake hit the west side of the steep but broad slope and she took the east, carving matching parallel tracks through the fresh snow.

Q4  
Zoe  
slow  
to  
react?

28 But at the edge of the slope, near the curtain of trees, she felt a small slab of snow slip from underneath her. It was like she'd been bucked, so she took the fall-line\* to recover her balance. Before she'd dropped three hundred metres, the whisper of her skis was displaced by a rumble.

Zoe saw at the periphery of her vision that Jake had come to a halt at the side of the piste and was looking back up the slope. Irritated by the false start they'd made, she etched a few turns before skidding to a halt and turning to look back at her

Q4

35 husband.

The rumble became louder. There was a pillar of what looked like grey smoke unfurling in silky banners at the head of the slope, like the heraldry of armies. It was beautiful. It made her smile.

40 Then her smile iced over. Jake was speeding straight towards her. His face was rubberised and he mouthed something as he flew at her.

'Get to the side! To the side!'

She knew now that it was an avalanche. Jake slowed, batting at her with his ski pole. 'Get into the trees! Hang on to a tree!'

The  
situation  
sounds  
really  
dangerous?

45 The rumbling had become a roaring in her ears, drowning Jake's words. She pushed herself down the fall-line, scrambling for traction, trying to accelerate away from the roaring cloud breaking behind her like a tsunami at sea. Jagged black cracks appeared in the snow in front of her. She angled her skis towards the side of the slope, heading for the trees, but it was too late. She saw Jake's black suit go bundling past her as he was turned by the great mass of smoke and snow. Then she too was punched off her feet and carried through the air, twisting, spinning, turning in the white-out. She remembered something about spreading her arms around her head. For a few moments it was like being agitated inside a washing machine, turned head over heels a few times, until at last she was dumped heavily in a rib-cracking fall. Then there came a chattering noise, like the amplified jaws of a million termites chewing on wood. The noise itself filled her ears and muffled everything, and then there was silence, and the total whiteness faded to grey, and then to black.

END OF SOURCE

Glossary

\* fall-line – the most direct route downhill

Q3: setting → Zoe → dialogue → setting → dialogue

long paragraph  
click hover

# Tip 2: Paper 2

Source A

Source A is an extract from *The Tent, The Bucket and Me* in which Emma Kennedy describes her camping holidays in France in the 1970s.

Q1

1 'You know,' said my mother who, as far as I could tell, was the only person delighted to be back in France, 'we should treat this holiday as the occasion it is. There's no point in being miserable. Holidays are what you make them.'

5 Holidays were not what you made them. Holidays were in the hands of malevolent forces hell-bent on wreaking chaos at every turn. Holidays were assault courses of the mind and body, endurance tests designed to break spirits and shatter spleens. In my nine years on the planet I had learnt one thing: going on holiday was awful. As we sat, chugging along through the French countryside, sunflowers in the fields on either side of us, I thought, 'Yes, it IS nice to look at. But in the same way that cheese looks nice in a mousetrap.'

9  
10 Eventually we arrived at the campsite where we had stayed the previous year. As is often the way when you revisit somewhere you've been before, the allure was not quite as sparkling. The table tennis hut, once such an astonishment of riches, was now a bit battered around the edges, the pool a little more dull. Even my mother was forced to concede that the place had lost its gloss. 'This isn't quite as nice as I remember it,' she said, hands on hips. 'Still, at least it's a bit cooler. What a relief!'

'Storm clouds gathering over there,' said Dad, looking up to the west. 'That'll explain the drop in temperature. Still, I'll get the tent up.'

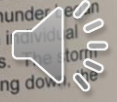
20 Our pitch backed on to a line of trees that acted as a windbreaker between us and the river. I wandered off, tiptoeing through the branches to stand at the water's edge. The low evening sun was casting a pink tinge across the water and dragonflies were hovering. Picking up a round, flat stone I skimmed it across the surface of the lake and watched with satisfaction as it bounced away. Sometimes, it was the simplest things that provided the greatest pleasure and as I stood, throwing stone after stone, I felt real contentment as if I were actually enjoying myself.

25 I returned to our pitch, having been called to supper by my mother. Dad was staring skywards. 'Those clouds are shifting,' he said, 'we might get some rain after all.'

'I can't remember the last time I saw rain,' answered my mother, 'must be well over a month. It'll be nice. Clear the air.'

RAIN + STORM  
Q3

29 Suddenly, there was a squall of activity all over the campsite as the sky darkened and the rain  
30 began to fall in thick, steady drops. Caravan awnings were being winched in, windows slammed shut, towels were being hastily gathered and everywhere, families were retreating to the inside of their tents. Because the ground was so dry, the patter of rain on the hard earth sounded almost metallic and each raindrop sparked up a plume of dust so fine it looked like steam, making the soil look as if it were boiling. In the distance, a low rumble of thunder was rolling towards us, the starter flag for any decent storm, and the rain which had an individual and random quality became more pack-like, shifting shapes like a flock of starlings.  
35 was circling the area before clattering in to do its worst. Soon, the rain was slashing down in a relentless battering against the tent canvas loud and frightening.



# Tip 3: Learn some methods

- Revise the subject terminology you've learnt over the past five years.
- Learn these and get used to looking for them in texts.
- Make sure you can explain why these methods are used and how the writer creates meaning from them: this is where your marks come from!



# Tip 4: Practise, practise, practise

- <https://www.physicsandmathstutor.com/past-papers/gcse-english-language/aqa-paper-1/>
- <https://www.physicsandmathstutor.com/past-papers/gcse-english-language/aqa-paper-2/>
- <https://revisionworld.com/a2-level-level-revision/english-language-gcse-level/english-language-gcse-past-papers>

