

[This extract is taken from 'Lord of the Flies' by William Golding](#)

The boys think a beast is coming to attack them and this is their response.

Jack leapt on to the sand.

"Do our dance! Come on! Dance!"

He ran stumbling through the thick sand to the open space of rock beyond the fire. Between the flashes of lightning the air was dark and terrible; and the boys followed him, clamorously. Roger became the pig, grunting and charging at Jack, who side-stepped. The hunters took their spears, the cooks took spits, and the rest clubs of firewood. A circling movement developed and a chant. While Roger mimed the terror of the pig, the littluns ran and jumped on the outside of the circle. Piggy and Ralph, under the threat of the sky, found themselves eager to take a place in this demented but partly secure society. They were glad to touch the brown backs of the fence that hemmed in the terror and made it governable.

"\_Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!\_"

The movement became regular while the chant lost its first superficial excitement and began to beat like a steady pulse. Roger ceased to be a pig and became a hunter, so that the center of the ring yawned empty. Some of the littluns started a ring on their own; and the complementary circles went round and round as though repetition would achieve safety of itself. There was the throb and stamp of a single organism.

The dark sky was shattered by a blue-white scar. An instant later the noise was on them like the blow of a gigantic whip. The chant rose a tone in agony.

"\_Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!\_"

Now out of the terror rose another desire, thick, urgent, blind.

"\_Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!\_"

Again the blue-white scar jagged above them and the sulphurous explosion beat down. The littluns screamed and blundered about, fleeing from the edge of the forest, and one of them broke the ring of biguns in his terror.

"Him! Him!"

The circle became a horseshoe. A thing was crawling out of the forest. It came darkly, uncertainly. The shrill screaming that rose before the beast was like a pain. The beast stumbled into the horseshoe.

"\_Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!\_"

The blue-white scar was constant, the noise unendurable. Simon was crying out something about a dead man on a hill.

"\_Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood! Do him in!\_"

The sticks fell and the mouth of the new circle crunched and screamed. The beast was on its knees in the center, its arms folded over its face. It was crying out against the abominable noise something about a body on the hill. The beast struggled forward, broke the ring and fell over the steep edge of the rock to the sand by the water. At once the crowd surged after it, poured down the rock, leapt on to the beast, screamed, struck, bit, tore. There were no words, and no movements but the tearing of teeth and claws.

Then the clouds opened and let down the rain like a waterfall. The water bounded from the mountain-top, tore leaves and branches from the trees, poured like a cold shower over the struggling

heap on the sand. Presently the heap broke up and figures staggered away. Only the beast lay still, a few yards from the sea. Even in the rain they could see how small a beast it was; and already its blood was staining the sand.

### **Exam questions for Lord of the Flies Extract**

**01** Re-read the first part of the extract, lines 1-10.

List four things from this part of the extract about the setting. [4 marks]

**02** Look in detail at the first part of the extract.

How does the writer use language here to create tension?

- You could write about:
- Words and phrases.
- Language features and techniques.
- Sentence forms.

[8 marks]

**03** You now need to think about the **whole** of the extract.

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 and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops.
- Any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]

**04**

A student, having read the extract commented: "This extract really shows how cruel people can truly be."

To what extent do you agree?

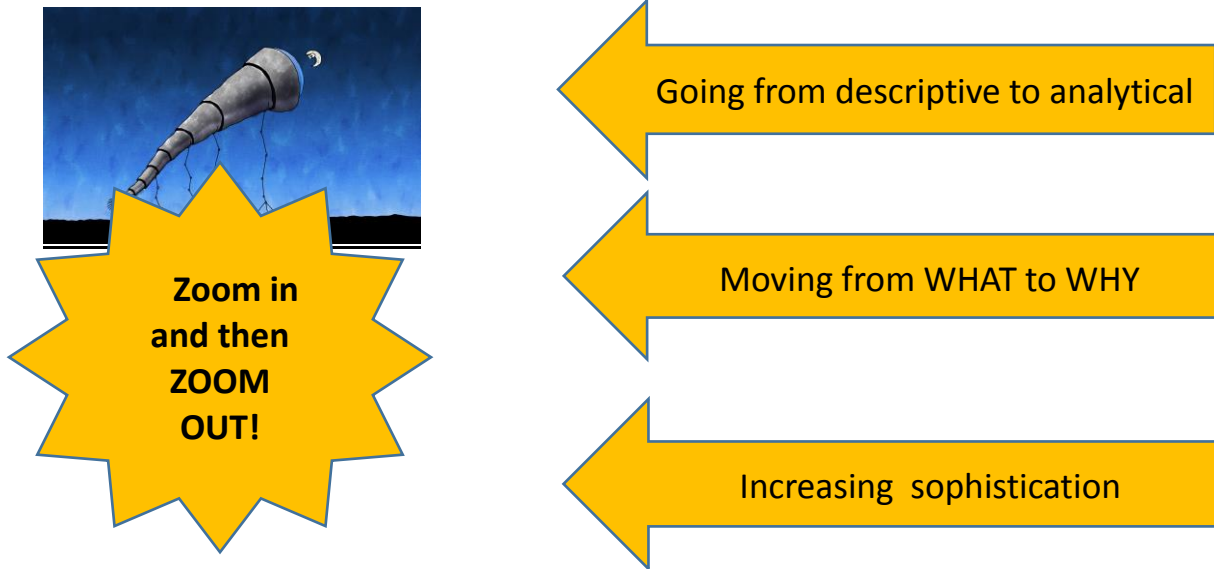
In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of how violence is represented.
- Evaluate how the writer describes the boys.
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

[20 marks]

Some advice and model answers for the structure question

Ensure you're able to zoom in on the techniques, but explain how it affects the text as a whole.



Compare these example paragraphs and give each one a www and and EBI.

Golding makes a very tense scene that is quite frightening. This is because of the repetition of "Kill the beast!". It is also a short sentence and an exclamation to make the reader feel involved in the scene. This has a strong effect on the reader because they are shocked and horrified by what happens.

Golding has made us feel exhilarated but sickened in this description of a brutal mob murder. The repetitive chanting of "Kill the beast!" throughout the passage builds the momentum of the whole scene towards its grisly and gruesome conclusion. The senselessness of this killing reminds us of how easily violence, madness and cruelty can drive humans to commit terrible acts.

***Compare these paragraphs to your own.***

[This extract is taken from 'Pride and Prejudice' by Jane Austen](#)

Elizabeth Bennett is visiting a stately home with her aunt; they are riding in a carriage and approaching the house.

Elizabeth, as they drove along, watched for the first appearance of Pemberley Woods with some perturbation; and when at length they turned in at the lodge, her spirits were in a high flutter.

The park was very large, and contained great variety of ground. They entered it in one of its lowest points, and drove for some time through a beautiful wood stretching over a wide extent.

Elizabeth's mind was too full for conversation, but she saw and admired every remarkable spot and point of view. They gradually ascended for half-a-mile, and then found themselves at the top of a considerable eminence, where the wood ceased, and the eye was instantly caught by Pemberley House, situated on the opposite side of a valley, into which the road with some abruptness wound. It was a large, handsome stone building, standing well on rising ground, and backed by a ridge of high woody hills; and in front, a stream of some natural importance was swelled into greater, but without any artificial appearance. Its banks were neither formal nor falsely adorned. Elizabeth was delighted. She had never seen a place for which nature had done more, or where natural beauty had been so little counteracted by an awkward taste. They were all of them warm in their admiration; and at that moment she felt that to be mistress of Pemberley might be something!

They descended the hill, crossed the bridge, and drove to the door; and, while examining the nearer aspect of the house, all her apprehension of meeting its owner returned. She dreaded lest the chambermaid had been mistaken. On applying to see the place, they were admitted into the hall; and Elizabeth, as they waited for the housekeeper, had leisure to wonder at her being where she was.

The housekeeper came; a respectable-looking elderly woman, much less fine, and more civil, than she had any notion of finding her. They followed her into the dining-parlour. It was a large, well proportioned room, handsomely fitted up. Elizabeth, after slightly surveying it, went to a window to enjoy its prospect. The hill, crowned with wood, which they had descended, receiving increased abruptness from the distance, was a beautiful object. Every disposition of the ground was good; and she looked on the whole scene, the river, the trees scattered on its banks and the winding of the valley, as far as she could trace it, with delight. As they passed into other rooms these objects were taking different positions; but from every window there were beauties to be seen. The rooms were lofty and handsome, and their furniture suitable to the fortune of its proprietor; but Elizabeth saw, with admiration of his taste, that it was neither gaudy nor uselessly fine; with less of splendour, and more real elegance, than the furniture of Rosings.

"And of this place," thought she, "I might have been mistress! With these rooms I might now have been familiarly acquainted! Instead of viewing them as a stranger, I might have rejoiced in them as my own, and welcomed to them as visitors my uncle and aunt. But no,"—recollecting herself—"that could never be; my uncle and aunt would have been lost to me; I should not have been allowed to invite them."

This was a lucky recollection—it saved her from something very like regret.

Answer the following questions.

1. Identify four ways the grounds of Pemberley are described. [4 marks]
2. Explain how the writer, Jane Austen, uses language to present the setting in the paragraph below. You could write about:

You could write about:

- Words and phrases.
- Language features and techniques.
- Sentence forms.

[8 marks]

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**3** You now need to think about the **whole** of the extract.

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 and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops.
- Any other structural features that interest you.

(8 marks)

- 4 .A student, having read the extract, commented: “Elizabeth Bennett should be glad she escaped having to live in Pemberley House as it seems full of strict rules and posh and pretentious”.

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of how Elizabeth Bennett feels.
- Evaluate how the writer creates the atmosphere.
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text.

[20 marks]

[This extract is taken from 'Ministry of Fear' by Graham Greene](#)

In this extract, Arthur Rowe goes to a village fête and is reminded of his childhood.

Arthur Rowe looked wistfully over the railings - there were still railings. The fête called him like innocence: it was entangled in childhood, with vicarage gardens and girls in white summer frocks and the smell of herbaceous borders and security. He had no inclination to mock at these elaborately naïve ways of making money for a cause. There was the inevitable clergyman presiding over a rather timid game of chance; an old lady in a print dress that came down to her ankles and a floppy garden hat hovered officially, but with excitement, over a treasure-hunt (a little plot of ground like a child's garden was staked out with claims), and as the evening darkened - they would have to close early because of the blackout - there would be some energetic work with trowels. And there in a corner, under a plane tree, was the fortuneteller's booth - unless it was an impromptu outside lavatory. It all seemed perfect in the late summer Sunday afternoon. "My peace I give unto you. Not as the world knoweth peace..." Arthur Rowe's eyes filled with tears, as the small military band they had somehow managed to borrow struck up again a faded song of the last war: *Whate'er befall I'll oft recall that sunlit mountainside.*

Pacing round the railings he came towards his doom: pennies were rattling down a curved slope on to a chequer-board - not very many pennies. The fête was ill-attended; there were only three stalls and people avoided those. If they had to spend money they would rather try for a dividend - of pennies from the chequer-board or savings-stamps from the treasure-hunt. Arthur Rowe came along the railings, hesitantly, like an intruder, or an exile who has returned home after many years and is uncertain of his welcome.

He was a tall stooping lean man with black hair going grey and a sharp narrow face, nose a little twisted out of the straight and a too sensitive mouth. His clothes were good but gave the impression of being uncared for; you would have said a bachelor if it had not been for an indefinable married look...

"The charge," said the middle-aged lady at the gate, "is a shilling, but that doesn't seem quite fair. If you wait another five minutes you can come in at the reduced rate. I always feel it's only right to warn people when it gets as late as this."

"It's very thoughtful of you."

"We don't want people to feel cheated - even in a good cause, do we?"

"I don't think I'll wait, all the same. I'll come straight in. What exactly is the cause?"

"Comforts for free mothers - I mean mothers of the free nations."

Arthur Rowe stepped joyfully back into adolescence, into childhood. There had always been a fête about this time of the year in the vicarage garden, a little way off the Trumpington Road, with the flat Cambridgeshire field beyond the extemporized bandstand, and at the end of the fields the pollarded willows by the stickleback stream and the chalk-pit on the slopes of what in Cambridgeshire they call a hill. He came to these fêtes every year with an odd feeling of excitement - as if anything might happen,

as if the familiar pattern of life that afternoon might be altered for ever. The band beat in the warm late sunlight, the brass quivered like haze, and the faces of strange young women would get mixed up with Mrs Troup, who kept the general store and post office, Miss Savage the Sunday School teacher, the publicans' and the clergy's wives. When he was a child he would follow his mother round the stalls - the baby clothes, the pink woollies, the art pottery, and always last and best the white elephants. It was always as though there might be discovered on the white elephant stall some magic ring which would give three wishes or the heart's desire, but the odd thing was that when he went home that night with only a second-hand copy of *The Little Duke*, by Charlotte M. Yonge, or an out-of-date atlas advertising Mazawattee tea, he felt no disappointment: he carried with him the sound of brass, the sense of glory, of a future that would be braver than today. In adolescence the excitement had a different source; he imagined he might find at the vicarage some girl whom he had never seen before, and courage would touch his tongue, and in the late evening there would be dancing on the lawn and the smell of stocks. But because these dreams had never come true there remained the sense of innocence...

Answer the following questions:

1. Identify four things about the village fête from the first paragraph.  
[4 marks]
2. Explain how the writer, Graham Greene, uses language to present the experience of going to the fête in the paragraph below. You could write about:

You could write about:

- Words and phrases.
- Language features and techniques.
- Sentence forms.

[8 marks]

He came to these fêtes every year with an odd feeling of excitement - as if anything might happen, as if the familiar pattern of life that afternoon might be altered for ever. The band beat in the warm late sunlight, the brass quivered like haze, and the faces of strange young women would get mixed up with Mrs Troup, who kept the general store and post office, Miss Savage the Sunday School teacher, the publicans' and the clergy's wives. When he was a child he would follow his mother round the stalls - the baby clothes, the pink woollies, the art pottery, and always last and best the white elephants. It was always as though there might be discovered on the white elephant stall some magic ring which would give three wishes or the heart's desire, but the odd thing was that when he went home that night with only a second-hand copy of *The Little Duke*, by Charlotte M. Yonge, or an out-of-date atlas advertising Mazawattee tea, he felt no disappointment: he carried with him the sound of brass, the sense of glory, of a future that would be braver than today



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You could write about:

- What the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning.
- How and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops.
- Any other structural features that interest you. [8 marks]

4. A student, having read the extract, commented: “Arthur Rowe  
Enjoys the community spirit of the fête and will always look back fondly on his childhood.”  
To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of how Arthur Rowe feels.
- Evaluate how the writer creates the atmosphere.
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text. [20 marks]

[This extract is taken from 'The Children of Men' by P.D.James](#)

In this extract, the main character, Theo, meets a woman as he walks towards Magdalen College.

It happened on the fourth Wednesday in January. Walking to Magdalen as was his custom, he had turned from St. John Street into Beaumont Street and was nearing the entrance to the Ashmolean Museum when a woman approached him wheeling a pram. The thin drizzle had stopped and as she drew alongside him she paused to fold back the mackintosh cover and push down the pram hood. The doll was revealed, propped upright against the cushions, the two arms, hands mittened, resting on the quilted coverlet, a parody of childhood, at once pathetic and sinister. Shocked and repelled, Theo found that he couldn't keep his eyes off it. The glossy irises, unnaturally large, bluer than those of any human eye, a gleaming azure, seemed to fix on him their unseeing stare which yet horribly suggested a dormant intelligence, alien and monstrous. The eyelashes, dark brown, lay like spiders on the delicately tinted porcelain cheeks and an adult abundance of yellow crimped hair sprung from beneath the close-fitting lace-trimmed bonnet.

It had been years since he had last seen a doll thus paraded, but they had been common twenty years ago, had indeed become something of a craze. Doll-making was the only section of the toy industry which, with the production of prams, had for a decade flourished; it had produced dolls for the whole range of frustrated maternal desire, some cheap and tawdry but some of remarkable craftsmanship and beauty

Aware of his gaze, the woman smiled, an idiot smile, inviting connivance, congratulations. As their eyes met and he dropped his, so that she shouldn't see his small pity and his greater contempt, she jerked the pram back, then put out a shielding arm as if to ward off his masculine importunities. A more responsive passer-by stopped and spoke to her. A middle-aged woman in well-fitting tweeds, hair carefully groomed, came up to the pram, smiled at the doll's owner and began a congratulatory patter. The first woman, simpering with pleasure, leaned forward, smoothed the satin quilted pram cover, adjusted the bonnet, tucked in a stray lock of hair. The second tickled the doll beneath its chin as she might a cat, still murmuring her baby talk.

Theo, more depressed and disgusted by the charade than surely such harmless play-acting justified, was turning away when it happened. The second woman suddenly seized the doll, tore it from the coverings and, without a word, swung it twice round her head by the legs and dashed it against the stone wall with tremendous force. The face shattered and shards of porcelain fell tinkling to the pavement. The owner was for two seconds absolutely silent. And then she screamed. The sound was horrible, the scream of the tortured, the bereaved, a terrified, high-pitched squealing, inhuman yet all too human, unstoppable. She stood there, hat askew, head thrown back to the heavens, her mouth stretched into a gape from which poured her agony, her grief, her anger. She seemed at first unaware

that the attacker still stood there, watching her with silent contempt. Then the woman turned and walked briskly through the open gates, across the courtyard and into the Ashmolean.

Answer the following questions:

1. Identify four things about the doll from the first paragraph. [4 marks]
2. Explain how the writer, uses language to present the second woman's attack in the paragraph below. You could write about:

You could write about:

- Words and phrases.
- Language features and techniques.
- Sentence forms.

[8 marks]

The second woman suddenly seized the doll, tore it from the coverings and, without a word, swung it twice round her head by the legs and dashed it against the stone wall with tremendous force. The face shattered and shards of porcelain fell tinkling to the pavement. The owner was for two seconds absolutely silent. And then she screamed. The sound was horrible, the scream of the tortured, the bereaved, a terrified, high-pitched squealing, inhuman yet all too human, unstoppable. She stood there, hat askew, head thrown back to the heavens, her mouth stretched into a gape from which poured her agony, her grief, her anger. She seemed at first unaware that the attacker still stood there, watching her with silent contempt. Then the woman turned and walked briskly through the open gates, across the courtyard and into the Ashmolean.

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4. A student, having read the extract, commented: "I feel sorry for the woman who owns the doll; she seems to struggle emotionally."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of how Arthur Rowe feels.
- Evaluate how the writer creates the atmosphere.
- Support your opinions with quotations from the text. [20 marks]

### Reading Skills: Challenge Tasks

1. In order to extend your thinking skills, you could read novels on your own and create your own exam questions based on a page from one of the novels. Show them to your English Teacher to check whether they are similar to the structure you can expect in the exam.
2. Start a book club with your friends where you meet up to discuss different novels. Comment on the portrayal of the characters, settings, narrative voice in your meetings.