

Beatle hysteria hits US

"After all the lend-lease we sent to Britain, did they have to do this to us?" Such was the comment of a distinctly square member of the New York community today after hearing of the Beatles' arrival. But there are not many squares in New York today.

Physically, the Beatle invasion was launched just after 1 p.m. when their air liner touched down to pandemonium at Kennedy Airport. But in fact New York has been in the tightening grip of Beatlemania for some weeks and the arrival merely confirmed that the idols really do exist in body as well as voice.

There were more than three thousand teenagers at the airport who had rallied from distant states as well as New York City, had skipped school, faced dismissal from their jobs, and were carrying placards that had such amorous slogans as "I love you, please stay." Just as there had been weeping when they left London, so there was weeping when the Beatles arrived here. But here the tears were for joy.

There were shouts too, and squeals when the four Beatles with their numerous entourage emerged from the plane. Maximum police protection had been called out for them — the kind of arrangement that is usually produced for Kings and Presidents. Certainly without the police barriers little would be left of the Beatles by now.

There will be a hundred policemen permanently with them while they are in the city — and one of the policemen drily remarked that the world had gone mad. He could not recall similar scenes since General MacArthur was recalled from Korea.

Today, radio stations from early morning had been playing Beatle records and yeah, yeah, yeah is on everybody's brain. Even staid correspondents were seen today doing their work to the Beatle rhythm, and in a supermarket the transistor was playing on a pile of oranges as the clerk packed up my purchases.

At my hairdressers, calls were pouring in from all manner of male hopefuls asking if their hair could be set in Beatle fashion, and Beatle wigs have been on sale for some time.

The Beatles have come here on a nationwide tour. Their first appearance will be on television on Sunday and an executive at the television network told me that they were swamped with firms demanding to sponsor the programme — that is have advertising time on them while the Beatles perform. He said he almost felt like cutting his telephone wires to avoid further conversations about the Beatles.

The first live New York appearance will be of all places, in Carnegie Hall, that erstwhile stronghold of classical music — where every artist of international repute has sought to crown his achievement. Tickets were sold out within a few hours, and there is an inflated black market.

Millions of Beatle records have already been sold, and the best-selling Belgian nun with her gentle call to Dominique is nearly forgotten in the strident call to "Take her, she is mine."

| | | | |
|--|--------------------|-------|-------|
| What word best describes the tone used in the first sentence? | | | |
| Pleased | Exasperated | Happy | Angry |

| | | | |
|--|-------------------|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| What do you think 'staid correspondents' means? | | | |
| Respectable teachers | Religious bankers | Respectable spectators | Respectable journalists |

“And in a supermarket the transistor was playing on a pile of oranges as the clerk packed up my purchases.”

Choose the BEST synonym for the word ‘transistor’.

Till

Radio

TV

Toy

“Physically, the Beatle invasion was launched just after 1 p.m. when their air liner touched down to pandemonium at Kennedy Airport.”

Choose the BEST synonym for the word ‘pandemonium’.

Help

Revolution

Chaos

Misery

The writer of this article doesn’t agree with the effect that ‘The Beatles are having in America’ Which quote best agrees with this statement? Explain how the language creates that effect.

100-word challenge: Write the first 100 words of a newspaper article about the negative or positive effects of music or a musician. Remember to make it sound like a newspaper article.

The book tells the story of how Margery and her husband, Walter, built a garden from scratch. In truth, it tells two stories. First, there is the garden that Walter wanted: a regimented suburban parade of paths and lawns and dahlias. And then there is the garden that Margery longed for and did in fact successfully create in the years following his death in 1947: a harmonious, informal, frothing sort of a garden, its borders filled with “green” flowers, its shady corners crammed with hellebores, primroses, epimediums, and, most important of all, her beloved snowdrops. Until her publisher put a stop to the idea, Margery had wanted to call her book, which was her first, *Gardening With Walter*. But if she thought she’d produced a tribute to her husband, she was surely deluding herself. A more honest title might have been *A Gardener’s Revenge*.

When the book begins, it is 1937. Walter Fish, a former editor of the *Daily Mail*, who is 18 years his wife’s senior, is convinced that war is coming and that it would be wise for them to leave London. This takes a while: Walter is, shall we say, difficult to please. On a whim, they return to the first place they saw. You sense Margery’s amazement when he agrees that, yes, this will do. All their friends had thought they’d choose a house in good repair with a a garden ‘all nicely laid out and ready to walk into’, but now the opposite is about to happen and Margery and Walter — metropolitan flat-dwellers who haven’t a pair of secateurs between them — will somehow have to create a garden “from a farmyard and a rubbish tip.”

Where to start? Walter’s approach to the initial work is typically bullish. What he can’t burn, he buries; and once the old beds, rusty oil stoves, and ancient corsets have all been cleared, the ideological battle must commence. In the red (and yellow and orange) corner is Walter, with his Tudorbethan ideas about tidiness and color. In the green corner is Margery, all sculptural seed pods and luxuriant foliage. Walter is alarmed. He hadn’t taken his wife for a modernist.

So he goes on the attack, arguing for, and winning, his much-desired lawn, a province with which he is soon quite obsessed. “Walter would no more have left his grass uncut or the edges untrimmed than he would have neglected to shave,” writes Margery, who at this stage in the book is still doing her best

impression of a loyal wife. It is deliberately, aggressively vast, this lawn, and it is only grudgingly that Walter makes space at its edge for a very narrow flowerbed in which Margery is allowed to plant a few perennials so long as they don't encroach on the grass.

So it continues, like a bad sitcom (the fact that it began its life as an article for *Punch* may go some way to explaining this), except that with every chapter Margery seems to grow more confident: No, she was obviously telling herself, Walter's ghost, pale and pugnacious, is really not about to burst in through the French windows. Her courage blooms. She couldn't tell Walter at the time what she thought of him, but she can say whatever the hell she likes now. She attacks his dahlias ("the most flashy collection I have ever seen, only fit for a circus"). She repudiates his paths (since his death she has loosened the cement between the stones with a crowbar). She admits to her deceit in the matter of such things as manure (she used to steal it from around his roses, remembering as she did his oft-repeated comment that "women have no sense of honesty!").

We Made a Garden does contain some advice, if that is what you're after. By the time she wrote it, Margery had become an instinctive and highly original gardener; she knew what she was talking about. But its chief pleasure lies in watching its author emerge from an exhausting, all-consuming relationship—a union in which she was expected to defer to her husband, a man who was never wrong—and become a person in her own right. This is my taste, she says; this is my opinion; and this beautiful garden is my victory. Not only did I beat the seasons, the Somerset clay, and the confusing, unpredictable temperaments of my plants, I overcame Walter's dogged campaign to rein me in, to fetter my unexpected, late-flowering creativity. She describes all this with mounting glee: It rises, like sap. A tiny part of you begins to wonder if she didn't, in the end, bump him off, burying him in the dead of night beneath the nearest holly bush.

What can you suggest 'hellebores' 'epimediums' and 'perennials' are?

Types of disease

Types of insect

Margery's pets

Types of plants

What does the phrase "who haven't a pair of secateurs between them" suggest about Margery and Walter?

That they are newly married

That they are naïve

That they are inexperienced gardeners

That they had to leave the city quickly

What do you think an "ideological battle is"

Long-lasting battle.

A pointless battle

A battle of ideas

A battle that has to be fought.

The word 'Tudorbethan' is a mixture of the words 'Tudor' and 'Elizabethan'. This is an example of a portmanteau. What do you think portmanteau means?

A word that not many people understand.

A made-up word.

A word that is hard to rhyme.

A word that blends two other words together to form a new meaning.

What do you think is the best definition of a 'modernist'?

Someone that doesn't follow tradition.

Someone who is ruthless

Someone who doesn't like plants.

Someone who often tries to change something.

What do you think 'pugnacious' means?

Quick to argue.

Mystical

Insistent

Scary

What do you think 'repudiates' means?

Reinvigorates

Repeats

Rejects

Reply

What do you think 'to fetter' means?

To encourage

To make someone feel small.

To restrict someone's freedom.

To destroy

Margery changes after the death of Walter. Fill out the table below to explain how that change is shown in the biography.

| | |
|---|--|
| Before Walter's death Margery is... | |
| This can be inferred in the quotation... | |
| The language used in this quotation suggests.... | |
| Through the use of.... | |
| After Walter's death Margery is... | |
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| The language used in this quotation suggests.... | |
| Through the use of.... | |

I did know that Damian had done well, though how or why I knew I cannot now remember, for we shared no pals and moved in completely different circles. I must have seen his name on a Sunday Times list or maybe in an article on a financial page. But I don't think, before that evening, I understood quite how well he had done. We sped through the Surrey lanes and it was soon clear, from the trimmed hedging and the pointed walls, from the lawns like billiard tables and the glistening, weeded gravel, that we had entered the Kingdom of the Rich. Here there were no crumbling gate piers, no empty stables and lodges with leaking roofs. This was not a question of tradition and former glory. I was witnessing not the memory but the living presence of money.

I do have some experience of it. As a moderately successful writer, one rubs up against what Nanny would call 'all sorts,' but I can't pretend this Was ever really my crowd. Most of the so-called rich I know are possessed of surviving, not newborn, fortunes, the rich who used to be a good deal richer. But the houses I was passing belonged to the Now Rich, which is different, and for me there is something invigorating in their sense of immediate power. It is peculiar, but even today there is a snobbery in Britain when it comes to new money. The traditional Right might be expected to turn up their noses at it I suppose, but paradoxically, it is often the intellectual Left who advertise their disapproval of the self-made. I do not pretend to understand how this is compatible with a belief in equality of opportunity. Perhaps they do not try to synthesise them, but just live by contradictory impulses, which I suppose we all do to some degree. But if I may have been guilty of such unimaginative thinking in my youth, it is gone from me now. These days I unashamedly admire men and women who have made their pile, just as I admire anyone who looks at the future mapped out for them at birth and is not afraid to tear it up and draw a better one. The self-made have more chance than most of finding a life that truly suits. I salute them for it and I salute their bejewelled world. Of course, on a personal level it was extremely annoying that Damian Baxter should be a part of it.

The house he had chosen as a setting for his splendour was not a fallen nobleman's palace but rather one of those self-consciously moral, Arts and Crafts, rambling warrens that seem to belong in a Disney cartoon and are no more convincing as a symbol of Olde England than they were when Lutyens built them at the turn of the last century. Surrounding it were gardens, terraced, clipped and crisscrossed with trim and tended paths, but seemingly no land beyond that. Damian had not apparently decided to adopt the ancient model of imitation gentry. This was not a manor house, nestling in the warm embrace of farming acres. This was simply the home of a Great Success.

Having said that, while not traditional in an aristocratic sense, the whole thing had quite a 1930s feel, as if it were built with the ill-gotten gains of a First World War profiteer. The Agatha Christie element provided by the chauffeur was continued by the bowing butler at the door and even by a housemaid,

glimpsed on my way to the pale oak staircase, in her black dress and frilly apron, although she seemed perhaps more frivolous, as if I had suddenly been transported to the set of a Gershwin musical. A sense of the odd unreality of the adventure was, if anything, confirmed when I was shown to my room without first having met my host.

There is always a slight whodunnit shiver of danger in this arrangement. A dark-clad servant hovering in the door and muttering 'Please come down to the drawing room when you are ready, Sir,' seems more suited to the reading of a will than a social call. But the room itself was nice enough. It was lined with pale-blue damask, which had also been used to drape the high, four-poster bed. The furniture was stable solid English stuff and a group of Chinoiserie paintings on glass, between the windows, was really charming, even if there was the unmistakable tinge of a Country house hotel, rather than a real country house, about it all, confirmed by the bathroom, which was sensational, with a huge bath, a walk-in shower, shiny taps on tall pipes coming straight up out of the floor, and enormous towels, fluffy and brand new. As we know, this kind of detail is seldom found in private houses in the shires, even today. I tidied myself up and went downstairs.

The drawing room was predictably cavernous, with a vaulted ceiling and those over-springy carpets that have been too recently replaced. Not the shagpile of the minted club owner, nor the flat and ancient rugs of the posh, but smooth and sprung and new. Everything in the room had been purchased within living memory and apparently by a single purchaser. There was none of the ragbag of tastes that country houses are inclined to represent, where the contents of a dozen homes, the amalgamated product of forty amateur collectors over two or three centuries are flung together into a single room. But it was good. In fact, it was excellent, the furniture largely from the early years of the eighteenth century, the pictures rather later, all fine, all shining clean and all in tip-top condition. After the similar experience of my bedroom, I wondered if Damian had employed a buyer, someone whose job was just to put his life together. Either way, there was no very tangible sense of him, or any other personality really, in the room. I wondered about, glancing at the paintings, unsure whether to stand or sit. In truth it felt forlorn, despite its splendour; the burning coals in the grate could not dispel the slightly clammy atmosphere, as if the room had been cleaned but not used for quite a while. And there were no flowers, which I always think a telltale sign; there was nothing living, in fact, giving a staleness to its perfection, a kind of lifeless sterility. I could not imagine what a woman had played much part in its creation, nor, God knows, that a child had played any part at all.

There was a sound at the door. 'My dear chap,' said a voice, still with the slight hesitation, the suspicion of a stammer, that I remembered so well. 'I hope I haven't kept you waiting.'

I want you to look at the structure of this piece of writing. I have broken it up into 5 sections. Fill the graph in below and explain what the main focus is and why the effect that this focus has had on the reader.

| Section | Writer's Focus | Effect on reader |
|--|----------------|------------------|
| <u>The first two paragraphs – underlined</u> | | |
| The next three paragraphs – in bold | | |
| The last two paragraphs | | |

Time travel is real.

There, I've said it. I make no claims, however, for cooking up something with mirrors and static electricity, achieving faster-than-light speed or even for having ironed out those annoying teething problems with the Zigma experiments. Nevertheless, what you hold in your hands is a time machine. A Target Doctor Who book!

Show a copy of any one of these glorious novelisations to people of a certain age and they are transported back to a simpler, cosier age. Some of my memories of them are imprinted with Proustian clarity, like my very own, Time-Lord-flavoured Madeleine cakes. The Three Doctors (white spine) read as I lay tucked up in Dad's Hillman Minx in the car park of Strike's Garden Centre. Watching Chitty Chitty Bang Bang the Saturday night Mam came back from a shopping trip to Leeds, bearing The Auton Invasion (brown spine) in her mittened hand. The genuinely unsettling, hard-edged face of the First Doctor gazing out from the cover of Doctor Who and the Daleks (purple spine) in Binns, Darlington. It became a wonderful ritual, saving pocket money, then deciding which Target book to go for. I devoured them. Not literally. Though I did live in the north and was always hungry.

Faithful to the show they certainly were, but there were things the books — being books could do better. After all, a typewriter can take you anywhere in the universe, not just to a Home Counties quarry. Doomed minor characters were brought out and developed. Alien races developed intriguing back-stories ('They became aware of the lack of love and feeling in their lives and substituted another goal — power!'). Then there was the joy of the house style. The multitude of chapters headed

'Escape to Danger'. The classic description of the TARDIS materialising with a 'wheezing, groaning sound'. The wonderful stock descriptions of the Doctor himself. Hartnell was usually in the 'crotchety old man in a frock coat with long flowing white hair' area, whilst Troughton had 'baggy check trousers and a mop of untidy black hair' with 'a faraway look in his eyes', which were either green/ blue or blue/green and which were 'funny and sad at the same time'. My Doctor, Jon Pertwee, had an 'old/young face', a 'beak' of a nose and 'a mane of prematurely white hair', while the new (!) Doctor, the great Tom Baker, routinely had a 'mop of curly hair', a 'broad-brimmed hat' and a 'long, multi-coloured' scarf which always contributed to a 'casual bohemian elegance'.

What type of creative art do you think Proust produced?

Music

Paintings

Novels

Poems

What do you think the word 'bohemian' means?

Childish

Dark

Unconventional

Scary

The writer of this essay is clearly very passionate about these books. Pick three quotations and explain how you can infer he is a passionate fan of the novels due to the language used.

| Quote | Inference |
|-------|-----------|
| | |
| | |

300 word challenge: Write the opening to an essay about your favourite TV show or film. Use the style the writer has used here. Notice how he doesn't go straight into talking about his passion.

Farewelling an early girl-friend on her Pan Am 707 flight back to America, I stood heavy-hearted as the plane took off, not because she was going without me but because she was going instead. The aircraft looked powerful enough to reach the Moon. The wheels came up, the flaps retracted, and you could see the flexible wings take the weight as the plane went spearing up through the heat-wobble. Imagine how it must feel. Alas, imagine was all I could afford. When I left for England the means of transport was a rusty old ship that took five weeks to get there. Then there were two or three years in London when I scarcely earned enough to catch a no. 27 bus. But eventually I found myself getting airborne, not -- emphatically not because I had become rich, but because air travel was expanding to embrace the poor.

The Sixties were the great age of the charter flight. Before the wide-bodies had ever been invented, mass air travel was already under way. You could get to Milan, for example, for a very small amount of money if you were a student. The planes were ageing Britannias and even older Douglas DC-7Cs belonging to unknown airlines operating from tin sheds at the wind-swept edges of Gatwick or Luton, and most of your fellow students turned out to be ninety-year-old Calabrian peasant women in black clothes carrying plucked chickens. On my first flight I was petrified when we took off, largely because I had made the mistake of looking out of the window at the moment when the pilot arrived by Jeep. He was wearing an eye-patch, walked with a stiff leg and saluted the aircraft with what appeared to be an aluminium hand.

Around his neck the silver brassard of a Polish award for bravery gleamed in the weak sunlight. But in the air I was too busy to be afraid. The ancient dwarf nun in the seat beside me -- one of my fellow students --- had never flown before in her life except when dreaming of the Last Judgment. Her rosary clattered in her gnarled hands like a football fan's rattle and when the plane tilted to avoid the Matterhorn she sang a brief excerpt from a Donizetti aria before being sick into her plastic carrier-bag full of new potatoes. I got the job of holding her hand while the heavily loaded plane crabbed sideways on the wind and hit the runway between the two long lines of gutted old DC-4s which in those days told you that you were landing at Malpensa, Milan's second best airport. At Linate, the first best, we would probably not have been allowed to land even if on fire.

Other early flights were equally hair-raising but somehow I never seemed to mind. There was a way of flying to Paris which involved a long bus-ride from London to a grass-strip airfield terminating at the Kentish cliffs, an even longer bus-ride from the French coast to Paris, and, between the two bus rides, an incredibly short hop across the Channel. The airborne sector of the trip was accomplished in a high-wing twin-engined British airliner whose make I will not specify, lest you take fright and cancel if you ever find yourself booked on one of the few surviving examples. No doubt it is a perfectly good aircraft in normal circumstances, but with a full load including me it took so long to get off the ground on the British side that one felt one might as well have stayed on the bus. Once again I made the mistake of looking out of the window, this time as the aircraft was pitching and yawing over the bumpy grass and dodging at full power between blasé sheep towards the cliff edge. A rabbit popped out of its hole, looked at me, and overtook us.

| | | | |
|--|-------------|---------|---------------|
| What geographical feature can you assume the Matterhorn is? | | | |
| A mountain | The horizon | A river | Clay deposit. |

| | | | |
|--------------------------------------|----------|---------|------------|
| What job does Donizetti have? | | | |
| A composer | A writer | A pilot | An artist. |

| | | | |
|--|-----------------|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| What do you think 'yawing' means? | | | |
| Leaning from side to side | A type of plane | To create a loud noise | An intense feeling of longing. |

| | | | |
|---|--------------------|----------|----------|
| What do you think the best synonym for 'blasé' is? | | | |
| Horned | Unimpressed | Diligent | Ordinary |

The writer of this extract clearly has strong feelings for planes. Pick one quotation to explain how he feels about the planes and explain what it infers to us about the plane or how he feels about them.

| Type of plane | Quotation | Inference |
|----------------|-----------|-----------|
| Pan Am 707 | | |
| Douglas DC-7Cs | | |

The writer uses an informal comic tone throughout this extract. Select a quotation that best shows this and explain how the language used has created an effect on the reader.

For anybody of a carpe diem disposition, Kadeena Cox has just become your heroine-in-chief. As the first British Paralympian for 32 years to win gold medals in two separate sports, she is the face not only of the country's all-conquering team at these Rio Games but of a philosophy that rejects any idea of enslavement by disability. A vibrant, sassy and inexhaustibly optimistic character, she coveted this feat because of a realisation that the chance might never come again.

Two years ago, almost to the day, Cox was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis, a neurological condition often aggravated by exercise and exertion. It seemed at once to spell the end of any athletic career. Except she saw her circumstances, shatteringly altered as they were, rather differently.

Sport, at which she excelled to such an extent that she once trained for the Olympics, would be her route out of a world full of dread and introspection. Today, as she sets out her four Paralympic medals on the table in front of her, she can reflect that she made the correct decision.

"MS is so poorly understood," says Cox, 25, whose knowledge of its progression is enhanced by her studies in physiotherapy. "I change day to day, not year to year, so I've no idea how I will be by the end of another full Olympic cycle. Come Tokyo 2020, I don't know whether I'll even be able to do one sport, let alone two."

She says these words with a remarkable breeziness. Cox lives unapologetically in the moment these days, having added a gold medal in track cycling to her gold, silver and bronze in athletics, an achievement that most coaches warned her was borderline impossible.

Not since 1988, when Isabel Newstead won a discus gold and a shooting bronze in Seoul, has the British Paralympic community produced such a polymath. Even though team-mates Sophie Christiansen, Natasha Baker, Bethany Firth and Dame Sarah Storey left Rio with three golds to her two, Cox was the popular choice to assume flagbearing duties for the closing ceremony at the Maracana, by virtue of her astonishing versatility.

Cox's mother, Jasmin, had been alarmed by the scale of her undertaking here. She had watched Kadeena, the third eldest of her seven children, suffer a stroke just months before the news came through that she had MS. She had kept watch beside her bed in hospital for months afterwards. The size of the Paralympic programme that her daughter pursued in Rio, let alone the success to which it led, defied maternal comprehension.

"She knows what I'm like, she knows that I like to push myself," says Cox, sipping tea on the balcony of British House, a few hours before her triumphant homecoming.

“She was just hoping, with the nature of my condition, that I didn’t push myself too hard and cause myself another relapse. She didn’t want me to make my health any worse than it already is. But ultimately, she just wanted me to be happy.”

Jasmin can rest assured that her girl has never been happier. Especially now that she has turned on her telephone to discover a message of congratulations from JK Rowling on Twitter. “Harry Potter was my childhood book!” she exclaims, excitedly. “It’s crazy. Crazy is my word of the Games.”

Now that Cox has inscribed her name among Paralympic icons, she says that she will switch focus for the months and years ahead to trying to maintain her own well-being. Four Rio medals represent the reward for what she has endured the past two years, with a bombardment of medication required to keep her MS under control.

The day that she was told she had MS is seared upon Cox’s memory. She had first sensed something was wrong when she noticed a peculiar tingling sensation in her leg, which rapidly worsened to leave her incapable of holding a pen or brushing a tooth. “It was an interesting one, because the doctor had worked out what he thought I had and refused to elaborate,” she says. “I had gone through the stroke already, and I had also had a car crash.

When I was taken for an MRI scan, the radiologist said, ‘We are going to put some contrast in’. At that point I thought, ‘Did I fracture something in my neck? Have I got a tumour?’ Everything went through my head, but it didn’t cross my mind for a second that I had MS.

“When they finally broke it to me, I remembered a couple of the neurological placements I had done for my course. I provided home care for a lady who had very severe MS. The thought that this was happening to me, too? It totally freaked me out. I just thought that I wasn’t going to be able to live my life. The notion of being in a wheelchair, needing somebody to look after me constantly, was horrifying.”

Psychologically, the breakthrough came when Cox learnt that there was a possibility she could still run. As one of the fastest able-bodied junior runners hoping to make it to Rio, the prospect of abandoning the sport altogether had been unbearable.

“Once I found this out, I felt somehow, ‘It’s fine’. From that moment on, I decided, ‘MS isn’t going to define me. My life doesn’t revolve around MS, MS revolves around me’.

“Running, you see, has been my big thing for years. I don’t know what I would have done otherwise. I am sure that I would not have recovered anywhere near as well if I had not had this to strive for. It has helped me massively from a physical

perspective, and it has also enabled me to control certain parts of my condition. I would have been a lost girl without my sport.”

The unexpected aspect of Cox’s convalescence was that she could offer as much talent in the velodrome as she did on the athletics track. For months she has been shuttling along the M62 between Leeds and Manchester for training camps, having discovered that cycling was a natural fit for her MS.

It was upon receiving her cycling gold, in the C4/C5 500 metres time trial, that the emotions engulfed Cox. She was so disorientated and exhausted that she had to lean upon one of the British press officers to stand upright for her post-race interviews. “I flashed back through all the work it had taken to get to that point. I was bedridden for two months. To get from there to any form of physical fulfilment, let alone at an elite level ...”

Her voice trails off. “Originally, I had only said I was going to be in Rio. Did I think I would be a medal contender? Probably not.”

It is a quality uniting the pre-eminent Paralympians that they perceive their disability less as a handicap than an opportunity, and Cox is no exception. “Without my condition, I would never have been in this position,” she argues. “I wanted to go to an Olympics, but could I have been a multiple champion in two sports? The chances were very slim. Now, though, I am able to stand as a role model for those who have been diagnosed with chronic illness. A lot of people see it as a death sentence. But it isn’t, really, if you set yourself goals.”

| | | | |
|--|---------------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| ‘Carpe diem’ is a Latin phrase that we still use today. What do you think it means? | | | |
| What will be, will be. | Life is short | First thing’s first. | Seize the day. |

| | | | |
|--|--|---------------------------------|--|
| ‘Polymath’ is a Greek word. What do you think it means? | | | |
| Someone who is naturally talented. | Someone who achieves something whilst still at school. | Someone who is very successful. | Someone who is skilled in many different areas. |

What is Cox's attitude towards the Tokyo Paralympics?**She doesn't know if she will be well enough to compete.**

She doesn't want to go.

She wants to try and compete in both sports.

She wants to focus on just one sport.

What did Cox win gold for in the Rio Paralympics?**Cycling**

Athletics and cycling

Athletics

Neither

**Pick four quotations from which you can infer the kind of person Cox is.
Explain how the language has created that inference:**

| Quote | Inference |
|-------|-----------|
| | |
| | |
| | |
| | |

Since the Channel 4 Paralympics trailer was unveiled last week, the reaction has been almost universally positive. And understandably so. As a film, it is pretty phenomenal. It's witty, slick, doesn't prettify disability, and the music is brilliant. Actually, positive is an understatement: it's been more like a collective gush of joy, with able-bodied people who never tweet about disability showing an extraordinary level of enthusiasm for the advert.

In our household, the response has been a little more conflicted. As a couple, my husband and I fall on either side of a line that divides disabled people into two different groups: those who society approves of, and the rest of us. My husband, James, is an amputee footballer – a “supercrip”. I am not. (I don't think there is an accepted word for my group – “feeblecrips”? “scroungers”?) So I watched the trailer with mixed feelings. On the one hand, I was genuinely happy to see people like the man I love, disabled but fit and talented, shown looking so fabulous; on the other, I felt a creeping sense of dread for me and all the other disabled people in my own (much larger) camp.

I loved the 2012 Paralympics and I'm all for celebrating Paralympians, as visibly disabled and talented people. And I really like that the trailer doesn't stop at sports people but includes musicians, dancers, cereal-eaters and baby-lifters. However, the hashtag used to promote this film is #yesican – the lyrics to the song used. That in itself seems harmless enough. But it's a small lurch from “yes I can” to “there's no such thing as can't”, and sure enough Channel 4 jumped right in on this. On their Twitter account, a pinned tweet reads: “There's no such thing as can't. Introducing our #superhumans trailer. Proud to be the UK Paralympic broadcaster.”

This is one of those supposedly “inspirational” phrases that rubs me up the wrong way, because it is silly, facile and untrue. Because, er, can't IS a thing. It's in the dictionary. It's also a useful word. My daughter “can't” become a mermaid, she also “can't” eat two chocolate cakes for supper. I “can't” stop people I love dying. I also “can't” walk.

We all know that “there's no such word as can't” isn't meant to be taken literally. But if it isn't meant literally, what does it mean? I suppose it's meant to encourage hard work, perseverance and self-belief, which are generally thought to be Good Things for everybody, very much including the able-bodied mainstream, at whom this film is aimed.

So how are we meant to interpret this film? Do we appreciate these extremely talented disabled people doing their thing simply for the spectacle, like when we watch exceptional able-bodied gymnasts, dancers, athletes? No. Channel 4 gives us a message. We are being invited to think “yes I can” too and “there’s no such thing as can’t”. In other words, if they, with their manifestly disabled bodies, are able to achieve these things, then “what’s your excuse?” Able-bodied people are being invited to look and be INSPIRED.

The funny thing is that “no such thing as can’t” doesn’t even fit the narrative that people like my husband live with, never mind the rest of us. I’m willing to bet that almost every person featured in that film comes across things they simply can’t do on a daily basis. Many can’t walk. It may be that some, like me, can’t have a shower without assistance. Isn’t it more likely that for many it is precisely because they have accepted those can’ts that they have become successful? If the wheelchair athletes had spent their disabled lives refusing to accept that they can’t walk, how would they have had the time and energy to develop their skills and become wheelchair athletes?

Living well and happily with a disability is, I’d argue, about accepting the can’ts you have to accept, whether they are imposed by your own body or society, and navigating them in the best way you can. So why, of all the groups in society to apply this silly phrase to, are disabled people chosen again and again?

My husband knows how this ad will affect him. He will attract more interest when he’s kicking a ball about, or cycling with our daughter. People will ask if he’s a Paralympian. Sometimes this can be inconvenient, patronising or even irritating for him, but generally the effect is positive. A narrative is being circulated in society that will afford him approval and admiration. Given he has to put up with being stared at whenever he leaves the house, he’d be mad not to accept and even enjoy this.

But then we come to people like me. The majority. The totally non-inspirational disabled people. What does “no such word as can’t” and “yes I can” mean for me? It means I am a failure. I can’t walk, and I accept that. I can’t function without serious painkillers. I am a wheelchair user but could not be further from the wheelchair jumper in the film – just negotiating a kerb is extremely difficult for me, often impossible. These things already frustrate and confound people. Why can’t I be just a bit more damn inspirational?

And the problem is that the hashtag and the way the advert has been marketed encourages society's frustration with people like me. They legitimise it, by telling able-bodied people that if I just wanted it enough, or was positive enough, I could be one of those shiny talented people too.

My fear is that creating a view of disabled people as magical creatures who might look impaired but actually – ta dah! – are as capable as anyone else, if not more so (#superhumans), means that the general public will find the vast majority of disabled people, with our pain, weakness and fatigue, even more frustrating and confounding than they already do.

| What do you think 'facile' means? | | | |
|--|------|------------|------|
| Over-simplified | Rude | Unoriginal | Ugly |

The writer describes her feelings regarding this advert as conflicted. Find two quotations that describe her negative feelings towards the advert and two that describe her positive feelings and explain how the language has been used to create that effect.

Positive

| Quotation | How language has been used |
|-----------|----------------------------|
| | |
| | |

Negative

| Quotation | How language has been used |
|-----------|----------------------------|
| | |
| | |

200 word challenge: Lucy Catchpole's newspaper article reacts to the Channel 4 advert. I want you to react to Lucy Catchpole's article in a similar way. You can either agree or disagree with her viewpoint.

A NEW BREED OF 'WEALTH THERAPISTS' IS HERE TO HELP THE SUPER RICH

Lonely, troubled by guilt and loathed by Occupy activists – it can be tough being one of the 1 per cent

Imagine, for a moment, that you are a member of the super-rich, one of the fabled 1 per cent, that exclusive club that has more money than the rest of us put together. Lucky you. You exist on a plane where whim is the reason you get out of bed each morning: the purchase of a tropical island, the acquisition of more gold taps for your bathroom. Your wardrobe – which is walk-in, naturally – might even boast more Jimmy Choos than Victoria Beckham's (also walk-in). The 99 per cent languish beneath you in perpetual soft-focused toil and struggle, and life is good, right?

Wrong. In 2015, you, hypothetical moneybags, have been bestowed with a conscience, and your bank balance is starting to feel like a burden. You need help. (You can afford it.) Your condition even has its own name now: wealth fatigue syndrome. And there are an increasing number of specialist therapists on hand to help, and from whom you will receive what you likely won't from the rest of society: a sympathetic ear.

“The media's idea of the 1 per cent is people that go out all the time and party, and buy cars, and keep spending,” says Jamie Traeger-Muney, an American psychologist practising in Israel, and the founder of the Wealth Legacy Group, which aims to help the wealthy “lead a rich life”. “But my clients have more sense of conflict over their wealth. They feel lucky and privileged, yes, but they also have unique problems to deal with, and my work is to make them feel

more comfortable with their status, to help them see what positive changes they can make in their lives.”

Many such millionaires, she suggests, struggle with the safety nets into which they were born – and statistics show that most were indeed born into wealth; few make it themselves. They often go to great lengths to conceal their fortune in social circles in an attempt to pass themselves off as “normal”. “There is a lot of secrecy around wealth, especially with friends,” she says, suggesting that many are scared to “come out” if they are the kind of person that cannot just foot the bill in any restaurant they visit, but buy the restaurant, too.

In New York, a therapist called Clay Cockrell has a growing speciality in the problems of the über wealthy. His clients range from those with a couple of million in the bank, to those that could buy France, and still have change for Belgium. What unifies them, he says, “is a certain amount of guilt about it. And they often face very serious problems: isolation, a lack of motivation” – the very problems revealed by the billionaire Minecraft designer Markus Persson in a series of tweets last summer. Another problem, says Cockrell, is how to raise children in such an environment. One need only look at the world of celebrity – hello Justin Bieber – to see that living within a world of perpetual whim and privilege is no guarantee for perpetual happiness. “It is natural for parents to want to protect their children and to not have hardships, but they forget that struggle builds character and gives you perseverance, grit, determination. When they don't have that, they become spoilt.”

So what is the solution? Bill Gates would suggest excessive philanthropy, while many a hip-hop impresario seems quite happy building entertainment empires and funding youth projects. But still there is struggle. Mo' money, as the sage put it (specifically, in this case, Biggie Smalls), mo' problems.

“In the past 50 years, we have gone from spending almost all of our income on food and shelter, to having all this extra money to do all

sorts of things with,” says Dr Bernard Burchell, a reader at the University of Cambridge's sociology department. And so while our knee-jerk reaction is to resent the rich, we also desperately covet their fortunes.

“Money equates to status,” Dr Burchell adds, “which is why we get so concerned about our pay rises each year, especially when our colleagues might get a little more than us. It's a subject that endlessly obsesses us.”

And so we will continue to demonise the 1 per cent, which is easy – and, whisper it, fun – to do as long as we keep two-dimensionalising them. But as Jamie Traeger-Muney points out, the rich are people, too.

“This isn't a request to the world to please, boo-hoo, feel sorry for the wealthy,” she says. “Therapy is just a way to provide a safe place for them to have a conversation to help them figure things out. And at the end of the day, we all deserve that, right?”

| What do you think 'languish' means? | | | |
|--|------|------|-------------------------------------|
| Struggle to speak | Walk | Swim | Live in miserable conditions |

| What do you think 'toil' means? | | | |
|--|--------|------------|-------|
| Hard work | Detail | Conditions | Light |

**You are used to the word 'uber' being used for a company.
What does 'uber' mean in this article?**

Positive

Quick

Extravagant

Extremely

What does the phrase 'perpetual whim' mean?

**Continual
desire to
change your
mind**

Continual
extravagance

Delayed
indecision

Continual
happiness

What word is synonymous with 'philanthropy'?

Harshness

Economy

Brutality

Charity

What do you think 'covet means?

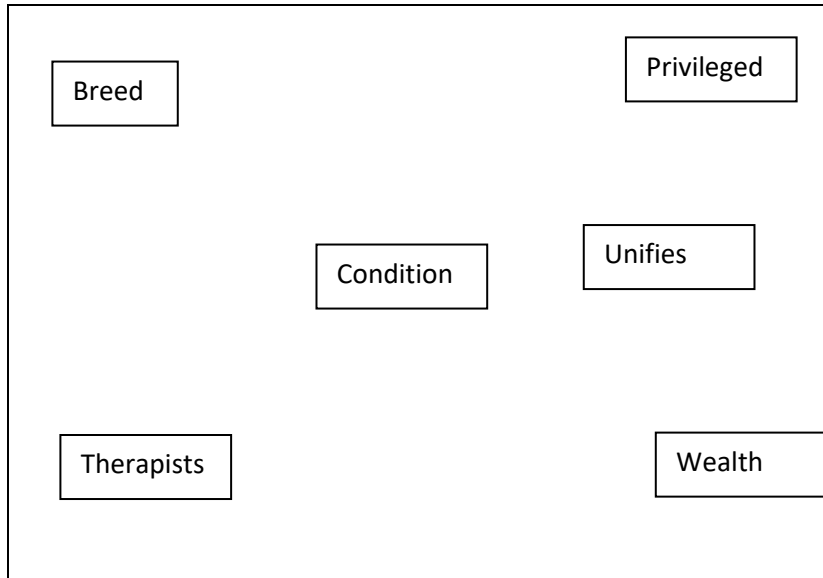
To be honest
with someone
about
something
personal.

To write to
someone

**To wish to
have
something
that belongs
to someone
else**

To win

All of the word below appears in the article but which of them fit into the sentences below best.



1. Sometimes being bored can _____ creativity
2. In many ways, I have had a _____ life.
3. He had a _____ of experience and a straightforward attitude.

What tone does the writer of this article use? Pick a quote that best proves your point and explain how the writer's use of language has created that effect.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate -- we can not consecrate -- we can not hallow -- this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us -- that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion -- that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain -- that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom -- and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

| What connotations do the words 'consecrate' and 'hallow' have? | | | |
|--|---------|---------|------------------|
| Negative | Festive | Musical | Religious |

| What was the desired effect of using the connotation you suggested above? | | | |
|---|---|---|-------------------------------------|
| So that the people listening would think about what he was saying. | So that the people listening would understand better. | To make the place sound important. | To make the people listening happy. |

This extract is from a speech but contains features from many different purposes of writing.

Fill the table out below finding a quotation for each of the suggested purposes and explaining how language has been used for that purpose.

| Purpose | Quotation | How language has been used |
|-------------|-----------|----------------------------|
| To advise | | |
| To instruct | | |
| To describe | | |
| To persuade | | |

300 word challenge: This speech, known as the Gettysburg address, was delivered by Abraham Lincoln in 1863. In it he sets out his belief that the Civil War was a struggle that was worthwhile because it led to human equality.

Write the introduction about something that you consider to be unequal and how we need to work in order to improve it. You could write about inequality of wealth, inequality between countries or inequality between genders....or select something of your own.

Rooks build their untidy-looking nests of twigs in a series of strata on top of the previous year's structure, as storks do. (Look at any archaeological dig in, say, the City of London, and you'll realise that we do the same.) They choose live, pliable twigs and must weave them well to stand up to the winter storms, lining the nest with leaves, grass, even some clay, hair or wool. With twigs, as with food, rooks are prone of envy, and not above stealing from one another, as people do from building sites. After five or six years of layering, the structure grows top-heavy and may at last tumble down in a gale, a useful find for a cottager in need for dry kindling. I counted eighteen nests in the clump of ashes above me, but I know an oak tree near where I live with over thirty nests in it.

"The parent birds soared off in sallies of flight accompanied by crescendos of cawing, returning with breakfast for the fledglings, who expressed their satisfaction in half-choked high-pitched mewling. Each time they landed, the rooks fanned their tails in greeting: gesture is an important part of their language. A good deal of the rooks' circling, gliding flight seemed to be nothing other than joyful orisons with no apparent destination in the fields. [They have been seen] flinging themselves into a strong wind and somersaulting wildly upward, then diving straight down again towards the wood like bungee jumpers, checking their swoop just in time with a tilt of a wing to glide far away across the valley towards the church on the far hill. Rooks like to fly high, and sometimes, when they arrive directly over the rookery at a great height, they will fold one wing flat against their body and execute a breathtaking perpendicular dive so fast it is audible, twisting at the last moment to land in the tree. This is called 'shooting the rook'.

The more they flew, the more noise the rooks made. Whether you can call it a melody is the question I lay pondering. Gilbert white goes so far as to say 'rooks, in the breeding season Attempt sometimes, in the gaiety of their hearts, to sing, but with no great success.' most of the old bird books attempt some version of 'rude harmony', 'sweet thunder' or 'musical discord', But I prefer to think of their utterances as conversations, or the roughest of folk song. Rooks speak in the strongest of country burrs. they are rasping, leathery, parched, raucous, hoarse, strangled, deep throated, brawling, plaintive, never reticent and, like all good yokels, incomprehensible. No doubt you could play a dead Rook like a bagpipe, all drone and no melody. If you found yourself across the fields from a Somerset pub late at night at cider pressing time, you might hear something like a Rookery.

| | | | |
|--|-------------------|-------------|---------------|
| What do you think 'strata' means? | | | |
| Branches | Wooden structures | Generations | Layers |

| | | | |
|--|-------|---------------|------------|
| What can you infer 'pliable' means? | | | |
| Flexible | Stiff | Easy to reach | Dark brown |

| | | | |
|---|---------|---------------|------|
| The word 'sallies' describes a type of movement. Which of these words do you think BEST describes the quality of the movement? | | | |
| Uninhibited | Precise | Sudden | Slow |

| | | | |
|--|--------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| What do you think the word 'crescendo' means? | | | |
| Gradual increase of noise | Sudden increase of noise | Gradual increase of movement | Sudden increase of movement |

| | | | |
|---|-------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| The word 'mewling' describes a type of noise. Which of these words do you think BEST describes the quality of the sound? | | | |
| Abrupt and natural | Sympathetic and hideous | Feeble and continuous | Swift and involuntary |

Which one of these words best describes the bird's 'orisons'?

| | | | |
|-------|---------------------|---------|--------|
| Quick | Unmethodical | Gradual | Secret |
|-------|---------------------|---------|--------|

Which of these definitions of Maths terminology matches the word 'perpendicular'?

| | | | |
|---|--|--|-----------------------------------|
| A straight line that just touches a point on a curve. | To turn something using its central point. | To move a shape from one position to another | At an angle of 90 degrees. |
|---|--|--|-----------------------------------|

What do you think 'raucous' means?

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------|-------------------|----------------------|
| Unpleasantly loud | Faintly rasping | Mournfully solemn | Strangely mysterious |
|--------------------------|-----------------|-------------------|----------------------|

What do you think 'plaintive' means?

| | | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| Small or insubstantial | Sad or mournful | Sorrowful and deep | Muffled and heavy. |
|------------------------|------------------------|--------------------|--------------------|

What do you think 'reticent' means?

| | | | |
|---------|-------|------|-----------------|
| Ignored | Found | Rude | Discreet |
|---------|-------|------|-----------------|

'Yokels' is a derogatory word for people from the country. What do you think 'derogatory' means?

| | | | |
|---------|----------|--------|----------------------|
| Teasing | Official | Formal | Disrespectful |
|---------|----------|--------|----------------------|

Which of these definitions of the word 'drone' best suits its use in this extract?

A male bee

A constant low noise

A type of aircraft without a pilot

Someone who doesn't think for themselves.

Despite the fact that this is a non-fiction text, the extract contains a number of descriptive writing techniques. Select a quotation that you think is descriptive and analyse how the writer has used description to create an effect.

100 word challenge: The writer of this essay has taken the rook and describe it in its natural environment. Select an animal of your own and describe it in a similar fashion. Nothing needs to happen as it is an essay rather than a story. You may borrow as many stylistic techniques as you wish from the extract.

Here is a golden Rule to begin with. Write legibly. The average temper of the human race would be perceptibly sweetened, if everybody obeyed this Rule! A great deal of the bad writing in the world comes simply from writing too quickly. Of course you reply, 'I do it to save time.' A very good object, no doubt: but what right have you to do it at your friend's expense? Isn't his time as valuable as yours? Years ago, I used to receive letters from a friend— and very interesting letters too—written in one of the most atrocious hands ever invented. It generally took me about a week to read one of his letters. I used to carry it about in my pocket, and take it out at leisure times, to puzzle over the riddles which composed it—holding it in different positions, and at different distances, till at last the meaning of some hopeless scrawl would flash upon me, when I at once wrote down the English under it; and, when several had been thus guessed, the context would help one with the others, till at last the whole series of hieroglyphics was deciphered. If all one's friends wrote like that, Life would be entirely spent in reading their letters!

This Rule applies, specially, to names of people or places—and most specially to foreign names. I got a letter once, containing some Russian names, written in the same hasty scramble in which people often write 'yours sincerely.' The context, of course, didn't help in the least: and one spelling was just as likely as another, so far as I knew: it was necessary to write and tell my friend that I couldn't read any of them!

My second Rule is, don't fill more than a page and a half with apologies for not having written sooner!

The best subject, to begin with, is your friend's last letter. Write with the letter open before you. Answer his questions, and make any remarks his letter suggests. Then go on to what you want to say yourself. This arrangement is more courteous, and pleasanter for the reader, than to fill the letter with your own invaluable remarks, and then hastily answer your friend's questions in a postscript. Your friend is much more likely to enjoy your wit, after his own anxiety for information has been satisfied.

In referring to anything your friend has said in his letter, it is best to quote the exact words, and not to give a summary of them in your words. A's impression, of what B has said, expressed in A's words, will never convey to B the meaning of his own words.

This is specially necessary when some point has arisen as to which the two correspondents do not quite agree. There ought to be no opening for such writing as 'You are quite mistaken in thinking I said so-and-so. It was not in the least my meaning, etc., etc.', which tends to make a correspondence last for a lifetime.

A few more Rules may fitly be given here, for correspondence that has unfortunately become controversial.

One is, don't repeat yourself. When once you have said your say, fully and clearly, on a certain point, and have failed to convince your friend, drop that subject: to repeat your arguments, all over again, will simply

lead to his doing the same; and so you will go on, like a Circulating Decimal. Did you ever know a Circulating Decimal come to an end?

Another Rule is, when you have written a letter that you feel may possibly irritate your friend, however necessary you may have felt it to so express yourself, put it aside till the next day. Then read it over again, and fancy it addressed to yourself. This will often lead to your writing it all over again, taking out a lot of the vinegar and pepper, and putting in honey instead, and thus making a much more palatable dish of it! If, when you have done your best to write inoffensively, you still feel that it will probably lead to further controversy, keep a copy of it. There is very little use, months afterwards, in pleading 'I am almost sure I never expressed myself as you say: to the best of my recollection I said so-and-so.' Far better to be able to write 'I did not express myself so: these are the words I used.'

My fifth Rule is, if your friend makes a severe remark, either leave it unnoticed, or make your reply distinctly less severe: and if he makes a friendly remark, tending towards 'making up' the little difference that has arisen between you, let your reply be distinctly more friendly. If, in picking a quarrel, each party declined to go more than three-eighths of the way, and if, in making friends, each was ready to go five-eighths of the way—why, there would be more reconciliations than quarrels!

My sixth Rule (and my last remark about controversial correspondence) is, don't try to have the last word! How many a controversy would be nipped in the bud, if each was anxious to let the other have the last word! Never

mind how telling a rejoinder you leave unuttered: never mind your friend's supposing that you are silent from lack of anything to say: let the thing drop, as soon as it is possible without discourtesy: remember 'speech is silvern, but silence is golden'! (N.B. — If you are a gentleman, and your friend a lady, this Rule is superfluous: you won't get the last word!)

By referring to writing as 'hieroglyphics' what is the writer trying to suggest?

| | | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| That it is hard to read | That it is sacred | That it is carved | That it is old. |
|--------------------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-----------------|

Which of these definitions of the word 'severe' best suits it's use in the extract?

| | | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Strict or harsh | A very great pain | Extreme or difficult | Not kind or showing any sympathy. |
|------------------------|-------------------|----------------------|-----------------------------------|

What do you think 'reconciliations' means?

| | | | |
|---------------------------|------------------|---------------------------|---|
| To make something concave | To end something | To make something shorter | The restoring of friendly relations. |
|---------------------------|------------------|---------------------------|---|

What do you think 'superfluous' means?

| | | | |
|---------|------------|----------|--------------------|
| Melodic | Very runny | Very ill | Unnecessary |
|---------|------------|----------|--------------------|

This is an advisory piece of writing. Pick a quotation that best shows this and explain how the use of language has created that effect.

200 word challenge: This extract is an advice essay from 1888 on how to write letters.

I now want you to write an updated version of this about writing an email. I want you to imagine you are writing it for a blog for people of your own age.

Let's blow their little minds. A mind is not blown, in spite of whatever Hollywood seems to teach, merely by action sequences, things exploding; thrilling planetscapes, wild bursts of speed. Those are all good things; but a mind is blown when something that you always feared but knew to be impossible turns out to be true; when the world turns out to be far Vaster, far more marvellous or malevolent than you ever dreamed...

So much for my principles: here is my concrete suggestion. If it seems a little obvious, or has already been tried and failed, then I apologize. But I cannot help noticing that in the world of children's literature, an overwhelming preponderance of stories are stories about children. The same is true of films for children: the central characters are nearly always a child, or a pair or group of children. Comic books, however, even those theoretically aimed at children, are almost always about adults or teenagers. Doesn't that strike you as odd? I suggest that a publisher should try putting out a truly thrilling, honestly observed and remembered, richly imagined, involved and yet narratively straightforward comic book for children, about children.

My oldest son is ten now, and he likes comic books. In 1943, if you were a ten-year-old, you probably knew a dozen other kids your age who were into Captain Marvel and the Submariner and the Blue Beetle. When I was ten, in 1973, I knew three or four. But in his class, in his world, my son is all but unique; he's the only one he knows who reads them, studies them, seeks to master and be worthy of all the rapture and strangeness they still contain. Now, comic books are so important to me — I have thought, talked, and written about them so much — that if my son did not in fact like them, I think he would be obliged to loathe them. I have pretty much forced comics on my children. But those of us who grew up loving comic books can't afford to take this handcrafted, one-kid-at-a-time approach anymore. We have to sweep them up and carry them off on the flying carpets of story and pictures on which we ourselves, in entire generations, were borne aloft [...]; we who make comics have a solemn debt to pass it on, to weave bright carpets of our own. It's our duty, it's our opportunity, and I really do believe it will be our pleasure.

What does 'malevolent' mean?

Supernatural

Musical

**Wanting to
cause harm.**

Magnificent

What does 'preponderance' mean?

Best example of
something

Largest part

Smallest part

Overview

Who read Captain Marvel?

The writer's
son

The writer

The writer's
school friends

The writer's
son's friends.

Who likes comic books?

**Both the father
and the son**

The son

The father

Neither

200 word challenge: Write an introduction to an essay about something you are passionate about. Use the style the writer has used here. Don't just start in by saying:

"I like football because..."

The King and Queen entered the Royal Box here today a few moments too late to see one of the finest races so far in the London Olympic Games. They missed seeing F Blankers-Koen (Holland) pressed so hotly to the last inch of the women's 80 metres hurdles by both M Gardner (Great Britain) and SB Strickland (Australia) that though she won in a new world and Olympic record time of 11.2sec, Gardner was so close that they both returned the same time and Strickland was barely a yard away.

Blankers-Koen is easily the outstanding all-round woman athlete of her day. Off the track she is as feminine as man's capricious heart could wish. On it not only is she as expert technically as most men champions but her actual foot and leg movements are straight like a man's rather than a woman's and temperamentally she is a lesson to all. She is cheerful before going to her mark, is as steady as a rock on it and then starts as though she herself had been fired.

In today's final Gardner was at her best and much cooler than yesterday. She actually had the better of the start and led over the first hurdle. At the seventh flight, however, the Dutch woman was a yard ahead and Strickland was coming with a great rush. Gardner was quicker away again on the run-in, gained on both and left many of the spectators in delicious half-belief in a British victory.

| What do you think 'capricious' means? | | | |
|--|------------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| To be graceful | To be attracted to something | To choose to ignore something | To change your mind suddenly |

| What do you think 'temperamentally' means? | | | |
|---|-------------------------|---------|-------------|
| Someone's attitude to life | When you think about it | Angrily | Potentially |

What can you infer to be “pressed so hotly” means?

Despite the crowd’s anger

Very closely

Even though it was sunny

A surprise victory

What does the simile “starts as though she herself had been fired” suggest about how Blankers-Koen starts races?

Methodically

Accurately

Quickly

Dangerously

This newspaper article was written in 1948. Pick a quote that suggests that it was written in a time when there was a greater gap between men and women. Explain how the language used creates that effect.

| |
|--|
| |
|--|

200 word challenge: Pick a female sportsperson and write the opening to a newspaper article which both shares their greatest achievement and explains what kind of person they are. You may wish to research the most recent Olympic Games for inspiration.

My first chance for self-expression came when four of us shared a flat in Earl's Court in the first half of the Sixties. Since I was salaried at £8 a week before tax, there was not much boodle over to make the home Ideal. I shared with three other open-handed clutter addicts, however, and in no time we had chambers fascinating enough to rival the British Museum. Our skilfully exhibited possessions included an ostrich egg, tin advertising signs, an old-fashioned camera, peacock feathers, long patterned pieces of cloth and a set of brass scales.

Readers growing restless will want to know our contacts, our sources. Nothing fell off the back of a lorry, although some things looked as though they had, and as

though the lorry had been travelling at some speed when they did. We visited junk shops and street markets, of course, but the sight to raise blood pressure (be still, my beating heart) was a hand-drawn notice reading 'Jumble Sale Church Room Today'.

You see, in a street market the laser-eyed dealers are about; they will have snapped up the aces before you have stumbled from your bed, and re-priced them and put them into ritzy curio boutiques (but I once won a Tiffany lampshade in oyster-coloured glass, some beads missing, for £4 in Brick Lane). In a jumble sale you have only the organisers to outwit; if they don't know their onions they will sell them to you for peanuts.

Example given: a straining grey November afternoon near Chelmsford, a charity jumble sale, jolly few people about; my fingers sifting in the old cardboard box full of broken jewellery; suddenly I am holding a dirty pink and black brooch marked 3p ('It's only plastic, dear'); my eyelids slam down over my eyes in case she sees the pound sign pinging up like a cash register; I give her 10p (it is a charity) and I own a perfect eighty-year-old cameo, palest cream and shell pink, set in solid silver. In the same sale, an excellent dinner jacket and trousers for Q. It was only when I got them home that I saw that they must have belonged to Fat Daniel Lambert [...] So it's swings and roundabouts and which gambler could resist it?

At a good jumble sale, there will be a trestle table groaning with home-made cakes and pots of elderberry and rhubarb jelly, cheese straws and shortcake and stoneground, husk-whiskered, underfelt biscuits. There will usually be a fruit cake of immense proportions whose leaden weight you are invited to guess. This stall empties the quickest, so many people visit it first. Then there is a Soft counter selling peg-bags, small cushions, shoe-bags, cloth dolls, knitting-bags, aprons and bags. These, as they are all clean and new, are good Christmas presents as they can be received, kept in a drawer and sent off to another sale next year. Some bags have been doing the rounds for many years and have forgotten their original purpose. There is a Bottle stall where you will fix your eyes on a bottle of whisky and win some tomato ketchup or a dandruff shampoo. There is a Tombola, where you will win nothing. Then, on table after table, rack upon rail, the jumble itself.

There are several views on how it should be displayed. Some feel happiest when it is all thrown together, like a Russian salad: I prefer books here, records there, bric-a-brac further along, but I have a suspicion that if it is too well-sorted laser-vision will have had a look in. Taken from their natural surroundings, each object assumes an

incandescent desirability. Decide swiftly: don't ponder and wander on, for it will be gone when you return. I remember that the good-natured punters are in fact grasping fanatics, as untrustworthy as a short spit. Only when the fever is dying and the pocket is empty can you afford to be magnanimous ('Oh, that's lovely, well done, what a find, pity about the stain'). Drained, you take a cup of tea in a thick china mug. Such a feeling of achievement swarms over as you have never felt before (since the last time). Later, you will pore and gloat over your booty, polishing and washing and boasting.

I am sometimes asked to officiate at charity jumble sales or fêtes, or Fayres as they're occasionally called. I warn them with quiet insistence that I will not be making a speech, no, cannot be persuaded. Two reasons (which I do not give) are these: first, I am awful at public speaking; and second, and far more important, once when I did attempt a few words ('Great pleasure . . . worthy cause . . . blah . . . do spend . . .'), I saw at the far end of the hall a stout, tweed-coated woman had jumped the gun and was negotiating in whispers over the price of a Coalport tureen. So now, barely pausing by the microphone to shout, 'Good afternoon, it's open,' I hurl myself, elbows out, into the crowd of human locusts.

| | | | |
|--|------|--------|--------------|
| 'Boodle' is a term for what...? | | | |
| Space | Time | Effort | Money |

| | | | |
|---|----------|------------------------|---------------|
| 'Boodle' and 'Booty' are both examples of... | | | |
| A caesura | A cliché | A colloquialism | A connotation |

| | | | |
|--|----------------|--------|-----------|
| What do you think 'incandescent' means? | | | |
| Unstoppable | Glowing | Hidden | Dangerous |

What do you think being 'magnanimous' means?

Wealthy and influential

Important and well known

Attractive and charming

Generous and forgiving.

Which one of these definitions of 'pore' is the correct one for this context?

To reflect or meditate

To look over in detail

A small opening

Read or study attentively

What do you think 'gloat' means?

To think about your own successes with unkind pleasure.

To think about other people's successes and resent them for it.

To think about other people's successes unkindly

To think about your own successes whilst feeling guilty.

Which one of these quotations best suggest that the writer's flatmates and her were all alike?

"Our skilfully exhibited possessions included an ostrich egg..."

"We had chambers fascinating enough to rival the British Museum"

"Readers growing restless will want to know our contacts, our sources."

"I shared with three other open-handed clutter addicts."

Which word from the quotation you selected above is the most effective. Explain how the language used is powerful?

300 word challenge: In this magazine article the writer has taken something boring – shopping – and made it sound interesting.

Take an everyday activity and make it sound interesting in the same way that the writer has one here. If you want to do modern day shopping, you can. Try and imitate her style and technique use.

Sir,

The criticisms which have appeared in the correspondence on 'Modern Youth' have been on the severe side, though undoubtedly all that has been said must be acknowledged as embodying truth, but there is one aspect of the conduct of young people to which full justice has not been given, and that is the relationship between modern youth and old age. The graciousness of present-day youth to old age stands out as a remarkable contrast to the stilted respect of half a century ago. Affection was none the less true and sincere, no doubt, though we always addressed our fathers and grandsires as 'Sir,' and always rose when they entered the room where we were; but I do not recall my own relationship with the elders as being what I can speak of as quite natural and at ease.

Today it is much different. A while ago I happened to be present at a point-to-point hunt meeting, the first I had attended since my youth, but I could not help noticing the delightful and friendly way in which the young men and women came and chatted to me and to other old fogeys who were there, talking quite naturally about the events, the horses and the riders and even confiding their 'backings'. It was very different half a century ago. The same kindness runs through all classes. On a wild stormy night during the past winter I had occasion on a Sunday night to take the service in an outlying district church two miles from my house. Two young collier lads insisted on walking home with me a long distance out of their way 'because it was not fit for an old gentleman to go alone on a night like that,' and they came in the soaking rain, though one of them had to change and go to work that night.

I grant the young people often startle me, and I sometimes wonder! but their kindness, their openness and their gracious consideration of age make me feel they are the most lovable youth of all time. It is the same with the young children. We are told they are independent and wilful and undisciplined, but there is a wonderful charm in their quite natural absence of 'awe' for the old people. In passing along one of the streets in our mining village, I was hailed and conducted into the backyard of a cottage home, a chair was brought from the cottage, and I witnessed a children's performance -- 'Little Red Riding Hood,' a fairy dance, a recitation and several songs. The dresses were made by the children of coloured crinkly paper and various homely devices which included old curtains and door-mats. The yard was full of children as spectators with a few collier lads. It was a priceless show, and had taken most of the Easter week holiday to prepare. There was no shyness and the stage manageress

explained to me all details. The matter of note is that a lot of children should care to bring in an old gentleman and seemingly like to have him there just as one of themselves.

With all the difficulties which youth presents in these days (and, my word, they are real difficulties) at least let it be chronicled there never was a time when the young were more gracious to the old.

Yours. &c..

E. F.

| What does the word graciousness mean? | | | |
|--|---------------------------|------------------------|------------------------------------|
| A muscle in the thigh | Doing something together. | Doing something slowly | Pleasantness and Generosity |

| What modern word is grandsires most similar to? | | | |
|--|----------|---------------------|---------|
| Bosses | Teachers | Grandfathers | Mothers |

What impresses the writer the most about the attitude of the young men and women?

| | | | |
|--|-----------------------------|--------------------|--------------------------|
| They are generous because they share who they think is going to win the race. | He thinks they are natural. | They talk to them. | They called them fogeys. |
|--|-----------------------------|--------------------|--------------------------|

What word best describes the "two young collier lads"?

| | | | |
|-------|----------|-----------------|---------|
| Tired | Forceful | Generous | Patient |
|-------|----------|-----------------|---------|

Which group of people do other people describe as being maverick, headstrong, and misbehaved but the writer considers charming?

| | | |
|------------|-----------------------|------------------|
| Old People | Young Children | The collier lads |
|------------|-----------------------|------------------|

The phrase 'In passing along one of the streets in our mining village, I was hailed and conducted into the backyard of a cottage home, a chair was brought from the cottage, and I witnessed a children's performance -- 'Little Red Riding Hood,' a fairy dance, a recitation and several songs.' suggests:

| | | |
|---------------------------|--|--|
| The children are forceful | The man is charmed by the children. | The man is forced to do things he doesn't want to. |
|---------------------------|--|--|

One word has been deliberately misspelled in the sentence 'The matter of note is that a lot of children should care to bring in an old gentleman and seemingly like to have him there just as one of themselves.' Which is it?

| | | |
|------|------------|------------------|
| Note | Themselves | Seemingly |
|------|------------|------------------|

Which of these is the plural form of 'this'?

| | |
|--------------|-------|
| These | Those |
|--------------|-------|

Which of these is the plural form of 'that'?

| | |
|-------|--------------|
| These | Those |
|-------|--------------|

This letter is written formally. Pick one quote and explain how the language is formal.

100 word challenge: Write the opening to a blog where you give your point of view on how adults need to change their manner towards children.

NEIL ARMSTRONG: The most dramatic recollections I had were the sights themselves. Of all the spectacular views we had, the most impressive to me was on the way to the Moon, when we flew through its shadow. We were still thousands of miles away, but close enough, so that the Moon almost filled our circular window. It was eclipsing the Sun, from our position, and the corona of the Sun was visible around the limb of the Moon as a gigantic lens-shaped or saucer-shaped light, stretching out to several lunar diameters. It was magnificent, but the Moon was even more so. We were in its shadow, so there was no part of it illuminated by the Sun. It was illuminated only by earthshine. It made the Moon appear blue-grey, and the entire scene looked decidedly three-dimensional.

I was really aware, visually aware, that the Moon was in fact a sphere not a disc. It seemed almost as if it were showing us its roundness, its similarity in shape to our Earth, in a sort of welcome. I was sure it would be a hospitable host. It had been awaiting its first visitors for a long time...

[After touchdown] The sky is black, you know. It's a very dark sky. But it still seemed more like daylight rather than darkness as we looked out the window. It's a peculiar thing, but the surface looked very warm and inviting. It was the sort of situation in which you felt like going out here in nothing but a swimming suit to get a little sun. From the cockpit, the surface seemed to be tan. It's hard to account for that, because later when I held this material in my hand, it wasn't tan at all. It was black, grey and so on. It's some kind of lighting effect, but out the window the surface looks much more light desert sand than black sand...

EDWIN E. ALDRIN [on the moon]: The blue colour of my boot has completely disappeared now into this – still don't know exactly what colour to describe this other than greyish-cocoa colour. It appears to be covering most of the lighter part of my boot...very fine particles...

[Later] The Moon was a very natural and pleasant environment in which to work. It had many of the advantages of zero gravity, but it was in a sense less lonesome than Zero G, where you always have to pay attention to securing attachment points to give you some means of leverage. In onesixth gravity, on the Moon, you had a distinct feeling of being somewhere...As we deployed our experiments on the surface we had to jettison things like lanyards, retaining fasteners, etc., and some of these we tossed away. The objects would go away with a slow, lazy motion. If anyone tried to throw a baseball back and forth in that atmosphere he would have difficulty, at first, acclimatizing himself to that slow, lazy trajectory; but I believe he could adapt to it quite readily...

Odour is very subjective, but to me there was a distinct smell to the lunar material – pungent like gunpowder. We carted a fair amount of lunar dust back inside the vehicle with us, either on our suits and boots or on the conveyor system we used to get boxes and equipment back inside. We did notice the odour right away.

Extended writing task: These accounts are very impersonal. Rewrite the events in a descriptive way. It can either be first or second person.

Describing my typical writing day would be a lot easier if I actually had one. Whenever I'm asked what hours I work, I explain that I 'aim for nine to five and miss'. The degree to which I miss varies wildly.

This isn't a deliberate strategy. I have great respect for authors who keep to a rigid schedule, and turn out the same number of words each day. (One such writer has promised that, after their demise, I can eat their brain in the hope of gaining this particular superpower.)

For the little it's worth, here's the blueprint for my writing day: I rise early, gallop enthusiastically to the gym, return to clear all outstanding emails, then work diligently until evening, at which point I clock off, sleekly complacent with the progress I have made.

Most actual days bear no resemblance to this whatsoever. When my partner's alarm goes off in the morning, I drag myself out of bed, with all the grace and good humour of a lobefin hauling itself over jagged shingle. I appear to be naturally nocturnal, but I try very hard to stay diurnal, so that I can interact with the adult world in a vaguely useful fashion.

Sometimes I have to fling on clothes and rush straight out. For a breed of introverts, writers seem to spend a lot of time appearing on panels, being interviewed, making keynote speeches and even stammering answers on radio or TV. It's a life full of strange contrasts. One day I'm standing on a stage in front of a whole school or a literary festival crowd, the next I'm alone in my kitchen, laying out a Post-it note timeline for my story, and shouting at it when it doesn't work.

Even when I'm at home all day, my productivity varies wildly. If I have a muse, she apparently has to be bribed with heart-juddering quantities of caffeine, then bludgeoned with deadlines. Writers' groups keep me relatively honest — the day I'm due to show work to my group, I'm suddenly a lot more productive. When the submission deadline for a book looms, I go into panicky overdrive. For weeks I work past 2am each night, sometimes as late as 5am.

I usually write in my study, which doubles as a store room. Water pistols and Nerf guns hang from

the hooks on the door. All the bookshelves are full, and there are so many boxes of books piled on the floor and furniture that I sometimes worry about the floor giving way. One of the cupboard handles is festooned with brightly coloured lanyards from book festivals and conventions.

To silence the siren call of Twitter, I often turn off our Internet. I seldom listen to music, unless I associate a particular song or album with the book, in which case I've

been known to listen to the same track on a loop for days. (My partner has bought me some very good headphones to preserve his sanity.)

A fulltime writing job can bleed into evenings and weekends, but the flip-side of that is the freedom. If it's a beautiful day and I'm getting nowhere, I can drop everything and go for a 10-mile walk, untangling the plot knots in my head as I go. We're a stone's throw from the Thames path, and only a couple of miles from Richmond Park. It's a curiously green part of the city. Herons nest on the little river islands, feral parakeets flock and chatter, and for a while our lawn had a dead patch because a fox kept curling up there to sunbathe.

There's also nothing to stop me visiting the heart of London during its weekday lulls, or meeting other authors for tea or expeditions. A writer's job is isolating by its nature, and breaking up my day helps to stave off stir craziness. I can visit strange places on impulse, and try new things — falconry, axe-throwing, canoeing etc. Any of this might turn out to be research.

I always know that I'll have to make up the hours, and that the frantic late-night writing sessions await, but it feels like a waste not to make use of my freedom. After all, if I wanted a steady, sensible job where every day was the same, I'd probably be doing something else.

In brief

Hours: between two and 17

Words: between seven and 7,000

Refreshments: between two and six cups of tea, strong enough to arm-wrestle

Times I've turned on the Internet to research something and ended up on Twitter:
four

What is the word 'diurnal' in relation to the word 'nocturnal'?

Homonym

Homophone

Synonym

Antonym

What can you infer a 'muse' is?

Something to help you think carefully

An imaginary force who gives someone inspiration

Somebody that always distracts you

Somebody who you find funny.

What is the BEST synonym for 'festooned'?

Cluttered

Decorated

Broken

Eye-catching

This newspaper article has a humorous tone to it. Pick a quotation that you think best shows this tone and explain how language has been used to create that effect.

400-word challenge: Using a similar style, explain your daily routine. It can be a school day or a weekend. Feel free to use similar techniques to the writer here.

Unfortunately, I was what was called 'improperly dressed'. I have not conformed to the rule that in order to have the entree in the City one must wear a silk hat and a frock coat. I have been disporting myself in a bowler hat and tweeds, while I still further transgress by wearing light flannel shirts instead of white linen. It is something of a fad to be wearing these loose garments, but I am pleasing myself, and not Dame Fashion. I frequently notice that my loose-fronted shirt is the object of comment among people, who think that one is uncivilised unless the manly bosom is adorned with a stiff white shirt. So I presented myself at the Bank and, handing in my card, asked to see the Governor, Mr Lidderdale. A functionary in a frock coat, who took my card, scrutinised me suspiciously, boggled at my tweed suit and brown shoes and my outrageous shirt, and then turned on his heel to fetch a colleague, also in a frock coat. He, too, looked puzzled, but I insisted, and finally they took in my card.

The word 'entrée' is originally a French word. In this context, what do you think it means?

| | | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------|--|---------------------------|
| To persuade someone to do something. | The main dish of a meal | The right to join a particular group. | To tell someone a secret. |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------|--|---------------------------|

What do you think 'transgress' means?

| | | | |
|---------------------|------------------|----------------|----------------|
| Break a rule | Change something | Draw attention | Move something |
|---------------------|------------------|----------------|----------------|

Who do you think a 'functionary' is?

An official

A policeman

A partygoer

A driver

The word 'boggled' is an example of what?

Anaphora

Clause

Colloquialism

Common noun

What do you think 'boggled' means?

**To be amazed
or puzzled**

To be beaten
and defeated

To be fiery and
passionate

To be hilarious
or funny.

Which word best describes the writer of this journal?

Bohemian

Arrogant

Confident

How can you infer the functionary turns?

Quickly

Warily

Angrily

This journal was written in 1890. Pick one quotation that you think best shows that it is an older text and analyse how the language used creates that effect.

200 word challenge: Write the account that the functionary would have written in his journal that night. Use the details given by the writer in the source to create your own version. You can also add your own details.

Not being able to get a ticket for Arctic Monkeys' hometown gig for love nor money, I'm seeing them in Leeds, at the university. I taught here for a while, in the English Department, where the spectre of Geoffrey Hill still walked the corridors. Geoffrey Hill --- the only living poet with a ghost. I don't believe Geoffrey is in the audience tonight, either in body or in spirit, though it would be hard to spot anyone in what seems to be a crowd of several thousand in a venue designed for considerably fewer. Most are students, which is a shame. I've got nothing against them as a body of people, but students at Leeds University tend to be from decent backgrounds where nutritious foodstuffs were in plentiful supply, which means they tend to be quite tall. So even at five eleven (six foot in certain footwear and after a few drinks) I'm going to struggle to see. Another problem with tonight's undergraduate audience is that many of them have never been to a gig before in their life, as evidenced by the way they're dressed. This isn't just about style; it's a question of practicability. A woman to my left is wearing a string of pearls. Her friend is wearing a ball gown. And anyone coming to a gig in a woolly jumper, a fleece or a toggled-up duffel coat, such as the guy about three rows in front of me, is either hoping to lose a lot of weight or is conducting a crude research project on self-combustion. Neither are tonight's audience particularly conversant with gig etiquette. One girl has brought a foldaway chair. One boy says 'Do you mind?' when he gets a bump from someone trying to pogo. On the plus side, it's good to see the lapel badge making a comeback, even if it is a badge pinned to the lapel of a pre-distressed jacket from Burton or decorating the epaulette of a combat shirt in desert camouflage colours from some celebrity designer's latest range of post-Gulf, military-chic fashionwear. Not that I'm in any position to poke fun at the middle classes. About ten years ago I came with a friend to see The Fall at the same venue. There were only a couple of hundred people in the crowd, including a cat, but we still managed to work up a sweat at the front. Afterwards, as people waited for buses in the rain at the top of Woodhouse Lane or set off walking into darkest Leeds, we hopped over the wall into the staff car park. 'You could take that T-shirt off and wring it out,' my friend said to me. I said, 'Doesn't matter, I've got a fresh one in the glove compartment.'

Arctic Monkeys were catapulted to prominence by demos and downloads, or so the story goes and without so much as a minute's airplay they were famous before anyone had heard of them. My friend Tony went to see them in Manchester a year ago and said they were going to be massive, and he wasn't wrong. He also said they'd brought a mob of their own followers with them --- another bunch of people not familiar with gig etiquette ---- but not students this time. These were lads. A big gang of them. They were looking for trouble, and if they couldn't find it with the rest of the audience, they'd find it amongst themselves. Not nice, really. A disgrace, probably. But thankfully a useful number of them have breached campus security tonight and are giving it full whack at the front. It means that my definition of a good gig — more legs in the air than arms — is at least partially achieved. However, of all the things to rise above head height at a gig over the decades — hankies, flags, crowdsurfers, knickers, cigarette lighters and tape

recorders — surely the least predictable was the camera-phone. It must be odd to be onstage, to lift your eyes away from your guitar for a moment and peer through your floppy fringe, only to be met by the gaze of a couple of hundred cyclopic Nokias and Samsungs and Sony Ericssons, all winking and flashing away.

Why is the word ‘catapulted’ effective in this context?

Despite the fact that this is a non-fiction piece of writing, there are moments of it that are descriptive. Pick the most descriptive quote you can and explain the effect of the language.

200 word challenge: Write a descriptive passage based around a live event you have been to or would like to have gone to. It could be a local football game, a music event or a play with school. Make it dramatic like this piece of writing rather than a diary entry.

A secret graveyard under a prison flowerbed changed the way I serve my time

Buried in the grounds of a small East Midlands prison I was in for much of the 90s are thought to be the remains of some of the prisoners hanged there during the years before the abolition of capital punishment. There is no hard evidence - no gravestones or official notices bearing names or dates. But, during the years I spent there, I heard enough anecdotal evidence to convince me that it was true. The most compelling testimony came from Sister Jean, an elderly woman who had worked as an unpaid assistant to the chaplain for more than 30 years and knew all there was to know about the place.

I had been in the jail just a couple of years when I was given a job keeping the yards tidy. One February afternoon I was sweeping near the steps of the chapel when Sister Jean stopped to chat. After exchanging pleasantries for a few minutes, I decided to ask her if there was any truth in the rumours. She told me without hesitation.

"They're buried over there where the old outside wall used to be," she said, pointing to a secluded corner six feet or so within the new perimeter wall. "Opposite the topping shed."

The topping shed. There was nothing mythical about the small stone former death house, accessed through a tunnel-shaped annexe a short walk from the main prison wing. Since being decommissioned as a place of execution, the shed had been used as a store for "victuals". When the outside doors were opened for deliveries you could see high up inside. Two robust parallel cross beams stood out from the rest, for no apparent purpose - until you were told. Then it was obvious.

The bulky construction of the beams ensured that they could regularly withstand the sudden jerking weight of a hanged man as he fell through the trap on the platform below. The trap had long since gone, but the platform remained and served admirably as a robust shelf loaded with sacks of oats, flour, and other assorted provisions with which to sustain human life - a typical barb of prison irony.

Once I had learned about the secret burial ground, I used to take extra care to keep it neat. There was little to see, just a couple of rows of flower beds that had been defeated by the wind, and some shrub borders divided by rarely used earth paths. But it was a beautiful place to spend time thinking and getting my own situation into perspective. However demanding life in prison was, at least I was alive and could still dream about a future.

The funny thing about "the future" when you are serving a life sentence is that you are less sure than most people that it will ever become a reality. You attend review boards where targets are set and checked at the end of a two- or three-year knock-back.

The official perception of your "progress" is set down in reports, and for a while it feels as if you have moved forward. You know the time is passing by the changing of the dates and the seasons, and by the coming and going of fellow prisoners. Then, one day, you take a look around and suddenly it feels like you are still in the exact same place. You thought you were ahead, but all you were doing was treading water, expending all your energy in an effort to stay from going under. But it isn't enough to just survive. You have to survive and then some, if you are ever going to be of any use when the time for release finally arrives.

When Sister Jean told me about the people buried in the prison grounds, I felt more determined than ever. The occasional echo of children's laughter from the other side of the wall when I was over in the corner added to the air of poignancy that seemed to hang about the place. After a stint clearing the litter from the unacknowledged graveyard, a bit of bang-up and the organised chaos on the landings never seemed so bad.

Memories of those prison yards and the secrets they hold have been a motivating factor in the way I have served my time for almost 10 years now. Any moments of disillusionment or times when I could feel myself flagging have been quickly dealt with by a swift recollection of the topping shed conversation with Sister Jean. There is so much about prison that I do not want to remember when the time comes for me to leave. But not the windbeaten flower beds. Those I never want to forget.

What would you consider to be the type of writing that this text is? i.e. Diary, Letter, Newspaper article, Magazine article.

What is the best quotation for the answer you have given above? What is it about the language that proves your answer?

Some of this text is very descriptive. Pick a descriptive section and explain how the writer has used language for effect.

The humidity was worse inside. I waded among the ladies' desks to my own corner and had scarcely settled in behind the typewriter before the backs of my legs were stuck to the black leatherette of the chair. The air-conditioning system, I saw, had failed again, though since it is merely a fan which revolves in the centre of the ceiling, stirring the air around like a spoon in soup, it makes little difference whether it is going or not. But it was evidently bad for the ladies' morale to see the blades dangling up there unmoving: it created the impression that nothing was being done, spurring their inertia on to even greater stasis. They squatted at their desks, toad-like and sluggish, blinking and opening and closing their mouths. Friday is always a bad day at the office.

I had begun to peck languidly at my damp typewriter when Mrs. Withers, the dietician, marched in through the back door, drew up, and scanned the room. She wore her usual Betty Grable hairdo and open-toed pumps, and her shoulders had an aura of shoulder pads even in a sleeveless dress. "Ah, Marian," she said, "you're just in time. I need another pre-test taster for the canned rice pudding study, and none of the ladies seem very hungry this morning."

She wheeled and headed briskly for the kitchen. There is something unwiltable about dieticians. I unstuck myself from my chair, feeling like a volunteer singled out from the ranks; but I reminded myself that my stomach could use the extra breakfast.

In the tiny immaculate kitchen she explained her problem while spooning equal portions of canned rice pudding into three glass bowls. "You work on questionnaires, Marian, maybe you can help us. We can't decide whether to have them taste all three flavours at the same meal, or each flavour separately at subsequent meals. Or perhaps we could have them taste in pairs – say, Vanilla and Orange at one meal, and Vanilla and Caramel at another. Of course we want to get as unbiased a sampling as possible, and so much depends on what else has been served – the colours of the vegetables for instance, and the tablecloth."

I sampled the Vanilla.

"How would you rate the colour on that?" she asked anxiously, pencil poised. "Natural, Somewhat Artificial, or Definitely Unnatural?"

"Have you thought about putting raisins in it?" I said, turning to the Caramel. I didn't wish to offend her.

"Raisins are too risky," she said. "Many don't like them."

I set down the Caramel and tried the Orange. "Are you going to have them serve it hot?" I asked. "Or maybe with cream?"

"Well, it's intended primarily for the time-saver market," she said. "They naturally would want to serve it cold. They can add cream if they like, later, I mean we've nothing really against it though it's not nutritionally necessary, it's fortified with vitamins already, but right now we want a *pure* taste test."

"I think subsequent meals would be best," I said.

"If we could only do it in the middle of the afternoon. But we need a family reaction..." She tapped her pencil thoughtfully on the edge of the stainless-steel sink.

"Yes, well," I said, "I'd better be getting back." Deciding for them what they wanted to know wasn't part of my job.

Sometimes I wonder just which things are part of my job, especially when I find myself calling up garage mechanics to ask them about their pistons and gaskets or handing out pretzels to suspicious old ladies on street corners. I know what Seymour Surveys hired me as – I'm supposed to spend my time revising the questionnaires, turning the convoluted and overly-subtle prose of the psychologists who write them into simple questions which can be understood by the people who ask them as well as the people who answer them. A question like "In what percentile would you place the visual impact value?" is not useful. When I got the job after graduation I considered myself lucky – it was better than many – but after four months its limits are still vaguely defined.

| | | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------|---------------------------|---------------|
| What does 'inertia' mean? | | | |
| Unreactive | Being strong | Being slow to act. | Inevitability |

| | | | |
|---------------------------------|-------|--------|----------------------------|
| What does 'stasis' mean? | | | |
| Importance | Skill | Levels | State of inactivity |

What does 'languidly' mean?

Quickly

Angrily

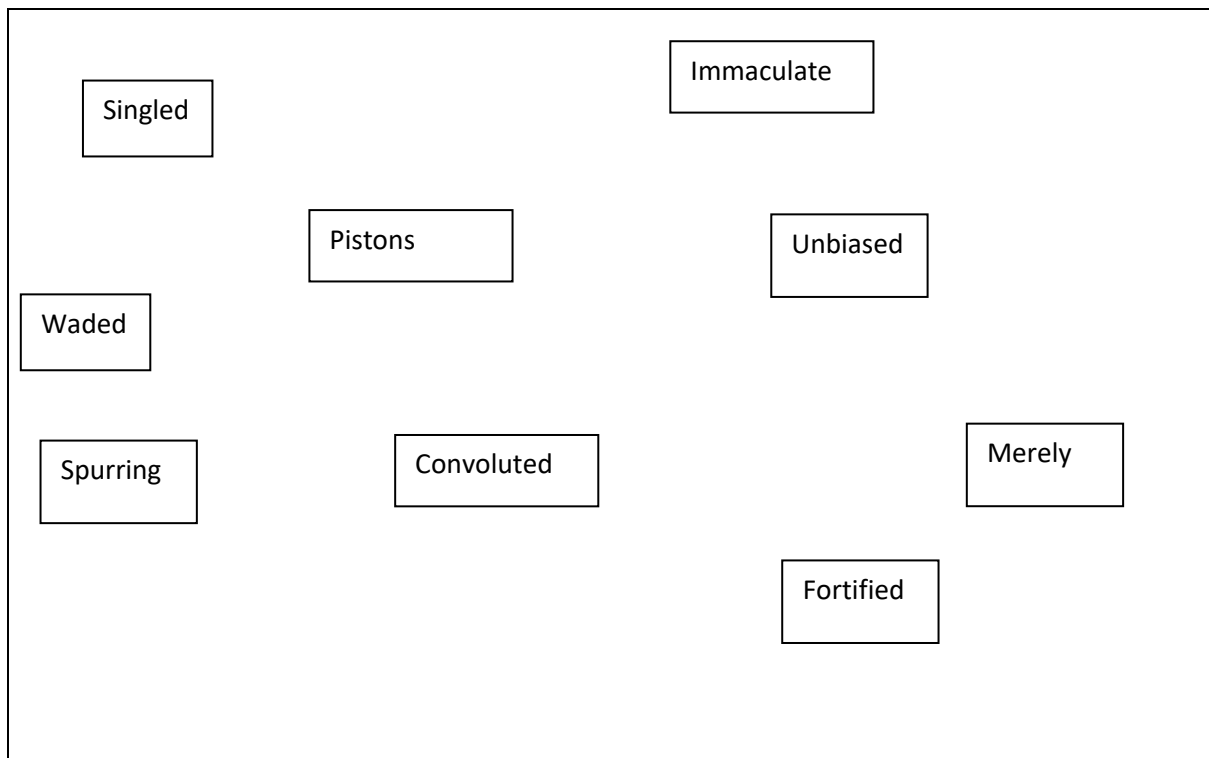
Hungrily

Slowly

What is the main message the writer is trying to get across in the section that uses the above three words?

Why do you think the writer chose to use the word "percentile" rather than 'percentage' in the text?

All of the following words are in the text above – but which one fits into the sentences.



1. "It would have been OK if you hadn't _____ in."
2. Her apology was unconvincing and was given _____ because he felt he had to.
3. The news channel had to remain _____.
4. He thought she was being clever, but her logic was _____.

Immediately there came a crackle of bullets and mud was splattered about me as I ran, crawled and dived into shell holes, over bodies, sometimes up to the armpits in water, sometimes crawling on my face along the ridge of slimy mud around some crater. Dunham was close behind me with a sandbag over his back. As I neared the gun pits I saw a head rise above a shell hole, a mouth opened to call something to me but the tin hat was sent flying and face fell forward onto the mud.

I had almost reached the gun pits when I saw Wood looking at me, and actually laughing at my grotesque capers. Exhausted by my efforts I paused a moment in a shell hole; in a few seconds I felt myself sinking, and struggle as I might, I was sucked down until I was firmly gripped round the waist and still being dragged in. The leg of a corpse was sticking out of the side, and frantically I grabbed it; it wrenched off and casting it down I pulled in a couple of rifles and yelled to the troops in the gun pit to throw me more. Laying them flat I wriggled over them and dropped, half dead, into the wrecked gun position.

I had almost reached the gunpits when I saw Wood looking at me, and actually laughing at my grotesque capers. Exhausted by my efforts, I paused a moment in a shell-hole; in a few seconds I felt myself sinking, and struggle as I might I was sucked down until I was firmly gripped round the waist and still being dragged in. The leg of a corpse was sticking out of the side, and frantically I grabbed it; it wrenched off and casting it down I pulled in a couple of rifles and yelled to the troops in the gunpit to throw me more. Laying them flat I wriggled over them and dropped, half dead, into the wrecked gun position.

Here I reported to Taylor and was filled with admiration at the calm way in which he stood, eyeglass firmly fixed in his ashen face, while bullets chipped splinters from the beam beside his head. He told me that the attack had not even reached the enemy front line, and that it was impossible to advance across the mud. Then he ordered me to take my company up the hard road to the Triangle and to attack Springfield. He gave his instructions in such a matter-of-fact way that I did not feel alarmed, but commenced forthwith to collect "C" Company men from the neighbouring shell-holes...

So many of our men had been killed, and the rest had gone to ground so well, that Wood and I could only collect a very few... Finally, Wood and I led 15 men over to the tanks. The fire was still heavy, but now, in the dusk and heavy rain, the shots were going wide. As we reached the tanks, however, the Boche hailed shrapnel upon us and

we commenced rapidly to have casualties... Up the road we staggered, shells bursting around us. A man stopped dead in front of me, and exasperated I cursed him and butted him with my knee. Very gently he said, "I'm blind, sir," and turned to show me his eyes and nose torn away by a piece of shell.

"Oh God! I'm sorry, sonny," I said. "Keep going on the hard part," and left him staggering back in his darkness. At the Triangle the shelling was lighter and the rifle fire far above our heads. Around us were numerous dead, and in shell-holes where they had crawled to safety were wounded men. Many others, too weak to move, were lying where they had fallen and they cheered us faintly as we passed: "Go on boys! Give 'em hell!" ...

A tank had churned its way slowly round behind Springfield and opened fire; a moment later I looked and nothing remained of it but a crumpled heap of iron; it had been hit by a large shell. It was now almost dark and there was no firing from the enemy; ploughing across the final stretch of mud, I saw grenades bursting around the pillbox and a party of British rushed in from the other side. As we all closed in, the Boche garrison ran out with their hands up; in the confused party I recognised Reynolds of the 7th Battalion, who had been working forward all the afternoon. We sent the 16 prisoners back across the open but they had only gone 100 yards when a German machine-gun mowed them down.

Reynolds and I held a rapid conference and decided that the cemetery and Spot Farm were far too strongly held for us to attack, especially as it was then quite dark; so we formed a line with my party on the left in touch with the Worcesters, who had advanced some 300 yards further than we, and Reynolds formed a flank guard back to the line where our attack had broken. I entered Springfield, which was to be my HQ. It was a strongly built pillbox, almost undamaged; the three defence walls were about 10ft thick, each with a machine-gun position, while the fourth wall, which faced our new line, had one small doorway – about 3ft square. Crawling through this I found the interior in a horrible condition; water in which floated indescribable filth reached our knees; two dead Boche sprawled face downwards and another lay across a wire bed. Everywhere was dirt and rubbish and the stench was nauseating.

| Looking at the context, what do you think a 'pillbox' is? | | | |
|---|--------------------------------|------------------|----------------------|
| A tank | A soldier's box of belongings. | A medicine chest | A guard post. |

What do you think the word 'capers' means?

Face

Mistake

Wounds

Jokes

200 word challenge: Pick one image mentioned in this extract and describe it in intricate detail. Consider the use of sensory language.

To be the skipper of the only boat on the Moon was a distinction that Pat Harris enjoyed. As the passengers filed aboard Selene, jockeying for window seats, he wondered what sort of trip it would be this time. In the rear-view mirror he could see Miss Wilkins, very smart in her blue Lunar Tourist Commission uniform, putting on her usual welcome act. He always tried to think of her as "Miss Wilkins," not Sue, when they were on duty together; it helped to keep his mind on business. But what she thought of him, he had never really discovered.

There were no familiar faces; this was a new bunch, eager for their first cruise. Most of the passengers were typical tourists—elderly people, visiting a world that had been the very symbol of inaccessibility when they were young. There were only four or five passengers on the low side of thirty, and they were probably technical personnel on vacation from one of the lunar bases. It was a fairly good working rule, Pat had discovered, that all the old people came from Earth, while the youngsters were residents of the Moon.

But to all of them, the Sea of Thirst was a novelty. Beyond Selene's observation windows, its gray, dusty surface marched onward unbroken until it reached the stars. Above it hung the waning crescent Earth, poised forever in the sky from which it had not moved in a billion years. The brilliant, blue-green light of the mother world flooded this strange land with a cold radiance—and cold it was indeed, perhaps three hundred below zero on the exposed surface.

No one could have told, merely by looking at it, whether the Sea was liquid or solid. It was completely flat and featureless, quite free from the myriad cracks and fissures that scarred all the rest of this barren world. Not a single hillock, boulder, or pebble broke its monotonous uniformity. No sea on Earth—no millpond, even—was ever as calm as this.

It was a sea of dust, not of water, and therefore it was alien to all the experience of men; therefore, also, it fascinated and attracted them. Fine as talcum powder, drier in this vacuum than the parched sands of the Sahara, it flowed as easily and effortlessly as any liquid. A heavy object dropped into it would disappear instantly, without a splash, leaving no scar to mark its passage. Nothing could move upon its treacherous surface except the small, two-man dust-skis—and Selene herself, an improbable combination of

sledge and bus, not unlike the Sno-cats that had opened up the Antarctic a lifetime ago.

Selene's official designation was Dust-Cruiser, Mark I, though to the best of Pat's knowledge, a Mark II did not exist even on the drawing board. She was called "ship," "boat," or "moon bus," according to taste; Pat preferred "boat," for it prevented confusion. When he used that word, no one would mistake him for the skipper of a spaceship—and spaceship captains were, of course, two a penny.

"Welcome aboard Selene," said Miss Wilkins, when everyone had settled down. "Captain Hams and I are pleased to have you with us. Our trip will last four hours, and our first objective will be Crater Lake, a hundred kilometers east of here, in the Mountains of Inaccessibility.

Pat scarcely heard the familiar introduction; he was busy with his count-down. Selene was virtually a grounded spaceship; she had to be, since she was traveling in a vacuum, and must protect her frail cargo from the hostile world beyond her walls. Though she never left the surface of the Moon, and was propelled by electric motors instead of rockets, she carried all the basic equipment of a full-fledged ship of space—and all of it had to be checked before departure.

Oxygen—O. K. Power—O. K. Radio—O. K. ("Hello, Rainbow Base, Selene testing. Are you receiving my beacon?") Inertial navigator—zeroed. Air-lock safety—On. Cabin-leak detector—O. K. Internal lights—O. K. Gangway—disconnected. And so on for more than fifty items, every one of which would automatically call attention to itself in case of trouble. But Pat Harris, like all spacemen hankering after old age, never relied on autowarnings if he could carry out the check himself.

At last he was ready. The almost silent motors started to spin, but the blades were still feathered, and Selene barely quivered at her moorings. Then he eased the port fan into fine pitch, and she began to curve slowly to the right. When she was clear of the embarkation building, he straightened her out and pushed the throttle forward.

She handled very well, when one considered the complete novelty of her design. There had been no millennia of trial and error here, stretching back to the first neolithic man who ever launched a log out into a stream. Selene was the very first of her line, created in the brains of a few engineers who

had sat down at a table and asked themselves: “How do we build a vehicle that will skim over a sea of dust?”

Some of them, harking back to Ole Man River , had wanted to make her a stern-wheeler, but the more efficient submerged fans had carried the day. As they drilled through the dust, driving her before them, they produced a wake like that of a high-speed mole, but it vanished within seconds, leaving the Sea unmarked by any sign of the boat's passage.

Now the squat pressure-domes of Port Roris were dropping swiftly below the sky line. In less than ten minutes, they had vanished from sight: Selene was utterly alone. She was at the center of something for which the languages of mankind have no name.

As Pat switched off the motors and the boat coasted to rest, he waited for the silence to grow around him. It was always the same; it took a little while for the passengers to realize the strangeness of what lay outside. They had crossed space and seen stars all about them; they had looked up—or down—at the dazzling face of Earth, but this was different. It was neither land nor sea, neither air nor space, but a little of each.

| What do you think the word 'embarkation' means? | | | |
|---|--|---------------------------------|----------|
| Futuristic | The process of boarding a vehicle | To removed wood from something. | Ancient. |

| Which of these statements about Selene is true? | | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------|-------------------|
| She is the last of her type | She is the first of her type | She is the only one of her type. | She is brand new. |

I want you to look at the structure of this piece of writing. I have broken it up into 5 sections. Fill the graph in below and explain what the main focus is and why the effect that this focus has had on the reader.

| Section | Writer's Focus | Effect on reader |
|--|----------------|------------------|
| <u>The first two paragraphs – underlined</u> | | |
| The next three paragraphs – in bold | | |
| <i>The next four paragraphs – italicised</i> | | |
| The next three paragraphs – in a different font. | | |
| The last two paragraphs | | |

Here is the recipe for imagining it. Take a number of medium-sized potatoes and lay them down (one layer of them only) in a flat-bottomed tin basin. Now shake loose earth over them till the potatoes themselves, but not the shape of them, is hidden; and of course the crevices between them will now be depressions of earth. Now magnify the whole thing till those crevices are large enough to conceal each its stream and its huddle of trees. And then, for colouring, change your brown earth into the chequered pattern of fields, always small fields (a couple of acres each), with all their normal variety of crop, grass, and plough. You have now got a picture of the 'plain' of Down, which is a plain only in this sense that if you were a very large giant you would regard it as level but very ill to walk on like cobbles. And now remember that every cottage is white. The whole expanse laughs with these little white dots; it is like nothing so much as the assembly of white foam-caps when a fresh breeze is on a summer sea. And the roads are white too; there is no tarmac yet. And because the whole country is a turbulent democracy of little hills, these roads shoot in every direction, disappearing and reappearing. But you must not spread over this landscape your hard English sunlight; make it paler, make it softer, blur the edges of the white cumuli, cover it with watery gleams, deepening it, making all unsubstantial. And beyond all this, so remote that they seem fantastically abrupt at the very limit of your vision, imagine the mountains. They are no stragglers. They are steep and compact and pointed and toothed and jagged. They seem to have nothing to do with the little hills and cottages that divide you from them. And sometimes they are blue, sometimes violet; but quite often they look transparent — as if huge sheets of gauze had been cut into mountainous shapes and hung up there, so that you could see through them the light of the invisible sea at their backs.

| | | | |
|--|----------|--------------------|------|
| What does the extract describe? | | | |
| Space | Potatoes | Countryside | Town |

What is described as “steep and compacted and pointed”?

Mountains

Stragglers

English sunlight.

Which of these definitions of ‘ill’ is the one suitable for its use in this extract?

Objectionable

Uncomfortable

Unwell

An unfavourable opinion

What geographical feature do you think ‘cumuli’ refers to?

Clouds

Cliffs

Rocks

Oceans

What do you think ‘unsubstantial’ means?

Worse

Pointless

Lacking solidness

Very heavy.

What word do you think best suits the tone of the writer?

Poetic

Sincere

Negative

Righteous

What word do you think best summarises the writer’s viewpoint on the British countryside?

Democratic

Idyllic

Landlocked

Dystopian

Identify a synonym of the word ‘crevices’

Cracks

Teams

Chasms

Idiots

For a non-fiction piece of writing, this extract is very descriptive. Pick one quotation that you think is especially descriptive and explain how the language used is effective.

200 word challenge: I want you to create a descriptive piece of writing about a location that is the complete opposite to what the writer has described.

You may use this picture for your inspiration:



Ambersai station: grand and high-fronted like a great theatre, with the K-bahn logo hanging over its entrance in letters of blue fire. Booming loudspeaker voices reciting litanies of stations. Moths and Monk bugs swarming under the lamps outside; beggars and street kids too, and buskers, and vendors selling fruit and chai and noodles, and rickshaw captains squabbling as they touted for fares. Through the din and chatter came the sound of the train.

Zen went through the entrance barriers and ran out onto the platform. The Express was just pulling in. First the huge loco, a Helden Hammerhead, its long hull sheathed in shining red-gold scales. Then a line of lit windows, and a pair of station angels flickering along the carriage sides like stray rainbows. Some tourists standing next to Zen pointed at them and snapped pictures which wouldn't come out. Zen kept his place in the scrum of other K-bahn travellers, itching to look behind him, but knowing that he mustn't because, if the drone was there, it would be watching for just that: a face turned back, a look of guilt.

The doors slid open. He shoved past disembarking passengers into a carriage. It smelled of something sweet, as if the train had come from some world where it was springtime. Zen found a window seat and sat there looking at his feet, at the ceramic floor, at the patterns on the worn seat coverings, anywhere but out of the window, which was where he most wanted to look. His fellow passengers were commuters and a few Motorik couriers with their android brains stuffed full of information for businesses further down the line. In the seats opposite Zen lounged a couple of rich kids: railheads from K'mbussi or Galaghast, pretty as threedie stars, dozing with their arms around each other. Zen thought about taking their bags with him when he got off, but his luck was glitchy tonight and he decided not to risk it.

The train began to move, so smoothly that he barely noticed. Then the lights of Ambersai Station were falling behind, the throb of the engines was rising, the backbeat of the wheels quickening. Zen risked a glance at the window. At first it was hard to make out anything in the confusion of carriage reflections and the city lights sliding by outside. Then he saw the drone again. It was keeping pace with the train, shards of light sliding from its rotor blades as it burred along at window height, aiming a whole spider-cluster of eyes and cameras and who-knew-what at him.

The train rushed into a tunnel, and he could see nothing any more except his own skinny reflection, wide cheekbones fluttering with the movement of the carriage, eyes big and empty as the eyes on moths' wings.

The train accelerated. The noise rising, rising, until, with a soundless bang—a kind of un-bang—it tore through the K-gate, and everything got reassuringly weird. For a timeless moment Zen was outside of the universe. There was a sense of falling, although there was no longer any down to fall to. Something that was not quite light blazed in through the blank windows . . .

Then another un-bang, and the train was sliding out of another ordinary tunnel, slowing towards another everyday station. It was bright daytime on this world, and the gravity was lower. Zen relaxed into his seat, grinning. He was imagining that drone turning away in defeat from the empty tunnel on Ambersai, a thousand light years away

What does 'litanies' mean?

Praise

Criticisms

Trains

Lists

What does 'disembarking' mean?

Getting off

Getting on

Moving down

Sitting down

"It was keeping pace with the train, shards of light sliding from its rotor blades as it burred along at window height"

Choose the BEST synonym for the word 'rotor'

Free

Turbine

Helicopter

Dangerous

"its long hull sheathed in shining red-gold scales."

Choose the BEST synonym for the word 'rotor'

Ride

Frame

Fuse

Object

Pick one quote that you think is particularly descriptive. Explain how the language used is descriptive. What effect does it have on the reader?

My dear Cassandra

You have written I am sure, tho' I have received no letter from you since your leaving London—the Post, and not yourself must have been unpunctual.

Your abuse of our Gowns amuses, but does not discourage me; I shall take mine to be made up next week, and the more I look at it, the better it pleases me.—My Cloak came on tuesday, and, tho' I expected a good deal, the beauty of the lace astonished me.—It is too handsome to be worn, almost too handsome to be looked at. The Glass is all safely arrived also, and gives great satisfaction. The wine-glasses are much smaller than I expected, but I suppose it is the proper size—We find no fault with your manner of performing any of commissions, but if you like to think yourself remiss in any of them, pray do....

Did you think of our Ball on thursday evening, and did you suppose me at it?—You might very safely, for there I was.—On wednesday morning it was settled that Mrs Harwood, Mary and I should go together, and shortly afterwards a very civil note of invitation for me came from Mrs Bramston, who wrote I believe as soon as she knew of the Ball. I might likewise have gone with Mrs Lefroy, and therefore with three methods of going, I must have been more at the Ball than anyone else.—I dined and slept at Deane.—Charlotte and I did my hair, which I fancy looked very indifferent; nobody abused it however, and I retired delighted with my success.—It was a pleasant Ball, and still more good than pleasant, for there were nearly 60 people, and sometimes we had 17 couple. [...I There was a scarcity of Men in general, and a still greater scarcity of any that were good for much.—I danced nine dances out of ten, five with Stephen Terry, T. Chute and James Digweed and four with Catherine.— There was commonly a couple of ladies standing up together, but not often any so amiable as ourselves.— I heard no news, except that Mr Peters, who was not there, is supposed to be particularly attentive to Miss Lyford.— You were inquired after very prettily, and I hope the whole assembly now understands that you are gone into Kent, which the families in general seemed to meet in ignorance of.—Lord Portsmouth surpassed the rest in his attentive recollection of you, enquired more into the length of your absence, and concluded by desiring to be "remembered to you when I wrote next."—Lady Portsmouth had got a different dress on, and Lady

Bolton is much improved by a wig.—The three Miss Terries were there, but no Anne; which was a great disappointment to me; I hope the poor girl had not set her heart on her appearance that evening so much as I had.

My mother is very happy in the prospect of dressing a new Doll which Molly has given Anna. My father's feelings are not so enviable, as it appears that the farm cleared 300£ last year.—James and Mary went to Ibthrop for one night last monday, and found Mrs Lloyd not in very good looks.—Martha has been lately at Kintbury but is probably at home by this time.—Mary's promised maid has jilted her, and hired herself elsewhere.—The Debaries persist in being afflicted at the death of their

Uncle, of whom they now say they saw a great deal in London.—Love to all.—I am glad George remembers me. Yours very affectionately, J. A.

Which definition of the word 'abused' best suits it's use in the letter?

| | | | |
|---|--------------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------------------------|
| To use something for the wrong purpose. | Being rude or insulting | To be cruelly violent | To let something have power over you. |
|---|--------------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------------------------|

What does the word 'scarcity' mean?

| | | | |
|----------------|----------------|------|--------------------|
| Lack of | Huge amount of | Fear | Awkwardness around |
|----------------|----------------|------|--------------------|

What does the word 'amiable' mean?

| | | | |
|------------|--------------|-----------------|--------|
| Attractive | Well-dressed | Friendly | Sticky |
|------------|--------------|-----------------|--------|

“the Post and not yourself must have been unpunctual”

Which word is the BEST synonym for unpunctual?

Bad

Late

Broken

Unlucky

“Does not discourage me”

Which word is the BEST synonym for discourage?

Offend

Scare

Dishearten

Anger

“A very civil note of invitation”

Which word is the BEST synonym for civil?

Concerning

Formal

Short

Friendly

At times, the tone of this letter is very formal but at other points it is more friendly. Pick a quick quotation that you think shows one of these tones and explain how the use of language displays this.

100 word challenge: Respond to this letter, use the same style as Jane Austen has in her letter.

The scene was peculiarly bright and windless, and as we rarely spoke, nothing was to be heard but the laboured panting of our lungs. This stillness was suddenly disturbed. We were startled by an ominous sound, sharp, arresting, violent, and yet somehow soft like an explosion of untamped gunpowder. I had never before on a mountainside heard such a sound; but all of us, I imagine, knew instinctively what it meant, as though we had been accustomed to hear it every day of our lives. In a moment I observed the surface of the snow broken and puckered where it had been even for a few yards to the right of me. I took two steps convulsively in this direction with some quick thought of getting nearer to the edge of the danger that threatened us. And then I began to move slowly downwards, inevitably carried on the whole moving surface by a force I was utterly powerless to resist. Somehow I managed to turn out from the slope so as to avoid being pushed headlong and backwards down it. For a second or two I seemed hardly to be in danger as I went quietly sliding down with the snow. Then the rope at my waist tightened and held me back. A wave of snow came over me and I was buried. I supposed that the matter was settled. However, I called to mind experiences related by other parties; and it had been suggested that the best chance of escape in this situation lay in swimming. I thrust out my arms above my head and actually went through some sort of motions of swimming on my back. Beneath the surface of the snow, with nothing to inform the senses of the world outside it, I had no impression of speed after the first acceleration – I struggled in the tumbling snow, unconscious of everything else – until, perhaps only a few seconds later, I knew the pace was easing up. I felt an increasing pressure about my body. I wondered how tightly I should be squeezed, and then the avalanche came to rest.

My arms were free; my legs were near the surface. After a brief struggle, I was standing again, surprised and breathless, in the motionless snow. But the rope was tight at my waist; the porter tied on next me, I supposed, must be deeply buried. To my further surprise, he quickly emerged, unharmed as myself. Somervell and Crawford too, though they had been above me by the rope's length, were now quite close, and soon extricated themselves. We subsequently made out that their experiences had been very similar to mine. But where were the rest? Looking down over the foam of snow, we saw one group of porters some little distance, perhaps 150 ft, below us. Presumably the others must be buried somewhere between us and them, and though no sign of these missing men appeared, we at once prepared to find and dig them out. The porters we saw still stood their ground instead of coming up to help. We soon made out that they were the party who had been immediately behind us, and they were pointing below them. They had travelled farther than us in the avalanche, presumably because they were nearer the centre, where it was moving more rapidly. The other two parties, one of four and one of five men roped together, must have been carried even farther. We could still hope that they were safe. But as we hurried down we soon saw that beneath the place where the four porters were standing was a formidable drop; it was only too plain that the missing men had been swept over it. We had no difficulty in finding a way round this obstacle; in a very short time we were standing under its shadow. The ice-cliff was from forty to sixty feet high in different places; the crevasse at its foot was more or less filled up with avalanche snow. Our fears were soon confirmed. One man was quickly uncovered and found to be still breathing; before long we were certain that

he would live. Another whom we dug out near him had been killed by the fall. He and his party appeared to have struck the hard lower lip of the crevasse, and were lying under the snow on or near the edge of it. The four porters who had escaped soon pulled themselves together after the first shock of the accident, and now worked here with Crawford and did everything they could to extricate the other bodies, while Somervell and I went down into the crevasse. A loop of rope which we pulled up convinced us that the other party must be here. It was slow work loosening the snow with the pick or adze of an ice-axe and shovelling it with the hands. But we were able to follow the rope to the bodies. One was dug up lifeless; another was found upside down, and when we uncovered his face Somervell thought he was still breathing.

We had the greatest difficulty in extricating this man, so tightly was the snow packed about his limbs; his load, four oxygen cylinders on a steel frame, had to be cut from his back, and eventually he was dragged out. Though buried for about forty minutes, he had survived the fall and the suffocation, and suffered no serious harm. Of the two others in this party of four, we found only one. We had at length to give up a hopeless search with the certain knowledge that the first of them to be swept over the cliff, and the most deeply buried, must long ago be dead. Of the other five, all the bodies were recovered, but only one was alive. The two who had so marvellously escaped were able to walk down to Camp III, and were almost perfectly well next day. The other seven were killed.

Whilst this extract is non-fiction, there is a number of descriptive writing techniques. Use the table below to find three different techniques and the effect the language provokes.

| Quotation | Method | Effect of language |
|-----------|--------|--------------------|
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |

The house was long and low, in the shape of an L, built of honey-coloured Somerset stone. At one time it must have been thatched but, unfortunately, that had been discarded long ago and old red tiles used instead. It stood right in the middle of a little Somerset village, and made the corner where a very minor road turned off from the main street. There was only a narrow strip of garden in front, and not very much behind, but we bought an orchard and outbuildings beyond so that we had about two acres in all. A high stone wall screened us from the village street, and there was a cottage and another orchard on the other side.

You can't make a garden in a hurry, particularly one belonging to an old house. House and garden must look as if they had grown up together and the only way to do this is to live in the house, get the feel of it, and then by degrees the idea of the garden will grow.

We didn't start work outside for nearly a year, and by that time we felt we belonged to the place and it belonged to us and we had some ideas of what we wanted to do with it.

It was on a warm September day when we first saw the house but it was such a wreck that Walter refused to go further than the hall, in spite of the great jutting chimney that buttressed the front. Then the long roof was patched with corrugated iron, the little front garden was a jungle of rusty old laurels and inside an overpowering smell of creosote, newly applied, fought with the dank, grave-like smell of an un-lived-in house. 'Full of dry rot,' said Walter, 'not at any price,' and turned on his heel.

For three months we tried to find what we wanted. We looked at cottages and villas, gaunt Victorian houses perched uneasily on hilltops, and snug little homes wedged in forgotten valleys. Some were too big and most too small, some hadn't enough garden and others too much. Some were too isolated, others so mixed up with other houses that privacy would have been impossible. We lost our way and had bitter arguments, but we did discover what we didn't want. I couldn't see Walter in a four-roomed cottage with a kitchen tacked on to one end and a bathroom at the other, and I had no intention of landing myself with a barn of a place that would require several servants to keep it clean.

We were still hunting in November when our way took us very near the old house so summarily dismissed in September, so we turned down the lane which said 'East Lambrook one mile,' just to see what had been happening during those three months.

Quite a lot had happened. The front garden had been cleared of its laurels and the house looked much better. Old tiles had replaced the corrugated iron on the roof, and inside the walls had been washed with cream and the woodwork with glossy paint.

It is one of those typical Somerset houses with a central passage and a door at each end, so very attractive to look at and so very draughty for living. That day we thought only of the artistic angle. It was late afternoon and the sun was nearly setting. Both doors were open and through them we caught a glimpse of a tree and a green background against the sunlight.

That day I got Walter further than the flagged passage, and we explored the old bakehouse, with its enormous inglenook and open fireplace, low beamed ceiling and stone floor, and a gay little parlour beyond. On the other side was another large room with stone floor and an even bigger fireplace, and at the far end a lovely room with wonderful panelling. We both knew that our search had ended, we had come home.

I cannot remember just what happened after that but I shall never forget the day when the surveyor came to make his report. It was one of those awful days in early winter of cold, penetrating rain. The house was dark and very cold, and the grave-like dankness was back, in spite of all the new paint and distemper. The surveyor, poor man, had just lost his wife, and was as depressed—naturally—as the weather. Nor shall I forget Walter's indignation with the report when it did come in. The house, while sound in wind and limb, was described as being of 'no character'. We didn't think then that it had anything but character, rather sinister perhaps, but definitely character. Since then I have discovered that the house has a kindly disposition; I never come home without feeling I am welcome.

Having got our house we then had to give it up again that it could be made habitable. For many months it was in the hands of the builders and all we could do was to pay hurried visits to see how things were going, and urn our eyes from the derelict waste that was to be the garden. Sometimes I

escaped from the consultations for brief moments and frenziedly pulled up groundsel for as long as I was allowed. Walter never wanted to stay moment longer than business required and it worried to to go off and leave tracts of outsize groundsel going to seed with prodigal abandon. My few snatched efforts made very little impression on the wilderness, but they made me feel better.

| | | | |
|--|---------|----------|--------------------|
| What do you think 'buttressed' means? | | | |
| Reinforced | Covered | Improved | Drew attention to. |

| | | | |
|---|--------|------------------------|----------|
| What techniques is used in the phrase: "The house has a kindly disposition"? | | | |
| Onomatopoeia | Simile | Personification | Metaphor |

| | | | |
|---|---------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------|
| What do you think "disposition" means? | | | |
| The quality of a sound | Front of a grand building | A person's nature | A magical quality |

| |
|--|
| What could you infer 'groundsel' are? |
|--|

| | | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|------------------|---------------------|
| A type of weed | Another name for rubbish. | A type of animal | A type of document. |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|------------------|---------------------|

| | | | |
|---|------------------|------------------------|------------------------------------|
| What do you think the phrase “prodigal abandon” means? | | | |
| Evil sadness | Wasteful sadness | Evil lack of restraint | Wasteful lack of restraint. |

Pick three quotes for each character and explain how language has been used to show how they feel about the house and surrounding areas.

The writer

| Quote | Inference |
|-------|-----------|
| | |
| | |
| | |

Walter

| Quote | Inference |
|-------|-----------|
| | |
| | |

200 word challenge: Imagine your ideal house and describe it in the manner the writer of the memoir has done in the extract. You may wish to look at the underlined sections for inspiration.

| |
|--|
| |
|--|

The sisters had kept the knowledge of their literary ventures from their father, fearing to increase their own anxieties and disappointment by witnessing his; for he took an acute interest in all that befell his children, and his own tendency had been towards literature in the days when he was young and hopeful. It was true he did not much manifest his feelings in words; he would have thought that he was prepared for disappointment as the lot of man, and that he could have met it with stoicism; but words are poor and tardy interpreters of feelings to those who love one another, and his daughters knew how he would have borne ill-success worse for them than for himself. So they did not tell him what they were undertaking. He says now that he suspected it all along, but his suspicions could take no exact form, as all he was certain of was, that his children were perpetually writing - and not writing letters. We have seen how the communications from their publishers were received under cover to Miss Bronte." Once, Charlotte told me, they overheard the postman meeting Mr. Bronte, as the latter was leaving the house, and inquiring from the parson where one Currer Bell could be living, to which Mr. Bronte replied that there was no such person in the parish. This must have been the misadventure to which Miss Bronte alludes in the beginning of her correspondence with Mr. Aylott.

Now, however, when the demand for the work had assured success to Jane Eyre, her sisters urged Charlotte to tell their father of its publication. She accordingly went into his study one afternoon after his early dinner, carrying with her a copy of the book, and one or two reviews, taking care to include a notice adverse to it.

She informed me that something like the following conversation took place between her and him. (I wrote down her words the day after I heard them; and I am pretty sure they are quite accurate.)

"Papa, I've been writing a book."

"Have you, my dear?"

"Yes, and I want you to read it."

"I am afraid it will try my eyes too much."

"But it is not in manuscript: it is printed."

"My dear! you've never thought of the expense it will be! It will be almost sure to be a loss, for how can you get a book sold? No one knows you or your name."

"But, papa, I don't think it will be a loss; no more will you, if you will just let me read you a review or two, and tell you more about it."

So she sat down and read some of the reviews to her father; and then, giving him the copy of Jane Eyre that she intended for him, she left him to read it. When he came in to tea, he said, "Girls, do you know Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is much better than likely?"

But while the existence of Currer Bell, the author, was like a piece of a dream to the quiet inhabitants of Haworth Parsonage, who went on with their uniform household life, - their cares for their brother being its only variety, - the whole reading-world of England was in a ferment to discover the unknown author. Even the publishers of Jane Eyre were ignorant whether Currer Bell was a real or an assumed name, - whether it belonged to a man or a woman. In every town people sought out the list of their friends and acquaintances, and turned away in disappointment. No one they knew had genius enough to be the author.

What do you think the BEST synonym for 'ventures' is?

| | | | |
|--------------|-------|----------|-----------------|
| Disobedience | Books | Business | Projects |
|--------------|-------|----------|-----------------|

What do you think 'acute' means?

| | | | |
|--------|----------------|---------|------|
| Public | Intense | General | Calm |
|--------|----------------|---------|------|

When it states that the Bronte's father had "an acute interest in all that befell his children" – what do you think 'befell' means?

| | | | |
|--|---|--|---------------------------------------|
| What he feels should happen with his children. | What he suspected might have happened to his children | What he thought his children did to others | What happened to his children. |
|--|---|--|---------------------------------------|

What do you think 'manifest' means?

| | | | |
|------|---------|------|----------------------|
| Hide | Explain | List | Show clearly. |
|------|---------|------|----------------------|

What do you think 'stoicism' is?

| | | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------------|--|---------------------------------|
| Being strict and enjoying it | Being strict and feeling bad about it | Enduring pain without complaint | Being strict without complaint. |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------------|--|---------------------------------|

What do you think 'tardy' means?

| | | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|
| Not trying hard enough | Being rudely spoken | Being slow to act | Not being present. |
|------------------------|---------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|

What do you think the phrase 'borne ill-success' means?

| | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|--------------------------------|-------------------|
| Endured criticism | Created criticism | Endured lack of success | Endured sickness. |
|-------------------|-------------------|--------------------------------|-------------------|

What do you think the 'adverse' means?

| | | | |
|---------------------|-------------|---------------|----------|
| Unfavourable | Summarising | Complimentary | Copying. |
|---------------------|-------------|---------------|----------|

Which of these definitions of 'ferment' best suits it's use in this extract?

| | | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| To become alcoholic | A state of confusion | An excited condition | To change chemically. |
|---------------------|----------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------|

What do you think 'tendency' means?

Hatred

Ignorance

Studies

Interest

What word BEST matches the definition of 'undertaking'?

Pledging

Trying

Scheming

Exploring

What word BEST matches the definition of 'perpetually'?

Always

Awkwardly

Hardly

Largely

What sort of connotations does the phrase 'uniform household life' create for the reader?

Interesting

Boredom

Righteous

Holy

What sort of connotations do the words 'anxieties and disappointments' have?

Negative

Positive

Critical

Neutral

We get an awful lot of detail about the father in this extract. Pick three words you would use to describe the type of person the father is, select a quotation to back up your opinion and explain how the writer's use of language creates that effect.

| The father is... | A quotation to prove this is... | The use of the what language best shows this? |
|------------------|---------------------------------|---|
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |

If David Beckham had been an Olympian he would be seen as a waster. Or at least, as a man who missed his destiny. A man who failed to seize his time. And that is the art of being an Olympian: the seizing of the time. The great beauty, the great perfection of an Olympian is that he or she must perform in the knowledge that there is no second chance.

The Olympic Games is, as I have said, often compared with the World Cup. This is not a sensible comparison. Beckham failed at the World Cup in 1998. He kicked an Argentinian, got sent off, England lost, and were out of the competition. Beckham became a national hate-object as a result. And there was not another World Cup for four years, so redemption would have been a very long way away if the World Cup was the only prize in football worth playing for.

But that is the way it always is for an Olympian someone who takes part in one of the heartland Olympic sports, like athletics, swimming, rowing, gymnastics sports for which nothing matters -- nothing matters at all -- except the Olympic Games. If you fail at the Olympic Games you have nothing. Nothing for four years. And that is what gives the Games that extraordinary intensity. Winning is not just about being perfect. It is about being perfect now. The unforgiving present tense of the Olympic Games dominates the hearts and minds of the competitors. If not now, when?

For Beckham, there was redemption to be found as soon as the following year. Consequently, he was able to perform one of the great self-rescuing acts in the history of sport. He refused to leave the country, as many recommended. Instead, he stayed with Manchester United and inspired them to their immortal treble of the 1998–99 season: the Premiership, FA Cup and European Cup.

But for an Olympian, there are no consolation prizes, and, if you seek a second chance, you must wait nearly half a sporting lifetime for it. And very few athletes in any discipline have eight years at the top. If you mess up the Olympic Games, you have four years for the suffering. In Atlanta 1996, Paula Radcliffe finished fifth in the 5,000 metres. In Sydney at the 2000 Olympic Games, Radcliffe led most of the way in the 10,000 metres and finished fourth. She then reinvented herself as a marathon runner, and

set some astonishing world records. But this is athletics, a heartland Olympic sport, and so naturally Radcliffe still hungered for the sport's ultimate reward. She wanted an Olympic gold medal. And this was her time. It was hers for the seizing.

The greatest seizer of them all was Steve Redgrave.

I saw him win his fifth gold medal at his fifth Olympic Games in Sydney; and it will go down as the greatest piece of sport I have ever seen. I am not challenging for originality here: it was the greatest piece of sport anybody has ever seen. Longevity, it seems to me, is an ineluctable aspect of sporting greatness.

I was also at the waterside in 2004 to see Matthew Pinsent claim his fourth gold medal. And it was as fine an example of time-seizing as you could ever wish to see. There was something gloriously mythical about it: an echo of the Odyssey, the story of a ship cursed by the gods. The hero prevails in the end, after many tribulations and, at last, he can pause and weep an ocean of tears: just as Pinsent did.

Pinsent's boat had originally been a pair, which won everything and then inexplicably failed. They finished fourth at the World Championship of 2003. The pair was sacked and remade as a four. It didn't work. A man was dropped. Another was injured. And then eight weeks before the Games, another member, Alex Partridge, suffered a collapsed lung and dropped out. *Ed e our*: seven Weeks. An Olympic crew normally takes four years to create.

It was terrifyingly close. The British crew went by-side with Canada from start to finish and throughout, Canada held the slightest advantage. It was perfectly clear that this was a heroic British effort doomed to end in failure. There was a feeling of glum inevitability about the process: a feeling that your best is never, ever quite good enough, not for the things you really want. But, impossibly, the British four won in the last ten strokes, and they did so because of Pinsent. He recalls thinking: 'We're doing our best and we're still not making any inroads at all.' Desperate times require desperate measures. Great times require great people to seize them. Pinsent took the crew over the

line by means of a massive outpouring of the self. He refused to accept the plain and obvious fact of defeat, and remade reality in front of us. It was one of the most stirring pieces of sport I have ever witnessed.

| | | | |
|--|------------------------|-------------------------------|--|
| David Beckham is referred to as having gone through a 'redemption' – what definition do you think best matches that word? | | | |
| To get revenge | To train for something | To feel better about yourself | To make up for doing badly in the past. |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|--|
| The quotation "Longevity, it seems to me, is an ineluctable aspect of sporting greatness." contains two words we might be less familiar with. Which sentence below do you think best matches the meaning of the quotation? | | | |
| Height, it seems to me, is an straightforward aspect of sporting greatness. | A long career, it seems to me, is an inescapable aspect of sporting greatness. | Attractiveness, it seems to me, is an unavoidable aspect of sporting greatness. | A long career, it seems to me, is an unfortunate aspect of sporting greatness. |

| | | | |
|--|-----------|--------------|----------|
| What do you think 'tribulations' means? | | | |
| Troubles | Successes | Competitions | Chapters |

All of the word below appears in the article but which of them fit into the sentences below best.

Advantage

Immortal

Consolation

Consequently

4. If we remember our soldiers, they will be _____ in our minds.
5. Good friends will never take _____ of your situation.
6. Due to the negative press about the election it has, _____, had an effect on tourism.
7. If it is any _____, your team played well.

200 word challenge: Write the opening for a magazine article where you state that sport is a negative thing.

This afternoon I took the tube to Richmond, and thence a bus to Petersham. I walked down the long drive to Ham House. The grounds are indescribably overgrown and unkempt. I walked round the house, which appeared thoroughly deserted, searching for an entrance. The garden and front doors looked as though they had not been used for decades. So I returned to the back door and pulled a bell. Several seconds later a rusty tinkling echoed from distant subterranean regions. While waiting I recalled the grand ball given for Nefertiti Bethell which I attended in this house some ten years ago or more. The door was roughly jerked open, the bottom grating against the stone floor. The noise was accompanied by heavy breathing from within. An elderly man of sixty stood before me. He had red hair and a red face, carrot and port wine. He wore a tail coat and a starched shirt front which had come apart from the waistcoat. 'The old alcoholic family butler,' I said to myself. Without asking my name or business, he said, 'Follow me.' Slowly he led me down a dark passage, his legs moving in painful jerks. At last he stopped outside a door, and knocked nervously. An ancient voice cried, 'Come in!' The seedy butler then said to me, 'Daddy is expecting you,' and left me. I realized that he was the bachelor son of Sir Lyonel Tollemache, aged eighty-nine. As I entered the ancient voice said, 'You can leave us alone, boy!'

Sir Lyonel was sitting on an upright chair. He was dressed, unlike his son, immaculately in a grey suit, beautifully pressed, and wore a stock tie with a large pearl pin. I think he had spats over black polished shoes. A decorative figure, and courteous. He asked me several questions about the National Trust's scheme for preserving country houses, before ringing the bell and handing me back to his son.

The son showed me hurriedly round the house, which is melancholy in the extreme. All the rooms are dirty and dusty. The furniture and pictures have been moved to the country for safety. There is no doubt whatever that, even without the contents, this house is worthy of acceptance because of the superlative interior treatment, the panelling, the exquisite parquet floors, the extraordinary chimneypieces, the great staircase of pierced balusters, the velvet hangings, etc. It is a wonderful seventeenth-century house, and from the south windows the garden layout of symmetrical beds, stone gate plinths and ironwork is superb. Once we were away from the father, whom whom he clearly holds in mortal dread, the son became

confidential. He said the family were worth E2 million and did not receive as much as sixpence in each pound; that they had two gardeners instead of twelve, and no indoor servants except a cook (and himself). He told me he was so distracted by looking after the Ham property and the Lincolnshire estate that at times he felt suicidal. I looked straight at him, and knew that the poor man meant it. When I waved goodbye, the faintest flicker of a smile crossed his bucolic face, and a tiny tear was on his cheek.

This text contains a number of words that we don't use very much anymore. Can you work them out by looking at the context?

| | | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------|-----------|-----------|
| What do you think 'spats' are? | | | |
| Dribble | An item of clothing | An animal | Arguments |

| | | | |
|---|-------------------------------|--|----------------------------|
| What do you think 'balusters' are? | | | |
| Soldiers – like 'battlers' | Single men – like 'bachelors' | A staircase railing – like 'bannisters' | Layers – like 'barristers' |

| | | | |
|---|----------------|-------------|-------|
| What do you think 'bucolic' means? | | | |
| To do with country life | Vegetable-like | Animal-like | Fizzy |

| | | |
|---|--------|----------------|
| What type of sentence is: "He was dressed, unlike his son, immaculately in a grey suit, beautifully pressed, and wore a stock tie with a large pearl pin. I think he had spats over black polished shoes"? | | |
| Compound | Simple | Complex |

What type of sentence is: "The noise was accompanied by heavy breathing from within."?

Compound

Simple

Complex

What type of sentence is: "When I waved goodbye, the faintest flicker of a smile crossed his bucolic face, and a tiny tear was on his cheek.."?

Compound

Simple

Complex

This is a piece of non-fiction, however there are elements of writing that is more often used in descriptive writing. Find a descriptive quote and explain how language has been used for effect.

100 words: Describe a country house in detail. Use descriptive language techniques.

Today we are launching a campaign called "[HeForShe](#)."

I am reaching out to you because I need your help. We want to end gender inequality—and to do that we need everyone to be involved.

This is the first campaign of its kind at the UN: we want to try and galvanize as many men and boys as possible to be advocates for gender equality. And we don't just want to talk about it, but make sure it is tangible.

I was appointed six months ago and the more I have spoken about feminism the more I have realized that fighting for women's rights has too often become synonymous with man-hating. If there is one thing I know for certain, it is that this has to stop.

For the record, feminism by definition is: "The belief that men and women should have equal rights and opportunities. It is the theory of the political, economic and social equality of the sexes."

I started questioning gender-based assumptions when at eight I was confused at being called "bossy," because I wanted to direct the plays we would put on for our parents—but the boys were not.

When at 14 I started being sexualized by certain elements of the press.

When at 15 my girlfriends started dropping out of their sports teams because they didn't want to appear "muscly."

When at 18 my male friends were unable to express their feelings.

I decided I was a feminist and this seemed uncomplicated to me. But my recent research has shown me that feminism has become an unpopular word.

Apparently I am among the ranks of women whose expressions are seen as too strong, too aggressive, isolating, anti-men and, unattractive.

Why is the word such an uncomfortable one?

I am from Britain and think it is right that as a woman I am paid the same as my male counterparts. I think it is right that I should be able to make decisions about my own body. I think it is right that women be involved on my behalf in the policies and decision-making of my country. I think it is right that socially I am afforded the same respect as men. But sadly I can say that there is no one country in the world where all women can expect to receive these rights.

No country in the world can yet say they have achieved gender equality.

These rights I consider to be human rights but I am one of the lucky ones. My life is a sheer privilege because my parents didn't love me less because I was born a daughter. My school did not limit me because I was a girl. My mentors didn't assume I would go less far because I might give birth to a child one day. These influencers were the gender equality ambassadors that made me who I am today. They may not know it, but they are the inadvertent feminists who are changing the world today. And we need more of those.

And if you still hate the word—it is not the word that is important but the idea and the ambition behind it. Because not all women have been afforded the same rights that I have. In fact, statistically, very few have been.

In 1995, Hilary Clinton made a famous speech in Beijing about women's rights. Sadly many of the things she wanted to change are still a reality today.

But what stood out for me the most was that only 30 per cent of her audience were male. How can we affect change in the world when only half of it is invited or feel welcome to participate in the conversation?

Men—I would like to take this opportunity to extend your formal invitation. Gender equality is your issue too.

Because to date, I've seen my father's role as a parent being valued less by society despite my needing his presence as a child as much as my mother's.

I've seen young men suffering from mental illness unable to ask for help for fear it would make them look less "macho" — in fact in the UK suicide is the biggest killer of men between 20-49 years of age; eclipsing road accidents, cancer and coronary heart disease. I've seen men made fragile and insecure by a distorted sense of what constitutes male success. Men don't have the benefits of equality either.

We don't often talk about men being imprisoned by gender stereotypes but I can see that that they are and that when they are free, things will change for women as a natural consequence.

If men don't have to be aggressive in order to be accepted women won't feel compelled to be submissive. If men don't have to control, women won't have to be controlled.

Both men and women should feel free to be sensitive. Both men and women should feel free to be strong... It is time that we all perceive gender on a spectrum not as two opposing sets of ideals.

If we stop defining each other by what we are not and start defining ourselves by what we are — we can all be freer and this is what HeForShe is about. It's about freedom.

I want men to take up this mantle. So their daughters, sisters and mothers can be free from prejudice but also so that their sons have permission to be vulnerable and human too — reclaim those parts of themselves they abandoned and in doing so be a more true and complete version of themselves.

You might be thinking who is this Harry Potter girl? And what is she doing up on stage at the UN. It's a good question and trust me, I have been asking myself the same thing. I don't know if I am qualified to be here. All I know is that I care about this problem. And I want to make it better.

And having seen what I've seen—and given the chance—I feel it is my duty to say something. English Statesman Edmund Burke said: “All that is needed for the forces of evil to triumph is for enough good men and women to do nothing.”

In my nervousness for this speech and in my moments of doubt I've told myself firmly—if not me, who, if not now, when. If you have similar doubts when opportunities are presented to you I hope those words might be helpful.

Because the reality is that if we do nothing it will take 75 years, or for me to be nearly a hundred before women can expect to be paid the same as men for the same work. 15.5 million girls will be married in the next 16 years as children. And at current rates it won't be until 2086 before all rural African girls will be able to receive a secondary education.

If you believe in equality, you might be one of those inadvertent feminists I spoke of earlier.

And for this I applaud you.

We are struggling for a uniting word but the good news is we have a uniting movement. It is called HeForShe. I am inviting you to step forward, to be seen to speak up, to be the "he" for "she". And to ask yourself if not me, who? If not now, when?

Thank you.

Select 4 quotations from this speech that create a powerful effect on the reader and fill out the table below.

| Technique | Quote | Effect of language choice. |
|-----------|-------|----------------------------|
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |

The Montrose was in port at Antwerp when I read in the

Continental Daily Mail that a warrant had been issued for Crippen and le Neve. They were reported to have been traced to a hotel in Brussels but had then vanished again.

Soon after we sailed for Quebec I happened to glance through the porthole of my cabin and behind a lifeboat I saw two men. One was squeezing the other's hand. I walked along the boat deck and got into conversation with the elder man. I noticed that there was a mark on the bridge of his nose through wearing spectacles, that he had recently shaved off a moustache,

and that he was growing a beard. The young fellow was very reserved, and I remarked about his cough.

'Yes,' said the elder man, 'my boy has a weak chest, and I'm taking him to California for his health.'

I returned to my cabin and had another look at the Daily Mail. I studied the description and photographs issued by Scotland Yard. Crippen was 50 years of age, 5 ft 4 ins high, wearing spectacles and a moustache; Miss Le Neve was 27, 5 ft 5 ins, slim, with pale complexion. I then examined the passenger list and ascertained that the two passengers were travelling as 'Mr Robinson and son'. I arranged for them to take meals at my table.

When the bell went for lunch I tarried until the coast was clear, then slipped into the Robinsons' cabin unobserved, where I noticed two things: that the boy's felt hat was packed round the rim to make it fit, and that he had been using a piece of a woman's bodice as a face flannel. That satisfied me. I went down to the dining saloon and kept my eyes open. The boy's manners at table were ladylike. Later, when they were promenading the saloon deck, I went out and walked behind them, and called out, 'Mr Robinson!' I had to shout the name several times before the man turned and said to me, 'I'm sorry, Captain, I didn't hear you — this cold wind is making me deaf.'

In the next two days we developed our acquaintance. Mr Robinson was the acme of politeness, quiet-mannered, a non-smoker; at night he went on

deck and roamed about on his own. Once the wind blew up his coat tails and in his hip pocket I saw a revolver. After that I also carried a revolver, and we often had pleasant little tea parties together in my cabin, discussing the book he was reading, which was *The Four Just Men*, a murder mystery by Edgar Wallace and when that little fact was wirelessly to London and published it made Edgar Wallace's name ring, so agog was everybody in England over the Crippen case.

That brings me to the wireless. On the third day out I gave my wireless operator a message for Liverpool: One hundred and thirty-miles west of Lizard . . . have strong suspicions that Crippen London cellar murderer and accomplice are among saloon passengers . . . Accomplice dressed as boy; voice, manner, and build undoubtedly a girl.

I remember Mr Robinson sitting in a deckchair, looking at the wireless aerials and listening to the crackling of our crude spark-transmitter, and remarking to me what a wonderful invention it was.

I sent several more reports, but our weak transmitting apparatus was soon out of communication with land. We could hear other ships at a great distance, however, and you may imagine my excitement when my operator brought me a message he had intercepted from a London newspaper to its representative about the White Star liner *Laurentic* which was also heading westward across the Atlantic: What is Inspector Dew doing? Is he sending and receiving wireless messages? Is he playing games with it, passengers? Are passengers excited over chase? Rush reply.

This was the first I knew that my message to Liverpool had caused Inspector Dew to catch the first boat out — the *Laurentic*. With her superior speed I knew she would reach the Newfoundland coast before me. I hoped that if she had any news for me the *Laurentic* would leave it at the Belle Island station to be transmitted to me as soon as I passed that point on my approach to Canada.

She had news indeed: Will board you at Father Point...strictly confidential . . . from Inspector Dew, Scotland Yard, on board *Laurentic*.

I replied: Shall arrive Farther Point about 6 a.m. tomorrow . . . should advise you to come off in small boat with pilot, disguised as pilot...

This was confirmed. The last night was dreary and anxious, the sound of our fog-horn every few minutes adding to the monotony. The hours dragged on as I paced the bridge; now and then I could see Mr Robinson strolling about the deck. I had invited him to get up early to see the 'pilots' come aboard at Father Point in the River St Lawrence. When they did so they came straight to my cabin. I sent for Mr Robinson. When he entered I stood with the detective facing the door, holding my revolver inside my coat pocket. As he came in, I said, 'Let me introduce you.'

Mr Robinson put out his hand, the detective grabbed it, at the same time removing his pilot's cap, and said, 'Good morning, Dr Crippen. Do you know me? I'm Inspector Dew, from Scotland Yard.'

Crippen quivered. Surprise struck him dumb. Then he said, 'Thank God it's over. The suspense has been too great. I couldn't stand it any longer.'

'Promenading' describes a way of walking. What word best describes the type of walking being described?

| | | | |
|----------|-----------|----------|-----------------|
| Casually | Carefully | Unevenly | With difficulty |
|----------|-----------|----------|-----------------|

What does 'acme' mean?

| | | | |
|--------------|----------|----------|-------------|
| Best example | Opposite | Secretly | Very spotty |
|--------------|----------|----------|-------------|

What does 'agog' mean?

| | | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------|
| Elated and Thrilled | Easy and Uncomplicated | Eager and Excited | Elegant and Stylish |
|---------------------|------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------|

What would you consider to be the type of writing that this text is? i.e. Diary, Letter, Newspaper article, Magazine article.

| |
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| |
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What is the best quote for the answer you have given above? What is it about the language that proves your answer?

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| |
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100-word challenge: Write a blogpost where you describe a meeting with someone from history. It can be anyone you choose and from any point in history.

| |
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We set out for the gallows. Two warders marched on either side of the prisoner, with their rifles at the slope; two others marched close against him, gripping him by arm and shoulder, as though at once pushing and supporting him. The rest of us, magistrates and the like, followed behind. Suddenly, when we had gone ten yards, the procession stopped short without any order or warning. A dreadful thing had happened—a dog, come goodness knows whence, had appeared in the yard. It came bounding among us with a loud volley of barks, and leapt round us wagging its whole body, wild with glee at finding so many human beings together. It was a large woolly dog, half Airedale, half pariah. For a moment it pranced round us, and then, before anyone could stop it, it had made a dash for the prisoner, and jumping up tried to lick his face. Everyone stood aghast, too taken aback even to grab at the dog.

“Who let that bloody brute in here?” said the superintendent angrily. “Catch it, someone!”

A warder, detached from the escort, charged clumsily after the dog, but it danced and gambolled just out of his reach, taking everything as part of the game. A young Eurasian jailer picked up a handful of gravel and tried to stone the dog away, but it dodged the stones and came after us again. Its yaps echoed from the jail walls. The prisoner, in the grasp of the two warders, looked on incuriously, as though this was another formality of the hanging. It was several minutes before someone managed to catch the dog. Then we put my handkerchief through its collar and moved off once more, with the dog still straining and whimpering.

It was about forty yards to the gallows. I watched the bare brown back of the prisoner marching in front of me. He walked clumsily with his bound arms, but quite steadily, with that bobbing gait of the Indian who never straightens his knees. At each step his muscles slid neatly into place, the lock of hair on his scalp danced up and down, his feet printed themselves on the wet gravel. And once, in spite of the men who gripped him by each shoulder, he stepped slightly aside to avoid a puddle on the path.

It is curious, but till that moment I had never realized what it means to destroy a healthy, conscious man. When I saw the prisoner step aside to avoid the puddle, I saw the mystery, the unspeakable wrongness, of cutting a life short when it is in full tide. This man was not dying, he was alive just as we were alive. All the organs of his body were working –bowels digesting food, skin renewing itself, nails growing, tissues forming—all toiling away in solemn foolery. His nails would still be growing when he stood on the drop, when he was falling through the air with a tenth of a second to live. His eyes saw the yellow gravel and the grey walls, and his brain still remembered, foresaw, reasoned – reasoned even about puddles. He and we were a party of men walking together, seeing, hearing, feeling, understanding the same

world; and in two minutes, with a sudden snap, one of us would be gone – one mind less, one world less.

Pick a quote that best shows the mood of the scene described and explain how the language used has created that effect.

500 word challenge – Describe, in detail, a scene of great tension.

Surviving the tsunami

Just before the first wave hit, Edie Fassnidge took a picture of her younger sister Alice and their mother. The scene was idyllic, Boxing Day 2004, the three of them kayaking off [Ao Nang beach](#) in Thailand with Fassnidge's boyfriend, Matt: blue skies, clear waters, perfectly calm weather. "I remember saying, 'It's so beautiful here,'" Fassnidge says. "We were floating along in the sea, and there was a dramatic limestone column right by us, a little island in the background, and we were all really happy."

The camera was still aloft when something in the air shifted. Fassnidge's mood switched to high alert. "I caught sight of the horizon and suddenly that didn't look right. Everything had been so calm and now there was a ridge all the way along it." A wave was approaching them – her mother and Alice in one kayak, she and Matt in the other. They were a kilometre from the nearest beach, but only a few metres from a rocky, vertical cliff. "My mind was going crazy, trying to make sense of what I was seeing."

Fassnidge noticed her mother and Alice paddling towards the rocks and shouted at them to stop, before water engulfed them all. She was pulled from her boat, into a bank of rocks, her head pounding against them, over and over. Her mother and sister were swept away.

Fassnidge's experience in the Asian [tsunami](#) would leave her bereft, and with flesh torn so badly, she could see through to her bones. It's an experience she describes in her book *Rinse, Spin, Repeat*. Fassnidge is now 35, and tells her story with thoughtful deliberation. It's hard to imagine she was ever so physically broken: she has the glow of someone who turned to running for therapy, takes part in triathlons, works part-time as a personal trainer, and whose [Twitter bio](#) notes, slightly astonishingly, how much she loves to swim outside.

She has always been comfortable talking about what happened, she says, and at the start of 2013 the urge to tell her story became pressing. In June last year, she gave up her job and started work on a memoir; after writing for six weeks, getting everything swiftly on paper, she reread it and was disappointed to find it felt flat. Not long afterwards, she began sketching, and soon she

realised that this was the answer. The pictures in her book are simple, but strangely affecting; some frames come as a punch to the gut. When I tell her this, she says creating it was very emotional, too. "It felt like I was covered in snow, buried really, really deep, but I knew there was a way out and that if I just kept drawing I would be able to emerge again."

In September 2004, when she and Matt set off on their 18-month dream trip, Fassnidge was in her mid-20s, working as a sociology teacher in London. The couple had been together since their second year at Durham University, and they had always talked about travelling. They saved and planned excitedly throughout that year, deciding they would start with six months in south-east Asia, followed by a year living and working in New Zealand.

She had grown up in the Yorkshire Dales, where her mother became a professor at the University of Leeds, while her father worked in arts management. The whole family was very close, she says, and remained so after her parents divorced when she was in her mid-teens. They were all musical – Fassnidge played the violin – but she says it was Alice, who played the cello, who was really gifted. In 2004, Alice was living in London, too, training to be a secondary school music teacher, and they would meet up most weeks; Alice would sometimes cut her sister's hair. One of Fassnidge's few concerns about her trip was leaving her family behind for so long, but on a visit home that summer, her mother said she and Alice could come and see them in Thailand at Christmas, which put her worries to rest.

She and Matt set off for the trip of their lives, seeing orangutans in Borneo, climbing Mount Kilimanjaro and developing their palate for spicy food. When Alice and her mother joined them in December, Fassnidge planned an itinerary of temples, restaurants, museums and markets. The idea was to go kayaking on Christmas Day, but all the other tourists had apparently had the same thought and the boats were booked out. It would be a Boxing Day treat instead.

Then the waves came. After that first one, Fassnidge tumbled underwater until everything calmed around her. When she regained some control of her body, she kicked up and found she was trapped beneath a wall of solid rock; as she felt her way along, she started panicking, deeply aware of her lack of oxygen. Finally, her hand reached into clear water and she rose up through the blue.

At the surface, she saw Matt, Alice and her mother a few metres away, all treading water. "I was so happy – so, so happy – and I was about to say to everyone, 'It's all fine!' when I realised they didn't look fine, any of them. They all looked very, very distant, just staring, not saying anything." A couple of seconds later she watched, appalled, as another wave rose behind them.

She was pulled under again, and emerged to find her family had disappeared. As she swam around looking for some sign of them, another wave hit, and when she broke the surface for the third time, she saw her mother's body five metres away in the water. "I swam over to her and she was face down. I turned her over and knew she was dead, but I wanted to see if I could bring her back to life, so I breathed into her mouth. I had hold of her, and my back to the sea, but I sensed something else." Another wave. "I knew my mum was dead and that if I stayed in the water, I could die, too."

Fassnidge swam to some nearby rocks, pulled herself out and scrambled as high as she could, holding on to rushes as the waves crashed around her. "When the water died down, I looked to see whether my mum was there, and her body had gone. Then I looked down at myself and I was speechless. I couldn't feel any pain, but where the rocks had torn me, I was covered everywhere with lacerations and cuts. It was the strangest experience, because I thought that when people looked like I looked, they screamed, but I was just completely numb."

Alone on the rocks, she considered her chances of being rescued. At that stage, she had no idea of the scale of what had just happened – she assumed the tsunami had just been a freak, local wave and that a search party would be along soon. But she also realised that she was very isolated. There was no way to dry land except via the sea, and since she was now terrified of the water, she started climbing up the rocky headland. "Before long I was climbing through really dense, spiky gorse bushes, pulling myself up through branches; I could feel myself getting cut even more. It was getting steeper and steeper, and I realised that it wasn't going to work. I needed to turn back and preserve my energy."

On climbing down, she was suddenly surrounded by large, orangey-brown ants. "I felt them first in my feet, which were really cut up; it was as if something was biting into the core of my body, electric pain, like an electric shock, and they swarmed all over me." There were too many to pick off, and this was the first time that she cried. "I got really angry and I screamed, 'Why

is this happening to me?" She moved down to the water, heard a helicopter, and motioned to it, shouting. It was flying low, but didn't slow down, just kept moving on out to sea. There was no option but to follow it, to do what she was dreading: she lowered herself back into the water.

Fassnidge swam against the currents, then rested, aware of how close she might be to dying if she didn't get help. "I was feeling drained and out of energy, out of ideas. I lay down and gave myself a bit of a talking to, told myself that if I didn't do anything, I could die." Finally she saw a small gap between some rocks and decided to squeeze through. She emerged on to a small, rocky beach. After so long without water she knew she was running solely on adrenaline, but she crawled, walked and paddled as far as she could, finally turning a corner and seeing two men next to some boats. A paramedic arrived and she was carried to a beach; she hadn't spoken for hours, but her story began tumbling out.

Despite the fact that this is a non-fiction piece of writing, there are moments of it that are descriptive. Pick the most descriptive quote you can and explain the effect of the language.

400 word challenge: Imagine yourself in the middle of a natural disaster. Describe one individual moment you experience in close detail.

The nurses stiffened to attention as the D.H.C. came in.

"Set out the books," he said curtly.

In silence the nurses obeyed his command. Between the rose bowls the books were duly set out—a row of nursery quartos opened invitingly each at some gaily coloured image of beast or fish or bird.

"Now bring in the children."

They hurried out of the room and returned in a minute or two, each pushing a kind of tall dumb-waiter laden, on all its four wire-netted shelves, with eight-month-old babies, all exactly alike (a Bokanovsky Group, it was evident) and all (since their caste was Delta) dressed in khaki.

"Put them down on the floor."

The infants were unloaded.

"Now turn them so that they can see the flowers and books."

Turned, the babies at once fell silent, then began to crawl towards those clusters of sleek colours, those shapes so gay and brilliant on the white pages. As they approached, the sun came out of a momentary eclipse behind a cloud. The roses flamed up as though with a sudden passion from within; a new and profound significance seemed to suffuse the shining pages of the books. From the ranks of the crawling babies came little squeals of excitement, gurgles and twitterings of pleasure.

The Director rubbed his hands. "Excellent!" he said. "It might almost have been done on purpose."

The swiftest crawlers were already at their goal. Small hands reached out uncertainly, touched, grasped, unpetaling the transfigured roses, crumpling the illuminated pages of the books. The Director waited until all were happily busy. Then, "Watch carefully," he said. And, lifting his hand, he gave the signal.

The Head Nurse, who was standing by a switchboard at the other end of the room, pressed down a little lever.

There was a violent explosion. Shriller and ever shriller, a siren shrieked. Alarm bells maddeningly sounded.

The children started, screamed; their faces were distorted with terror. "And now," the Director shouted (for the noise was deafening), "now we proceed to rub in the lesson with a mild electric shock."

He waved his hand again, and the Head Nurse pressed a second lever. The screaming of the babies suddenly changed its tone. There was something desperate, almost insane, about the sharp spasmodic yelps to which they now gave utterance. Their little bodies twitched and stiffened; their limbs moved jerkily as if to the tug of unseen wires.

"We can electrify that whole strip of floor," bawled the Director in explanation. "But that's enough," he signalled to the nurse.

The explosions ceased, the bells stopped ringing, the shriek of the siren died down from tone to tone into silence. The stiffly twitching bodies relaxed, and what had become the sob and yelp of infant maniacs broadened out once more into a normal howl of ordinary terror.

"Offer them the flowers and the books again."

The nurses obeyed; but at the approach of the roses the infants shrank away in horror, the volume of their howling suddenly increased.

"Observe," said the Director triumphantly, "observe."

Books and loud noises, flowers and electric shocks—already in the infant mind these couples were compromisingly linked; and after two hundred repetitions of the same or a similar lesson would be wedded indissolubly. What man has joined, nature is powerless to put asunder.

"They'll grow up with what the psychologists used to call an 'instinctive' hatred of books and flowers. Reflexes unalterably conditioned. They'll be safe from books and botany all their lives." The Director turned to his nurses.

"Take them away again."

Still yelling, the khaki babies were loaded on to their dumb-waiters and wheeled out, leaving behind them the smell of sour milk and a most welcome silence.

Which of these definitions of the word 'caste' or 'cast' best suits its use in the text?

| | | | |
|---------|----------------|--------------|----------|
| To look | Type of worker | Class | To throw |
|---------|----------------|--------------|----------|

Which of these gives the closest definition of the phrase 'wedded indissolubly'?

| | | | |
|---|--|-------------------------|-------------------|
| Sealed up with no possibility of being undone | Joined together with no possibility of being undone | Joined together loosely | Sealed up loosely |
|---|--|-------------------------|-------------------|

What is the author's most likely intention in describing the alarm bell in detail?

| | | | |
|--|------------------------------|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| It heightens the sense of panic | Makes the reader feel scared | Shows the area is well-protected | Shows the text is set in the future. |
|--|------------------------------|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|

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|--|------------------------------|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
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|--|------------------------------|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|

What word from the underlined paragraph best backs up your response to the last sentence?

| |
|--|
| |
|--|

What technique has the writer use in their selection of the word you chose in your last answer?

What technique has the writer use in their selection of the word you chose in your last answer?

The writer deliberately uses upsetting imagery to make the reader feel uncomfortable. Pick a quotation that you think makes the reader feel especially uncomfortable and explain how language has been used to create that effect.

Shortly before midday I placed the single earphone to my ear and started listening. The receiver on the table before me was very crude -- a few coils and condensers and a coherer -- no valves, no amplifiers, not even a crystal. But I was at last on the point of putting the correctness of all my beliefs to test. The answer came at 12: 30 when I heard, faintly but distinctly, *pip-pip-pip*. I handed the phone to Kemp: "Can you hear anything?" I asked. "Yes," he said. "The letter S." He could hear it. I knew then that all my anticipations had been justified. The electric waves sent out into space from Poldhu had traversed the Atlantic -- the distance, enormous as it seemed then, of 1,700 miles -- unimpeded by the curvature of the earth. The result meant much more to me than the mere successful realization of an experiment. As Sir Oliver Lodge has stated, it was an epoch in history. I now felt for the first time absolutely certain that the day would come when mankind would be able to send messages without wires not only across the Atlantic but between the farthestmost ends of the earth.

| | | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------|-----------|-------------------|
| What do you think epoch means? | | | |
| Expensive | Well Known | Dangerous | Key Moment |

All of the words below appear in the article but which of them fit into the sentences below best.

Crude

Unimpeded

Farthermost

Distinctly

Anticipations

Mere

1. He allowed your soldiers to assault people in the streets

2. Internet trolls revel in being crass, _____, and cruel.
3. Loch Neach is the largest lake in the UK but is a _____ puddle compared to Lake Melville in Canada which is nearly eight times bigger.

Pick a quote that makes the invention sound shocking and life changing and explain how the writer has used language to create that effect.

200 word challenge: Write a speech to the rest of your class explaining what you think is the most important invention of the last 100 years. Give reasons why.

I was visited again by the Senior Medical Officer, who asked me how long I had been without food. I said I had eaten a buttered scone and a banana sent in by friends to the police station on Friday at about midnight. He said, "Oh, then, this is the fourth day; that is too long, I shall have to feed you, I must feed you at once," but he went out and nothing happened till about 6 o'clock in the evening, when he returned with, I think, five wardresses and the feeding apparatus. He urged me to take food voluntarily. I told him that was absolutely out of the question, that when our legislator ceased to resist enfranchising women then I should cease to resist taking food in prison. He did not examine my heart nor feel my pulse; he did not ask to do so, nor did I say anything which could possibly induce him to think I would refuse to be examined. I offered no resistance to being placed in position, but lay down voluntarily on the plank bed. Two of the wardresses took hold of my arms, one held my head and one my feet. One wardress helped to pour the food. The doctor leant on my knees as he stooped over my chest to get at my mouth. I shut my mouth and clenched my teeth. I had looked forward to this moment with so much anxiety lest my identity should be discovered beforehand, that I felt positively glad when the time had come. The sense of being overpowered by more force than I could possibly resist was complete, but I resisted nothing except with my mouth. The doctor offered me the choice of a wooden or steel gag; he explained elaborately, as he did on most subsequent occasions, that the steel gag would hurt and the wooden one not, and he urged me not to force him to use the steel gag. But I did not speak nor open my mouth, so that after playing about for a moment or two with the wooden one he finally had recourse to the steel. He seemed annoyed at my resistance and he broke into a temper as he plied my teeth with the steel implement. He found that on either side at the back I had false teeth mounted on a bridge which did not take out. The superintending wardress asked if I had any false teeth, if so, that they must be taken out; I made no answer and the process went on. He dug his instrument on to

the sham tooth, it pressed fearfully on the gum. He said if I resisted so much with my teeth, he would have feed me through the nose. The pain of it was intense and at last I must have given way for he got the gag between my teeth, when he proceeded to turn it much more than necessary until my jaws were fastened wide apart, far more than they could go naturally. Then he put down my throat a tube which seemed to me much too wide and was something like four feet in length. The irritation of the tube was excessive. I choked the moment it touched my throat until it had got down. Then the food was poured in quickly; it made me sick a few seconds after it was down and the action of the sickness made my body and legs double up, but the wardresses instantly pressed back my head and the doctor leant on my knees. The horror of it was more than I can describe. I was sick over the doctor and wardresses, and it seemed a long time before they took the tube out. As the doctor left he gave me a slap on the cheek, not violently, but, as it were, to express his contemptuous disapproval, and he seemed to take for granted that my distress was assumed. At first it seemed such an utterly contemptible thing to have done that I could only laugh in my mind. Then suddenly I saw Jane Warton lying before me, and it seemed as if I were outside of her. She was the most despised, ignorant and helpless prisoner that I had seen. When she had served her time and was out of the prison, no one would believe anything she said, and the doctor when he had fed her by force and tortured her body, struck her on the cheek to show how he despised her! That was Jane Warton, and I had come to help her.

| | | | |
|--|-------------------------|-----------|--------------------|
| What can you suggest the word 'wardresses' means? | | | |
| A type of furniture | A female warden. | Soldiers. | Medical equipment. |

| | | | |
|---|--------------------|----------|------------|
| What can you suggest the word 'legislators' means? | | | |
| People who make rooves | Law makers. | Doctors. | Ancestors. |

| | | | |
|---|---|--------------------------------------|---|
| What can you suggest the phrase 'enfranchising women' means? | | | |
| Allowing women to work. | Allowing women to go to the same places as men. | Allowing women to set up businesses. | Giving women the right to vote in elections. |

| | | | |
|--|--------------|-----------------------|---------|
| What can you suggest the word "lest' means? | | | |
| In case | Hoping that. | Hiding the fact that. | Rudely. |

| | | | |
|---|----------|------------|----------------|
| Select a synonym for the word 'recourse' | | | |
| Idea | Avoided. | Remembered | Reason. |

What was it that caused the writer such pain?

The pipe

Her false teeth

Her hunger

Why does the doctor get annoyed?

**At her
resistance**

Because he
didn't want to
use the steel
gag.

Because she
was talking
too much.

Because she
lied about her
teeth.

What is described as "too wide."?

The food

The pipe

The gag

Her teeth

Pick one quote that you think best shows the discomfort the writer is feeling. Explain how language has been used to create that effect.

100 word challenge: Start a newspaper article on this event. Make sure you stick to the style of a newspaper report.

'How the iPod changed my life'

I've always loved my toys. As a kid it was Lego, Meccano, Subbuteo and Scalextric.

Then, when I was a teenager, it was my racing bike, my stereo and skateboard. Eventually, I became obsessed with cars, too.

But the last time I became besotted with a piece of hardware was in the 80s, when I bought my first Sony Walkman.

This was the life, I thought, a machine that plays the latest Adam & The Ants album as I sat on the bus to college. What could be cooler than that?

Well, the iPod, actually. Which is probably the coolest thing in the world right now. A boy's toy that's also a girl's toy. A toy I've become utterly obsessed with.

It happened about 18 months ago. My wife asked me what I wanted for Christmas and, as I always want the latest toy, I suggested an iPod.

"You're mad," said a friend who works in the music business (ironically). "How much time do you have to yourself? When will you ever use it?"

But the fear of being left behind by the iPod generation was stronger than the fear that I might never use the thing . . .

And my world turned upside down. Here was a machine that didn't just play the new Adam & The Ants LP, if I wanted it to (which I didn't). It would play every Adam & The Ants song ever recorded.

This little white plastic box could store up to 10,000 of my favourite songs. And while I realised that there probably weren't 10,000 songs I actually liked, I was sure I could fill it with at least 5,000.

And so I started filleting my record collection and uploading them on to iTunes. I began spending every available minute rummaging through every CD, album, single and cassette, looking for songs worthy of my new baby. On day two, I discovered I had Hunky Dory not just on CD but on cassette and also twice on vinyl. The album was one of David Bowie's most formative but did I need five copies?

The process of deciding what to upload was tantamount to listening to every song I'd ever bought.

Some were imported immediately but many more were forced to walk my PowerBook's metaphorical plank. Would I rip it into an MP3 or press eject?

Over the next six months, I began loading my iPod as though my life depended on it. Not only did I go through every single CD and upload the songs I liked, I also recorded all of my vinyl and then began downloading songs from the internet (legally, of course).

In the space of just a few months I was totally addicted. I fell in love with the process immediately. As soon as the song was uploaded, the file just lay there, nameless, blameless.

And so I would type in the artist's name, the song title, the album it came from (as well as host of other categories) and then watch it flip into its rightful alphabetical place.

And having spent a few nights doing this, my friend Robin, who had already become well versed in the ways of the Pod, said I should upload while connected to the internet, as the program would then download the information for you.

Fantastic! My own private radio station was being compiled right before my eyes — all I had to do was upload the content.

As soon as I got busy with my new toy, experts popped up everywhere . . . Was I going to start burning CDs, 70 minutes of personalised taste to give to friends and family? Was I going to move up a gear and burn my first MP3 CD, a full eight-and-a-half hours of compressed digital fun? How was I doing with smart playlists? Was I making my own CD covers yet? Had I downloaded anything from Limewire?

This was all before me, as what I was really enjoying was editing my life. I had spent far too much time compiling cassettes of my favourite music 120-minute juxtapositions of the cool and the corny. Esoteric Springsteen or doo-wop compilations, the A-Z of the Beatles, the A-B of Will Young.

In my late-20s, I began a series of One Louder cassettes, in homage to Spinal Tap, reaching 21 Louder before running out of steam.

But there were plenty of others, too Terminal 1970s Freeway Madness (Side 1: Fast Lane, Side 2: Slow Lane, you get the picture), Disco Epiphany, Disco Nirvana, Now That's What I call REM, 100 Minutes Of The Clash, The Best Beach Boys Tape In The World, Everything She Wants (a shed-load of Wham! for an ex-girlfriend) . . .

Albums ceased to matter. Why bother with REM's

New Adventures In Hi-Fi when all you really want is

Electrolite and E-Bow The Letter? Why continue to ruin Pet Sounds by suffering the absurdity of Sloop John B when you can simply delete it?

Having embraced iTunes, I could now listen to the Beatles albums without the Ringo tracks. My version of The Clash's Give 'Em Enough Rope no longer included Julie's Been Working For The Drug Squad, while Stairway To Heaven had miraculously vanished from my edition of Led Zeppelin IV.

The iPod not only changed the way I felt about music, it helped me re-establish relationships with records I hadn't heard in years.

Bad Company's I Can't Get Enough Of Your Love became a constant companion, as did Ace's How Long and Cracker's Low.

Zero 7 became gods, as did the Yellow Magic Orchestra, Eno, Phoenix, Bob Seger and The Bees.

Every record I've ever owned and kept is now on my machine, from David Bowie's Starman right up to Shapeshifter's happy house classic Lola's Theme.

One is a record I bought after seeing it performed on Top Of The Pops, the other after I heard it in an Ibiza nightclub.

My whole life is here, 40Gb of memory, 30 years of memories. Every song I've ever cared about is in here somewhere, waiting in its chosen spot, hugging the wall until it's chosen to dance.

Not only has the iPod changed the way I listen to music, it has changed my life, too.

Like my old Walkman, I am never without it. I listen to it as I walk to work, as I lie in bed, as I eat my lunch. I'm listening to it right now, as I write this.

And you know what? It sounds good.

Pick out three PAFFOREST techniques the writer has used and describe the effect they have on the reader.

Extended writing task: Write a magazine article in the style of the one here, where you recount your wonder at a new invention. You could make up your own invention or you could decide to imagine you are experiencing a more old-fashioned invention for the first time.