**Year 9 English**

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**Name: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Class: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

# Teacher: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

# Punctuating Writing for Clarity and Coherence

Re-write the extract below, taken from Susan Fletcher’s *Eve Green*, using appropriate punctuation to add control and coherence:

three things happened when I was seven years old in the spring I learnt how to spell my full name it took weeks but when id finally grasped all fifteen letters I wrote them wherever I could in books on furniture on my plate in ketchup on my arms in biro in spit on windowpanes once I etched my name above the skirting board in the downstairs loo my mother never found it but I knew it was there id sit swing my legs and eye my handiwork under the sink it shone out in blue wax crayon

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**Summarising a Nonfiction Text**

Read the following nonfiction text adapted from an article in *The Times* by Jerome Starkey. As you read the text, make a note of what is being articulated in each paragraph at the side of the page:

# Speared elephants saved from death

In a highly risky procedure, vets in southern Kenya have removed a 6in metal spear tip embedded in an elephant’s temple that could have resulted in him bleeding to death.

The injured bull was one of two male elephants seriously wounded on the edge of the country’s most popular game park. He survived an attack with traditional weapons, and while the spear was not deep enough to damage his brain, he was cutting his trunk every time he tried to pull the protruding metal out of the side of his head.

It was not clear whether the bulls were victims of would-be poachers or an attack by local farmers annoyed by the elephants breaking down fences and feasting on their vegetables. Such raids can lead to farmers shooting, spearing, or sometimes poisoning the elephants. The area where the pair were hurt, however, on the northern edge of the Mara reserve, was close to where local herdsmen had been grazing cattle at night, which might have provided cover for potential poachers.

The younger of the two elephants, thought to be around 20 years old, was injured in the leg. His older companion, about 30 and with much larger tusks, had been struck on the right side of his head. The wooden shaft of the spear had broken off but the sharp metal tip was lodged in his skull, and part of the blade was protruding.

Vets from the Kenya Wildlife Service flew in to a nearby tourist camp and knocked out the older of the two animals with an anaesthetic dart. The second animal was also anaesthetised and vet Dominic Mijele cleaned the wounds and packed them with green clay, a natural antibiotic. Both patients were then given the reversal antidote and in no time they rose to their feet and together ambled off across the plains.

Answer the questions on the next page.

1. What is the genre of this text?
2. Who is likely to be the audience of this text?
3. What is the purpose of this text?

Use the space below to write a summary of the text in your own words using your paragraph annotations:

# Comparing Nonfiction Texts

Source A is *The Lion Children* by Angus, Maisie and Travers McNiece, written in 2001. Source B is *Two Dianas in Somaliland* by Agnes Herbert written in 1908. Both sources describe the sport of lion killing. Read the quotations taken from these sources in the table below. Make a comparison of the writer’s viewpoint in each of the paired quotations.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Quotations** | **Points of Comparison** |
| **A:** ‘A gun is fired. Startled antelopes look up from their grazing as the noise echoes across the savanna. As the  reverberation fades, one of Africa’s most incredible animals struggles to take his last breath through his punctured lungs. All is quiet except for the sound of the hunter’s footsteps on the brittle grass. He squats by the bloodstained carcass, still holding his gun, and smiles as his picture is  taken…One of the most magnificent male lions in our study area has been killed.’  **B:** ‘The men went round the lair and shouted and beat at the back. Whether the cats were driven forward or not by the din, I cannot tell, but I saw from thirty-yards off, as I stood with my finger on the trigger, ferocious gleaming eyes, and heard ugly short snarls, breaking into throaty suppressed roars every two or three seconds. The jungle cover parted, and with lithe stretched shoulders a lioness shook herself half free of the density, then crouched low again…Sighting for as low as I could see on that half arc of yellow, I pulled the trigger.’ |  |

# Comparing Nonfiction Texts

Read the following nonfiction extracts and complete the comparison table below:

*Source A - taken from Mademoiselle Misses’ ‘Letters from an American Girl Serving with the Rank of Lieutenant in a French Army Hospital at the Front’ written in 1915.*

I think you would sicken with fright if you could see the operations that a poor nurse is called upon to perform the putting in of drains, the washing of wounds so huge and ghastly as to make one marvel at the endurance that is man's, the digging about for bits of shrapnel. I assure you that the 10-word responsibility takes a special meaning here. After the soup for the wounded, comes that of the nurses, when all crowd into a tiny plank hut, and stuff meat and potatoes as fast as we can between disjointed bits of gossip. Immediately after lunch I spend an hour or so setting to rights the surgical dressings routine, doing little services, and distributing cakes or bonbons. It is amazing how a bit of peppermint will console a soldier when a smile goes with it!

*Source B - adapted from an online article by The Daily Mail written in 2017.*

**Video shows nurses doubled over LAUGHING as 89-year-old World War 2 veteran dies in Georgia care home**

James Dempsey, 89, gasped for air, called for help and hit the call light in Northeast Atlanta Health and Rehabilitation Center in February 2014. A video shows that it took seven minutes for a nurse to come in, adjust his bed, turn off the light, and leave.

An hour-and-a-half later three nurses come in; they are seen laughing as the oxygen machine fails to start. Despite one nurse testifying that she did CPR until medics arrived, a video shows she did not perform CPR; she did six chest compressions then stopped. Initially, Dempsey's family in Woodstock, Georgia, thought he had died of natural causes in Northeast Atlanta Health and Rehabilitation Center in 2014, but they had promised Dempsey they would install a hidden camera when he first moved in there as he feared mistreatment. The video sparked a three-year legal battle. The nurses retained their licenses until 11Alive told the Georgia Board of Nursing about the video in September this year, and telling them it would be published.

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Feature** | **Source A** | **Source B** |
| **Genre?**  **Audience? Purpose?** |  |  |
| **Narrative perspective**  **(1st, 3rd person)** |  |  |
| **Overall tone (e.g. positive, negative)** |  |  |
| **Example of a language technique used to create effect** |  |  |

# Commenting on the Effect of Opening Lines

Read the following opening lines taken from a range of fictional sources. Using the table, comment on the effect of the sentence as an opening line.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Quotation** | **How does this interest the reader?** |
| 1. ‘The war in Zagreb began over a pack of cigarettes.’ |  |
| 2. ‘Lydia is dead. But they don’t know this yet.’ |  |
| 3. ‘It was a pleasure to burn.’ |  |
| 4. ‘My brain was drowning in grease.’ |  |
| 5. ‘In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I’ve been turning over in my mind ever since.’ |  |

Which of these openings do you believe is the most successful and why?

# Analysing the Structure of a Text

Read the following extract taken from Graham Joyce’s *The Tooth Fairy*. As you read, make a note of the **narrative focus** of each paragraph at the side of the page.

Clive was on the far side of the green pond, torturing a king- crested newt. Sam and Terry languished under a vast oak, offering their chubby white feet to the dark water. The sprawling oak leaned out across the mirroring pond, dappling the water's surface with clear reflections of leaf and branch and of acorns ripening slowly in verdant cups.

It was high summer. Pigeons cooed softly in the trees, and Clive's family picnicked nearby. Two older boys fished for perch about thirty yards away. Sam saw the pike briefly. At first he thought he was looking at a submerged log. It hung inches below the surface, utterly still, like something suspended in ice.

Green and gold, it was a phantom, a spirit from another world. Sam tried to utter a warning, but the apparition of the pike had him mesmerized. It flashed at the surface of the water as it came up to take away, in a single bite, the two smallest toes of Terry's left foot.

The thing was gone before Terry understood what had happened. He withdrew his foot slowly from the water. Two tiny crimson beads glistened where his toes had been. One of the beads plumped and dripped into the water. Terry turned to Sam with a puzzled smile, as if some joke was being played. As the wound began to sting, his smile vanished and he began to scream.

# Analysing the Structure of a Text

Look back at the text from the previous task.

*How has the writer structured this extract to interest you as the reader?*

Complete the table below, identifying the specific techniques used and commenting on their effect and subsequent impact on the reader:

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Structural technique** | **Evidence (quotation or paraphrase)** | **Effect + impact on reader** |
| opening sentence |  |  |
| narrative focus - description of the setting |  |  |
| ‘zooming in’ on the description of the pike |  |  |
| closing sentence |  |  |

1. Read the opening of George Orwell’s *1984*
2. Highlight any words/phrases that make Winston’s world sound **undesirable or frightening**.
3. Answer the following question.

*Read lines 5-16. List FOUR things you learn about the building in which Winston lives.*

1. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_



**Chapter 1**

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled into his chest in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions, though not quickly enough to prevent a swirl of gritty dust from entering along with him.

The hallway smelt of boiled cabbage and old rag mats. At one end of it a coloured poster, too large for indoor display, had been tacked to the wall. It depicted simply an enormous face, more than a metre wide: the face of a man of about forty-five, with a heavy black moustache and ruggedly handsome features. Winston made for the stairs. It was no use trying the lift. Even at the best of times it was seldom working, and at present the electric current was cut off during daylight hours. This was part of the economy drive in preparation for Hate Week. The flat was seven flights up and Winston, who was thirty-nine and had a varicose ulcer above his right ankle, went slowly, resting several times on the way. On each landing, opposite the lift shaft, the poster with the enormous face gazed from the wall. It was one of those pictures which are so contrived that the eyes follow you about when you move. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption beneath it ran.

Inside the flat a fruity voice was reading out a list of figures which had something to do with the production of pig-iron. The voice came from an oblong metal plaque like a dulled mirror which formed part of the surface of the right-hand wall. Winston turned a switch and the voice sank somewhat, though the words were still distinguishable. The device (a telescreen, it was called) could be dimmed, but there was no way of switching it off completely. He moved over to the window: a smallish, frail figure, the thinness of his body merely emphasised by the blue overalls which were the uniform of the Party. His hair was very fair, his face naturally ruddy, his skin roughened by coarse soap and blunt razor blades and the cold of the winter that had just ended.

Outside, even through the shut window-pane, the world looked cold. Down in the street little eddies of wind were whirling dust and torn paper into spirals, and though the sun was shining and the sky a harsh blue, there seemed to be no colour in anything, except the posters that were plastered everywhere. The black-moustachio’d face gazed down from every commanding corner. There was one on the house-front immediately opposite. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption said, while the dark eyes looked deep into Winston’s own. Down at street level another poster, torn at one corner, flapped fitfully in the wind, alternately covering and uncovering the single word INGSOC. In the far distance a helicopter skimmed down between the roofs, hovered for an instant like a bluebottle, and darted away with a curving flight. It was a police patrol, snooping into people’s windows. The patrols did not matter, however. Only the Thought Police mattered.

Winston looked out of his window towards a huge building several kilometres away. The Ministry of Truth was startlingly different from any other object in sight. It was an enormous pyramidal structure of glittering white concrete, soaring up, terrace after terrace, three hundred metres into the air. From where Winston stood it was just possible to read, picked out on its white face in elegant lettering, the three slogans of the Party:

WAR IS PEACE  
 FREEDOM IS SLAVERY  
 IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

The Ministry of Truth contained, it was said, three thousand rooms above ground level and similar numbers below. Scattered about London there were just three other buildings of similar appearance and size. So completely did they dwarf the surrounding buildings that from the roof of Victory Mansions you could see all four of them simultaneously. They were the homes of the four Ministries between which the entire government was divided. The Ministry of Truth which concerned itself with news, entertainment, education and the fine arts. The Ministry of Peace which concerned itself with war. The Ministry of Love which maintained law and order. And the Ministry of Plenty which was responsible for economic affairs. Their names, in Newspeak: Minitrue, Minipax, Miniluv and Miniplenty.

The Ministry of Love was the really frightening one. There were no windows in it at all. Winston had never been inside the Ministry of Love, nor within half a kilometre of it. It was a place impossible to enter except on official business, and then only by penetrating through a maze of barbed-wire entanglements, steel doors and hidden machine-gun nests. Even the streets leading up to its outer barriers were roamed by gorilla-faced in black uniforms, armed with jointed truncheons.

In this box, draw and label an accurate drawing of the Ministry of Truth. Use the extract to help you.

Answer the questions in as much detail as possible.

1. What do you think dystopia means?

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1. What makes this extract exciting and engaging for a reader? What do you like/dislike about it?

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1. What clues are there in the text that this story is taking place in a dystopian world? How does this make the reader feel? Why does it make the reader feel this way?

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1. When do you think this story is set? Why?

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1. What do you think day to day life is like for Winston? Why do you think this? Back your ideas up with a quotation from the text.

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1. ‘Frail’. ‘Thin’. ‘Ruddy’. Three adjectives used to describe Winston. Why do you think George Orwell has used these adjectives? What do they make you think of and what impression do you get of Winston’s character because of them? Why do you think Winston is ‘frail’ and ‘thin’?

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1. Who do you think ‘The Party’ are? Explain your ideas!

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1. What do the words ‘BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU’ suggest to the reader about the world these characters live in?

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1. Compare the description of the man on the poster with the description of Winston. What do you notice? Why do you think this is?

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1. Pick out five conventions of dystopian fiction. You may use examples you have already found. Not sure what ‘conventions’ are? Google it!

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