

Explorations in Creative  
Reading & Writing  
AQA Language Paper 1



Match the language features to the definition!

<b>Language Feature</b>	<b>Definition</b>
Simile	Repeated use of a letter in a sentence
Metaphor	Describing using the 5 senses
Personification	Repetition of 's' sound throughout a sentence
Onomatopoeia	Using 3 adjectives in a row
Alliteration	Describing an object using human characteristics
Sensory Imagery	Sound words
Rule of 3	Using the weather to reflect the atmosphere
Sibilance	Comparing the 2 things together
Pathetic Fallacy	Using 'like' or 'as' to compare 2 things

## This is the answer - what is the question?

Write the answer to the definition below!

- 1) When you are given hints about events later in the text
- 2) When a text starts where it ends
- 3) When the time switches from the past to the present
- 4) The text focuses on one subject in detail
- 5) The text moves focus to something else
- 6) A contrast of 2 things
- 7) The point of view we read from
- 8) Different size in chunks of text

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SECTION A

The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde  
Robert Louis Stevenson

The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde is about Dr Jekyll's attempts to create a potion that allows him to split his personality. Mr Utterson is a friend of Dr Jekyll who becomes concerned about his behaviour. (This is an extract from the opening of a novel)

MR. UTTERSON the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance<sup>1</sup>, that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary, and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently<sup>2</sup> human beamed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but 5 more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere<sup>3</sup> with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. "I incline to Cain's heresy," he used to 10 say quaintly: "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way." In this character, it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of down-going men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

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No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Utterson; for he was undemonstrative<sup>4</sup> at the best, and even his friendship seemed to be founded in a similar catholicity of good-nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready-made from the hands of opportunity; and that was the lawyer's way. His friends were those of his own blood or those whom he had known the longest; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time, they implied no aptness in the 20 object. Hence, no doubt, the bond that united him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his distant kinsman, the well-known man about town. It was a nut to crack for many, what these two could see in each other, or what subject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them in their Sunday walks, that they said nothing, looked singularly dull, and would hail with obvious relief the appearance of a friend. For all that, the two men put the greatest store by 25 these excursions, counted them the chief jewel of each week, and not only set aside occasions of pleasure, but even resisted the calls of business, that they might enjoy them uninterrupted.

It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them down a by-street in a busy quarter of London. The street was small and what is called quiet, but it drove a thriving trade on the 30 week-days. The inhabitants were all doing well, it seemed, and all emulously hoping to do better still, and laying out the surplus of their gains in coquetry; so that the shop fronts stood along that thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling saleswomen. Even on Sunday, when it veiled its more florid charms and lay comparatively empty of passage, the street shone out in contrast to its dingy neighbourhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly 35 painted shutters, well-polished brasses, and general cleanliness and gaiety of note, instantly caught and pleased the eye of the passenger.

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Two doors from one corner, on the left hand going east, the line was broken by the entry of a court; and just at that point, a certain sinister block of building thrust forward its gable on the street. It was two stories high; showed no window, nothing but a door on the lower story and a blind forehead of discoloured wall on the upper; and bore in every feature, the marks of prolonged and sordid negligence. The door, which was equipped with neither bell nor knocker, was blistered and distained. Tramps slouched into the recess and struck matches on the panels; children kept shop upon the steps; the schoolboy had tried his knife on the mouldings; and for close on a generation, no one had appeared to drive away these random visitors or to repair their ravages<sup>5</sup>. 45

Mr. Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the by-street; but when they came abreast of the entry, the former lifted up his cane and pointed. 50

"Did you ever remark that door?" he asked; and when his companion had replied in the affirmative, "It is connected in my mind," added he, "with a very odd story."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Utterson, with a slight change of voice, "and what was that?" 55

#### Glossary

- 1-Countenance- Face
- 2-Eminently- Prominent/Important
- 3-Austere-
- 4-Undemonstrative-
- 5-Ravages-

### Exam Questions Jekyll and Hyde

#### Q1 (AO1)

Read again the first part of the source from **lines 1-5**  
List **four** things you learn about Mr Utterson

(4 marks)

#### Q2 (AO2)

It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them down a by-street in a busy quarter of London. The street was small and what is called quiet, but it drove a thriving trade on the week-days. The inhabitants were all doing well, it seemed, and all emulously hoping to do better still, and laying out the surplus of their gains in coquetry; so that the shop fronts stood along that thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling saleswomen. Even on Sunday, when it veiled its more florid charms and lay comparatively empty of passage, the street shone

out in contrast to its dingy neighbourhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly painted shutters, well-polished brasses, and general cleanliness and gaiety of note, instantly caught and pleased the eye of the passenger.

Reread **lines 29-37**.

How is **language** used to create a **positive impression** of the area?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

(8 marks)

### Q3 (AO2)

Reread the **entire source**

How is the text **structured** to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops
- any other structural features that interest you

(8 marks)

### Q4 (AO4)

Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source from **line 29 to the end**

A student having read this section of the text has said 'I really enjoy the description of the area it as if you are walking the street with Utterson and Enfield'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you should:

- Write about your own impressions of the area
- Evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- Support your ideas with quotations from the text

(20 marks)

### The Thirty-Nine Steps

John Buchan

It is 1914 and Richard Hannay has just returned to London from Africa. As he is walking home he is accosted by a man who seems to know of an anarchist plot to destabilise Europe (This is an extract from the opening of a novel)

I returned from the City about three o'clock on that May afternoon pretty well disgusted with life. I had been three months in the Old Country, and was fed up with it. If anyone had told me a year ago that I would have been feeling like that I should have laughed at him; but there was the fact. The weather made me liverish, the talk of the ordinary Englishman made me sick. I couldn't get enough exercise, and the amusements of London seemed as flat as soda-water that has been standing in the sun. 'Richard Hannay,' I kept telling myself, 'you have got into the wrong ditch, my friend, and you had better climb out.'

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It made me bite my lips to think of the plans I had been building up those last years in Bulawayo. I had got my pile--not one of the big ones, but good enough for me; and I had figured out all kinds of ways of enjoying myself. My father had brought me out from Scotland at the

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age of six, and I had never been home since; so England was a sort of Arabian Nights to me, and I counted on stopping there for the rest of my days. 15

But from the first I was disappointed with it. In about a week I was tired of seeing sights, and in less than a month I had had enough of restaurants and theatres and race-meetings. I had no real pal to go about with, which probably explains things. Plenty of people invited me to their houses, but they didn't seem much interested in me. They would fling me a question or two about South Africa, and then get on their own affairs. A lot of Imperialist ladies asked me to tea to meet schoolmasters from New Zealand and editors from Vancouver, and that was the dismalest business of all. Here was I, thirty-seven years old, sound in wind and limb, with enough money to have a good time, yawning my head off all day. I had just about settled to clear out and get back to the veld, for I was the best bored man in the United Kingdom. 20  
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That afternoon I had been worrying my brokers about investments to give my mind something to work on, and on my way home I turned into my club--rather a pot-house, which took in Colonial members. I had a long drink, and read the evening papers. They were full of the row in the Near East, and there was an article about Karolides, the Greek Premier. I rather fancied the chap. From all accounts he seemed the one big man in the show; and he played a straight game too, which was more than could be said for most of them. I gathered that they hated him pretty blackly in Berlin and Vienna, but that we were going to stick by him, and one paper said that he was the only barrier between Europe and Armageddon. I remember wondering if I could get a job in those parts. It struck me that Albania was the sort of place that might keep a man from yawning. 35  
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About six o'clock I went home, dressed, dined at the Cafe Royal, and turned into a music-hall. It was a silly show, all capering women and monkey-faced men, and I did not stay long. The night was fine and clear as I walked back to the flat I had hired near Portland Place. The crowd surged past me on the pavements, busy and chattering, and I envied the people for having something to do. These shop-girls and clerks and dandies and policemen had some interest in life that kept them going. I gave half-a-crown to a beggar because I saw him yawn; he was a fellow-sufferer. At Oxford Circus I looked up into the spring sky and I made a vow. I would give the Old Country another day to fit me into something; if nothing happened, I would take the next boat for the Cape. 50  
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My flat was the first floor in a new block behind Langham Place. There was a common staircase, with a porter and a liftman at the entrance, but there was no restaurant or anything of that sort, and each flat was quite shut off from the others. I hate servants on the premises, so I had a fellow to look after me who came in by the day. He arrived before eight o'clock every morning and used to depart at seven, for I never dined at home. 60  
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I was just fitting my key into the door when I noticed a man at my elbow. I had not seen him approach, and the sudden appearance made me start. He was a slim man, with a short brown beard and small, gimlety blue eyes. I recognized him as the occupant of a flat on the top floor, with whom I had passed the time of day on the stairs. 70

'Can I speak to you?' he said. 'May I come in for a minute?' He was steadying his voice with an effort, and his hand was pawing my arm.

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I got my door open and motioned him in. No sooner was he over the threshold than he made a dash for my back room, where I used to smoke and write my letters. Then he bolted back.

'Is the door locked?' he asked feverishly, and he fastened the chain  
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with his own hand.

'I'm very sorry,' he said humbly. 'It's a mighty liberty, but you looked the kind of man who would understand. I've had you in my mind all this week when things got troublesome. Say, will you do me a good turn?'

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'I'll listen to you,' I said. 'That's all I'll promise.' I was getting worried by the antics of this nervous little chap.

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### Exam Questions Thirty-Nine Steps

#### Q1 (AO1)

Read again the first part of the source from **lines 1-10**

List **four** things you learn about Richard's thoughts when he returns home

(4 marks)

#### Q2 (AO2)

But from the first I was disappointed with it. In about a week I was tired of seeing sights, and in less than a month I had had enough of restaurants and theatres and race-meetings. I had no real pal to go about with, which probably explains things. Plenty of people invited me to their houses, but they didn't seem much interested in me. They would fling me a question or two about South Africa, and then get on their own affairs. A lot of Imperialist ladies asked me to tea to meet schoolmasters from New Zealand and editors from Vancouver, and that was the dimmest business of all. Here was I, thirty-seven years old, sound in wind and limb, with enough money to have a good time, yawning my head off all day. I had just about settled to clear out and get back to the veld, for I was the best bored man in the United Kingdom.

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Reread **lines 19-30**

How is **language** used to express Richard's disappointment in London?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

(8 marks)

#### Q3 (AO2)

Reread the **entire source**

How is the text **structured** to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops
- any other structural features that interest you

(8 marks)



#### Q4 (AO4)

Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source from **line 35 to the end**  
A teacher having read this section of the text has said 'I like how the writer has created a growing sense of adventure and mystery. It is as if you are there with the characters'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you should:

- Write about your own impressions of the characters
- Evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- Support your ideas with quotations from the text

(20 marks)

#### The Road

Cormac McCarthy

After an unspecified disaster, a man travels in post apocalypse America with his son looking for a safe place to live (This is an extract from the opening of a novel)

When he awoke in the woods in the dark and the cold of the night he'd reach out and touch the child sleeping beside him. Nights dark beyond darkness and the days more gray each one than what had gone before. Like the onset of some cold glaucoma dimming away the world. His hand rose and fell softly with each precious breath. He pushed away the plastic tarpaulin and raised himself in the stinking robes and blankets and looked toward the east for any light but there was none. In the dream from which he'd wakened he had wondered in a cave where the child had led him by the hand. Their light playing over the wet flowstone walls. Like pilgrims in a fable swallowed up and lost among the inward parts of some granitic. Deep stone flues where the water dripped and sang. Tolling in the silence the minutes of the earth and the hours and the days of it and the years without cease. Until they stood in a great stone room where lay a black and ancient lake. And on the far shore a creature that raised its dripping mouth from the rimstone pool and stared into the light with eyes dead white and sightless as the eggs of spiders. It swung its head low over the water as if to take the scent of what it could not see. Crouching there pale and naked and translucent, its alabaster bones cast up in the shadows on the rocks behind it. Its bowels, its beating heart. The brain that pulsed in a dull glass bell. It swung its head from side to side and then gave out a low moan and turned and lurched away and loped soundlessly into the dark. 5

With the first gray light he rose and left the boy sleeping and walked out onto the road and squatted and studied the country to the south. Barren, silent, godless. He thought the month was October but he wasn't sure. He hadn't kept a calendar for years. They were moving south. There'd be no surviving the winter here. 10

When it was light enough to use the binoculars he glassed the valley below. Everything paling away into the murk. The soft ash blowing in loose swirls over the blacktop. He studied what he could see. The segments of road down there among the dead trees. Looking for anything of color. Any movement. Any trace of standing smoke. He lowered the glasses and pulled down the cotton mask from his face and wiped his nose on the back of his wrist and then glassed the country again. Then he just sat there holding the binoculars and watching the ashen daylight congeal over the land. He knew only that the child was his warrant. He said: If he is not the world of God God never spoke. 15

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## Exam Questions The Road

### Q1 (AO1)

Read again the first part of the source from **lines 1-5**

List **four** things you learn about the night

(4 marks)

### Q2 (AO2)

In the dream from which

he'd wakened he had wondered in a cave where the child had led him by the hand. Their light playing over the wet flowstone walls. Like pilgrims in a fable swallowed up and lost among the inward parts of some granitic. Deep stone flues where the water dripped and sang. Tolling in the silence the minutes of the earth and the hours and the days of it and the years without cease. Until they stood in a great stone room where lay a black and ancient lake. And on the far shore a creature that raised its dripping mouth from the rimstone pool and stared into the light with eyes dead white and sightless as the eggs of spiders. It swung its head low over the water as if to take the scent of what it could not see. Crouching there pale and naked and translucent, its alabaster bones cast up in the shadows on the rocks behind it. Its bowels, its beating heart. The brain that pulsed in a dull glass bell. It swung its head from side to side and then gave out a low moan and turned and lurched away and loped soundlessly into the dark

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Reread **lines 7-20**.

How is **language** used to describe **the man's dream**?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

(8 marks)

### Q3 (AO2)

Reread the **entire source**

How is the text **structured** to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops
- any other structural features that interest you (Paragraphs/punctuation) (8 marks)

### Q4 (AO4)

Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source from **line 20 to the end**

A student having read this section of the text has said 'I enjoy the ending of the extract as it helps create a sense of desolation and isolation' it makes you feel you are there with the characters'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you should:

- Write about your own impressions of the characters and location
- Evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- Support your ideas with quotations from the text

(20 marks)

### The Handmaid's Tale

Margaret Atwood

After a nuclear war a totalitarian nation named Gilead has risen from the ashes of North America. In this new religiously fundamental country most people are sterile making the women that can have children valuable commodities. Most serve as Handmaidens to the powerful men in the country and have little or no control over their own lives or bodies.

We slept in what had once been the gymnasium. The floor was of varnished wood, with stripes and circles painted on it, for the games that were formerly played there; the hoops for the basketball nets were still in place, though the nets were gone. A balcony ran around the room, for the spectators, and I thought I could smell, faintly like an after image, the pungent scent of sweat, shot through with the sweet taint of chewing gum and perfume from the watching girls, 5 felt-skirted as I knew from pictures, later in mini-skirts, then pants, then in one earring, spiky green-streaked hair. Dances would have been held here; the music lingered, a palimpsest of unheard sound, style upon style, an undercurrent of drums, a forlorn wail, garlands made of tissue-paper flowers, cardboard devils, a revolving ball of mirrors, powdering the dancers with a snow of light. 10

There was old sex in the room and loneliness, and expectation, of something without a shape or name. I remember that yearning, for something that was always about to happen and was never the same as the hands that were on us there and then, in the small of the back, or out back, in the parking lot, or in the television room with the sound turned down and only the pictures flickering over lifting flesh. 15

We yearned for the future. How did we learn it, that talent for insatiability? It was in the air; and it was still in the air, an afterthought, as we tried to sleep, in the army cots that had been set up in rows, with spaces between so we could not talk. We had flannelette sheets, like children's, and army-issue blankets, old ones that still said U.S. We folded our clothes neatly and laid them on the stools at the ends of the beds. The lights were turned down but not 20 out. Aunt Sara and Aunt Elizabeth patrolled; they had electric cattle prods slung on thongs from their leather belts.

No guns though, even they could not be trusted with guns. Guns were for the guards, specially picked from the Angels. The guards weren't allowed inside the building except when called, and we weren't allowed out, except for our walks, twice daily, two by two around the 25 football field which was enclosed now by a chain-link fence topped with barbed wire. The Angels stood outside it with their backs on us. They were objects of fear to us, but of something else as well. If only they would look. If only we could talk to them. Something could be exchanged, we thought, some deal made, some trade-off, we still had our bodies. That was our fantasy.

We learned to whisper almost without sound. In the semi-darkness we could stretch out 30 our arms, when the Aunts weren't looking, and touch each other's hands across space. We learned to lip-read, our heads flat on the beds, turned sideways, watching each other's mouths. In this way we exchanged names, from bed to bed:

Alma. Janine. Dolores. Moira. June. 34

### Exam Questions The Handmaid's Tale

#### Q1 (AO1)

Read again the first part of the source from **lines 1-5**

List **four** things you learn about the gymnasium

(4 marks)

#### Q2 (AO2)

We yearned for the future. How did we learn it, that talent for insatiability? It was in the air; and it was still in the air, an afterthought, as we tried to sleep, in the army cots that had been set up in rows, with spaces between so we could not talk. We had flannelette sheets, like children's, and army-issue blankets, old ones that still said U.S. We folded our clothes neatly and laid them on the stools at the ends of the beds. The lights were turned down but not 20 out. Aunt Sara and Aunt Elizabeth patrolled; they had electric cattle prods slung on thongs from their leather belts.

Reread **lines 16-21**.

How is **language** used to suggest the **women have no control** over their situation?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

(8 marks)

### Q3 (AO2)

Reread the **entire source**

How is the text **structured** to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops
- any other structural features that interest you

(8 marks)

### Q4 (AO4)

Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source from **line 10 to the end**

A teacher having read this section of the text has said 'Attwood does excellent job of setting the scene and suggesting that the women have no control over their lives'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you should:

- Write about your own impressions of the characters
- Evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- Support your ideas with quotations from the text

(20 marks)