

Language Paper 1

Q4 Home Learning Booklet

Source 1

SOURCE A

'Captain Corelli's Mandolin' is set on the Greek island of Kefalonia during World War II. In this extract the villagers, as yet untroubled by war, gather to watch the entertainment provided by Megalo Velisarios – the strongman.

CAPTAIN CORELLI'S MANDOLIN

Megalo Velisarios, famous all over the islands of Ionia, garbed¹ as a pantomime Turk in pantaloons and curlicued slippers, self-proclaimed as the strongest man who had ever lived, his hair as prodigiously² long as that of a Nazarene³ or Samson⁴ himself, was hopping on one leg in time to the clapping of hands. His arms outstretched, he bore, seated upon each stupendous bicep, a full-grown man. One of them clung tightly to his body, and the other, more studied in the virile arts, smoked a cigarette with every semblance of calm. On Velisarios' head, for good measure, sat an anxious little girl of about six years who was complicating his manoeuvres by clamping her hands firmly across his eyes.

'Lemoni!' he roared. 'Take your hands from my eyes and hold onto my hair, or I'll have to stop.'

Lemoni was too overwhelmed to move her hands, and Megalo Velisarios stopped. With one graceful movement like that of a swan when it comes in to land, he tossed both men to their feet, and then he lifted Lemoni from his head, flung her high into the air, caught her under her arms, kissed her dramatically upon the tip of her nose, and set her down. Lemoni rolled her eyes with relief and determinedly held out her hand; it was customary that Velisarios should reward his little victims with sweets. Lemoni ate her prize in front of the whole crowd, intelligently prescient⁵ of the fact that her brother would take it from her if she tried to save it. The huge man patted her fondly upon the head, stroked her shining black hair, kissed her again, and then raised himself to his full height. 'I will lift anything that it takes three men to lift,' he cried, and the villagers joined in with those words that they had heard so many times before, a chorus well-rehearsed. Velisarios may have been strong, but he never varied his patter.

'Lift the trough.'

Velisarios inspected the trough; it was carved out of one solid mass of rock and was at least two and a half metres long. 'It's too long,' he said, 'I won't be able to get a grip on it.'

Some in the crowd made sceptical noises and the strongman advanced upon them glowering, shaking his fists and posturing, mocking himself by this caricature of a giant's rage. People laughed, knowing that Velisarios was a gentle man who had never even become involved in a fight. With one sudden movement he thrust his arms beneath the belly of a mule, spread his legs, and lifted it up to his chest. The startled animal, its eyes popping with consternation⁶, submitted to this unwonted treatment, but upon being set lightly down threw back its head, brayed with indignation, and cantered away down the street with its owner in close pursuit.

¹ Garbed - dressed in distinctive clothes

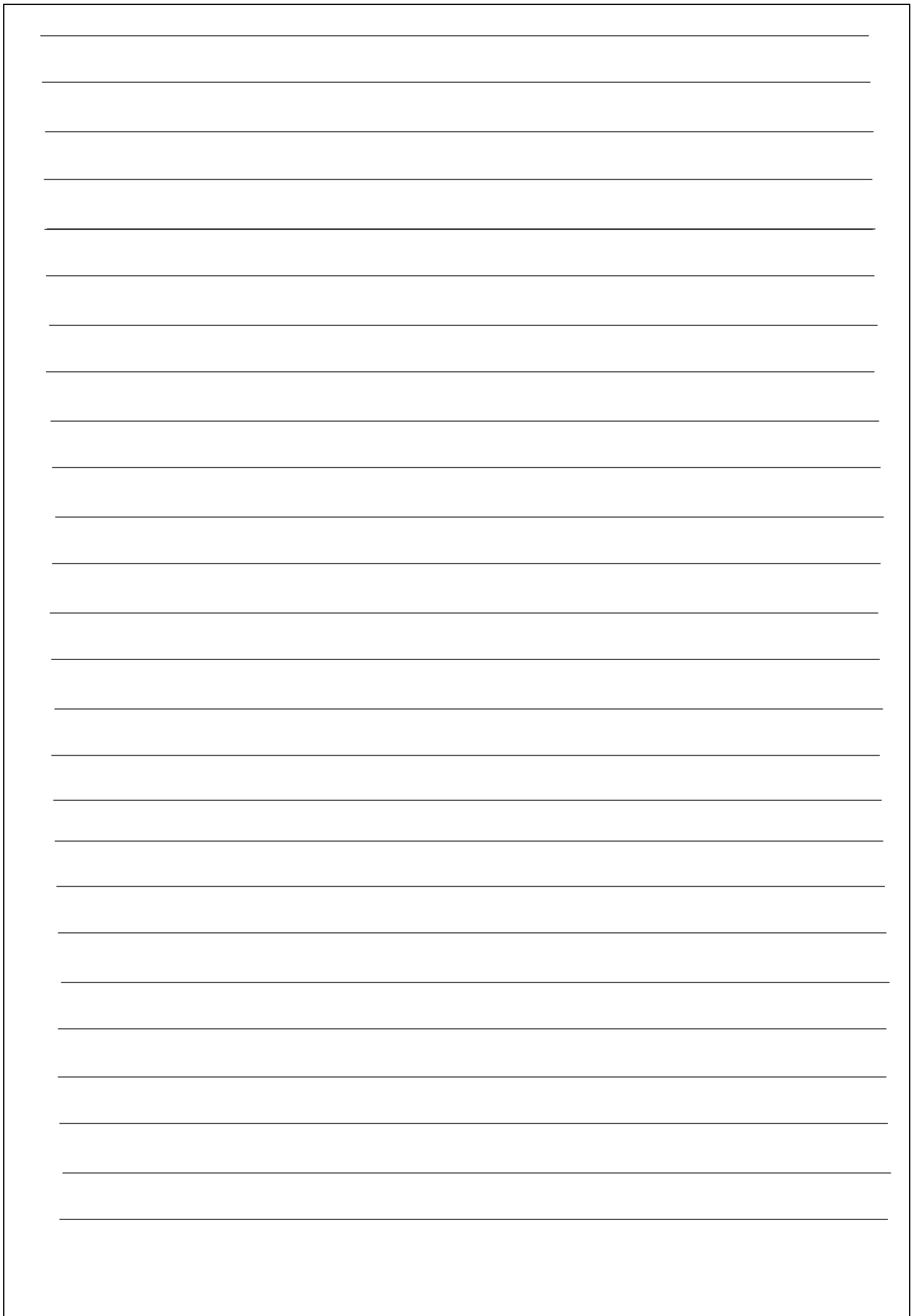
² Prodigiously - impressively or remarkably

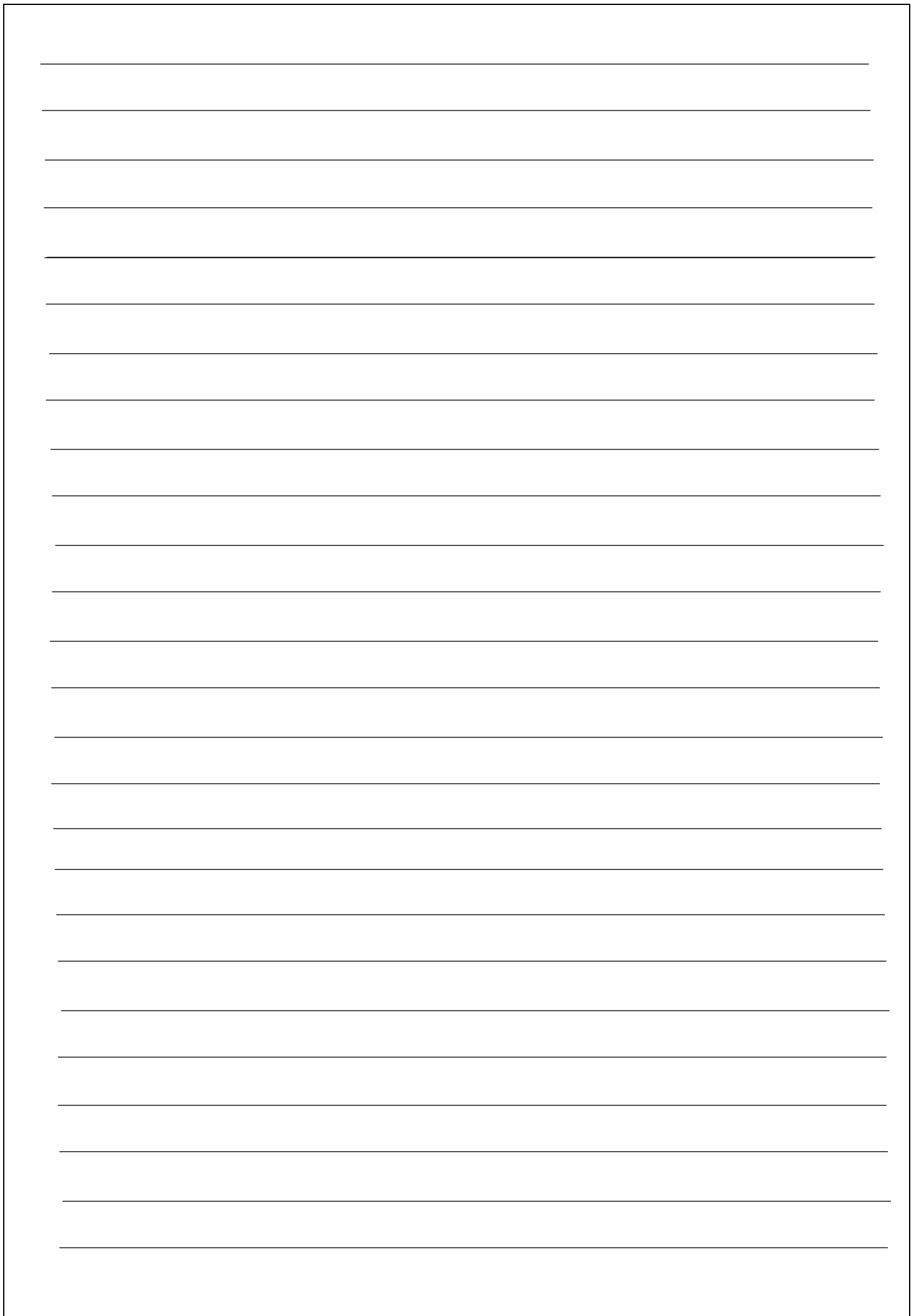
³ Nazarene - a native or inhabitant of Nazareth

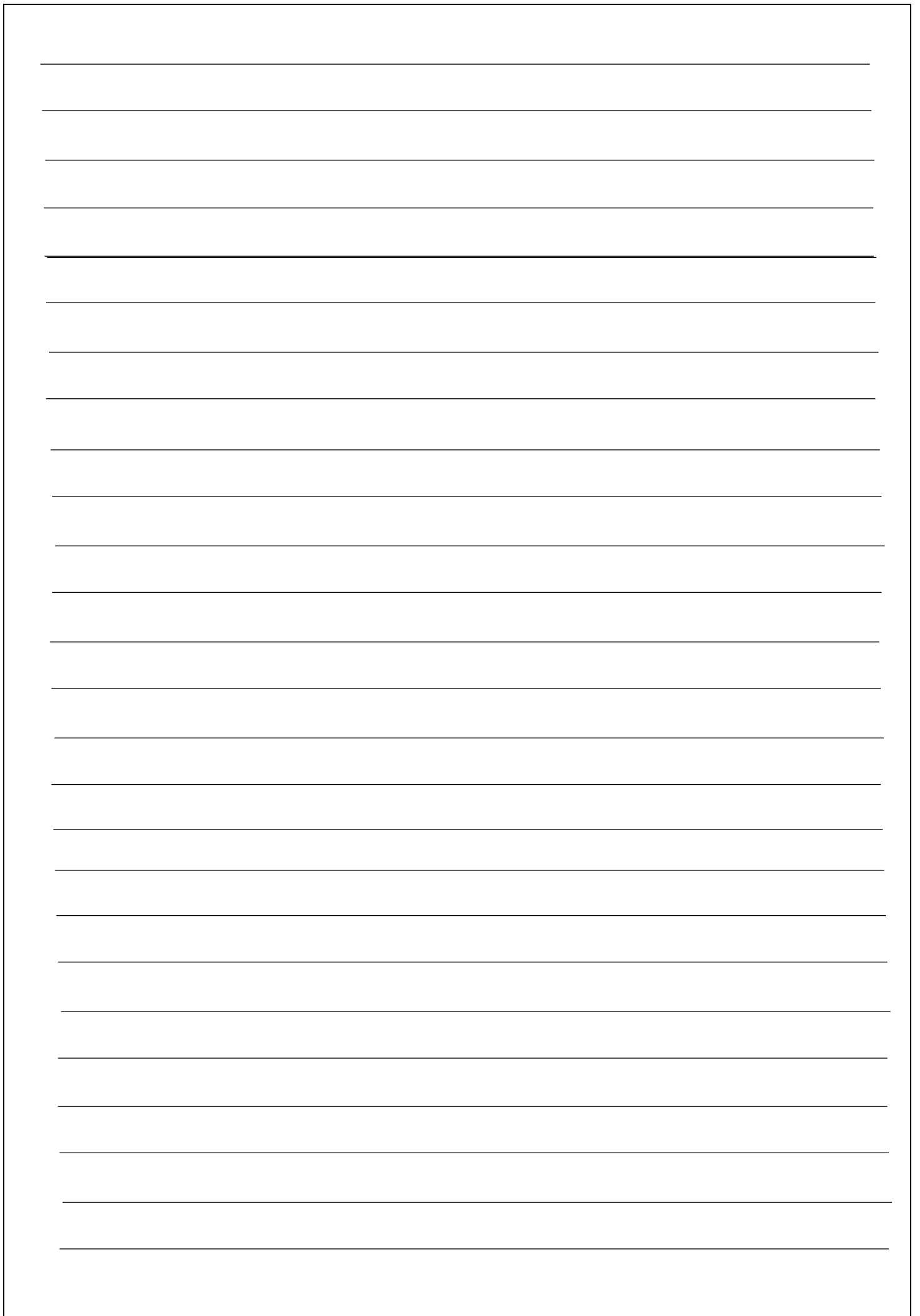
⁴ Sampson - a biblical figure who tells Delilah, his wife, that he will lose his strength with the loss of his hair.

⁵ Prescient - having or showing knowledge of events before they take place

⁶ Consternation - feeling anxiety or dismay, typically at something unexpected







Source 2

Source A

It is war-time and Carrie and her brother Nick have been sent away from their home in London, as evacuees¹, to live in the safety of a village in Wales with Mr Evans and his sister. Here, after their first night, they meet Mr Evans.

1 He wasn't an Ogre², of course. Just a tall, thin, cross man with a loud voice, pale, staring, pop-eyes, and tufts of spiky hair sticking out from each nostril. Councillor Samuel Isaac Evans was a bully. He bullied his sister. He even bullied the women who came into his shop, selling them things they didn't really want to buy and refusing to stock things that they did. 'Take it or leave it,' he'd say. 'Don't you
5 know there's a war on?'

6 He would have bullied the children if he had thought they were frightened of him. But although Carrie was a little frightened, she didn't show it, and Nick wasn't frightened at all. He was frightened of Ogres and spiders and crabs and cold water and the dentist and dark nights, but he wasn't often frightened of people. Perhaps this was only because he had never had reason to be until he met Mr
10 Evans, but he wasn't afraid of him, even after that first, dreadful night, because Mr Evans had false teeth that clicked when he talked. 'You can't really be scared of someone whose teeth might fall out,'
12 he told Carrie.

13 The possibility that Mr Evans' teeth might fall out fascinated Nick from the beginning, from the moment Mr Evans walked into the kitchen while they were having breakfast their first morning and
15 bared those loose teeth in what he probably thought was a smile. It looked to the children more like the kind of grin a tiger might give before it pounced on its prey. They put down their porridge spoons and stood up, politely and meekly.

It seemed to please him. He said, 'You've got a few manners, I see. That's something! That's a bit of sugar on the pill³!'

20 They didn't know what to say to this so they said nothing and he stood there grinning and rubbing his hands together. At last he said, 'Sit down, then, finish your breakfast, what are you waiting for? It's a wicked Sin to let good food get cold. You've fallen on your feet, let me tell you, you'll get good food in this house. So no faddiness⁴, mind! No whining round my sister for titbits when my back's turned. Particularly the boy. I know what boys are! Walking stomachs! I told her, you fetch two girls now,
25 there's just the one room, but she got round me, she said, the boy's only a babby!' He looked sharply at Nick. 'Not too much of a babby, I hope. No wet beds. That I won't stand!'

Nick's gaze was fixed on Mr Evans' mouth. 'That's a rude thing to mention,' he said in a clear, icy voice that made Carrie tremble. But Mr Evans didn't fly into the rage she'd expected. He simply looked startled - as if a worm had just lifted its head and answered him back, Carrie thought.

30 He sucked his teeth for a minute. Then said, surprisingly mildly, 'All right. All right, then. You mind your P's and Q's, see, and I won't complain. As long as you toe the chalk line! Rules are made to be kept in this house, no shouting, or running upstairs, and no Language.' Nick looked at him and he went on - quickly, as if he knew what was coming, 'No *Bad* Language, that is. I'll have no foul mouths here. I don't know how you've been brought up but this house is run in the Fear of the Lord.'

35 Nick said, 'We don't swear. Even my father doesn't swear. And he's a Naval Officer.'

What an odd thing to say, Carrie thought. But Mr Evans was looking at Nick with a certain, grudging

respect. 'Oh, an Officer, is he? Well, well.'

'A Captain,' Nick said. 'Captain Peter Willow.'

'Indeed?' Mr Evans' teeth clicked – to attention, perhaps.

- 40 He said, grinning again, 'Then let's hope he taught you how to behave. It'll save me the trouble,' and turned on his heel and went back to the shop.

Silence fell. Miss Evans moved from the sink where she'd been all this time, standing quite still, and started to clear the plates from the table.

Nick said, 'You don't mind Language, do you? I mean, I don't know the deaf and dumb alphabet.'

- 45 'Don't be smart,' Carrie said, but Miss Evans laughed. Hand to her mouth, bright squirrel eyes watching the door as if she were scared he'd come back and catch her.

Glossary:

evacuees¹ – children who were moved out of the major towns and cities and sent to live in the countryside to avoid air-raids during the war.

Ogre² – a frightening giant.

sugar on the pill³ – medicines were traditionally coated in sugar to hide their bitter taste and allow them to be easily swallowed.

faddiness⁴ – fussiness/choosiness.

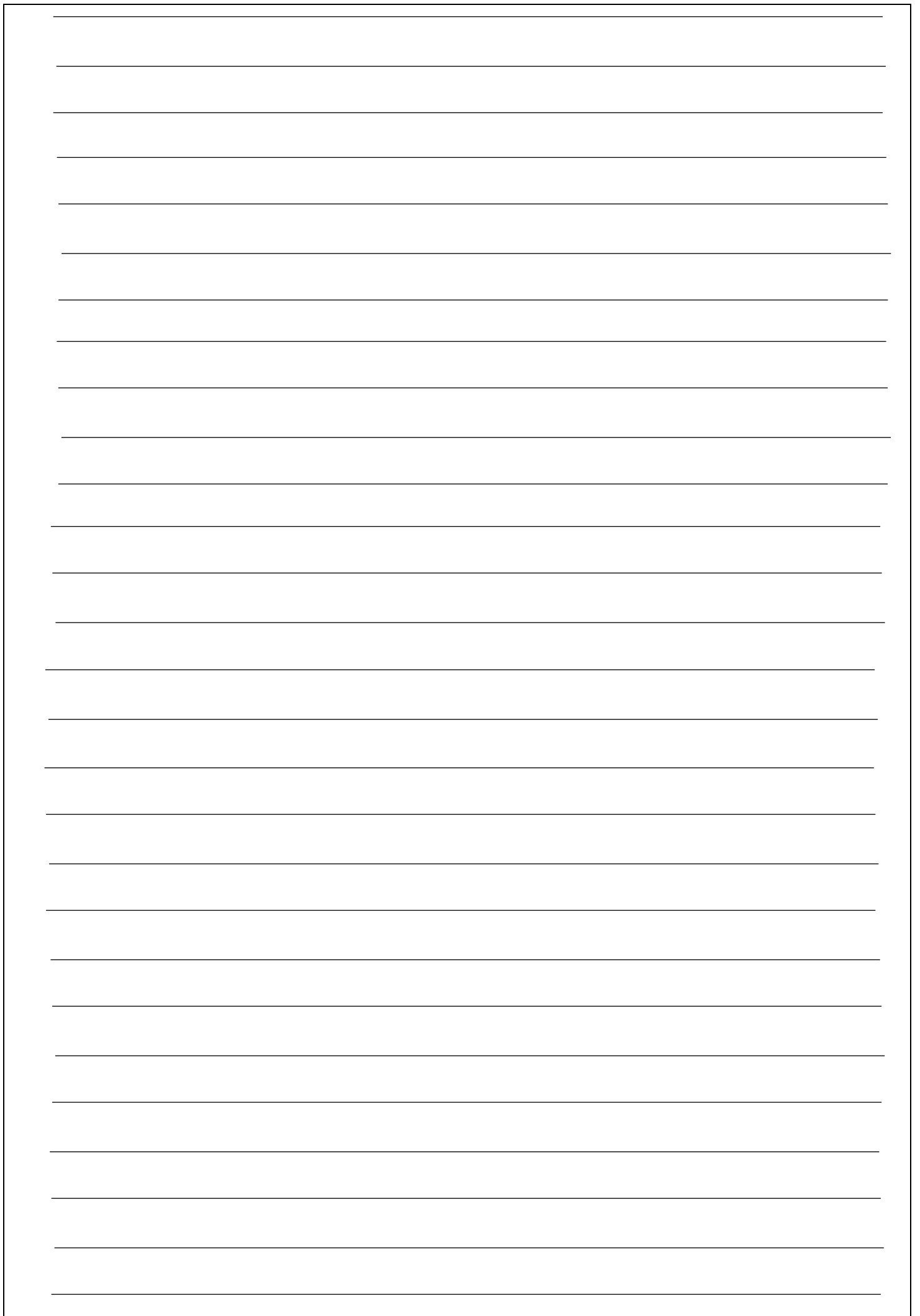
Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, **from line 13 to the end**.

A teacher, having read this section of the text, said: 'I like how the writer helps my students to feel involved in this moment. It is as if they are in the room with the characters.'

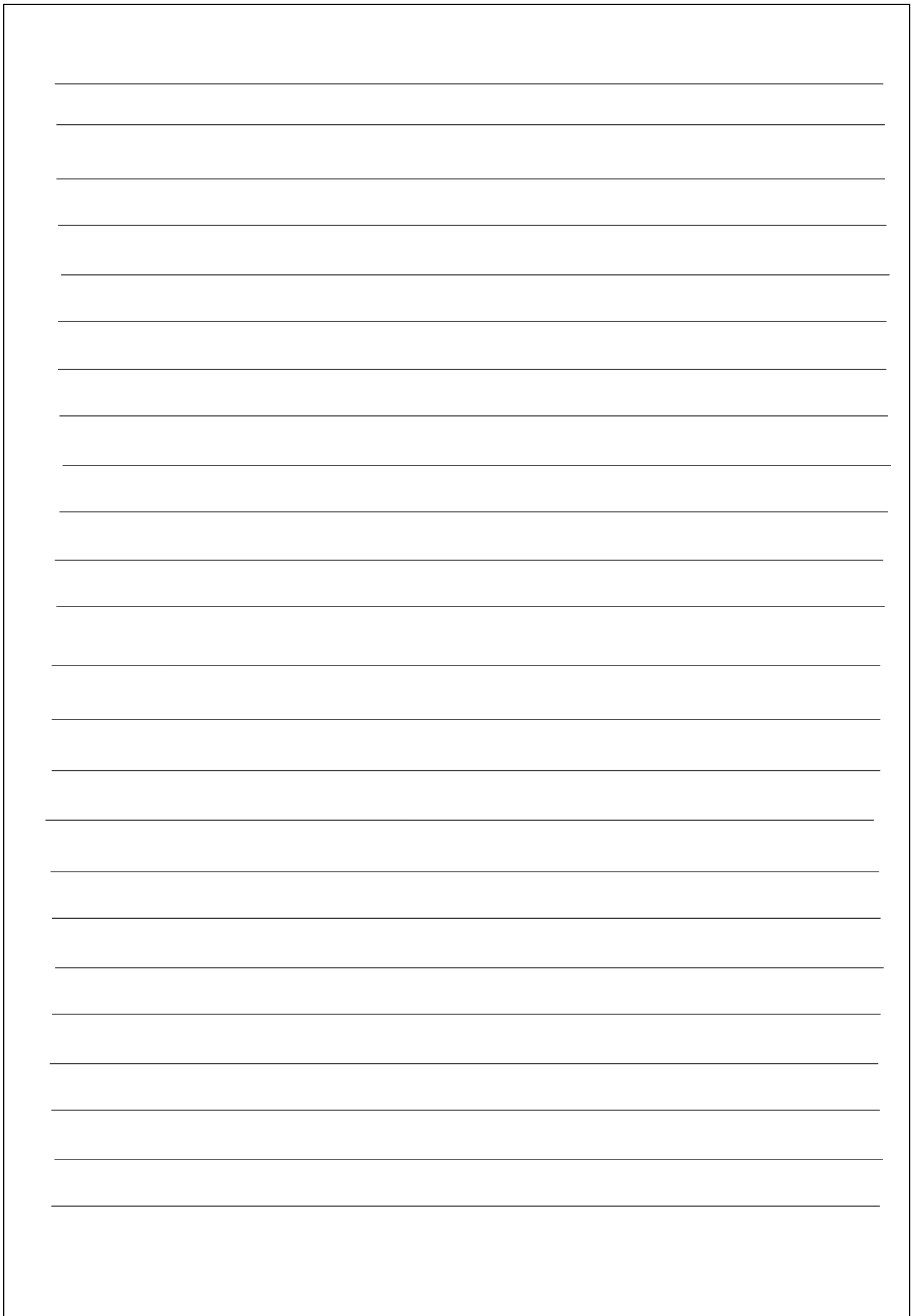
To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of the characters
- Evaluate how the writer helps you feel involved
- Support your response with quotations from the text [20 marks]







Source 3

Source A

Alfred, a young British soldier finds himself alone in the trenches of France during World War One...

1 Alfred felt something move. It came out of the mud in the dark behind his back where he sat
cold and drowsily slumped against the trench wall. Something small and warmly alive pushed
itself between the wooden slats and his battledress jacket. It touched for an instant the small
exposed area of his pale dirty skin just where his jacket and vest were folded and rucked up
5 together. He could feel something struggling and pushing to get past him. He shot up in
6 revulsion – he knew just what it was: a filthy...

'Rat!' he shouted to no one in particular.

8 He saw it there, pushing through and twisting its head, saw the wet greasy fur and its mean
red eyes. He kicked at it and missed. The rat scuttled out from the tiny gap between the slat
10 supports and ran across the mud. Normally Alfred would have let it go. Rats were, after all,
commonplace but something, whether pent-up anger... hate... loss... pain... boredom,
whichever it was made him give chase after it.

The creature appeared sluggish, as if it were weighed down with overeating. It had most likely
been feeding on what was caught, left behind, in the lines and coils of barbed wire which
15 stretched for miles beyond the trench. The terrible sad debris of dead soldiers. The remains
16 that were left behind after a 6am push.

17 Before it was light, after the heavy artillery bombardments and the whistles and the bright
spray of the flares and the shouting and the Very lights¹, the men streamed over, filtered
through the narrow gaps in the wire. Whole portions of them however were miraculously left
20 behind – bits of men hooked up and hanging there for all to see, like the display in an awful
butcher's shop window; or if there were enough shreds and rags of uniform still attached to the
limbs, then it was more like the washing on the line flapping on a Monday morning at home.

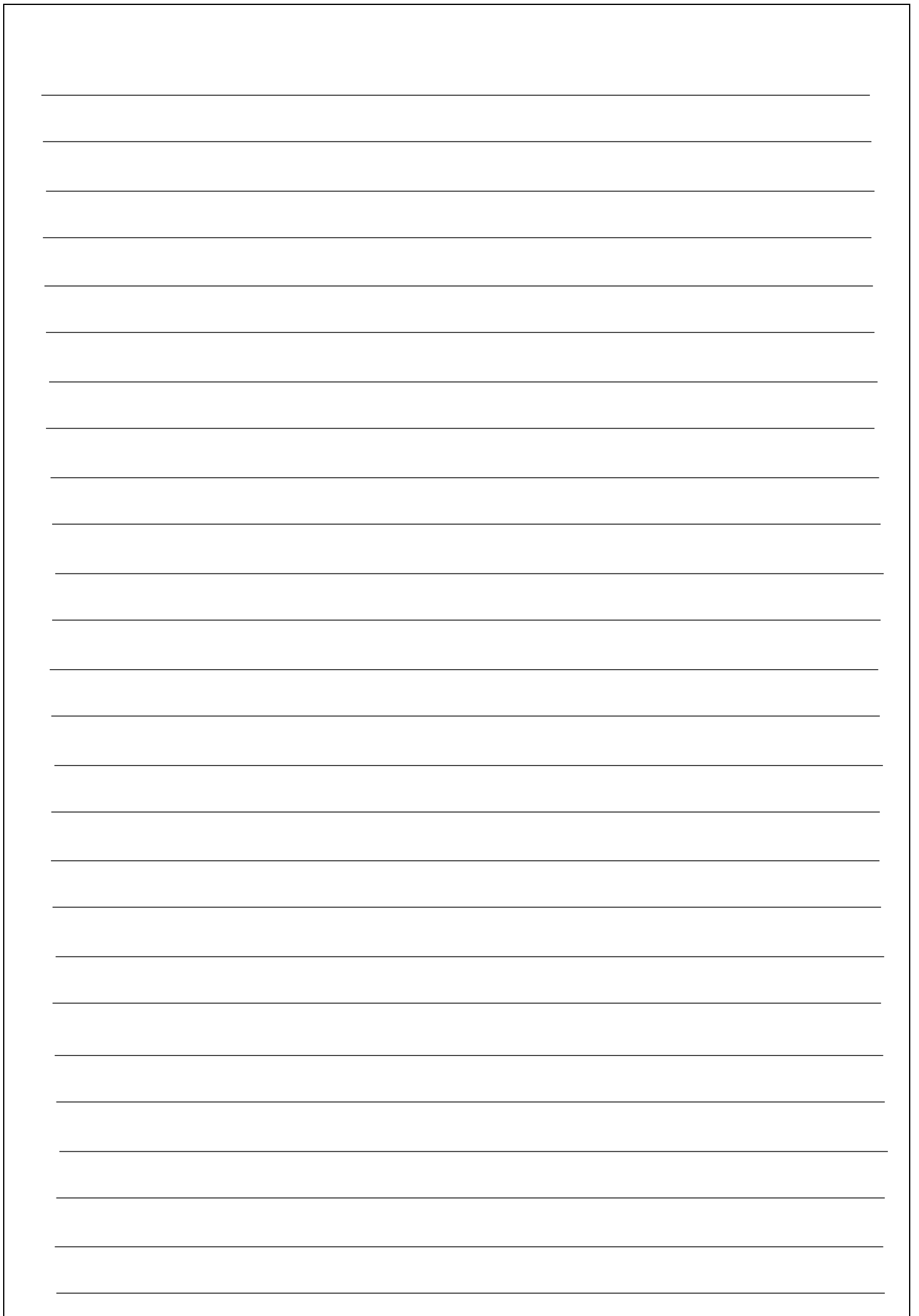
Alfred had grown almost used to such sights.

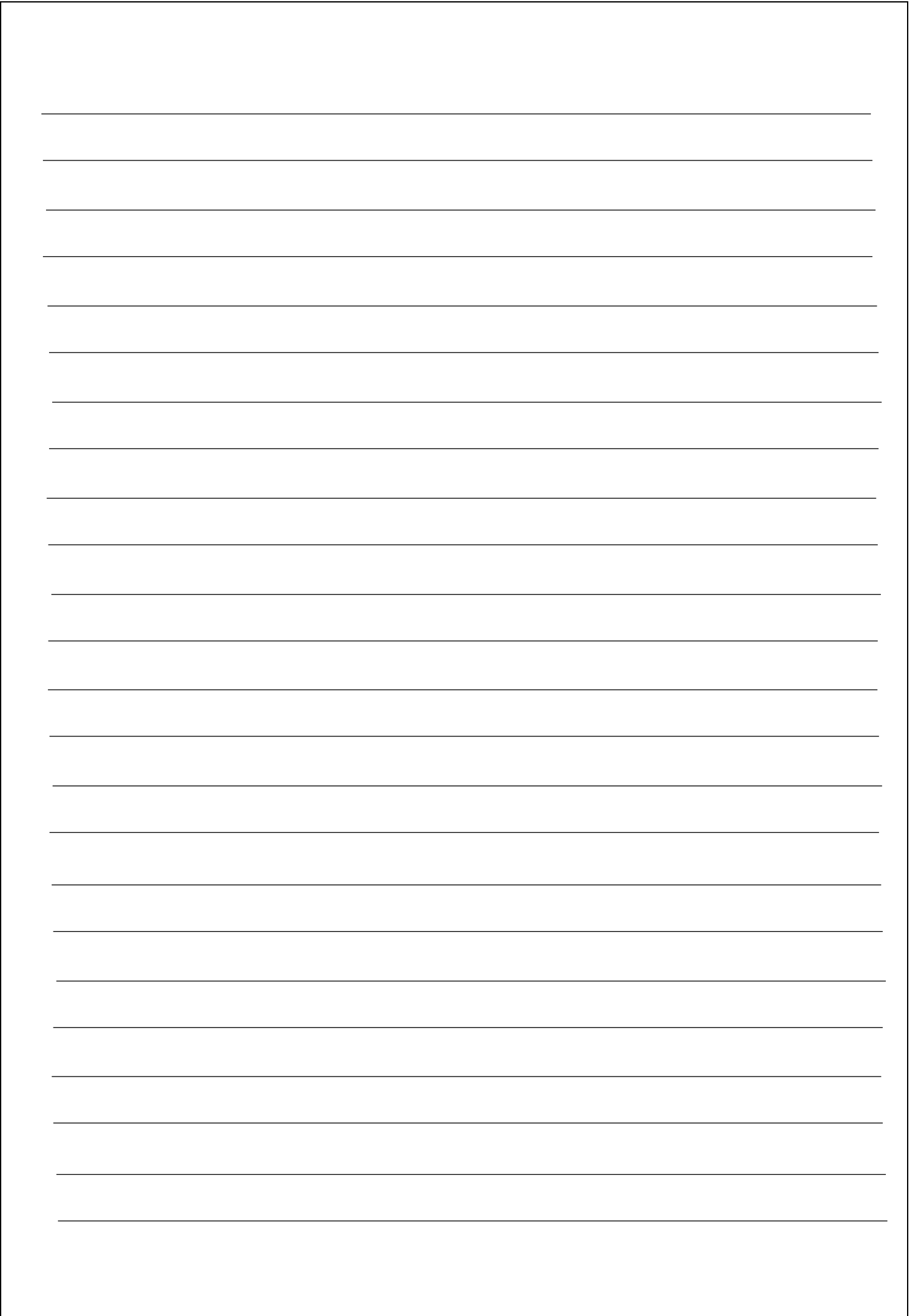
25 Almost used to seeing the remains of men he had sometimes known and shared fag time and
mugs of tea with.

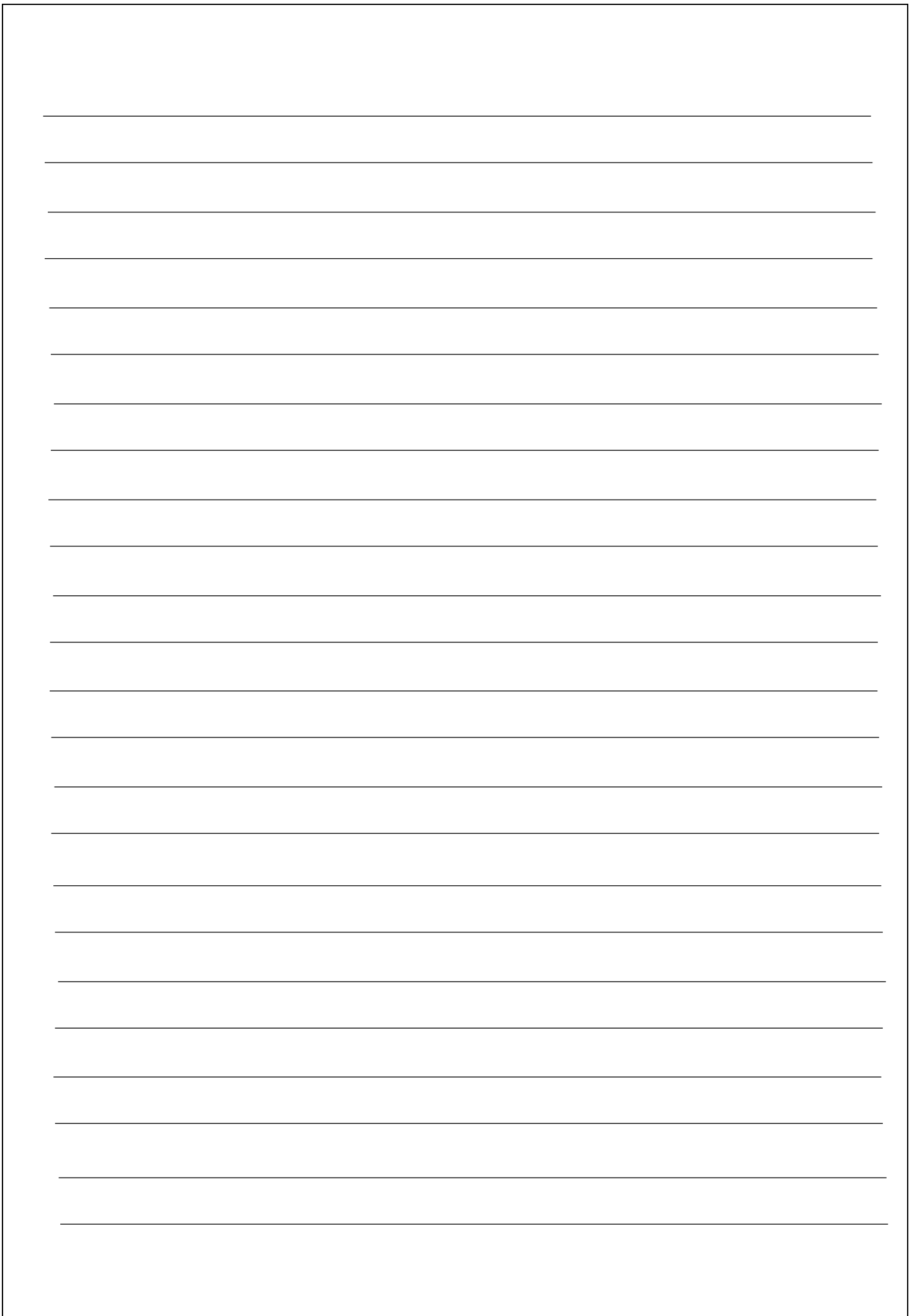
Almost used to them being suddenly torn apart and scattered around here and there or falling
like rain into the mud.

Almost used to them being thrown up in the air along with the astonishingly loud shellbursts.

Used to seeing the remains chucked around among the living like so much discarded offal.
30 Used to seeing legs, hands, heads and sometimes faces stare up at him blankly from the grey
mud. Used to seeing his pals' insides suddenly all spilled out from between their buttons, or
poking through the rips and gaps in their uniforms. Used to seeing their innards fully exposed
in the cold light of the outside where they didn't belong at all. Where they were never meant to
be seen. He knew it was wrong to be even remotely used to such sights, or to any of it, even
35 for a second, let alone for ever.....







Source 4

Source A

This story is set on a farm in Canada. White Fang is the name of a wild, wolf-like dog guarding the house of the Scott family: Judge Scott, the judge's wife and the judge's son, Weedon Scott, whom White Fang calls 'master'. In the middle of the night an intruder called Jim Hall breaks into the house to try and murder the judge. White Fang refers to Jim Hall as 'the strange god'.

1 One night, while all the house slept, White Fang awoke and lay very quietly. And very quietly he
smelled the air and read the message it bore of a strange god's presence. And to his ears came
sounds of the strange god's movements. White Fang burst into no furious outcry. It was not his
way. The strange god walked softly, but more softly walked White Fang, for he had no clothes to
5 rub against the flesh of his body. He followed silently. In the wild he had hunted live meat that
6 was infinitely¹ timid², and he knew the advantage of surprise.

7 The strange god paused at the foot of the great staircase and listened, and White Fang was as
dead, so without movement was he as he watched and waited. Up that staircase the way led to
the master and to the master's dearest possessions. White Fang bristled³, but waited. The
10 strange god's foot lifted. He was beginning the ascent.

Then it was that White Fang struck. He gave no warning, with no snarl anticipated his own
action. Into the air he lifted his body in the spring that landed him on the strange god's back.
White Fang clung with his fore-paws to the man's shoulders, at the same time burying his fangs
into the back of the man's neck. He clung on for a moment, long enough to drag the god over
15 backward. Together they crashed to the floor. White Fang leaped clear, and, as the man
16 struggled to rise, was in again with the slashing fangs.

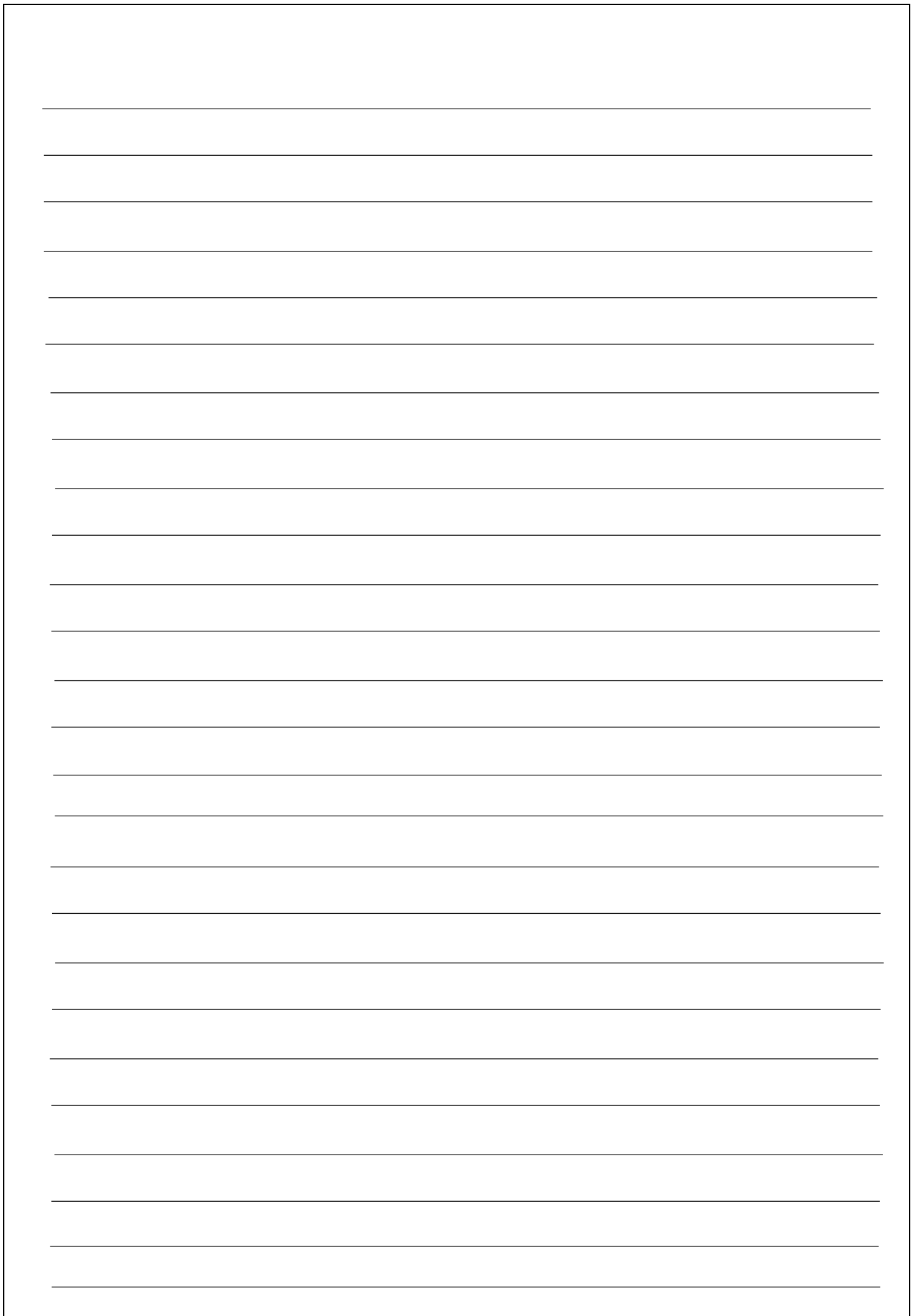
17 The family awoke in alarm. The noise from downstairs was as that of a score of battling fiends.
There were revolver shots. A man's voice screamed once in horror and anguish. There was a
great snarling and growling, and over all arose a smashing and crashing of furniture and glass.

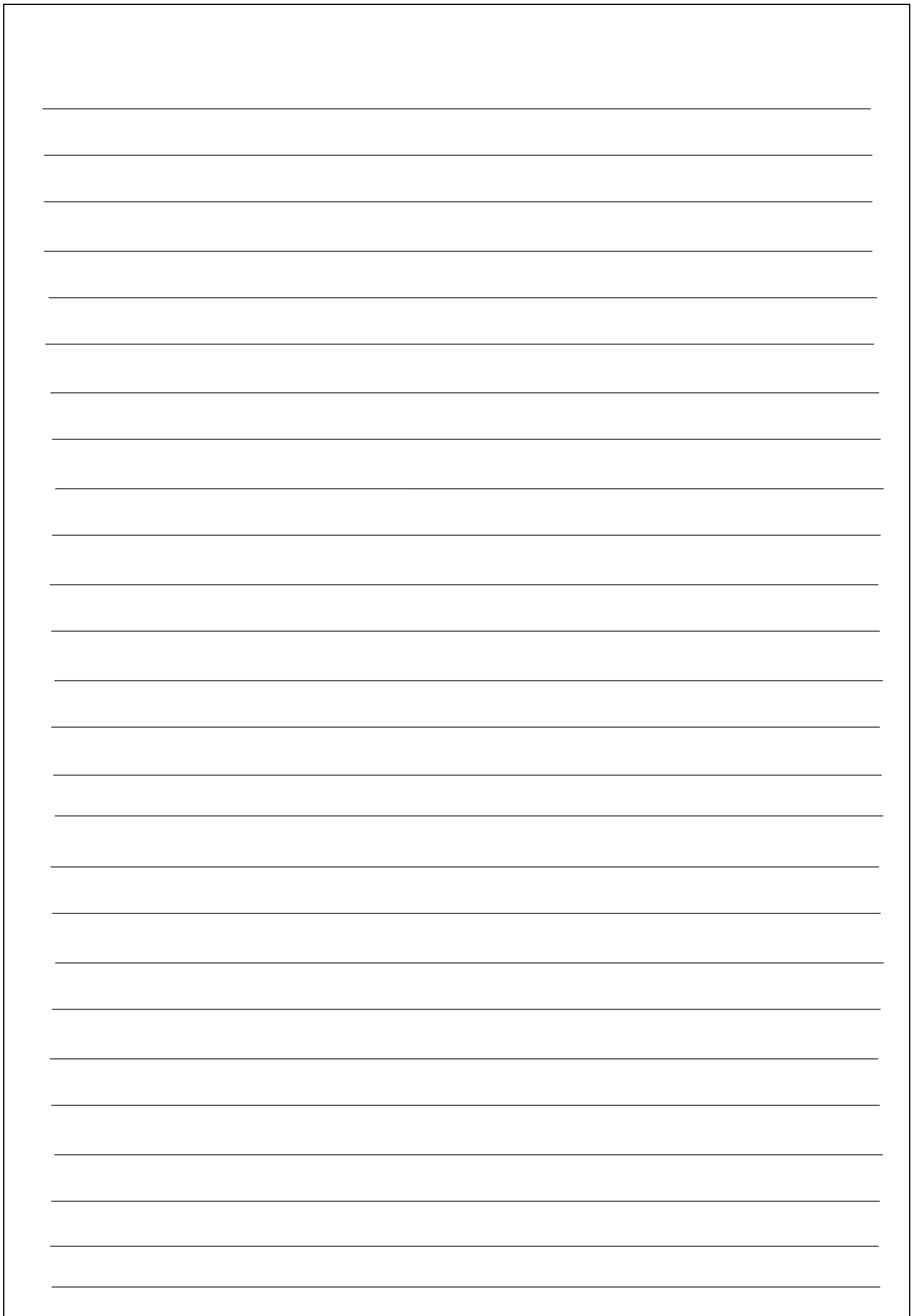
20 But almost as quickly as it had arisen, the commotion died away. The struggle had not lasted
more than three minutes. The frightened household clustered at the top of the stairway. From
below, as from out of an abyss⁴ of blackness, came up a gurgling sound, as of air bubbling
through water. Sometimes this gurgle became sibilant⁵, almost a whistle. But this, too, quickly
died down and ceased. Then naught came up out of the blackness save a heavy panting of
25 some creature struggling sorely for air.

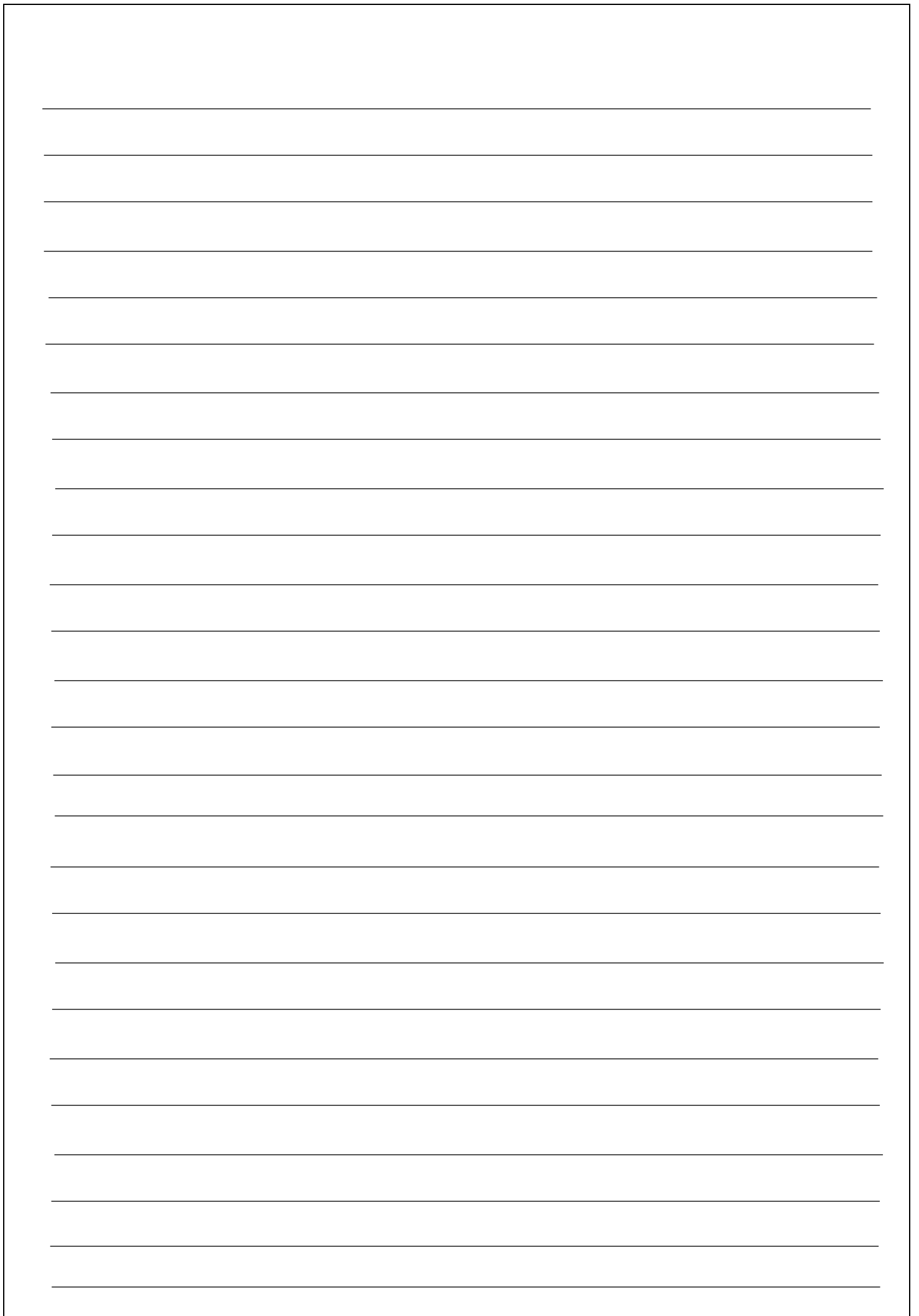
Weedon Scott pressed a button, and the staircase and downstairs hall were flooded with light.
Then he and Judge Scott, revolvers in hand, cautiously descended. There was no need for this
caution. White Fang had done his work. In the midst of the wreckage of overthrown and
smashed furniture, partly on his side, his face hidden by an arm, lay a man. Weedon Scott bent
30 over, removed the arm and turned the man's face upward. A gaping throat explained the manner
of his death.

"Jim Hall," said Judge Scott, and father and son looked significantly at each other.

Then they turned to White Fang. He, too, was lying on his side. His eyes were closed, but the
lids slightly lifted in an effort to look at them as they bent over him, and the tail was perceptibly
35 agitated in a vain effort to wag. Weedon Scott patted him, and his throat rumbled an
acknowledging growl. But it was a weak growl at best, and it quickly ceased. His eyelids drooped
and went shut, and his whole body seemed to relax and flatten out upon the floor.







Summary

Source 1	Marks out of 20
Activity 1	
Strength	
Target	
Source 2	Marks out of 20
Activity 1	
Strength	
Target	
Source 3	Marks out of 20
Activity 1	
Strength	
Target	
Source 4	Marks out of 20
Activity 1	
Strength	
Target	

<u>Strengths of this question</u>	<u>What I need to focus on to improve</u>