

How to revise for the Year 11 Mock Literature exam **Thursday, 14th NOVEMBER (The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde AND An Inspector Calls) AND **Friday, 15th NOVEMBER** (Romeo and Juliet AND Conflict Poetry)**

Characters

- ✓ Make mind map for each of the characters with key information about each one.
- ✓ Try to add to couple of key quotes for each character.
- ✓ Learn the information on your mind map – ask someone to test you.

Historical context

- ✓ Make a mind map containing information about Victorian AND Edwardian AND Elizabethan society

Key Events

- ✓ Make a list of the key event(s) in each chapter / act – ask someone to test you on them.

Themes

- ✓ Make mind maps for each of the themes.
- ✓ Try to add a couple of key quotes for each theme.
- ✓ Learn the information on your mind map – ask someone to test you.

Extract Analysis

Choose a page from the book / play at random and try the following exercises:

- ✓ How does the extract link to Victorian / Edwardian / Elizabethan society?
- ✓ How does the extract link to other parts of the novella / play ?
- ✓ Choose 8-10 words or phrases and for each one say why it is interesting AND why Stevenson / Shakespeare / Priestley has used it.
- ✓ Which characters are in the extract? What do we learn about them?
- ✓ Which themes can you identify in this extract?

Context within the novella / play

Open at a random page. Read the page and try making some links to other parts of the novella/ play:

- ✓ Try to say what has happened just before this page and what is going to happen next.
- ✓ Try to link what is going on in the page you have chosen with another part of the novella / play somewhere else.

Quoting from poems

- ✓ List ALL the poems you have studied so far
- ✓ Try to learn each poem off by heart – ask someone to test you so you can see how close you are getting

Poetry Section A: Comparison

- ✓ Open the anthology at a random poem and then compare it to the unseen poem on the next few slide.
- ✓ Consider how each presents the idea of conflict. Plan your answer.

Poetry Section B: Recalling a poem from memory

- ✓ Look at the questions on the next slide.
- ✓ Choose a question and decide which of the poems you have studied you would use to answer that question.
- ✓ Plan your answer from memory – don't look at the poem! In your plan link each section back to the question.

Poetry – part b) one other poem from memory

Consider each of the questions below and decide which poem you would choose to answer the question.

- Explore in detail one other poem from your anthology that presents ideas about **patriotism**.
- Explore in detail one other poem from your anthology that presents **individual experiences of conflict**.
- Explore in detail one other poem from your anthology that presents the **reality of battle**.
- Explore in detail one other poem from your anthology that presents **female experiences of conflict**.
- Explore in detail one other poem from your anthology that presents **divisions in society**.
- Explore in detail one other poem from your anthology that presents **changes caused by conflict**.
- Explore in detail one other poem from your anthology that presents **sadness and loss**.
- Explore in detail one other poem from your anthology that presents **power or powerlessness**.
- Explore in detail one other poem from your anthology that presents **honour and bravery**.
- Explore in detail one other poem from your anthology that presents the **effects of conflict**.

Poetry – part a) Comparison

Belfast Confetti by Ciaran Carson

Suddenly as the riot squad moved in, it was raining
exclamation marks,
Nuts, bolts, nails, car-keys. A fount of broken type. And the
explosion.
Itself - an asterisk on the map. This hyphenated line, a burst
of rapid fire...
I was trying to complete a sentence in my head but it kept
stuttering,
All the alleyways and side streets blocked with stops and
colons.
I know this labyrinth so well - Balaclava, Raglan, Inkerman,
Odessa Street -
Why can't I escape? Every move is punctuated. Crimea
Street. Dead end again.
A Saracen, Kremlin-2 mesh. Makrolon face-shields. Walkie-
talkies. What is
My name? Where am I coming from? Where am I going? A
fusillade of question- marks.

How to revise for the Year 11 Mock Language exam **Monday, 11th NOVEMBER** (Language paper 1 - FICTION) AND **Tuesday, 12th NOVEMBER** (Language paper 2 – NON FICTION)

Language paper 1 and Language paper 2:

- ✓ The best preparation you can do is to read often and widely. Ideally, you should be **reading for 15 minutes every day!** You need to read a range of challenging fiction and non fictional texts.
- ✓ Learn the key terminology.
- ✓ List what you need to do for each question.

Read the extract and give yourself an hour to answer the following questions.

1. Read the first paragraph from: “I mean that’s all I told DB and all” to the end of the paragraph . List four things about Holden’s brother.
2. Read the second paragraph that begins: “Where I want to start telling...” How does the writer use language to present Holden’s attitudes towards his school, Pencey Prep?
3. You now need to think about the whole of the source. This text is from the opening of a novel. How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?
4. A critic has said that: “The narrative style of *A Cather in the Rye* is engaging and interesting, you feel like you know the main character well from the beginning.” To what extent do you agree or disagree?

This extract from ‘The Catcher in the Rye’ by J. D. Salinger is from the opening of the novel. In it Holden Caulfield, a teenager, explains his feelings about being asked to leave his school, Pencey Prep. It is set in America in the 1950s.

‘If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you’ll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don’t feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth. In the first place, that stuff bores me, and in the second place, my parents would have about two hemorrhages apiece if I told anything pretty personal about them. They’re quite touchy about anything like that, especially my father. They’re nice and all - I’m not saying that - but they’re also touchy as hell. Besides, I’m not going to tell you my whole goddam autobiography or anything. I’ll just tell you about this madman stuff that happened to me around last Christmas just before I got pretty run-down and had to come out here and take it easy. **I mean that’s all I told D.B. about, and he’s my brother and all. He’s in Hollywood. That isn’t too far from this crummy place, and he comes over and visits me practically every week end. He’s going to drive me home when I go home next month maybe. He just got a Jaguar. One of those little English jobs that can do around two hundred miles an hour. It cost him damn near four thousand bucks. He’s got a lot of dough, now. He didn’t use to. He used to be just a regular writer, when he was home. He wrote this terrific book of short stories, *The Secret Goldfish*, in case you never heard of him. The best one in it was “The Secret Goldfish.” It was about this little kid that wouldn’t let anybody look at his goldfish because he’d bought it with his own money. It killed me. Now he’s out in Hollywood, D.B., being a prostitute. If there’s one thing I hate, it’s the movies. Don’t even mention them to me.**

Where I want to start telling is the day I left Pencey Prep. Pencey Prep is this school that’s in Agerstown, Pennsylvania. You probably heard of it. You’ve probably seen the ads, anyway. They advertise in about a thousand magazines, always showing some hotshot guy on a horse jumping over a fence. Like as if all you ever did at Pencey was play polo all the time. I never even once saw a horse anywhere near the place. And underneath the guy on the horse’s picture, it always says: “Since 1888 we have been molding boys into splendid, clear-thinking young men.” Strictly for the birds. They don’t do any damn more molding at Pencey than they do at any other school. And I didn’t know anybody there that was splendid and clear-thinking and all. Maybe two guys. If that many. And they probably came to Pencey that way.

Anyway, it was the Saturday of the football game with Saxon Hall. The game with Saxon Hall was supposed to be a very big deal around Pencey. It was the last game of the year, and you were supposed to commit suicide or something if old Pencey didn’t win. I remember around three o’clock that afternoon I was standing way the hell up on top of Thomsen Hill, right next to this crazy cannon that was in the Revolutionary War and all. You could see the whole field from there, and you could see the two teams bashing each other all over the place. You couldn’t see the grandstand too hot, but you could hear them all yelling, deep and terrific on the Pencey side, because practically the whole school except me was there, and scrawny and faggy on the Saxon Hall side, because the visiting team hardly ever brought many people with them.

There were never many girls at all at the football games. Only seniors were allowed to bring girls with them. It was a terrible school, no matter how you looked at it. I like to be somewhere at least where you can see a few girls around once in a while, even if they’re only scratching their arms or blowing their noses or even just giggling or something. Old Selma Thurmer--she was the headmaster’s daughter--showed up at the games quite often, but she wasn’t exactly the type that drove you mad with desire. She was a pretty nice girl, though. I sat next to her once in the bus from Agerstown and we sort of struck up a conversation. I liked her. She had a big nose and her nails were all bitten down and bloody-looking and she had on those damn falsies that point all over the place, but you felt sort of sorry for her. What I liked about her, she didn’t give you a lot of horse manure about what a great guy her father was. She probably knew what a phony slob he was.

The reason I was standing way up on Thomsen Hill, instead of down at the game, was because I’d just got back from New York with the fencing team. I was the goddam manager of the fencing team. Very big deal. We’d gone in to New York that morning for this fencing meet with McBurney School. Only, we didn’t have the meet. I left all the foils and equipment and stuff on the goddam subway. It wasn’t all my fault. I had to keep getting up to look at this map, so we’d know where to get off. So we got back to Pencey around two-thirty instead of around dinnertime. The whole team ostracized me the whole way back on the train. It was pretty funny, in a way. The other reason I wasn’t down at the game was because I was on my way to say good-bye to old Spencer, my history teacher. He had the gripe, and I figured I probably wouldn’t see him again till Christmas vacation started. He wrote me this note saying he wanted to see me before I went home. He knew I wasn’t coming back to Pencey.

I forgot to tell you about that. They kicked me out. I wasn’t supposed to come back after Christmas vacation on account of I was flunking four subjects and not applying myself and all. They gave me frequent warning to start applying myself - especially around midterms, when my parents came up for a conference with old Thurmer - but I didn’t do it. So I got the ax. They give guys the ax quite frequently at Pencey. It has a very good academic rating, Pencey. It really does.