

## A-level CREATIVE WRITING

### Unit 3 From Reading to Writing

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Monday 13 June 2016

Afternoon

Time allowed: 3 hours

#### Materials

- For this paper you must have:
  - an AQA 12-page answer book.

#### Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Paper Reference** is CREW3.
- Answer **both** questions.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.

#### Information

- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 60.
- There are 30 marks for each question.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
  - use good English
  - organise information clearly
  - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

Please read this advice carefully before you turn to the material.

**Instructions**

- Answer **both** questions.
- You must make it clear in your answer book which text you are responding to.
- In Question 1, you must respond to the instruction given in the writing prompt provided.
- Your creative writing response does not need to be in the same form as the source text.
- In Question 2, you should pay equal attention to the published work that you have chosen as a stimulus and your own writing.

**Advice**

- You are advised to spend 30 minutes reading the stimulus material before you begin your writing.
- It is recommended that you then spend **at least 1 hour** on each question.

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Answer **both** questions.

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**Texts A – E are published creative texts.**  
**Each text is accompanied by a prompt for your own writing.**  
**Choose one text as a stimulus for the two questions below.**  
**You must make it clear in your answer book which text you are responding to.**

**Question 1**

**0 1** Use your chosen text and accompanying prompt as a stimulus for your own piece of creative writing.

**[30 marks]**

**Question 2**

**0 2** Write a commentary on the writing that you have produced in Question 1.

Your commentary should:

- explore aspects of the author's craft in the text that you have selected as a stimulus
- reflect on the ways in which you have drawn on the author's text to inspire your own piece of writing
- pay equal attention to the published work that you have chosen as a stimulus and your own writing.

**[30 marks]**

**Turn over for Texts A - E**

**Text A**

This text is an extract from Dennis Potter's play *Pennies from Heaven*, written for television in 1978. It is set in the mid 1930s.

Here, a travelling salesman is attempting to persuade a housewife to buy a useless beauty product.

Write a text in which one person uses language to deceive another.

This extract cannot be reproduced due to third-party copyright constraints.

**Turn over for the next text**

### Text B

The following text is an extract from Caitlin Moran's *Moranthology*, a collection of her columns written for *The Times*, published in 2012.

In this text, the author recalls attending the *Doctor Who* Christmas Party. Here, she describes the behaviour of the famous and the not-so famous.

Write a text where you observe someone who is the centre of attention.

On set, and a semi-neglected building has been done up to look like the interior of the *Titanic* – huge Christmas trees, a parquet dance-floor, a delicious, turn-of-the-century, intergalactic buffet.

Down a quiet staircase to the side, one can hear the unmistakable sound of Kylie Minogue being lovely.

'Wow – are you the guys who did all the sanding downstairs?' she's asking two star-struck council workmen, engaged in renovating a dilapidated staircase. They are in dusty overalls. She is in a thigh-skimming waitress's uniform, with seamed stockings and knee-high boots.

'You've done an *amazing* job,' she coos.

That night – the night with the most spectacular sunset of the year – there is a party to celebrate Kylie's last day on set. The Roald Dahl Suite of the modish St David's Hotel is reserved for the entire cast and crew to let their hair down, celebrate, and give thanks for the beauty of Kylie's sexy legs having been on the BBC for an hour on Christmas Day.

At the appointed hour, carpenters, lighting riggers, camera men, sound men, make-up artists, producers, directors, aliens, the Doctor and Kylie Minogue all filter into the room. Everyone who isn't Kylie is wearing a clean shirt, and has a freshly scrubbed face. Kylie, on the other hand, is wearing a skin-tight dress of gold and silver lace, and Christian Louboutin heels. She actually looks like she's from another planet, where everyone is gorgeous. She looks around the Roald Dahl Suite – a windowless corridor with a small, sad-looking bar at the end of it.

'This is awful,' she says, very reasonably. There is a small pause. 'Everyone follow me!'

Like Maria leading the Von Trapp children over the mountains in *The Sound of Music*, Kylie leads the entire cast and crew down two flights of stairs, across the lobby, heels clicking, and into the beautiful St David's Hotel bar. There are five businessmen in there, having a small, dull meeting over a single beer. When the *Doctor Who* massive enter the room, spearheaded by Kylie Minogue, their jaws drop to the floor.

Edward Russell escorts Kylie to the bar, and addresses the bar manager, who appears to be in a state of mild shock.

'Ms Minogue would like to move her bar-tab to this bar,' he says, with a winning smile.

'There isn't a problem with that, is there?'

'Of course not!' the manager says, the faint sheen of sweat on his brow.

The next six hours pass as some manner of experiment, whereby some undisclosed figure is trying to work out who can party harder – an entire Welsh TV crew out on the razz, or a pixie-sized pop legend.

On the left, we have the show's make-up artists explaining, with owlish, technical passion, why you shouldn't drink flaming sambucas whilst wearing lip-gloss – 'It's made of petroleum jelly. It sets fire to your lips.'

On the right, we have Ms Minogue, working through a steady stream of pink Cosmopolitans, restyling people's hair, and using her 'Gaydar' match-up on various crew members and production staff.

Kylie finally leaves the party at 1.30am, shortly after dropping her drink on the floor ('Ooops! Better get another!'), spanking people's bottoms and hugging them as she leaves the room. There is a collective sigh as she leaves. It's a bit like when someone turns the fairy lights off on the tree.

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**Text C**

The following text is a poem by Helen Mort taken from her collection *Division Street*, published in 2013. The text presents the unusual behaviour of a neighbour.

Write a text where someone behaves in an unusual way.

**The Girl Next Door**

First, she came to borrow sugar. Sunday afternoons  
she'd cadge a pint of milk, sometimes a cigarette,  
then greet the sunset in her overgrown back garden,  
blowing smoke rings into mine. Soon she took

the unripe apples from my tree or asked for books  
with tattered spines that caught her eye. I'd smile and nod.  
She'd ring the doorbell late at night. I kept my curtains  
drawn,  
the bathroom window lidded with a blind,

and taking out the bins I'd see her silhouette  
in her kitchen, head tipped back, the way I stand.  
Once, she turned to look me in the eye. These days  
she wears her blonde hair short. I find excuses

not to leave the house; the evening rain,  
the biting wind. Last night she said my name.  
It suited her.

**Turn over for the next text**

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### Text D

The following text is an extract from David Nicholls' novel *Us*, published in 2014. In the novel, two parents and their son are on holiday in Paris. Here, the father is trying to convince his reluctant son, Albie, to join them for dinner.

In this text, the writer conveys a situation using speech.

Write a text where a situation is conveyed through speech.

#### the little ray of sunshine

- For crying out loud, Albie!
- Why is it a problem?
- But why don't you want to come with us?
- I want to do my own thing!
- But I've booked the table for three people!
- They won't mind. Go with Mum. Stare into each other's eyes, whatever.
- What will you do?
- Walk around, take photos. I might go and listen to some music.
- Well, shall we come with you?
- No, Dad, that is not a good idea. It's the opposite of a good idea.
- But wasn't the point, wasn't the whole point of this trip that we spend some time together as a family?
- We spend loads of time together, every day!
- Not in Paris!
- How's Paris different from home?
- Well, if I have to answer that ... Do you have any idea how much this trip is costing?
- Actually, if you remember, I wanted to go to Ibiza.
- You're not going to Ibiza.
- Okay, tell me how much this is costing, then. How much, tell me?
- It doesn't matter how much.
- Well it obviously does, seeing as you keep bringing it up. Tell me how much, divide it by three, I can owe it to you.
- I don't mind how much, I just wanted – we wanted to spend time as a family.
- You can see me tomorrow. Christ, Dad!
- Albie!
- I'll see you in the morning.
- Fine. All right. See you in the morning. No lie-ins. Eight thirty sharp, or we'll have to queue.
- Dad, I promise you, at no point during this holiday will I relax.
- Goodnight, Albie.
- *Au revoir. A bientôt.* And Dad?
- What?
- I'm going to need some money.



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**Text E**

The following text is a short story by Annie Proulx, taken from her collection *Close Range*, published in 1999. In this text, the character, Mrs Croom, uncovers her husband's dark secret.

Write a text that involves a secret being uncovered.

**55 Miles to the Gas Pump**

RANCHER CROOM IN HANDMADE BOOTS AND FILTHY hat, that walleyed cattleman, stray hairs like curling fiddle string ends, that warm-handed, quick-foot dancer on splintery boards or down the cellar stairs to a rack of bottles of his own strange beer, yeasty, cloudy, bursting out in garlands of foam, Rancher Croom at night galloping drunk over the dark plain, turning off at a place he knows to arrive at a canyon brink where he dismounts and looks down on tumbled rock, waits, then steps out, parting the air with his last roar, sleeves surging up windmill arms, jeans riding over boot tops, but before he hits he rises again to the top of the cliff like a cork in a bucket of milk.

Mrs. Croom on the roof with a saw cutting a hole into the attic where she has not been for twelve years thanks to old Croom's padlocks and warnings, whets to her desire, and the sweat flies as she exchanges the saw for a chisel and hammer until a ragged slab of peak is free and she can see inside: just as she thought: the corpses of Mr. Croom's paramours—she recognizes them from their photographs in the paper: MISSING WOMAN—some desiccated as jerky and much the same color, some moldy from lying beneath roof leaks, and all of them used hard, covered with tarry handprints, the marks of boot heels, some bright blue with the remnants of paint used on the shutters years ago, one wrapped in newspaper nipple to knee.

When you live a long way out you make your own fun.

**END OF TEXTS**

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