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Candidate number: 6163

Speaking and Listening tasks

Task one — Communicating and Adapting Language
Details of task:

My Hero - Personal presentation

well structured talk on her.
Very confident - excellent g + a
sense

Communicating and
Adapting Language:

13 /16

Task two — Interacting and Responding
Details of task:

The balloon debate

Helped lead discussion re
debate - shared part of the
talk - generated responses

Interacting and
Responding:

12 /16

Task three — Creating and Sustaining Roles
Details of task:

Two hot seating sessions on the
characters of Curly + Slim from Oh Mice
and Men

Creating and
Sustaining Roles:

13 /16

TOTAL MARK for
Speaking and
Listening:

36 /48

Explore the way poets present their feelings about relationships

In "Remembrance", the poet uses a variety of techniques to present her feelings about a lost relationship caused through death. For example, the line "Faithful indeed is the spirit that remembers after years of change and suffering!" uses a variety of powerful diction and punctuation to convey the strong sense of emotion and faith needed by a person to stay single and still full of love for a person who has died many years ago. The diction "change" and "suffering" highlights to the reader that life moves on for the person left behind and that they have many trials in life which could move their focus away from just thinking about their lost love. The poet also conveys the idea that they have never been able to find a new love which matches the love they have lost in the lines "No later light had lighted up my heaven." Here, metaphor "lighted up..heaven" describes the idea that the love the poet felt and had with her lost lover was as near to the perfection of heaven she could have and that she never found it again. "Lighted" hints at the fact that it made her incredibly happy.

I will now be looking at the poem "*Valentine*" and how the poet expresses her feelings about relationships in the poem. The first language feature I will look at is diction in the quote "not a red rose or a satin heart I give you an onion". Emphasis of "not" shows that the narrator wishes to move away from the group, stereotypical Valentine gift, and move towards unexpected and surprising presents so she give her lover an onion. The poet uses this to express her desire to move away from possessions as a symbol of affection to something more thoughtful – a present which has a real depth of feeling. This extended metaphor continues into the line "It is a moon wrapped in brown paper" it is a metaphor. It is comparing the moon to an onion because the silky white skin on an onion has a similar the white sheen to the moon and people sometimes relate the moon to a romantic evening; it also compares the brown crispy skin on the outside of the onion to a brown paper bag, once again alluding to a present and its parts. It also connotes how a relationship can be unwrapped to the bare minimum and that true sentiment and depth of feeling do not rely clichéd gifts. The last language feature I will look at for this poem is the metaphor in the quote "take it. Its platinum loops shrink to be a wedding-ring, if you like it." This quote expresses how the onions rings shrink down to the size of a ring. it also says "if you like it take it" this means that the rings are platinum and that wedding-rings are platinum and it means that because they are in love they could marry with a platinum wedding-ring.

I will now go on to evaluate the poem "*My Last Duchess*". The first language feature I will be analysing is diction in the quote "I call that a piece of wonder" by the poet emphasising the word "that" It shows now that the duchess is dead. The Duke is now able to control who looks at her and when they can't. Also he depersonalises the Duchess now that she is an object, he has power and control which he likes, as later on in the poem he becomes jealous due to the fact other people enjoy looking at her. Another interesting feature which reveals the poet's feelings in relation to relationships is his use of diction in the line "Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed at starting, is my object". This shows the Count views women as objects because most often in the poem he refers to women as an objects or possessions.

The three poems I have evaluated use a very wide range of language features to convey their thoughts and feelings with regards relationships. My favorite poem out of the three "*Remembrance*", "*Valentine*" and "*My Last Duchess*" was "*Valentine*" because it uses a variety of language features in a thoughtful manner to help convey its meaning.

(16) Thorough explanation of how the writer uses literary techniques to create effect.
Sustained comparison between techniques and presentational features
- 1.0 M awarded - not enough detail

Nobody's Angel

Chapter One

Quivering I slowly peered in to misty alley, not daring to move a muscle. The time dragged, seconds seemed like hours. Every inch of my bruised body was contorted in fear as I sat hunched against the icy bricks. Tears began to cascade down my cheeks, shaking I carefully began to uncurl my frozen limbs and cautiously rose to my feet.

Monday morning began with the same drizzle and clouded skies, I dragged my feet and kicked up the stones on the pavement; I hunched my shoulders and buried my face inside the upturned collar of my coat. The usual din hit me as I passed through the school gates and tentatively rushed by the crowds of tumultuous students, seeking the reassuring warmth of the library. Huddling between the bookshelves I sat back and began to calm my hastened breath. The door swung open and a pair of navy mules began to stride towards me; my heart began to race and beads of sweat formed in my palms. Seconds later a weathered face appeared around the bookcase and beamed a friendly smile. Sinking back in my chair a wave of relief overtook me, "so how are you today?" The librarian asked brightly, "It's a little early to be hiding from your science homework isn't it?"

I took a deep breath in and formed the brightest smile I could "It's just the winter blues Mrs. Atley, not the mundane biology homework I have stuffed in my folder; I think I finished that one over the weekend anyway, my mum wouldn't let me out the house on Sunday night otherwise" I stood up sharply and grabbed my tattered rucksack. Rushing I said my farewells and prayed that my happy facade would hold until I was out of my room. Swinging open the door the teeming corridors awaited my arrival, just the same as ever I thought a never ceasing crowd when you just want to be alone.

Breathing deeply I locked the cubicle door to the toilet, the pungent odour of industrial cleaning fluid stung in my nose. Unzipping my rucksack I flopped down on to the toilet, rummaged through the mass of scribbled notes and textbooks, eventually my fingertips grasped the cold metal, and I drew the object to my chest. Letting the bag drop, a resounding thump echoed through the empty room. Trembling I slowly unbuttoned my cuff and rolled up my shirt, the scissors were still tightly clamped in my sweaty palm. Numbness

coursed through my veins; the entire world seemed black, but this blade could bring back the reality I needed and provide the escape I wanted. Give me the emotion to be angry, or sad not just to be stuck in an endless abyss. Where there is no reason, explanation or feeling. Shaking I held the scissors to my flesh and vigorously tore it across my arm, the blood trickled down my arm, and gave life, a sense of hatred of everything, of everyone. Suddenly realisation hit me, what had I done? Why? How am I going to conceal this? Wiping the blood away I hurriedly pulled down my shirt and put on my jacket, disgusted with myself how could I do such a dirty thing? Only drug abusers and mental people did this sort of thing. Silently I opened the gratified door, and shuffled through. A slightly eerie feeling crept over me as I wandered down the bare, silent corridor; checking my watch I confirmed my lesson to be music and began pulling up my favoured happy facade.

Wrenching the door open a barrier of sound hit me; a popular tune was being banged out on the battered old piano and the grunting of the two boys reacting the latest wrestling moves on each other. "Miss Park nice of you to grace us with your presence today," Mr. Keys venemently hissed at me.

"Sorry Sir I had to see another teacher, about some coursework" I hung my head and stared at the worn carpet, I shuffled to my seat and attempted to calm my erratic heartbeat. The lesson dragged on and finally the bell sounded; everyone rushed to their feet, clamouring to be out of the room first. "Miss Park could you please stay behind for a minute." A harsh, cold voice rung out to me. I dropped to the back of heaving crowd and sat hunching myself in to a tight ball on one of the defaced school chairs. Towering over me Mr. Keys began pacing the room; his cold, grey eyes and coarse moustache covered his aging, pockmarked face. Hands clasped behind his back, he strode back and forth across the floor and his monotonous utterances of responsibility filled the tiny room. Clenching my fists, I drew to my chest, suddenly I felt his hands grip my shoulder; shivers ran through my spine and fear blinded me. I yelped like an injured animal and fled the room, tears blurring my vision and the world slurred in to a mix of raging colours. Howling noises rippled through my skin like lightning, all around me was something to fear, something there to attack me, and everyone was against me. A cocoon of nightmares surrounded me, why did I have to feel this way? I could not carry on like this. My feet began to leaden and my pace became sluggish, I held out my hand and felt the cold wall on my fingertips, all the energy that had just, one second ago coursed my soul, dissolved in to nothingness. Crumpling on the floor the tide of reality ebbed away from me and the endless abyss once again took me prisoner.

12/6
Good narrative / character construction.
- Clear focus - well structured. Interesting
use of language for effects / sentence