What you will need to know:

Knowledge of Literature: Macbeth, An Inspector Calls, A Christmas Carol & The Anthology

Contextual knowledge linked to the poems

Contextual knowledge linked to A Christmas Carol

Key Quotations

How to Approach Unseen Poems

How to compare poems (Anthology & Unseen)

Explode the extract essays

Essays on Literature texts
# English AQA Language and Literature GCSE at a glance guide

You will achieve 2 GCSEs in English. You have no coursework. Everything you learn over the two years will be assessed by exams at the end of the two years.

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<td>One fiction text to read (extract from a piece of 20th Century Literature) 4 questions to answer 1 brief answer x 4 marks 2 x 8 marks 1 x 20 marks (40 marks)</td>
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THE LITERATURE PAPER

MACBETH: SHAKESPEARE

Task 1: Revise the play – what happens where and when?

How – Sequence events in the play – use the synopsis below to do this – Then, flashcards to remind you

Macbeth: What happens in the play?

Scotland is at war. Macbeth and Banquo are generals of the King Duncan. They succeed in defeating the invading armies.

Macbeth and Banquo meet the witches on the heath. They prophesy three things: that Macbeth will become Thane of Cawdor; that Macbeth will then become king and that Banquo’s sons will be kings.

Macbeth does not believe the witches until he hears news from Duncan that he is to be given the title of Thane of Cawdor. He arranges to have dinner with the king the next night. He writes a letter to his wife Lady Macbeth to tell her the good news. She is very keen for him to become king.

When Macbeth arrives home Lady Macbeth persuades him that he must kill King Duncan that night. He is very unsure and has terrifying visions, however when night comes he drugs the King’s attendants and stabs the king.

The next morning the attendants are blamed for the death of the King and Macbeth becomes king. King Duncan’s sons, Donalbain and Malcolm, are scared they will be killed too and leave. Macbeth is scared that the witches prophecy (Banquo’s sons will become kings) will come true. He arranges to have them killed, but Fleance escapes. Macbeth is furious and terrified.

Macbeth’s mental state is deteriorating and he sees a vision of Banquo’s ghost at a feast. Macbeth’s subjects become suspicious and mistrust him.

Macbeth and his wife are in turmoil. He goes to see the witches and they prophesy three more things that reassure him for the time being: that no man born of woman can harm him; that he will only be defeated when trees walk, but to beware of Macduff.

Macbeth believes the witches’ prophecies and arranges for Macduff’s family to be brutally murdered.

When Macduff finds out he is furious and joins forces with King Duncan’s son Malcolm. Together they plan to defeat Macbeth. Meanwhile Lady Macbeth is wracked with guilt and mentally unstable. She sleep walks and jumps out of a window.

Macbeth is distraught but believes he is safe in his castle. After all the witches told him that no man born of woman can harm him and he won’t be defeated until trees walk. However the prophecies are fulfilled when he sees that the advancing army is using trees as shields. He then meets Macduff in battle, who tells him that he was not born of woman (his mother had a caesarean section) and subsequently kills him.
Task 2 – Learn Quotes

Create Key Quotation Quote cards (see how to learn quotations guide at the back of this booklet)

Task 3 – Learn and Revise the Key themes in the play

- Murder
- Madness
- Treason
- Loyalty
- Family
- The Role of Women

Create a synopsis – linked to quotes of how these themes are presented in the play.

You could write essays about these themes. Choose an extract where one of the themes is presented and then write about the extract and explore the theme in the rest of the play.

Questions look like this in the exam:

Starting with this speech, explain how far you think Shakespeare presents Lady Macbeth as a powerful woman.

Write about:
- how Shakespeare presents Lady Macbeth in this speech
- how Shakespeare presents Lady Macbeth in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]

AO4 [4 marks]

EXPLODING THE EXTRACT INTO A QUESTION

What are the skills you have to use?

- AO1 & AO2 & AO4 Context embedding

What does this mean?

- You have to analyse in detail the extract.
- You have to use subject terminology to explore the language and structure of the extract and the essay
- You have to bring in the whole text too, so need to be sure of events that happen in different areas of the book
- You have to write about the context, so need to be able to remember what conditions were like for people at the time and why Shakespeare chose to present ideas in the way he did

How should you structure the essay?

Introduction

- Explain the whole text briefly and give an overview of meaning in the extract linked to the question
- State where in the text the extract is from.

Main Section 1 – (Note not a paragraph, but a section of the essay)

- Address the start of the extract and use quotes to explore what it means and how it is linked to the question.
Focus closely on language and structure here and explore carefully specific words and their meanings (I like you to use connotations for this).
Now, bring in the whole text. Is there an example from somewhere else in the text that you can write about which supports or shows development of the idea you have included in this section of the essay?
Remember, you should try to quote from the rest of the text as well as from the extract as this will really show the examiner a clear and well developed knowledge of the text. Also, you don’t have to only use one example you can interlink examples from different places in the text and this will again show the examiner higher level skills.
You should have written with your analysis information about context as well as analysis of the content

Main Section 2
Focus on the middle of the extract and repeat the analysis linked to the question for the extract and again bring in the whole text.
You should try to discuss another relevant idea linked to the context of the book.

Main Section 3
Focus on the end of the extract and repeat the analysis linked to the question and again bring in the whole text.
You should try to discuss another relevant idea linked to the context of the book.

Conclusion
Summarise what you think about the question linking it first to the extract and then to the whole text as well.

Why do I want you to do the structure of the essay like this?
I think it helps you get better marks if you can show the examiner that you:

- Track through the extract and don’t superficially mention it
- Link throughout the essay to both the extract and the whole text
- Can use quotes from your own knowledge as well the extract
- Can give close language and structure analysis focus using the extract as a prompt
- Are able to use your knowledge of subject terminology when referring to language and structure
- Have structured their essay specifically to explode the extract throughout
- Are aware of a range of contextual issues that link to the time period and the reasons Dickens had for writing about the issues
### MACDUFF

O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

### MACBETH LENNOX

What's the matter.

### MACDUFF

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord’s anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!

### MACBETH

What is 't you say? the life?

### LENNOX

Mean you his majesty?

### MACDUFF

Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.

*Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX*

Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

Bell rings

Starting with this extract, explain how far you think Shakespeare presents the horror of Duncan’s death.
Write about:
• how Shakespeare presents the horror of death in this speech
• how Shakespeare presents the horror of death in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]

MACBETH

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?

Starting with this extract, explain how far you think Shakespeare presents Macbeth as deceitful.
Write about:
• how Shakespeare presents the Macbeth as deceitful in this speech
• how Shakespeare presents the Macbeth as deceitful in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
# A Christmas Carol

## A guide to 4 things you could talk about for each CHARACTER

### Scrooge
- What he’s like at the beginning – mean towards Fred, uncharitable
- His relationship with Bob and Tiny Tim
- What he learns from visiting the past in particular – old school and Fan’s rescue, Fezziwig, and Belle.
- How he is a changed man by the end

### Ghosts
- Marley – shows him the money chains and what might become of him if he doesn’t change
- Xmas Past – School House, Fezziwig, Belle
- Xmas Present – Belle’s family, Cratchit family dinner
- Xmas future – Tiny Tim’s death, Scrooge’s own death

### Cratchit Family
- Bob – one coal, tiny salary at the start – then changes at the end!
- Way he toasts Scrooge at Xmas dinner
- Whole family’s happiness at Xmas dinner with what little they have
- Tiny Tim’s role and how Scrooge despairs when he thinks he will die.

### Minor Characters – Fred/Fan/Belle
- Fred – always happy and positive and invites Scrooge to Xmas dinner every year only to be met with abuse. Scrooge starts to feel guilty about how he treats him when he is reminded of his dead sister, Fan.
- Belle was the love of Scrooge’s life and deserted him due to his love for money. Scrooge learns that she then has a family and husband of her own – that he could have been.

## A guide to 4 things you could talk about for each THEME

### Change
- What Scrooge is like at the beginning – mean towards Fred, uncaring towards the charity workers, etc
- Things that affect the change in Scrooge: what he learns from visits with the ghosts – old school and Fan’s rescue, Fezziwig, and Belle breaking up with him / Cratchit family / Own death
- How he is a changed man by the end and how he then treats Fred, Bob, Tiny Tim and charity workers differently.

### Family
- Scrooge’s own family – Fan and how he is reminded of her kindness when he was a boy left at school
- Scrooge’s treatment of Fred
- Scrooge seeing how Belle has her own family
- The Cratchit family dinner and how Scrooge becomes ‘like a father’ to Tiny Tim at the end.

### Money
- Bob and the tiny salary at the start – then is raised at the end!
- No care for charity workers then changes and gives them a large amount at the end
- Cratchit family’s happiness at Xmas dinner with what little they have
- Horrible figures of Ignorance and Want / people like Old Joe and Mrs Dilber – grimy, merciless money who are only interested in making money even from dead people (just like Scrooge was, making a deal even at Jacob Marley’s funeral!)

### The Past
- School days and left alone until Fan arrives to take him home
- Fezziwig, his lovely old boss
- Belle, his fiancée who broke up with him over money
And now, without a word of warning from the Ghost, they stood upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it were the burial-place of giants, and water spread itself wheresoever it listed, or would have done so, but for the frost that held it prisoner; and nothing grew but moss and furze, and coarse rank grass. Down in the west the setting sun had left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the desolation for an instant, like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the thick gloom of darkest night.

‘What place is this?’ asked Scrooge.

‘A place where Miners live, who labour in the bowels of the earth,’ returned the Spirit. ‘But they know me. See!’

A light shone from the window of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. Passing through the wall of mud and stone, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their children and their children’s children, and another generation beyond that, all decked out gaily in their holiday attire. The old man, in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song—it had been a very old song when he was a boy—and from time to time they all joined in the chorus. So surely as they raised their voices, the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so surely as they stopped, his vigour sank again.

The Spirit did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the moor, sped—whither? Not to sea? To sea. To Scrooge’s horror, looking back, he saw the last of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it rolled and roared, and raged among the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth.

Built upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Great heaps of seaweed clung to its base, and storm-birds—born of the wind one might suppose, as sea-weed of the water—rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed.

But even here, two men who watched the light had made a fire, that through the loophole in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Joining their horny hands over the rough table at which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas in their can of grog, and one of them: the elder, too, with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figure-head of an old ship might be: struck up a sturdy song that was like a Gale in itself.

You should use the extract above and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about Poverty in the novel and the way Dickens presents this throughout.

In your response you should:

• how Dickens presents poverty in this extract
• how Dickens presents poverty in the novel in the whole novel.

[30 marks]
LITERATURE A Christmas Carol Extract 2

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grind-stone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dogdays; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

You should use the extract above and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about Scrooge and the way he changes throughout the novel.

In your response you should:

• how Dickens presents Scrooge in this extract
• how Dickens presents Scrooge as an outsider to society in the novel as a whole.

[30 marks]
Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with flaring links, proffering their services to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge out of a Gothic window in the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense. In the main street at the corner of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered: warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. The water-plug being left in solitude, its overflowing sullenly congealed, and turned to misanthropic ice. The brightness of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke; a glorious pageant, with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. The Lord Mayor, in the stronghold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings on the previous Monday for being drunk and bloodthirsty in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his garret, while his lean wife and the baby sallied out to buy the beef.

Foggier yet, and colder! Piercing, searching, biting cold. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol: but at the first sound of --

"God bless you, merry gentleman!
May nothing you dismay!"

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action, that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost.

**You should use the extract above and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.**

Write about the way Dickens creates different moods and atmospheres in the novel.

- how Dickens presents moods and atmospheres in this extract
- how Dickens presents moods and atmospheres in the novel as a whole.

[30 marks]
"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure."

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gaily. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug."

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew. "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round -- apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that -- as a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

You should use the extract above and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about Scrooge's relationship with his family throughout the novel.

In your response you should:

- how Dickens presents Scrooge in this extract
- how Dickens presents Scrooge as an outsider to society in the novel as a whole.

LITERATURE A Christmas Carol Extract 5

"Jacob," he said, imploringly. "Old Jacob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort to me, Jacob!"

"I have none to give," the Ghost replied. "It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers, to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more, is all permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house -- mark me! -- in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"
It was a habit with Scrooge, whenever he became thoughtful, to put his hands in his breeches pockets. Pondering on what the Ghost had said, he did so now, but without lifting up his eyes, or getting off his knees.

"You must have been very slow about it, Jacob," Scrooge observed, in a business-like manner, though with humility and deference.

"Slow!" the Ghost repeated.

"Seven years dead," mused Scrooge. "And travelling all the time!"

"The whole time," said the Ghost. "No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse."

"You travel fast?" said Scrooge.

"On the wings of the wind," replied the Ghost.

"You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years," said Scrooge.

The Ghost, on hearing this, set up another cry, and clanked its chain so hideously in the dead silence of the night, that the Ward would have been justified in indicting it for a nuisance.

"Oh! captive, bound, and double-ironed," cried the phantom, "not to know, that ages of incessant labour, by immortal creatures, for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunity misused! Yet such was I! Oh! such was I!"

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were, all, my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

It held up its chain at arm's length, as if that were the cause of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the ground again.

You should use the extract above and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about the presentation of the ghosts throughout the novel.

In your response you should:

• how Dickens presents the ghost in this extract
• how Dickens presents the ghosts in the novel as a whole.

[30 marks]

LITERATURE A Christmas Carol Extract 6

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's-book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of building up a yard, where it had so little business to be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other houses, and forgotten the way out again. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, was fain to grope with his hands. The fog and frost so hung about
the black old gateway of the house, that it seemed as if the Genius of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the threshold.

Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact, that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London, even including -- which is a bold word -- the corporation, aldermen, and livery. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley, since his last mention of his seven years' dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change -- not a knocker, but Marley's face. Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up on its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot air; and, though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid colour, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to be in spite of the face and beyond its control, rather than a part or its own expression.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He did pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door; and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if he half-expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door, except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on, so he said "Pooh, pooh!" and closed it with a bang.

You should use the extract above and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about the presentation of Scrooge’s misery throughout the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole;
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel;
- refer to the contexts of the novel. [40]
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<td><strong>ACC</strong> – Revise key moments and quotes for the 5 main themes:</td>
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<tr>
<td>- Charity/compassion,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Family,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Change/ transformation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30 mins per theme</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ACC</strong> – Note ideas about the context and Dickens’ intentions. Consider:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Why he wrote the story and what he hoped to achieve,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- What life was like in Victorian England.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 mins per focus.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ACC</strong> – Read over the list of past paper questions, pick 2 and create a rough plan/spider diagram to show how you’d answer it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40 mins</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>ACC</strong> – Have a go at an extract question from a past paper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 mins</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ACC</strong> – Complete a FULL past paper – available on VLE or weebly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 hour</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
AN INSPECTOR CALLS
A guide to 4 things you could talk about for each CHARACTER

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Things to talk about</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Arthur Birling</td>
<td>• What he’s like at the beginning and the description we are given of him</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• His reaction to Inspector Goole</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• How he treats other characters – Eva, Sheila, Eric, Gerald, Mrs Birling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Have the events of the play affected him in any way?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs Birling</td>
<td>• What she is like at the beginning of the play, what impression are we given of her?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• How she treated Eva when she asked for help</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• What she inadvertently says about her own son</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Have the events of the play changed her?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shelia Birling</td>
<td>• How she is described at the start of the play – her engagement to Gerald and how this will impact her family</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• How she treated Eva and her reaction at the news of her death</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• How she feels at the end of the play about her family, Gerald and her own part in Eva’s death</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Shelia as a representative for the younger generation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eric Birling</td>
<td>• How he behaves at the start of the play and his interactions with the family at dinner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• How he reacts to his own part in Eva’s death</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• How he feels about his family after all of the revelations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Eric as a representative for the younger generation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerald Croft</td>
<td>• What he’s like at the start of the play during the celebration dinner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• His part in Eva’s death</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• How feels about responsibility, guilt and love</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
- Gerald as a representative of the higher classes

**Inspector Goole**

- His approach to his investigation – how he questions each character and forces them to admit their parts in Eva’s death
- His reactions and comments on the other characters
- What he represents in the novel
- His name and what that might mean

A guide to 4 things you could talk about for each THEME

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Responsibility</th>
<th>How each character was responsible for Eva’s death</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Who was most responsible?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Which characters admit their responsibility and feel guilt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ideas about collective responsibility – should we all be responsible for each other?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Social Class</th>
<th>What was J.B Priestly suggesting about social class?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>How is the working class represented?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>How is the higher class represented?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The play as a moral message on society’s wrongs</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Family</th>
<th>The way the characters interact during the celebration dinner</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs Birling’s treatment of Gerald Croft and what the engagement will mean for himself</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mr and Mrs Birling’s treatment of Eric</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Eric’s role in the family business and how this might have caused his downfall</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Essay Tasks**

1. Write about Eric and how he changes throughout the play.
   - Write about Eric and the way he changes
   - How Priestley presents these changes

2. Write about the way J B Priestley writes about the difference between generations in the play.
   - Write about the different generations
   - Write about how Priestley present these different generations

3. Write about J B Priestley’s attitude towards social responsibility.
   - Write about examples of social responsibility
   - Write about how Priestley presents these social responsibilities
Edwardian England: The Setting for ‘An Inspector Calls’

For many plays and novels, the historical setting may have little relevance, but Priestley’s characters are so involved with social conditions of the time, and Eva Smith is such a vivid example of the fate of many young women living in poverty then, that some understanding of the historical background of the play is necessary.

1912: Arthur Birling’s England

The society of Birling’s England exhibited huge social divisions and distinctions. One historian has observed that ‘class divisions were never so acutely felt as by the Edwardians’.

The most acutely felt divisions were those of income and wealth, and, as a consequence, of living standards. In fact 87% of the country’s total personal wealth was in the hands of 5% of the population.

Eight million people had to get by on less than 25 shillings a week and as a result were ‘underfed, under-housed and insufficiently clothed... Their growth is stunted, their mental powers are cramped, their health is undermined.’
‘Look at the people who swarm the streets to see the Lord Mayor’s Show, and where will you see a more pitiable sight? These beef-eating, port-drinking fellows in Piccadilly, exercised, scrubbed, groomed, they are all well enough to be sure: but his other side of the shield is distressing to look at. Poor, stunted, bad complexioned, shabbily dressed, ill-featured are these pork-eating, gin drinking denizens of the East End. Crowds I have seen in America, in Mexico, and in most of the great cities of Europe… nowhere is there such squalor, such pinching poverty, so many undersized, so many plainly and revolting diseased, so much human rottenness as here…’

(England and the English from an American Point of View, 1909.)

Working conditions were much harder for most people than today. A typical basic working week was about sixty hours — that” eleven hours a day plus half-day on Saturday. Trade unionism was still in its very early days and workers had very few rights or protection, or control over their working conditions. There were rules and fines in most workplaces for the workers to obey, but few regulations about safety, working conditions and sufficient work breaks.

By and large, a worker was at the mercy of his or her employer.

It was estimated in 1899 that for a family of two adults and three children to survive they needed about 21 shillings a week (£1.05). On average, men working in towns earned just under a pound but in the country 15 shillings (75p) was more common. Women’s wages were, on average, half that of men’s.

Questions:
1. What percentage of the country’s wealth did the upper classes have in 1912?
2. How are the 8 million poor people of England described?
3. What were the working conditions in Edwardian England like for the working class?
4. How much did men and women earn per week?

Some background notes to ‘An Inspector Calls’ from BBC in Context (read and answer questions once the whole play has been read)

Priestley was a radical writer with a Socialist, idealistic vision of a better world where people took responsibility for each other to create a fair society, where the Eva and John Smiths were looked after properly. During the 1939-1945 war he regularly broadcasted on the radio, not only to keep up morale to win the war but also to try and ensure that life after the war was better that it had been before, that people should this time take notice of the warnings, and create a better world for future generations. The war had offered full employment to help the war effort; it also created equality, as all classes had been evacuated together, as the armed forces had thrown the classes together; and as rationing had made most people equally frugal. There was therefore available in 1945 a vision of a new, Socialist Britain, and a mood for change away from the Conservative government of Winston Churchill, which is why Britain voted in a Labour landslide government in 1945 under Clement Atlee, which was to pioneer many reforms, among them the National Health Service. Priestley summed up these hopes and feelings in a famous broadcast just after the war ‘Journey into Daylight’: “We lived at last in a community with a normal, common purpose; we had a glimpse then of what life might be if men and women freely dedicated themselves, not to their appetites and their prejudices, their vanities and fears, but to some great common task.”

It was in this mood that Priestley wrote ‘An Inspector Calls’, to an audience hoping to learn from their mistakes. The world of 1912 of the Birlings represented the opposite of what people hoped for in 1945. The question the play asks is ‘Do we return to
the Edwardian values of 1912, or do we move forward to create a more equal, fairer world, where people look after each other, and learn from their mistakes?’

Mr Birling represents the misplaced complacency of employers and manufacturers who refused to heed the warnings of starving workers who were going on strike in their millions asking for reasonable living wages. Industries were booming, refusing to pay workers properly and by allowing thousands to be killed in pit explosions or in dangerous factory conditions. There were no unemployment benefits, rights for workers, or health services for the poor, and the workhouse would pick up the destitute if they had not already died of cold. The rich and the poor never met socially in Edwardian England. Writers like H.G. Wells and Bernard Shaw were trying to draw attention to the inequalities, but the middle classes were disinclined to listen.

Women like Sheila were brought up merely to marry well, and had no idea of the world outside their social class. With the rise of the Suffragette movement from 1903, however, middle class women started to be heard and to challenge the conventions. Sheila is the sort of woman who would have joined such a movement, and worked in a factory in the war, having learned her lesson from the Inspector.

Mrs Birling’s charity work only scratched the surface of the problem, and women like her would have been involved in such operations to ease their consciences and to be seen to be doing some good, although they were unlikely to be on the side of any movement for real change in the status quo, or in asking their rich husbands to pay their women workers a reasonable wage.

If women lost their jobs, prostitution was one of the only options left to them with no welfare state to provide for them. Men like Eric and Gerald would mix with these women without ever seeing them as real people, but merely using them for a moment’s pleasure.

“An Inspector Calls’ is therefore an idealistic play. When the Inspector says ‘We don’t live alone’ he is speaking for Priestley, not only in 1945, but also to us now. If we, as individuals, behave better, society will be a better place; if we don’t listen to the warnings, we will be taught the lesson in ‘fire, blood and anguish’. We all have choices. Sheila (and Eric to a lesser extent) are desperate for change, and will behave differently; Gerald could change, but refuses to; the older Birlings have learnt nothing. Priestley looks to the younger generation to create a better world as we move into the next millennium.

War and Conflict Poem Anthology

The poems in this Anthology are:
1. Percy Bysshe Shelley Ozymandias
2. William Blake London
3. William Wordsworth The Prelude: stealing the boat
4. Robert Browning My Last Duchess
5. Alfred Lord Tennyson The Charge of the Light Brigade
6. Wilfred Owen Exposure
7. Seamus Heaney Storm on the Island
8. Ted Hughes Bayonet Charge
9. Simon Armitage Remains
10. Jane Weir Poppies
You will get one 30 mark question which asks you to compare a named poem (with a copy provided) with another poem from the anthology (which you do not get a copy of). You must include context.

This means it is hugely important that you read, re-read and revise all of the poems from the Anthology and that you learn quotes from the poems as well.

A typical question will look like:

**Compare the ways poets present ideas about power in ‘Ozymandias’ and in one other poem from ‘Power and conflict’**.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Task</th>
<th>Suggested time</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

**What do you need to remember?**

To analyse the poems

Use PEA
Refer to language and structure
You can use SMILE/MALES/MILES as a reminder to cover the meaning
To use comparison language
To compare the poem in front of you with the poem you choose from the Anthology

Below are example questions which you can use to practice creating essays with:

**Compare the ways poets present ideas about power in _____________ (named poem) and in one other poem from ‘Power and conflict’**.

Or,

**Compare the ways poets present ideas about conflict in ________________ (named poem) and in one other poem from ‘Power and conflict’**.

**Other Anthology tasks you could complete to aid with your revision**

**Questions will look like this:**

**Compare the ways poets present ideas about power in ‘Ozymandias’ and in one other poem from ‘Power and conflict’**.

---

**Ozymandias**

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone

Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shatter’d visage lies, whose frown

And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp’d on these lifeless things,
The hand that mock’d them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
‘My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!’
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
London
WILLIAM BLAKE

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow.
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice: in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry
Every blackning Church appalls,
And the hapless Soldiers sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse
Extract from The Prelude

One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cove, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
Pushed from the shore. It was an act of stealth
And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
Leaving behind her still, on either side,
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows,
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon's utmost boundary; far above
Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky.
She was an elfin pinnace; lustily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan;
When, from behind that craggy steep till then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct,
Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,
And growing still in stature the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,
And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert of the willow tree;
There in her mooring-place I left my bark, –
And through the meadows homeward went, in grave
And serious mood; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts
There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields;
But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
My Last Duchess

Ferrara

That’s my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf’s hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will’t please you sit and look at her? I said
‘Frà Pandolf’ by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, ’twas not
Her husband’s presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess’ cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say ‘Her mantle laps
Over my lady’s wrist too much,’ or ‘Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat’: such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart – how shall I say? – too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate’er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, ’twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace – all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men, – good! but thanked
Somehow – I know not how – as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody’s gift. Who’d stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech – (which I have not) – to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, ‘Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark’ – and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
– E’en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene’er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will’t please you rise? We’ll meet
26
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master’s known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;

Though his fair daughter’s self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we’ll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!
ROBERT BROWNING
The Charge of the Light Brigade

1. Half a league, half a league, Half a league onward, All in the valley of Death Rode the six hundred. ‘Forward, the Light Brigade! Charge for the guns!’ he said: Into the valley of Death Rode the six hundred.

2. ‘Forward, the Light Brigade!’ Was there a man dismay’d? Not tho’ the soldier knew Some one had blunder’d: Theirs not to make reply, Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to do and die: Into the valley of Death Rode the six hundred.

3. Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon in front of them Volley’d and thunder’d; Storm’d at with shot and shell, Boldly they rode and well, Into the jaws of Death, Into the mouth of Hell Rode the six hundred.

4. Flash’d all their sabres bare, Flash’d as they turn’d in air Sabring the gunners there, Charging an army, while All the world wonder’d: Plunged in the battery-smoke Right thro’ the line they broke; Cossack and Russian Reel’d from the sabre-stroke Shatter’d and sunder’d. Then they rode back, but not Not the six hundred.

5. Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, 28 Cannon behind them Volley’d and thunder’d; Storm’d at with shot and shell, While horse and hero fell, They that had fought so well Came thro’ the jaws of Death Back from the mouth of Hell, 

6. When can their glory fade? O the wild charge they made! All the world wonder’d. Honour the charge they made! Honour the Light Brigade, Noble six hundred! Alfred Lord Tennyson
Exposure

Wilfred Owen

I

Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that knife us ...
Wearied we keep awake because the night is silent ...
Low drooping flares confuse our memory of the salient ...
Worried by silence, sentries whisper, curious, nervous,
But nothing happens.

Watching, we hear the mad gusts tugging on the wire.
Like twitching agonies of men among its brambles.
Northward incessantly, the flickering gunnery rumbles,
Far off, like a dull rumour of some other war.
What are we doing here?

The poignant misery of dawn begins to grow ...
We only know war lasts, rain soaks, and clouds sag stormy.
Dawn massing in the east her melancholy army
Attacks once more in ranks on shivering ranks of gray,
But nothing happens.

Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence.
Less deadly than the air that shudders black with snow,
With sidelong flowing flakes that flock, pause and renew,
We watch them wandering up and down the wind's nonchalance,
But nothing happens.

II

Pale flakes with lingering stealth come feeling for our faces--
We cringe in holes, back on forgotten dreams, and stare,
snow-dazed,
Deep into grassier ditches. So we drowse, sun-dozed,
Littered with blossoms trickling where the blackbird fusses.
Is it that we are dying?

Slowly our ghosts drag home: glimpsing the sunk fires glozed
With crusted dark-red jewels; crickets jingle there;
For hours the innocent mice rejoice: the house is theirs;
Shutters and doors all closed: on us the doors are closed--
We turn back to our dying.

Since we believe not otherwise can kind fires burn;
Now ever suns smile true on child, or field, or fruit.
For God's invincible spring our love is made afraid;
Therefore, not loath, we lie out here; therefore were born,
For love of God seems dying.

To-night, His frost will fasten on this mud and us,
STORM ON THE ISLAND
We are prepared: we build our houses squat,
Sink walls in rock and roof them with good slate.
This wizened earth has never troubled us
With hay, so, as you see, there are no stacks
Or stooks that can be lost. Nor are there trees
Which might prove company when it blows full
Blast: you know what I mean - leaves and branches
Can raise a tragic chorus in a gale
So that you listen to the thing you fear
Forgetting that it pummels your house too.
But there are no trees, no natural shelter.
You might think that the sea is company,
Exploding comfortably down on the cliffs
But no: when it begins, the flung spray hits
The very windows, spits like a tame cat
Turned savage. We just sit tight while wind dives
And strafes invisibly. Space is a salvo,
We are bombarded with the empty air.
Strange, it is a huge nothing that we fear.

Seamus Heaney (1939 – 2013)
Bayonet Charge  Ted Hughes (1930 – 1998)
Suddenly he awoke and was running - raw
In raw-seamed hot khaki, his sweat heavy,
Stumbling across a field of clods towards a green hedge
That dazzled with rifle fire, hearing
Bullets smacking the belly out of the air -
He lugged a rifle numb as a smashed arm;
The patriotic tear that had brimmed in his eye
Sweating like molten iron from the centre of his chest, -
In bewilderment then he almost stopped -
In what cold clockwork of the stars and the nations
Was he the hand pointing that second? He was running
Like a man who has jumped up in the dark and runs
Listening between his footfalls for the reason
Of his still running, and his foot hung like
Statuary in mid-stride. Then the shot-slashed furrows
Threw up a yellow hare that rolled like a flame
And crawled in a threshing circle, its mouth wide
Open silent, its eyes standing out.
He plunged past with his bayonet toward the green hedge,
King, honour, human dignity, etcetera
Dropped like luxuries in a yelling alarm
To get out of that blue crackling air
His terror’s touchy dynamite.
Remains
Simon Armitage
On another occasion, we get sent out
to tackle looters raiding a bank.
And one of them legs it up the road,
probably armed, possibly not.

Well myself and somebody else and somebody else
are all of the same mind,
so all three of us open fire.
Three of a kind all letting fly, and I swear
I see every round as it rips through his life –
I see broad daylight on the other side.
So we’ve hit this looter a dozen times
and he’s there on the ground, sort of inside out,
pain itself, the image of agony.
One of my mates goes by
and tosses his guts back into his body.
Then he’s carted off in the back of a lorry.

End of story, except not really.
His blood-shadow stays on the street, and out on patrol
I walk right over it week after week.
Then I’m home on leave. But I blink

and he bursts again through the doors of the bank.
Sleep, and he’s probably armed, possibly not.
Dream, and he’s torn apart by a dozen rounds.
And the drink and the drugs won’t flush him out –

he’s here in my head when I close my eyes,
dug in behind enemy lines,
not left for dead in some distant, sun-stunned, sand-smothered land
or six-feet-under in desert sand,

but near to the knuckle, here and now,
his bloody life in my bloody hands.
Poppies
Jane Weir
Three days before Armistice Sunday
and poppies had already been placed
on individual war graves. Before you left,
I pinned one onto your lapel, crimped petals,
spasms of paper red, disrupting a blockade
of yellow bias binding around your blazer.

Sellotape bandaged around my hand,
I rounded up as many white cat hairs
as I could, smoothed down your shirt's
upturned collar, steeled the softening
of my face. I wanted to graze my nose
across the tip of your nose, play at
being Eskimos like we did when
you were little. I resisted the impulse
to run my fingers through the gelled
blackthorns of your hair. All my words
flattened, rolled, turned into felt,
slowly melting. I was brave, as I walked
with you, to the front door, threw
it open, the world overflowing
like a treasure chest. A split second
and you were away, intoxicated.
After you'd gone I went into your bedroom,
released a song bird from its cage.
Later a single dove flew from the pear tree,
and this is where it has led me,
skirting the church yard walls, my stomach busy
making tucks, darts, pleats, hat-less, without
a winter coat or reinforcements of scarf, gloves.

On reaching the top of the hill I traced
the inscriptions on the war memorial,
leaned against it like a wishbone.
The dove pulled freely against the sky,
an ornamental stitch, I listened, hoping to hear
your playground voice catching on the wind.
War Photographer
Carol Ann Duffy (1955 - )

In his dark room he is finally alone
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.
The only light is red and softly glows,
as though this were a church and he
a priest preparing to intone a Mass.
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays
beneath his hands, which did not tremble then
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again
to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,
to fields which don’t explode beneath the feet
of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger’s features
faintly start to twist before his eyes,
a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries
of this man’s wife, how he sought approval
without words to do what someone must
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black and white
from which his editor will pick out five or six
for Sunday’s supplement. The reader’s eyeballs prick
with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.
From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where / he
earns his living and they do not care.
Tissue
Imtiaz Dharker

Paper that lets the light
shine through, this
is what could alter things.
Paper thinned by age or touching,
the kind you find in well-used books,
the back of the Koran, where a hand
has written in the names and histories,
who was born to whom,
the height and weight, who
died where and how, on which sepia date,
pages smoothed and stroked and turned
transparent with attention.
If buildings were paper, I might
feel their drift, see how easily
they fall away on a sigh, a shift
in the direction of the wind.
Maps too. The sun shines through
their borderlines, the marks
that rivers make, roads,
railtracks, mountainfolds,
Fine slips from grocery shops
that say how much was sold
and what was paid by credit card
might fly our lives like paper kites.
An architect could use all this,
place layer over layer, luminous
script over numbers over line,
and never wish to build again with brick
or block, but let the daylight break
through capitals and monoliths,
through the shapes that pride can make,
find a way to trace a grand design
with living tissue, raise a structure
never meant to last,
of paper smoothed and stroked
and thinned to be transparent,
turned into your skin.
Emigree
Carol Rumens

There once was a country... I left it as a child
but my memory of it is sunlight-clear
for it seems I never saw it in that November
which, I am told, comes to the mildest city.
The worst news I receive of it cannot break
my original view, the bright, filled paperweight.
It may be at war, it may be sick with tyrants,
but I am branded by an impression of sunlight.

The white streets of that city, the graceful slopes
glow even clearer as time rolls its tanks
and the frontiers rise between us, close like waves.
That child's vocabulary I carried here
like a hollow doll, opens and spills a grammar.
Soon I shall have every coloured molecule of it.
It may by now be a lie, banned by the state
but I can't get it off my tongue. It tastes of sunlight.

I have no passport, there's no way back at all
but my city comes to me in its own white plane.
It lies down in front of me, docile as paper;
I comb its hair and love its shining eyes.
My city takes me dancing through the city
of walls. They accuse me of absence, they circle me.
They accuse me of being dark in their free city.
My city hides behind me. They mutter death,
and my shadow falls as evidence of sunlight.
Her father embarked at sunrise
with a flask of water, a samurai sword
in the cockpit, a shaven head
full of powerful incantations
and enough fuel for a one-way
journey into history

but half way there, she thought,
recounting it later to her children,
he must have looked far down
at the little fishing boats
strung out like bunting
on a green-blue translucent sea

and beneath them, arcing in swathes
like a huge flag waved first one way
then the other in a figure of eight,
the dark shoals of fishes
flashing silver as their bellies
swivelled towards the sun

and remembered how he
and his brothers waiting on the shore
built cairns of pearl-grey pebbles
to see whose withstood longest
the turbulent inrush of breakers
bringing their father’s boat safe

– yes, grandfather’s boat – safe
to the shore, salt-sodden, awash
with cloud-marked mackerel,
black crabs, feathery prawns,
the loose silver of whitebait and once
a tuna, the dark prince, muscular, dangerous.

And though he came back
my mother never spoke again
in his presence, nor did she meet his eyes
and the neighbours too, they treated him
as though he no longer existed,
only we children still chattered and laughed

till gradually we too learned
to be silent, to live as though
he had never returned, that this
was no longer the father we loved.
And sometimes, she said, he must have wondered
which had been the better way to die.

Beatrice Garland
Checking Out Me History
John Agard
Dem tell me
Dem tell me
Wha dem want to tell me

Bandage up me eye with me own history
Blind me to me own identity
Dem tell me bout 1066 and all dat
Dem tell me bout Dick Whittington and he cat
But Toussaint L’Ouverture
No dem never tell me bout dat

Toussaint
A slave
With vision
Lick back
Napoleon
Battalion
And first Black
Republic born
Toussaint de thorn
To de French
Toussaint de beacon
Of de Haitian Revolution

Dem tell me bout de man who discover de balloon
And de cow who jump over de moon
Dem tell me bout de dish ran away with de spoon
But dem never tell me bout Nanny de Maroon

Nanny
See-far woman
Of mountain dream

Fire-woman struggle
Hopeful stream
To freedom river

Dem tell me bout Lord Nelson and Waterloo
But dem never tell me bout Shaka de great Zulu
Dem tell me bout Columbus and 1492
But what happen to de Caribs and de Arawaks too

Dem tell me bout Florence Nightingale and she lamp
And how Robin Hood used to camp
Dem tell me bout ole King Cole was a merry ole soul
But dem never tell me bout Mary Seacole

From Jamaica
She travel far
To the Crimean War
She volunteer to go
And even when de British said no
She still brave the Russian snow
A healing star
Among the wounded
A yellow sunrise
To the dying

Dem tell me
Dem tell me wha dem want to tell me
But now I checking out me own history
I carving out me identity
**LITERATURE UNSEEN POETRY REVISION**

**What do you need to remember?**

To analyse the poems
Use the how to analyse reminder
Refer to language and structure
You can use SMILE/MALES/MILES as a reminder to cover the meaning
To use comparison language
To compare in section b

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poetic device</th>
<th>Definition</th>
<th>Effect</th>
<th>Example</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alliteration</td>
<td>Repetition of initial consonant sounds in a group or words close together</td>
<td>Emphasises words and ideas, makes descriptions more vivid. Unites words and concepts together.</td>
<td>“Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Assonance</td>
<td>Repetition of a vowel sound</td>
<td>Helps create tone and affects rhythm, e.g. a, o, and u can slow down a line making it sound sad and weary and I can speed up a line. Gives a sense of continuity.</td>
<td>“it will creep into our dreams.” “Keep your head down and stay in doors – we’ve lost this war before it has begun.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Consonance</td>
<td>Repetition of a consonant sound</td>
<td>Helps create tone and effect rhythm, e.g. ‘s’ sound is slow/soothing.</td>
<td>“innocent mice rejoice” “the merciless iced east winds that knive us…”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Onomatopoeia</td>
<td>The use of words which imitate sound</td>
<td>Emphasises words and ideas, makes descriptions more vivid.</td>
<td>“when miners roared past in lorries” “I was trying to complete a sentence in my head but it kept Stuttering”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Repetition</td>
<td>The purposeful re-use of words and phrases.</td>
<td>Reinforces words and ideas, makes them memorable and leaves a lasting impression. Makes poem more contained.</td>
<td>“I hate that drum’s discordant sound, Parading round, and round, and round”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhyme</td>
<td>The use of words with matching sounds. Can be internal or at ends of lines.</td>
<td>Makes it memorable. Drives forward the rhythm. Unifies the poem and adds structure.</td>
<td>“O what is that light I see flashing so clear Over the distance brightly, brightly? Only the sun on their weapons, dear, As they step lightly”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhythm</td>
<td>The pace or beat of the poem - can vary from line to line</td>
<td>Chosen to achieve a particular effect, e.g. to mirror pattern of natural speech or the pace of walking. May be fast, lively, slow, regular, irregular, awkward, tense, brisk, flowing, smooth</td>
<td>“I hate that drum’s discordant sound, Parading round, and round, and round;” “I remembered from my Sunday School book: olive trees, a deep jade pool, men resting in clusters after a long journey”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imagery</td>
<td>Words that appeal to the senses</td>
<td>Creates vivid mental pictures and evokes ideas, feelings and atmosphere by appealing to the senses (sight, smell, taste, touch, and sound).</td>
<td>“Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence. Less deadly than the air that shudders black with snow,”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Simile</strong></td>
<td>A comparison between two unlike things using <em>like</em> or <em>as</em></td>
<td>Enhances descriptions, expands reader’s understanding of what poet is trying to convey, clarifies meanings.</td>
<td>“He wore me like a golden knot, He changed me like a glove”  “their chanting foreign and familiar, like the call and answer of road gangs”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Metaphor</strong></td>
<td>A comparison saying something <em>is</em> something else</td>
<td>Can uncover new and intriguing qualities of the original thing that we may not normally notice or even consider important. Helps us to realize a new and different meaning. Makes it more interesting to read.</td>
<td>“Suddenly as the riot squad moved in, it was raining exclamation marks”  “I wrote All over the walls with my Words, coloured the clean squares”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Personification</strong></td>
<td>Giving human qualities or characteristics to animals or inanimate objects</td>
<td>Makes the objects and their actions easier to visualize for a reader. Makes the poem more interesting and achieves a much more vivid image.</td>
<td>“I shall die, but that is all that I shall do for Death; I am not on his pay-roll.”  “the ansaphone kept screaming”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Symbolism</strong></td>
<td>A word, phrase or image which stands for something.</td>
<td>Enables the writer to convey images directly to the mind of the reader - it serves almost like an emotional short-cut.</td>
<td>“So now I moan an unclean thing Who might have been a dove”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Rhetorical question</strong></td>
<td>A question which does not expect an answer.</td>
<td>Plants a question in the reader’s mind and then guides them towards the answer they want them to reach. Makes a deeper impression upon the reader than a direct statement would.</td>
<td>“My name? Where am I coming from? Where am I going?”  “Why do you care what class I’m from? Does it stick in your gullet like a sour plum?”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Colloquial language</strong></td>
<td>Non-standard English, slang.</td>
<td>Makes it sound realistic, part of speaker’s identity, can indicate pride in roots, shows a relaxed and casual attitude.</td>
<td>“Ah lookin at yu wid de keen half of mih eye”  “With an ‘Olly in me mouth Down me nose, wear an ‘at not a scarf”  “Stitch that, I remember thinking”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Emotive language</strong></td>
<td>Words and phrases that cause an emotional response in the reader</td>
<td>Plays on the reader’s feelings, gets them to think or feel in a certain way according to poet’s intentions.</td>
<td>“And burning towns, and ruined swains, And mangled limbs, and dying groans, And widows’ tears, and orphans’ moans”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Free verse</strong></td>
<td>Lines with no regular structure, rhyme or rhythm.</td>
<td>Allows for poet’s creativity. Can imply freedom, flexibility, and fluidity. Line lines may suggest excitement or a passionate outpouring; short lines break the flow and add emphasis.</td>
<td>“Then my grandmother called from behind the front door, her voice a stiff broom over the steps: ‘Come inside; they do things to little girls.’”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Couplet</strong></td>
<td>A pair of lines, usually rhymed</td>
<td>Keeps a tight structure. Can help conclude a poem.</td>
<td>“Bread pudding is wet nelly And me stomach is me belly”  “To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields, And lures from cities and from fields”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Enjambment</strong></td>
<td>A line ending in which the syntax,</td>
<td>Draws the reader from line to line and verse to verse and</td>
<td>“I hear him leading his horse out of the stall; I hear”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caesura</td>
<td>A natural pause or break in a line of poetry indicated by punctuation</td>
<td>Stops rhythm becoming predictable. Mirrors natural speech. Lots of pauses slow the pace of the poem. May make you pause abruptly, drawing attention to that idea.</td>
<td>“Why can’t I escape? Every move is punctuated. Crimea Street. Dead end again.”</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>rhythm and thought are continued into the next line.</strong></td>
<td>makes poetry flow quicker by making it less blocky. Makes end rhymes more subtle. Can indicate excitement, anger or passion.</td>
<td>the clatter on the barn-floor. He is in haste; he has business in Cuba, business in the Balkans, many calls to make this morning.”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Read the two poems, The Tramp and Decomposition. In both of these poems the poets write about homelessness.

Write about the poem The Tramp, and its effect on you. [15]

You may wish to consider:

- what the poem is about and how it is organised;
- the ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about;
- the poet’s choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create;
- how you respond to the poem.

Now compare The Tramp and Decomposition.

You should compare:

- what the poems are about and how they are organised;
- the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about;
- the poets’ choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create;
- how you respond to the poems.

The Tramp

John Clare

He eats (a moment's stoppage to his song)  
The stolen turnip as he goes along;  
And hops along and heeds with careless eye  
The passing crowded stage coach reeling bye.  
He talks to none but wends his silent way,  
And finds a hovel at the close of day,  
Or under any hedge his house is made.  
He has no calling and he owns no trade.  
An old smoaked blanket arches oer his head,  
A whisp of straw or stubble makes his bed.  
He knows a lawless law that claims no kin  
But meet and plunder on and feel no sin--  
No matter where they go or where they dwell  
They dally with the winds and laugh at hell.

DECOMPOSITION

Zulfikar Ghose

I have a picture I took in Bombay  
of a beggar asleep on the pavement:  
grey-haired, wearing shorts and a dirty shirt,  
his shadow thrown aside like a blanket.  

His arms and legs could be cracks in the stone,  
routes for the ants' journeys, the flies' descents,  
Brain-washed by the sun into exhaustion,  
he lies veined into stone, a fossil man.  

Behind him there is a crowd passingly  
bemused by a pavement trickster and quite  
indifferent to this very common sight  
of an old man asleep on the pavement.  

I thought it then a good composition  
and glibly called it "The Man in the Street,"  
remarking how typical it was of  
India that the man in the street lived there.  

His head in the posture of one weeping  
into a pillow chides me now for my
2C a)

Read the two poems. In both of these poems the poets write about the role of women.
Write about the poem Women Work, and its effect on you. 24
You may wish to consider:

- what the poem is about and how it is organised;
- the ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about;
- the poet’s choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create;

2C b)

Now compare Women Work and Overheard in County Sligo. 8 marks
You should compare:

**Woman Work**
I’ve got the children to tend
The clothes to mend
The floor to mop
The food to shop
Then the chicken to fry
The baby to dry
I got company to feed
The garden to weed
I’ve got the shirts to press
The tots to dress
The cane to be cut
I gotta clean up this hut
Then see about the sick
And the cotton to pick.

Shine on me, sunshine
Rain on me, rain
Fall softly, dewdrops
And cool my brow again.

Storm, blow me from here
With your fiercest wind
Let me float across the sky
‘Til I can rest again

Fall gently, snowflakes
Cover me with white
Cold icy kisses and
Let me rest tonight.
Sun, rain, curving sky
Mountain, oceans, leaf and stone

Star shine, moon glow
You’re all that I can call my own.

*Maya Angelou*

---

**Overheard in County Sligo**
I married a man from County Roscommon
and I live in the back of beyond
with a field of cows and a yard of hens
and six white geese on the pond.

At my door’s a square of yellow corn
caught up by its corners and shaken,
and the road runs down through the open gate
and freedom’s there for the taking.

I had thought to work on the Abbey* stage
or have my name in a book,
to see my thought on the printed page,
or still the crowd with a look.

But I turn to fold the breakfast cloth
and to polish the lustre and brass,
to order and dust the tumbled rooms
and find my face in the glass.

I ought to feel I’m a happy woman
for I lie in the lap of the land,
and I married a man from County Roscommon
and I live in the back of beyond.

*Gillian Clarke*

* Abbey: A well-known theatre in Dublin*
• how you respond to the poem.

2C b)

Now compare Women Work and Overheard in County Sligo.

You should compare:

• what the poems are about and how they are organised;
• the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about;
• the poets’ choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create;
• how you respond to the poems.

Lullaby

Go to sleep, Mum,
I won't stop breathing
suddenly, in the night.

Go to sleep, I won't
climb out of my cot and
tumble downstairs.

Mum, I won't swallow
the pills the doctor gave you or
put hairpins in electric
sockets, just go to sleep.

I won't cry
when you take me to school and leave me:
I'll be happy with other children
my own age.

Sleep, Mum, sleep.
I won't
fall in the pond, play with matches,
run under a lorry or even consider
sweets from strangers.

No, I won't
give you a lot of lip,
not like some.

I won't sniff glue,
fail all my exams,
get myself/my girlfriend pregnant.
I'll work hard and get a steady/really worthwhile job.
I promise, go to sleep.

I'll never forget
to drop in/phone/write
and if I need any milk, I'll yell.

Nettles

My son aged three fell in the nettle bed.
‘Bed’ seemed a curious name for those green spears,
That regiment of spite behind the shed:
It was no place for rest. With sobs and tears
The boy came seeking comfort and I saw
White blisters beaded on his tender skin.
We soothed him till his pain was not so raw.
At last he offered us a watery grin,
And then I took my billhook, honed the blade
And went outside and slashed in fury with it
Till not a nettle in that fierce parade
Stood upright any more. And then I lit
A funeral pyre to burn the fallen dead,
But in two weeks the busy sun and rain
Had called up tall recruits behind the shed:
My son would often feel sharp wounds again.

By Vernon Scannell

2C a)

Read the two poems,. In both of these poems the poets write about memories.
Write about the poem Roller-Skaters, and its effect on you. [15]
You may wish to consider:

• what the poem is about and how it is organised;
• the ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about;
• the poet’s choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create;
2C b)
Now compare Roller-Skaters and The Side Way Back.
You should compare:
- what the poems are about and how they are organised;
- the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about;
- the poets’ choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create;
- how you respond to the poems.

Roller-Skaters

Flying by
on the winged-wheels
of their heels

Two teenage earthbirds
Zig-zagging
down the street

Rising
unfeathered –
in sudden air-leap

Defying law
Death and gravity
as they do a wheely

Landing back
In the smooth swoop
of youth

And faces gaping
gawping, impressed
and unimpressed

Only Mother watches – heartbeat in her mouth

Grace Nichols

The Side Way Back

You’re late. Take a chance up the cul-de-sac,
a short cut home. It’s the side way back –
the way they tell you not to go,
the way the kids and stray cats know
as Lovebite Alley, Dead Dog Lane…
The Council says it’s got no name.

All the same…

There’s sharkstooth glass on a breezeblock wall.
There’s nobody to hear if you call.
There are tetanus tips on the rusty wire.
There’s a house they bricked up after the fire
spraycanned with blunt names and a thinks-balloon
full of four-letter words and a grinning moon-
cartoon.

It’s a narrow and narrowing one way street
down to the end where the night kids meet.
You’ve seen the scuffed-out tips of their fags.
You’ve smelt something wrong in their polythene bags.
There’s a snuffle and a scratching at a planked-up gate.
There’s a footstep you don’t hear till almost too late.

Don’t wait.

Now you’re off and you’re running for years and years
with the hissing panic of rain in your ears.
You could run till you’re old, you could run till you’re gone
and never get home. To slow down and walk on
is hard. Harder still is to turn
and look back. Though it’s slow as a Chinese burn,
you’ll learn.

Philip Gross

2C a)

Read the two poems. In both of these poems the poets write about school.
Write about the poem In the Can, and its effect on you. [15]
You may wish to consider:
- what the poem is about and how it is organised;
- the ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about;
- the poet’s choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create;
2C b)
Now compare In the Can and School is a prison You should compare:

- what the poems are about and how they are organised;
- the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about;
- the poets’ choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create;
- how you respond to the poems.

In the Can

Every second is a fishbone that sticks
In the throat. Every hour another slow
Step towards freedom. We’re geriatrics
Waiting for release, bribing time to go.
I’ve given up trying to make anything
Different happen. Mornings: tabloids, page three.
Afternoons: videos or Stephen King,
Answering letters from relatives who bore me.
We’re told not to count, but the days mount here
Like thousands of identical stitches
Resentfully sewn into a sampler,
Or a cricket bat made out of matches
Nights find me scoring walls like a madman,
Totting up runs: one more day in the can.
by Rosie Jackson

School is a prison...

The classroom is...
A jail cell,
Their halls leading
To each darkened room

The school food
Tastes like prison slop,
In the cafeteria there
Are long endless lines for food

The principle runs
The school
The warden runs
The prison

Trapped – learning, learning what?

When can I leave and spread my wings?

We have teachers
telling students what to do,
We’re all serving
A 12 year sentence.

School is just a prison
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Key Quotes linked to terminology and event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Inspector Goole| 1. “After all it’s better to ask for the earth than to take it”  
   Act 1 – metaphor – warning Mr Birling about his selfish attitude.                              |
|                | 2. “A young woman drank some disinfectant and died, after several hours of agony...She lies with a burnt out inside on a slab.”  
   Act 1 and 2. Graphic imagery repeated through the play to drive message home.                     |
|                | 3. “And you think young women ought to be protected against unpleasant and disturbing things?”  
   Act 2. To Gerald. Ironic comment about Sheila needing to hear / Eva not being protected at all.    |
|                | 4. “We have to share something. If there’s nothing else, we’ll have to share our guilt”  
|                | 5. “Your daughter isn’t living on the moon. She’s here in Brumley too.”  
   Act 2. Metaphor. Dismissive tone towards Mr Birling’s protests.                                    |
|                | 6. “She needed not only money but advice, sympathy, friendliness...and you slammed the door in her face.”  
   Act 2. Listing. Condemning of Mrs Birling’s callous manner towards Eva.                           |
|                | 7. “And my trouble is I haven’t much time. You’ll be able to divide up the responsibility between you when I’ve gone.”  
   Act 3. Inspector losing patience with family bickering.                                           |
|                | 8. “There are millions of Eva Smiths and John Smiths still left with us...We don’t live alone. We are members of one body.  
   We are responsible for one another.”  
   Act 3. Rule of 3 – Reminding the whole family of the need for community.                          |
|                | 9. “The time will come when if men will not learn that lesson, they will be taught it in fire and blood and anguish.”  
   Act 3. Religious metaphor linking to hell as a punishment for those who do not care for their fellow man. |

| Arthur (Mr) Birling | 1. “I’m talking as a hard-headed, practical man of business.”  
2. “I say there isn’t a chance of war…the Titanic – unsinkable, absolutely unsinkable.” – Act 1. Repetition. Claims that show he is part of the old generation who don’t understand the changes/dangers ahead.

3. “One of the happiest nights of my life” – Act 1. Looking forward not only to engagement of his daughter to Gerald, but new business links between Crofts and Birlings that may follow.

4. “There’s a fair chance I might find my way into the next Honours List” – Act 1. Excited to increase his privilege and social standing further by being recognised for his work by royalty.

5. “A man has to make his own way – has to look after himself – and his family too.” – Act 1. Self-centred outlook.

6. “If we were all responsible for everything that happened to everybody we’d had anything to do with, it would be very awkward, wouldn’t it?” – Act 1. Abandonment of social responsibility.

7. “If you don’t come down sharply on some of these people, they’d soon be asking for the earth” – Act 1. Metaphor. Need to be firm with workers or they’ll take advantage of you. Sad fact Eva only wanted small pay rise.

8. “Look Inspector, I’d give thousands, thousands...” – Act 3. Repetition. Offering money to try and sort the problem when it’s way too late.

9. “There’ll be a public scandal – and who here will suffer from that more than I will?” – Act 3. Rhetorical question. Primary concern all the way through the play that his reputation will suffer.

10. “Probably a socialist or some sort of crank. He talked like one” – Act 3. Dismissive of visitor now he believes him not to be a proper Inspector.

11. “I’ll admit he gave me a bit of a scare.” – Act 3. Relief that it all seems to be false.

12. “A girl has just died – on her way to the infirmary.” – Act 3. Revelation that the events seem to be replaying themselves for real this time?
| **Sybil (Mrs) Birling** | 1. “Girls of that class-” –Act 1. Generalisation. Dismissing working class girls as all the same, destined for bad things.  
2. “So far you seem to be conducting the inquiry in a rather peculiar and offensive manner.” –Act 1. Adjectives. Her irritation that the Inspector is not treating them with the respect usually given to their social class.  
3. “Sheila, don’t talk nonsense” –Act 2. Refusing to accept Sheila’s acknowledgment of blame for events.  
4. “I don’t think we want any further details of this disgusting affair.” Act 2. Adjective. Constantly refers to any misbehaviour as vile/disgusting, and not for a woman of her class to be associated with.  
5. “She called herself Mrs Birling –a piece of gross impertinence” Act 2. Disbelief regarding Eva’s referral to herself as Mrs Birling in a desperate attempt to get money.  
6. “Unlike the other three, I did nothing I’m ashamed of.” Act 2 – absolving herself of any blame for the events.  
7. “As if a girl of that sort would ever refuse money” Act 2. Further condescension towards Eva, a girl from the working class.  
9. “The rude way he spoke to Mr Birling and me. It was quite extraordinary.”- Act 3. Doubting whether the Inspector was real or not, and in disbelief at his lack of respect for her and her husband. |

| **Sheila Birling** | 1. “These girls aren’t cheap labour –they’re people.” –Act 1. Metaphor. Reminding her father that his workers should be treated like human beings.  
2. “Shut up Eric. It’s the only time I’ve ever done anything like that, and I’ll never, never do it again to anybody.” –Act 1. Repetition. Her huge feelings of guilt.  
3. “Were you seeing her last spring and summer when you hardly came near me and said you were so busy?” – Act 1 – Directly addressing Gerald about his affair.  
4. “I can’t believe –I won’t believe it’s simply my fault that in the end she committed suicide. That would be too horrible.” Act 2. Accepting some blame, but finds it too distressing to accept total responsibility.  
5. **Mother** –You mustn’t try and build up a kind of wall between us and that girl.” Act 2. Metaphor. Warning to mother about |
Eva Smith/
Daisy Renton

1. “She’d had a lot to say – far too much – so she had to go.” – Act 1. Birling explaining reason she was fired – linked to pay rise request.

2. “With no work, no money, no relatives, lonely, half starved, she was feeling desperate” – Act 1. Inspector reminds Birling of her terrible position after losing her job at Birling and Co.

3. “She enjoyed being among pretty clothes... a fresh start” – Act 1. Inspector informing Sheila of Eva’s excitement at getting the job at Milwards.

4. “She’d had a lot to say – far too much – so she had to go.” – Act 1.

5. “No – he’s giving us the rope so that we’ll hang ourselves.” – Act 2. Metaphor. Perceptive understanding of how the Inspector is dealing with the family.

6. “I want to understand... I wouldn’t miss it for worlds” – Act 2. Partially enjoying seeing Gerald humiliated and having to reveal details of the affair with Eva.

7. “I’m not a child, don’t forget. I’ve a right to know.” – Act 2 – Constant reminder to parents that she is mature enough to understand things, and her generation is also more open to new ideas.


9. “Gerald, I think you’d better take this with you. (She hands him the ring)” – Act 2. End of the short-lived engagement?

10. “You and I aren’t the same people who sat down to dinner here.” – Act 2. The relationship has changed, but there is a hint that they might be able to patch things up as a result of Gerald’s honesty.

11. “The point is, you don’t seem to have learnt anything... It’s you two who are being childish – trying not to face the facts.” – Act 3. Accusing parents of not learning a thing.

12. “Was he really a police inspector?” – Act 3 – Perceptive – starting to wonder whether the Inspector was genuine.

13. “If it didn’t end tragically, then that’s lucky for us. But it might have done.” – Act 3. Understands the warning shot.
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<td>4.</td>
<td>“She felt there’d never be anything as good again for her – so she had to make it last longer.” – Act 2, with new name Daisy Renton, the end of her affair with Gerald she accepted but it hit her hard.</td>
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<td>5.</td>
<td>“She’d come to you for assistance because she didn’t want to take stolen money.” – Act 2. The reason she went to Mrs Birling was Daisy had moral standards and was not happy at Eric stealing money to support her.</td>
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<td><strong>Eric Birling</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>“He’s been steadily drinking too much for the last two years.” Act 2. Sheila about Eric.</td>
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<td>2.</td>
<td>“I wasn’t in love with her or anything – but I liked her – she was pretty and a good sport,” – Act 3. Eric’s lack of real care/affection for Daisy.</td>
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<td>3.</td>
<td>“Just used her for the end of a stupid drunken evening, as if she was an animal, a thing, not a person.” – Act 3. Similes. The Inspector condemning his drunken, sexual behaviour.</td>
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<td>4.</td>
<td>“She didn’t want me to marry her. Said I didn’t love her – and all that. In a way she treated me as if I were a kid.” – Act 3. Simile. Daisy saw through Eric’s intentions and lack of maturity. She had enough dignity to not insist on a false marriage, and also to protect Eric.</td>
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<td>5.</td>
<td>“I insisted on giving her money to keep her going” – Act 3. Eric gave her money to help her, and due to the fact she was pregnant.</td>
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<td>6.</td>
<td>“Because you’re not the kind of father a chap could go to when he’s in trouble – that’s why.” Act 3. The relationship between Eric and his father is not a helpful, understanding one.</td>
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<td>7.</td>
<td>“Then – you killed her. She came to you to protect me – and you turned her away.” – Act 3. His accusation towards his mother about her awful uncaring behaviour.</td>
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<td>9.</td>
<td>“You’re beginning to pretend now that nothing’s really happened at all. I can’t see it like that. The girl’s still dead, isn’t she?” – Act 3. Like Sheila, Eric has learnt his lesson. His parents haven’t.</td>
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<td>10.</td>
<td>“I don’t give a damn now whether I stay her or not.” – Act 3. He is not bothered by his father’s threat to kick him out of the house.</td>
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Quotation work you can be doing to help with your revision

- Repetition
- Memrise them
- Use Quizlet
- Create Quote Posters
- Create flashcards
- Make/Do Quizzes
- Start learning them early
- Re-visit the texts - highlight
- Use post it notes

Remember you can do this!
Revise, revisit and repeat