Trinity Academy

SUMMER ASSIGNMENT

Introduction

During your studies at A Level, you will study a range of texts, and encounter a range of genres.

In order to prepare for this, in this booklet you will find examples from the following genres:

a) Poetry
b) Plays
c) Non -fiction (including a autobiography, an article, an advertisement and travel writing)
d) Prose (a 19th C and modern novel)

You will also explore examples of Spoken Language, including semi-scripted and spontaneous speech.

Analysis Tasks

For each of these texts, you must explore the following:

a) What is the purpose, audience and format of the text?
b) How has the text producer (creator) conveyed meaning?
c) How has the text producer used language features to create meaning?
d) How has the text producer used structural features to create meaning?
e) How has the text producer used graphological features (e.g. font, imagery, text etc) to create meaning (where appropriate)?
f) CHALLENGE: add your own texts and annotate for the questions above. These could be any text you find interesting: extracts from novels, plays, poems, adverts, magazines, song lyrics…the choice is yours!

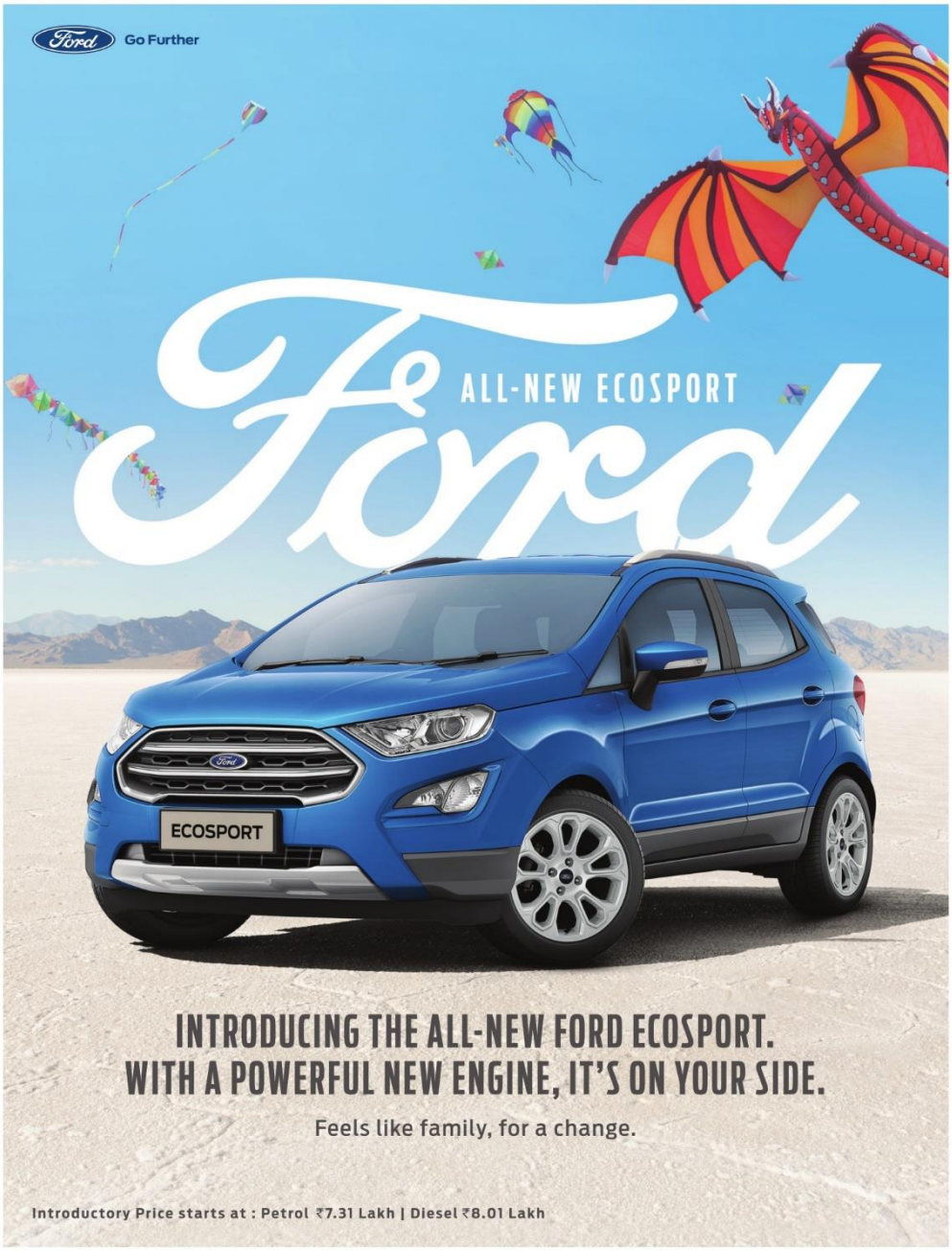
Need help?

Remember also to use everything you have learned in English so far during your time at Trinity.

You can also view the Language Analysis Glossary provided by the exam board here: https://filestore.aqa.org.uk/resources/english/AQA-7706-7707-GLOSSARY-CTT.PDF

You could annotate the texts, create your own notes in response to the questions above, or even create your own journal with your summer work!

Text 1: Car Advert



Text 2: A Poem "Storm on the Island" by Seamus Heaney

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.

Text 3: extract from the play Hamlet (google a summary of the play before you analyse the text).

Hamlet – Act 3, Scene 1

To be, or not to be : that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.–Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Text 4: An extract from Jessica Ennis' autobiography *Jessica Ennis: Unbelievable – From My Childhood Dreams to Winning Olympic Gold;* she describes how she beat the bullies at school.

I am crying. I am a Sheffield schoolgirl writing in her diary about the bullies awaiting me tomorrow.
They stand menacingly by the gates and lurk unseen in my head, mocking my size and status. They make a small girl shrink, and I feel insecure and frightened.
I pour the feelings out into words on the page, as if exposing them in some way will help, but nobody sees my diary.
It is kept in my room as a hidden tale of hurt.
Fast forward two decades and I am crying again. I am standing in a cavernous arena in London.
Suddenly, the pain and suffering and frustration give way to a flood of overwhelming emotion.
In the middle of this enormous arena I feel smaller than ever, but I puff out my chest, look to the flag and stand tall.
It has been a long and winding road from the streets of Sheffield to the tunnel that feeds into the Olympic Stadium like an artery.
I am Jessica Ennis. I have been called many things, from tadpole to poster girl, but I have had to fight to make that progression.
I smile and am polite and so people think it comes easily, but it doesn't.
I am not one of those athletes who slap their thighs and snarl before a competition, but there is a competitive animal inside, waiting to get out and fight for survival and recognition.
Cover shoots and billboards are nice, but they are nothing without the work and I have left blood, sweat and tears on tracks all over the world.
It is an age where young people are fed ideas of quick-fix fame and instant celebrity, but the tears mean more if the journey is hard.
So I don't cry crocodile tears; I cry the real stuff.
In 1993 my parents sent me to Sharrow Junior School.
In terms of academic results it was not the best, but Mum was keen for me to go somewhere that had a rich mix of races and cultures.
I was the smallest in the class and I became more self-conscious about it as the years went by.
Swimming was a particular ordeal, and in my mind now, I can still see this young, timid wisp standing by the side of a pool in her red swimming costume quaking with anxiety.
I was small and scraggy and that was when the bullying started.

Text 5: Extract from "*Notes from a Small Island*" by Bill Bryson.

My first sight of England was on a foggy March night in 1973 when I arrived on the midnight ferry from Calais. For twenty minutes, the terminal area was aswarm with activity as cars and lorries poured forth, customs people did their duties, and everyone made for the London road. Then abruptly all was silence and I wandered through sleeping, low-lit streets threaded with fog, just like in a Bulldog Drummond movie. It was rather wonderful having an English town all to myself.

The only mildly dismaying thing was that all the hotels and guesthouses appeared to be shut up for the night. I walked as far as the rail station, thinking I'd catch a train to London, but the station, too, was dark and shuttered. I was standing wondering what to do when I noticed a grey light of television filling an upstairs window of a guesthouse across the road. Hooray, I thought, someone awake, and hastened across, planning humble apologies to the kindly owner for the lateness of my arrival and imagining a cheery conversation which included the line, `Oh, but I couldn't possibly ask you to feed me at this hour. No, honestly well, if you're quite sure it's no trouble, then perhaps just a roast beef sandwich and a large dill pickle with perhaps some potato salad and a bottle of beer.' The front path was pitch dark and in my eagerness and un- familiarity with British doorways, I tripped on a step, crashing face-first into the door and sending half a dozen empty milk bottles clattering. Almost immediately the upstairs window opened.

`Who's that?' came a sharp voice.

I stepped back, rubbing my nose, and peered up at a silhouette with hair curlers. `Hello, I'm looking for a room,' I said.

`We're shut.' `Oh.' But what about my supper? `Try the Churchill. On the front.' `On the front of what?' I asked, but the window was already banging closed. The Churchill was sumptuous and well lit and appeared ready to receive visitors. Through a window I could see people in suits in a bar, looking elegant and suave, like characters from a Noel Coward play. I hesitated in the shadows, feeling like a street urchin. I was socially and sartorially ill-suited for such an establishment and anyway it was clearly beyond my meagre budget. Only the previous day, I had handed over an exceptionally plump wad of colourful francs to a beady-eyed Picardy hotelier in payment for one night in a lumpy bed and a plate of mysterious chasseur containing the bones of assorted small animals, much of which had to be secreted away in a large napkin in order not to appear impolite, and had deter- mined thenceforth to be more cautious with expenditures. So I turned reluctantly from the Churchill's beckoning warmth and trudged off into the darkness.

Text 6: an extract from Chapter 2 of "*Great Expectations*" by Charles Dickens

My sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbours because she had brought me up "by hand." Having at that time to find out for myself what the expression meant, and knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it upon her husband as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up by hand. She was not a good-looking woman, my sister; and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gargery marry her by hand. Joe was a fair man, with curls of flaxen hair on each side of his smooth face, and with eyes of such a very undecided blue that they seemed to have somehow got mixed with their own whites. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow - a sort of Hercules in strength, and also in weakness.

My sister, Mrs. Joe, with black hair and eyes, had such a prevailing redness of skin that I sometimes used to wonder whether it was possible she washed herself with a nutmeg-grater instead of soap. She was tall and bony, and almost always wore a coarse apron, fastened over her figure behind with two loops, and having a square impregnable bib in front, that was stuck full of pins and needles. She made it a powerful merit in herself, and a strong reproach against Joe, that she wore this apron so much. Though I really see no reason why she should have worn it at all: or why, if she did wear it at all, she should not have taken it off, every day of her life.
Joe's forge adjoined our house, which was a wooden house, as many of the dwellings in our country were - most of them, at that time. When I ran home from the churchyard, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen. Joe and I being fellow-sufferers, and having confidences as such, Joe imparted a confidence to me, the moment I raised the latch of the door and peeped in at him opposite to it, sitting in the chimney corner.
"Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip. And she's out now, making it a baker's dozen."
"Is she?"
"Yes, Pip," said Joe; "and what's worse, she's got Tickler with her."
At this dismal intelligence, I twisted the only button on my waistcoat round and round, and looked in great depression at the fire. Tickler was a wax-ended piece of cane, worn smooth by collision with my tickled frame.
"She sat down," said Joe, "and she got up, and she made a grab at Tickler, and she Ram-paged out. That's what she did," said Joe, slowly clearing the fire between the lower bars with the poker, and looking at it: "she Ram-paged out, Pip."
"Has she been gone long, Joe?" I always treated him as a larger species of child, and as no more than my equal.
"Well," said Joe, glancing up at the Dutch clock, "she's been on the Ram-page, this last spell, about five minutes, Pip. She's a- coming! Get behind the door, old chap, and have the jack-towel betwixt you."
I took the advice. My sister, Mrs. Joe, throwing the door wide open, and finding an obstruction behind it, immediately divined the cause, and applied Tickler to its further investigation. She concluded by throwing me - I often served as a connubial missile - at Joe, who, glad to get hold of me on any terms, passed me on into the chimney and quietly fenced me up there with his great leg.
"Where have you been, you young monkey?" said Mrs. Joe, stamping her foot. "Tell me directly what you've been doing to wear me away with fret and fright and worrit, or I'd have you out of that corner if you was fifty Pips, and he was five hundred Gargerys."

Text 7: Extract from "*The Handmaid's Tale*" by Margaret Atwood (google a summary of the text before you analyse the extract).

Chapter Two

A chair, a table, a lamp. Above, on the white ceiling, a relief ornament in the shape of a wreath, and in the centre of it a blank space, plastered over, like the place in a face where the eye has been taken out. There must have been a chandelier, once. They've removed anything you could tie a rope to.
A window, two white curtains. Under the window, a window seat with a little cushion. When the window is partly open – it only opens partly – the air can come in and make the curtains move. I can sit in the chair, or on the window seat, hands folded, and watch this. Sunlight comes in through the window too, and falls on the floor, which is made of wood, in narrow strips, highly polished. I can smell the polish. There's a rug on the floor, oval, of braided rags. This is the kind of touch they like: folk art, archaic, made by women, in their spare time, from things that have no further use. A return to traditional values. Waste not want not. I am not being wasted. Why do I want?
On the wall above the chair, a picture, framed but with no glass: a print of flowers, blue irises, water-colour. Flowers are still allowed. Does each of us have the same print, the same chair, the same white curtains, I wonder? Government issue?
Think of it as being in the army, said Aunt Lydia.
A bed. Single, mattress medium-hard, covered with a flocked white spread. Nothing takes place in the bed but sleep; or no sleep. I try not to think too much. Like other things now, thought must be rationed. There's a lot that doesn't bear thinking about. Thinking can hurt your chances, and I intend to last. I know why there is no glass, in front of the watercolour picture of blue irises, and why the window only opens partly and why the glass in it is shatterproof. It isn't running away they're afraid of. We wouldn't get far. It's those other escapes, the ones you can open in yourself, given a cutting edge.
So. Apart from these details, this could be a college guest room, for the less distinguished visitors; or a room in a rooming house, of former times, for ladies in reduced circumstances. That is what we are now. The circumstances have been reduced; for those of us who still have circumstances.
But a chair, sunlight, flowers: these are not to be dismissed. I am alive, I live, I breathe, I put my hand out, unfolded, into the sunlight. Where I am is not a prison but a privilege, as Aunt Lydia said, who was in love with either/or.
The bell that measures time is ringing. Time here is measured by bells, as once in nunneries. As in a nunnery too, there are few mirrors.
I get up out of the chair, advance my feet into the sunlight, in their red shoes, flat-heeled to save the spine and not for dancing. The red gloves are lying on the bed. I pick them up, pull them onto my hands, finger by finger. Everything except the wings around my face is red: the colour of blood, which defines us. The skirt is ankle-length, full, gathered to a flat yoke that extends over the breasts, the sleeves are full. The white wings too are prescribed issue; they are to keep us from seeing, but also from being seen. I never looked good in red, it's not my colour. I pick up the shopping basket, put it over my arm.
The door of the room – not my room, I refuse to say my – is not locked. In fact it doesn't shut properly. I go out into the polished hallway, which has a runner down the centre, dusty pink. Like a path through the forest, like a carpet for royalty, it shows me the way.
The carpet bends and goes down the front staircase and I go with it, one hand on the banister, once a tree, turned in another century, rubbed to a warm gloss. Late Victorian, the house is, a family house, built for a large rich family. There's a grandfather clock in the hallway, which doles out time, and then the door to the motherly front sitting room, with its fleshtones and hints. A sitting room in which I never sit, but stand or kneel only. At the end of the hallway, above the front door, is a fanlight of coloured glass: flowers, red and blue.
There remains a mirror, on the hall wall. If I turn my head so that the white wings framing my face direct my vision towards it, I can see it as I go down the stairs, round, convex, a pier-glass, like the eye of a fish, and myself in it like a distorted shadow, a parody of something, some fairytale figure in a red cloak, descending towards a moment of carelessness that is the same as danger. A Sister, dipped in blood.

Text 8: An article about children's behaviour at school from The Guardian 18th April 2011

Children's behaviour at school deteriorating, say teachers

Boys more likely to be violent while girls call one another names, Association of Teachers and Lecturers survey finds

Children's behaviour has worsened over the past five years, according to a survey of teachers which found that a fifth thought girls were more likely to cause trouble than boys.

The survey, published after teachers at a Lancashire school went on strike over discipline, found low-level disruption, including chatting and "horsing around", was the biggest problem. Boys were more likely to be physically aggressive while girls tended to ostracise other pupils.

The behaviour of boys was more of a challenge than that of girls but the actions of each sex had deteriorated, according to 56.5% of staff surveyed by the Association of Teachers and Lecturers (ATL).

Among male pupils the most challenging behaviour for teachers was physical aggression, such as pushing, spitting, kicking and hitting. A secondary teacher quoted in the survey said boys were usually aggressive with other pupils, while girls tended to call one another names.

Teachers criticised a lack of role models in the home. A primary teacher said: "The boys are far more willing to be aggressive to adults, verbally and even physically. There don't seem to be any parental boundaries set of what is an appropriate way to speak and deal with another adult."

Teachers at Darwen Vale high school, Lancashire, walked out over unruly pupil behaviour this month. They said children challenged them to fights and threatened to film lessons and post them online.

The survey of more than 850 teachers, heads and other school staff found that more than 21% thought girls' behaviour was more challenging than boys, compared with 68% who said male pupils caused more trouble. In schools that have excluded pupils, 57% said more boys and 5% said more girls had been excluded.

A department head in a primary school told the survey, carried out in March, that "classes with a majority of boys tend to be louder, less co-operative and harder to teach". Nearly half of the staff surveyed said boys' bravado was behind their disruption. For girls, the most likely trigger was a break-up between friends.

A primary school teacher from Bedfordshire said: "Boys are generally more physical and their behaviour is more noticeable. Girls … often say nasty things, which end up disrupting the lesson just as much as the boys, as other children get upset and can't focus on their work. They are usually the ones who refuse to comply with instructions."

The ATL general secretary, Mary Bousted, said: "Staff get ground down daily by the chatting and messing around, which disrupts lessons for other pupils and takes the pleasure out of teaching.

"Even more worrying is the physical aggression, most often among boys but also among some girls, which puts other pupils and staff at risk. Schools need to have firm and consistent discipline policies and work with parents to keep schools and colleges safe places for pupils and staff alike."

The education bill, now going through the Commons, will give teachers the right to search pupils for banned items and will remove the requirement to give parents a day's notice of detention. The education secretary, Michael Gove, said the measures in the bill would "restore discipline" in the classroom.

Text 9: Transcript of Jonathan Ross's Interview with David Cameron.

NB: You can watch the interview here:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u2kerzNLTIY&feature=emb_logo
This may help you to understand how the transcript works, before you begin to analyse it.

Key:
(.) micropause
(1.0) pause in seconds
BOLD: particular emphasis of a word
[overlap
[italics] non-verbal communication
:: elongation of a word

Some words have been spelled to reflect their pronunciation.
JR = Jonathan Ross DC = David Cameron

[JR greets David at the door and leads him around to the sofa]

JR: David thank you for coming on the show (.) |pleasure|
DC: |pleasure|
JR: to have you here errr you are the first politician believe it or not we have ever had on this programme
DC: have they all said no |or|
JR: |they've| all said no well you know what we haven't asked I've never really dabbled in that before err (.) I never (inaudible) an I thought you know (.) it would be interesting to have you on because er I was quite excited (.) by your selection as leader of the Conservative Party it seemed to me it's like an interesting period in British politics (.) an also more importantly I read that you listen to my Radio 2 show and so I thought (.) you can't be a complete prick so I thought
[laughter from audience and Cameron]
JR: not that I had thought beforehand but well I thought this is a good reason of having (1) what should I call you should I call ya the right hon er David Sir David |Dave Camy|
DC: |David Dave| whatever you like
JR: Dave Dave what do ya what dya friends call you normally
DC: my wife calls me Dave my mother calls me David I don't really know you jus whatever |they like|
JR: |jus| feel the mood feel the mood |yea|
DC: |yea|
JR: can I call you D to the A V E
[laughter from audience and DC. JR gestures to DC]
JR: don't let's get on the ramp now I know you don't have a clue (3) alright (3) er now what a day in your life that must have been er the the day after ya ya get elected er ya get chosen to be the the new leader and then you ride in (.) leaving your house that that morning must have been just quite an unusual exp|erience|
DC: |it was| it was very weird because you've got (.) all these photographers and cameras and everything and and um (.) I got on my (1) bicycle (1) set off and suddenly realised there's this helicopter following me and also (.) there's a motorbike with another camera and I normally go across a br (.) bridge which is only for cycles so I stopped and said to the guy on the motorbike look you're not going to be able to follow me cos I'm going over this bridge and (.)

apparently on the commentary the helicopter said oh look he doesn't know his way to work (laughter) so you can't really win but |er|
JR: |well| you're under a sorta level of scrutiny that that pr- presumably you never been under before because let's face it no one had heard of you really apart from the people who elected |you| in your own |con|stituency you
DC: |yea| |yea|
JR: you weren't obviously you you |you weren't|
DC: |that's right|
JR: a (.) high profile kinda person
DC: that's right
JR: er do you do you normally wear the helmet did you take that off because they were following you or was that er (inaudible) why was that |er|
DC: |I try| to wear the helmet I don't always remember but I I always used to just take it off (.) so the police officers recognise you on the door of the of the commons (2) |and then|
JR: |an then| take you in presumably
DC: that's the idea yea
JR: don't you need some kind of ID though they |just
DC: |yea you normally have a pass but |but| they recognise you
JR: |yea|]
DC: they're very clever you
JR: yea you but they shouldn't do that because if if this was a like a thriller film what if someone killed you took your face off stuck it on their face (.) I mean god bless (.) touch wood (touches table) hope not but you know what I mean it could that kind of things happen in movies (.) you'd get |in|
DC: |yea|
JR: and next thing you know Tony Blair turns round and goes hello David and you go not David I am [laughter from audience and DC]
JR: you know what I'm saying I am B- Baron Von Stunkel an next thing you know there's a fist fight n you need me in a vest to come in n save ya so no keep the |ID on|
DC: |yea keep the ID on an|
JR: for christ's sake I'm telling ya o..h well ya new to the job [laughter from audience] so ok (.) now (4) is the conservative party (.) changing as much as it seems to be to us at the outside (.) are you being bringin about the change you |want|
DC: |it is| changing I think (.) I mean (.) as you saw in that clip people voted for change cos I said as running for leader as you say relatively unknown (.) I said I think we should make some big changes we've got to recognise you know we've lost three elections in a row Labour have been in for (.) eight years (.) they've done some good things we gotta recognise they've done some bad things we wanna change but let's be the party for the future rather than try n turn the clock back

Text 10: Transcript of an individual's spontaneous speech

I was playin with Mark an (.) we were skiddin on the grass cos it has been wet (.) but it dried out and erm (2.0) er (1.0) era n it was still a bit slippy so we were skiddin and (.) I (.) I skidded a bit late (0.5) an we had some Jewson's bags .) on the wa (1.0) not on the wall next t (.) behind the wall (0.5) an I skidded (.) an I came to this dry path an I (.) just like nearly fell (.) kept meself up (.) put me f (.) M out one of me feet foot on the er (.) ma foot on the erm (1.) Jewson's bags (0.5) an I wa I was trying to get me leg over the wall so I ended up sitting on it (1.0) what goes on happens I goes an flies straight over (.) scrapes me face (.) I was like that (1.0) with ma hands over me face and erm (2.0) an I said to M (.) to my friend Mark that I was playing with (.) is it bleedin or anythink (.) and he said (.) I don't know you're covering your face up (.) an so I wen I just went dashing up the (.) steps screamin me head off (0.50 and erm (.) like erm ma mum stated to (1.0) dab it with (.) cotton wool wet cotton wool and s (.) put some Germolene on an (.) then (0.5) just (.) that (.) night and (1.5) that evening and that night erm (.) an the next day (.) it wa we just had to kept putting (.) keep putting Germolene on and (1.) like on the night (.) when I was sitting down watching TV (.) it just kept throbbin on an off (0.5)so it was like really horrible (.) an I think that's one of the worst accidents I've had.