	Paper 1 mini mock: a vendetta									
	Source A: The opening of a short story called 'A									
	Vendetta' by Guy de Maupassant.									
1	The widow of Paolo Saverini lived alone with her son in a poor little house on the outskirts of Bonifacio. The town, built on an outjutting part of the mountain, in places even overhanging the sea,									
5	looks across the straits, full of sandbanks, towards the southernmost coast of Sardinia. Beneath it, on the other side and almost surrounding it, is a cleft in the cliff like an immense corridor which serves as a harbor, and along it the little Italian and Sardinian fishing boats come by a circuitous route between precipitous cliffs as far as the first houses, and every two weeks the old, wheezy steamer which makes the trip to Ajaccio. On the white mountain the houses, massed together, makes an even whiter spot. They look like									
10	the nests of wild birds, clinging to this peak, overlooking this terrible passage, where vessels rarely venture. The wind, which blows uninterruptedly, has swept bare the forbidding coast; it drives through the narrow straits and lays waste both sides. The pale streaks of foam, clinging to the black rocks, whose countless peaks rise up out of the water, look like bits of rag floating and drifting on the surface of the sea.									
15	The house of widow Saverini, clinging to the very edge of the precipice, looks out, through its three windows, over this wild and desolate picture. She lived there alone, with her son Antonia and their dog "Semillante," a big, thin beast, with a long									
	rough coat, of the sheep-dog breed. The young man took her with him when out hunting. One night, after some kind of a quarrel, Antoine Saverini was treacherously stabbed by Nicolas Ravolati, who escaped the same evening to Sardinia.									
20	When the old mother received the body of her child, which the neighbors had brought back to her, she did not cry, but she stayed there for a long time motionless, watching him. Then, stretching her wrinkled hand over the body, she promised him a vendetta. She did not wish anybody near her, and she shut herself up beside the body with the dog, which howled continuously, standing at the foot of									
25	the bed, her head stretched towards her master and her tail between her legs. She did not move any more than did the mother, who, now leaning over the body with a blank stare, was weeping silently and watching it. The young man, lying on his back, dressed in his jacket of coarse cloth, torn at the chest, seemed									
30	the first aid; on his vest, on his trousers beard and in his hair.	him; on his shirt, which had been torn off in order to administer , on his face, on his hands. Clots of blood had hardened in his								
	His old mother began to talk to him. At the sound of this voice the dog quieted down. "Never fear, my boy, my little baby, you shall be avenged. Sleep, sleep; you shall be avenged. Do you hear? It's your mother's promise! And she always keeps her word, your mother does, you know									
35	she does." Slowly she leaned over him, pressing her cold lips to his dead ones. Then Semillante began to howl again with a long, monotonous, penetrating, horrible howl. The two of them, the woman and the dog, remained there until morning.									
40	Antoine Saverini was buried the nex	t day and soon his name ceased to be mentioned in Bonifacio. . No man was there to carry on the vendetta. His mother, the								
		Questions								
•	– 4 marks – 5 minutes	Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes								
List	lines 1-7. four things you learn about the tion the story is set in.	Use lines 16-40. A student said "The mother is presented as both upset and angry at the death, and the writer creates sympathy								
Q2-	- 8 marks – 10 minutes lines 8-15.	for her in this ending" To what extent do you agree?								
How	How does the writer use language to									
aeso	• white your own impressions about the characters									

Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?

- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with references to the text.

Paper 1 mini mock: the terrible old man

	Source A: The opening	g of a short story called 'The									
	Terrible Old Man'	/ by H.P.Lovecraft (1920).									
1	0	d Joe Czanek and Manuel Silva to call on the Terrible Old Man.									
		ancient house on Water Street near the sea, and is reputed to gly feeble; which forms a situation very attractive to men of the									
		lva, for that profession was nothing less dignified than robbery.									
5	The inhabitants of Kingsport say and	d think many things about the Terrible Old Man. He is, in truth,									
		been a captain of East India clipper ships in his day; so old									
		s young, and so taciturn that few know his real name. Among aged and neglected place he maintains a strange collection of									
		d so that they resemble the idols in some obscure Eastern									
10	temple. This collection frightens away m	nost of the small boys who love to taunt the Terrible Old Man									
		to break the small-paned windows of his dwelling with wicked									
		ch frighten the older and more curious folk who sometimes steal dusty panes. These folk say that on a table in a bare room on									
		les, in each a small piece of lead suspended pendulum-wise									
15	5	rible Old Man talks to these bottles, addressing them by such									
	names as Jack, Scar-Face, Long Tom,	•									
		an, Terrible Old Man in these peculiar conversations, do not Joe Czanek and Manuel Silva saw in the Terrible Old Man									
		<i>y</i> -beard, who could not walk without the aid of his knotted cane,									
20	•	ully. They were really quite sorry in their way for the lonely,									
		shunned, and at whom all the dogs barked singularly. But									
		hose soul is in his profession, there is a lure and a challenge ho has no account at the bank, and who pays for his few									
		anish gold and silver minted two centuries ago.									
25	Mr Ricci, Czanek, and Silva selected	d the night of April 11th for their call. Mr. Ricci and Mr. Silva									
		in, whilst Mr. Czanek waited for them and their presumable									
	metallic burden with a covered motor-car in Ship Street, by the gate in the tall rear wall of their hosts grounds.										
		ers started out separately in order to prevent any evil-minded									
30	suspicions afterward. Mr Ricci and Mr S	Silva met in Water Street by the old man's front gate, and									
	o ,	noon shone down upon the painted stones through the budding									
		I more important things to think about than mere idle pleasant work making the Terrible Old Man loguacious ¹									
		for aged sea-captains are notably stubborn. Still, he was very									
35	old and very feeble, and there were two	visitors. Mr Ricci and Mr Silva were experienced in the art of									
		the screams of a weak and exceptionally venerable ³ man can									
		the one lighted window and heard the Terrible Old Man talking . Then they donned masks and knocked politely at the weather-									
39	stained oaken door.	Then they donned masks and knocked politely at the weather-									
	1 – loquacious: talkative, chatty.	2 – venerable: respected, honoured									
		Questions									
Q1	– 4 marks – 5 minutes	Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes									
•	lines 1-4.	Use lines 17-39.									
	four things you learn about the										
'Teri	rible Old Man'.										

Q3-8 marks - 10 minutesIn your response, you could:Use the whole source.• write your own impressions about the charactersHow does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?• write your own impressions about the characters• support your opinions with references to the text.								
Paper 1 mini mock: lost hearts								
Source A: The opening of a short story called 'Lost								
Hearts' by M.R.James, published in 1904.								
1 It was, as far as in September of the year 1811 that a post-chaise ¹ drew up before the door of Aswarby Hall, in the heart of Lincolnshire. The little boy who was the only passenger in the chaise, and who jumped out as soon as it had stopped, looked about him with the keenest curiosity during the								
5 short interval that elapsed between the ringing of the bell and the opening of the hall door. He saw a tall, square, red-brick house, built in the reign of Anne; a stone-pillared porch had been added in the purer classical style of 1790; the windows of the house were many, tall and narrow, with small panes and thick white woodwork. A pediment, pierced with a round window, crowned the front. There were wings to right and left, connected by curious glazed galleries, supported by pillars, with the central								
 block. These wings plainly contained the stables and offices of the house. Each was surmounted by an ornamental dome with a gilded vane. An evening light shone on the building, making the window-panes glow like so many fires. Away 								
from the Hall in front stretched a flat park studded with oaks and fringed with firs, which stood out against the sky. The clock in the church-tower, buried in trees on the edge of the park, only its golden weather-cock catching the light, was striking six, and the sound came gently beating down the wind. It was altogether a pleasant impression, though tinged with the sort of melancholy ² appropriate to an evening in early autumn, that was conveyed to the mind of the boy who was standing in the porch waiting for the door to open to him.								
The post-chaise had brought him from Warwickshire, where, some six months before, he had been left an orphan. Now, owing to the generous offer of his elderly cousin, Mr Abney, he had come to live at Aswarby. That night he had a curious dream. At the end of the passage at the top of the house, in which his								
bedroom was situated, there was an old disused bathroom. It was kept locked, but the upper half of the door was glazed, and, since the muslin curtains which used to hang there had long been gone, you could look in and see the lead-lined bath affixed to the wall on the right hand, with its head towards the window.								
 On the night of which I am speaking, Stephen Elliott found himself, as he thought, looking through the glazed door. The moon was shining through the window, and he was gazing at a figure which lay in the bath. His description of what he saw reminds me of what I once beheld myself in the famous vaults of St Michan's Church in Dublin, which possesses the horrid property of preserving corpses from decay for centuries. A figure inexpressibly thin and pathetic, of a dusty leaden colour, enveloped in a shroud-like garment, the thin lips crooked into a faint and dreadful smile, the hands pressed tightly over the region 								
of the heart. As he looked upon it, a distant, almost inaudible moan seemed to issue from its lips, and the arms began to stir. The terror of the sight forced Stephen backwards and he awoke to the fact that he was indeed standing on the cold boarded floor of the passage in the full light of the moon. With a courage								
 which I do not think can be common among boys of his age, he went to the door of the bathroom to ascertain if the figure of his dreams were really there. It was not, and he went back to bed. 1 – post-chaise: a horse drawn carriage. 2 – melancholy: deep sadness, sorrow. 								
Questions								
Q1 - 4 marks - 5 minutesQ4 - 20 marks - 25 minutesUse lines 1-10.Use lines 21-38.								

List four things you learn about the house the boy arrives at. Q2- 8 marks - 10 minutes Using lines 11-17. How does the writer use language to describe the setting in the evening? Q3- 8 marks - 10 minutes Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?	 A student said "The writer creates a creepy and atmosphere at this point. He builds the tension and creates a vivid image of the dream." To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could: write your own impressions about the characters evaluate how the writer has created these impressions support your opinions with references to the text. 									
Paper 1 mini mock: the cat										
_	g of a short story called 'The kins Freeman (19 th century).									
	was stiffly pointed with it, but he was imperturbable ¹ . He sat									
 difference—all times were as one to th constraint of human will, for he was livit calling him; on no hearth was there a w Cat was very hungry—almost famished 	crouched, ready for the death-spring, as he had sat for hours. It was night—but that made no difference—all times were as one to the Cat when he was in wait for prey. Then, too, he was under no constraint of human will, for he was living alone that winter. Nowhere in the world was any voice calling him; on no hearth was there a waiting dish. He was quite free except for his own desires. The Cat was very hungry—almost famished, in fact.									
 kept, for the most part, in their burrows But he waited with the inconceivable p The Cat was a creature of absolute corrabbit had gone in there between those shaggy curtain of snow, but in there shows 	For days the weather had been very bitter, and all the feebler wild things which were his prey had kept, for the most part, in their burrows and nests, and the Cat's long hunt had availed him nothing. But he waited with the inconceivable patience and persistency of his race; besides, he was certain. The Cat was a creature of absolute convictions, and his faith in his deductions never wavered. The rabbit had gone in there between those low-hung pine boughs. Now her little doorway had before it a shaggy curtain of snow, but in there she was. The Cat had seen her enter, so like a swift grey shadow that even his sharp and practised eyes had glanced back for the substance following, and then she									
 was gone. So he sat down and waited north wind starting in the upper heights awful crescendo of rage, and swooping eagles into the valleys and ravines. 	was gone. So he sat down and waited, and he waited still in the white night, listening angrily to the north wind starting in the upper heights of the mountains with distant screams, then swelling into an awful crescendo of rage, and swooping down with furious white wings of snow like a flock of fierce eagles into the valleys and ravines.									
 rabbit came out she was trapped; her I Cat waited. The place in which he was bushes clinging to the mountain-side with e vines embracing everything with st 	Above him a few feet away towered the rock ascent as steep as the wall of a cathedral. When the rabbit came out she was trapped; her little cloven feet could not scale such unbroken steeps. So the Cat waited. The place in which he was looked like a maelstrom ² of the wood. The tangle of trees and bushes clinging to the mountain-side with a stern clutch of roots, the prostrate trunks and branches, the vines embracing everything with strong knots and coils of growth, had a curious effect, as of things									
 disposed everything in circling lines of of wood and rock and dead trunks and smoke over the rock-crest above and t through his beautiful thick fur, but he n 	which had whirled for ages in a current of raging water, only it was not water, but wind, which had disposed everything in circling lines of yielding to its fiercest points of onset. And now over all this whirl of wood and rock and dead trunks and branches and vines descended the snow. It blew down like smoke over the rock-crest above and the Cat cowered. It was as if ice needles pricked his skin through his beautiful thick fur, but he never faltered and never once cried. He had nothing to gain from									
 It grew darker and darker, with a strang was a night of storm and death supera wrapped about, overawed, and tumultu unconquered, this little, unswerving, liv 	crying, and everything to lose; the rabbit would hear him cry and know he was waiting. It grew darker and darker, with a strange white smother, instead of the natural blackness of night. It was a night of storm and death superadded to the night of nature. The mountains were all hidden, wrapped about, overawed, and tumultuously overborne by it, but in the midst of it waited, quite unconquered, this little, unswerving, living patience and power under a little coat of grey fur.									
 over the precipice. Then the Cat saw two eyes luminous v quivering, dilating nose, he saw two po and muscles strained like wires. Then 	A fiercer blast swept over the rock, spun on one mighty foot of whirlwind athwart the level, then was over the precipice. Then the Cat saw two eyes luminous with terror, frantic with the impulse of flight, he saw a little, quivering, dilating nose, he saw two pointing ears, and he kept still, with every one of his fine nerves and muscles strained like wires. Then the rabbit was out—there was one long line of incarnate flight									
and terror—and the Cat had her. 39 Then the Cat went home, trailing his prey through the snow.										
1 – imperturbable: calm, self-controllec	l. 2 – maelstrom: a powerful whirlpool Questions									

Q1	– 4 marks – 5 minutes	Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes								
Use	lines 1-6.	Use lines 16-40.								
List	four things you learn about the cat.	A student said "The writer makes us admire and respect the cat in these harsh conditions. When the rabbit appears, we want the cat to catch it." To what extent do you agree?								
02-	- 8 marks – 10 minutes									
-	ig lines 7-17.									
How	does the writer use language to	In your response, you could:								
desc	cribe the cat's actions/behaviour?	 write your own impressions about the characters evaluate how the writer has created these impressions support your opinions with references to the text. 								
03-	- 8 marks – 10 minutes									
-	the whole source.									
	does the writer structure the text to									
inter	est you as a reader?									
	Paper 1 mini	mock: one summer night								
S	ource A: A short sto:	ry titled 'One Summer Night' by								
	Ambrose Bie	erce written in 1893.								
1		buried did not seem to him to prove that he was dead: he had								
		hat he really was buried, the testimony of his senses								
	compelled him to admit. His posture flat upon his back, with his hands crossed upon his stomach and tied with something that he easily broke without profitably altering the situation the strict									
5	confinement of his entire person, the black darkness and profound silence, made a body of evidence									
	impossible to controvert and he accepted it without cavil. But dead no; he was only very, very ill. He had, withal, the invalid's apathy ¹ and did not greatly									
		ate that had been allotted to him. No philosopher was he just								
	a plain, commonplace person gifted, for	r the time being, with a pathological ² indifference: the organ that								
10	he feared consequences with was torpi future, he fell asleep and all was peace	d ³ . So, with no particular apprehension for his immediate								
		ad. It was a dark summer night, shot through with infrequent								
	shimmers of lightning silently firing a clo	bud lying low in the west and portending ⁴ a storm. These brief,								
15	8 8	ith ghastly distinctness the monuments and headstones of the cing. It was not a night in which any credible witness was likely								
15		three men who were there, digging into the grave of Henry								
	Armstrong, felt reasonably secure.									
		om a medical college a few miles away; the third was a years Jess had been employed about the cemetery as a man-								
20		santry that he knew 'every soul in the place.' From the nature of								
	what he was now doing it was inferable	that the place was not so populous as its register may have								
		part of the grounds farthest from the public road, were a horse								
	and a light wagon, waiting. The work of excavation was not diffi	cult: the earth with which the grave had been loosely filled a								
25	few hours before offered little resistance	e and was soon thrown out. Removal of the casket from its box								
		it was a perquisite ⁵ of Jess, who carefully unscrewed the cover								
		black trousers and white shirt. At that instant the air sprang to bk the stunned world and Henry Armstrong tranquilly sat up.								
	With inarticulate cries the men fled in te	error, each in a different direction. For nothing on earth could								
30	two of them have been persuaded to re									
		udents, pallid and haggard from anxiety and with the terror of y in their blood, met at the medical college.								
	'You saw it?' cried one.	y in their blood, mot at the modified bolloge.								
	'God! yes what are we to do?'									
35		building, where they saw a horse, attached to a light wagon, he dissecting-room. Mechanically they entered the room. On a								
		e, grinning, all eyes and teeth. 'I'm waiting for my pay,' he said.								
	Stretched naked on a long table lay the body of Henry Armstrong, the head defiled with blood and									
39										
	1 apathy: indifference,boredom. 2 pathological: illogical, obsessive 3 torpid: inactive, lifeless 4 portending: foretelling, signalling 5 perquisite: benefit, strong point 3									
L										

Questions						
Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes Use lines 1-7. List four things you learn about Henry.	Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes Use lines 17-39. A student said "Although we are scared of the creepy					
Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes Using lines 12-17. How does the writer use language to describe the setting?	 and tense atmosphere, I think the ending is actually very unexpected" To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could: write your own impressions about the characters 					
Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?	 evaluate how the writer has created these impressions support your opinions with references to the text. 					
Paper 1 mini mock: The splendid cannibals						
Source A: The opening of a short story titled 'The						

Splendid Cannibals' by Ransom Riggs written in 2016.

1	didn't own fancy things and lived in flim	uck lived very modestly. They were farmers, and though they sy houses made of reeds, they were healthy and joyful and								
		n their gardens, clean water ran in the streams, and even their								
5		cause the weather in Swampmuck was so fair, and the								
5	and sleep in their swamps.	hat many, after a long day of mucking, would simply lie down								
	•	Working round the clock, they gathered the best weeds that								
		ndled them onto donkey carts, and drove their bounty to the								
	market town of Chipping Whippet, a five	days' ride, to sell what they could. It was difficult work. The								
10	swampweed was rough and tore their hands. The donkeys were ill-tempered and liked to bite. The									
	road to market was pitted with holes and plagued by thieves. There were often grievous accidents,									
	such as when Farmer Pullman, in a fit of overzealous harvesting, accidentally scythed off his neighbor's leg. The neighbor, Farmer Hayworth, was understandably upset, but the villagers were									
	such agreeable people that all was soo	• • • •								
15		d ended and the villagers were about to return to their toil in the								
10		nuck rarely had visitors of any kind, as it was not the sort of								
	• •	certainly never had visitors like these: two men and a lady								
		lk, riding on the backs of three fine Arabian horses. But though								
		oked emaciated and swayed weakly in their bejeweled saddles.								
20		iously, marveling at their beautiful clothes and horses.								
		k," explained one of the visitors, a man who seemed to be the were accosted by bandits some weeks ago, and, though we								
	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,	lost. We've been turning circles ever since."								
	• •	," said Farmer Sally. "Or the coast of Meek,"								
25	"We'll never make it," the man said dar	kly. At that, the silk-robed lady slumped in her saddle and fell								
		compassion despite their concerns about disease, brought the								
	fallen lady and her companions into the									
	"Give them space!" said Farmer Pullma "No, they need a doctor!" said Farmer S	• •								
30		ungry. Our supplies ran out over a week ago, and we haven't								
		lly wondered why such wealthy people hadn't simply bought								
		but she was too polite to ask. Instead, she ordered some								
		t when it was laid before the visitors, they turned the food								
25	away. "I don't mean to be rude," said th									
35	"I know it's a humble spread," said Farn "It isn't that " the man said "Grains yea	etables, animal meat — our bodies simply can't process them.								
	And if we force ourselves to eat, it will o									
		i't eat grains, vegetables, or animals," asked Farmer Pullman,								
	"then what can you eat?"									
	"People," the man replied.									
		Questions								
Q1	– 4 marks – 5 minutes	Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes								
Use	lines 1-6.	Use lines 16-40.								
List	four things you learn about the	A student said "The arrival of the visitors seems exciting								
villa	gers.	and unusual for the villagers, but the writer makes us								
Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes		think that something strange is going to happen"								
-	ig lines 7-14.	To what extent do you agree?								
	does the writer use language to	In your response, you could:								
	cribe the villager's work?	 write your own impressions about the characters 								
02	0 martra 10 minutas	 evaluate how the writer has created these 								
-	- 8 marks – 10 minutes	impressions								
	the whole source.	 support your opinions with references to the text. 								
	does the writer structure the text to									
Inter	est you as a reader?									

So	urce	A:	The	open	ina	of a	bor	ok t	itlea	d 'We	reworld	: t	he
				-	-						(2012)	5	
1	The dri the cur	vers cra ving cliff	cked th edge.	neir whips The wago	, urging on whee	the pro	cessior d their v	n of wag vay into	ons and the anc	l horses o ient ruts v	onwards and a worn into the c own as the Bla	ark ro	
5	Staircase, running all the way from the harbour below, through the city, around the mountainous island. Drew pushed his face against the bamboo bars, looking down the cliff as the wagon he travelled in drove ever higher. There were six of them in the jail wagon, each equally miserable. No doubt Drew's												
10	fellow slaves had been picked up by Kesslar on his travels, and each bore the scars of the journey. Battered and beaten, the men were weary with exhaustion and the long time spent in the hold of the slave ship. The Goatlord Kesslar travelled at the front of the procession in a sumptuous ¹ caravan, his ill-gotten gains of blood, flesh and bone following miserably behind. The Black Staircase had risen from the docks through the strange city, past bazaars and merchants'												
15	stalls, before winding through the town houses higher up. Far below in the harbour Drew spied the Banshee, bobbing lazily in the crystal clear water, her cargo delivered. At the highest point of the Black Staircase there was no sign of vegetation, the slopes of the mountain were covered with rocks and boulders as dark as jet. The road levelled out briefly as they reached the summit, turning in toward the mountain's centre. Here the wagons passed through a tall, white												
20	gatehouse. Lightly armoured guards stood to either side, inspecting the carts and their slaves as they trundled past. The people of the island reminded Drew of Djogo, Kesslar's captain, tall and rangy with dark, leathery skin. Perhaps this is where the brute hails from? The wagons were moving downhill now into a bowl-shaped valley that marked the mountain's summit,												
25	a palace sitting at its centre. An outer wall curved round the grand palace structure, echoing the concentric circles of the Black Staircase. Terracotta rooftops dipped in towards its centre, the courtyard beyond not yet visible on the approach. Towers thrust up from the outer wall towards the clouds, their brickwork an ornate tapestry of black and white banded marble. The heat was oppressive ² ; Drew felt it roll over him in waves. Occasional jets of steam broke through fissures in the ground on either side of the road, and hot gases belched violently from the earth. He held his hand to his mouth, gagging at a familiar scent in the air.												
30	"Brimstone," he said, as much to himself as to anyone who might listen. "That's right," said another slave, leaning against the bars on the opposite side of the wagon. "Sulphur. What else would you expect from a volcano?" If the heat outdoors was stifling, inside the palace it was unbearable. Guards had led the shackled												
35	slaves into the colossal building, past crowds of onlookers into a huge, circular hall. Stone tables ringed the room, littered with food from the previous night's feasting. Flies buzzed over discarded pieces of meat, adding to the grim atmosphere. Torches burned along the wall, while a large metal grille covered the centre of the chamber, riveted in place to the polished basalt floor. A steady flow of steam emerged through the grating, turning the chamber into a sauna. A metal brazier, stacked with red-hot coals, stood beside the grille, long-handled brands buried deep within the glowing embers.										/ of ith		
40				ied it, ima is, expens		mat un				owering,	unbearable		
						Ques	stio	ns					
Use List	Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes Use lines 1-6. List four things you learn about Drew's journey.					Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes Use lines 12-40. A student said, "I like how the writer creates a vivid picture of the place, not only describing what we can see							
Usin How	Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes Using lines 6-11. How does the writer use language to describe the slaves?					To w	hat ext ur resp • writ	ent do onse, y e your	you agr you cou own imj	ld: pression	s too." s about the c is created the		cters
Use How	 Q3- 8 marks - 10 minutes Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader? Control of the writer masteriated these impressions Support your opinions with references to the text. 												