Department of English and Literacy

S3 & N4 Textual Analysis Pack

Passage 1: ‘About a Boy’

**Read the story then answer all of the questions. Check over your answers at the end and contact your teacher if there were any questions you had trouble with.**

*12-year-old Marcus’s mother and father separated four years ago. Marcus has recently moved from Cambridge to London with his mother. It is his second day at his new school and he has arrived early and gone to the form room to try and avoid some students that have been giving him a hard time.*

There were a couple of girls in the room, but they ignored him, unless the snort of laughter he heard while he was getting his reading book out had anything to do with him.

What was there to laugh at? Not much, really, unless you were the kind of person who was on permanent lookout for something to laugh at. Unfortunately, that was exactly the kind of person most kids were, in his experience. They patrolled up and down school corridors like sharks, except that what they were on the lookout for wasn’t flesh but the wrong trousers, or the wrong haircut, or the wrong shoes, any or all of which sent them wild with excitement. As he was usually wearing the wrong shoes or the wrong trousers, and his haircut was wrong all the time, every day of the week, he didn’t have to do very much to send them all demented.

Marcus knew he was weird, and he knew that part of the reason he was weird was because his mum was weird. She just didn’t get this, any of it. She was always telling him that only shallow people made judgements on the basis of clothes or hair; she didn’t want him to watch rubbish television, or listen to rubbish music, or play rubbish computer games (she thought they were all rubbish), which meant that if he wanted to do anything that any of the other kids spent their time doing he had to argue with her for hours. He usually lost, and she was so good at arguing that he felt good about losing. She could explain why listening to Joni Mitchell and Bob Marley (who happened to be her two favourite singers) was much better for him than listening to Snoop Dogg, and why it was more important to read books than to play on the Gameboy his dad had given him. But he couldn’t pass any of this on to the kids at school. If he tried to tell Lee Hartley - the biggest and loudest and nastiest of the kids he’d met yesterday - that he didn’t approve of Snoop Dogg because Snoop Dogg had a bad attitude to women, Lee Hartley would thump him, or call him something that he didn’t want to be called. It wasn’t so bad in Cambridge, because there were loads of kids who weren’t right for school, and loads of mums who had made them that way, but in London it was different.

This extract is from ‘About a boy’ by Nick Hornby

Available as a paperback, e-book or audio book:

[https://www.amazon.co.uk/dp/B002RI9K9A/ref=dp-kindle-redirect?\_encoding=UTF8&btkr=1](https://www.amazon.co.uk/dp/B002RI9K9A/ref%3Ddp-kindle-redirect?_encoding=UTF8&btkr=1)

**Passage 1 Questions**

1. List 4 things about Marcus from paragraph 2. = 4 marks
2. What technique does the writer use to describe the bullies in paragraph 2? = 2 marks
3. Why does the writer use repetition at the start of paragraph 3? = 2
4. Why was Marcus’s mum ‘weird’? = 3 marks
5. How does the writer communicate the theme of being different in this extract? = 4 marks

**Passage 1 Answers**

1. List 4 things about Marcus from paragraph 2. = 4 marks

Gloss on:

* Someone to laugh at
* Wrong hairstyle
* Wrong clothes
* Wrong shoes
1. What techniques does the writer use to describe the bullies in paragraph 2? = 4 marks
* Simile/compared to predators/sharks
* “They patrolled up and down school corridors like sharks, except that what they were on the lookout for wasn’t flesh but the wrong trousers, or the wrong haircut, or the wrong shoes, any or all of which sent them wild with excitement”
* “he didn’t have to do very much to send them all demented”
1. Why does the writer use repetition at the start of paragraph 3? = 2

Any 2:

* To highlight how strange him and his mother appeared to others
* To mirror the comments he would have received from others
* To emphasie his own preoccupation with how different he was
1. Why was Marcus’s mum ‘weird’? = 3 marks

Summary or lifts acceptable:

* “She was always telling him that only shallow people made judgements on the basis of clothes or hair; she didn’t want him to watch rubbish television, or listen to rubbish music, or play rubbish computer games (she thought they were all rubbish)”
* “She could explain why listening to Joni Mitchell and Bob Marley (who happened to be her two favourite singers) was much better for him than listening to Snoop Dogg, and why it was more important to read books than to play on the Gameboy his dad had given him”
* “Snoop Dogg had a bad attitude to women”
1. How does the writer communicate the theme of being different in this extract? = 4 marks

Appropriate quotation and explanation for any 2:

* Marcus is bullied for being different
* Marcus feels his mother is different to other mothers
* Marcus feels isolated from everything he is used to

Passage 2: ‘There Will Come Soft Rains’ by Ray Bradbury

**Read the story then answer all of the questions. Check over your answers at the end and contact your teacher if there were any questions you had trouble with.**

In the living room the voice-clock sang, *Tick-tock, seven o'clock, time to get up, time to get up, seven o 'clock!* as if it were afraid that nobody would. The morning house lay empty. The clock ticked on, repeating and repeating its sounds into the emptiness. *Seven-nine, breakfast time, seven-nine!*

In the kitchen the breakfast stove gave a hissing sigh and ejected from its warm interior eight pieces of perfectly browned toast, eight eggs sunny side up, sixteen slices of bacon, two coffees, and two cool glasses of milk.

*"Today is August 4, 2026,"* said a second voice from the kitchen ceiling, *"in the city of Allendale, California."* It repeated the date three times for memory's sake. *"Today is Mr. Featherstone's birthday. Today is the anniversary of Tilita's marriage. Insurance is payable, as are the water, gas, and light bills."*

Somewhere in the walls, relays clicked, memory tapes glided under electric eyes.

*Eight-one, tick-tock, eight-one o'clock, off to school, off to work, run, run, eight-one!* But no doors slammed, no carpets took the soft tread of rubber heels. It was raining outside. The weather box on the front door sang quietly: "*Rain, rain, go away; umbrellas, raincoats for today. .."* And the rain tapped on the empty house, echoing.

Outside, the garage chimed and lifted its door to reveal the waiting car. After a long wait the door swung down again.

At eight-thirty the eggs were shrivelled and the toast was like stone. An aluminium wedge scraped them into the sink, where hot water whirled them down a metal throat which digested and flushed them away to the distant sea. The dirty dishes were dropped into a hot washer and emerged twinkling dry.

*Nine-fifteen,* sang the clock, *time to clean.*

Out of warrens in the wall, tiny robot mice darted. The rooms were a crawl with the small cleaning animals, all rubber and metal. They thudded against chairs, whirling their moustached runners, kneading the rug nap, sucking gently at hidden dust. Then, like mysterious invaders, they popped into their burrows. Their pink electric eyes faded. The house was clean.

Ten o'clock. The sun came out from behind the rain. The house stood alone in a city of rubble and ashes. This was the one house left standing. At night the ruined city gave off a radioactive glow which could be seen for miles.

Ten-fifteen. The garden sprinklers whirled up in golden founts, filling the soft morning air with scatterings of brightness. The water pelted window panes, running down the charred west side where the house had been burned, evenly free of its white paint. The entire west face of the house was black, save for five places. Here the silhouette in paint of a man mowing a lawn. Here, as in a photograph, a woman bent to pick flowers. Still farther over, their images burned on wood in one titanic instant, a small boy, hands flung into the air; higher up, the image of a thrown ball, and opposite him a girl, hands raised to catch a ball which never came down.

The five spots of paint - the man, the woman, the children, the ball - remained. The rest was a thin charcoaled layer.

The gentle sprinkler rain filled the garden with falling light.

Until this day, how well the house had kept its peace. How carefully it had inquired, "Who goes there? What's the password?" and, getting no answer from lonely foxes and whining cats, it had shut up its windows and drawn shades in an old-maidenly preoccupation with self-protection which bordered on a mechanical paranoia.

It quivered at each sound, the house did. If a sparrow brushed a window, the shade snapped up. The bird, startled, flew off! No, not even a bird must touch the house!

Twelve noon.

A dog whined, shivering, on the front porch.

The front door recognized the dog voice and opened. The dog, once huge and fleshy, but now gone to bone and covered with sores, moved in and through the house, tracking mud. Behind it whirred angry mice, angry at having to pick up mud, angry at inconvenience.

For not a leaf fragment blew under the door but what the wall panels flipped open and the copper scrap rats flashed swiftly out. The offending dust, hair, or paper, seized in miniature steel jaws, was raced back to the burrows. There, down tubes which fed into the cellar, it was dropped into the sighing vent of an incinerator which sat like evil Baal in a dark corner.

The dog ran upstairs, hysterically yelping to each door, at last realizing, as the house realized, that only silence was here.

It sniffed the air and scratched the kitchen door. Behind the door, the stove was making pancakes which filled the house with a rich baked odour and the scent of maple syrup.

The dog frothed at the mouth, lying at the door, sniffing, its eyes turned to fire. It ran wildly in circles, biting at its tail, spun in a frenzy, and died. It lay in the parlor for an hour.

*Two o'clock,* sang a voice.

Delicately sensing decay at last, the regiments of mice hummed out as softly as blown gray leaves in an electrical wind.

Two-fifteen.

The dog was gone.

In the cellar, the incinerator glowed suddenly and a whirl of sparks leaped up the chimney.

Two thirty-five.

Bridge tables sprouted from patio walls. Playing cards fluttered onto pads in a shower of pips. Martinis manifested on an oaken bench with egg-salad sandwiches. Music played.

But the tables were silent and the cards untouched.

At four o'clock the tables folded like great butterflies back through the panelled walls .

Four-thirty.

The nursery walls glowed.

Animals took shape: yellow giraffes, blue lions, pink antelopes, lilac panthers cavorting in crystal substance. The walls were glass. They looked out upon color and fantasy. Hidden films clocked through well-oiled sprockets, and the walls lived. The nursery floor was woven to resemble a crisp, cereal meadow. Over this ran aluminium roaches and iron crickets, and in the hot still air butterflies of delicate red tissue wavered among the sharp aroma of animal spoors! There was the sound like a great matted yellow hive of bees within a dark bellows, the lazy bumble of a purring lion. And there was the patter of okapi feet and the murmur of a fresh jungle rain, like other hoofs, falling upon the summer-starched grass. Now the walls dissolved into distances of parched grass, mile on mile, and warm endless sky. The animals drew away into thorn brakes and water holes. It was the children's hour.

Five o'clock. The bath filled with clear hot water.

Six, seven, eight o'clock. The dinner dishes manipulated like magic tricks, and in the study a click. In the metal stand opposite the hearth where a fire now blazed up warmly, a cigar popped out, half an inch of soft gray ash on it, smoking, waiting.

Nine o'clock. The beds warmed their hidden circuits, for nights were cool here.

Nine-five. A voice spoke from the study ceiling: *"Mrs. McClellan, which poem would you like this evening?"* The house was silent.

The voice said at last, *"Since you express no preference, I shall select a poem at random."* Quiet music rose to back the voice. *"Sara Teasdale. As I recall, your favourite...*

*There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;*

*And frogs in the pools singing at night,
And wild plum trees in tremulous white;*

*Robins will wear their feathery fire,
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;*

*And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done.*

*Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,
If mankind perished utterly;*

*And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn
Would scarcely know that we were gone."*

The fire burned on the stone hearth and the cigar fell away into a mound of quiet ash on its tray. The empty chairs faced each other between the silent walls, and the music played.

At ten o'clock the house began to die.

The wind blew. A falling tree bough crashed through the kitchen window. Cleaning solvent, bottled, shattered over the stove. The room was ablaze in an instant!

*"Fire!"* screamed a voice. The house lights flashed, water pumps shot water from the ceilings. But the solvent spread on the linoleum, licking, eating, under the kitchen door, while the voices took it up in chorus: *"Fire, fire, fire!"*

The house tried to save itself. Doors sprang tightly shut, but the windows were broken by the heat and the wind blew and sucked upon the fire.

The house gave ground as the fire in ten billion angry sparks moved with flaming ease from room to room and then up the stairs. While scurrying water rats squeaked from the walls, pistolled their water, and ran for more. And the wall sprays let down showers of mechanical rain.

But too late. Somewhere, sighing, a pump shrugged to a stop. The quenching rain ceased. The reserve water supply which had filled baths and washed dishes for many quiet days was gone.

The fire crackled up the stairs. It fed upon Picassos and Matisses in the upper halls, like delicacies, baking off the oily flesh, tenderly crisping the canvases into black shavings.

Now the fire lay in beds, stood in windows, changed the colors of drapes!

And then, reinforcements. From attic trapdoors, blind robot faces peered down with faucet mouths gushing green chemical.

The fire backed off, as even an elephant must at the sight of a dead snake.

Now there were twenty snakes whipping over the floor, killing the fire with a clear cold venom of green froth.

But the fire was clever. It had sent flame outside the house, up through the attic to the pumps there. An explosion! The attic brain which directed the pumps was shattered into bronze shrapnel on the beams.

The fire rushed back into every closet and felt of the clothes hung there.

The house shuddered, oak bone on bone, its bared skeleton cringing from the heat, its wire, its nerves revealed as if a surgeon had torn the skin off to let the red veins and capillaries quiver in the scalded air. *Help, help! Fire! Run, run!* Heat snapped mirrors like the first brittle winter ice. And the voices wailed. *Fire, fire, run, run,* like a tragic nursery rhyme, a dozen voices, high, low, like children dying in a forest, alone, alone. And the voices fading as the wires popped their sheathings like hot chestnuts. One, two, three, four, five voices died.

In the nursery the jungle burned. Blue lions roared, purple giraffes bounded off. The panthers ran in circles, changing color, and ten million animals, running before the fire, vanished off toward a distant steaming river....  Ten more voices died.

In the last instant under the fire avalanche, other choruses, oblivious, could be heard announcing the time, cutting the lawn by remote-control mower, or setting an umbrella frantically out and in, the slamming and opening front door, a thousand things happening, like a clock shop when each clock strikes the hour insanely before or after the other, a scene of maniac confusion, yet unity; singing, screaming, a few last cleaning mice darting bravely out to carry the horrid ashes away! And one voice, with sublime disregard for the situation, read poetry aloud in the fiery study, until all the film spools burned, until all the wires withered and the circuits cracked.

The fire burst the house and let it slam flat down, puffing out skirts of spark and smoke.

In the kitchen, an instant before the rain of fire and timber, the stove could be seen making breakfasts at a psychopathic rate, ten dozen eggs, six loaves of toast, twenty dozen bacon strips, which, eaten by fire, started the stove working again, hysterically hissing!

The crash. The attic smashing into kitchen and parlour. The parlour into cellar, cellar into sub-cellar. Deep freeze, armchair, film tapes, circuits, beds, and all like skeletons thrown in a cluttered mound deep under.

Smoke and silence. A great quantity of smoke.

Dawn showed faintly in the east. Among the ruins, one wall stood alone. Within the wall, a last voice said, over and over again and again, even as the sun rose to shine upon the heaped rubble and steam:

*"Today is August 5, 2026, today is August 5, 2026, today is..."*

Passage 2 **Questions**

1. Read the section below. Summarise the events in the house = 4 marks

*“In the living room the voice-clock sang, Tick-tock, seven o'clock, time to get up, time to get up, seven o 'clock! as if it were afraid that nobody would. The morning house lay empty. The clock ticked on, repeating and repeating its sounds into the emptiness. Seven-nine, breakfast time, seven-nine!*

*In the kitchen the breakfast stove gave a hissing sigh and ejected from its warm interior eight pieces of perfectly browned toast, eight eggs sunny side up, sixteen slices of bacon, two coffees, and two cool glasses of milk.*

*"Today is August 4, 2026," said a second voice from the kitchen ceiling, "in the city of Allendale, California." It repeated the date three times for memory's sake. "Today is Mr. Featherstone's birthday. Today is the anniversary of Tilita's marriage. Insurance is payable, as are the water, gas, and light bills."*

*Somewhere in the walls, relays clicked, memory tapes glided under electric eyes.”*

1. Read the section below. What has happened to the family of the house? = 2 marks

*“Ten o'clock. The sun came out from behind the rain. The house stood alone in a city of rubble and ashes. This was the one house left standing. At night the ruined city gave off a radioactive glow which could be seen for miles.*

*Ten-fifteen. The garden sprinklers whirled up in golden founts, filling the soft morning air with scatterings of brightness. The water pelted window panes, running down the charred west side where the house had been burned, evenly free of its white paint. The entire west face of the house was black, save for five places. Here the silhouette in paint of a man mowing a lawn. Here, as in a photograph, a woman bent to pick flowers. Still farther over, their images burned on wood in one titanic instant, a small boy, hands flung into the air; higher up, the image of a thrown ball, and opposite him a girl, hands raised to catch a ball which never came down.*

*The five spots of paint - the man, the woman, the children, the ball - remained. The rest was a thin charcoaled layer.”*

1. Read the section below. Why is the description of what happens to the dog so chilling? = 2 marks

*“A dog whined, shivering, on the front porch.*

 *The front door recognized the dog voice and opened. The dog, once huge and fleshy, but now gone to bone and covered with sores, moved in and through the house, tracking mud. Behind it whirred angry mice, angry at having to pick up mud, angry at inconvenience.*

*For not a leaf fragment blew under the door but what the wall panels flipped open and the copper scrap rats flashed swiftly out. The offending dust, hair, or paper, seized in miniature steel jaws, was raced back to the burrows. There, down tubes which fed into the cellar, it was dropped into the sighing vent of an incinerator which sat like evil Baal in a dark corner.*

*The dog ran upstairs, hysterically yelping to each door, at last realizing, as the house realized, that only silence was here.*

*It sniffed the air and scratched the kitchen door. Behind the door, the stove was making pancakes which filled the house with a rich baked odour and the scent of maple syrup.*

*The dog frothed at the mouth, lying at the door, sniffing, its eyes turned to fire. It ran wildly in circles, biting at its tail, spun in a frenzy, and died. It lay in the parlor for an hour.*

*Two o'clock, sang a voice.*

*Delicately sensing decay at last, the regiments of mice hummed out as softly as blown gray leaves in an electrical wind.*

*Two-fifteen.*

*The dog was gone.”*

1. Read the section below. How is the children’s routine presented to the reader? = 2 marks

*“Four-thirty.*

*The nursery walls glowed.*

*Animals took shape: yellow giraffes, blue lions, pink antelopes, lilac panthers cavorting in crystal substance. The walls were glass. They looked out upon color and fantasy. Hidden films clocked through well-oiled sprockets, and the walls lived. The nursery floor was woven to resemble a crisp, cereal meadow. Over this ran aluminium roaches and iron crickets, and in the hot still air butterflies of delicate red tissue wavered among the sharp aroma of animal spoors! There was the sound like a great matted yellow hive of bees within a dark bellows, the lazy bumble of a purring lion. And there was the patter of okapi feet and the murmur of a fresh jungle rain, like other hoofs, falling upon the summer-starched grass. Now the walls dissolved into distances of parched grass, mile on mile, and warm endless sky. The animals drew away into thorn brakes and water holes. It was the children's hour.*

*Five o'clock. The bath filled with clear hot water.*

*Six, seven, eight o'clock. The dinner dishes manipulated like magic tricks, and in the study a click. In the metal stand opposite the hearth where a fire now blazed up warmly, a cigar popped out, half an inch of soft gray ash on it, smoking, waiting.*

*Nine o'clock. The beds warmed their hidden circuits, for nights were cool here.”*

1. Consider the whole story. How is the house made to seem alive? = 8 marks

**Passage 2 Answers**

1. Read the section below. Summarise the events in the house = 4 marks

*“In the living room the voice-clock sang, Tick-tock, seven o'clock, time to get up, time to get up, seven o 'clock! as if it were afraid that nobody would. The morning house lay empty. The clock ticked on, repeating and repeating its sounds into the emptiness. Seven-nine, breakfast time, seven-nine!*

*In the kitchen the breakfast stove gave a hissing sigh and ejected from its warm interior eight pieces of perfectly browned toast, eight eggs sunny side up, sixteen slices of bacon, two coffees, and two cool glasses of milk.*

*"Today is August 4, 2026," said a second voice from the kitchen ceiling, "in the city of Allendale, California." It repeated the date three times for memory's sake. "Today is Mr. Featherstone's birthday. Today is the anniversary of Tilita's marriage. Insurance is payable, as are the water, gas, and light bills."*

*Somewhere in the walls, relays clicked, memory tapes glided under electric eyes.”*

* The clock signals the start of the day
* Breakfast is made
* The date and important details are relayed
* Behind the scenes, the computerised system is taking control of everything

1. Read the section below. What has happened to the family of the house? = 2 marks

*“Ten o'clock. The sun came out from behind the rain. The house stood alone in a city of rubble and ashes. This was the one house left standing. At night the ruined city gave off a radioactive glow which could be seen for miles.*

*Ten-fifteen. The garden sprinklers whirled up in golden founts, filling the soft morning air with scatterings of brightness. The water pelted window panes, running down the charred west side where the house had been burned, evenly free of its white paint. The entire west face of the house was black, save for five places. Here the silhouette in paint of a man mowing a lawn. Here, as in a photograph, a woman bent to pick flowers. Still farther over, their images burned on wood in one titanic instant, a small boy, hands flung into the air; higher up, the image of a thrown ball, and opposite him a girl, hands raised to catch a ball which never came down.*

*The five spots of paint - the man, the woman, the children, the ball - remained. The rest was a thin charcoaled layer.”*

* They are gone/have been killed
* *“The house stood alone in a city of rubble and ashes”/ “The five spots of paint - the man, the woman, the children, the ball - remained. The rest was a thin charcoaled layer.”*
* Plus explanation of the quotation
1. Read the section below. Why is the description of what happens to the dog so chilling? = 4 marks

*“A dog whined, shivering, on the front porch.*

 *The front door recognized the dog voice and opened. The dog, once huge and fleshy, but now gone to bone and covered with sores, moved in and through the house, tracking mud. Behind it whirred angry mice, angry at having to pick up mud, angry at inconvenience.*

*For not a leaf fragment blew under the door but what the wall panels flipped open and the copper scrap rats flashed swiftly out. The offending dust, hair, or paper, seized in miniature steel jaws, was raced back to the burrows. There, down tubes which fed into the cellar, it was dropped into the sighing vent of an incinerator which sat like evil Baal in a dark corner.*

*The dog ran upstairs, hysterically yelping to each door, at last realizing, as the house realized, that only silence was here.*

*It sniffed the air and scratched the kitchen door. Behind the door, the stove was making pancakes which filled the house with a rich baked odour and the scent of maple syrup.*

*The dog frothed at the mouth, lying at the door, sniffing, its eyes turned to fire. It ran wildly in circles, biting at its tail, spun in a frenzy, and died. It lay in the parlor for an hour.*

*Two o'clock, sang a voice.*

*Delicately sensing decay at last, the regiments of mice hummed out as softly as blown gray leaves in an electrical wind.*

*Two-fifteen.*

*The dog was gone.”*

* We know the dog is injured and distressed
* *“A dog whined, shivering, on the front porch.”*
* “*The dog, once huge and fleshy, but now gone to bone and covered with sores, moved in and through the house,”*
* *The dog ran upstairs, hysterically yelping to each door, at last realizing, as the house realized, that only silence was here.”*
* He is removed like a piece of rubbish
* “*Delicately sensing decay at last, the regiments of mice hummed out as softly as blown gray leaves in an electrical wind./ Two-fifteen./ The dog was gone.”*
* Plus explanation of the chosen quotation
1. Read the section below. How is the children’s routine presented to the reader? = 2 marks

*“Four-thirty.*

*The nursery walls glowed.*

*Animals took shape: yellow giraffes, blue lions, pink antelopes, lilac panthers cavorting in crystal substance. The walls were glass. They looked out upon color and fantasy. Hidden films clocked through well-oiled sprockets, and the walls lived. The nursery floor was woven to resemble a crisp, cereal meadow. Over this ran aluminium roaches and iron crickets, and in the hot still air butterflies of delicate red tissue wavered among the sharp aroma of animal spoors! There was the sound like a great matted yellow hive of bees within a dark bellows, the lazy bumble of a purring lion. And there was the patter of okapi feet and the murmur of a fresh jungle rain, like other hoofs, falling upon the summer-starched grass. Now the walls dissolved into distances of parched grass, mile on mile, and warm endless sky. The animals drew away into thorn brakes and water holes. It was the children's hour.*

*Five o'clock. The bath filled with clear hot water.*

*Six, seven, eight o'clock. The dinner dishes manipulated like magic tricks, and in the study a click. In the metal stand opposite the hearth where a fire now blazed up warmly, a cigar popped out, half an inch of soft gray ash on it, smoking, waiting.*

*Nine o'clock. The beds warmed their hidden circuits, for nights were cool here.”*

* It is regimented – ‘mechanical’
* *“Four-thirty. / The nursery walls glowed.”*
* *“Five o'clock. The bath filled with clear hot water.”*
* *“Nine o'clock. The beds warmed their hidden circuits, for nights were cool here.”*
* It goes on ‘as normal’ even though the children are not there
* Plus explanation of the chosen quotation
1. Consider the whole story. How is the house made to seem alive? = 8 marks
* Any 4 appropriate examples (statement, quotation, explanation)

Passage 3: ‘Great Expectations’

**Read the passage then answer all of the questions. Check over your answers at the end and contact your teacher if there were any questions you had trouble with.**

*In this extract, a young boy named Pip has been invited to Satis House by the old woman who lives there – Miss Havisham. This is his first visit.*

We went into the house by a side door - the great front entrance had two chains across it outside - and the first thing I noticed was, that the passages were all dark, and that she had left a candle burning there. She took it up, and we went through more passages and up a staircase, and still it was all dark, and only the candle lighted us.

This was very uncomfortable, and I was half afraid. However, the only thing to be done being to knock at the door, I knocked, and a voice from within said to enter. I entered and found myself in a pretty large room, well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I gathered from the furniture, though much of it was old-fashioned. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilded looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing-table.

Whether I should have made out this object so soon, if there had been no fine lady sitting at it, I cannot say. In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

She was dressed in rich materials - satins, and lace, and silks - all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on - the other was on the table near her hand - her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the dressing table mirror.

I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its brightness, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress she wore, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose, had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress, that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, that skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me. I should have cried out, if I could.

"Who is it?" asked the lady at the table.

"Pip, ma'am."

"Pip?"

"Mr. Pumblechook's boy, ma'am. Come - to play."

"Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close."

It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects in detail, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and that a clock in the room had also stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

"Look at me," said Miss Havisham. "You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?"

I regret to state that I was not afraid of telling the enormous lie comprehended in the answer "No."

"Do you know what I touch here?" she said, laying her hands, one upon the other, on her left side.

"Yes, ma'am."

"What do I touch?"

"Your heart."

"Broken!"

She uttered the word with an eager look, and with strong emphasis, and with a weird smile that had a kind of boast in it. Afterwards, she kept her hands there for a little while, and slowly took them away as if they were heavy.

**Passage 3 Questions**

1. Read paragraph 1 again. List 3 details about the house = 3 marks

1. Read paragraph 2 again. Summarise the description of the old woman’s room 5 bullet points = 5 marks
2. Focus this part of your answer from paragraph 5. How does the writer paint a depressing picture of Miss Havisham? Quotation + explanation = 2 marks

1. Having read to the end of the passage, suggest what you think has happened to the woman. One suggestion + quotation = 2 marks
2. Looking at the whole passage, do you have any sympathy for the young boy, Pip? Two pieces of evidence + explanations = 4 marks

This extract comes from the classic novel, ‘Great Expectations’ by Charles Dickens

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**Passage 3 Answers**

1. Read paragraph 1 again. List 3 details about the house = 3 marks
* Front entrance had 2 chains across it
* The passages were all dark
* They were lit only by candlelight

1. Read paragraph 2 again. Summarise the description of the old woman’s room 5 bullet points = 5 marks
* Big room
* Very bright light given by lots of candles
* No natural light
* No modern furniture
* It contained a fancy dressing-table
1. Focus this part of your answer from paragraph 5. How does the writer paint a depressing picture of Miss Havisham? Quotation + explanation = 2 marks
* “I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its brightness, and was faded and yellow.” The connotations of yellow are far more disturbing than that of white. White equals innocence and purity; something new. While yellow indicates something old, worn and past its best. This woman is clearly not in a good state.
* “I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress she wore, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes.” Withered conjures up a withered flower – beginning to rot on the stem. This is not a typical description of a bride. And brightness usually has connotations of newness and youth – she has lost all of that except in her eyes. Because the eyes are described as ‘sunken’ though, that suggests that she is trapped in this image.
* “I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose, had shrunk to skin and bone.” The dress once fitted the curves of a healthy young woman and she has gone to waste now. The image that ‘skin and bone’ conjures up is not that of a healthy or happy young bride. This makes the reader suspect something bad has happened.

1. Having read to the end of the passage, suggest what you think has happened to the woman. One suggestion + quotation = 2 marks
* Something has happened to make the clocks stop at that precise time: “It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects in detail, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and that a clock in the room had also stopped at twenty minutes to nine.”
* She has not been outside for a very long time: "Look at me," said Miss Havisham. "You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?"
* She has been through some sort of trauma: "Do you know what I touch here?" she said, laying her hands, one upon the other, on her left side./"Yes, ma'am."/"What do I touch?"/"Your heart."/"Broken!"/She uttered the word with an eager look, and with strong emphasis, and with a weird smile that had a kind of boast in it. Afterwards, she kept her hands there for a little while, and slowly took them away as if they were heavy.
1. Looking at the whole passage, do you have any sympathy for the young boy, Pip? Two pieces of evidence + explanations = 4 marks
* He’s a young boy – not equipped to deal with an experience/person like this
* The house is dark with no natural light – could be frightening to a young person
* It’s his first visit – so he’s bound to be nervous
* “This was very uncomfortable, and I was half afraid.” – he expresses his fear about going in to the strange house/room on his own.
* “In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.” He witnesses something he has never seen before and it disturbs him.
* “Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress, that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, that skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me. I should have cried out, if I could.” He compares Miss Havisham to a scary skeleton he once saw in a graveyard. He was so scared he could not make a noise.
* “It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes” He was too scared to look at her.
* "Look at me," said Miss Havisham. "You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?"/I regret to state that I was not afraid of telling the enormous lie comprehended in the answer "No." He tells her a lie about how afraid he is.