SECTION A	SECTION B	SEC	TION C
EITHER 01 Explore how Priestley presents ideas	26 Compare the ways poets present ideas about power in 'Storm on the Island' and one other poem	Don't Say I Said it by Sophie Hannah Next time you speak to you-know-who	Rejection by Jenny Sullivan Rejection is orange
about the younger and older generations	from Power and Conflict [30 marks]	I've got a message for him. Tell him that I have lost a stone	Not, as one might think, Grey and nondescript.
in the play. [30+4 marks] PLAN:	We are prepared: we build our houses squat, Sink walls in rock and roof them with good slate.	Since the last time I saw him. Tell him that I've got three new books	It is the vivid orange of A council worker's jacket.
	This wizened earth has never troubled us With hay, so, as you see, there are no stacks	Coming out soon, but play it Cool, make it sound spontaneous.	A coat of shame that says 'he doesn't want you.'
	Or stooks that can be lost. Nor are there trees	Don't say I said to say it.	Rejection tastes like ashes Acrid, bitter.
	Which might prove company when it blows full Blast: you know what I mean - leaves and branches	He might ask if I've mentioned him. Say I have once, in passing.	It sounds Like the whisper of voices
	Can raise a tragic chorus in a gale So that you listen to the thing you fear	Memorise everything he says And, no, it won't be grassing	Behind my back. 'He didn't want her.
	Forgetting that it pummels your house too.	When you repeat his words to me – It's the only way to play it.	He dumped her.' It feels
	But there are no trees, no natural shelter. You might think that the sea is company,	Tell him I'm toned and tanned and fine. Don't say I said to say it.	Like the scraping of fingernails On a blackboard,
	Exploding comfortably down on the cliffs But no: when it begins, the flung spray hits	Say that serenity and grace	Not ache or stab of pain But like having a layer of skin missing.
OR	The very windows, spits like a tame cat	Have taken root inside me. My top-note is frivolity	Rejection looks like – me, I suppose.
02 'Despite never being present, Eva Smith	Turned savage. We just sit tight while wind dives And strafes invisibly. Space is a salvo,	But beneath, dark passions guide me. Tell him I'm radiant and replete	Slightly leftover Like the last, curled sandwich
is the most important character in <i>An Inspector Calls'</i> How far do you agree with	We are bombarded with the empty air. Strange, it is a huge nothing that we fear.	And add that every day it Seems I am harder to resist.	When all the guests Have gone.
this statement? [30+4 marks] PLAN:		Don't say I said to say it.	27.2 In both 'Don't Say I Said It' and 'Rejection' the
		Tell him that all my ancient faults Have been eradicated. I do not carp or analyse	speakers describe their feelings about love and heartbreak.
		As I might have when we dated. Say I'm not bossy any more Or, better still, convey it	What are the similarities and/or differences between the methods the poets use to present these feelings?
		Subtly, but get the point across. Don't say I said to say it.	METHODS TO COMPARE+EFFECTS:
		27.1 In 'Don't Say I Said It' how does the poet present the speaker's feelings about love and relationships? [24 marks]	
		Overall idea:	

SECTION A	SECTION B	SECTION C		
EITHER O1 Explore how Priestley presents Mrs Birling as a selfish character in An Inspector Calls. [30+4 marks] PLAN: OR O2 'The characters are changed by what happens in the play' How far do you agree with this statement? [30+4 marks] PLAN:	26 Compare the ways poets present difficult experiences in 'Poppies' and one other poem from Power and Conflict [30 marks] (Jane Weir) Three days before Armistice Sunday and poppies had already been placed on individual war graves. Before you left, I pinned one onto your lapel, crimped petals, spasms of paper red, disrupting a blockade of yellow bias binding around your blazer. Sellotape bandaged around my hand, I rounded up as many white cat hairs as I could, smoothed down your shirt's upturned collar, steeled the softening of my face. I wanted to graze my nose across the tip of your nose, play at being Eskimos like we did when you were little. I resisted the impulse to run my fingers through the gelled blackthorns of your hair. All my words flattened, rolled, turned into felt, slowly melting. I was brave, as I walked with you, to the front door, threw it open, the world overflowing like a treasure chest. A split second and you were away, intoxicated. After you'd gone I went into your bedroom, released a song bird from its cage. Later a single dove flew from the pear tree, and this is where it has led me, skirting the church yard walls, my stomach busy making tucks, darts, pleats, hat-less, without a winter coat or reinforcements of scarf, gloves. On reaching the top of the hill I traced the inscriptions on the war memorial, leaned against it like a wishbone. The dove pulled freely against the sky, an ornamental stitch. I listened, hoping to hear your playground voice catching on the wind. PLAN:	Make the Ordinary Come Alive Do not ask your children to strive for extraordinary lives. Such striving may seem admirable, but it is a way of foolishness. Help them instead to find the wonder and the marvel of an ordinary life. Show them the joy of tasting tomatoes, apples, and pears. Show them how to cry when pets and people die. Show them the infinite pleasure in the touch of a hand. And make the ordinary come alive for them. The extraordinary will take care of itselfWilliam Martin 27.1 In 'Don't Say I Said It' how does the poet present the speaker's feelings about love and relationships? [24 marks] Overall idea:	Born Yesterday by Philip Larkin Tightly-folded bud, I have wished you something None of the others would: Not the usual stuff About being beautiful, Or running off a spring Of innocence and love — They will all wish you that, And should it prove possible, Well, you're a lucky girl. But if it shouldn't, then May you be ordinary; Have, like other women, An average of talents: Not ugly, not good-looking, Nothing uncustomary To pull you off your balance, That, unworkable itself, Stops all the rest from working. In fact, may you be dull — If that is what a skilled, Vigilant, flexible, Unemphasised, enthralled Catching of happiness is called. 27.2 In both 'Make the Ordinary Come Alive' and 'Born Yesterday' the speakers describe their feelings about raising children and an ordinary life. What are the similarities and/or differences between the methods the poets use to present these feelings? METHODS TO COMPARE+EFFECTS:	

SECTION A	SECTION B	SECTION C		
OI Explore how Priestley presents Sheila as an example of the younger generation in An Inspector Calls. [30+4 marks] PLAN: OR O2 'An Inspector Calls is a play about the consequences of our actions' How far do	SECTION B 26 Compare the ways poets present ideas about a place in 'London' and one other poem from Power and Conflict [30 marks] I wander thro' each charter'd street, Near where the charter'd Thames does flow. And mark in every face I meet Marks of weakness, marks of woe. In every cry of every Man, In every Infants cry of fear, In every voice: in every ban, The mind-forg'd manacles I hear How the Chimney-sweepers cry Every blackning Church appalls, And the hapless Soldiers sigh Runs in blood down Palace walls But most thro' midnight streets I hear How the youthful Harlots curse Blasts the new-born Infants tear And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse PLAN:	Winter Time by Robert Louis Stevenson Late lies the wintry sun a-bed, A frosty, fiery sleepy-head; Blinks but an hour or two; and then, A blood-red orange, sets again. Before the stars have left the skies, At morning in the dark I rise; And shivering in my nakedness, By the cold candle, bathe and dress. Close by the jolly fire I sit To warm my frozen bones a bit; Or with a reindeer-sled, explore The colder countries round the door. When to go out, my nurse doth wrap Me in my comforter and cap; The cold wind burns my face, and blows Its frosty pepper up my nose. Black are my steps on silver sod; Thick blows my frosty breath abroad; And tree and house, and hill and lake, Are frosted like a wedding cake. 27.1 In 'Don't Say I Said It' how does the poet present the speaker's feelings about winter? [24 marks] Overall idea:	December by Carol Ann Duffy The year dwindles and glows to December's red jewel, my birth month. The sky blushes, and lays its cheek on the sparkling fields. Then dusk swaddles the cattle, their silhouettes simple as faith. These nights are gifts, our hands unwrapping the darkness to see what we have. The train rushes, ecstatic, to where you are, my bright star. 27.2 In both 'Winter Time' and 'December' the speakers describe their feelings about winter time. What are the similarities and/or differences between the methods the poets use to present these feelings? METHODS TO COMPARE+EFFECTS:	