GCSE English Language.

Week 1: Paper 2, Question 4 (Comparing)

1. Listen to the following videos/GCSE pods:
   https://members.gcsepod.com/shared/podcasts/title/13450/80845
   https://members.gcsepod.com/shared/podcasts/title/13450/80846
   https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DsWDQw4xwW0

   While watching the podcasts and videos, make a list of 'Top Tips' for answering Paper 2, question 4.
   REMEMBER – this question is worth 16 marks (more marks than the other reading questions) so it is worth spending some time making sure you can answer this question well.

2. Read through the two texts below – they are both accounts of the writers' childhood homes.

   While reading consider the question and complete the table below in order to record the different perspectives shown by the writers.

Compare how the two writers convey their different memories of their childhood home.

Source A perspectives	Source B perspectives

3. Using the information you have collated, write a paragraph that compares the different memories of the writers' childhood homes.
   In your answer you could:
   - Compare their different memories
   - Compare the **methods** they use to convey their memories
   - Support your ideas with references to both texts.

Source A: 21st century non-fiction

Extract from *I Am Malala*, a memoir by Malala Yousafzai.

When I close my eyes, I can see my bedroom. The bed is unmade, my fluffy blanket in a heap, because I've rushed out for school, late for an exam. My school timetable is open on my desk to a page dated 9 October, 2012. And my school uniform – my white *shalwar* and blue *kamiz* – is on a peg on the wall, waiting for me.

I can hear the kids playing cricket in the alley behind our home. I can hear the hum of the bazaar not far away. And if I listen very closely I can hear Safina, my friend next door, tapping on the wall we share so she can tell me a secret.

I smell rice cooking as my mother works in the kitchen. I hear my little brothers fighting over the remote – the TV switching between *WWE Smackdown* and cartoons. Soon, I'll hear my father's deep voice as he calls out my nickname. '*Jani*,' he'll say, which is Persian for 'dear one', 'how was the school running today?' He was asking how things were at the Khushal School for Girls, which he founded and I attended, but I always took the opportunity to answer the question literally.

'*Aha*,' I'd joke, 'the school is walking not running!' This was my way of telling him I thought things could be better.

I left that beloved home in Pakistan one morning – planning to dive back under the covers as soon as school was over – and ended up a world away.

Some people say it is too dangerous to go back there now. That I'll never be able to return. And so, from time to time, I go there in my mind.

But now another family lives in that home, another girl sleeps in that bedroom – while I am thousands of miles away. I don't care much about the other things in my room but I do worry about the school trophies on my bookcase. I even dream about them sometimes. There's a runner's-up award from the first speaking contest I ever entered. And more than forty-five golden cups and medals for being first in my class for exams, debates and competitions. To someone else, they might seem mere trinkets made of plastic. To someone else, they may simply look like prizes for good grades. But to me, they are reminders of the life I loved and the girl I was – before I left home that fateful day.

When I open my eyes, I am in my new bedroom. It is in a sturdy brick house in a damp and chilly place called Birmingham, England. Here there is water running from every tap, hot or cold as you like. No need to carry canisters of gas from the market to heat the water. Here there are large rooms with shiny wood floors, filled with large furniture and a large, large TV.

There is hardly a sound in this calm, leafy suburb. No children laughing and yelling. No women downstairs chopping vegetables and gossiping with my mother. No men smoking cigarettes and debating politics. Sometimes, though, even with these thick walls between us, I can hear someone in my family crying for home. But then my father will burst through the front door, his voice booming. '*Jani!*' he'll say. 'How was school today?'

Now there's no play on words. He's not asking about the school he runs and that I attend. But there's a note of worry in his voice, as if he fears I won't be there to reply. Because it was not so long ago that I was nearly killed – simply because I was speaking out about my right to go to school.

Source B: 19th century literary non-fiction

Extract from Margaret Oliphant's autobiography.

I remember nothing of Wallyford, where I was born, but opened my eyes to life, so far as I remember, in the village of Lasswade, where we lived in a little house, I think, on the road to Dalkeith. I recollect the wintry road ending to my consciousness in a slight ascent with big ash trees forming a sort of arch; underneath which I fancy was a toll-bar, the way into the world appropriately barred by that turnpike*. But no, that was not the way into the world, for the world was Edinburgh, the coach for which, I am almost sure, went the other way through the village and over the bridge to the left hand, starting from somewhere close to Mr Todd the baker's shop, of which I have a faint and kind recollection. It was by that way that Frank came home on Saturday nights, to spend Sunday at home, walking out from Edinburgh (about six miles) to walk in again on Monday in the dark winter mornings. I recollect nothing about the summer mornings when he set out on that walk, but remember vividly like a picture the Monday mornings in winter; the fire burning cheerfully and candles on the breakfast table, all dark but with a subtle sense of morning, though it seemed a kind of dissipation* to be up so long before the day. I can see myself, a small creature seated on a stool by the fire, toasting a cake of dough which was brought for me by the baker with the prematurely early rolls, which were for Frank. (This dough was the special feature of the morning to me, and I suppose I had it only on these occasions.) And my mother, who never seemed to sit down in the strange, little, warm, bright picture, but to hover about the table pouring out tea, supplying everything he wanted to her boy (how proud, how fond of him! – her eyes liquid and bright with love as she hovered about); and Frank, the dearest of companions so long – then long separated, almost alienated, brought back again at the end to my care. How bright he was then, how good always to me, how fond of his little sister! – impatient by moments, good always. And he was a kind of god to me – *my* Frank, as I always called him. I remember once weeping bitterly over a man singing in the street, a buttoned-up, shabby-genteel man, whom, on being questioned why I cried, I acknowledged I thought like my Frank. That was when he was absent, and my mother's anxiety reflected in a child's mind went, I suppose, the length of fancying that Frank too might have to sing in the street. (He would have come off very badly in that case, for he did not know one tune from another, much less could he sing a note!)

*Glossary

turnpike = a toll gate (a barrier across a road where drivers or pedestrians must pay to go further)

dissipation = waste of energy