

Over the island the build-up of clouds continued. A steady current of heated air rose all day from the mountain and was thrust to ten thousand feet; revolving masses of gas piled up until the air was ready to explode. It was early evening, the sun had gone and a brassy glare had taken the place of clear daylight. Even the air that pushed in from the sea was hot and held no refreshment. Colours drained from water and trees and pink surfaces of rock, and the white and brown clouds brooded. Nothing move but the flies who blackened the pig's head and made the spilt guts look like a heap of glistening coal. Even when the vein broke in Simon's nose and the blood gushed out the flies left him alone, preferring the pig's high flavour.

With the running of the blood Simon's fit passed into the weariness of sleep. He lay in the mat of creepers while the evening advanced and the thunder continued to rumble. At last he woke and saw dimly the dark earth close by his cheek. Still he did not move but lay there, his face sideways on the earth, his eyes looking dully before him. Then he turned over wearily, drew his feet under him and got hold of the creepers to pull himself up. When the creepers shook, the flies exploded from the pig's guts with a vicious note and clamped back on again. Simon carefully got to his feet. The light was unearthly. The pig's head hung on its stick like a black ball. Simon spoke aloud to the clearing.

“What else is there to do?” 22

Nothing replied. Simon turned away from the open space and crawled through the creepers till he was in the dusk of the forest. He walked drearily between the trunks, his face empty of expression, and the blood was dry round his mouth and chin. A buffet of wind made him stagger and he saw that he was out in the open, on rock, under a brassy sky. He found his legs were weak and his tongue gave him pain all the time. When the wind reached the mountaintop he could see something: a humped thing suddenly sat up and look down at him.

Q1

Read again the first part of the source, lines 1 to 10.

List **four** details from this paragraph that describe the weather.

A

B

C

D

[4 marks]

Q2 [AO2 - language]

Look in detail at this extract from lines 11 to 21 of the source:

With the running of the blood Simon's fit passed into the weariness of sleep. He lay in the mat of creepers while the evening advanced and the thunder continued to rumble. At last he woke and saw dimly the dark earth close by his cheek. Still he did not move but lay there, his face sideways 15 on the earth, his eyes looking dully before him. Then he turned over, wearily drew his feet under him and got hold of the creepers to pull himself up. When the creepers shook, the flies exploded from the pig's guts with a viscous note and clamped back on again. Simon carefully got to his feet. The light was unearthly. The pig's head hung on its stick like a black ball. 20 Simon spoke aloud to the clearing.

How does the writer use language here to describe what Simon does and what Simon sees?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

[8 marks]

Q3

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**. This text is from a novel.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]

Q4 [AO4 - evaluate with reference]

Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source, **from line 22 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text said: "The writer vividly conveys how Simon feels and moves. It is as if you are there with the narrator."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you should:

- write about your own impressions of Simon
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with quotations from the text.

[20 marks]