

Language Paper 1 Source A (Power)

Source A. The extract is from the beginning of *Animal Farm* by George Orwell, published in 1945. In this section a vote between two leaders, Napoleon and Snowball, ends with violence and total control.

5	By the time he had finished speaking, there was no doubt as to which way the vote would go. But just at this moment Napoleon stood up and, casting a peculiar sidelong look at Snowball, uttered a high-pitched whimper of a kind no one had ever heard him utter before. At this there was a terrible baying sound outside, and nine enormous dogs wearing
10	brass-studded collars came bounding into the barn. They dashed straight for Snowball, who only sprang from his place just in time to escape their snapping jaws. In a moment he was out of the door and they were after him. Too amazed and frightened to speak, all the animals crowded through the door to watch the chase. Snowball was racing across the long pasture that led to the road. He was running as only a pig can run, but the dogs were close
15	on his heels. Suddenly he slipped and it seemed certain that they had him. Then he was up again, running faster than ever, then the dogs were gaining on him again. One of them all but closed his jaws on Snowball's tail, but Snowball whisked it free just in time. Then he put on an extra spurt and, with a few inches to spare, slipped through a hole in the hedge and was seen no more.
20	Silent and terrified, the animals crept back into the barn. In a moment the dogs came bounding back. At first no one had been able to imagine where these creatures came from, but the problem was soon solved: they were the puppies whom Napoleon had taken away from their mothers and reared privately. Though not yet full-grown, they were huge dogs, and as fierce-looking as wolves. They kept close to Napoleon. It was noticed that they
25	wagged their tails to him in the same way as the other dogs had been used to do to Mr. Jones. Napoleon, with the dogs following him, now mounted on to the raised portion of the floor where Major had previously stood to deliver his speech. He announced that from now on the Sunday-morning Meetings would come to an end. They were unnecessary, he said, and
30	wasted time. In future all questions relating to the working of the farm would be settled by a special committee of pigs, presided over by himself. These would meet in private and afterwards communicate their decisions to the others. The animals would still assemble on Sunday mornings to salute the flag, sing 'Beasts of England', and receive their orders for the week; but there would be no more debates.
	In spite of the shock that Snowball's expulsion had given them, the animals were dismayed by this announcement. Several of them would have protested if they could have found the right arguments.

04. A student, having read this section of the text, said

“While Napoleon is presented as powerful through his violence and the controlling atmosphere he creates, the rest of the animals are presented as powerless to stop what is happening”

To what extent do you agree?

You could write about:

- consider your impressions of Napoleon as powerful and controlling
- evaluate how the writer presents the animals as powerless
- support your response with evidence from the text

Language Paper 2 Source A and Source B (Power)

Source A. In this extract from *Bentley's Miscellany*, written in 1844, John Fisher Murray writes about the impact of thunderstorms in London and how they change the streets of the city.

A London thunderstorm is a great thing. Clouds, like feather-beds, lie piled thick and heavy upon the horizon; darkness is precipitated upon the earth; a chilliness, with depression, comes over the mind; the body languishes under the calm, unmoving, sultry atmosphere; a blink of sunshine streams now and then, as if to show the menacing blackness overhead; lambent lightnings play at short and rapidly-decreasing intervals; crushing, crashing, brattling thunder shakes the ground on which we tread.

Thunderstorms in London do not endanger human life so frequently as we might suppose; we have ere now walked unharmed through an atmosphere, we might call it, of lambent lightning. Nor are they without salutary influences, no less in restoring the proper elemental equilibrium than in supplying the defects of the scavengers, when these gentry, as is too frequently the case, postpone their detergent operations. The streets are cleansed in an instant; the macadamized roads looking as if they had been holy-stoned, and the wood-pavement as if it had been french-polished. Of accumulated filth, egg and oyster shells, broken delf, and cabbage stalks, the gutters are gutted: your thunderstorm is the greatest of detergents - admirable abstersive! How its torrents sweep the delining streets, scattering, like snipe-shot, the isolated stones and wandering pebbles

Source B. The following article, written by Sophie Pavelle, was published on *The Guardian* website in 2023. It was titled 'Storm Antoni gatecrashed my wedding - and she was magnificent'

Tensions only arose when the weather forecast became available, two weeks before. August 2023 was the tail end of the hottest consecutive months on record for the planet, the energy from which was being balled up and hurled back at us in summer storms. Nature was, quite rightly, retaliating. Storm Antoni was the uninvited guest, following our US family as they crossed the Atlantic in a furious hurricane spin. She crash-landed in the dead of the night before the wedding. She sprinted across the roof, shook the windows and rattled my nerves.

On the day of the wedding Storm Antoni's plan was to be everywhere. All 70mph of her tore up the church spire where the bells rang. She threw herself down the aisle as I held my father's arm in the dress my mother had worn on her day and whistled herself into our voices as we sang. We sang louder. My nanna's ring became his. My father's became mine. Storm Antoni slammed doors, unbuttoned blazers, broke umbrellas. Her winds flew up in my hair. She huddled us into a tighter group. She pulled toddlers and 85-year-olds into laughter. She lifted petals to the sky.

The storm should not have been there. But, in a strange sense, I respected the audacity and hoped her ferocity might stay, like the rings around our fingers. Like the rest of the natural world, Storm Antoni gave us everything she had.

04. Compare how the writers convey their different feelings and perspectives on storms and the impacts of the storms.

In your answer you could:

- compare their different feelings and perspectives on their experiences of storms
- compare the methods they use to convey their feelings and perspectives
- support your response with references to both texts.