

# Easter 2026

## ENGLISH REVISION PACK

### RESOURCE OVERVIEW

LIT	<i>Paper One - Monday 11<sup>th</sup> May</i>
PAPER 1	<i>Macbeth</i> : Leadership (5.2) and Consequences (3.4) <i>A Christmas Carol</i> : Scrooge's relationships (1) and responsibility (5)
	<i>Paper Two - Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup> May</i>
PAPER 2	<i>An Inspector Calls</i> : Birling or Change, Secrets or Morals Power & Conflict Poetry: 'Charge of the Light Brigade' (difficult decisions) and 'London' (control)
	<i>Paper One - Thursday 21<sup>st</sup> May</i>
LANG	Language Paper 1 Walkthrough
PAPER 1	November 2025 Language Paper 1 Question 2-5

NAME:

# MACBETH – EXAMPLE PAPER ONE

## Section A Shakespeare

Read the following extract from Act 3, Scene 4. Banquo's ghost has just appeared at the banquet and everyone has left Macbeth's castle.

<b>MACBETH</b>	It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood. Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak. Augurs and understood relations have By maggot pies and choughs and rooks brought forth The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?
<b>LADY MACBETH</b>	Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
<b>MACBETH</b>	How say'st thou that Macduff denies his person At our great bidding?
<b>LADY MACBETH</b>	Did you send to him, sir?
<b>MACBETH</b>	I hear it by the way; but I will send. There's not a one of them but in his house I keep a servant fee'd. I will tomorrow (And betimes I will) to the Weird Sisters. More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know By the worst means the worst. For mine own good, All causes shall give way. I am in blood Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more, Returning were as tedious as go o'er. Strange things I have in head that will to hand, Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.

**01** Starting with this extract, explore how Shakespeare presents ideas about how actions have consequences in *Macbeth*.

**[30 marks]**

Plan



## MACBETH – EXAMPLE PAPER TWO

### Section A Shakespeare

Read the following extract from Act 5, Scene 2. A group of Scottish thanes are leaving Macbeth to join with Malcolm, Macduff and the English army.

<b>MENTEITH</b>	What does the tyrant?
<b>CAITHNESS</b>	Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies. Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him Do call it valiant fury. But for certain He cannot buckle his distempered cause Within the belt of rule.
<b>ANGUS</b>	Now does he feel His secret murders sticking on his hands. Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach. Those he commands move only in command, Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe Upon a dwarfish thief.
<b>MENTEITH</b>	Who, then, shall blame His pestered senses to recoil and start When all that is within him does condemn Itself for being there?
<b>CAITHNESS</b>	Well, march we on To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.

**01** Starting with this extract, explore how Shakespeare presents ideas about what makes a good leader in *Macbeth*.

**[30 marks]**

Plan



## *a CHRISTMAS CAROL – EXAMPLE PAPER ONE*

### **Section B** **19<sup>th</sup> Century Novel**

Read the following extract stave 5. On Christmas day, Scrooge sees the charity collector who visited his counting house on Christmas Eve.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands. "How do you do. I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Mr Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness" -- here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were taken away. "My dear Mr Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favour?"

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him. "I don't know what to say to such munificence."

"Don't say anything please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thank you," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows, and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk -- that anything -- could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it.

**07** Starting with this extract, explore how Dickens presents ideas about social responsibility in *A Christmas Carol*.

**[30 marks]**

Plan



## *a CHRISTMAS CAROL – EXAMPLE PAPER TWO*

### **Section B** **19<sup>th</sup> Century Novel**

Read the following extract stave 1. Scrooge is visited by his nephew, Fred, who wants to invite him to Christmas dinner.

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew. "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round -- apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that -- as a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark for ever.

"Let me hear another sound from you," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation. You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow."

**07** Starting with this extract, explore how Dickens presents Scrooge's relationships with others in *A Christmas Carol*.

**[30 marks]**

Plan



# *AN INSPECTOR CALLS – EXAMPLE PAPER ONE*

## **Section A: Modern Prose or drama**

Answer **one** question from this section on your chosen text

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### **JB Priestley: *An Inspector Calls***

**Either**

- 01** How does Priestley use the character of Mr Birling to explore ideas about selfishness?

**[30 marks]**

**AO4 [4 marks]**

**or**

- 02** How does Priestley explore ideas about the need for change in society in *An Inspector Calls*?

**[30 marks]**

**AO4 [4 marks]**

*Plan*



# *AN INSPECTOR CALLS – EXAMPLE PAPER TWO*

## **Section A: Modern Prose or drama**

Answer **one** question from this section on your chosen text

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### **JB Priestley: *An Inspector Calls***

**Either**

- 01** How does Priestley explore the dangers of secrecy and lies in *An Inspector Calls*?

**[30 marks]**  
**AO4 [4 marks]**

**or**

- 02** How does Priestley use the Birling family to explore the importance of having good morals in *An Inspector Calls*?

**[30 marks]**  
**AO4 [4 marks]**

*Plan*



# POWER & CONFLICT – EXAMPLE PAPER ONE

## Section B: Poetry

Answer **one** question from this section on your chosen text

- 26** Compare how poets present ideas about control in 'London' and **one** other poem from 'Power and Conflict'

I wander through each chartered street,  
Near where the chartered 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-forged manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry  
Every blackening 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

William Blake

[30 marks]

Plan



# POWER & CONFLICT – EXAMPLE PAPER TWO

## Section B: Poetry

Answer **one** question from this section on your chosen text

- 26** Compare how poets present difficult experiences in 'Charge of the Light Brigade' and **one** other poem from Power and Conflict.

I Half a league, half a league, Half a league onward, All in the valley of Death Rode the six hundred. "Forward, the Light Brigade! Charge for the guns!" he said. Into the valley of Death Rode the six hundred.	IV Flashed all their sabres bare, Flashed as they turned in air Sabring the gunners there, Charging an army, while All the world wondered. Plunged in the battery-smoke Right through the line they broke; Cossack and Russian Reeled from the sabre stroke Shattered and sundered. Then they rode back, but not Not the six hundred.
II "Forward, the Light Brigade!" Was there a man dismayed? Not though the soldier knew Someone had blundered. Theirs not to make reply, Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to do and die. Into the valley of Death Rode the six hundred.	V Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon behind them Volleyed and thundered; Stormed at with shot and shell, While horse and hero fell. They that had fought so well Came through the jaws of Death, Back from the mouth of hell, All that was left of them, Left of six hundred.
III Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon in front of them Volleyed and thundered; Stormed at with shot and shell, Boldly they rode and well, Into the jaws of Death, Into the mouth of hell Rode the six hundred.	VI When can their glory fade? O the wild charge they made! All the world wondered. Honour the charge they made! Honour the Light Brigade, Noble six hundred!

Alfred Lord Tennyson

[30 marks]

Plan



**Source A**

This extract is taken from the beginning of a novel set in Germany in the 1930s. The narrator, Hans, is a 16-year-old boy studying at a grammar school in Stuttgart.

1 He came into my life in February 1932 and never left it again. I can remember the day and  
the hour when I first set eyes on this boy who was to be the source of my greatest  
happiness and of my greatest despair. I remember every detail: the classroom with its  
heavy benches and tables, the sour, musty odour of forty damp winter overcoats, the  
5 puddles of melted snow, the brownish-yellow lines on the grey walls. If I shut my eyes I  
6 can still see the backs of my schoolmates.

7 I can still hear the tired, disillusioned voice of Herr Zimmermann, who was condemned to  
teaching for life and had accepted his fate with sad resignation. He was a yellow-faced  
man, whose hair, moustache and sharply pointed beard were all tinged with grey. He  
10 looked out at the world through glasses on the tip of his nose with the expression of a  
mongrel dog in search of food. Though he was probably not more than fifty years old, to  
us he seemed to be eighty. We despised him because he was kind and gentle and  
because he had a poor man's smell – his two-roomed flat probably had no bath – and he  
was dressed in a much patched, shiny, greenish suit which he wore during the autumn and  
15 the long, winter months (he had a second suit for spring and summer).

I was half asleep and half awake, doodling, dreaming, occasionally pulling a hair out of my  
head to keep myself awake, when there was a knock at the door, and in came Professor  
Klett, the Headmaster. But nobody looked at the dapper little man, for all eyes were turned  
towards the stranger who followed him.

20 We stared at him as if we had seen a ghost. What struck me and probably all of us more  
than anything else, more than his self-assured bearing, his aristocratic air and slight, faintly  
superior smile, was his elegance. We were all, so far as our style and dress was  
concerned, a dreary lot. Most of our mothers felt that anything was good enough for us to  
go to school in, so long as it was made of a tough, durable fabric. We weren't as yet very  
25 interested in girls, so we didn't mind being dressed in the functional hard-wearing  
assortment of jackets and short trousers bought for us in the hope that they would last till  
we grew out of them.

30 But with this boy it was different. He wore *long* trousers, beautifully cut and creased,  
obviously not off the peg like ours. His suit looked expensive: it was light grey with a  
herringbone pattern. He wore a pale blue shirt and a dark blue tie with small white  
polka-dots; in contrast our neckwear was dirty, greasy and rope-like. We couldn't help  
looking enviously at this picture of ease and distinction.

35 Professor Klett went straight to Herr Zimmermann, whispered something in his ear, and  
disappeared without being noticed by us because our eyes were concentrated on the  
Newcomer. He stood motionless and composed, without any signs of nervousness or  
shyness. Somehow he looked older than us and more mature, and it was difficult to  
believe he was just another new boy. It wouldn't have surprised us if he had disappeared  
as silently and mysteriously as he had come in.

40 Herr Zimmermann moved his glasses higher up his nose, searched the classroom with  
tired eyes, discovered an empty seat just in front of me, stepped down from his desk, and  
– to the amazement of the class – accompanied the Newcomer to his appointed place.

45 Then, slightly inclining his head, as if he had half a mind to bow but didn't quite dare, walked slowly backwards, facing the stranger all the time. Climbing back on to his seat, he addressed him: 'Would you please give me your name and the date and place of your birth?'

The young man stood up. 'Count von Hohenfels,' he announced, 'born on the 19th January 1916, Württemberg.' Then he sat down.

I stared at this strange boy, who was exactly my own age, as if he had come from another world.

**END OF SOURCE**















**Section B: Writing**

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

**0 5**

Your school newspaper is running a creative writing competition. The best entries will be published.

**Either**

Write a description of a classroom, as suggested by this picture:

**or**

Write a story called 'The Newcomer'.

(24 marks for content and organisation  
16 marks for technical accuracy)

**[40 marks]****Turn over ►**









