

Preparing for the Exam

READING Higher Tier

Q4. Compare the ways in which language is used for effect in two texts. Give some examples and analyse what the effects are.

(16 marks)

Tabloid Newspaper Language

Fill in the table below using examples from the following tabloid newspaper article.

Tubby Teddy's "inbred" gag is no laughing matter

outraged residents of Greenford by ignorantly slamming them all as "inbred yokels who think gurning is great entertainment".

He made the offensive quip at a comedy festival last week and has left the town fuming. Locals have since made it clear there's fat Chance Ted will be welcome in the town from now on.

Local man Paul Drake launched a stinging

Language type

Biased language

Emotive language

Slang

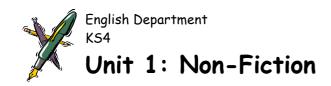
Portly TV funny-man Ted Chance has attack on Chance's comments, saying: "The man's just shown how ignorant he is. He should stop and think before he opens his big fat mouth."

Defence

Example

The "Cheeky Chancer" tried to defend his gag yesterday, claiming it was tongue-in-cheek. He retorted: "I don't think anyone would have thought twice about it if they hadn't been so touchy."

		cts from <i>The Daily Rubbish</i> try to attract the reader's interest.
1)	Outspoken rebel backbencher Terrible Tel has lambasted the	Terry Green has once again torn a gaping rift in his party. under-fire PM for his "criminal disregard for family values".
_		
• • • • • •		
o) [It's time to stand up for commo	on sense! Join The Daily Rubbish's campaign and to this bureaucratic nonsense.
D) [It's time to stand up for commo	on sense! Join The Daily Rubbish's campaign and to this bureaucratic nonsense.



Technical and Emotive Language

a) s					
	statistics		d) jargon		
b) l	bias		e) strong opinio	ns	
c) (exaggeration		f) rhetorical que	estions	
			the following text, taken for give an example and described to the following text, taken for the following text is the		
			our children? Do we want the		
			planet with nothing left of ou alled by their old, eccentric g		d pleasant land,
	deforestation and ov	verdevelopment in the	llow the situation to carry or world's most fragile environ hopes of avoiding this catas	ments, we're hea	
1					
1					
2					
3					·······
			5		
					15
			extract from an article abou ctively to the reader?	t climate	
	areas receiving be temperatures are warmer than rura	etween 500 and 100 generally between 5 I areas, due to the u	e maritime climate, with m Omm of annual precipitation and 15°C, with urban area ban heat island effect. The other levels of insolation*.	on. Annual as up to 5°C	* Insolation is radiation fron the sun that heats the plane
					(A)
•••••					



Writing Techniques

Write down four language devices the writer uses to describe

Q1 Read the text from a holiday brochure below and then answer the question at the bottom of the page.

Galápagos Islands — The 'Enchanted Isles'

The beautiful Galápagos islands are some 600 miles off the coast of Ecuador. Named after the giant tortoise which is its most famous resident, the Galápagos islands are probably the world's most well-preserved ecological site. This unique experience should be added to every traveller's to-do list.

Only about 30,000 people live on the islands. The majority of the area is a protected National Park. There are thirteen larger volcanic islands which you can visit, as well as a further six smaller islands and over one hundred rocks and islets.

The sea is a sapphire of intense blue. The wildlife includes blue-footed boobies, flightless cormorants and marine iguanas. Such wildlife, which is the main attraction of the Galápagos islands, is as friendly and curious as a puppy. Surely the chance to see this wonderful wildlife is irresistible?

the Galápagos islands and explain why they are effective.		
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Dear Friend,

The 8th May, 1945, is a date burnt into our nation's conscious; the Allies' long fight against our enemies in Europe was won. Our troops were coming home, victorious.

In London, spontaneous celebrations erupted as men, women and children rejoiced. According to *The Daily Sketch* that day, 'Flags came out, and excited crowds lined Whitehall. There was singing and dancing in the streets. Planes crossed and re-crossed London, doing the victory roll...'

"This is your hour"

The jubilant crowds who flooded into London wanted to see and hear one man above all others: Winston Churchill. As well as appearing on the balcony at Buckingham Palace, along with the Royal Family, he spoke from the flag-bedecked Ministry of Health balcony. "My dear friends," his speech began, "this is your hour."

As we approach the 65th anniversary of VE Day, on 8th May, it is once more the hour to honour the courageous men and women who stood on the front line, valiantly fighting for our freedom during World War II. It is important that we do this, before it is too late. This is your invitation to join The Nation's Greatest Ever Salute and express your thanks.

Please write your message of gratitude on your enclosed flag and return it to The Royal British Legion with a gift of £15, or whatever you can afford, which we will put towards our work with veterans and their families. We will display your flag, with all the others we receive, in St. James's Park, London on Saturday 8th May.

The Royal British Legion Haig House 199 Borough High Street London SE1 1AA
9781_LET_A3 Supporter Careline 0845 845 1945 www.britishlegion.org.uk/VE65 Fax 020 3207 2354
Patron Her Majesty The Queen







Languag	ge is used in this text to
To begin	n with,
	mple,
This sug	gests/shows/reveals
	rd/phrase
	s me think
	S
	on,
	You need to be able to comment on the writer's WORD CHOICE. Think
TIP	about WHAT words/phrases stand out and WHY. Try to link your ideas to
	the TAP (T ext type, A udience, P urpose).



Sweeping Death Under the Carpet

Bill Smith, Chairman of the Auto Cycle Union, and I were standing in a garden belonging to a lovely lady called Beryl, waiting for the riders to come by in the Supersport 400 event, the third race of the Isle of ManTT week.

Smith was apologetic, 'They're not very quick, the 400s.' Suddenly, the first rider came by, a flash of man and motorbike. He was doing 130 miles an hour on a line precisely seven feet from Beryl's front gate.

The rest streaked through at intervals of a few seconds, silencing conversation and birdsong whooshing past Armleigh and Monaveen, past the pebble-dash garages and rock gardens and the bird tables and the rose trellises, down past the newsagents and the beauty salon, up the next hill and out of sight.

The event has turned into the world's greatest bike-festival: 40,000 enthusiasts flock here, bringing with them 14,000 bikes. But two of the fans have been killed this year, one of them on an occasion known, with reason, as Mad Sunday, when anyone can ride round the course.

No one knows how many people, competitors and others, have been injured, crippled or rendered senseless over the years. But an informed source estimated that there are between twenty and fifty major injuries – broken legs and worse – during the fortnight every year. These are subjects which no one on the island wants to discuss. It is not exactly a conspiracy of silence, but there is a conspiracy to talk as quietly as possible.

Forty per cent of the Isle of Man's declining tourist industry depends on motor-sport events; the Manx weekly papers did not even name all the dead riders. There must be Manxmen who oppose the whole business, but they keep quiet and take their holidays when the TT is on. For motorcyclists the island is a haven of tolerance in a hostile world and they hate the bad publicity as much as their hosts. *Motor Cycle News* shoved the deaths very quietly on page two.



Travelling in China

On his journey to discover China, Liam D'Arcy Brown arrives in the fishing port of Shengshan.

Shengshan smelt of the sea: not the faint, briny aroma of the fishmonger's slab but the pungent stench of rotting crab overlain with the reek of seaweed and of drying fish. I smelled it long before we landed. It pervaded every nook and cranny of the island and was at its worst as I walked along the roadway that hugged the island's southern shoreline. There, the remains of the crabs Shengshan processes for export had been shovelled on to the road and raked into a single long blanket, inches thick and yards wide, where they would dry before being crushed for fertilizer. Noon was hot, and the discarded shells with their legs still attached and their guts spilling out were food for clouds of flies that lifted as I disturbed them. I had to put a hand to my face to stop myself from retching. Every few yards the breeze would catch one of the paper-thin shells, sending it tumbling speckled pink across the cement where it would rest before its turn came to be crushed beneath the wheels of a motorcycle taxi. Or a gust might tug at one of the putrefying claws, which would wave ghoulishly at me as I passed.

Gangs of women processed mussels from the artificial beds marked by rows of floats in the bay. Hand over hand they drew lengths of muddy rope through iron rings. As the mud fell away it was sluiced to reveal clusters of shells, their silken beards torn from where they had fastened on to the line. They were raked into piles, from which others stooped to pick them up and then crack them open. The plump, orange contents were laid out on wire mesh to dry in the hot sun. One old hunchback looked up, spotted me, broke into a toothless grin and held up a handful.

'Lai chi! Come, eat!' To show how good they were, she flicked one expertly into her open mouth and chewed gummily at it. The flies rose buzzing from the mound behind her.

I climbed up away from the road on a path of pounded earth. Shengshan's fishermen construct enormous platforms of close-fitting stones on which they make their homes. As I walked I saw that each had beside it small plots of earth, demarcated by potsherds or loose rocks. They were green with the tender leaves of lettuce, garlic and chives, and in places bristled with tall canes of aubergines and beans. Over the roofs of the houses trailed the flowers and tendrils of peas and courgettes. The steep tracks that connected each home to its neighbours were spread with frames of wood or bamboo where the household's catch had been laid to dry: needle-like garfish, slit along their backbones, gutted and splayed open; whole cuttlefish, their tentacles stretched out stiffly below them; flat-headed perch, butterflied into pearly white fillets. I stooped to gather up a handful of granite shards from China's most easterly point to take home with me.

The bay below was thick with fishing vessels: ramshackle sampans flitting like birds between wallowing rust-streaked trawlers whose decks were piled high with ropes and with lines of white floats that looked like necklaces of giant pearls. On lobster boats, baited creels were stacked one upon the other in enormous cages until they were a confused mess of steel hoops and nylon netting that would be paid out for mile after mile of ocean. Above all this grew a forest of radio antennae, navigation masts, booms, shrouds and lolling flagpoles. A canopy of red Chinese flags and dogtooth pennants fluttered in the wind. 'A souvenir on offering incense at the Fuji Temple. May Amituofo protect us,' read one. And then it struck me how many of the men on Shengshan wore bandages around their heads or had an arm in a sling.

Liam D'Arcy Brown

potsherds: broken pieces of china or broken pieces of pots



Extract from: 'Race to the Pole' by Ben Fogle

A fierce wind scoured our faces, and ice snapped at our heels. The inside of my nose had frozen and icicles were beginning to form on my eyelashes. The cold cut through to the core, and my bones ached from the chill.

On we trudged. I'd long lost all feeling in my fingers, and my toes felt like ice cubes. I shook my arms furiously in an effort to get the blood flowing again. Every breath stung as the freezing air burnt my throat, while the moisture from my breath formed ice crystals on my unshaven chin. I bowed my head into the wind, gritted my teeth and pushed on, straining into my harness.

It was -40°C, a temperature at which the body is pushed to its limit, even in polar clothing. I knew that my fingertips had dropped below freezing; the moisture in the skin had frozen and if I didn't do something about it soon, I would be in danger of losing them to frostbite. Even my eyelids were beginning to stick together in the bitter conditions.

I looked across at James. His hair was tangled with ice, his balaclava was covered in a thick layer of frost and his legs were buckling with tiredness. We had been going for twelve hours and it was time to admit defeat, get inside and warm up.

Minutes later, we clambered into the tent and collapsed with exhaustion. Unzipping the door with my frozen hands had been like buttoning a shirt with an oven glove. The thin fabric gave us some protection from the wind chill, but even inside, as I struggled to light the stove, it was still –25°C.

The lighter had frozen. I fumbled with a box of matches, but the stove was too cold to ignite. I started to feel the pressure of the situation. We had to get the stove alight, or we'd freeze. We were hungry and dehydrated, but above all we needed heat.

Not a moment too soon, the match flared into life. I held it to the shallow pool of fuel on the freezing metal, and there was a small puff as a green flame engulfed the petrol. Slowly the flame grew into a flickering orange and then a thunderous blue as the metal sighed with relief.

Lying on my back as the freezing air was replaced by a warm glow, I peeled the balaclava from my face and removed the gloves from my icy, white fingers.

Needing water, and food, we scooped some snow into the small pan and placed it above the flame. The pan had a greedy appetite for snow as it disappeared in a plume of steam. I longed for the warmth of my sleeping bag.

I was worried about my fingers, though. They had been numb for too long. If I didn't warm them up fast, would I lose them? I shook them violently, but they remained frozen like a claw. I squeezed them back into the thin inner gloves, then the outer gloves, and the thick mitts. I pulled my hat low over my ears and pulled the damp balaclava back across my face.

from Ben Fogle and James Cracknell: Race to the Pole, published by Macmillan



AS A WOMAN IN THE ARMY, YOU'LL BE EXPECTED TO COOK, CLEAN AND DO THE DISHES.

What sort of woman chooses to prepare supper for one at -5°C in a snow swept wilderness with only a layer of combat kit between her and the elements?

A card-carrying masochist? Or someone whose curiosity about her capabilities stretches just a bit further than whether she's going to make the 8.23 am to Victoria?

Let's put it another way. Could you survive one of the toughest management training schools in the country?



Could you walk for 2 days cross country with only 4 hours' sleep? Learn to strip down an SA80 rifle in less than 90 seconds? Survive 8-mile endurance runs? And still keep up with a gruelling academic schedule?

If you think the answer might, just might, be yes, we can offer you a job that's a never ending series of challenges.

Your very first posting could be as Assistant Adjutant to a regiment of 650 men. Heaven or Hell? You will probably be too busy to decide.

You might equally well find yourself commanding a platoon of 30 men or women. You will have to lead, teach, cajole and inspire them. You will have to be careers advisor, confidente and agony aunt.

Within the next few years you could find yourself in Bosnia, Kosovo, Sierra Leone, Cyprus or Brunei. (How does a stint with the Gurkhas grab you?)

Or your regiment could be called upon to join a UN contingent, practically anywhere in the world. You could be part of a team from 30th Signal Regiment spending 6 months under canvas in Namibia, helping to set up a telecommunications network across an area the size of Western Europe

Outside normal duties, you'll be encouraged to set up what we call 'adventurous training'. Stocking a trout lake in Australia on Operation Raleigh. Cross country skiing in Norway. Trekking in the Himalayas.

(One woman officer recently led a party on a 300-mile foot safari in Kenya, raising £1,300 to help save the Black African Rhino.)

Of course, not every posting involves jetting off to the sort of foreign parts that other careers cannot reach. But wherever your work takes you, new challenges and responsibilities will await you.

The longer you are with us, the greater those responsibilities will be.

Along the way you'll gain skills and experiences that will be as valuable to a company in the City as they are to 'A' Company on the Rhine or in the Falklands. (Systems analysis, petroleum technology,





surveying, electrical engineering, satellite communications: choose your speciality.)

No two officers follow exactly the same path. Personal strengths and interests will greatly affect the direction your career takes.

(A career as a wife and mother isn't excluded either. Usually, married officers are posted together. Those who choose to start a family do not have to leave, but those who do leave can come back.)

To apply for officer training, you need a minimum of 2 A-levels. You can choose between a Regular or Short Service Commission, depending on how long you want to be committed to the Army.

And, as a young officer, you will start your career on a remuneration package that makes most graduates' first jobs look miserly.

All things considered, it's no surprise we think a woman's place is in the Army.





Hands off our teenagers!

Katy Guest

It's not fair. Nobody understands. Life as a teenager is rubbish. They didn't ask to be born. And last week, like so many others, proved to be a pretty depressing one for Britain's teenagers. They were pilloried, degraded, let down and attacked. Oh, and now it turns out that they're dying out. You can't really blame them for sulking.

First came a report from the Children's Society, which claimed that lazy British teenagers don't do their chores: 35 per cent of 11-to-16 year-olds have never cooked a meal, it said and 92 per cent have not done the household shopping. More than three-quarters have never loaded a washing machine. (I suspect that they also tried asking men over 50 how many had ever loaded a washing machine, but it took too long to explain to them what a washing machine was.)

So, parents are keeping their offspring in a state of near-total dependence, which means that they'll never stand a chance of looking after themselves. But, as it happens, that might not really be a problem. Another report last week revealed that the average age of a first-time buyer who has not had parental help with a deposit to buy a home is 38. Today's teenagers are never going to be able to leave home anyway, so why should they bother to learn how to cook lasagne or wash their own socks?

After the "emergency" Budget, it seems that they won't be able to go to university, either. Institutions have warned that tuition fees are likely to go up and that student numbers will fall dramatically as nobody can afford higher education any more. If there's one thing to get a child through years of parental nagging and a mind-bending school workload it is the distant promise of three-plus years of drinking, dossing and dressing up in ludicrous tailcoats for a night on the rampage with Boris and Gideon and some other little oik from St Paul's. That, and the odd cheese toastie. But for today's teenagers, even managing the Breville is all a bit much, we now know. Is there nothing left to live for?

The Noughties, so promisingly named, have turned out to be the Not-muches. So it's no surprise to read that the 15-24 age group is set to decrease by five per cent over the next five years, apparently as a result of late 1970s "baby slumpers" growing up all evangelical about contraception and having fewer children. Those who are left might as well go to their bedrooms and slam the doors now. There's no point looking for sympathy. Nobody, literally nobody, cares.



Living on thin ice

Simon Garfield

Not so long ago polar bears were a symbol of cold, but these days they are a symbol of warmth. The traditional threats to the polar bear – hunting, toxic waste, offshore drilling – have been overshadowed by a new one: the ice around them is melting, and we are to blame.

This new threat is not new, of course – about as new as deforestation. But two things have put the polar bears on top of the vanishing ice, where they pose as the latest poster animals in a distinguished parade of endangered pandas, gorillas, dolphins and whales. At the end of December the US Fish and Wildlife Service was considering adding the polar bear to its list of threatened species.

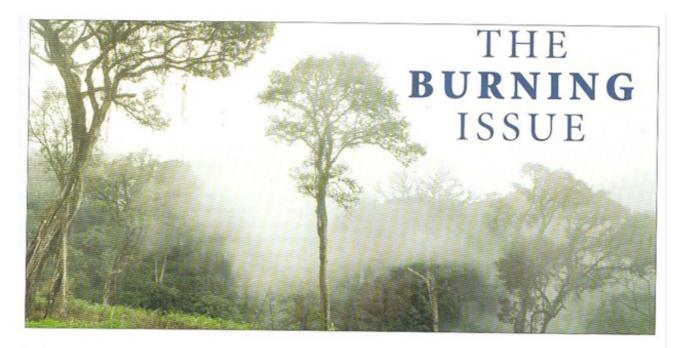
Then, at the beginning of February, the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change delivered its damning verdict on rising temperatures and disappearing sea ice, and polar bears had even more reasons to feel loved. Six hundred scientists attempted to dismiss all lingering cynicism about global warming, and to pin the blame on its human perpetrators. The reality is now stark and quantifiable, they stated, and in some areas the devastation is irreversible: we are already too late, for example, to avert the effects of the recent rises in sea levels. The news is particularly bad for polar bears, for the earlier melting of spring ice and the later formation of autumn ice has an immediate impact on their ability to feed. In some areas there is evidence that sea ice breaks up three weeks earlier than it did 30 years ago.



The polar bear has traditionally been an adaptable creature. But, though it may receive a little sustenance from birds' eggs, it cannot survive without large supplies of seal meat and blubber, and for its kill it must be on or near sea ice. And the problem is broader still. Polar bears may be feeding on fewer seals not just because of melting sea ice; the seals may be declining because they aren't finding enough fish, and the fish aren't finding sufficient krill, and the krill aren't finding the algae.

There are thought to be between 20,000 and 25,000 polar bears in the world and most scientists believe global warming poses a critical threat to their long-term survival. After years of hesitancy, there is now a sense of urgency. Soon, the US Fish and Wildlife Service will hold the second of its public hearings on whether the polar bear should be officially regarded as a threatened species. But it may be too late. To some extent the fate of the polar bear is already fixed and it may not recover from our devastating impact on its Arctic environment.





Deforestation was the burning issue of the nineties, but since it has slipped from the news headlines, it also seems to have slipped from people's consciousness. This really does seem like a case of out of sight, out of mind and that actually will be the case for trees if deforestation continues at the rate it is at the moment. Despite the efforts of charities like Rainforest Concern, the public seems bored with this problem and instead focuses on whatever global disaster is stealing the headlines – the potential threat of war, most likely. With around 17 million hectares of forest being destroyed each year (an area larger than Great Britain and Ireland) the public should not be so complacent.

Deforestation causes all manner of problems, not just the obvious or well-publicised ones of loss of air quality or the extinction of a multitude of species. It is a well-cited fact that the equatorial rainforests are home to a huge variety of species of animals, birds, plants and insects that are not found anywhere else in the world. These are only the species that we are aware of. Some parts of the forest are so dense that there may be many more species that are as yet undiscovered. Ironically, if deforestation continues these species will not remain undiscovered for long; they will be discovered and then made extinct almost straight away.

The forests are home to people as well as birds and animals. Some 350 million people worldwide rely on the forests for food, shelter and fuel. Many of these are tribes that have lived in the forests for centuries, or even millennia, and their knowledge of the forests is being lost almost as quickly as the trees themselves. These tribes-people are aware of natural remedies for many illnesses and ailments, which we in the so-called developed world could utilise. Deforestation causes many physical problems too. Soil erosion, watershed destabilisation and an imbalance in the global climate are all potential problems caused by deforestation.

So what can be done? Instead of using slash and burn methods of forestry, we should rely on sustainable forests made up of trees that grow and mature quickly and easily. Only if we do this, can we hope to preserve our forests – and our planet – for future generations.









Text and Text make very similar/different use of
language in order to
To begin with, Text uses
For example,
This suggests/shows/reveals
The word/phrase
It makes the reader think/feel/understand
Perhaps
In comparison/Likewise, Text uses

nother technique used by Text
the same way/However, Text
verall, the language of
No matter how good your ANALYSIS is, you cannot get a Band 3 if you do
not COMPARE! LINK your points in your TOPIC SENTENCES!









Mark Criteria

	offers a full and detailed understanding of the content of the texts
Band 4	in relation to language
'noncontivo	analyses how the writers have used language differently to achieve
'perceptive,	their effects
detailed'	offers appropriate quotations or references in support of ideas
13-16 marks	with perceptive comments
	focuses on comparison and cross-referencing between the texts
	shows clear evidence that the texts are understood in relation to
Band 3	language
'alaan	offers clear explanations of the effect of words and phrases in the
'clear,	different contexts,
relevant'	offers relevant quotations or references to support ideas
9-12 marks	offers clear comparisons and cross references between the two
	texts
	shows some evidence that the texts are understood in relation to
Band 2	language
	shows some appreciation of the effect of words and phrases in the
'some,	different contexts
attempts'	attempts to support response with usually appropriate quotations or
5-8 marks	references
5 6 marks	attempts to compare language use and make cross references
	offers limited evidence that either text is understood in relation to
Band 1	language
'limited'	offers no real appreciation of the effect of words and phrases in
	the different contexts
1-4 marks	offers few examples with limited comment or analysis
	shows limited ability to compare or make cross references
0 marks	nothing worthy of credit

Identify TWO things you do well in your responses:
<u></u>
Set ONE target that would improve your response to this type of question: