

Year 13 English Literature Mock Revision List- December 2021

The week beginning **November 29th** is the start of a two week mock examination period for Year 13. In English Literature you will have 1 paper (2 hrs 30 minutes) Section 1: 1 hour 15 Section 2: 1 hour 15

PAPER 1: 2 hours 30 minutes

Question 1: Critical Appreciation	Question 2: Comparing 1984 and 'The Handmaid's Tale'
<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Revise your dystopian timeline and ensure you have a secure understanding of key historical events and key dystopian texts.• Revise the techniques for writing a critical appreciation.• Plan/ have a go at the sample paper attached.	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Revise the context of '1984' and 'The Handmaid's Tale'.• Create mindmaps on the key themes and learn key quotations for both texts: <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Surveillance• Human Endurance• Indoctrination• Violence• Identity• Perspective• Politics• Fear <p>Do some research on the backgrounds of the texts and read the articles on your independent learning document.</p> <p>Complete the sample paper attached.</p>

To access past papers, in addition to the revision materials you are set by your teacher, see:

[AS and A Level - English Literature - H072, H472 \(from 2015\) - OCR](#)

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Write a critical appreciation of this passage, relating your discussion to your reading of dystopian literature. [30]

Revelation is the word for a complex of thought revealing itself instantaneously with the enormous impact of absolute truth. Standing motionless with Becky, my mouth agape, head far back, staring up at that incredible sight in the night sky, I knew a thousand things it would take minutes to explain, and others I can never explain in a lifetime. Quite simply, the great pods were leaving a fierce and inhospitable planet. I knew it utterly and a wave of exultation so violent it left me trembling swept through my body; because I knew Becky and I had played our part in what was now happening. We hadn't, and couldn't possibly have been – I saw it now – the only souls who had stumbled and blundered onto what had happened in Mill Valley. There'd been others, of course, individuals, and little groups, who had done what we had – who had simply refused to give up. Many had lost, but some of us who had not been caught and trapped without a chance had fought implacably, and a fragment of wartime speech moved through my mind: We shall fight them in the fields, and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender. True then for one people, it was true always for the whole human race, and now I felt that nothing in the whole vast universe could ever destroy us. Did this incredible alien life form "think" this, too, or "know" it? Probably not, I thought, or anything our minds could conceive. But it had sensed it; it could tell with certainty that this planet, this little race, would never receive them, would never yield. And Becky and I, in refusing to surrender, but instead fighting their invasion to the end, giving up hope of escape in order to destroy even a few of them, had provided the final conclusive demonstration of that truth. And so now, to survive – their one purpose and function – the great pods lifted and rose, climbing through the faint mist, on and out toward the space they had come from, leaving a fiercely implacable planet behind, to move aimlessly on once again, forever, or... it didn't matter. Even now – so soon – there are times, and they come more frequently, when I'm no longer certain in my mind of just what we did see, or of what really happened here. I think it's perfectly possible that we didn't actually see, or correctly interpret, everything that happened, or that we thought had happened. I don't know, I can't say; the human mind exaggerates and deceives itself. And I don't much care; we're together, Becky and I, for better or worse. But ... showers of small frogs, tiny fish, and mysterious rains of pebbles sometimes fall from out of the skies. Here and there, with no possible explanation, men are burned to death inside their clothes. And once in a while, the orderly, immutable sequences of time itself are inexplicably shifted and altered. You read these occasional queer little stories, humorously written, tongue-in-cheek, most of the time; or you have vague distorted rumors of them. And this much I know. Some of them – some of them – are true.

Jack Finney, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (1954)

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B

In your answer to **Question 6**, you must compare at least **two** texts from the following list.
At least one of these must be taken from the two texts given at the top of the list in bold type.

George Orwell: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

Margaret Atwood: *The Handmaid's Tale*

H.G. Wells: *The Time Machine*

Aldous Huxley: *Brave New World*

Ray Bradbury: *Fahrenheit 451*

Anthony Burgess: *A Clockwork Orange*

J.G. Ballard: *The Drowned World*

Doris Lessing: *Memoirs of a Survivor*

P.D. James: *The Children of Men*

Cormac McCarthy: *The Road*

Either

6 (a) George Orwell: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

'Much dystopian fiction attacks social and political institutions.'

Compare ways in which Orwell portrays such institutions in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* with the methods employed in at least one other text prescribed for this topic.

[30]

Or

(b) Margaret Atwood: *The Handmaid's Tale*

'Writers of dystopian fiction often seek to satirise human failings.'

By comparing *The Handmaid's Tale* with at least one other text prescribed for this topic, discuss how far you agree with this view.

[30]

Or

(c) 'Dystopian fiction often paints a frightening picture of the future.'

By comparing at least two texts prescribed for this topic, explore how far you agree with this view.

In your answer **you must include** discussion of either *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and/or *The Handmaid's Tale*.

[30]