

Your end of year exam for English is now so close and ready for your transition to GCSE, we want to ensure your revision is purposeful and effective.

We will complete your revision in stages.

This is Stage 4.

Year 9 Revision Stage 4: Developing your own Narrative

Task 1: Read the example narrative response below. This student achieved full marks for content and SPAG. Highlight and label where this student has used:

- Time markers
- Effective vocabulary choices
- 'Show not tell'
- Dialogue
- Interesting speech tags

A memory of primary school

I knew it had to be in here somewhere. I was sure that I had packed the sheet of spellings this morning. Violet looked over and sniggered as I fumbled around in my bag. ✓

✓ 'I wouldn't bother if I were you,' she said whilst rearranging her perfectly coiffed hair. 'You'll never get the spellings right anyway.'

Just as I was opening my mouth to shoot her a snide reply, Mr Hastings strode into the room. Hastily, I shut my mouth as he gave me a piercing glare. ✓

'Now class, I hope you're all as ready for this test as Violet appears to be,' he said, smiling at Violet. She gave him a sickly sweet smile back, but I knew under the façade of kindness there was only spite. ✓

Ignoring her posh fountain pen with gold lacquer and her multitude of expensive highlighters, I sat down and attempted to shuffle my biros into a fairly neat pile and prepare myself for the test.

Frances went first. Chin quivering and big brown eyes watering, she attempted the first spelling.

✓ 'Wrong!' Mr Hastings yelled without one ounce of sympathy. Violet shot her a smug grin and flicked her gold curls off her shoulders.....

Suddenly I realised there were only four of us left. Trying to make myself as inconspicuous as possible, I slid down in my chair and glanced to my left.

'Suzanne,' Mr Hastings called out, 'you're next.'

My eyes shot up and I felt the blood rushing to my face. Hastily, I glanced around and a sheet of paper poking out from Violet's pencil case caught my eye. It was the sheet of spellings. She was cheating! ✓ Who would have guessed? The perfect Violet, the teacher's pet, was cheating in a test. I slid the sheet of paper out of her pencil case.

'Suzanne?' Mr Hastings questioned. 'Are you still with us? Your word is independent.'

✓ Violet and her little clique smirked to themselves as I realised I had completely zoned out. After a quick glance at Violet's sheet, I recited it perfectly, letter by letter. I had done it. I got it right. I felt like I had climbed Everest or conquered an empire.

Violet, on the other hand, let out a gasp and I watched the colour drain from her face. ✓

'Now Violet, my little prodigy, it's your turn,' said Mr Hastings with a typically pretentious hand gesture. 'Could you please spell simile?'

Never had I seen Violet look so shaken. Pale, she got to her feet.

'S-I-M-L.....' she began, but before she could finish, Mr Hastings cut her off.

'I'm afraid that was wrong,' he said, looking almost as disappointed as Violet.

This time I couldn't hide my smile. It would appear that her devilish plan had backfired, and, you know what, she deserved it. **"the art of the miniaturist"**

Year 9 Revision Stage 4: Analysing Literary Texts

During Stage 2 and 3 you practiced your C(Content), O(Organisation), I (ideas), L and E (Language and Effect) paragraphs for COILER poetry responses.

We will now be focusing on R from COILER analysis

R = Reader's Response – what do you think of the poem overall? How is it an effective poem?

Read the poem below

THEN using the sentence starters, have a go at structuring your paragraphs for R - Response

CHALLENGE – could you even practice (again) you C, O, I, L, and E paragraphs to structure a full response?

Teacher

When you teach me,
your hands bless the air
where chalk dust sparkles.

And when you talk,
the six wives of Henry VIII
stand in the room like bridesmaids,

or the Nile drifts past the classroom window,
the Pyramids baking like giant cakes
on the playing fields.

You teach with your voice,
so a tiger prowls from a poem
and pads between desks, black and gold

in the shadow and sunlight,
or the golden apples of the sun drop
from a branch in my mind's eye.

I bow my head again
to this tattered, doodled book
and learn what love is.

Carol Ann Duffy



