

English Language

Year 10



Passmores Academy

Dystopian Literature

Dystopian literature is a genre of fictional writing used to explore social and political structures in 'a dark, nightmare world.' The term dystopia is defined as a society characterized by poverty, squalor or oppression and the theme is most commonly used in science fiction and speculative fiction genres.

The most popular definition of dystopian literature is that it is anti-Utopian. The genre challenges utopia's fundamental assumption of human perfectibility, arguing humanity's inherent flaws negate the possibility of constructing perfect societies. Dystopian literature is deliberately written to frighten the reader. Works of dystopian literature must walk a fine line between evoking the sensations of fear and inducing a sense of futility. By proving a completely perfect society is not possible - showing the awful results of what happens if the goal is social perfection rather than incremental social improvement - dystopia shocks the reader into accepting humanity's flaws as ineradicable and thereby working toward a better society rather than an ideal one.

Dystopian literature is often used as a literary tool to extrapolate elements of contemporary society and function as a warning against a modern trend, often the threat of oppressive regimes. Although dystopian literature is fictional, presenting grim, oppressive societies they serve a moralistic goal of preventing the horrors they illustrate. The fact it is fictitious offers scant comfort, because it is equally possible.

Wider Reading

Below is a recommended reading list if you enjoy dystopian fiction.

- *Divergent* Veronica Roth
- *The Hunger Games* Suzanne Collins
- *Catching Fire* Suzanne Collins
- *Mocking Jay* Suzanne Collins
- *The Drowned World* JG Ballard
- *On the Beach* Nevil Shute
- *The Giver* by Lois Lowry
- *The Unwind Series* by Neil Shusterman
- *Friday Black* Nana Kwame Adjei-Brehyah
- *The Knife of Never Letting Go* by Patrick Ness
- *Ask and the Answer* by Patrick Ness
- *Monsters of Men* by Patrick Ness
- *Brave New World* Aldous Huxley
- *The Power* Naomi Alderman
- *Man in the High Castle* Philip Dick
- *Uglies* Scott Westerfeld
- *Legend* Marie Lu
- *Matched* Ally Condie

'1984', 1949, George Orwell- Question 1

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions, though not quickly enough to prevent a swirl of gritty dust from entering along with him.

The hallway smelt of boiled cabbage and old rag mats. At one end of it a coloured poster, too large for indoor display, had been tacked to the wall. It depicted simply an enormous face, more than a metre wide: the face of a man of about forty-five, with a heavy black moustache and ruggedly handsome features. Winston made for the stairs. It was no use trying the lift. Even at the best of times it was seldom working, and at present the electric current was cut off during daylight hours. It was part of the economy drive in preparation for Hate Week. The flat was seven flights up, and Winston, who was thirty-nine and had a varicose ulcer above his right ankle, went slowly, resting several times on the way. On each landing, opposite the lift-shaft, the poster with the enormous face gazed from the wall. It was one of those pictures which are so contrived that the eyes follow you about when you move. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption beneath it ran.

Inside the flat a fruity voice was reading out a list of figures which had something to do with the production of pig-iron. The voice came from an oblong metal plaque like a dulled mirror which formed part of the surface of the right-hand wall. Winston turned a switch and the voice sank somewhat, though the words were still distinguishable. The instrument (the telescreen, it was called) could be dimmed, but there was no way of shutting it off completely. He moved over to the window: a smallish, frail figure, the meagreness of his body merely emphasized by the blue overalls which were the uniform of the party. His hair was very fair, his face naturally sanguine, his skin roughened by coarse soap and blunt razor blades and the cold of the winter that had just ended.

Outside, even through the shut window-pane, the world looked cold. Down in the street little eddies of wind were whirling dust and torn paper into spirals, and though the sun was shining and the sky a harsh blue, there seemed to be no colour in anything, except the posters that were plastered everywhere. The blackmoustachio'd face gazed down from every commanding corner. There was one on the house-front immediately opposite. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption said, while the dark eyes looked deep into Winston's own. Down at street level another poster, torn at one corner, flapped fitfully in the wind, alternately covering and uncovering the single word INGSOC. In the far distance a helicopter skimmed down between the roofs, hovered for an instant like a bluebottle, and darted away again with a curving flight. It was the police patrol, snooping into people's windows. The patrols did not matter, however. Only the Thought Police mattered.

Paper 1 Question 1- Information Retrieval. Read again paragraph 2.

List **four** things about the flats from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

'1984', 1949, George Orwell- Question 2

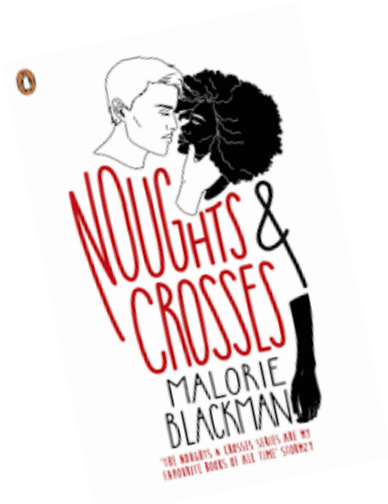
Noughts and Crosses', 2001, Malorie Blackman- Question 2

Paper 1 Question 2- Language Analysis

What does this question expect you to do?

For this question you are asked to discuss the effects of language. You need to be looking at how the writer uses words and phrases to create a certain effect for their reader.

<p>Level 4 Perceptive, detailed analysis</p> <p>7-8 marks</p>	<p>Shows perceptive and detailed understanding of language:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Analyses the effects of the writer's choices of language• Selects a range of judicious textual detail• Makes sophisticated and accurate use of subject terminology
<p>Level 3 Clear, relevant explanation</p> <p>5-6 marks</p>	<p>Shows clear understanding of language:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Explains clearly the effects of the writer's choices of language• Selects a range of relevant textual detail• Makes clear and accurate use of subject terminology



'1984', 1949, George Orwell- Question 2

Inside the flat a fruity voice was reading out a list of figures which had something to do with the production of pig-iron. The voice came from an oblong metal plaque like a dulled mirror which formed part of the surface of the right-hand wall. Winston turned a switch and the voice sank somewhat, though the words were still distinguishable. The instrument (the telescreen, it was called) could be dimmed, but there was no way of shutting it off completely. He moved over to the window: a smallish, frail figure, the meagreness of his body merely emphasized by the blue overalls which were the uniform of the party. His hair was very fair, his face naturally sanguine, his skin roughened by coarse soap and blunt razor blades and the cold of the winter that had just ended.

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How does the writer use language to describe the world Winston Smith lives in?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

[8 marks]

'Noughts and Crosses', 2001, Malorie Blackman- Question 2

There's a proverb which says, 'Be careful what you wish for, because you might get it!' I never really knew what that meant – until now. All those months helping Callum with his work so he'd pass the Heathcroft entrance exam. All those nights wishing on every blazing star that Callum would pass so we could go to the same school together, be in the same class together even. And now it'd all come true.

And it was horrible. Everything was going wrong. I sighed, then sighed again. I couldn't hide in this toilet cubicle for ever. And who was I hiding from anyway? I was hiding from all those people who'd been pointing and whispering as I walked past them in the school corridor – but mainly from Callum. After what had happened the previous evening, I was afraid to face him. I was so afraid he wouldn't be my friend any more. So if I didn't see him, I could pretend that nothing between us had changed. But I couldn't sit on the toilet lid for ever. The bell rang for the end of break-time. I stood up and took a deep breath.

'OK ... Here goes...' I muttered to myself.

I drew back the bolt and opened the cubicle door. I was just stepping out of the cubicle when it happened. Lola, Joanne and Dionne from Mrs Watson's class in the year above mine, pushed me back into the cubicle and crowded in after me.

'We want to have a word with you,' Lola began.

'And it has to be in here, does it?' I asked.

Joanne shoved me so hard, I had to put out my hand to stop myself from toppling over. 'We heard about what you did yesterday...' Joanne said.

'I did a lot of things yesterday.' My heart began to thump in my chest, but I wasn't about to give these three the satisfaction of knowing I was scared.

'In the food hall,' Joanne continued. 'You sat on the blankers table.'

'What's it to you?' I asked.

Lola slapped my face. Shocked, my hand flew to my stinging cheek. It wasn't that she'd slapped me particularly hard, it was just that no-one had ever hit me before. Not even Minerva, my sister.

'I don't care if your dad is God Almighty himself,' Lola told me. 'Stick to your own kind. If you sit with the blankers again, everyone in this school will treat you like one of them.'

'You need to wake up and check which side you're on,' added Joanne.

'Why d'you want to be around them anyway?' Dionne piped up. 'They smell funny and they eat peculiar foods and everyone knows that none of them are keen to make friends with soap and water.'

How does the writer use language to describe Sephy's emotions?

[8 marks]

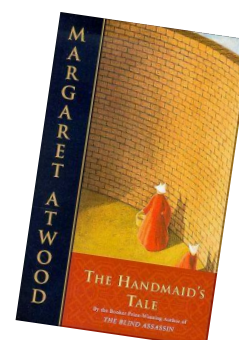
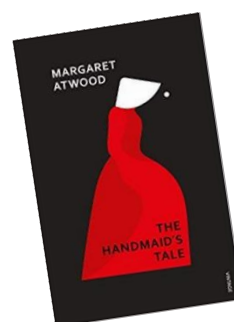
'The Handmaid's Tale', 1985, Margaret Atwood

Paper 1 Question 3- Structural Analysis

What does this question expect you to do?

For this question you are asked to discuss the effects of structure. You need to be looking at how the writer has ordered the events to make it interesting and engaging for the reader. You need to be thinking about WHERE certain events take place in the text and WHY it happens in that order.

Level 4 Perceptive, detailed analysis 7-8 marks	Shows perceptive and detailed understanding of structural features: <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Analyses the effects of the writer's choices of structural features• Selects a range of judicious examples• Makes sophisticated and accurate use of subject terminology
Level 3 Clear, relevant explanation 5-6 marks	Shows clear understanding of structural features: <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Explains clearly the effects of the writer's choices of structural features• Selects a range of relevant examples• Makes clear and accurate use of subject terminology



'The Handmaid's Tale', 1985, Margaret Atwood- Question 3

A group of people is coming towards us. They're tourists, from Japan it looks like, a trade delegation perhaps, on a tour of the historic landmarks or out for local colour. They're diminutive and neatly turned out; each has his or her camera, his or her smile. They look around, bright-eyed, cocking their heads to one side like robins, their very cheerfulness aggressive, and I can't help staring. It's been a long time since I've seen skirts that short on women. The skirts reach just below the knee and the legs come out from beneath them, nearly naked in their thin stockings, blatant, the high-heeled shoes with their straps attached to the feet like delicate instruments of torture. The women teeter on their spiked feet as if on stilts, but off balance; their backs arch at the waist, thrusting the buttocks out. Their heads are uncovered and their hair too is exposed, in all its darkness and sexuality. They wear lipstick, red, outlining the damp cavities of their mouths, like scrawls on a washroom wall, of the time before.

I stop walking. Ofglen stops beside me and I know that she too cannot take her eyes off these women. We are fascinated, but also repelled. They seem undressed. It has taken so little time to change our minds, about things like this.

Then I think: I used to dress like that. That was freedom.

Westernized, they used to call it.

The Japanese tourists come towards us, twittering, and we turn our heads away too late: our faces have been seen.

There's an interpreter, in the standard blue suit and red-patterned tie, with the winged-eye tie pin. He's the one who steps forward, out of the group, in front of us, blocking our way. The tourists bunch behind him; one of them raises a camera.

"Excuse me," he says to both of us, politely enough. "They're asking if they can take your picture."

I look down at the sidewalk, shake my head for No. What they must see is the white wings only, a scrap of face, my chin and part of my mouth. Not the eyes. I know better than to look the interpreter in the face. Most of the interpreters are Eyes, or so it's said.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning of the source
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]

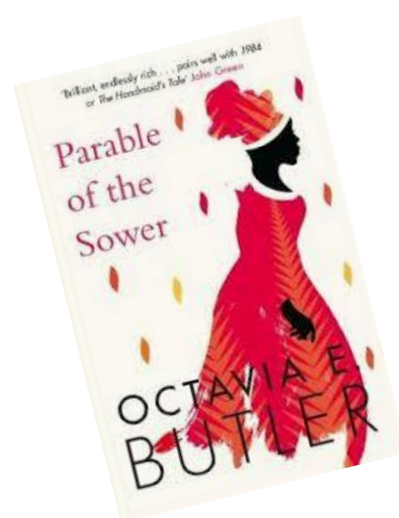
'The Maze Runner', 2009, James Dashner- Question 4
'Parable of the Sower', 1993, Octavia Butler- Question 4

Paper 1 Question 4- Evaluation

What does this question expect you to do?

For this question you are asked to discuss your opinions in relation to a statement. You are looking at how the writer uses a range of methods to present a person or idea.

<p>Level 4 Perceptive, detailed evaluation</p> <p>16-20 marks</p>	<p>Shows perceptive and detailed evaluation:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Evaluates critically and in detail the effect(s) on the reader • Shows perceptive understanding of writer's methods • Selects a range of judicious textual detail • Develops a convincing and critical response to the focus of the statement
<p>Level 3 Clear, relevant evaluation</p> <p>11-15 marks</p>	<p>Shows clear and relevant evaluation:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Evaluates clearly the effect(s) on the reader • Shows clear understanding of writer's methods • Selects a range of relevant textual references • Makes a clear and relevant response to the focus of the statement



'The Maze Runner', 2009, James Dashner- Question 4

He began his new life standing up, surrounded by cold darkness and stale, dusty air.

Metal ground against metal; a lurching shudder shook the floor beneath him. He fell down at the sudden movement and shuffled backward on his hands and feet, drops of sweat beading on his forehead despite the cool air. His back struck a hard metal wall; he slid along it until he hit the corner of the room. Sinking to the floor, he pulled his legs up tight against his body, hoping his eyes would soon adjust to the darkness.

With another jolt, the room jerked upward like an old lift in a mine shaft.

Harsh sounds of chains and pulleys, like the workings of an ancient steel factory, echoed through the room, bouncing off the walls with a hollow, tinny whine. The lightless elevator swayed back and forth as it ascended, turning the boy's stomach sour with nausea; a smell like burnt oil invaded his senses, making him feel worse. He wanted to cry, but no tears came; he could only sit there, alone, waiting.

My name is Thomas, he thought.

That... that was the only thing he could remember about his life.

He didn't understand how this could be possible. His mind functioned without flaw, trying to calculate his surroundings and predicament. Knowledge flooded his thoughts, facts and images, memories and details of the world and how it works. He pictured snow on trees, running down a leaf-strewn road, eating a hamburger, the moon casting a pale glow on a grassy meadow, swimming in a lake, a busy city square with hundreds of people bustling about their business.

And yet he didn't know where he came from, or how he'd gotten inside the dark lift, or who his parents were. He didn't even know his last name. Images of people flashed across his mind, but there was no recognition, their faces replaced with haunted smears of colour. He couldn't think of one person he knew, or recall a single conversation.

The room continued its ascent, swaying; Thomas grew immune to the ceaseless rattling of the chains that pulled him upward. A long time passed. Minutes stretched into hours, although it was impossible to know for sure because every second seemed an eternity. No. He was smarter than that. Trusting his instincts, he knew he'd been moving for roughly half an hour.

A student has said, 'The opening of this story clearly makes us feel sympathetic towards Thomas and we are concerned for his wellbeing'.

To what extent do you agree?

[20 marks]

'Parable of the Sower', 1993, Octavia Butler- Question 4

At least three years ago, my father's God stopped being my God. His church stopped being my church. And yet, today, because I'm a coward, I let myself be initiated into that church. I let my father baptize me in all three names of that God who isn't mine anymore.

My God has another name.

We got up early this morning because we had to go across town to church. Most Sundays, Dad holds church services in our front rooms. He's a Baptist minister, and even though not all of the people who live within our neighborhood walls are Baptists, those who feel the need to go to church are glad to come to us. That way they don't have to risk going outside where things are so dangerous and crazy. It's bad enough that some people—my father for one—have to go out to work at least once a week. None of us goes out to school anymore. Adults get nervous about kids going outside.

But today was special. For today, my father made arrangements with another minister—a friend of his who still had a real church building with a real baptistery.

Dad once had a church just a few blocks outside our wall. He began it before there were so many walls. But after it had been slept in by the homeless, robbed, and vandalized several times, someone poured gasoline in and around it and burned it down. Seven of the homeless people sleeping inside on that last night burned with it.

But somehow, Dad's friend Reverend Robinson has managed to keep his church from being destroyed. We rode our bikes to it this morning—me, two of my brothers, four other neighborhood kids who were ready to be baptized, plus my father and some other neighborhood adults riding shotgun. All the adults were armed. That's the rule. Go out in a bunch, and go armed.

The alternative was to be baptized in the bathtub at home. That would have been cheaper and safer and fine with me. I said so, but no one paid attention to me. To the adults, going outside to a real church was like stepping back into the good old days when there were churches all over the place and too many lights and gasoline was for fueling cars and trucks instead of for torching things. They never miss a chance to relive the good old days or to tell kids how great it's going to be when the country gets back on its feet and good times come back.

Yeah.

To us kids—most of us—the trip was just an adventure, an excuse to go outside the wall. We would be baptized out of duty or as a kind of insurance, but most of us aren't that much concerned with religion. I am, but then I have a different religion. "Why take chances," Silvia Dunn said to me a few days ago. "Maybe there's something to all this religion stuff." Her parents thought there was. so she was with us.

A student has said, 'The opening of chapter 2 creates an ominous atmosphere that these children live in. The lack of details makes the situation seem more dangerous to the reader'.

To what extent do you agree?

[20 marks]

Creative Writing

AO5 Content and Organisation Communicate clearly, effectively, and imaginatively, selecting and adapting tone, style and register for different forms, purposes and audiences. Organise information and ideas, using structural and grammatical features to support coherence and cohesion of texts.

Marked out of 24.

Content

- Communication is convincing and compelling
- Tone, style and register are assuredly matched to purpose and audience
- Extensive and ambitious vocabulary with sustained crafting of linguistic devices

Organisation

- Varied and inventive use of structural features
- Writing is compelling, incorporating a range of convincing and complex ideas
- Fluently linked paragraphs with seamlessly integrated discourse markers

AO6 Technical Accuracy Students must use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation.

Marked out of 16.

- Sentence demarcation is consistently secure and consistently accurate
- Wide range of punctuation is used with a high level of accuracy
- Uses a full range of appropriate sentence forms for effect
- Uses Standard English consistently and appropriately with secure control of complex grammatical structures
- High level of accuracy in spelling, including ambitious vocabulary
- Extensive and ambitious use of vocabulary

Creative Writing

'Fahrenheit 451', 1953, Ray Bradbury

Descriptive Language

It was a pleasure to burn.

It was a special pleasure to see things eaten, to see things blackened and *changed*. With the brass nozzle in his fists, with this great python spitting its venomous kerosene upon the world, the blood pounded in his head, and his hands were the hands of some amazing conductor playing all the symphonies of blazing and burning to bring down the tatters and charcoal ruins of history. With his symbolic helmet numbered 451 on his stolid head, and his eyes all orange flame with the thought of what came next, he flicked the igniter and the house jumped up in a gorging fire that burned the evening sky red and yellow and black. He strode in a swarm of fireflies. He wanted above all, like the old joke, to shove a marshmallow on a stick in the furnace, while the flapping pigeon-winged books died on the porch and lawn of the house. While the books went up in sparkling whirls and blew away on a wind turned dark with burning.

Montag grinned the fierce grin of all men singed and driven back by flame.

He knew that when he returned to the firehouse, he might wink at himself, a minstrel man, burnt corked, in the mirror. Later, going to sleep, he would feel the fiery smile still gripped by his face muscles, in the dark. It never went away, that smile, it never ever went away, as long as he remembered.

He hung up his black-beetle-coloured helmet and shined it, he hung his flameproof jacket neatly; he showered luxuriously, and then, whistling, hands in pockets, walked across the upper floor of the fire station and fell down the hole. At the last moment, when disaster seemed positive, he pulled his hands from his pockets and broke his fall by grasping the golden pole. He slid to a squeaking halt, the heels one inch from the concrete floor downstairs.

Select interesting vocabulary, sentence structures and language devices from the extract and consider the effects.

Write a description of a fire using the image below. For this lesson we are only concentrating on our vocabulary and linguistic devices.



Content

- Communication is convincing and compelling
- Tone, style and register are assuredly matched to purpose and audience
- Extensive and ambitious vocabulary with sustained crafting of linguistic devices

Organisation

- Varied and inventive use of structural features
- Writing is compelling, incorporating a range of convincing and complex ideas
- Fluently linked paragraphs with seamlessly integrated discourse markers

Word bank

- Smoulder
- Blaze
- Inferno

Using the extract

- 'It was a special pleasure to see things eaten'
- 'With this great python spitting its venomous kerosene'
- 'His eyes all orange flame'
- 'He hung up his black-beetle-coloured helmet'

'Children of Men', 1992, P.D. James

Sentence structures

The mud-grey sea heaved sluggishly under a sky the colour of thin milk, faintly luminous at the horizon as if the fickle sun were about once more to break through. Above this pale transparency there hung great bunches of darker-grey and black cloud, like a half-raised curtain. Thirty feet below him he could see the stippled underbelly of the waves as they rose and spent themselves with weary inevitability, as if weighted with sand and pebbles. The rail of the promenade, once so pristine and white, was rusted and in parts broken, and the grassy slope between the promenade and the beach huts looked as if it hadn't been cropped for years. Once he would have seen below him the long shining row of wooden chalets with their endearingly ridiculous names, ranged like brightly painted dolls' houses facing the sea. Now there were gaps like missing teeth in a decaying jaw and those remaining were ramshackle, their paint peeling, precariously roped by staves driven into the bank, waiting for the next storm to sweep them away. At his feet the dry grasses, waist-high, beaded with dry seed pods, stirred fitfully in the breeze which was never entirely absent from this easterly coast.

Apparently the embarkation was to take place not from the pier itself but from a specially erected wooden jetty alongside it. He could see in the distance the two low boats, their decks festooned with garlands of flowers, and, on the end of the pier overlooking the jetty, a small group of figures some of whom he thought were in uniform. About eighty yards in front of him three coaches were drawn up on the promenade. As he approached, the passengers began to get down. First came a small group of bandsmen dressed in red jackets and black trousers. They stood chatting in a disorderly little group, the sun glinting on the brass of their instruments. One of them gave his neighbour a playful cuff. For a few seconds they pretended to spar, then, bored with the horseplay, lit cigarettes and stared out to sea. And now came the elderly people, some able to descend unaided, others leaning on nurses. The luggage hold of one of the coaches was unlocked and a number of wheelchairs dragged out. Last of all the most frail were helped from the coach and into the wheelchairs.

Select interesting vocabulary, sentence structures and language devices from the extract and consider the effects.

Write a story using the image below. For this lesson we are only concentrating on our use of sentences.



OR

Use the video to write a description as someone living in that world.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2VT2apoX90o>

Use an 'ly' (adverb) opening word: Unsteadily, the lanky, unkempt fellow slinked down the alleyway...

Open your sentence with words indicating location: Along the canal towpath, the lanky, unkempt fellow ambled slowly...

Start the sentence using a word ending in "ing": Ambling along the canal tow path, the intoxicated thief spied his victim...

'Embedded' clause or 'comma sandwich': The inebriated man, who was lanky and unkempt, stumbled along the canal towpath...

Use a variety of sentence lengths, from short and punchy, to more complex: She froze. They waited. He fell to the ground, with a thud.

Open using a word ending in -ed: Terrified, the girl darted out of the path of her pursuer...

'Delirium', 2011, Lauren Oliver

Organisation

It has been sixty-four years since the president and the Consortium identified love as a disease, and forty-three since the scientists perfected a cure. Everyone else in my family has had the procedure already. My older sister, Rachel, has been disease-free for nine years now. She's been safe from love for so long, she says she can't even remember its symptoms. I'm scheduled to have my procedure in exactly ninety-five days, on September 3rd. My birthday.

Many people are afraid of the procedure. Some people even resist. But I'm not afraid. I can't wait. I would have it done tomorrow, if I could, but you have to be at least eighteen, sometimes a little older, before the scientists will cure you. Otherwise the procedure won't work correctly: people end up with brain damage, partial paralysis, blindness, or worse.

I don't like to think that I'm still walking around with the disease running through my blood. Sometimes I swear I can feel it, writhing in my veins like something spoiled, like sour milk. It makes me feel dirty. It reminds me of children throwing tantrums. It reminds me of resistance, of diseased girls dragging their nails on the pavement, tearing out their hair, their mouths dripping spit.

And of course it reminds me of my mother.

After the procedure I will be happy and safe forever. That's what everybody says, the scientists and my sister and Aunt Carol. I will have the procedure and then I'll be paired with a boy the evaluators choose for me. In a few years, we'll get married. Recently I've started having dreams about my wedding. In them I'm standing under a white canopy with flowers in my hair. I'm holding hands with someone, but whenever I turn to look at him his face blurs, like a camera losing focus, and I can't make out any features. But his hands are cool and dry, and my heart is beating steadily in my chest --- and in my dream I know it will always beat out that same rhythm, not skip or jump or swirl or go faster, just womp, womp, womp, until I'm dead.

Safe, and free from pain.

Organisation

- Varied and inventive use of structural features
- Writing is compelling, incorporating a range of convincing and complex ideas
- Fluently linked paragraphs with seamlessly integrated discourse markers

Use one of the images below to write the opening of a dystopian novel.



OR

