

## English Language and Literature Combined

1. Read *The Great Gatsby* by F Scott Fitzgerald (copy ISBN 978-1-85326-041-4 Please make sure you buy the Wordsworth Classics version.) You may want to watch the Baz Lurman version of the film, starring Leonardo Di Caprio.

Make a list – with quotations – of any stylistic techniques Fitzgerald uses eg similes/metaphors/personification/colour imagery etc.

2. Annotate the following extract about life in Paris identifying the following areas:
  - Key themes/messages?
  - What can you work out about the writer?
  - What does the writer presume about the reader?
  - What stylistic/language devices can you identify? Can you suggest why Bill Bryson has used these devices?



### Text A

Bill Bryson is an American author who has written a number of travel memoirs, as well as popular books on science and languages. *Neither Here Nor There: Travels in Europe* tells the story of his journey through Europe in 1990. The chapter on Paris includes memories of an earlier trip he made to the city in the 1970s.

5 Eventually I gave up trying to cross the streets in any kind of methodical way and instead just followed whatever route looked least threatening. So it was with some difficulty and not a little surprise that I managed to pick my way by early afternoon to the Louvre, where I found a long immobile queue curled around the entrance courtyard like an abandoned garden hose. I hovered, undecided whether to join the queue, come back later in the faint hope that it would have shrunk, or act like a Frenchman and jump it. The French were remarkably shameless about this. Every few minutes one would approach the front of the queue, affect to look at his wristwatch and then duck under the barrier and disappear through the door with the people at the front. No one protested, which 10 surprised me. In New York, from where many of these people came, judging by their accents and the bullet holes in their trench coats, the queue jumpers would have been seized by the crowd and had their limbs torn from their sockets. I actually saw this happen to a man once at Shea Stadium. It was ugly, but you couldn't help but cheer. Even in London the miscreants would have received a vicious rebuke – 'I say, kindly take 15 your place at the back of the queue, there's a good fellow' – but here there was not a peep of protest.

20 I couldn't bring myself to jump the queue, but equally I couldn't stand among so much motionless humanity while others were flouting the rule of order and getting away with it. So I passed on, and was rather relieved. The last time I went to the Louvre, in 1973 with Katz, it was swarming with visitors and impossible to see anything. The 'Mona Lisa' was like a postage stamp viewed through a crowd of heads from another building and clearly things had not improved since then.

25 Besides, there was only one painting I especially wanted to see and that was a remarkable eighteenth-century work, evidently unnoticed by any visitor but me for 200 years among the Louvre's endless corridors. I almost walked past it myself but something about it nicked the edge of my gaze and made me turn. It was a painting of two aristocratic ladies, young and not terribly attractive, standing side by side and wearing nothing at all but their jewels and sly smiles.

Who to contact if you should require further assistance

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