Y8 Summative 2 Revision- Practice tasks



Animal Farm- Chapter 5 Snowball's Exile

At this there was a terrible baying sound outside, and nine enormous dogs wearing brass-studded collars came bounding into the barn. They dashed straight for Snowball, who only sprang from his place just in time to escape their snapping jaws. In a moment he was out of the door and they were after him. Too amazed and frightened to speak, all the animals crowded through the door to watch the chase. Snowball was racing across the long pasture that led to the road. He was running as only a pig can run, but the dogs were close on his heels. Suddenly he slipped and it seemed certain that they had him. Then he was up again, running faster than ever, then the dogs were gaining on him again. One of them all but closed his jaws on Snowball's tail, but Snowball whisked it free just in time. Then he put on an extra spurt and, with a few inches to spare, slipped through a hole in the hedge and was seen no more.

Silent and terrified, the animals crept back into the barn. In a moment the dogs came bounding back. At first no one had been able to imagine where these creatures came from, but the problem was soon solved: they were the puppies whom Napoleon had taken away from their mothers and reared privately. Though not yet full-grown, they were huge dogs, and as fierce-looking as wolves. They kept close to Napoleon. It was noticed that they wagged their tails to him in the same way as the other dogs had been used to do to Mr. Jones.

Napoleon, with the dogs following him, now mounted on to the raised portion of the floor where Major had previously stood to deliver his speech. He announced that from now on the Sunday-morning Meetings would come to an end. They were unnecessary, he said, and wasted time. In future all questions relating to the working of the farm would be settled by a special committee of pigs, presided over by himself. These would meet in private and afterwards communicate their decisions to the others. The animals would still assemble on Sunday mornings to salute the flag, sing Beasts of England, and receive their orders for the week; but there would be no more debates.

- 1. Highlight evidence in the extract that shows Napoleon has become a **tyrannical** leader.
- 2. Using this extract, explain how Napoleon is a tyrannical leader?

You should include the following success criteria in your response:

- O What does Napoleon do that is tyrannical?
- How has Orwell used language to present Napoleon as tyrannical? (Use quotations from the extract)
- Why has Orwell presented Napoleon in this way? What does he represent? (Think about the Russian Revolution)



Equality and Diversity

'Stereotypes are dangerous and bad for society. They can have negative consequences. We should have more awareness about the damage it can cause by judging someone unfairly without knowing them personally.'

Write a speech opening where you explain your thoughts and opinions on stereotypes.

You should include the following success criteria in your response:

- You should start with an appropriate greeting
- You should select one reason for your argument
- You should use persuasive writing techniques to support your ideas
- Accurate spelling, punctuation and grammar



Macbeth

Write a detailed paragraph describing Macbeth preparing to fight in the following image:



You could write about:

- A detailed description of his physical appearance
- How he moves
- His voice/the way he speaks
- How others react to him

Include:

- Varied sentence openers (ISPACE)
- Varied sentence types (simple, compound, complex, minor)
- Sensory language- see, smell, taste, touch, hear
- A range of varied vocabulary
- Accurate spelling, punctuation and grammar

Plan your paragraph using the box on the next page before you start writing.





Read the poem carefully:

The Manhunt - Simon Armitage

After the first phase, after passionate nights and intimate days,

only then would he let me trace the frozen river which ran through his face,

only then would he let me explore the blown hinge of his lower jaw,

and handle and hold the damaged, porcelain collar-bone,

and mind and attend the fractured rudder of shoulder-blade,

and finger and thumb the parachute silk of his punctured lung.

Only then could I bind the struts and climb the rungs of his broken ribs,

and feel the hurt of his grazed heart.

Skirting along, only then could I picture the scan,

the foetus of metal beneath his chest where the bullet had finally come to rest.

Then I widened the search, traced the scarring back to its source

to a sweating, unexploded mine buried deep in his mind, around which

every nerve in his body had tightened and closed. Then, and only then, did I come close.

