

## Level 2 English - crafted and controlled writing

### Task 2 - Unfamiliar text analysis

Achievement	Achievement with Merit	Achievement with Excellence
<p>Produce a selection of crafted and controlled writing which develops, sustains, and structures ideas.</p> <p>Produce a selection of crafted and controlled writing using language features appropriate to audience and purpose to create effects.</p>	<p>Produce a selection of crafted and controlled writing which develops, sustains, and structures ideas convincingly.</p> <p>Produce a selection of crafted and controlled writing using language features appropriate to audience and purpose to create convincing effects</p>	<p>Produce a selection of crafted and controlled writing which develops, sustains, and structures ideas effectively.</p> <p>Produce a selection of crafted and controlled writing using language features appropriate to audience and purpose to command attention.</p>

In this activity you will write a critical analysis of around 500-1200 words on the piece 'Why not?'. Before you begin writing you need to analyse the elements of the text to ensure you are identifying the meaning behind it.

*You will be assessed on how well you:*

- *express, develop and support your opinions about the piece*
- *your ability to use a writing style suitable to the task*
- *how well you organise your material*
- *your accuracy in spelling, punctuation, grammar, syntax, paragraphing.*

**In your planning and writing look to:**

- Pay attention to the title of the piece
- Identify examples that highlight the value of taking a photograph and then name what language feature these are
- Reflect on the author's intention
- Utilise a S.E.X.Y structure, with an introduction and conclusion

As you write, keep considering: how do the particular language features change the meaning and what is the benefit of changing the meaning? Doing so will help you to identify the author's intention.

**Refer to the text, 'Why not?'.**

**Analyse how the writer sees the personal value of taking a photograph.**

**In your answer you should include examples of techniques used in the text, and explain their effects. (These might include, but are not limited to: dialogue, metaphor, and verb use.)**

***In this extract, the writer thinks about the meaning of a photograph.***

### **Why not?**

My brother asks me why I photograph the sky. He asks to see the picture, and I hand him my phone.

"Why?" he says, because when he looks back up at the horizon all he sees is a Tuesday morning. He doesn't see how fast the sun has risen behind the clouds. He doesn't see the way the cotton layers have peeled away to reveal spindles of light straining to brush the grass. I'm so busy contemplating the sky that I almost forget his question. I glance at the sunrise on my phone before I put it back in my pocket. I'm not sure how to answer him.

I could say how this sunrise, this Tuesday morning, will never be seen again by any human being, ever. It'll spiral up and fly away with each passing minute. Lost to the wind, unless someone sticks out a hand to catch it, clutches it tight so that even if it's been torn and crumpled it can't slip away.

I could tell him about the way the houses wink at me in the orange light. About the sun-soaked grass, the tiny blades dancing in their sparkling dew dresses. I'd point at the bare tree branches stretching up to reach the sky. I'd tell him that this Tuesday morning is sitting in my pocket now, safe from time.

He'd probably laugh at me, tell me to stop worrying about taking photographs of everything. "Live in the moment." And I'd laugh right back at him. When I'm old, when my face is tissue-paper tearing with every smile, I won't have to grasp frantically at my memories as they fall away like sand in an hourglass. They'll be safe, stored in gilded crystal frames on my desk instead of the fragile murk in my mind. Tuesday morning, the single moment of the sun being carried up over the hills by purple clouds, will be frozen forever. Memories slip away with time, I'd tell him. But photographs, they're permanent.

But I don't say any of that when I look back at him. Instead, I take out the photograph again, of the clouds rolling and tumbling across the sky. Sun like a halo over the hills, trees waltzing with each other to a sudden gust of wind. A few tiny pixels on my phone.

"Why?" my brother asks again.

"Well," I say, not bothering to hide my smile, "why not?"