**Question 3**

**Structure:**

***N*. the arrangement of and relations between the parts or elements of something complex.**

***V. construct or arrange according to a plan; give a pattern or organization to.***

This question will always focus on structure. You will need to think about how the writer uses structure to achieve effects and influence the reader.

This is the first question that you have to look at the whole source.

You will still need to break it down and look at specific paragraphs and sentences.

The focus changes depending on the extract

You need to think about the **whole** of the **source**.

This text is from the ending of the novel.

How has the writer structured the text **to hold the reader’s attention?**

You could write about:

* What the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
* How and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops
* Any other structural features that interest you. **[8 marks]**

You need to think about the structural techniques that these writer has used to produce a desired effect.

Go to the next page to see how your answer will be marked.

This is where people get a bit confused, as they do not have as much experience of analysing structure.

Use the glossary on the next couple of pages to help you.

Remember to use technical terms.

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|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Level 4**  **7-8 marks** | *Perceptive, detailed analysis* | Analyses the effects of a range of structural features in detail with sophisticated and accurate use of technical terminology. Use of a perceptive range of examples from across the source. |
| **Level 3**  **5-6 marks** | *Clear, relevant explanation* | Clear explanation of the effects of the structural features with technical terminology used throughout. Suitable examples are used and explained. |
| **Level 2**  **3-4 marks** | *Some understanding and comment* | Some explanation of some structural features – not necessarily from the whole of the source. Some technical terminology used but may not be accurate. Some examples used to support points. |
| **Level 1**  **1-2 marks** | *Simple, limited comment* | Basic comments on a few features – no real focus on whole of source. Simple or no mention of subject terminology, which may also be inaccurate. Few, irrelevant examples are used. |

**What is structure?**

How authors internally organise a text.

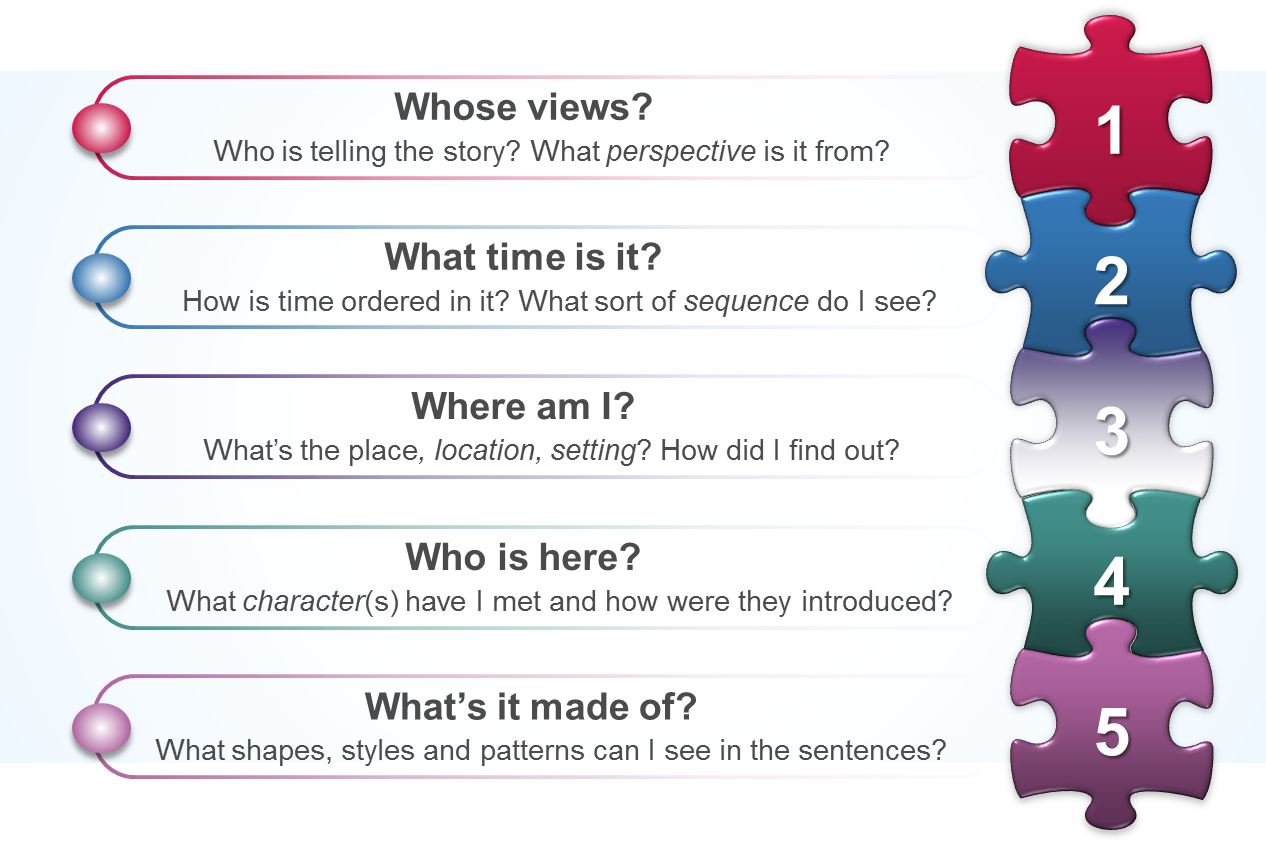
When looking at structure, you need to think about how the text is written and what it looks like rather than focusing on the language that is used.

**How do you analyse structure?**

The question will you give you some bullet points which you **could** use to guide your answer:

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

AQA have provided the following jigsaw framework to help you think about the structure of an extract – try to think about the 5 Ws!



* The (narrative) perspective of the text (what?)
* The organisation and use of time (when?)
* The location and setting (where?)
* Characters and how they are introduced (who?)
* The different patterns within the text, and elements of syntax or cohesion that help to create (reinforce) meaning (how?)

Because this question focuses on the whole of the extract, you will need to talk about its **overall structure** rather than just focusing on a specific part. Also, try to think about:

* Paragraph level features – connections between them, length, shifts in perspective and repetition.
* Sentence level – you are not analysing the language of the sentence but can comment on how varying the sentence lengths add to the overall structure of the text.

Read the context box at the start of the extract as this might tell you where the extract is positioned in the book – how does this influence and effect the overall structure of it?

**Ok let’s have a look then…**

You need to think about the **whole** of the **source**.

*This text is from the start of the novel.*

How has the writer structured the text **to hold the reader’s attention?**

You could write about:

* What the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
* How and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops
* Any other structural features that interest you.

**Step by step guide:**

1. Read the question and highlight the key words:

**How has the writer structured the text to hold the reader’s attention?**

1. Read back through the extract, annotating the structural features. Focus initially on:
   * Opening paragraph focus
   * Closing paragraph focus
   * Similarities between the opening and closing
   * Paragraph length – do any stand out because they are unusually short/long?
   * Narrative perspective – is it the same/does it change?
   * Repetition of theme/objects/ideas/motif
   * Position of the extract in relation to the whole novel
2. Remember to PEA (Point, Evidence, Analysis)

**Let’s look at an example annotation of this extract.**

She backed up a few steps, then ran at the water. At first her strides were long and graceful, but then a small wave crashed into her knees. She faltered, regained her footing, and flung herself over the next waist-high wave. The water was only up to her hips, so she stood, pushed the hair out of her eyes, and continued walking until the water covered her shoulders. There she began to swim - with the jerky, head-above-water stroke of the untutored.

Shark

Woman

*This paragraph instantly introduces us to a character and what they are doing.*

*Some questions are left unanswered – why did she back up initially? Why is she in the water? What water is she in?*

*We also question why she is swimming if she is ‘untutored’ – this might foreshadow a future swimming accident.*

A hundred yards offshore, the fish sensed a change in the sea's rhythm. It did not see the woman, nor yet did it smell her. Running within the length of its body were a series of thin canals, filled with mucus and dotted with nerve endings, and these nerves detected vibrations and signalled the brain. The fish turned toward shore.

*The focus of the paragraph changes – we now have the shark’s perspective.*

*The final sentence in the paragraph is quite ominous, as we know the woman is near the shore.*

*The tone of the extract has instantly changed – in the first paragraph it was just a woman swimming but now we see a potential threat.*

The woman continued to swim away from the beach, stopping now and then to check her position by the lights shining from the house. The tide was slack, so she had not moved up or down the beach. But she was tiring, so she rested for a moment, treading water, and then started for shore.

*Start to see a theme of her position in relation to the shore/house.*

The vibrations were stronger now, and the fish recognized prey. The sweeps of its tail quickened, thrusting the giant body forward with a speed that agitated the tiny phosphorescent animals in the water and caused them to glow, casting a mantle of sparks over the fish.

The fish closed on the woman and hurtled past, a dozen feet to the side and six feet below the surface. The woman felt only a wave of pressure that seemed to lift her up in the water and ease her down again. She stopped swimming and held her breath.

*Mix of both woman and shark – heightened tension as the shark is now so close to the woman.*

Feeling nothing further, she resumed her lurching stroke.

*Very short paragraph – slight decrease in tension as the woman resumes swimming.*

The fish smelled her now, and the vibrations - erratic and sharp - signalled distress. The fish began to circle close to the surface. Its dorsal fin broke water, and its tail, thrashing back and forth, cut the glassy surface with a hiss. A series of tremors shook its body.

For the first time, the woman felt fear, though she did not know why. Adrenaline shot through her trunk and her limbs, generating a tingling heat and urging her to swim faster. She guessed that she was fifty yards from shore. She could see the line of white foam where the waves broke on the beach. She saw the lights in the house, and for a comforting moment she thought she saw someone pass by one of the windows.

*Recurring theme of the shore/home – home is a place of safety whereas the water is a place of danger.*

The fish was about forty feet from the woman, off to the side, when it turned suddenly to the left, dropped entirely below the surface, and, with two quick thrusts of its tail, was upon her.

*Long sentence – usually slows down the pace but here is mimics the sharks unstoppable and consistent movement.*

At first, the woman thought she had snagged her leg on a rock or a piece of floating wood. There was no initial pain, only one violent tug on her right leg. She reached down to touch her foot, treading water with her left leg to keep her head up, feeling in the blackness with her left hand. She could not find her foot. She reached higher on her leg, and then she was overcome by a rush of nausea and dizziness. Her groping fingers had found a hub of bone and tattered flesh. She knew that the warm, pulsing flow over her fingers in the chill water was her own blood.

Pain and panic struck together. The woman threw her head back and screamed a guttural cry of terror.

*Very short paragraphs with very different focus. Woman in pain and full of terror. Shark is calm and going through the motions of eating.*

The fish had moved away. It swallowed the woman's limb without chewing.

Bones and meat passed down the massive gullet in a single spasm. Now the fish turned again, homing on the stream of blood flushing from the woman's femoral artery, a beacon as clear and true as a lighthouse on a cloudless night. This time the fish attacked from below. It hurtled up under the woman, jaws agape. The great conical head struck her like a locomotive, knocking her up out of the water. The jaws snapped shut around her torso, crushing bones and flesh and organs into a jelly. The fish, with the woman's body in its mouth, smashed down on the water with a thunderous splash, spewing foam and blood and phosphorescence in a gaudy shower.

*Focus for the final paragraphs is almost solely on the shark and its brutal attack on the woman.*

Below the surface, the fish shook its head from side to side, its serrated triangular teeth sawing through what little sinew still resisted. The corpse fell apart. The fish swallowed, then turned to continue feeding. Its brain still registered the signals of nearby prey. The water was laced with blood and shreds of flesh, and the fish could not sort signal from substance. It cut back and forth through the dissipating cloud of blood, opening and closing its mouth, seining for a random morsel. But by now, most of the pieces of the corpse had dispersed. A few sank slowly, coming to rest on the sandy bottom, where they moved lazily in the current. A few drifted away just below the surface, floating in the surge that ended in the surf. The man awoke, shivering in the early morning cold. His mouth was sticky and dry, and his wakening belch tasted of Bourbon and corn. The sun had not yet risen, but a line of pink on the eastern horizon told him that daybreak was near. The stars still hung faintly in the lightening sky. The man stood and began to dress. He was annoyed that the woman had not woken him when she went back to the house, and he found it curious that she had left her clothes on the beach. He picked them up and walked to the house.

*Longer paragraphs highlight the brutality of the attack and the relentless nature of what the shark is doing.*

*The final part of the extract introduces us to another new character – a man on the beach presumably looking for the woman attacked by the shark.*

*The theme of home is evident in the final sentence, which can be linked back to the start of the extract where the woman uses it as a way of checking her distance and as an image of safety.*

**So…**

How has the writer structured the text **to hold the reader’s attention?**

You could write about:

* What the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
  + *Focus on the woman entering the water. Questions are raised about why she steps back, why she is in the water and what the water is.*
* How and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops
  + *Focus shifts in each paragraph – woman .v. shark*
  + *End of the extract focuses on another man walking back to the house.*
* Any other structural features that interest you.
  + *Chronological*
  + *Recurring theme of home – the idea of safety.*
  + *Short paragraphs .v. long paragraphs to describe the attack.*
  + *Long sentences which show the relentless nature of the attack.*

The passage has a chronological structure which follows the shark’s attack on the woman. This increases the tension in the extract as you see the attack from both perspectives.

The starting paragraph focuses on the woman and her entrance into the water. The writer immediately poses a number of questions to the reader; why is the woman backing up, why is she entering the water and what water is she entering? This holds the reader’s interest as they then want to find out the answers to the questions, which are not answered. The final focus of the opening paragraph is of the woman swimming in an ‘untutored’ way. This foreshadows a later accident because it implies she is not a confident swimmer so it therefore more vulnerable.

Etc…

**Now it’s over to you to have a go at practising answering Q3 style questions**

In thirty-five feet of water, the great fish swam slowly, its tail waving just enough to maintain motion. It saw nothing, for the water was murky with motes of vegetation. The fish had been moving parallel to the shoreline. Now it turned, banking slightly, and followed the bottom gradually upward. The fish perceived more light in the water, but still it saw nothing.

The boy was resting, his arms dangling down, his feet and ankles dipping in and out of the water with each small swell. His head was turned towards shore, and he noticed that he had been carried out beyond what his mother would consider safe. He could see her lying on her towel, and the man and child playing in the wavewash. He was not afraid, for the water was calm and he wasn’t really very far from shore – only forty yards or so. But he wanted to get closer; otherwise his mother might sit up, spy him, and order him out of the water. He eased himself back a little bit so he could use his feet to help propel himself. He began to kick and paddle towards shore. His arms displaced water almost silently, but his kicking feet made erratic splashes and left swirls of bubbles in his wake.

The fish did not hear the sound, but rather registered the sharp and jerky impulses emitted by the kicks. They were signals, faint but true, and the fish locked on them, homing. It rose, slowly at first, then gaining speed as the signals grew stronger.

The boy stopped for a moment to rest. The signals ceased. The fish slowed, turning its head from side to side, trying to recover them. The boy lay perfectly still, and the fish passed beneath him, skimming the sandy bottom. Again it turned.

The boy resumed paddling. He kicked only every third or fourth stroke; kicking was more exertion than steady paddling. But the occasional kicks sent new signals to the fish. This time it needed to lock onto them only an instant, for it was almost directly below the boy. The fish rose. Nearly vertical, it now saw the commotion on the surface. There was no conviction that what thrashed above was food, but food was not a concept of significance. The fish was impelled to attack: if what it swallowed was digestible, that was food; if not, it would be later regurgitated. The mouth opened, and with a final sweep of the sickle tail, the fish struck.

The boy’s last – only – thought was that he had been punched in the stomach. The breath was driven from him in a sudden rush. He had no time to cry out, nor, had he had the time, would he have known what to cry, for he could not see the fish. The fish’s head drove the raft out of the water. The jaws smashed together, engulfing head, arms, shoulders, trunk, pelvis and most of the raft. Nearly half the fish had come clear of the water, and it slid forward and down in a belly flopping motion, grinding the mass of flesh and bone and rubber. The boy’s legs were severed at the hip, and they sank, spinning slowly to the bottom.

1. You need to think about the **whole** of the **source**.

*This text is from the start of the novel.*

How has the writer structured the text **to hold the reader’s attention?**

You could write about:

* What the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
* How and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops
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Something had happened to the night. The star-strewn indigo sky was suddenly pitch-black and lightless — the stars, the moon, the misty streetlamps at either end of the alley had vanished. The distant grumble of cars and the whisper of trees had gone. The balmy evening was suddenly piercingly, bitingly cold. They were surrounded by total, impenetrable, silent darkness, as though some giant hand had dropped a thick, icy mantle over the entire alleyway, blinding them.

For a split second Harry thought he had done magic without meaning to, despite the fact that he’d been resisting as hard as he could — then his reason caught up with his senses — he didn’t have the power to turn off the stars. He turned his head this way and that, trying to see something, but the darkness pressed on his eyes like a weightless veil.

Dudley’s terrified voice broke in Harry’s ear.

“W-what are you d-doing? St-stop it!”

“I’m not doing anything! Shut up and don’t move!”

“I c-can’t see! I’ve g-gone blind! I —”

“I said shut up!”

Harry stood stock-still, turning his sightless eyes left and right. The cold was so intense that he was shivering all over; goose bumps had erupted up his arms, and the hairs on the back of his neck were standing up — he opened his eyes to their fullest extent, staring blankly around, unseeing . . .

It was impossible. . . . They couldn’t be here. . . . Not in Little Whinging . . . He strained his ears. . . . He would hear them before he saw them. . . .

“I’ll t-tell Dad!” Dudley whimpered. “W-where are you? What are you d-do — ?”

“Will you shut up?” Harry hissed, “I’m trying to lis —”

But he fell silent. He had heard just the thing he had been dreading.

There was something in the alleyway apart from themselves, some-thing that was drawing long, hoarse, rattling breaths. Harry felt a horrible jolt of dread as he stood trembling in the freezing air.

“C-cut it out! Stop doing it! I’ll h-hit you, I swear I will!”

“Dudley, shut —”

WHAM!

A fist made contact with the side of Harry’s head, lifting Harry off his feet. Small white lights popped in front of Harry’s eyes; for the second time in an hour he felt as though his head had been cleaved in two; next moment he had landed hard on the ground, and his wand had flown out of his hand.

“You moron, Dudley!” Harry yelled, his eyes watering with pain, as he scrambled to his hands and knees, now feeling around frantically in the blackness. He heard Dudley blundering away, hitting the alley fence, stumbling.

“DUDLEY, COME BACK! YOU’RE RUNNING RIGHT AT IT!”

There was a horrible squealing yell, and Dudley’s footsteps stopped. At the same moment, Harry felt a creeping chill behind him that could mean only one thing. There was more than one.

1. You need to think about the **whole** of the **source**.

*This text is from the start of the novel.*

How has the writer structured the text **to hold the reader’s attention?**

You could write about:

* What the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
* How and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops
* Any other structural features that interest you.

She asked, “What makes you so nuts about rabbits?”

Lennie had to think carefully before he could come to a conclusion. He

moved cautiously close to her, until he was right against her. “I like to pet nice

things. Once at a fair I seen some of them long-hair rabbits. An’ they was nice,

you bet. Sometimes I’ve even pet mice, but not when I couldn’t get nothing

better.”

Curley’s wife moved away from him a little. “I think you’re nuts,” she said.

“No I ain’t,” Lennie explained earnestly. “George says I ain’t. I like to pet

nice things with my fingers, sof’ things.”

She was a little bit reassured. “Well, who don’t?” she said. “Ever’body likes

that. I like to feel silk an’ velvet. Do you like to feel velvet?”

Lennie chuckled with pleasure. “You bet, by God,” he cried happily. “An’ I

had some, too. A lady give me some, an’ that lady was—my own Aunt Clara.

She give it right to me—‘bout this big a piece. I wisht I had that velvet right

now.” A frown came over his face. “I lost it,” he said. “I ain’t seen it for a long

time.”

Curley’s wife laughed at him. “You’re nuts,” she said. “But you’re a kinda

nice fella. Jus’ like a big baby. But a person can see kinda what you mean.

When I’m doin’ my hair sometimes I jus’ set an’ stroke it ‘cause it’s so soft.”

To show how she did it, she ran her fingers over the top of her head. “Some

people got kinda coarse hair,” she said complacently. “Take Curley. His hair is

jus’ like wire. But mine is soft and fine. ‘Course I brush it a lot. That makes it

fine. Here—feel right here.” She took Lennie’s hand and put it on her head.

“Feel right aroun’ there an’ see how soft it is.”

Lennie’s big fingers fell to stroking her hair.

“Don’t you muss it up,” she said.

Lennie said, “Oh! That’s nice,” and he stroked harder. “Oh, that’s nice.”

“Look out, now, you’ll muss it.” And then she cried angrily, “You stop it

now, you’ll mess it all up.” She jerked her head sideways, and Lennie’s fingers

closed on her hair and hung on. “Let go,” she cried. “You let go!”

Lennie was in a panic. His face was contorted. She screamed then, and

Lennie’s other hand closed over her mouth and nose. “Please don’t,” he begged.

“Oh! Please don’t do that. George’ll be mad.”

She struggled violently under his hands. Her feet battered on the hay and she

writhed to be free; and from under Lennie’s hand came a muffled screaming.

Lennie began to cry with fright. “Oh! Please don’t do none of that,” he begged.

“George gonna say I done a bad thing. He ain’t gonna let me tend no rabbits.”

He moved his hand a little and her hoarse cry came out. Then Lennie grew

angry. “Now don’t,” he said. “I don’t want you to yell. You gonna get me in

trouble jus’ like George says you will. Now don’t you do that.” And she

continued to struggle, and her eyes were wild with terror. He shook her then,

and he was angry with her. “Don’t you go yellin’,” he said, and he shook her;

and her body flopped like a fish. And then she was still, for Lennie had broken

her neck.

He looked down at her, and carefully he removed his hand from over her

mouth, and she lay still. “I don’t want to hurt you,” he said, “but George’ll be

mad if you yell.” When she didn’t answer nor move he bent closely over her. He

lifted her arm and let it drop. For a moment he seemed bewildered. And then he

whispered in fright, “I done a bad thing. I done another bad thing.”

He pawed up the hay until it partly covered her.

From outside the barn came a cry of men and the double clang of shoes on

metal. For the first time Lennie became conscious of the outside.

1. You need to think about the **whole** of the **source**.

*This text near the end of the novel..*

How has the writer structured the text **to interest the reader?**

You could write about:

* What the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
* How and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops
* Any other structural features that interest you.

I have said that over the great Grimpen Mire there hung a dense, white fog. It was drifting slowly in our direction, and banked itself up like a wall on that side of us, low, but thick and well defined. The moon shone on it, and it looked like a great shimmering ice-field, with the heads of the distant tors as rocks borne upon its surface. Holmes's face was turned towards it, and he muttered impatiently as he watched its sluggish drift.

Every minute that white woolly plain which covered one half of the moor was drifting closer and closer to the house. Already the first thin wisps of it were curling across the golden square of the lighted window. The farther wall of the orchard was already invisible, and the trees were standing out of a swirl of white vapour. As we watched it the fog-wreaths came crawling round both corners of the house and rolled slowly into one dense bank, on which the upper floor and the roof floated like a strange ship upon a shadowy sea. Holmes struck his hand passionately upon the rock in front of us and stamped his feet in his impatience.

"Shall we move farther back upon higher ground?"

"Yes, I think it would be as well."

So as the fog-bank flowed onward we fell back before it until we were half a mile from the house, and still that dense white sea, with the moon silvering its upper edge, swept slowly and inexorably on.

There was a thin, crisp, continuous patter from somewhere in the heart of that crawling bank. The cloud was within fifty yards of where we lay, and we glared at it, all three, uncertain what horror was about to break from the heart of it. I was at Holmes's elbow, and I glanced for an instant at his face. It was pale and exultant, his eyes shining brightly in the moonlight. But suddenly they started forward in a rigid, fixed stare, and his lips parted in amazement. At the same instant Lestrade gave a yell of terror and threw himself face downward upon the ground.

I sprang to my feet, my inert hand grasping my pistol, my mind paralyzed by the dreadful shape which had sprung out upon us from the shadows of the fog. A hound it was, an enormous coal-black hound, but not such a hound as mortal eyes have ever seen. Fire burst from its open mouth, its eyes glowed with a smouldering glare, its muzzle and hackles and dewlap were outlined in flickering flame. Never in the delirious dream of a disordered brain could anything more savage, more appalling, more hellish be conceived than that dark form and savage face which broke upon us out of the wall of fog.

With long bounds the huge black creature was leaping down the track, following hard upon the footsteps of our friend. So paralyzed were we by the apparition that we allowed him to pass before we had recovered our nerve. Then Holmes and I both fired together, and the creature gave a hideous howl, which showed that one at least had hit him. He did not pause, however, but bounded onward. Far away on the path we saw Sir Henry looking back, his face white in the moonlight, his hands raised in horror, glaring helplessly at the frightful thing which was hunting him down.

But that cry of pain from the hound had blown all our fears to the winds. If he was vulnerable he was mortal, and if we could wound him we could kill him. Never have I seen a man run as Holmes ran that night. I am reckoned fleet of foot, but he outpaced me as much as I outpaced the little professional. In front of us as we flew up the track we heard scream after scream from Sir Henry and the deep roar of the hound. I was in time to see the beast spring upon its victim, hurl him to the ground, and worry at his throat. But the next instant Holmes had emptied five barrels of his revolver into the creature's flank. With a last howl of agony and a vicious snap in the air, it rolled upon its back, four feet pawing furiously, and then fell limp upon its side. I stooped, panting, and pressed my pistol to the dreadful, shimmering head, but it was useless to press the trigger. The giant hound was dead.

1. You need to think about the **whole** of the **source**.

How has the writer structured the text **to interest the reader?**

You could write about:

* What the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
* How and why the writer changes this focus as the extract develops

Any other structural features that interest you.

I’m running. My chest is tight and sore. Breath rasping and whistling in my lungs.

Branches whip against my face. Brambles tear at my legs and arms. There is a voice screaming. Out loud. The sound ripping through the trees, screaming and screaming.

It’s my voice.

‘Amy! Amy!’

Now I’m back at the back stream and the solid wooden fencing has been torn aside. Blasted apart as if some careless giant had passed by and trodden on it. I stare at the wood, not splintered or broken, but melted. Dissolved and warped. Curled aside to make a small space. Space enough for a child to walk through. What could do that? What power is there that would leave that mark? I hesitate, feeling the first great lurch of fear for myself.

‘Amy?’ I cry out.

Nothing. Beyond me the gaping dark of the cemetery.

There is a soft shudder in my head. A strange flicker which fastens on my fear.

Nothing calling for me this time. No whispers in my face tonight. Why? Because

Amy is in there. With one child captive, there is no need for two. Desperate, I

hurl myself at the open space and barbed wire comes up to meet me, scratching

through my skin, dragging at my clothes to pull me back. The thick bristles are

embedded in my jacket and I am caught fast, struggling on the ground. Frantically, I unzip the front of my jacket, and draw out my arms. I leave it there and scramble forwards to the foot of the stream.

Blood on my hands and fingernails, I scramble to the top. Then I leap over and

sink down knee-deep on the other side, my legs heavy with clogged and slimy liquid. I raise one foot, looking down, expecting to see thick mud clinging there.

Nothing. Then the next leg. Nothing. But I am sinking, the ground falling away

beneath me. I am dropping down and it will close over my head and suffocate me.

You need to think about the **whole** of the **source**.

How has the writer structured the text **to interest the reader?**

You could write about:

* What the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
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