

GCSE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Virtual communities

Resources

Published: Spring 2021



Contents

Contents	Page
Extract from <i>The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde</i> – R. L. Stevenson	4
Student writing to demonstrate a pervasive mood	5
Extract from 'The Prelude' – William Wordsworth	6
<i>Jigs and Reels</i> : Mapping the mood of the narrative	8
<i>Macbeth</i> : One way of mapping the journey of the protagonist	9
Extract from <i>Great Expectations</i> – Charles Dickens	10
Further reading on mood	11

The Strange Case of Jekyll and Hyde – R. L. Stevenson

It was by this time about nine in the morning, and the first fog of the season. A great chocolate-coloured pall lowered over heaven, but the wind was continually charging and routing these embattled vapours; so that as the cab crawled from street to street, Mr. Utterson beheld a marvellous number of degrees and hues of twilight; for here it would be dark like the back-end of evening; and there would be a glow of a rich, lurid brown, like the light of some strange conflagration; and here, for a moment, the fog would be quite broken up, and a haggard shaft of daylight would glance in between the swirling wreaths. The dismal quarter of Soho seen under these changing glimpses, with its muddy ways, and slatternly passengers, and its lamps, which had never been extinguished or had been kindled afresh to combat this mournful re-invasion of darkness, seemed, in the lawyer's eyes, like a district of some city in a nightmare. The thoughts of his mind, besides, were of the gloomiest dye; and when he glanced at the companion of his drive, he was conscious of some touch of that terror of the law and the law's officers, which may at times assail the most honest.

As the cab drew up before the address indicated, the fog lifted a little and showed him a dingy street, a gin palace, a low French eating-house, a shop for the retail of penny numbers and twopenny salads, many ragged children huddled in the doorways, and many women of different nationalities passing out, key in hand, to have a morning glass; and the next moment the fog settled down again upon that part, as brown as umber, and cut him off from his blackguardly surroundings. This was the home of Henry Jekyll's favourite; of a man who was heir to a quarter of a million sterling.

An ivory-faced and silvery-haired old woman opened the door. She had an evil face, smoothed by hypocrisy; but her manners were excellent. Yes, she said, this was Mr. Hyde's, but he was not at home; he had been in that night very late, but had gone away again in less than an hour; there was nothing strange in that; his habits were very irregular, and he was often absent; for instance, it was nearly two months since she had seen him till yesterday.

Student writing to demonstrate a pervasive mood

Q5, Paper 1, Sample set 4

Please note that the image cannot be included due to copyright restrictions.

0	5
---	---

A magazine has asked for contributions for their creative writing page.

Write a description of a stormy sea as suggested by this picture:

The strong smell of salt rebelliously forced itself into every crevice, covering every inch of the air in it's thick, heavy scent. The taste of peeling paint led the eye to the distant lighthouse, a star in the gloomy sky. Prominent and tall, the white structure seemed to look down at the wild sea, in disgust and embarrassment, like a parent at a delinquent child.

Disobediently, the sea followed the orders of the wind, and danced erratically to it's tune, splashing and hurling spraying and swirling. The wind swept across the sea, with the strength and speed that could tear the sky, like a discarded tissue.

The strips of white now wrestled with the dreary abundance of clouds, yearning for the chance to glide across the sky yet the constant dark sheet remained merciless and cold, denying any light through the barriers of gloom.

Extract from 'The Prelude' by William Wordsworth

One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cove, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
Pushed from the shore. It was an act of stealth
And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
Leaving behind her still, on either side,
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light.
But now, like one who rows,
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon's utmost boundary; far above
Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky.
She was an elfin pinnace; lustily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan;
When, from behind that craggy steep till then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct,
Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,
And growing still in stature the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,
And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert of the willow tree;

There in her mooring-place I left my bark, –
And through the meadows homeward went, in grave
And serious mood; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts
There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields;

But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

Ideas for teaching and learning – mapping mood and structure. There are links to other skills too.

1. Read the extract. Decide where the mood changes. Label each part with an emoji, or an emotion/mood.

Highlight the word/phrases in each section to support this decision.

2. Cut up the poem separating where the poem builds or develops a mood, or where the mood starts to change or contrast.

The poem has been separated into different parts where mood is established, developed or contrasted.

3. Language analysis: For each part, how is language used to convey the mood of the poem/speaker's feelings?

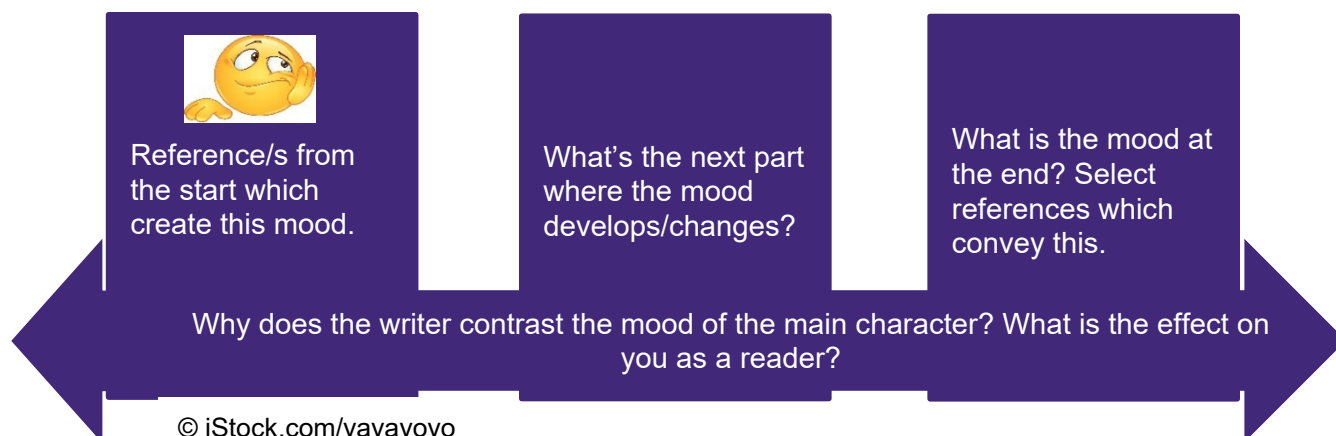
Select the best phrase – and analyse the effects of the word choices.

4. How does the poet create the mood of the poem/emotions of the speaker with the use of motifs?

5. Select one phrase from each of the sections identified.

Create a condensed poem which reflects the developing mood and atmosphere of the poem.

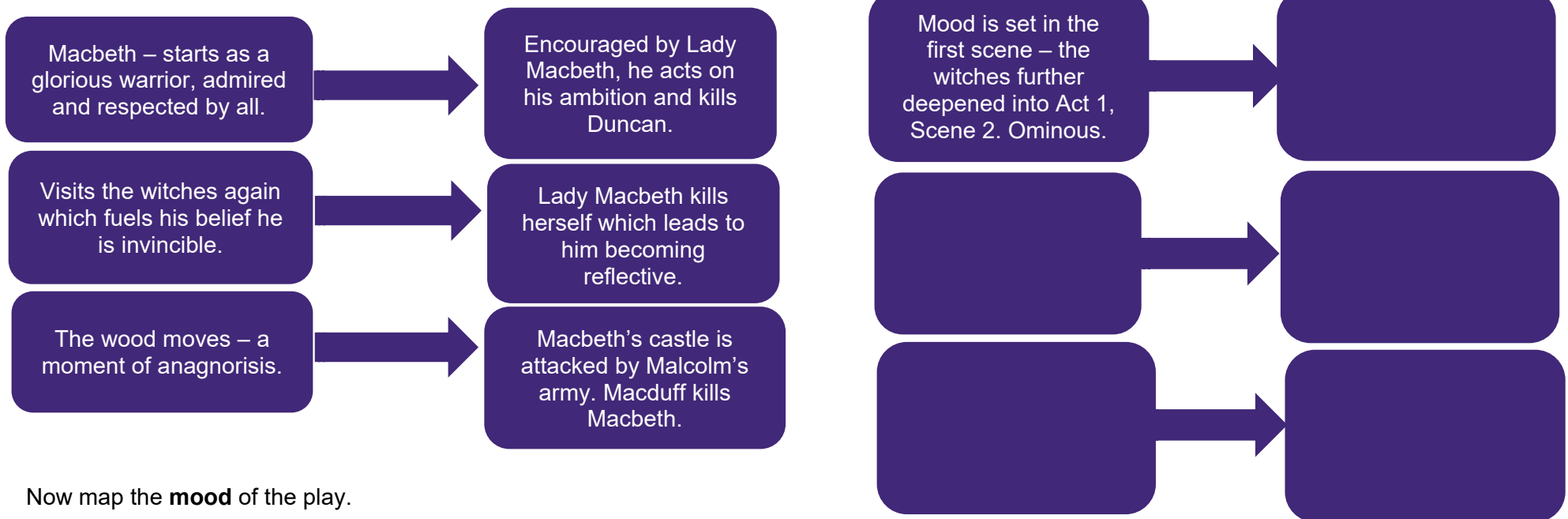
Jigs and Reels: Mapping the mood of the narrative



Ideas

- Encourage students to consider how the narrative mood is immediately established. They could consider how mood is created through:
 - information about character
 - weather
 - other aspects of setting/thoughts of character/dialogue
 - other narrative elements.
- As this question tests structure, avoid considering effects of language choice.
- Ask students to consider why the writer needed to convey this mood.
- Get students to consider how mood is different in the *Jigs and Reels* extract compared to other sources.
- Mapping mood might also be helpful to consider writers' perspectives in Paper 2.

Macbeth: One way of mapping the journey of the plot/protagonist



Now map the **mood** of the play.

What moments would you choose where the mood is conveyed most intensely?

Challenge: Select key quotations which convey the mood in that part of the play.

Great Expectations – Charles Dickens extract

How does Dickens structure the opening of the novel to create the sense of hostility and as an effective way of introducing Magwitch?

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister — Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like, were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's, gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, 'Also Georgiana Wife of the Above,' I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine — who gave up trying to get a living, exceedingly early in that universal struggle — I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers—pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things, seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain, that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dykes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond, was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing, was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

"Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch.

"Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!"

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"O! Don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, sir."

"Tell us your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

Further reading on mood

'The Narrative Mood of Jean Rhys' Quartet' by Octavio R. González, available here: researchgate.net/publication/323225623_The_Narrative_Mood_of_Jean_Rhys'_Quartet

Blog by Lance Hanson:

[Mood as a key concept in English: part one of three – Mr Hanson's English \(wordpress.com\)](#)

[Mood as a key concept in English: part two of three – Mr Hanson's English \(wordpress.com\)](#)

Other references from Lance Hanson's blog:

Field, D. (2020) 'Edgar Allan Poe's Notion Of "Unity Of Effect'. Available at: blog.bookbaby.com/2020/01/edgar-allan-poe-unity-of-effect/

Cook, J. (2012) "Poe and the Apocalyptic Sublime: "The Fall of the House of Usher." in *Papers on Language & Literature*; Winter 2012, Vol. 48 Issue 1, pp. 3-44

Plantinga, C. (2012) 'Art Moods and Human Moods in Narrative Cinema.' in *New Literary History*, Vol. 43:3

Sinnerbrink, R. (2012) 'Stimmung: Exploring the Aesthetics of Mood'. in *Screen* 53:2

Sontag, S. (2009) *Against Interpretation and Other Essays*. Harmondsworth, Penguin

Contact us

Our friendly team will be happy to support you between 8am and 4pm, Monday to Friday.

Tel: 0161 953 7504

Email: english-gcse@aca.org.uk

Twitter: [@AQAEnglish](https://twitter.com/AQAEnglish)

aca.org.uk