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This extract is from the beginning of a short story by John Trevena. It is the early 1900s and Brightly, a homeless dealer in rabbit skins, is walking through the countryside.

- ¹ Up the road from Brentor to St. Mary Tavy came Brightly, his basket dragging on his arm. He was very tired, but there was nothing unusual in that. He was tired to the point of exhaustion every day. He was very hungry, but he was used to that too. He was thinking of bread and cheese and cider; new bread and soft cheese, and cider with a rough edge to it. He licked his lips, and tried to believe he was tasting them. Then he began to cough. It was a long, heaving cough, something like that of a Dartmoor pony. He had to put his basket down and lean over it, and tap at his thin chest with a long raw hand.
- ⁸ Brightly had a home. The river saw to that; not the Tavy, but the less romantic Taw. On the Western side of Cawsand are many gorges* in the great clefts* cut by the Taw between Belstone and Sticklepath. There narrow and deep clefts have been made by the persistent water draining down to the Taw from the bogs above. In the largest of these clefts Brightly was at home. The sides were completely hidden by willow-scrub, immense ferns, and clumps of whortleberries, as well as by overhanging masses of granite. The water could be heard dripping below like a chime of fairy bells. In winter the cleft appeared a white cascade of falling water, but Brightly's cave was fairly dry and quite sheltered. He had built up the entrance with shaped stones taken from the long-abandoned copper-mines below. The cleft was full of copper, which stained the water a delightful shade of green.
- ¹⁸ The dealer in rabbit-skins was not alone in the world. He had a dog, which was rubbish like its master. The animal was of no recognised breed, although in a dim light it called itself a fox-terrier. She could not have been an intelligent dog, or she would not have remained constant to Brightly. Her name was Ju, which was an abbreviation of Jerusalem. One Sunday evening Brightly had slipped inside a church, and somewhat to his surprise had been allowed to remain, although an usher was told to keep an eye upon him and see that he did not break open the empty poor-box. A hymn was sung about Jerusalem the golden, where happy souls were indulging in over-eating themselves in a sort of glorified dairy filled with milk and honey. The hymn enraptured Brightly, who was, of course, tired and famished; and when he had left the warm church, although without any of the promised milk and honey, he kept on murmuring the lines and trying to recall the music. He could think of nothing but Jerusalem for some days. He went into the public library at Tavistock and looked it up in a map of the world, discovered it was in a country called Palestine, and wondered how many rabbit-skins it would cost to take him there. Brightly reckoned in rabbit-skins, not in shillings and pence, which were matters he was not very familiar with. He noticed that whenever he mentioned the name of Jerusalem the dog wagged her tail, as though she too was interested in the dairy produce; so, as the animal lacked a title, Jerusalem was awarded her. Brightly thought of the milk and honey whenever he called his poor half-starved dog. Nobody wanted Brightly, because he was not of the least importance. He hadn't got a vote, or any of those things which make the world desire the presence of people.
- ³⁸ Presently he thought he had coughed long enough, so he picked up his basket and went on climbing the road, his body bent as usual towards the right. At a distance he looked like the half of a circle. He could not stand straight. The weight of his basket and habit had crooked him like an oak branch. He tramped on towards the barren village of St. Mary Tavy. There was a certain amount of wild scenery to be admired. Away to the right was Brentor and the

church upon its crags. To the left were piled the rocks of the abandoned copper-mines. The name of Wheal Friendship might have had a cheerful sound for Brightly had he known what friendship meant. He didn't look at the scenery, because he was half blind. He could see his way about, but that was all. He lived in the twilight.

⁴⁷ Brightly did not think much while he tramped the moor. He had no right to think. It was not in the way of business. Still, he had his dream, not more than one, because he was not troubled with an active imagination. He tried to fancy himself going about, not on his tired rheumatic legs, but in a little cart, with fern at the bottom for Ju to lie on, and a bit of board at the side bearing in white letters the inscription: "A. Brightly. Purveyor of rabbit-skins"; and a lamp to be lighted after dark, and a plank for himself to sit on. All this splendour to be drawn by a little shaggy pony. What a great man he would be in those days!

*gorges – narrow valleys between mountains or hills

*cleft – a split in the ground.

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Section A: Reading

Answer all questions in Section A.

01 Read again the first part of the source, from **lines 1-7**.

List **four** things about Brightly from this part of the source. **[4 marks]**

02 Look in detail at this extract, from **lines 8 to 17** of the source.

Brightly had a home. The river saw to that; not the Tavy, but the less romantic Taw. On the Western side of Cawsand are many gorges in the great cleft cut by the Taw between Belstone and Sticklepath. There narrow and deep clefts have been made by the persistent water draining down to the Taw from the bogs above. In the largest of these clefts Brightly was at home. The sides were completely hidden by willow-scrub, immense ferns, and clumps of whortleberries, as well as by overhanging masses of granite. The water could be heard dripping below like a chime of fairy bells. In winter the cleft appeared a white cascade of falling water, but Brightly's cave was fairly dry and quite sheltered. He had built up the entrance with shaped stones taken from the long-abandoned copper-mines below. The cleft was full of copper, which stained the water a delightful shade of green.

How does the writer use language here to describe the setting?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- Words and phrases
- Language features and techniques
- Sentence forms.

[8 marks]

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

This text is from the beginning of a short story.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

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

[8 marks]

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04 Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, from **line 18 to the end**.

A reader said, ‘When Brightly is in the church, he enjoys his time there, and it has a positive effect on him, even though his life is hard.’

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of Brightly
- Evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- Support your response with references to the text.

[20 marks]

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Section B: Writing

05 A travel website is running a creative writing competition.

Either

Describe a journey, as suggested by this picture:



or

Write a story with the title 'The Holiday'.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]