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**Testing- Reading Passages (Extended)**

Question 2I

by

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***Question 2I– Answering the Question***

**I can explain WHAT effect the word has.**

**REMEMBER** – you are trying to work out the effect of the word/phrase by looking into the language in front of you.

**Question:**

Look at the passage below from ‘Touching The Void’. Look at:

1. Paragraph 2 about Joe’s pain and
2. Paragraph 4 about Joe’s thoughts.

Select words and phrases from these descriptions, and explain how the writer has created effects by using this language. Complete the table below.

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| --- | --- |
| **Word/phrase** | **Effect** |
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| **Extract from Passage A – ‘Touching the Void’****Joe and Simon are mountain climbing in the Andes, when Joe has a terrible accident. Here is Joe’s account of events.**I hit the slope at the base of the cliff before I saw it coming. I was facing into the slope and both knees locked as I struck it. I felt a shattering blow in my knee, felt bones splitting, and screamed. The impact catapulted me over backwards and down the slope of the East Face. I slid, head-first, on my back. The rushing speed of it confused me. I thought of the drop below but felt nothing. Simon would be ripped off the mountain. He couldn’t hold this. I screamed again as I jerked to a sudden violent stop.Everything was still, silent. My thoughts raced madly. Then pain flooded down my thigh — a fierce burning fire coming down the inside of my thigh, seeming to ball in my groin, building and building until I cried out at it, and my breathing came in ragged gasps. My leg! ... My leg!I hung, head down, on my back, left leg tangled in the rope above me and my right leg hanging slackly to one side. I lifted my head from the snow and stared, up across my chest, at a grotesque distortion in the right knee, twisting the leg into a strange zigzag. I didn’t connect it with the pain which burnt my groin. That had nothing to do with my knee. I kicked my left leg free of the rope and swung round until I was hanging against the snow on my chest, feet down. The pain eased. I kicked my left foot into the slope and stood up.A wave of nausea surged over me. I pressed my face into the snow, and the sharp cold seemed to calm me. Something terrible, something dark with dread occurred to me, and as I thought about it I felt the dark thought break into panic: ‘I’ve broken my leg, that’s it. I’m dead. Everyone said it ... if there’s just two of you a broken ankle could turn into a death sentence ... if it’s broken ... if ... It doesn’t hurt so much, maybe I’ve just ripped something. |