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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. |