

Genre: Newspaper article - sub-genre: combination of reporting and opinion articles.
Purpose: partly to report on an event, partly to share an opinion/admiration for the subject.

Audience: 'Telegraph' readers - but as it's an online article, it could be anyone. People who are interested in the London Marathon, or human interest stories, might be drawn to it.
Text A is the beginning of a feature article from the online version of The Telegraph newspaper. The article is about Hayley Carruthers who ran the London Marathon.

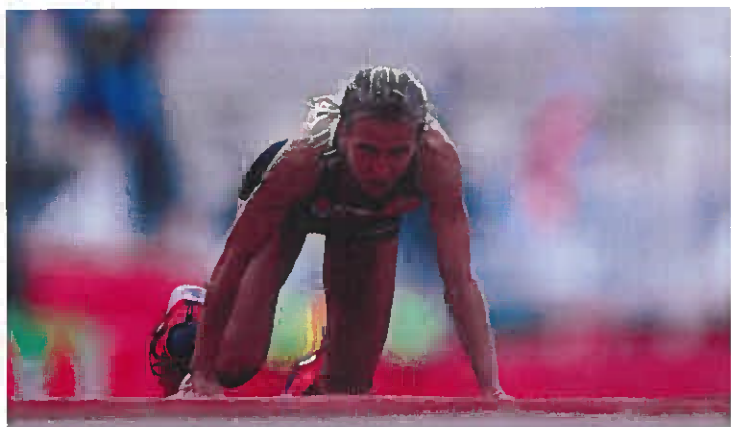
Mode: Written

Context of production: written by one reporter - could be commissioned. It would definitely be edited, partly for accuracy, partly to ensure it fits the newspaper's image. The Telegraph is a broadsheet, so aimed at a more educated audience, and is politically right-leaning.

Wider context: NHS - even pre-covid, seen as highly valuable - saving lives. Modern focus on personal achievement and 'doing it all'.

NHS radiographer Hayley Carruthers stumbles into nation's hearts as one of London Marathon elite

By Helena Horton
29 April 2019 • 9:01am



Just watching it felt exhausting. Hayley Carruthers had just run the race of her life. But so much effort had gone into her own record setting achievement that she collapsed in a heap just yards from the finish.

End in sight: Carruthers scrambled over the finish line

A stretcher was needed after she crawled over the final steps of the 26.2 mile London Marathon course on her hands and knees.

But such is her dedication that the NHS worker, the only British elite runner to juggle her athletic career with a full time job, vowed to return to work on Monday morning after putting her name in the history books.

The 26-year-old has little time to recover from her efforts as she is also a research radiographer who works with cancer patients at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital in Birmingham.

"I'm definitely back in work tomorrow," she told The Telegraph afterwards. "That's just the nature of the job with the NHS. Although I am proud of the way I got to the finish, I would rather I hadn't put myself in that situation in the first place by pacing the first half a little more conservatively. The big thing is to learn from it and use it as fuel.

"Ultimately, though, it was about racing the other girls today and our pack definitely went off too fast. I'm not badly injured at all, apart from my pride! I'm really touched that people have been so kind about it. It's not a reaction I expected - it's certainly not my goal to end up in that state at the finish.

Genre: vlog extract - personal, online text via video.

Purpose: to share experiences and influence followers - perhaps to forge a connection with them.

Audience: specifically the vlogger's ⁵ followers - but it could be anyone, as follower numbers can increase. Probably younger people mainly.

TEXT B: Extract from *My Bedroom Tour 2020* vlog

In this opening extract from her vlog, American teen YouTube personality and influencer JoJo Siwa reveals her new bedroom design for her audience.

JS: JoJo Siwa

JS: hey everybody (.) welcome back to my YouTube channel and O::H MY GOSH I am so excited for this **video** so you all know I was in Australia on tour (.) I am so excited (.) we just added fifty more shows this summer in the United States **and** Canada so go get your tickets for those and head to [jojodreamtour dot com](http://jojodreamtour.com) (.) so listen everybody so while I was in Australia I had my bedroom in my new house **comple::tely** redone (.) so as you guys know (.) we **just** moved into a **brand new** house (.) and this house is **literally** our dream house (.) and I /wɒn?ɪd/ to redo my bedroom and I was like /ɜ::m/ what do I /wɒnə/ do (.) and **then** I got the idea to turn my bedroom into like a comple::te candy room and I was like (.) you know **what** (.) we are taking my bedroom and we are taking sweetland and we are mixing them into one (.) and today I am going to give you all a NEW ROOM TOUR and O::H MY GOSH I am so excited (.) awesome (.) and also before we go into my bedroom (.) if you like my **jacket** right **now** this is part of my new **JoJo closet collection** (.) look at how cute it is (.) it's **rainbow** and it's **neon** and it's sequinny I LOVE IT (.) this is JoJo's closet six point zero which is CRAZY and the thing that's really really cool about this collection is that it's all related to my tour (.) so there's my tour costume in there (.) my tour bomber jacket so do that and you guys can look like I DID on stage it's so **awesome** (.) all you /gɒtə/ do is go to Target¹ and shop JoJo's Closet (.) AND NOW EVERYBODY WITHOUT **ANY** FURTHER ADO it's time for you all to see my new room (.) so just go on in (1) WELCOME TO SWEETLAND

[cut to JS in bedroom]

¹ Target: American supermarket

Made: spoken/
mixed due
to online
video aspect.

Context of
production:
made by
one person,
probably
some degree
of planning,
and
possibly some editing.
shared online.

Wider context: huge
trend of online influencers,
vast audience looking for
online content. People more
receptive to content which
would have been deemed
trivial or pointless in the
past.

Key:

Bold = emphasis

(.) = micropause

(1) = 1 second pause

Capitals = rising inflection

::: = drawn out utterance

/wɒn?ɪd/ = phonetic
transcription -

Turn over.

don't worry about this
too much!

Genre: speech - sub-genre of political speeches.

Purpose: to inform the government about the Queen's plans and activities.

Audience: Members of Parliament and the House of Lords.

Extract from Queen Victoria's **State Opening of Parliament** speech, delivered personally on **20 November 1837**

Mode:

mainly spoken,

possibly written.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Context of production: certainly planned, possibly written down. Could have been checked or edited by advisors.

Wider context: Beginning of Victoria's reign - a young queen taking over from a king. Height of the British Empire, monarch has a huge amount of power and more direct involvement in government.

I have thought it right to assemble you for the transaction of public business at the earliest convenient period after the dissolution of the late Parliament.

It is with great satisfaction that I have received from all foreign powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition, and of their earnest desire to cultivate and maintain with me the relations of amity; and I rejoice in the prospect that I shall be able to promote the best interests of my subjects by securing to them the advantages of peace.

I lament that civil war still afflicts the kingdom of Spain. I continue to exercise with fidelity the engagements of my crown with the Queen of Spain, according to the stipulations of the treaty of quadruple alliance.

I have directed a treaty of commerce which I have concluded with the united republic of Peru and Bolivia to be laid before you, and I hope soon to be able to communicate to you similar results of my negotiations with other powers.

I recommend to your serious consideration the state of the province of Lower Canada.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

The demise of the Crown renders it necessary that a new provision should be made for the civil list. I place unreservedly at your disposal those hereditary revenues which were transferred to the public by my immediate predecessor, and I have commanded that such papers as may be necessary for the full examination of this subject shall be prepared and laid before you. Desirous that the expenditure in this, as in every other department of the Government, should be kept within due limits, I feel confident that you will gladly make adequate provision for the support of the honour and dignity of the Crown.

The estimates for the services of next year are in course of preparation, and will be laid before you at the accustomed period. I have directed that the utmost economy should be enforced in every branch of the public expenditure.

Genre: Fiction - novels. Sub-genre = science fiction.

Purpose: To entertain - possibly an element of warning.

Audience: Younger readers, around 10-12 years old.

Extract from the opening to 'The Wild Robot' by Peter Brown

Mode: Written

Context of production:

written and

redrafted

by author,

then edited

through

publisher.

Our story begins on the ocean, with wind and rain and thunder and lightning and waves. A hurricane roared and raged through the night. And in the middle of the chaos, a cargo ship was sinking

down

down

down

to the ocean floor. The ship left hundreds of crates floating on the surface. But as the hurricane thrashed and swirled and knocked them around, the crates also began sinking into the depths. One after another, they were swallowed up by the waves, until only five crates remained.

Wider context:

written fairly

recently - robots

are both a

common trope

in popular

culture and

a developing

reality of

life.

By morning the hurricane was gone. There were no clouds, no ships, no land in sight. There was only calm water and clear skies and those five crates lazily bobbing along an ocean current. Days passed. And then a smudge of green appeared on the horizon. As the crates drifted closer, the soft green shapes slowly sharpened into the hard edges of a wild, rocky island.

The first crate rode to shore on a tumbling, rumbling wave and then crashed against the rocks with such force that the whole thing burst apart.

Now, reader, what I haven't mentioned is that tightly packed inside each crate was a brand-new robot. The cargo ship had been transporting hundreds of them before it was swept up in the storm. Now only five robots were left. Actually, only four were left, because when that first crate crashed against the rocks, the robot inside shattered to pieces.

The same thing happened to the next crate. It crashed against the rocks, and robot parts flew everywhere. Then it happened to the next crate. And the next. Robot limbs and torsos were flung onto ledges. A robot head splashed into a tide pool. A robot foot skittered into the waves.

And then came the last crate. It followed the same path as the others, but instead of crashing against the rocks, it sloshed against the remains of the first four crates. Soon, more waves were heaving it up out of the water. It soared through the air, spinning and glistening until it slammed down onto a tall shelf of rock. The crate was cracked and crumpled, but the robot inside was safe.

Genre: Detective Fiction (historical)

PART THREE: YORK NOTES PRACTICE TEST TWO

Purpose: to entertain and intrigue.

Text A

Audience:

This extract is taken from a Sherlock Holmes crime novel called *The Hound of the Baskervilles* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. This book was first published in serial form in 1901-2. In this extract Holmes and Watson hear a terrible sound on the moors.

Adults

Who were

Literate

(smaller proportion in 1901, as universal compulsory primary education had only been in place for 20 years)

Secondary

audience -

modern readers.

Context of production:

Written by one educated man, and would be edited.

Printed in fiction to make it more affordable.

Wider context:

vast interest in reading - development in technology made copies more accessible and affordable.

Also a surge of interest in supernatural, but also in science and detection (a fairly new thing)

Holmes had sprung to his feet, and I saw his dark, athletic outline at the door of the hut, his shoulders stooping, his head thrust forward, his face peering into the darkness.

'Hush!' he whispered. 'Hush!'

The cry had been loud on account of its vehemence, but it had pealed out from somewhere far off on the shadowy plain. Now it burst upon our ears, nearer, louder, more urgent than before.

'Where is it?' Holmes whispered; and I knew from the thrill of his voice that he, the man of iron, was shaken to the soul. 'Where is it, Watson?'

'There, I think.' I pointed into the darkness.

'No, there!'

Again the agonized cry swept through the silent night, louder and much nearer than ever. And a new sound mingled with it, a deep, muttered rumble, musical and yet menacing, rising and falling like the low, constant murmur of the sea.

'The hound!' cried Holmes. 'Come, Watson, come! Great heavens, if we are too late!'

He had started running swiftly over the moor, and I had followed at his heels. But now from somewhere among the broken ground immediately in front of us there came one last despairing yell, and then a dull, heavy thud. We halted and listened. Not another sound broke the heavy silence of the windless night.

I saw Holmes put his hand to his forehead like a man distracted.¹ He stamped his feet upon the ground.

'He has beaten us, Watson. We are too late.'

'No, no, surely not!'

'Fool that I was to hold my hand.² And you, Watson, see what comes of abandoning your charge! But, by Heaven, if the worst has happened we'll avenge him!'

Blindly we ran through the gloom, blundering against boulders, forcing our way through gorse bushes, panting up hills and rushing down slopes, heading always in the direction whence those dreadful sounds had come. At every rise Holmes looked eagerly round him, but the shadows were thick upon the moor, and nothing moved upon its dreary face.

'Can you see anything?'

30 'Nothing.'

'But, hark, what is that?'

A low moan had fallen upon our ears. There it was again upon our left! On that side a ridge of rocks ended in a sheer cliff which overlooked a stone-strewn slope. On its jagged face was spread-eagled some dark, irregular object. As we ran towards it the vague outline
 35 hardened into a definite shape. It was a prostrate man face downward upon the ground, the head doubled under him at a horrible angle, the shoulders rounded and the body hunched together as if in the act of throwing a somersault. So grotesque was the attitude that I could not for the instant realize that that moan had been the passing of his soul. Not a whisper, not a rustle, rose now from the dark figure over which we stooped. Holmes laid
 40 his hand upon him and held it up again, with an exclamation of horror. The gleam of the match which he struck shone upon his clotted fingers and upon the ghastly pool which widened slowly from the crushed skull of the victim. And it shone upon something else which turned our hearts sick and faint within us – the body of Sir Henry Baskerville!

There was no chance of either of us forgetting that peculiar ruddy tweed suit – the very one
 45 which he had worn on the first morning that we had seen him in Baker Street. We caught the one clear glimpse of it, and then the match flickered and went out, even as the hope had gone out of our souls. Holmes groaned, and his face glimmered white through the darkness.

'The brute! the brute!' I cried with clenched hands. 'Oh Holmes, I shall never forgive myself for having left him to his fate.'

Glossary

distracted¹ – mentally confused or deeply troubled by grief and anxiety.

hold my hand² – wait without taking action.

Turn over for Section A