



# **MODULE 8 WORKBOOK**

## **Synthesis and Summary**

.....

Commissioned by GCSEPod.

This resource is strictly for the use of subscribing schools for as long as they remain subscribers of GCSEPod. It may not be copied, sold, or transferred to a third party or used by the school after subscription ceases. Until such time it may be freely used within the subscribing school. All opinions and contributions are those of the authors. The contents of this resource are not connected with, or endorsed by, any other company, organisation or institution. GCSEPod will endeavour to trace and contact copyright owners. If there are any inadvertent omissions or errors in the acknowledgements or usage, this is unintended and GCSEPod will remedy these on written notification.

10 Feb 2020

# CONTENTS

---

---

## Lesson 1

<b>Quiz</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Practise</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>Apply</b>	<b>12</b>

# PODS

---

Before continuing, make sure you have watched and have access to the following Pods. To find these, simply log in to GCSEPod and enter the codes given into the search bar, or click the titles below if you're using this PDF on a computer.

Title	Pod Code
1. <b>Synthesising Evidence</b>	<b>ENG-153-004</b>

# LESSON 1

## Synthesising Evidence

---

---

### Pod

- **Synthesising Evidence**  
**ENG-153-004**

← (Click the Pod name to watch it now on gcsepod.com, or type the code into the search bar on the GCSEPod website!)

---

---

### Quiz

Watch the pod and answer the questions below. Circle your chosen answers.

1. To synthesize means to combine two or more different elements to create a whole:
  - a. True
  - b. False
  
2. In the exam, you will be asked to bring together key points from:
  - a. one text or source
  - b. two texts or sources
  - c. three texts or sources
  
3. You will need to use your skills of inference to work out the similarities or differences in the texts:
  - a. True
  - b. False

4. To gain the most marks you must make sure you:
  - a. read the exam question carefully
  - b. skim over the question and get straight to the text
  - c. skim over the question and the text and get down to writing
  
5. To plan you should use:
  - a. nothing - just write it up as you see the information in the text
  - b. a narrative arc
  - c. a planning chart to collect information from each text
  
6. Evidence should be kept to:
  - a. single words or short phrases
  - b. whole paragraphs
  - c. zero - you don't need to use evidence
  
7. You write your answer by:
  - a. looking at your chart for guidance
  - b. linking together the points on your chart
  - c. just getting on with answering – there's no time to plan
  
8. You should remember to use:
  - a. key words from the question
  - b. black ink
  - c. long quotations
  
9. Comparative words such as similarly, likewise, whereas or however should be used to link your summaries of the texts:
  - a. True
  - b. False

10. A summary is a:
- a. short version that only covers the key points
  - b. long explanation of something
  - c. language analysis question that requires you to talk about the effect of language

# PRACTISE

## Analysis

---

---

Summarising is taking a lot of information and selecting only the key points.

Look at this review of The Hotel Tropical in Spain:

Hotel Tropical is in a great location, really close to the local festival; we could hear the music from our balcony, and it only took us 20 minutes to walk there. The inside of the hotel was lovely, the rooms were clean and had everything you'd want: bottled water, shampoo, shower gel. Although I suspect the hotel puts the price up when the festival is on, it's still good value.

Unfortunately, the food wasn't great. The special 'festival' menu was disgusting and expensive, at six euros for a bowl of pasta that had come out of a tin. For the cost of the hotel, there should be more options.

1. Write out the five main points from the review in a bullet point list – this is you summarising the review.
  - a.
  - b.
  - c.
  - d.
  - e.

# PRACTISE

## Synthesis

---

**Remember:** this question is assessing inference. Do not discuss the effects of language.

It's important that you know whether you are looking for **differences or similarities** in the texts, and that you stick to the **focus** of the question in your answer. The best way to do this is to spend time reading the question carefully and highlight the word **similarity** or **difference** as well as the **focus**.

1. Highlight the word **similarity** or **difference** as well as the **focus** for these questions:

- a. The two texts show people enjoying their holiday.  
What similarities are there between the texts?
- b. The activities the families do on holiday are different.  
Write a summary of the different activities the families enjoy on their holidays.
- c. The texts show the different experiences the boys have at school.  
What differences are there in the texts?

2. Highlight the **similarity** or **difference** as well as the **focus** of the exam question below:

Q: The two writers' judgements of the restaurants they visit are very different.  
Use details from both sources to write a summary of the differences.

In order to be successful with this kind of question, it's important to plan. Using a planning chart like the one below will help you:

Source A: Judgement of the restaurant	Source B: Judgement of the restaurant
<p>He thinks the food on the menu sounds so horrible that it doesn't even sound like food. "I found little I recognised as 'food' on that menu".</p>	

3. Read these extracts and collect three ideas about each writer's judgement of the restaurant in your own table using a separate sheet of paper (the first one has been done for you).

Source A is from a broadsheet newspaper and is contemporary. Source B is taken from a 19th-century letter from a London clerk to his mother in the country.

Once you've found your three pieces of evidence from one source, you need to move on to the second source. Remember you're only looking for **three differences in the way the writer judges the restaurant**.

**Source A**

Anyway, after reading your comments, I did promise myself that my next review would be a good one. How disappointing for me, then – and for some of you, no doubt – that The Cantaloupe offers so little to praise.

For at first glance, dear reader, The Cantaloupe seems like a decent place, nestled in a corner of Covent Garden and, despite being named after my least favourite type of melon, with welcoming windows. The couple entering ahead of us look like they eat out regularly and probably know their stuff, so I follow them in with anticipation. And, I must say, The Cantaloupe's interior does not disappoint: comfortable chairs and booths, lights not too bright, music not too loud. The flowers on each table were fresh and do not take over the space. The waiter who led us to our seats seemed charming, taking our drinks orders promptly before presenting us with the menu and returning with a carafe of chilled water. The table lay between us, full of promise in its crisp napkins and gleaming cutlery.

I opened the menu. And here, dear reader, is where it all started to go wrong.

The Cantaloupe says it serves 'simple food, simply cooked'. Sure, the descriptions of the dishes are 'simple', but I found little I recognised as 'food' on that menu. "Duck, raspberry, peanut, noodles," anyone? "Prawns, grape, and garlic meringue"? Nothing anyone in

their right minds would put together. Eventually, I found something that looked familiar – a steak? Dare I hope – and ordered. My companion, who is vegetarian, went with something labelled “Tomato, orange, peppercorn, pastry” and hoped for the best.

It wasn't.

Some places are so awful that you actually enjoy describing the awfulness, but The Cantaloupe isn't one of those: I felt genuinely betrayed by the way it had lured me in with its pleasant exterior. When you're paying these prices – £8.50 for a starter, £20 for a main – you expect the food to at least merit the term 'edible'. I ate my meal – it was steak, once I'd scraped off the honey-and-olive sauce it came smothered in – because I was hungry; my companion ate her tart – at least, we think that's what it was – because she is polite. But I can't say that either of us enjoyed it.

I looked around me as we left, at the candles glowing, and heard the clink of cutlery on china and glass against glass. Everyone looked comfortable. But when I looked at their faces, I couldn't see one flash of pleasure as they chewed. And that, surely, is the mark of a poor restaurant.

### Source B

Bellman's Famous Pie Shop near Charing Cross Station was our destination, and we could sense the anticipation of the crowds as we drew near, the queue of customers stretching out into the street: young clerks such as us, one family – clearly on a day outing from Kent or some such – and all the single labouring men one expects to find at such establishments. The man behind whom we took our place leaned against the window, so tired was he, his clothes so blackened that, at first, we took him for a chimney-sweep but, upon standing close, soon gathered he was a sewer worker from the quality of the air he gave off. We stood our distance, but not so far as to lose our place in the line, for we were by now too hungry at the prospect of a hot pie to find another shop. And, indeed, as you near the open door, the rich smells that emerge – of browned and crusted pastry, of the meat and gravy within – draw you further in and overcome all other smells – even those of the sewer.

Upon entering, Barnaby and I approached the counter.

“A hot mutton pie,” says I, quick as you like.

“Then make that two,” my companion is quick to follow.

We hand over our pennies – one each, hard-earned and well-spent – and the pieman presents us with our steaming prizes, and looking around, we find a corner to stand and

eat. The mutton was not all gristle, and the gravy – though lacking some seasoning – was not too thin, and the pastry made up for any lack in the filling. Barnaby and I ate carefully, so as not to burn our tongues, nor spoil our cravats with gravy or crumbs, and we parted ways in fine spirits, I to make my way over the bridge at Westminster, Barnaby to take the train home.

Well, Mother, perhaps you will disapprove of your son spending his pennies in this way, but there is much pleasure to be had in the eating of a fresh, hot pie.

A student answering this question opened his summary with the paragraph below. Look at it alongside the Tips for Success to see how they've transformed the first points from their planning chart into their first paragraph:

The writer in source A makes a very negative judgement of the food in restaurant he visits. He thinks the food on the menu sounds so horrible that it doesn't even sound like food: "I found little I recognised as 'food' on that menu". In comparison, the writer in Source B makes a positive judgement of the restaurant he visits and, although his pie wasn't perfect and 'lacked some seasoning', he obviously enjoyed the food he ate because he says, 'there is much pleasure to be had in the eating of a fresh, hot pie.'

### Tips for Success

- Make inferences from both texts.
- Select quotations relevant to the focus of the task.
- Show clear differences/similarities between the texts.

4. Write up two of the points from your planning chart into paragraphs using the example above to help you. Use a separate sheet of paper for this task.

# APPLY

For this section, a teacher should preferably review your work.

---

---

Read the extracts below and answer the synthesis and summary question using the planning grid you practised with. Finally, check your response against the **Tips for Success**. Use a separate sheet of paper for this task.

**QUESTION:**

You need to refer to Source A and Source B for this question.

The holiday activities the families take part in are very different.

Using both sources, write a summary of the different activities the family in Source A enjoy and the family in Source B enjoy while on holiday.

**Source A**

*Extract from a broadsheet newspaper column written in 1989. The writer, Ian Slater, explores his experience of a family holiday by the sea in Devon.*

“When I were a nipper,” my dad would begin, and the family would roll its eyes as one and settle in for a long journey, as he continued, “we didn’t ‘ave summer ‘olidays. We were lucky to get a day out in the park from me da.”

Well, we knew we’d be lucky to get a day of sun in Skegness.

As a child in 50s Lincolnshire, seaside holidays for us meant at least three days huddled on the beach, shivering beneath the blankets we’d brought to sit on, the wind blowing grit in our eyes and sandwiches, a thermos of cooling tea the only comfort. And Auntie Ethel would drink most of that.

But, beyond those grey clouds of misery, there always lurked a day or two of sunshine: out came the shorts, while Mum and Auntie Ethel smeared Shiphams meat paste on a growing pile of sandwiches and reached for – oh joy – a packet of Garibaldi biscuits to add to the feast, then a race to the seafront, past the stalls from which clattered plastic buckets and spades, onto that glorious golden sand, and hours of sandcastle-building

and paddling.

So it wasn't all bad.

Now it's me starting with the "When I was a kid" stories, while my teenagers roll their eyes in the back. Because I've got a lot of convincing to do: guilt-ridden with all the flights (and, let's face it, short of cash), after years of the Costa, we're taking our first British holiday and heading for Devon. And Ben, 10, Sarah, 13, and Amber, 15, are not happy bunnies.

Time for a round of "We're All Going on a Summer Holiday", I think to myself.

You'd have thought it would all have gone downhill from there, wouldn't you?

But the funny thing is, it didn't. In fact, we had one of the best holidays of our family life so far. OK, so the sun wasn't scorching hot. But, to be honest, with a family like mine, that's no bad thing – we usually spend the first part of the week red as lobsters and the second half peeling, with one day of glorious tan in between to make us feel vaguely Continental. Still, there was sun. And it was warm.

And so, far from huddling in cagoules, we were out there every day – all five of us – in our shorts and bikinis (OK, not me). Ben and I made epic sandcastles, and the girls, after a bit of shrugging, joined in and remembered what fun it can be. We played beach volley-ball. We bought a couple of nets and went rock-pooling. I defy anyone not to find wonders in the bottom of a rock pool: scabbling hermit crabs, the wave of sea-anemones, seaweed tangling underfoot, the dart of a translucent shrimp. Sarah and Amber hired bodyboards with their mum and found that, actually, a day spent away from their music can be fun.

Not everything was perfect, of course. We had the inevitable arguments about how skimpy a bikini was permissible (honestly, sometimes I wish we lived in the days when girls wore fulllength dresses to swim), and I had to tell Ben off for torturing sea-anemones on the first day, and it wasn't quite warm enough to lie in the sun and read without some kind of warm clothing. And the sandwiches still ended up with sand in them ["But Dad, that's why they're called sandwiches," explained Amber, sarcastically].

But for me, there was something wonderful in the way things haven't changed that much: there are still donkey-rides and bucket-and-spade stalls and people shrieking in the sea because it's a lot colder than it looks.

And I think the reason is that, put someone on a patch of sand, and they can't help digging and building and patting it into shape. The seaside turns us all into inquisitive kids again.

And when, in the car on the way home, my wife turned to me and said ruefully, "Better start saving for Spain next year, then," the wail of protest from the back seat was deafening.

It's amazing what kids can hear through their headphones.

### **Source B**

*A Visit to the Seaside – extract from the diary of a fifteen-year old girl, Emily Marwain, describing a family holiday at the seaside in the 1890s:*

The boarding-house that Father has chosen is two streets behind the seafront, thus shielding us from the worst of the sea's gusting winds. Mother is relieved, it being far easier to retain one's bonnet out of the wind, but Letty and I cannot help feeling that it might have been fun to be chased halfway down the street by a breeze.

I should not complain, however, as the landlady – Mrs Hansom, a widow – keeps the place very clean and the food is good, and Mrs Hansom puts together a small picnic collation for us each day so that, once breakfasted, we collect together our belongings and are at the beach in only a few minutes. There, we make our way to the bathing hut we have hired for the week, and the attendant sets out chairs for Father and Mother beneath a large umbrella, while Letty and I lay out our blanket. Father promptly removes his shoes and settles himself into the deckchair with his book; Mother sits beside him, her face swathed in a veil beneath the enormous sun bonnet, and takes out her sewing.

The beach is mostly sand, lined with bathing huts, and further along, there are some large rocks with fine pools that little Rupert loves to explore, armed with his fishing net, Nurse following behind him with a bucket.

Letty and I are far more daring, unpacking out bathing dresses and signalling the attendant to pull the beach hut closer to the water. Once he has done so, we enter and change, before braving the steps down and dipping a first, tentative toe into the bracing waters of the English Channel. My goodness, how cold it is at that first dip! But the trick is to be brave and wade out further, even up to our waists if the sun is shining. The bathing

dresses really are a marvel, with sleeves to the elbow and skirts all the way up to the knee: daring indeed! But the bloomers and stockings beneath preserve our modesty, so we can enjoy our freedom.

Father's bathing costume is woollen and striped, and he has not donned it since Letty and I stifled a giggle on the first day.

"Minxes!" he pronounced lightly, but we knew he was offended, and were heartily sorry. Still, one can forget everything sad at the seaside, I am convinced.

After our watery adventure, Letty and I dry in the sun and, sometimes, if we are feeling particularly brave, we wander along the beach a way to see the sights. There are donkey rides at one end for little children, and we took Rupert yesterday. How charming he looked in his sailor suit – but he was rather terrified, thinking he might fall off, and so we had to take him back to Nurse to be consoled with a jelly from Mrs Hansom's basket.

Mother did not think that he would enjoy the Punch and Judy show on the parade, either. A few evenings ago, walking the promenade with Mother and Father while Rupert took his tea with Nurse, we stopped to watch, and it was quite the most brutal entertainment! Mother and Father hold that it would be too much for Rupert's 'delicate sensibility', as they call it, at which Letty and I had to hold in our protestation. As we both agreed later, changing for bed, there is little delicate about Rupert: we have seen the way he pokes those jellied sea-anemones in the rock pools and, only yesterday, I caught him trying to pull the legs off a crab! I should think watching Mr Punch crack poor Judy around the head with his truncheon would be much to his taste.

But I am determined not to moan – it is rare for Father to have a chance to rest, and really, sitting on the steps of a bathing hut, toes paddling the sea, who can be sad?