

Script D

Directed Writing and Composition

Question 1:

Dear Betty,

Upon receiving your most recent letter, I was slightly worried about the suggestion that you might opt to join the Homeshare scheme, as though I was not very well informed about the scheme, seemed, at first, a bad idea. Foremost among my concerns was the issue of whether or not the care you received would be regular and reliable, this is because, as your grandson, I fear that your own liking of cleanliness and comfort might be curtailed by the presence of a young person, with whom you might not get along. This was somewhat compounded by evidence in several articles I read during my investigation into the scheme, which seemed to suggest that in some cases of the Homeshare scheme, the two matched people struggle to get on well and the young person involved may fail to fulfil their duty of care to the elderly individual, leading to a certain amount of distress and discomfort on the part of the elderly person. Knowing you as I do however, I am aware of how much you enjoy the company of others and therefore how much you could value sharing your property with a young person, furthermore, such a scheme would obviously be helpful to the young person as well, giving them sound accommodation at an extremely cheap price.

On further inspection I discovered another benefit of the scheme, which is the high quality care that might be given to you, which, considering the advantage gifted by yourself to the young person in question, would likely be given ungrudgingly, helping you through the day in regard to basic tasks, as an alternative to the patronising care of a nursing home, which I am aware you dislike intensely. Furthermore, in regard to the benefits offered to the young person sharing your home, I believe that you could gain a certain amount of self-satisfaction from having played such an instrumental role in their developing career or education, whilst they themselves may provide good company for yourself, as many of your friends have either passed away, or find it difficult to make the journey to meet you, something which I know has in recent years made you feel lonely, especially in your large house.

On the whole, I believe that the Homeshare scheme would be a wonderful idea for you to get involved in and I would wholeheartedly recommend it as a solution for you, assuming that the young person staying with you can assure you of reliable and regular care and company and that you find them personally agreeable and that they find you equally so. Assuming the above criteria are met by the individual in question, I see no reason not to go ahead with the scheme.

Regards,

Question 3:

The View From the Top

Awe-inspiring yet terrifying, was the vista from the highest point of the building, the view down to the crumbling masonry of the city below, arches and spires, remnants of a bygone age lay dead, devoid of movement and sound, save the odd metallic carrion bird, searching the lifeless landscape from sunken eye sockets, waiting for the piercing cry signifying food.

Meat.

In the distance, beyond the dreadful deathly ruins, could be seen the shallow furrows of mechanical beast, tracing the cracked earth like train tracks, a sinister reminder of the city's terrible fate. The scene lay motionless, without the slightest gust of wind, but it was not peaceful, it lay still with the same disturbing silence of a held breath, or of a scream, forming in the lungs only to burst forth, an animalistic cry of rage and anguish, held back only by oppressive stillness. Such was the atmosphere. Even from my lofty vantage point, I detected the sickening scent of decaying flesh, in the searing heat of a cloudless, breezeless day, it lay across my palette, a dry repulsive stench filled my nostrils and forced from my lungs a gasp of revulsion. Despite the lack of wind, dust hung heavy in the air and thick smoke belched from the destroyed city, assailing my senses with a feeling of terror. Still there remained the hint of chemicals, striking painfully against the back of my throat, a burning sensation, made all the worse by the reminding taste of death, intertwined in my memory with such tastes.

Burning.

The sky was white hot without the faintest hint of azure, reflected in the shattered windows below me, stretching down the ruined building, once the crowning jewel of a civilisation, was the reddish hue of the sun, itself dying, decaying along with the city that its unforgiving heat beat down upon. Despite its partial destruction, the building remained a testament to the achievement's of mankind, a towering structure of metal and glass, what should have been a glimmering symbol of hope in a place that was without life, it too was dead...

Any space of open ground in the city was scorched, the seared stumps of trees a brutal reminder of anything organic, now it was a place of metal, of machines and of death, where the only sound was the scraping of metal on metal and the clang of impact after impact. This destroyed place was not simply devoid of life, it was adverse to it, swallowing anything living and destroying it, leaving nothing behind, save the scorched corpses as a testament to death and ruination. I, myself was incongruous, living amongst death. I too however, felt the living within me seep away with every passing moment. Moving, inexorably towards one thing. One, single unavoidable thing.

Death.