Editing checklist

Organisation and content
- The piece has a logical structure.
- The central idea is clear and is developed consistently throughout.
- I have shown a detailed understanding of the original text.
- I have referred to key moments in the original text to help contextualise my piece.
- I have shown an insightful understanding of the original text's characters.
- I have used an appropriate structure for my chosen form.

Style and voice
- The voice is consistent, engaging and appropriate to my chosen narrator (or writer).
- The style of writing (formality and type of language) is consistent and appropriate to the form and audience.
- The literary devices (such as figurative language and imagery) achieve the effects that I intended.

Language use: words, phrases and punctuation
- The vocabulary and sentence structures match the narrative voice.
- There are no unintentionally repeated words or phrases.
- All words and terms from the text are used correctly.
- I have used quotation marks appropriately to indicate quotes and dialogue.
- Each sentence starts with a capital letter and ends with concluding punctuation.
- I have done a thorough spelling and grammar check, using a dictionary to resolve any issues.

The written explanation
As part of your SAC you will also produce a written explanation that outlines your creative intentions. It should clearly explain how you chose what to write, and how these decisions demonstrate your understanding of the original text. It can be written in the first person or the third person, but it must be coherent, thoughtful and fluent. There is no set length for this part of the task, but it will be a detailed paragraph or two, most likely around 200–250 words.
Your explanation should answer these questions:

- What is the form of the piece and why did you choose that form?
- Who are the narrator (or writer) and the intended audience?
- Which aspect of the text is explored in your creative response? Why is this important to the world of the text? How does the form you have chosen help to achieve this purpose?
- How does your response demonstrate your knowledge of the key moments, important characters and central ideas and values of the text?
- Which language features did you use and what effect did you intend to create with them?

See the examples of written explanations in each of the following sample creative responses.

**Sample SAC responses**

The following three pieces show contrasting approaches to the task of responding creatively to a text. Each piece has an accompanying written explanation. The annotations show how the responses use elements from the set texts and how the performance descriptors could be applied to them. They also point out features of the responses, such as structure and language, that you can incorporate into your own pieces.

**SAMPLE RESPONSE 1**

My children – Kehkashan, Abdul, Mirchi, Atahar, Safdar, Lallu, Tabu, all of you:

I hope your mother will give you this letter as I have asked her (just because she cannot read it she should not discard it!). I am sorry I will not see you again. I am too ill to leave the hospital now. And as you all know this country does not take care of us, all of us from Annawadi and from everywhere else, like it should, so I am lucky even to be here. You must each learn to take care of yourselves because no one will do it for you!

I regret I did not teach you more about our cruel country. I was maybe wrong to protect you: look what it has come to after all. But my decision was because I wished to shelter you while you were still young enough not to know my sorrows and struggles. I wished you to see the world as a place where a person might sometimes be kind to you, help you; a place you could make your dreams come alive, take charge of your own life: this I tried to do with Vasai. If I had not been sick perhaps I could have earned the money to make that dream come true: a life for us all, away from the slums where the air kills us in every breath.

**Topic**

**TYPE OF RESPONSE: Adding to the text**
- a personal letter

**TEXT: Behind the Beautiful Forevers**

**Uses convention of the letter form (opening salutation); establishes style and voice.**

**Articulates a theme of the text (impact of poverty).**
I wanted to build you all a place where our lives might be better than what you knew in Annawadi. That was the world I hoped to show you: something a little like my own childhood. Not perfect. But at least with air and some space and not everyone was ignorant. Not like this place by the sewer lakes where you must all grow up and die unless you can find a way to get out.

I am sorry I did not at least show you Vasai; you might have seen what a future could be. But when they sold our land they stole our deposit too, stole our money and our dreams. The very thing that was my hope is a memorial to my hopelessness. Please do not let this happen to you.

Mirdi, I know you do not wish to work. You must help your brother Abdul. He works hard for all of us and you should too. You were such a lazy boy but you have showed your better side and tried hard since the One Leg. You have done a good job and you must keep going. The little ones, you must also help your brothers and Kekhaskan: like me she will always try to make things better for you. Do what she tells you – you must respect her as you have respected me. Kekhaskan, thank you for coming home to the family. Take care of them.

Abdul, I am proud of you: you have learned all that I wanted you to. You have listened and respected your father, learned to try not to make trouble. Even though it is luck that makes us live or die, you can help luck to find you. With your hard sorting you helped this family grow when I could not, and when you learned from the Master in Dongri you helped yourself grow. That is what you must do to become a man! You are a good boy and I know you dream of living beyond Annawadi, just like I did. I hope it can come true.

Every small thing you can learn might one day help you all. Imagine, if I had not known about our Indian justice system. When the special executive officer made her threat, I would have had to pay. We would have been in more ruin. And the One Leg’s husband would never have called off the case. As it was, I did not have to pay! Because I had read all I could about legal trials in the Urdu newspapers. You must all find a way to learn to read: go to Manju and learn from her if you cannot get to school.

I want to make one more apology to you all! That day on the maidan when you heard me threaten the One Leg. It should not have happened. It should never have happened – none of it should have happened! And we were unlucky and she trapped us: your mother will tell you this. But when I lost my temper and gave in to that bullying, and threatened the One Leg, I made it worse for all of us. Perhaps she would have punished us anyway, I hear you say, but who knows! And no matter how unfair the world we are in, we must learn to accept responsibility. Fatima never did this: that is what made her do the evil thing she did. Please do not learn from her. Do what you have to do to stay alive, but please try to be better than your parents and your neighbours.
This country, these slums, make us all cruel, in our desperation to survive.

But you must stay as good as you can!

From your father, Karam Husain

**WRITTEN EXPLANATION**

This letter is written on his deathbed to his children by Karam Husain, a peripheral character in *Behind the Beautiful Forevers* but an important one for the influence he has had on his eldest son, Abdul, the book's protagonist. Abdul echoes his father's ideas and words; his behaviour and many of his decisions reflect what he has absorbed of Karam’s values. Karam strives to protect his children but the book subtly questions this value by showing that his efforts fail to help the family. This letter articulates the fact that parental protection often cannot truly ‘protect’.

Katherine Boo avoids the first-person voice, and I have chosen this form (personal letter) as an opportunity to access the text from a more subjective perspective. The letter gives voice to a minor character, demonstrating that many of the themes and ideas of the text are manifest within each individual life. Examples include the impact of poverty, whether fate determines lives and the impossibility of parental protection. Boo’s text explores such themes by representing their broad impact within the Annawadi community; this letter further examines the themes by presenting their emotional impact in a domestic sphere.

There are two audiences for this letter: the Husain children and the external reader (people familiar with the book). Audience can determine literary choices including vocabulary, voice, style and tone. For example, Karam uses short/informal names and terms his children will be familiar with (‘the One Leg’, ‘sorting’), but also must describe things clearly enough for the external reader (see his explanation of what happened on the maldan).

Literary devices also construct and convey important aspects of character. Here, for example, sentence structures and phrasing are relatively simple and sometimes even awkward (‘air kills us in every breath’) as Karam, though we know he can read, likely has limited written skills or perhaps has even had to dictate his letter. I have also employed devices from the book, such as frequent exclamation marks in Karam’s dialogue, which indicate the energetic nature of his thoughts even when he is physically unwell. To reiterate the text’s thematic concerns, I have used repetition to emphasise ideas Karam considers important (such as respect); these echo the broader issues explored in the text.
SAMPLE RESPONSE 2

As the pastor finishes intoning his words, I finally look over to my beloved cousin, now husband. He smiles at me. The sun is warm on the back of our heads as we leave the chapel, and the mountains surrounding us seem to lean in kindly to make up for the absent friends who we carry in our hearts. My darling Victor is trying his hardest to be jolly and light, but we both know that he carries a heavy burden within him. His voice echoes in my head, ‘I will confide this tale of misery and terror to you the day after our marriage shall take place’, and he has emphasised that he will not speak a word of it until then.

As we stroll down to the quay with Father and Ernest, some kind well-wishers murmur their words of happiness to us but, on the whole, people move aside to avoid our family as if the air of tragedy is catching. As Victor and I board the boat in which we are to sail towards my ancestral home, Villa Lavenza, I can see the strain of parting in my adopted father's face.

’Don’t worry, dear Papa. I will look after him,’ I reassure him.

‘Of course, beautiful Elizabeth,’ he replies fondly. ‘Caroline would have been so proud of the way you have devoted yourself to our family. You know that this day was her dearest wish.’

As he speaks a dark cloud rolls across the sun, just above the majestic Mont Blanc, and he shivers with the chill that it momentarily brings. Suddenly my heart is pounding. What an omen! All the fears about Victor that I have tried to suppress come rushing back to the surface.

The boat rocks slightly as we begin our journey towards Evian and our future together. I look over to his face, once so familiar from childhood but now ravished with sorrow and another emotion that I struggled to place — it looks like guilt. For some reason that I do not understand, Victor blames himself for the terrible murders of our beloved ones. Perhaps he thinks that he should have protected us all more than he has. Certainly at times his passion for natural philosophy has cut us off from him, but I know that he is committed to putting that all behind us.

Still chilled by the earlier omen, my mind wanders back to our idyllic childhood. Nothing could have prepared us for what we have had to face. The love our parents shared for each other and all of us; the kindness with which we were treated and the opportunities that the boys were presented with. None of this could have prepared us for our mother’s untimely death and the dreadful loss of those whom we loved so dearly. William and Henry, and Justine as well. Feeling Victor sighing by my side, I wonder if he is strong enough to deal with whatever life might continue to challenge us with. Whilst my love for Victor has never faltered, in my deepest fears I have wondered if he can manage any possible future tragedies. I have worked hard to present to him a face of quiet contentment and loyalty. However, the reality is that I struggle with the torments of doubt and despair at humanity’s dark side.
The loss of William has made me very afraid for the future. How will I cope if something happens to a child of my own? The darkness of human hearts has been exposed to me and I fear for any offspring we may have in such a wicked world. The preciousness of life and the pace of the changes in our society cause me to tremble. And yet I am the one who must remain strong. What if something happens and Victor descends into the illness and despair that has afflicted him at other times of hardship? I must be calm and keep it all inside.

To ease my turbulent mind, I look up to the mountains in whose wondrous sight I have always found great delight. The beauty of the scene is breathtaking, reminding me of our overall insignificance compared to these mighty giants to whom our short lives must seem so pointless. Out of the corner of my eye, I catch something moving on the shore, moving fast but just managing to stay out of view. I cannot quite see it, and yet it radiates some kind of malevolent threat. Is it a kind of wild animal? I watch for a while but cannot seem to fix on whatever it is, if anything. I think of telling Victor but decide not to, as he seems so tense and distracted. This is my wedding day, I remind myself. There were times when I thought that he was delaying our marriage because he did not love me or that he loved another, but I gave away those misgivings when he reassured me that they were just idle fears. We must look forward to our future together with optimism.

I lean over the railings of the boat and look down at the fish swimming around the pebbles below. Victor can sense that all is not well, and I reassure him that nature is at peace around us and so, too, should we be at peace. I keep to myself the shadows that I have seen coming over the sun and the feeling that we are racing to our destinies.

**WRITTEN EXPLANATION**

This internal monologue is from the perspective of Elizabeth on her wedding day, reflecting on the ideas and events of the novel from her point of view. It should interest readers of *Frankenstein* by giving a female perspective on the text. Elizabeth does not have much of a voice in the novel, except for some dialogue and letters; most of what we know is from Victor Frankenstein’s description of her.

In this piece, I build tension by describing Elizabeth’s hopes and fears on her wedding day, shortly before she arrives in Evian where readers know she will be killed. I have created suspense through the use of the omen, as well as dramatic irony – since we know that she will die, instead of having the happy life that she is looking forward to. I have included a number of the elements that Victor uses to describe Elizabeth, such as their gazing at the mountains while the boat is moving towards Evian, the sun at their wedding, their idyllic childhood and her devotion to the family.

Finally, it seems realistic that Elizabeth would have been a little apprehensive of Victor’s changing moods and worried by his illnesses over the years. I wanted to explore these thoughts and feelings and an internal monologue suited my purpose, as Elizabeth would never have expressed them aloud.