

Onomatopoeia

water:

submarine:

equipment:

sailors:

Repetition (*repeating inner monologue*)

questions:

worries:

other thoughts:

Metaphor

Beneath me, the rocking submarine floor changed from solid to liquid in a matter of seconds as water gushed, surged and roared relentlessly inside. The cascading water was a swirling blanket of ice and filth around my aching body. *How long have I got? Has anyone been killed? Will the walls hold? My* brain hounded me as I lifted myself to a stooped standing position and fumbled for my torch...

'Clank! Groan!'

light / dark

the light was a finger, reaching out to touch...;

a beam of light pierced...;

hazy shapes transformed into familiar objects;

light bounced haphazardly on the rapidly rising, churning water;

the sheer darkness mellowed;

dim; murky; shadowy

deceased shipmates

floating/bobbing toys;

soulless eyes;

lost boys;

corpses; slumped; unmoving; still; lifeless

damaged submarine

the cracking in the walls was a dangerous web being spun;

metal walls torn like tissue paper by the...;

water finding every pathway in;

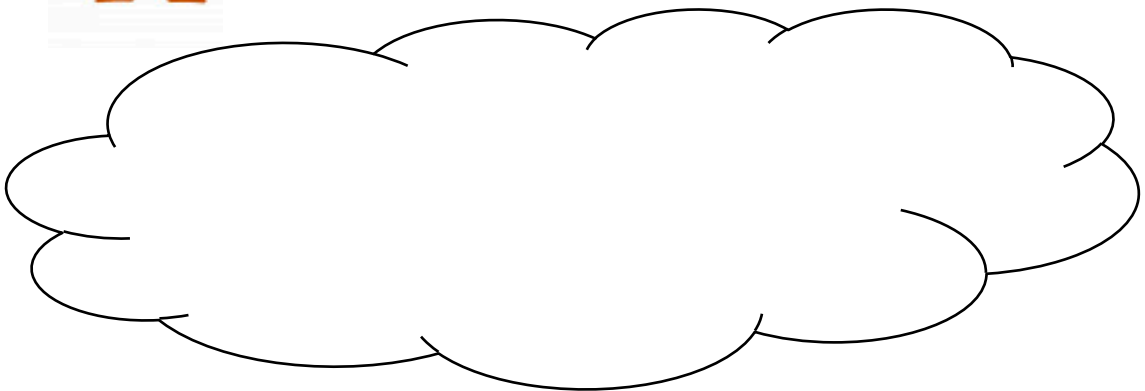
creak; crack; crunch, gush groan, roar; rip

<p>Capes sees three stokers are alive and puts breathing apparatus on them.</p>	
<p>Capes waits for the water to fill the sub so the equal pressure will allow him to open the hatch.</p>	
<p>He releases the hatch and forces it open.</p>	
<p>Capes pushes his comrades through.</p>	
<p>Capes' buoyancy propels him to the surface at speed.</p>	
<p>The effects of the ascension hit him and he also realises he is the sole survivor.</p>	

John Capes: Resource: 3a

The cold was an unyielding beast, growing fiercer with every passing moment. My mind reeled from its grasp. *Don't panic; just breathe.* Then something hard and firm became suddenly tangled around my leg. I reached down to pull myself free before realising it was a hand! My eyes tracked along the shaking fist and the pale arm to the pained, blood-soaked face of George, a fellow stoker. Crash! A metal box spun into his back with the force of a mighty wave and pushed him under, momentarily. *No! Not George!* I grabbed his sodden clothing and wrenched him upwards, gasping as I noticed two more comrades beyond him in an equal state of distress. *How could I get them out of here?*

John Capes: Resource: 3b



The subjunctive form

The subjunctive form is used in **formal language** and can be used to give advice or talk about situations that are not real. It is used to express things that could or should happen.

*It is vital that he **attend**. I wish I **were** able to visit.*

Giving advice / demanding / proposing

Noun/ Pronoun	Verb (showing importance)	That	Noun/Pronoun	Infinitive verb (root form)
I	request	that	they	join
He	insists	that	she	participate
We	propose	that	the group	be
Peter	demands	that	spectators	stand

Use the root form of the verb. This means no 's' on the end.

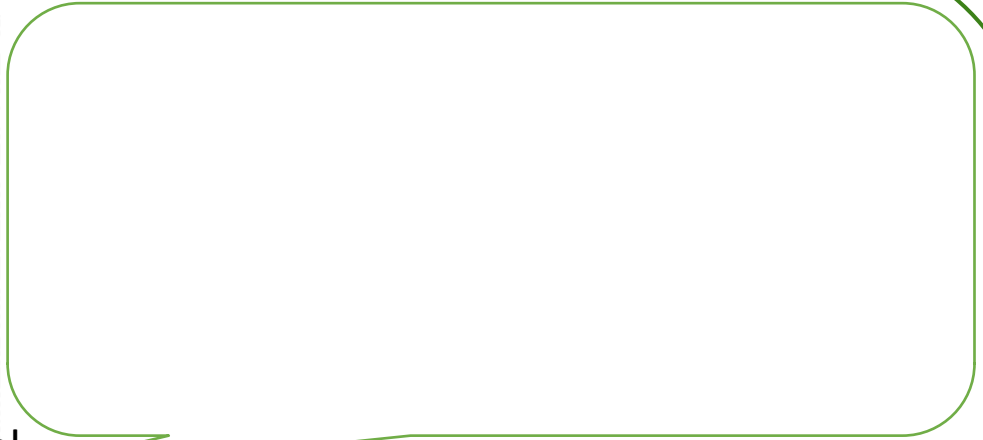
Expressing desires / wishes

If	noun/pronoun	were	dream, wish, hope
If	I	were	famous
If	I	were	immortal
If	I	were	younger

Use 'were', not 'was'.



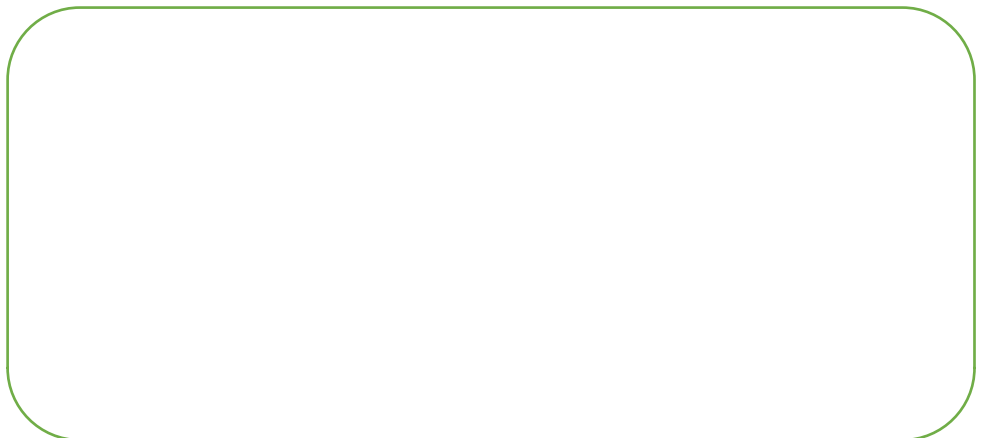
Princess Royal
(Great Britain)



Royal-Navy Fleet Admiral



Professor of
Military History





I insist that Capes be stripped of his British Empire medal. The Royal-Navy demands that he apologise publically for his deceit. Finally, I propose that he retire from public life.

Royal-Navy Fleet Admiral

Dear Sir Benjamin Wimpole,

I am writing to inform you of a miraculous discovery made last week by my diving team.

We had been in search of the infamous *Perseus* for several weeks before locating it 3 miles off the coast of Kefalonia. Fortunately, the submarine has not deteriorated significantly and we were thus able to enter the vessel and explore its contents. Aware of the stories of John Capes' survival from the *Perseus*, we were intrigued as to whether or not we would find any evidence that he had in fact been a stoker on board. As I am certain you are aware, this is something which he claimed but that most of his peers sincerely doubted. It is my pleasure to inform you that we are now certain that his remarkable story is entirely accurate. Not only did we find the depth gauge at exactly 270 feet, as described by Capes, we also discovered the remains of his unorthodox bunk and bottle of rum. Moreover, the hatch which Capes described as jammed and therefore blocking his exit was still stuck and entirely immovable.

In light of this new information, _____

Yours sincerely,

John Capes: Resource: 5a