

Write your name here

Surname

Other names

Centre Number

Candidate Number

Edexcel GCSE

English Language

Unit 2: The Writer's Voice

Higher Tier

Tuesday 29 May 2012 – Morning

Time: 1 hour 45 minutes

Paper Reference

5EN2H/01

You must have: Questions and Extracts Booklet (enclosed)
Clean copies of set texts may be used.

Total Marks

Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- You must answer **two** questions. Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
– *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 64.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*
- Questions labelled with an **asterisk** (*) are ones where the quality of your written communication will be assessed
– *you should take particular care on these questions with your spelling, punctuation and grammar, as well as the clarity of expression.*
- Any planning or rough work can be done on additional work sheets. These **MUST NOT** be returned with the answer booklet.

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Keep an eye on the time.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ►

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PEARSON

SECTION A: READING

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ~~☒~~ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen Question Number:

Question 1 ☒

Question 2 ☒

Question 3 ☒

Question 4 ☒

Question 5 ☒

Question 6 ☒

Question 7 ☒

Question 8 ☒

Write your answers to Section A Questions (a) and (b) here:

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(Section A continued)

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(Section A continued)

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TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 40 MARKS



(Section B continued)

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(Section B continued)

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TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 24 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 64 MARKS



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PEARSON

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Answer ONE question from Section A and ONE question from Section B.

SECTION A: READING

Page

Answer ONE question

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SECTION B: WRITING

20

Answer ONE question

Question 9

Question 10

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 1.

Touching the Void

Extract taken from Chapter 11.

When I at last tired of the game, the silence was overwhelming. My boisterous mood vanished and I felt despairingly lonely and silly. I thought of what the words meant, and of the dream, and was close to tears.

My feet had been buried by drifting snow and I yelled at the burning stabs in my knee when I tried to kick them free. While I struggled to roll the wet clinging sleeping bag back over my lower legs I accidentally broke a hole in the cave roof. Bright sunshine suddenly burnt away the snow shadows in the cave and I knew at once that the storm was over. I reached for my axe and swept away the rest of the roof. It was going to be a hot day. The sun rapidly melted away the cold night shivers, and I sat in the hole that was left of the cave gazing around me. At my feet, a slope ran down to an old snow-filled crevasse. I was facing the moraines but I couldn't see them from the glacier. Everything was white and alarmingly smooth. The storm had made a good job of covering the footprints I had been following the previous night. For as far as I could see, the surface of the glacier undulated away in unblemished waves of fresh snow.

As I slowly packed the bag into my sack and fumbled to roll up my Karrimat with numb fingers, I realised how desperately thirsty I was. If it had been bad yesterday I couldn't imagine what it would be like today. I tried to think where the nearest flowing water might be. I could remember seeing water only at Bomb Alley, and that was miles away. I would be lucky to reach it today. As soon as the thought struck me I was shocked to see how planned everything had become. I couldn't remember consciously deciding how long it would take to get to camp, yet there was no doubt that I had done so for I had already dismissed any hope of reaching Bomb Alley. Strange things seemed to be going on in my head. I had no clear memory of the sequence of events on the previous day. Vague snatches of unconnected memories came to me – the hollow floor in the crevasse and the sunbeam, an avalanche blast in the storm, falling down the slope where I snow-holed, and that obscene ice cliff – but where had the rest of the day gone? Was this due to lack of food and water? How many days had I been without them? Three days, no, two days and three nights! God Almighty! The thought appalled me. I knew that at this height I needed to consume at least one and a half litres of fluid each day, just to combat the dehydration of altitude. I was running on empty.

Touching the Void

1 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of how Joe copes with loneliness and hardship.

You **must** include examples of language features in your answer.

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Joe is alone.

Explore **one other** part of *Touching the Void* in which Joe has to cope with being alone on the mountain.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

(Total for Question 1 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 2.

Anita and Me

Extract taken from Chapter 8.

Still, that evening our house seemed to vibrate with goodwill and hope, the air felt heady and rare, the food seemed mountainous and never ending, even Sunil giggled and chirruped his way through dinner from his usual position on mama's hip, trying to form passing adult words like some drunk parrot. It was such an unseasonably warm evening that every possible window was flung open as the house became more crowded and noisy, until suddenly, the front door was ajar and our guests began spilling out into the garden, still clutching their drinks and balancing plates of food. This threw me into a minor panic; Tollington front gardens were purely for display purposes, everybody knew that. And here were all my relatives using our scrubby patch of lawn like a marquee, laughing and joking and generally behaving as if they were still within the security of four soundproofed walls.

It felt so strange to hear Punjabi under the stars. It was an indoor language to me, an almost guilty secret which the Elders would only share away from prying English eyes and ears. On the street, in shops, on buses, in parks, I noticed how the volume would go up when they spoke English, telling us kids to not wander off, asking the price of something; and yet when they wanted to say something intimate, personal, about feelings as opposed to acquisitions, they switched to Punjabi and the volume became a conspiratorial whisper. 'That woman over there, her hat looks like a dead dog... The bastard is asking too much, let's go... Do you think if I burped here, anyone would hear it?'

I stood uncertainly on the front porch and watched helplessly as the Aunties and Uncles began reclaiming the Tollington night in big Indian portions, guffawing Punjabi over fences and hedges, wafting curried vegetable smells through tight-mouthed letterboxes, sprinkling notes from old Hindi movie songs over jagged rooftops, challenging the single street light on the crossroads with their twinkling jewels and brazen silks. Usually, mama and papa were the most polite and careful neighbours, always shushing me if I made too much noise down the entries, always careful to keep all windows closed during papa's musical evenings. But tonight, I noted disapprovingly, they were as noisy and hysterical as everyone else. I had never seen the Elders so expansive and unconcerned, and knew that this somehow had something to do with Nanima.

I hesitated on the porch step, unsure whether to flee indoors, dreading what the reactions of any passers-by might be, but also strangely drawn to this unfamiliar scene where my two worlds had collided and mingled so easily. There was a whiff of defiance in the air and it smelled as sweet and as hopeful as freshly-mown grass.

Anita and Me

2 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Punjabi culture in Tollington.

You **must** include examples of language features in your answer.

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Meena tells us about Punjabi culture.

Explore how Meena comments on Punjabi culture in **one other** part of the novel.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

(Total for Question 2 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 3.

Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress

Extract taken from Part III, Section 1.

It was a mystery to me why Luo, who seemed so daring in all things, should have such a dread of heights. He was an intellectual type, and had never climbed a tree in his life. I still remember the afternoon in our boyhood when we were seized with the idea of climbing the rusty iron ladder of a water tower. Right from the start he scraped the palms of his hands on the rust, and when we were fifteen metres up he said, 'I keep having the feeling the rungs will collapse under my weight.' His hands were bleeding and painful, which only increased his fear. In the end he gave up, leaving me to climb the rest of the way on my own; from the top of the tower I leaned over to spit down on him for a joke, but my spittle was swept away by the wind. Five or six years had passed since then, but his dread of heights had not diminished. And he was quite right about the Little Seamstress and me having no trouble at all running over the narrowest mountain ridge. In fact, once we had reached the other side we would often have to wait for Luo to catch up with us, which could take a long time because he had to get down and crawl.

One day, for a change of air, I decided to accompany Luo on his pilgrimage to the Little Seamstress's village.

By the time we reached the perilous path Luo had told me about, the soft morning breeze had made way for a mountain gale. I gasped when I saw the risk Luo had been taking every day. Even I started trembling when I set foot on the ridge.

My left boot dislodged a stone, and almost at the same moment my right boot pushed some clods of earth over the side. They tumbled into the depths, and it was some time before we heard them hitting the bottom at different intervals. The sound reverberated into the distance, first on the right, then on the left.

I should never have looked down: to my right gaped a rocky crevasse of dizzying depth, at the bottom of which the trees were swathed in mist. My ears started buzzing when I looked to my left, where the earth had fallen away to create a sheer drop fifty metres deep.

Fortunately it was not quite as far over the ridge as Luo had said. On a boulder at the other end perched a raven with a red beak, its head ominously drawn into its shoulders.

'D'you want me to take your hod?' I offered casually. Luo was hanging back at the beginning of the path.

'Yes please, you take it.'

Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress

3 Answer all parts of the following question.

(a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Luo.

You **must** include examples of language features in your answer.

(16)

(b) In the extract, we find out about Luo's character.

Explore **one other** part of the novel which tells us more about Luo's character.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

(Total for Question 3 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 4.

Heroes

Extract taken from Chapter 11.

A moment later, Larry LaSalle stood on the platform, resplendent in the green uniform with the lieutenant's bars on his shoulders and the ribbons and medals on his chest. He smiled, the old movie-star smile, skin tanned and glowing, small wrinkles around his eyes as he squinted down at us.

We cheered as he stepped down from the platform and walked towards our group, that touch of Fred Astaire still in his walk but something different about him. His slenderness was knife-like now, lethal, his features sharper, nose and cheek-bones. I remembered how hard it had been to think of him as a fighting marine when he announced his enlistment, but seeing his lean hard body now I could picture him storming a hillside on Guadalcanal, rifle in hand, bayonet fixed, grenades dangling from his belt, pumping bullets into the enemy.

Then he was among us and we surrounded him, crowding him, embracing him, getting as close to him as possible.

'My hero from the war,' Joey LeBlanc called out, clowning, of course, but saying what we all thought. Larry was our war hero, yes, but he had been a hero to us long before he went to war.

He drew away, holding us off at arm's length, stepping back. 'The better to see you,' he said, looking at each of us in turn. When his eyes fell on me, I made a gesture, as if serving the small white ball over the net and he swivelled his arm, as if returning the ball. His eyes moved to Nicole and I saw the rush of affection on his face. Nicole bowed, tilting her head like a ballet dancer, and he dipped his head in return, his eyes full of her. A blush turned her cheeks crimson and only added to her beauty.

Mayor Harold Burnham arrived in a big black car, followed by city officials, most of whom walked the short distance from City Hall. Car horns blew and more cheers rose in the afternoon heat as the mayor vigorously shook Larry LaSalle's hand, embraced him fiercely and presented him with a silver key to the city.

'You are our celebration,' the mayor declared, referring to the fact that holidays were observed quietly during the war years. No bonfires or fireworks and no parades. 'Your presence in this great city of ours, Lieutenant Lawrence LaSalle, is cause enough for jubilation.' Other officials made speeches and the words sailed over our heads meaninglessly, while Larry LaSalle stood modestly before the crowd, eyes lowered. Finally, a stillness fell and he turned to the gathering. 'Thank you,' he said.

He spoke of the men and women serving in all parts of the globe who were defending freedom and how some of them gave their lives, willingly and courageously. He paused and looked down at us, his kids from the Wreck Centre.

Heroes

4 Answer all parts of the following question.

(a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Larry LaSalle.

You **must** include examples of language features in your answer.

(16)

(b) In this extract Larry LaSalle is described as a hero.

Explore **one other** part of the novel in which a character is seen as a hero.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

(Total for Question 4 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 5.

Of Mice and Men

Extract taken from Section 5.

He looked down at her, and carefully he removed his hand from over her mouth, and she lay still. 'I don't want ta hurt you,' he said, 'but George'll be mad if you yell.' When she didn't answer nor move he bent closely over her. He lifted her arm and let it drop. For a moment he seemed bewildered. And then he whispered in fright, 'I done a bad thing.' 'I done another bad thing.'

He pawed up the hay until it partly covered her.

From outside the barn came a cry of men and the double clang of shoes on metal. For the first time Lennie became conscious of the outside. He crouched down in the hay and listened. 'I done a real bad thing,' he said. 'I shouldn't of did that. George'll be mad. An' ... he said ... an' hide in the brush till he come. He's gonna be mad. In the brush till he come. Tha's what he said.' Lennie went back and looked at the dead girl. The puppy lay close to her. Lennie picked it up. 'I'll throw him away,' he said. 'It's bad enough like it is.' He put the pup under his coat, and he crept to the barn wall and peered out between the cracks, toward the horseshoe game. And then he crept around the end of the last manger and disappeared.

The sun streaks were high on the wall by now, and the light was growing soft in the barn. Curley's wife lay on her back, and she was half covered with hay.

It was very quiet in the barn, and the quiet of the afternoon was on the ranch. Even the clang of the pitched shoes, even the voices of the men in the game seemed to grow more quiet. The air in the barn was dusky in advance of the outside day. A pigeon flew in through the open hay door and circled and flew out again. Around the last stall came a shepherd bitch, lean and long, with heavy, hanging dugs. Halfway to the packing box where the puppies were she caught the dead scent of Curley's wife, and the hair rose along her spine. She whimpered and cringed to the packing box, and jumped in among the puppies.

Curley's wife lay with a half-covering of yellow hay. And the meanness and the plannings and the discontent and the ache for attention were all gone from her face. She was very pretty and simple, and her face was sweet and young. Now her rouged cheeks and her reddened lips made her seem alive and sleeping very lightly. The curls, tiny little sausages, were spread on the hay behind her head, and her lips were parted.

As happens sometimes, a moment settled and hovered and remained for much more than a moment. And sound stopped and movement stopped for much, much more than a moment.

Of Mice and Men

5 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of what takes place after the death of Curley's wife.

You **must** include examples of language features in your response.

(16)

- (b) This extract shows an important event.

Explore how an important event is presented in **one other** part of the novel.

Use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

(Total for Question 5 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 6.

Rani and Sukh

Extract taken from the section after the fight.

'Does it hurt?'

Sukh shook his head and tried to smile. The effort made him wince and I could tell that he wasn't telling the truth. It had to hurt. It was horrible.

'I'm sorry,' I said.

'Sorry for *what*? Ain't your fault.'

'It was *my* brother...'

'Yeah – well you ain't your brother and anyway I didn't have to get involved.'

I leaned across Parvy's sofa and touched his other cheek softly. I thought he would pull away, tell me to stop. We'd met at the flat the morning after, and hadn't kissed each other or anything. There was something between us, like a kind of invisible wall holding us back. The wall was my brother. Or so I thought. But Sukh didn't flinch or move away so I felt secure enough to move across to him and kiss him where I had just touched him. He turned his head towards mine and kissed me back and then he said sorry.

'It's not your fault, either,' I told him.

'I didn't even see it coming. Just turned my head –'

'And it was Divy...'

'Dunno. He started the whole thing but I didn't see who –'

'No – it *was* Divy. I heard him tell my dad about it.'

'Whatever – it was stupid.'

I took my hand and touched his wounded cheek this time, stroking him gently. I had been sick again that morning and still felt nauseous. I wanted to tell him, to find out what he would say. What he would think about it. But then again, he was a boy and what would he know about it? My mind started wandering through a minefield of different thoughts – different reasons for my feeling sick all the time, not once letting me settle on what might well be the real reason. That I was pregnant. I shivered.

'What's up, babe?' asked Sukh, feeling me tremble.

'It's nothing – just been a bit sick, that's all.'

'Maybe you've got a bug coming on or something...'

Maybe I'm just not going to come on, I thought to myself.

'Yeah, maybe,' I replied, closing my eyes as I pulled up against him.

'So – what we gonna do?' he asked, stroking my hair.

'There's nothing we can do,' I said, feeling a little calmer. Not for long though.

'We could just tell them,' suggested Sukh.

I pulled away and looked at him. '*Tell them?*' I asked, astonished.

'Yeah... maybe get them all together and –'

'Sukh, have you gone *mad?*'

I couldn't believe what he was saying. There we were, together, when our families hated each other and fought all the time, with me possibly pregnant, and he was talking about telling them.

Rani and Sukh

6 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the relationship between Rani and Sukh.

You **must** include examples of language features in your answer.

(16)

- (b) In this extract, we see the close relationship between Rani and Sukh.

Explore the relationship between Rani and Sukh in **one other** part of the novel.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

(Total for Question 6 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 7.

Riding the Black Cockatoo

Extract taken from Chapter 6.

We dropped into a section of single track at 20-second intervals – like parachutists. The track followed a creek, alternating between coils of giddy hairpins and ha-ha-humps of rollercoaster joy. Suddenly the track disappeared as a huge black-and-red mass of feathers swooped down in front of me, almost clipping the top of my helmet. It squawked in an otherworldly ‘Kar-aak’, shocking me out of my waking slumber. The bird slipped down the track three or four bike lengths ahead of me at chest height. With the slightest wingtip correction this way and that it followed the track with slot-car precision. And the sound its wings made – they rippled the way taut flags ripple in a strong wind, only this sound was alive – fat! We flew together in unison; at times I might as well have been hang-gliding beneath him. It was one of those rare moments when Mother Nature sends a messenger to wake you up.

The track took a sharp dogleg and then zigzagged through a narrow stand of trees; it was tight, just wide enough for a crouching rider. The bird zipped through the gaps with cocky ease and then, clearing the thicket, floated up, up, up and with the last of his momentum touched down on the branch of a young gum tree. His perch lurched earthward under his great weight before rebounding, nearly sending him heavenward again.

‘Karak, karak!’ he called as his wobbly perch settled.

He watched me watching him, then groomed himself a little, his finger-like grey tongue gagging in and out of a black beak that looked as powerful as a mud-crab’s claw. My two friends burst through the thicket and rolled to a stop. Their eyes followed mine. As if on cue, the black cockatoo stretched out his plumage, revealing his bright red markings.

‘Kar-aak,’ he screeched to his growing audience.

‘A Red-tailed Black Cockatoo!’ said Steve. ‘They’re everywhere up north, but this is the first I’ve seen in Brisbane.’

‘I’ve *never* seen one before, what a beauty,’ said Matt.

‘Me neither. He was flying down the track right in front of me. Just like that.’ I mimicked the bird’s flight with splayed-out fingers.

We stood about, straddling our bikes, enjoying the coolness of the hollow and the company of our new friend. Eventually, Steve clipped back into his pedals and continued down the track. Matt followed a minute later leaving me with the cockatoo. He groomed his glossy coat while I made silly clicking birdcall noises. We had shared a special moment, but in true human fashion, I wanted more. Instead of just allowing the moment to be, I had broken the spell. With a great flap he flew to the higher branch of an adjacent tree.

Riding the Black Cockatoo

7 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the Red-tailed Black Cockatoo.

You **must** include examples of language features in your answer.

(16)

- (b) In this extract, John shows his admiration for the Red-tailed Black Cockatoo in a natural setting.

Explore a setting in **one other** part of the text.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

(Total for Question 7 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 8.

To Kill a Mockingbird

Extract taken from Chapter VII.

That fall was a long one, hardly cool enough for a light jacket. Jem and I were trotting in our orbit one mild October afternoon when our knot-hole stopped us again. Something white was inside this time.

Jem let me do the honours; I pulled out two small images carved in soap. One was the figure of a boy, the other wore a crude dress.

Before I remembered that there was no such thing as hoo-dooing, I shrieked and threw them down.

Jem snatched them up. 'What's the matter with you?' he yelled. He rubbed the figures free of red dust. 'These are good,' he said. 'I've never seen any these good.'

He held them down to me. They were almost perfect miniatures of two children. The boy had on shorts, and a shock of soapy hair fell to his eyebrows. I looked up at Jem. A point of straight brown hair kicked downwards from his parting. I had never noticed it before.

Jem looked from the girl-doll to me. The girl-doll wore bangs. So did I.

'These are us,' he said.

'Who did 'em, you reckon?'

'Who do we know around here who whittles?' he asked.

'Mr Avery.'

'Mr Avery just does like this. I mean carves.'

Mr Avery averaged a stick of stovewood per week; he honed it down to a toothpick and chewed it.

'There's old Miss Stephanie Crawford's sweetheart,' I said.

'He carves all right, but he lives down the country. When would he ever pay any attention to us?'

'Maybe he sits on the porch and looks at us instead of Miss Stephanie. If I was him, I would.'

Jem stared at me so long I asked what was the matter, but got Nothing, Scout for an answer. When we went home, Jem put the dolls in his trunk.

Less than two weeks later we found a whole package of chewing-gum, which we enjoyed, the fact that everything on the Radley Place was poison having slipped Jem's memory.

The following week the knot-hole yielded a tarnished medal. Jem showed it to Atticus, who said it was a spelling medal, that before we were born the Maycomb County schools had spelling contests and awarded medals to the winners. Atticus said someone must have lost it, and had we asked around? Jem camel-kicked me when I tried to say where we had found it. Jem asked Atticus if he remembered anybody who ever won one, and Atticus said no.

Our biggest prize appeared four days later. It was a pocket-watch that wouldn't run, on a chain with an aluminium knife.

'You reckon it's white gold, Jem?'

'Don't know. I'll show it to Atticus.'

Atticus said it would probably be worth ten dollars, knife, chain and all, if it were new.

To Kill a Mockingbird

8 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the incident of the gifts in the knot-hole.

You **must** include examples of language features in your answer.

(16)

- (b) This extract shows how Jem and Scout react to this important incident.

Explore how Scout reacts to an important incident in **one other** part of the novel.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

(Total for Question 8 = 40 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 40 MARKS

SECTION B: WRITING

Answer ONE question in this section.

EITHER

***9** Write an article on personal safety for a website for young people.

(24)

OR

***10** Your local newspaper has published an article with the title 'Mobile phones are essential for modern life'.

Write a letter to the newspaper giving your views on this topic.

(24)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 24 MARKS

TOTAL FOR PAPER = 64 MARKS