

Edexcel GCSE

English Language

Unit 2: The Writer's Voice

Higher Tier

Wednesday 7 November 2012 – Afternoon

Paper Reference

Time: 1 hour 45 minutes

5EN2H/01

Questions and Extracts Booklet

Do not return this booklet with the Answer Booklet

Clean copies of set texts may be used.

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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 1.

It took a couple of hours to put the scree slopes behind us. Then we headed north towards a high col above an area of broken rock buttresses. The camp disappeared from view and immediately I became aware of the silence and the solitude of our position. For the first time in my life I knew what it meant to be isolated from people and society. It was wonderfully calming and tranquil to be here. I became aware of a feeling of complete freedom - to do what I wanted to do when I wanted to, and in whatever manner. Suddenly the whole day had changed. All lethargy was swept away by an invigorating independence. We had responsibilities to no one but ourselves now, and there would be no one to intrude or come to our rescue...

Simon was some distance ahead, quietly climbing, steadily gaining ground. Although he had stolen a march on my less methodical pace, I was no longer concerned about speed and fitness since I knew now that we were pretty evenly matched. I was not in any hurry, and knew we could both reach the summit easily. If a fine viewing point presented itself, I was happy to stop for a moment to take in the view.

The rocky gullies were loose and crumbling. As I emerged from behind a yellow outcrop, I was pleased to see Simon settled down on a col a couple of hundred feet away preparing a hot drink.

'The loose stuff wasn't as bad as I thought it was going to be,' I said a little breathlessly. 'But I could do with that brew.'

'Seen Siula Grande, just over there, left of Sarapo?'

'God, it's fantastic.' I was a little awed by the sight in front of me. 'It's far bigger than those photographs suggested.'

Simon handed me a steaming mug as I sat on my rucksack and gazed at the whole range laid out before us. To my left I could see the South Face of Rasac, a sweeping ice slope with rock bands crossing it, giving it a sort of stripy marbled effect. To the right of Rasac's snowy summit, and connected to it by a dangerously corniced ridge, I could see the slightly lower summit of Seria Norte. From there the corniced ridge dipped down to a saddle before curving up in a huge sweep over two shoulders of rock to the final summit pyramid of Yerupaja. It was by far the highest mountain to be seen and dominated our view as it reared, glistening with ice and fresh snow, high above the Siula glacier. Its South Face formed the classic triangular mountain shape; the West Ridge, corniced and rocky, arched up from the col below Seria Norte, the East Ridge curling round and dropping towards another col. The face below this ridge was an astonishing series of parallel powder-snow flutings etched like lace ribbons in the shadows cast by the sun.

Touching the Void

1 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Joe's feelings when he started climbing.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Joe is preparing for his climb on the Siula Grande.

Explore how Joe prepares for what lies ahead in **one other** part of *Touching the Void*.

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 10.

Mama had gone to the trouble of preparing two menus, which was fortunate considering Anita's reaction when the serving dishes of various curries were placed in front of her. 'What's that!' she demanded, as if confronted with a festering sheep's head on a platter. 'Oh that's mattar-paneer,' mama said proudly, always happy to educate the sad English palate. 'A sort of Indian cheese, and these are peas with it, of course...'

'Cheese and peas?' said Anita faintly. 'Together?'

'Well,' mama went on hurriedly. 'This is chicken curry... You have had chicken before, haven't you?'

'What's that stuff round it?'

'Um, just gravy, you know, tomatoes, onions, garlic...' Mama was losing confidence now, she trailed off as she picked up Anita's increasing panic.

'Chicken with tomatoes? What's garlic?'

'Don't you worry!' papa interjected heartily, fearing a culinary cat fight was about to shatter his fragile peace. 'We've also got fishfingers and chips. Is tomato sauce too dangerous for you?'

Anita's relief made her oblivious to his attempt at a joke. She simply picked up her knife and fork and rested her elbows on the table, waiting to be served with something she could recognise. 'I'll have fishfingers, mum! Um, please!' I called out after her. I could tell from the set of mama's back that her charity was wearing a little thin. Although I had yet to cast Anita in the mould of one of the Rainbow orphan kids, I did wonder if food was a problem at her house after seeing her eat. Any romantic idea I had about witty stories over the dinner table disappeared when Anita made a fortress of her arms and chewed stolidly behind it, daring anyone to approach and disturb her concentration or risk losing an eye if they attempted to steal a chip. She looked up only twice, once when my parents began eating, as always, with their fingers, using their chapatti as scoops to ferry the banquet of curries into their mouths.

Anita stopped in mid-chew, looking from her knife and fork to mama and papa's fingers with faint disgust, apparently unaware that all of us had a great view of a lump of half masticated fishfinger sitting on her tongue. It had never occurred to me that this would be a moment of controversy, it had never occurred to me because I had never eaten Indian food in the presence of a white person before. In fact, I only then realised that Anita Rutter was the first non-relative to sit and break bread with us, and the same thought had just hit my parents, who had gradually slowed down their eating and were eyeing a nearby box of paper hankies with longing. I snapped to attention, I would not have Anita play the same games with my parents that had made me dizzy and confused. The girl had not even said a simple thank you yet.

Anita and Me

2 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Anita's visit to Meena's house.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Meena copies Anita's choice of fishfingers and chips.

Explore how Meena tries to be like Anita and the other girls 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 Section 1.

For a while my violin circulated through the crowd and we – two frail, skinny, exhausted and risible city youths – were ignored. We had been tramping across the mountains all day, and our clothes, faces and hair were streaked with mud. We looked like pathetic little reactionary soldiers from a propaganda film after their capture by a horde of Communist farm workers.

'A stupid toy,' a woman commented hoarsely.

'No,' the village headman corrected her, 'a bourgeois toy.'

I felt chilled to the bone despite the fire blazing in the centre of the room.

'A toy from the city,' the headman continued, 'go on, burn it!'

His command galvanised the crowd. Everyone started talking at once, shouting and reaching out to grab the toy for the privilege of throwing it on the coals.

'Comrade, it's a musical instrument,' Luo said as casually as he could, 'and my friend here's a fine musician. Truly.'

The headman called for the violin and looked it over once more. Then he held it out to me.

'Forgive me, comrade,' I said, embarrassed, 'but I'm not that good.'

I saw Luo giving me a surreptitious wink. Puzzled, I took my violin and set about tuning it.

'What you are about to hear, comrade, is a Mozart sonata,' Luo announced, as coolly as before.

I was dumbfounded. Had he gone mad? All music by Mozart or indeed by any other Western composer had been banned years ago. In my sodden shoes my feet turned to ice. I shivered as the cold tightened its grip on me.

'What's a sonata?' the headman asked warily.

'I don't know,' I faltered. 'It's Western.'

'Is it a song?'

'More or less,' I replied evasively.

At that instant the glint of the vigilant Communist reappeared in the headman's eyes, and his voice turned hostile.

'What's the name of this song of yours?'

'Well, it's like a song, but actually it's a sonata.'

'I'm asking you what it's called!' he snapped, fixing me with his gaze.

Again I was alarmed by the three spots of blood in his left eye.

'Mozart...' I muttered.

'Mozart what?'

'Mozart is Thinking of Chairman Mao,' Luo broke in.

The audacity! But it worked: as if he had heard something miraculous, the headman's menacing look softened. He crinkled up his eyes in a wide, beatific smile.

'Mozart thinks of Mao all the time,' he said.

'Indeed, all the time,' agreed Luo.

As soon as I had tightened my bow there was a burst of applause, but I was still nervous. However, as I ran my swollen fingers over the strings, Mozart's phrases came flooding back to me like so many faithful friends. The peasants' faces, so grim a moment before, softened under the influence of Mozart's limpid music like parched earth under a shower, and then, in the dancing light of the oil lamp, they blurred into one.

I played for some time. Luo lit a cigarette and smoked quietly, like a man.

This was our first taste of re-education.

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 the way the villagers react to the violin.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, the villagers react to the violin.

Explore an incident involving the villagers 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 3 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 4.

Heroes

Extract taken from Chapter 1.

My hair is a mess as usual, thin in some spots, thick in others. For some reason, my hair began to fall out in clumps my first few days in the hospital in France and it has grown back in the same way.

I apply Vaseline to my cheeks.

I make myself look at my caves and the way the shape of my mouth has changed because of the dentures. I roll the dentures around in my mouth and remember what Dr Abrams said, that I should have a better-fitting pair made in a few months when my gums stop shrinking. He also gave me his address in Kansas City where he will be in practice when he returns from the war. 'Great strides have been made in cosmetic surgery, Francis,' he said. 'One of the few benefits of the war. Look me up when you've a mind to.' He was tall and looked like Abraham Lincoln and should practise his cosmetic surgery on himself, Enrico said.

Enrico always had something to say. About anything and everything. I sometimes think that he talked so much to cover up the pain. Even when he laughed, making a sound like a saw going through wood, you could see the pain flashing in his eyes.

'If you want to forget Nicole,' he said one afternoon when we were tired of cards and checkers, 'here's what you do.' He put down the deck of cards he was practising shuffling with one hand. 'You get out of the army and get yourself to a home for the blind. There must be a good-looking blind girl somewhere just waiting for a nice guy like you.'

I looked to see if he was joking. Even when he was joking, though, it was hard to tell because his voice was always sharp and bitter and the pain never left his eyes.

'You're a big hero,' he said. 'A Silver Star hero. You should have no trouble finding a girl as long as she can't see your face.' He tried to shake a cigarette from his pack of Luckies and three or four fell to the floor. 'A blind girl, now, is right up your alley...'

I am not a hero, of course, and I turn away in disgust, but later that night, lying awake, I wondered if I could really find a blind girl to love me. Ridiculous. What made me think that a blind girl would automatically fall in love with just anyone at all?

'Forget it,' I said to Enrico the next day.

'Forget what?' His voice was a gasp from the pain in his legs that were not there any more. He kept massaging the air that occupied the space his legs used to fill.

'About the blind girl.'

'What blind girl?'

'Never mind,' I said, closing my eyes against the sight of his hand clawing the air.

'It's still Nicole, isn't it?' he said.

I did not have to answer because we both knew it was true.

Heroes

4 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the problems facing Francis and Enrico.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Francis shows that he still has feelings for Nicole.

Explore how the writer presents Francis's feelings for Nicole 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 4 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 5.

Of Mice and Men

Extract taken from Section 3.

Candy joined the attack with joy. 'Glove fulla Vaseline,' he said disgustedly. Curley glared at him. His eyes slipped on past and lighted on Lennie; and Lennie was still smiling with delight at the memory of the ranch.

Curley stepped over to Lennie like a terrier. 'What the hell you laughin' at?'

Lennie looked blankly at him. 'Huh?'

Then Curley's rage exploded. 'Come on, ya big bastard. Get up on your feet. No big son-of-a-bitch is gonna laugh at me. I'll show ya who's yella.'

Lennie looked helplessly at George, and then he got up and tried to retreat. Curley was balanced and poised. He slashed at Lennie with his left, and then smashed down his nose with a right. Lennie gave a cry of terror. Blood welled from his nose. 'George,' he cried. 'Make 'um let me alone, George.' He backed until he was against the wall, and Curley followed, slugging him in the face. Lennie's hands remained at his sides; he was too frightened to defend himself.

George was on his feet yelling, 'Get him, Lennie. Don't let him do it.'

Lennie covered his face with his huge paws and bleated with terror. He cried, 'Make 'um stop, George.' Then Curley attacked his stomach and cut off his wind.

Slim jumped up. 'The dirty little rat,' he cried, 'I'll get 'um myself.'

George put out his hand and grabbed Slim. 'Wait a minute,' he shouted. He cupped his hands around his mouth and yelled, 'Get 'im, Lennie!'

Lennie took his hands away from his face and looked about for George, and Curley slashed at his eyes. The big face was covered with blood. George yelled again, 'I said get him.'

Curley's fist was swinging when Lennie reached for it. The next minute Curley was flopping like a fish on a line, and his closed fist was lost in Lennie's big hand. George ran down the room. 'Leggo of him, Lennie. Let go.'

But Lennie watched in terror the flopping little man whom he held. Blood ran down Lennie's face, one of his eyes was cut and closed. George slapped him in the face again and again, and still Lennie held on to the closed fist. Curley was white and shrunken by now, and his struggling had become weak. He stood crying, his fist lost in Lennie's paw.

George shouted over and over, 'Leggo his hand, Lennie. Leggo. Slim, come help me while the guy got any hand left.'

Suddenly Lennie let go his hold. He crouched cowering against the wall. 'You tol' me to, George,' he said miserably.

Curley sat down on the floor, looking in wonder at his crushed hand. Slim and Carlson bent over him. Then Slim straightened up and regarded Lennie with horror. 'We got to get him in to a doctor,' he said. 'Looks to me like ever' bone in his han' is bust.'

'I didn't wanta,' Lennie cried. 'I didn't wanta hurt him.'

Of Mice and Men

5 Answer all parts of the following question.

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

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

(16)

(b) This extract tells the reader about Curley.

Explore what the reader learns about Curley 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 5 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 6.

Rani and Sukh

Extract taken from the section 'Moranwali, Punjab Early 1960s'.

A huge collective sigh of shock and horror went up, as some of the crowd stepped away. Harbhajan Sandhu had raised his hand to Gianni-ji. He might as well have raised it to one of the *panj piarah* or the gurus themselves. The priest fell to the ground, his head in his hands, and then the *sarpanch* stepped forward, his eyes blazing.

'No matter what wrong has been done you, Sandhu-ji,' he told Harbhajan, 'you have done more wrong yourself. You will pay for your actions, mark my words.'

But rage and intemperance had hold of the wronged father and his sons, and the words of the land magistrate, normally imbued with the full force of the law, were cast aside. There was no place for laws where a father's *izzat* was concerned. Such things were only dealt with in one way.

'You dare to tell me how to deal with such shame?!' shouted Harbhajan.

'Mercy!' came a cry from Billah's mother.

'You whore!' spat Harbhajan. 'Were it your daughter and another's son you would be barking for blood as a bitch barks for food.'

Billah's brothers struggled to break free on hearing their mother slighted, already enraged at the attack on their father. Murderous intent clouded their vision. Harbhajan Sandhu pushed the *sarpanch* aside too and took hold of Billah, whose hands had already been tied by Kulwant's brothers, dragging him out of the house and into the village so that all could be witness to his wrongdoing. As he dragged him along, Harbhajan Sandhu called out for all to come and see.

'Look now, all who are men! Look at this thief - this son of a rabid whore who has polluted my name and dragged my *izzat* through the mud as if it were nothing. Look how he pays...'

Had Gulbir Bains been able to watch he would have seen his youngest child dragged to the square in the middle of the village, followed by his brothers and his distraught mother. He would have seen the look of fear in his youngest child's eyes as people who were friends and colleagues, and even relations, spat at him and called him names. He would have heard Harbhajan Sandhu demand to know what Billah had done with Kulwant – where he had taken her. And he would have seen Billah shake his head, tell Kulwant's father that he bore him no malice, and explain that he only had to answer to his Lord – not to mortal men with cudgels and blades. He would then have seen Harbhajan Sandhu, his old friend, drive a long, pointed blade through Billah's chest and out of his back, heard the screams of his wife and daughter, the cries of horror from the mob, now shamed by their bloodlust; and then, as his youngest child lay dying in the dust, Gulbir would have heard him call out to his Lord, ask for forgiveness and, with his last breath, declare undying love for Kulwant Sandhu...

Rani and Sukh

6 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of how the conflict between the families began.

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

(16)

- (b) Billah dies because of his forbidden love for Kulwant.

Explore forbidden love 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 Six.

A young guy from my class entered hesitantly, awkwardly – as I did. He looked relieved to see my familiar face and plonked beside me. Moments later three girls from the class breezed in. We all clumped together. The girls chirped enthusiastically about other sessions they had been to. A festival volunteer flitted about, checking that the PA was working and that everything was just so before ushering in the two speakers. Before the session began, the two storytellers, Fiona Doyle and her kin sister Alyson set out on the table before them an array of Wik tools and handicrafts. The centrepiece was an extraordinary headdress, an explosion of black and orange feathers.

‘Wow!’ I whispered to my neighbour. ‘That headdress is just astonishing.’

I was mesmerised by the feathers, spellbound. Were they from the same species of bird I’d seen that morning, the black cockatoo? Fanned out in majestic order, they seemed to possess an otherworldly energy. I shivered in my hard plastic seat.

Fiona spoke about her childhood in Wik country and then introduced Auntie Alyson. The woman might have been 50 or 80, it was impossible to tell. Her hair was a pure grey Afro that seemed to vibrate as if it had an electric current running through it. She took her time speaking, taking long breaks between sentences; she slowed down our big-city heart-rates and pulled us into her story. I’m not sure I really heard anything properly; rather, it was a feeling that she imparted, a sense of place. Her words were measured, like footsteps that took us on a long walk, and when she laughed at her own jokes it was like little lightning cracks flashing on the horizon. Piece by piece she held up and explained her collection; the dillybags, baskets and bowls, and the headdress. She brought each of them to life; these were not dusty museum relics but pieces of living culture, works of art and tools of survival all rolled into one. They were contemporary pieces that Wik men, women and children had made and used, just as their ancestors used to do – not the product of some far-off factory. I looked out through the tent flaps and watched people of my white world wandering by, and wondered how many of us could, with our own hands, craft the tools that would enable us to live off the land. I looked at these durable implements that came quietly from Nature and would return quietly to Nature. Then I thought of our modern tools for living, so complex yet often so lacking craftsmanship; and so disposable, sometimes consigned to festering landfill after a single season, sometimes after a single use.

Riding the Black Cockatoo

7 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of John's reactions to the Aborigines' works of art and tools.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, John finds out about the Aborigines and their culture.

Explore what he learns about the Aborigines in **one other** part of the story.

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 XXI.

Atticus had stopped his tranquil journey and had put his foot on to the bottom rung of a chair; as he listened to what Mr Tate was saying, he ran his hand slowly up and down his thigh. I expected Mr Tate to say any minute, 'Take him, Mr Finch...'

But Mr Tate said, 'This court will come to order,' in a voice that rang with authority, and the heads below us jerked up. Mr Tate left the room and returned with Tom Robinson. He steered Tom to his place beside Atticus, and stood there. Judge Taylor had roused himself to sudden alertness and was sitting up straight looking at the empty jury box.

What happened after that had a dreamlike quality: in a dream I saw the jury return, moving like underwater swimmers, and Judge Taylor's voice came from far away, and was tiny. I saw something only a lawyer's child could be expected to see, could be expected to watch for, and it was like watching Atticus walk into the street, raise a rifle to his shoulder and pull the trigger, but watching all the time knowing that the gun was empty.

A jury never looks at a defendant it has convicted, and when this jury came in, not one of them looked at Tom Robinson. The foreman handed a piece of paper to Mr Tate who handed it to the clerk who handed it to the judge... .

I shut my eyes. Judge Taylor was polling the jury: 'Guilty...guilty...guilty...guilty...'
I peeked at Jem: his hands were white from gripping the balcony rail, and his shoulders jerked as if each 'guilty' was a separate stab between them.

Judge Taylor was saying something. His gavel was in his fist, but he wasn't using it. Dimly, I saw Atticus pushing papers from the table into his briefcase. He snapped it shut, went to the court reporter and said something, nodded to Mr Gilmer, and then went to Tom Robinson and whispered something to him. Atticus put his hand on Tom's shoulder as he whispered. Atticus took his coat off the back of his chair and pulled it over his shoulder. Then he left the courtroom, but not by his usual exit. He must have wanted to go home the short way, because he walked quickly down the middle aisle towards the south exit. I followed the top of his head as he made his way to the door. He did not look up.

Someone was punching me, but I was reluctant to take my eyes from the people below us, and from the image of Atticus's lonely walk down the aisle.

'Miss Jean Louise?'

I looked around. They were standing. All around us and in the balcony on the opposite wall, the Negroes were getting to their feet. Reverend Sykes's voice was as distant as Judge Taylor's:

'Miss Jean Louise, stand up. Your father's passin!'

To Kill a Mockingbird

8 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Scout's description of the events in the courtroom.

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

(16)

- (b) The events in the courtroom are dramatic.

Explore how Scout reacts to a dramatic event 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 a contribution for your school or college website, giving your views on social networking sites like Facebook and Twitter. (24)

OR

- *10 A television magazine is asking readers about ideas for future television shows.
Write your response to the magazine, giving your views on the type of show you think would be most successful. (24)

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

Write your name here

Surname

Other names

Centre Number

Candidate Number

Edexcel GCSE

English Language

Unit 2: The Writer's Voice

Higher Tier

Wednesday 7 November 2012 – Afternoon

Paper Reference

Time: 1 hour 45 minutes

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 continued)

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(Section A continued)

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(Section A continued)

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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)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section B continued)

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(Section B continued)

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(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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