

Edexcel GCSE

English Language

Unit 2: The Writer's Voice

Higher Tier

Thursday 10 January 2013 – Morning

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.

Turn over ►

P41505A

©2013 Pearson Education Ltd.

1/1/1/1/1/1/1/



PEARSON

BLANK PAGE

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

SECTION A: READING

Page

Answer ONE question

Question 1: Touching the Void	4
Question 2: Anita and Me	6
Question 3: Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress	8
Question 4: Heroes	10
Question 5: Of Mice and Men	12
Question 6: Rani and Sukh	14
Question 7: Riding the Black Cockatoo	16
Question 8: To Kill a Mockingbird	18

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 3.

He was sitting, legs astride a fluting, grinning manically, when I pulled myself wearily out of the gully. Behind him, less than fifty feet from us, the summit cornice reared up in a threatening bulge of snow-ice which overhung the West Face. I quickly moved past Simon and cramponed on firm snow up and to the left, where the summit cornice was smallest. Ten minutes later, I stood beneath the snow ridge dividing West Face from East.

'Take a photo.'

I waited until Simon had his camera ready before planting my axe over the ridge on to the east side and heaving myself over onto the broad-backed col under the summit. For the first time in four days I had a new view on which to feast. The sun bathed the snow sweeping down into the eastern glacier. After the long, cold, shadowed days on the West Face it felt luxurious to sit there warmed by the sun. I had forgotten that, now we were climbing in the Southern Hemisphere, everything was the wrong way round: South Faces here were the equivalent of icy cold North Faces in the Alps, and East Faces became West. No wonder the mornings had been so cold and shadowed and we had to wait until late in the day before being blessed with a few hours' sunshine.

Simon joined me and we laughed happily as we took off our sacks and sat on them, carelessly dropping axes and mitts in the snow, content to be quiet a while and look around us.

'Let's leave the sacks here and go up to the summit,' Simon said, interrupting my self-indulgent reverie. The summit! Of course, I had forgotten we had only reached the ridge. Escaping from the West Face had seemed to be an end in itself. I looked up at the icecream cone rising behind Simon. It was only about 100 feet away.

'You go ahead. I'll take some photos when you reach the top.'

He grabbed some chocolate and sweets before getting up and tramping slowly up through soft snow. The altitude was having its effect. When he was outlined against the sky, bending over his axe on top of the spectacular summit cornice, I began feverishly snapping photographs. Leaving the sacks at the col, I followed, breathing hard, and feeling the tiredness in my legs.

We took the customary summit photos and ate some chocolate. I felt the usual anticlimax. What now? It was a vicious circle. If you succeed with one dream, you come back to square one and it's not long before you're conjuring up another, slightly harder, a bit more ambitious – a bit more dangerous. I didn't like the thought of where it might be leading me. As if, in some strange way, the very nature of the game was controlling me, taking me towards a logical but frightening conclusion; it always unsettled me, this moment of reaching the summit, this sudden stillness and quiet after the storm.

Touching the Void

1 Answer (a) **and** (b).

(a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Joe's character.

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

(16)

(b) In this extract, Joe completes a climb.

Explore how Joe shows his strength of character 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 8.

My Nanima's arrival did not go unnoticed in the village, probably because when papa finally returned with his precious cargo from the airport, he drove up to the house tooting his horn furiously, whereupon a noisy welcoming committee made up of mama, Auntie Shaila and Uncle Amman, Pinky and Baby, myself and Sunil, all rushed into the garden shouting and waving, causing traffic to slow down and passing women to stop and squint curiously, patting their hair into place in case there were hidden television cameras in the privet hedges.

Papa flung open the Mini door ceremoniously, and Nanima levered herself out, brushing out the creases in her beige *salwar kameez* suit with gnarled brown fingers and pulling her woollen shawl around her to ward off an imagined breeze. She had barely taken a step before mama had thrown herself into her massive bosom, laughing and crying all at once, whilst Auntie Shaila sniffled to herself as she anointed our front step with oil as a traditional gesture of welcome. (It was supposed to be coconut oil but a bottle of Mazola Deep 'N' Crispy still did the trick.)

It took at least ten minutes for Nanima to reach the front door as each of us were shoved into her path to receive a blessing from her upraised hands. I was furious that Pinky and Baby got there before me, she was not even their sodding granny and there they were in the front of the queue, collecting a few more brownie points for their next life. But I reckoned since the Collection Tin incident, I could afford to be a little generous; after all, they had not mentioned it since.

Neither had they ever allowed their mother to leave them alone with me, for which I was relieved. However, I smirked to see Nanima's confusion as she patted them on the head, and felt vindicated when I saw mama whispering their names to her, explaining, I was certain, that they were hangers-on as opposed to blood relatives.

Papa held Sunil out for inspection; his bottom lip began quivering as soon as Nanima tried to cuddle him, so she laughed instead and pinched his cheek, handing him back to mama who kept up an excited monologue, 'See beti? That's your Nanima! Your Nanima has come to see you! Say Nanima! Say it!' Then I found myself looking up into my mama's face, except it was darker and more wrinkled and the eyes were rheumy and mischievous, but it was mama's face alright, and suddenly I was in the middle of a soft warm pillow which smelt of cardamom and sweet sharp sweat, and there was hot breath whispering in my ear, endearments in Punjabi which needed no translation, and the tears I was praying would come to prove I was a dutiful granddaughter, came spilling out with no effort at all.

Anita and Me

2 Answer (a) **and** (b).

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the importance to Meena of the arrival of her grandmother, Nanima.

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

(16)

- (b) The extract introduces you to an important member of Meena's family.

Explore how Meena is influenced by her family 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 I, Section 4.

Though the copper mines had fallen into disuse and ruin, coal mining continued on a small, manual scale. The coal mines were collectively owned by all the peasants on the mountain, and were exploited to meet the local demand for fuel. So it was hardly surprising that Luo and I, like the other city youths, were put to work underground for two months as part of our re-education. Even the success of our oral cinema show didn't earn us a dispensation.

To tell the truth, we accepted this infernal ordeal, because we were determined to stay in the race at all costs, even though our chances of returning to the city were no more than the infinitesimal three in a thousand. We were not to know that our stint in the coal mine would mark us for the rest of our lives, physically and especially mentally. Even today the fearful phrase 'the little coal mine' sends shivers down my spine.

With the exception of the entrance, where there was a section about twenty metres long with a low ceiling supported by ill-fitting beams and props made of rough-hewn tree trunks, the tunnel, all seven hundred metres of it, lacked any protection whatsoever. There was a permanent danger of falling rock, and the three old peasant-miners whose job it was to hack at the coal seams were forever telling us of the fatal accidents that had befallen our predecessors.

Each basketful that we managed to haul all the way from the end of the tunnel became a game of Russian roulette.

One day, as we were heaving a full basket of coal up the final steep incline, I heard Luo say: 'I don't know why, but from the moment we got here I've had this idea stuck in my head: that I'm going to die in this mine.'

Hearing this, my breath failed me. We continued climbing, but I suddenly broke out in a cold sweat. I had become infected by the same idea as Luo: from that day on I shared his terror of not leaving the place alive.

During our time at the mine, Luo and I slept in the peasants' dormitory, a humble cabin clinging to the mountainside under a rocky outcrop. Waking up in the morning, I would hear the rain dripping from the rock onto the cabin roof, which was covered with bits of tree bark, and would console myself with the thought that at least I was still alive. But each morning when leaving the cabin I was terrified that I would not make it back there at night. The most trivial occurrence, someone's offhand remark, for instance, or a macabre joke, or just a change in the weather, became, in my eyes, a bad omen, a foreboding of death.

I had visions, sometimes, while I was at work in the mine. The ground would become soft, I would have difficulty breathing and would feel as if I were on the brink of death.

Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress

3 Answer (a) **and** (b).

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the experiences of the Narrator and Luo in the coal mine.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, the Narrator shows strong feelings about his experiences in the coal mine.

Explore his experiences 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 12.

I could not sleep at night. Lay on the bed and stared up at the ceiling, glad for the heat that was so relentless, as if it was part of the hell that I had earned.

Finally, on the fourth day, I saw her emerging from the hallway on to the piazza on the second floor.

She did not move away as I came into the yard.

'Nicole,' I called.

She saw me, frowned, drew back a step, then paused, as if waiting for me to approach...

'Nicole,' my voice breaking, not like the days of my shyness with her but because my heart was so full it destroyed her name as I spoke it.

Her eyes met mine. She didn't say anything for a long moment and when she finally spoke, her voice was harsh. 'You were there all the time,' she said.

I couldn't reply, could find no words to utter in my defence. Because I had no defence.

'You didn't do anything.'

The accusation in her voice was worse than the harshness.

'I know.' I wasn't sure whether I spoke those words or only thought them.

'You knew what he was doing, didn't you?'

My head so heavy, pounding with blood, that I could barely nod in agreement.

Leaning against the banister, she cried:

'Why didn't you do something? Tell him to stop. Run for help. Anything.'

'I'm sorry,' I said, knowing how pitiful those words must sound to her.

She shook her head, turning away, and I couldn't afford to let her go.

'Are you...?' I began to ask but hesitated as she turned back and looked at me again. What word could I use? Are you hurt? Torn apart?

'Are you all right?' I asked.

'No, I'm not all right,' she answered, anger flashing in her eyes. 'I hurt. I hurt all over.'

I could only stand there mute, as if all my sins had been revealed and there was no forgiveness for them.

Finally, I asked: 'What can I do?'

'Poor Francis,' she said at last. But no pity in her voice. Contempt, maybe, as her eyes swept over me. She flung her hand in the air, a gesture of dismissal. 'Go away, Francis,' she said. 'Just go away.'

And she herself went away, pulled away from the banister, stepped into the hallway, one moment there, the next moment gone.

I waited for her to appear again.

I waited through long empty minutes.

Somewhere a door slammed. Later, a dog barked, a car roared by.

I finally went away.

Later that week, I went to church after supper and slipped into Father Balthazar's confessional, waiting there until Mr Boudreau, the janitor, closed the doors for the night. Finally I stepped out into the old smell of burning wax and incense and walked through the shadows to the back of the church. I climbed the stairs to the choir loft and opened the door that led to the interior of the tallest steeple.

Heroes

4 Answer (a) **and** (b).

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the difficult relationship between Francis and Nicole.

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

(16)

- (b) In the extract, Francis reacts to Nicole's accusations.

Explore Francis's reactions 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.

From his pocket Carlson took a little leather thong. He stooped over and tied it around the dog's neck. All the men except Candy watched him. 'Come, boy. Come on, boy,' he said gently. And he said apologetically to Candy, 'He won't even feel it.' Candy did not move nor answer him. He twitched the thong. 'Come on, boy.' The old dog got slowly and stiffly to his feet and followed the gently pulling leash.

Slim said, 'Carlson.'

'Yeah?'

'You know what to do.'

'What ya mean, Slim?'

'Take a shovel,' said Slim shortly.

'Oh, sure! I get you.' He led the dog out into the darkness.

George followed to the door and shut the door and set the latch gently in its place. Candy lay rigidly on his bed staring at the ceiling.

Slim said loudly, 'One of my lead mules got a bad hoof. Got to get some tar on it.' His voice trailed off. It was silent outside. Carlson's footsteps died away. The silence came into the room. And the silence lasted.

George chuckled, 'I bet Lennie's right out there in the barn with his pup. He won't want to come in here no more now he's got a pup.'

Slim said, 'Candy, you can have any one of them pups you want.'

Candy did not answer. The silence fell on the room again. It came out of the night and invaded the room. George said, 'Anybody like to play a little euchre?'

'I'll play out a few with you,' said Whit.

They took places opposite each other at the table under the light, but George did not shuffle the cards. He rippled the edge of the deck nervously, and the little snapping noise drew the eyes of all the men in the room, so that he stopped doing it. The silence fell on the room again. A minute passed, and another minute. Candy lay still, staring at the ceiling. Slim gazed at him for a moment and then looked down at his hands; he subdued one hand with the other, and held it down. There came a little gnawing sound from under the floor and all the men looked down toward it gratefully. Only Candy continued to stare at the ceiling.

'Sounds like there was a rat under there,' said George. 'We ought to get a trap down there.'

Whit broke out, 'What the hell's takin' him so long? Lay out some cards, why don't you? We ain't going to get no euchre played this way.'

George brought the cards together tightly and studied the backs of them. The silence was in the room again.

A shot sounded in the distance. The men looked quickly at the old man. Every head turned toward him.

For a moment he continued to stare at the ceiling. Then he rolled slowly over and faced the wall and lay silent.

Of Mice and Men

5 Answer (a) **and** (b).

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the reactions to the events described.

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

(16)

- (b) In the extract, the men react to the incident involving Candy's dog.

Explore an event and the reactions to it 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 final Resham section.

Gianni Balwant Singh and Resham Bains pulled to a stop outside Asda on the A6, letting the police cars pass them, lights flashing, on their way to some crime scene or other. Resham mumbled something about the world in which they lived and then returned to staring out of the window of the priest's Ford Fiesta, as they moved off once more. They had talked at great length about what they were going to do and the priest had decided that the boy, Sukhjit, was man enough to accompany them when they went to meet Mohinder Sandhu. After all, he had reasoned, the boy had been man enough to father a child.

More police cars sped by in the outside lane of the dual carriageway. Then a van.

'There must be something very serious up ahead,' remarked the priest.

'Yes,' agreed Resham Bains.

'Perhaps someone's fate has conspired against them today,' added the priest.

'It is the will of our Lord,' replied Resham.

'Only His...' confirmed the priest.

They pulled up behind a police van outside Resham Bains's home. The priest turned to say something to Resham but spoke to an empty passenger seat. Resham had left the car almost before it had come to a halt and was making his way slowly towards the aftermath of an altercation. The Gianni-ji noticed that Resham's shoulders had sagged and that his legs nearly buckled.

'Lord, what fate is this that you have put before me?' he asked in a whisper.

Resham Bains walked slowly towards the people that he loved. He caught a glimpse of his wife and daughter, crying. He saw the policeman holding onto members of the Sandhu clan, talking into radios. Lights were flashing and sirens wailed...

Resham made his way to his son, kneeling before him. He saw blood seeping from a wound, discolouring the driveway. Gently, he touched his face. His son opened his eyes and tried to speak but the words failed...

'Ssh... do not try to speak, Ravinder,' he told him.

He stood up, looking to find his other son. He saw Sukh holding onto Rani, relieved that his youngest was fine. He saw Mohinder Sandhu, standing two metres from the lovers, holding onto Divy, tears in his eyes, his face racked with pain. Resham started to speak, to say something to his old friend –

And then Resham watched Divy break free from Mohinder and lunge at his youngest son...

Frozen to the spot, Resham saw the flash of steel and heard the cry of rage as Divy pushed the blade in with all his strength...

He blinked. Saw his son stagger, still holding onto Rani, and then fall to the floor.

He blinked again, saw the police spray something into Divy's eyes, smelled the pepper. He turned and saw his old friend once more. Mohinder said something...

Resham looked back to his son, heard women screaming, watched blood pooling on the ground underneath his boy.

Rani and Sukh

6 Answer (a) **and** (b).

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the description of the events leading to Sukh's death.

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

(16)

- (b) This extract shows the results of violent actions.

Explore the importance of violence 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 3.

I told Craig that all I knew about Mary's origins was that he was pulled from earth somewhere outside the Victorian town of Swan Hill. Craig led me outside to the hallway, where a tribal map of Australia was displayed. It was beautiful, a 200-piece patchwork of colours, but the only thing familiar was the map outline. I was staring into a country – or rather a collection of nations – I had never seen before. I looked for the state of Victoria and struggled to find where it started or ended. Each coloured patch blended organically into those around it; there were no neat pieces and no straight lines, the surveyor's straight edge was totally absent. Craig smiled as I struggled to navigate my way about a country that only a few minutes earlier I'd thought I knew so well – I was lost.

The patchwork pieces were much smaller and more numerous in the fertile floodplains of northern Victoria. Tribal names like Yorta Yorta, Wadi Wadi, and Nari Nari jumped out from beneath Craig's circling finger. He located Swan Hill, one of the few English placenames printed faintly on the map as a whitefella reference point.

'Mate,' Craig said slowly, his finger lightly tapping the tiny spot on the southern banks of the Murray River, 'if he was dug up outside of Swan Hill, then there's a good chance he belongs to this mob.'

I had never read or heard of the name before. I said it aloud – 'Wamba Wamba' – and in their enunciation the two words would be forever forged into my own family's dreaming.

As we settled back into Craig's office a large figure sailed past the doorway.

'Rob! Got a sec?' Craig yelled into the wake left by the big man. 'That's Rob, he's the fella we need to speak to.'

A wild head of hair poked around the door. Craig recounted my story, and with each sentence Rob inched into the room like a bear being drawn out of the forest by the promise of honey. When Craig got to the part about the mantelpiece, Rob flinched as if he'd been stung on the nose.

'Wha-huh, how could anybody do such a thing?' he asked.

Craig shrugged and shook his head again. 'Listen, John, it's nothing personal, you're doing the right thing, but I just can't *imagine* keeping a skull on my mantelpiece. It's like me ringing up Rob here and saying, "Hey Rob, I've got the skull of a dead whitefella on my bookshelf, wanna come over and see?"'

The two men chuckled, and for the moment I felt a little better.

'Yeah,' said Rob, 'just imagine what the papers would say: "Savage headhunters display white man's head."'

I sat there, wondering how on earth I was going to bring up the subject with my father. I asked for some advice on how to approach him, some arguments that would help back up my case. Craig looked at me as if I had just asked the dumbest question of all time.

Riding the Black Cockatoo

7 Answer (a) **and** (b).

(a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the reactions to John's story about Mary.

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

(16)

(b) Mary is very important in the extract.

Explore how different attitudes towards Mary are shown in **one other** part of the book.

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 XII.

First Purchase African M.E. Church was in the Quarters outside the southern town limits, across the old sawmill tracks. It was an ancient paint-peeled frame building, the only church in Maycomb with a steeple and bell, called First Purchase because it was paid for from the first earnings of freed slaves. Negroes worshipped in it on Sundays and white men gambled in it on weekdays.

The churchyard was brick-hard clay, as was the cemetery beside it. If someone died during a dry spell, the body was covered with chunks of ice until rain softened the earth. A few graves in the cemetery were marked with crumbling tombstones; newer ones were outlined with brightly coloured glass and broken Coca-Cola bottles. Lightning rods guarding some graves denoted dead who rested uneasily; stumps of burned-out candles stood at the heads of infant graves. It was a happy cemetery.

The warm bittersweet smell of clean Negro welcomed us as we entered the churchyard—Hearts of Love hairdressing mingled with asafoetida, snuff, Hoyt's Cologne, Brown's Mule, peppermint, and lilac talcum.

When they saw Jem and me with Calpurnia, the men stepped back and took off their hats; the women crossed their arms at their waists, weekday gestures of respectful attention. They parted and made a small pathway to the church door for us. Calpurnia walked between Jem and me, responding to the greetings of her brightly clad neighbours.

'What you up to, Miss Cal?' said a voice behind us.

Calpurnia's hands went to our shoulders and we stopped and looked around; standing in the path behind us was a tall Negro woman. Her weight was on one leg; she rested her left elbow in the curve of her hip, pointing at us with upturned palm. She was bullet-headed with strange almond-shaped eyes, straight nose, and an Indian-bow mouth. She seemed seven feet high.

I felt Calpurnia's hand dig into my shoulder. 'What you want, Lula?' she asked, in tones I had never heard her use. She spoke quietly, contemptuously.

'I wants to know why you bringin' white chillun to nigger church.'

'They's my comp'ny,' said Calpurnia. Again I thought her voice strange: she was talking like the rest of them.

'Yeah, an' I reckon you's comp'ny at the Finch house durin' the week.'

A murmur ran through the crowd. 'Don't you fret,' Calpurnia whispered to me, but the roses on her hat trembled indignantly.

When Lula came up the pathway towards us Calpurnia said, 'Stop right there, nigger.'

Lula stopped, but she said, 'You ain't got no business bringin' white chillun here—they got their church, we got our'n. It is our church, ain't it, Miss Cal?'

Calpurnia said, 'It's the same God, ain't it?'

Jem said, 'Let's go home, Cal, they don't want us here—'

I agreed: they did not want us here. I sensed, rather than saw, that we were being advanced upon. They seemed to be drawing closer to us, but when I looked up at Calpurnia there was amusement in her eyes.

To Kill a Mockingbird

8 Answer (a) **and** (b).

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the visit of Scout and Jem to the church.

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

(16)

- (b) Scout and Jem visit different places in Maycomb County.

Explore how Scout and Jem react to a place they visit 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 'Young people spend too much money on clothes and are too often influenced by brands and designer labels.'

Write an article to be included in an online magazine, giving your views on this topic.

(24)

OR

- *10 Your School or College Council wants to appoint new student members to make sure students' views are represented.

Write the text of a speech you would deliver to the Council giving reasons why you should be appointed.

(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

Thursday 10 January 2013 – 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 ►

P41505A

©2013 Pearson Education Ltd.

1/1/1/1/1/1/



PEARSON

SECTION A: READING

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross ☒. 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:

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....



(Section A continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section A continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section A continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section A continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section A continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section A continued)

Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section A continued)

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing.

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 40 MARKS



SECTION B: WRITING

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

Chosen Question Number: **Question 9** **Question 10**

Write your answer to Section B here:

Dotted lines for writing the answer to the question.



(Section B continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section B continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section B continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section B continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section B continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section B continued)

Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section B continued)

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing.

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



BLANK PAGE



BLANK PAGE



BLANK PAGE

