

Edexcel GCSE

English Language

Unit 2: The Writer's Voice

Higher Tier

Tuesday 4 June 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 ►

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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 4 On the Edge.

The two Japanese climbers had been following them closely. They had bivouacked separately, and there was no communication between the two teams, nor was there any sense of competitiveness or a suggestion that they might join forces. Both parties were coping equally well in the difficult conditions. There were frequent falls, often from the same points. They had watched one another struggle, fall, and try again as they progressed up the face.

When they reached the summit headwall Simon had seen the leading Japanese climber fall outwards and backwards, arms outstretched in surprise. The awesome 2,500-foot plunge, visible through breaks in the cloud, was framed behind him. To his horror, he had then seen the falling leader jerk and twist and, without a sound, pull his partner into the void. Their belay piton had torn free. The two men plunged down, roped together, helpless.

Simon had struggled up to Jon's stance, which was out of sight of that lower section, and told him what had happened. They stood quietly on the small rock ledge in the gathering storm trying to absorb the enormity of what had just taken place so close to them. There was nothing they could do for the two men, who would never have survived the fall, and the quickest way to get news to the rescue services would be over the summit and down into Italy.

As they resumed the climb they were shocked to hear a ghastly screaming from far below – the chilling sounds of someone in agony, desperately alone and terrified. Looking down, they saw the two climbers sliding down the upper icefield at ever-increasing speed 600 feet below them. They were still roped together, and various scattered items of gear and their rucksacks tumbled alongside them. All Simon could do was to stare helplessly at the two tiny figures racing down the ice. Then they were gone: disappearing over the lip of the icefield, falling out of view into the horrendous drop to the glacier.

By some desperate quirk at least one of the climbers must have survived the initial fall on to the icefield. Somehow they had been stopped, probably with their rope snagged on some rocky projection – but they weren't saved. It was a cruel twist, both for the victims and for the horrified spectators far above them. Only a short reprieve, five minutes or so, while one of them fought to make himself safe and find some anchor. Badly injured, he had little chance. Perhaps he had slipped, or the rope had unsnagged: whatever had happened, the outcome was brutally final.

Simon and Jon, their confidence shattered, minds numbed by it all, had turned and struggled on up to the summit. It had been so sudden. They hadn't conversed with the two Japanese, but a mutual understanding and respect had developed. If they had all got down safely, then they would have talked, shared food on the long walk to the valley, met up in a bar in town, perhaps become friends.

Touching the Void

1 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the Japanese climbers' fall.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, the dangers of mountain climbing are presented.

Explore **one other** part of *Touching the Void* where a dangerous situation is presented.

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 5.

I found myself looking up at a thicket of tree trunks, solid and scaly as elephant legs. The Big House trees, which from my bedroom window looked distant and symbolic, were now almost close enough to touch. The first few rows were lit up occasionally by the passing tentacles of the Octopus, barnacled with flashing bulbs, but beyond these there was darkness, a syrupy gloom which somewhere housed a child-eating monster.

My breathing quickened as I watched Anita expertly prise apart a couple of rotting boards in the perimeter fence and begin slipping her thin body through the gap.

'What yow dooing, Nita? They've got dogs, yow know!' I whispered fiercely, quickly thinking it was much cooler to be frightened of alsatians than witches.

'They ain't,' Anita replied, her voice straining as she eased a last bit of foot through the hole. 'He's inside, chewing up babies' bones I expect. I ain't never seen a dog in here... and anyway, I thought yow said yow wanted to hang around with uz?'

She used the Royal We, which seemed entirely natural. I clutched mama's gold chain to me like a talisman, I could feel the diamond digging into my breastbone, a sharp sweet pain which reminded me I was still alive and breathing. Then I panicked as Anita seemed to be slowly disappearing by inches into the branches, like the Cheshire Cat's smile, and without thinking, heaved myself through the loose boards and followed the flash of Anita's white winklepicker shoes.

At first I could see nothing; the darkness had a texture so dense I fancied my outstretched hands were pushing against giant elastic cobwebs. The ground under me conspired to disorientate me. It was spongy and silent under my uncertain feet, no crackling branches or noisy heather to reassure me that I walked on the earth and owned it; I felt this forest now owned *me*. After slapping head-first into a few low branches I became accustomed to the gloom and began to pick my way more confidently through the trees, fixing my gaze on the back of Anita's shoes which seemed to glow like low, uneven landing lights. Then I suddenly realised that I could not hear the fairground any more. It had been replaced by a much louder noise, a low breathing made up of night breeze, whispering leaves, insects humming in morse code and the sporadic mournful hoots of a lone high owl.

'Hee-yaar!' whispered Anita, who came from nowhere to appear next to me and yanked my hand, pulling me after her up a pebbly rise until we were looking down at an immense black hole, which I only realised was water when I saw the moon suspended in its centre, a perfect silver disc in what looked like another upside-down sky.

'Hollow Pond!' I breathed reverently.

Anita and Me

2 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the atmosphere of the Big House garden and Hollow Pond.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, the setting and atmosphere are very important.

Explore **one other** part of the novel where atmosphere and setting are important.

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 8.

I glanced at her stomach, but it was hidden under her red, hand-knitted woolly jumper, and all I could see was her body convulsing with stifled sobs. Once a woman starts crying over missed periods there's no stopping her, they say. A pang of fear shot through me, and I felt weak at the knees.

I forgot to ask the most pressing question, that is, whether she wanted to be a teenage mother. The reason for this omission on my part was simple: there was not the slightest chance of her being allowed to keep the child anyway. There was not a hospital, doctor or midwife to be found in these parts who could be persuaded to break the law by offering assistance to an unmarried woman in labour. And Luo wouldn't be able to marry the Little Seamstress for several years, given that marriage under the age of twenty-five was illegal. The situation was hopeless. There was nowhere for them to go, for there was no conceivable place where a Romeo and his pregnant Juliet might elude the long arm of the law, nor indeed where they might live the life of Robinson Crusoe attended by a secret agent turned Man Friday. Every nook and cranny of the land came under the all-seeing eye of the dictatorship of the proletariat, which had cast its gigantic, fine-meshed net over the whole of China.

When she had calmed down a little we went over all the ways of procuring an abortion that we could think of. We discussed the subject again and again behind her father's back, racking our brains for some solution that would be discreet enough to save the couple from disgrace in the eyes of the people as well as from political and administrative punishment. The law seemed to have been expressly designed to make things impossible for them: they couldn't go ahead and have the child before marrying, and the law prohibited abortion.

At this moment of emotional upheaval I could not help admiring my friend Luo's foresight in appointing me as her guardian. Since my mission included protecting her from bodily harm, I summoned every means of persuasion to stop her from running to the sorceresses for a herbal remedy, for she risked not only being poisoned but also denounced. I was also able to convince her that jumping off the roof of her house in the hope of provoking a miscarriage was a very bad idea, for she might end up a cripple, in which case she would be condemned to marry the other cripple in her village.

Eventually we decided that I should go on a reconnaissance trip to the town of Yong Jing, where I would sound out the hospital for ways of getting help from the gynaecology department.

Although Yong Jing was the district capital, it was so small, as you no doubt remember, that whenever the canteen served beef and onions you could smell it all over town.

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 reactions to the Little Seamstress's pregnancy.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, we can see how caring the Narrator is towards the Little Seamstress.

Explore how the Narrator shows his concern for the Little Seamstress 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 5.

I was in the seventh grade, the year that Nicole Renard came into my life, when the hall's transformation began. People rushed to the site one Saturday morning as word spread through the streets that carpenters and painters were attacking the building in a frenzy of activity. I rushed to the scene and watched in amazement as trucks and vans, emblazoned with *City of Monument*, disgorged teams of workmen who, we learned, had been hired under a new municipal programme. In the next few days the men worked frantically, scraping and painting, replacing doors and windows, tarring the roof. But the work was haphazard. Workers dropped hammers, spilled paint, stumbled over each other and occasionally pulled brown paper bags from their pockets and took quick gulps from hidden bottles.

'It's like watching a Marx Brothers movie,' said Eugene Rouleau, the barber whose tongue was as sharp as his razor.

When the workers finally completed the job, the building still looked unfinished. The white paint didn't completely cover the dark patches of mildew on the clapboards and the shutters sagged next to the windows.

'Look,' someone called.

As we watched, the sign which read FRENCHTOWN REC. CENTRE slid from its place above the front entrance until it hung at a drunken angle above the door.

'It's still a bad luck place,' Albert Laurier of Laurier's Drug Store said.

People nodded their heads in agreement, remembering the wedding reception of Marie-Blanche Touraine.

That night, someone crossed out the words on the sign and replaced them with *Wreck Centre* in bright red paint. Although the sign was restored to its original wording, the place was known for ever as the Wreck Centre to the people of Frenchtown.

The Centre opened its doors the day after St Jude's Parochial School closed for summer vacation. I stood with the other kids at nine o'clock in the June morning in front of the building. A tall slim man stepped into view, a lock of blond hair tumbling over his forehead, a smile that revealed dazzling movie-star teeth.

'Good morning,' he said. 'My name is Larry LaSalle.'

'Is that his real name?' Joey LeBlanc asked in a whisper that carried over the crowd. He was often punished by the nuns for talking out of turn.

'That's right – it's real,' Larry LaSalle said. And for some reason, the crowd applauded.

Larry LaSalle had the broad shoulders of an athlete and the narrow hips of a dancer. He was both. He swung the bat with authority as he hit home runs in games at the sandlot next door and later led us through vigorous exercises and callisthenics. He was also a dancer, with a touch of Fred Astaire in his walk, his feet barely touching the floor. He could tap-dance with machine-gun speed and make daring leaps across the stage. But he was most of all a teacher, leading classes in dancing, arts and crafts, organizing a choral group, directing musical shows.

Heroes

4 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the beginning of the Wreck Centre.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, the young people of Frenchtown watch as the Wreck Centre is opened.

Explore the importance of the Wreck Centre to the young people of Frenchtown 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.

Slim and George came into the darkening bunk house together. Slim reached up over the card table and turned on the tin-shaded electric light. Instantly the table was brilliant with light, and the cone of the shade threw its brightness straight downward, leaving the corners of the bunk house still in dusk. Slim sat down on a box and George took his place opposite.

'It wasn't nothing,' said Slim. 'I would of had to drowned most of 'em anyways. No need to thank me about that.'

George said, 'It wasn't much to you, maybe, but it was a hell of a lot to him. Jesus Christ, I don't know how we're gonna get him to sleep in here. He'll want to sleep right out in the barn with 'em. We'll have trouble keepin' him from getting right in the box with them pups.'

'It wasn't nothing,' Slim repeated. 'Say, you sure was right about him. Maybe he ain't bright but I never seen such a worker. He damn near killed his partner buckin' barley. There ain't nobody can keep up with him. God awmighty I never seen such a strong guy.'

George spoke proudly. 'Jus' tell Lennie what to do an' he'll do it if it don't take no figuring. He can't think of nothing to do himself, but he sure can take orders.'

There was a clang of horseshoe on iron stake outside and a little cheer of voices.

Slim moved back slightly so the light was not on his face. 'Funny how you an' him string along together.' It was Slim's calm invitation to confidence.

'What's funny about it?' George demanded defensively.

'Oh, I dunno. Hardly none of the guys ever travel together. I hardly never seen two guys travel together. You know how the hands are, they just come in and get their bunk and work a month, and then they quit and go out alone. Never seem to give a damn about nobody. It jus' seems kinda funny a cuckoo like him and a smart little guy like you travelin' together.'

'He ain't no cuckoo,' said George. 'He's dumb as hell, but he ain't crazy. An' I ain't so bright neither, or I wouldn't be buckin' barley for my fifty and found. If I was bright, if I was even a little bit smart, I'd have my own little place, an' I'd be bringin' in my own crops, 'stead of doin' all the work and not getting what comes up outta the ground.' George fell silent. He wanted to talk. Slim neither encouraged nor discouraged him. He just sat back quiet and receptive.

'It ain't so funny, him an' me goin' aroun' together,' George said at last. 'Him and me was both born in Auburn. I knowed his Aunt Clara. She took him when he was a baby and raised him up. When his Aunt Clara died, Lennie just come along with me out workin'. Got kinda used to each other after a little while.'

Of Mice and Men

5 Answer all parts of the following question.

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

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, we learn about George's character.

Explore the character of George 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 first Leicester section.

My dad yawned as I passed him his tea and then he looked me up and down before speaking in Punjabi. 'Haven't you got any work to do?' he said.

'No, ji,' I told him, being respectful as always.

'No homework from school? No housework? It's not good for a girl to just sit around doing nothing. It doesn't look good, Rani.'

I sighed and said that I'd try to find something to do. I was just walking out of the living room when my mum came in through the front door.

'Mum, I need to go into town,' I said in English.

My mum, dressed in a traditional Punjabi suit, looked worn out. The flecks of grey in her pulled-back hair were growing more prominent each week. Her face looked drawn too.

'Are you feeling OK?' I asked as she walked into the kitchen.

'You're not a *goreeh* yet,' she told me in Punjabi. 'Speak the language you were born to speak.'

I forgot about enquiring after her welfare and told her about the phone company and the stationery I needed.

'Every week you have something else to do in town. Go on, go if you have to, but if I hear that you're messing about like those other girls...'

'I'm not, Mum - I promise.'

The 'other girls' my mum was talking about didn't exist as individuals that she actually knew. The phrase was a collective shorthand for all the ills of western society – bad girls who tried to be English and went out with boys and got pregnant. Smoked like men and drank like them too. The kind of girls who were the subjects of gossip between the older women at the *gurudwara* and all the family gatherings that occurred – weddings, parties and even funerals. The girls who ran off with Muslim boys or left home and ended up in council flats, leaving their family *izzat* in the gutter. There were countless stories about such girls and my mum was always warning me about the consequences of 'messing about,' as she put it. To call my home life restrictive was not even half way to the truth. I felt like I was living in an open prison: I was allowed out but always had to return at the end of the day. It's a bit like caging a hungry animal and placing a bowl of food just out of reach. Not that I was hungry or an animal, but you know what I mean. Once the animal gets out it wants all the food it can get – just to make up for being deprived previously.

I went up to my bedroom and sent Sukh a text back, arranging to meet him in town. Somewhere away from the main shopping centres where my brothers would be working in the shops we owned. I really didn't want them to see me with Sukh, especially not Divy, my eldest brother, who I didn't get on with too well.

Rani and Sukh

6 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Rani's attitudes to her father and mother.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Rani feels that she has little freedom.

Explore **one other** part of the novel in which Rani experiences difficulties in her relationship with her family.

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 15.

Two days after the handover my parents phoned again; they *needed* to talk about the experience.

'You know, son,' said my father, his voice breaking with emotion, 'I've had to rethink sixty years of attitude. Those people yesterday, every one of them was such a pleasure to talk to. They were all just so *friendly, so well presented, so clean*.' I almost choked as he said the word 'clean'. I was about to say something, but smiled instead at the realisation of how far my father had journeyed in the last two days; all from just one interaction, one *real* contact which had lasted less than three hours.

A week later Dad phoned again. He'd had an idea and he was excited.

'Listen, son, I've been thinking, you know that big old grindstone in the back yard?' He was referring to the wheelbarrow-sized grindstone that he'd dragged from a dry Central Queensland creekbed over 30 years ago. The stone was crisscrossed in deep grooves formed by decades, perhaps centuries, of axe-head and spear sharpening. This stone exudes a steady radiance, as if it has somehow stored within its molecules the ambient energy of all those toolmakers who sat before it. As a child I regularly ran my hands along its deep, cool grooves and channels, my five little fingers like antennae, reconnecting with the patient labours of long ago. And now Dad was proposing that Aboriginal students share the same experience.

'When your mother and I took that trip to London,' he said, referring to a holiday they'd taken in the early 1990s, 'I'll never forget how the stonework there affected me. Seeing all those worn-away steps, entranceways and cobbles – already worn away before the First Fleet even sailed! It made me think about all the people who came before us and will continue to follow; it gave me some sort of perspective, I suppose.'

'That's exactly how I felt when I was there,' I said, recalling the worn stonework of England, eroded water-like by time's passing footsteps.

'Well, I reckon that grindstone would have the same effect on Aboriginal people, especially the young city ones who haven't spent much time in the bush. After the ceremony I thought about the courtyard, what a peaceful place it was – imagine if that grindstone was set up there with a bit of a plaque, people could go and run their hands over it for years to come, long after we're gone.'

I agreed with my father, and in my imagination I *could* see Aboriginal students reconnecting and drawing strength up through their hands; retracing the grooves and furrows of the past and with every infinitesimal finger-stroke adding their own story to this rock of ages. But not just Indigenous fingertips; the open hands of all races could acknowledge the past and add to the songlines within the stone.

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 father.

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

(16)

(b) In this extract, we can see that the attitudes of John's father to the Aboriginal people are changing.

Explore **one other** part of *Riding the Black Cockatoo* where changing attitudes are important.

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 10 (X).

Tim Johnson was advancing at a snail's pace, but he was not playing or sniffing at foliage: he seemed dedicated to one course and motivated by an invisible force that was inching him towards us. We could see him shiver like a horse shedding flies; his jaw opened and shut; he was a list, but he was being pulled gradually towards us.

'He's lookin' for a place to die,' said Jem.

Mr Tate turned around. 'He's far from dead, Jem, he hasn't got started yet.'

Tim Johnson reached the side-street that ran in front of the Radley Place, and what remained of his poor mind made him pause and seem to consider which road he would take. He made a few hesitant steps and stopped in front of the Radley gate; then he tried to turn around, but was having difficulty.

Atticus said, 'He's within range, Heck. You better get him now before he goes down the side street – Lord knows who's around the corner. Go inside, Cal.'

Calpurnia opened the screen door, latched it behind her, then unlatched it and held on to the hook. She tried to block Jem and me with her body, but we looked out from beneath her arms.

'Take him, Mr Finch.' Mr Tate handed the rifle to Atticus; Jem and I nearly fainted.

'Don't waste time, Heck,' said Atticus. 'Go on.'

'Mr Finch, this is a one-shot job.'

Atticus shook his head vehemently: 'Don't just stand there, Heck! He won't wait all day for you –'

'For God's sake, Mr Finch, look where he is! Miss and you'll go straight into the Radley house! I can't shoot that well and you know it!'

'I haven't shot a gun in thirty years –'

Mr Tate almost threw the rifle at Atticus. 'I'd feel mighty comfortable if you did now,' he said.

In a fog, Jem and I watched our father take the gun and walk out into the middle of the street. He walked quickly, but I thought he moved like an underwater swimmer; time had slowed to a nauseating crawl.

When Atticus raised his glasses Calpurnia murmured, 'Sweet Jesus help him,' and put her hands to her cheeks.

Atticus pushed his glasses to his forehead; they slipped down, and he dropped them in the street. In the silence, I heard them crack. Atticus rubbed his eyes and chin; we saw him blink hard.

In front of the Radley gate, Tim Johnson had made up what was left of his mind. He had finally turned himself around, to pursue his original course up our street. He made two steps forward, then stopped and raised his head. We saw his body go rigid.

With movements so swift they seemed simultaneous, Atticus's hand yanked a ball-tipped lever as he brought the gun to his shoulder.

The rifle cracked. Tim Johnson leaped, flopped over and crumpled on the sidewalk in a brown-and-white heap. He didn't know what hit him.

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 character of Atticus.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, the character of Atticus is presented.

Explore the character of Atticus 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** A teenage magazine is including articles on the topic 'Everybody needs a role model'.

Write an article for the magazine describing your chosen role model.

(24)

OR

***10** Many schools and colleges help a charity by having a 'Make a Difference Day'.

Write the text for a speech to give to a class or group, explaining your ideas for such a day in your school or college.

(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

Tuesday 4 June 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 ►

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PEARSON

(Section A continued)

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(Section A continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 20 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section A continued)

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(Section A continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(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)

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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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(Section B continued)

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(Section B continued)

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(Section B continued)

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing.

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



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