

Write your name here

Surname

Other names

Pearson
Edexcel GCSE

Centre Number

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Candidate Number

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English Language

Unit 2: The Writer's Voice

Higher Tier

Tuesday 5 November 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: 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:

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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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(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 continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section B continued)

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(Section B continued)

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



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Pearson Edexcel GCSE

English Language

Unit 2: The Writer's Voice

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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

Question 1: Touching the Void	4
Question 2: Anita and Me	6
Question 3: Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress	8
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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 9 'In the Far Distance'

The crevasse opened up into a pear-shaped dome, its sides curving away from me to a width of fifty feet before narrowing again. The snow floor cut through the flat end of this cavern, while the walls above me tapered in to form the thin end of the pear barely ten feet across and nearly 100 feet high. Small fragments of crusty snow pattered down from the roof.

I looked round the enclosed vault of snow and ice, familiarising myself with its shape and size. The walls opposite closed in but didn't meet. A narrow gap had been filled with snow from above to form a cone which rose all the way to the roof. It was about fifteen feet wide at the base and as little as four or five feet across at the top.

A pillar of gold light beamed diagonally from a small hole in the roof, spraying bright reflections off the far wall of the crevasse. I was mesmerised by this beam of sunlight burning through the vaulted ceiling from the real world outside. It had me so fixated that I forgot about the uncertain floor below and let myself slide down the rest of the rope. I was going to reach that sunbeam. I knew it then with absolute certainty. How I would do it, and when I would reach it were not considered. I just knew.

In seconds my whole outlook had changed. The weary frightened hours of night were forgotten, and the abseil which had filled me with such claustrophobic dread had been swept away. The twelve despairing hours I had spent in the unnatural hush of this awesome place seemed suddenly to have been nothing like the nightmare I had imagined. I could do something positive. I could crawl and climb, and keep on doing so until I had escaped from this grave. Before, there had been nothing for me to do except lie on the bridge trying not to feel scared and lonely, and that helplessness had been my worst enemy. Now I had a plan.

The change in me was astonishing. I felt invigorated, full of energy and optimism. I could see possible dangers, very real risks that could destroy my hopes, but somehow I knew I could overcome them. It was as if I had been given this one blessed chance to get out and I was grasping it with every ounce of strength left in me. A powerful feeling of confidence and pride swept over me as I realised how right I had been to leave the bridge. I had made the right decision against the worst of my fears. I had done it, and I was sure that nothing now could be worse than those hours of torture on the bridge.

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 character.

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

(16)

(b) In this extract, Joe deals with a difficult situation.

Explore **one other** part of *Touching the Void* where Joe deals with a difficult situation.

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 was about to ask if we could go to see the show when I noticed that the koalas seemed to be moving forwards, and mama's scream confirmed that actually, we were moving backwards. 'Get out! Tell the bus driver to go back! Quickly!' I had never seen mama so panicked before, her feet were slipping off the pedals, those strappy sandals were not a wise choice I remember thinking as I leaped out of the car and began a fifteen minute exercise in ritual humiliation. The bus driver was pragmatic enough, perhaps because he was Indian and had no doubt seen much worse back home, and I did preface my pleading with the word 'Uncle', which seemed to do the trick. But in order for him to move back, twenty other drivers had to be similarly charitable, and none of them looked like they wanted to be related to me.

The truck drivers, the taxi drivers, the fat men squeezed into small cars and the thin women rattling around in hatchbacks, all wore the same weary amused expression, as if my mother's driving had only confirmed some secret, long-held opinion of how people like us were coping with the complexities of the modern world. Putting the car into reverse was, for them, an act of benevolence, maybe their first, as well-intentioned as any of Mr Ormerod's charity parcels to the poor children in Africa.

I had expected aggression, some name calling, the kind of hissed comments I occasionally endured from the young lads on the council estate near my school, the school where mama taught. But I believed by the end of the queue, I had won them over with my cheeky charm, a sort of Well, What A Mess But It's Not My Fault expression, and my deliberately exaggerated Tollington accent, thus proving I was very much one of them, they did not need to shout to make themselves understood or think they could get away with muttered swearing and I would not understand, that I belonged.

By the time I reached the last car, a Hillman Imp containing a sweet-faced elderly woman, I was almost enjoying myself, swept up by the drama of the occasion, imagining how I would recite and embroider the story for my friends at school the next day. I tapped on the window and the old dear slowly rolled it down. 'Sorry, but me mum's at the top of the hill and she's rolling down, ar... can yow move back just a bit? Ta.'

She blinked once and fumbled with the gear stick and said casually, 'Bloody stupid wog. Stupid woggy wog. Stupid.'

I backed off as if I had been punched and began running up the hill to our Mini, where mama was waiting with the door open and the lights were green. I jumped into the front seat and mama shot off, from nought to thirty in five seconds in first gear...

Anita and Me

2 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of how Meena deals with a difficult situation.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Meena learns more about attitudes to her culture.

Explore **one other** part of the novel where attitudes to Meena's culture are seen.

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 II.

His vision restored to its former clarity, Four-Eyes was shocked to see the state Luo was in.

'You look as sick as a dog!' he said.

As Four-Eyes couldn't abandon his work, he suggested we go to his place and take a rest until he returned.

He was lodged in the centre of the village. He had few personal belongings, and was so anxious to demonstrate his complete trust in the revolutionary peasants that he never used to lock his door. The building, an old grain storehouse, was on stilts, like ours, but it had a projecting porch supported by sturdy bamboo stakes, where cereals, vegetables and spices would be spread out to dry. Luo and I settled down on the porch to enjoy the sunshine. After a time the sun slid behind a mountain peak, and there was a chill in the air. Once the sweat on Luo's body had dried, he turned ice cold. I found an old pullover belonging to Four-Eyes and draped it over his back, tying the sleeves around his neck like a scarf.

Even though the sun reappeared, he continued to complain of the cold. I went inside again to fetch a quilt from the bed, and on my way there it occurred to me that there might be another pullover lying around somewhere. I took a look under the bed, where I discovered a large wooden packing crate. Piled on top was a jumble of old shoes and broken slippers encrusted with mud and dirt.

Pulling the crate into a beam of dust-dappled sunlight, I opened it and found that it contained more articles of clothing. I was fumbling around in the hope of finding a small pullover that would fit Luo's scrawny body when my fingers suddenly came upon something soft, supple and smooth to the touch, which made me think at once of a lady's doeskin shoe.

But it was not a shoe, it was a suitcase. A ray of light bounced off the glossy lid. It was an elegant suitcase, a little worn but made of fine leather, and it gave off a whiff of civilisation.

It seemed inordinately heavy in relation to its size, but I had no way of telling what was inside. It was fastened with locks in three places.

I waited impatiently for the evening, when Four-Eyes would be released from his daily struggle with the buffalo, so that I could ask him what sort of treasure he had so securely hidden away in his secret cache.

To my surprise he didn't answer my question. All the time we were cooking he was unusually quiet, and when he did speak he took care not to mention the suitcase.

While we were eating our supper I broached the subject again. But still he said nothing.

Luo broke the silence. 'I expect they're books,' he said. 'The way you keep your suitcase locked up and hidden away is enough to betray your secret: you've got a stash of forbidden books.'

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 what happens at Four-Eyes' lodgings.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Luo believes that the suitcase contains forbidden books.

Explore **one other** part of the novel in which books are important.

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 7.

Two hours later, I had survived more games than I could count, time passing in a blur as the ball zoomed back and forth across the table. Serve and return. Spin and chop. The kill shot and the soft shot. My opponents went down in rapid succession. Finally, Joey LeBlanc, who was having a bad day with his serves, lost by a wide margin, 21 to 12, and went off muttering to himself.

Never before had I known such a sense of destiny. I felt invincible, impossible to defeat, the ball always under my control. The spectators often cheered, gasped at a spectacular shot, either by me or by an opponent, and fell silent when the outcome of a contest seemed in doubt. But I knew no doubt. Between games, my eyes sought Nicole and often spotted her smiling encouragement. The centre seemed vacant when I looked and did not see her.

Louis Arabelle also had been winning contest after contest at the other table, drawing his own cheers and applause. We glanced at each other between games and exchanged grins. It seemed inevitable that we would meet in the final contest of the day. Each time I heard a burst of applause for the next table, I knew that Louis had scored another spectacular point.

Finally, Louis and me. Standing across the table from each other. Both of us undefeated. Louis tall and rangy with long arms and legs, ready to play his deceptive game, never tense, never hurrying. I prepared myself for his soft strokes and dizzy spins and chops.

Louis took five quick points with his first round of serves, catching me off balance with the casual way he raised his paddle and the ferocity of the ball as it arched over the net towards me. A hush fell over the crowd.

I didn't panic, told myself to relax: this was a day in which I could not lose. My own five serves sent the game into a tie and after that I simply planted myself six feet from the table and concentrated on the return. Louis lost three points in a row and for the first time I saw him flushed with frustration, trying harder, frowning and, finally, making mistakes.

I reached 21 points to his 18 simply playing the game Larry LaSalle had taught me, being patient, remaining cool and composed while Louis pressed harder. As he missed his last remaining shot which gave me the victory, a shout went up from the crowd followed by cheers and whistles and the stomping of feet.

I turned, flushed with triumph, my heart beating furiously, blood pumping joyously in my veins. I saw Larry LaSalle coming through the crowd holding the trophy high above his head, saw Nicole beside him, her eyes on me, shining for me.

Heroes

4 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the table tennis matches involving Francis.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, we can see the importance of table tennis to Francis.

Explore something which is important to Francis 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 4.

This room was swept and fairly neat, for Crooks was a proud, aloof man. He kept his distance and demanded that other people kept theirs. His body was bent over to the left by his crooked spine, and his eyes lay deep in his head, and because of their depth seemed to glitter with intensity. His lean face was lined with deep black wrinkles, and he had thin, pain-tightened lips which were lighter than his face.

It was Saturday night. Through the open door that led into the barn came the sound of moving horses, of feet stirring, of teeth champing on hay, of the rattle of halter chains. In the stable buck's room a small electric globe threw a meager yellow light.

Crooks sat on his bunk. His shirt was out of his jeans in back. In one hand he held a bottle of liniment, and with the other he rubbed his spine. Now and then he poured a few drops of the liniment into his pink-palmed hand and reached up under his shirt to rub again. He flexed his muscles against his back and shivered.

Noiselessly Lennie appeared in the open doorway and stood there looking in, his big shoulders nearly filling the opening. For a moment Crooks did not see him, but on raising his eyes he stiffened and a scowl came on his face. His hand came out from under his shirt.

Lennie smiled helplessly in an attempt to make friends.

Crooks said sharply, 'You got no right to come in my room. This here's my room. Nobody got any right in here but me.'

Lennie gulped and his smile grew more fawning. 'I ain't doing nothing,' he said. 'Just come to look at my puppy. And I seen your light,' he explained.

'Well, I got a right to have a light. You go on get outta my room. I ain't wanted in the bunk house, and you ain't wanted in my room.'

'Why ain't you wanted?' Lennie asked.

' 'Cause I'm black. They play cards in there, but I can't play because I'm black. They say I stink. Well, I tell you, you all of you stink to me.'

Lennie flapped his big hands helplessly. 'Ever'body went into town,' he said. 'Slim an' George an' ever'body. George says I gotta stay here an' not get in no trouble. I seen your light.'

'Well, what do you want?'

'Nothing – I seen your light. I thought I could jus' come in an' set.'

Crooks stared at Lennie, and he reached behind him and took down the spectacles and adjusted them over his pink ears and stared again. 'I don't know what you're doin' in the barn anyway,' he complained. 'You ain't no skinner. They's no call for a buckner to come into the barn at all. You ain't no skinner. You ain't got nothing to do with the horses.'

'The pup,' Lennie repeated. 'I come to see my pup.'

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 character of Crooks.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Crooks talks about how he is treated.

Explore how Crooks is treated 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 'Six Months Later'

'Dad ...' I cried, trying to think of a way out. Something to get me away from my brothers and out of the house.

'When I asked you before,' he said in Punjabi, 'when I told you what would happen if I ever caught you with a boy, you looked at me with the face of an angel and swore that you were not one of those girls. Why have you done this to me, Rani? Didn't I look after you, give you everything ...?'

'Dad!' I screamed at him.

'Shut up! *Khungeri!*'

'I'm not a whore!'

'Then what are you? You have shamed me ... cut off my nose,' he continued in Punjabi.

'Tell us who the boy is,' said Divy, 'and we'll let you off - '

'NO!' I screamed.

My stomach was turning over and over. My head was spinning and my throat was dry, like it had been sandpapered on the inside. I wanted to throw up.

'OK - have it your way, Rani,' Divy told me. 'From now on you ain't leaving the house. No phone calls, no town, no nuttin', innit. You don't speak to me or Dad and you definitely ain't speaking to the *goreeh* friend of yours. I bet she's the one put you up to this...'

'You can't...!' I said in a whisper, feeling the bile work its way up my foodpipe.

'Yeah - we can. No college either. Nothing... You think I'm gonna let you make people laugh at me? At this family?'

I looked at my dad, who shrugged.

'Don't look at me,' he said. 'You did this, Rani. Not me. I don't have daughter now. Your brothers will decide what happens to you. Do not ask me...'

He walked to the drinks cabinet in the corner and poured himself a whisky, drinking it down in one and pouring another.

Divy sneered at me and grabbed me by the arm. '*Get to your room!*' he snarled, pulling me roughly from my seat.

I screamed and shouted and kicked at him before the bile got too much and I threw up down myself. Divy looked at me with disgust and then laughed. Suddenly his hand shot out and he slapped me across my face, knocking me to the floor. Instinctively, my hands covered my stomach, protecting my baby.

I screamed again and shouted for my dad but he ignored my pleas, and between them Divy and Gurdip – who had spoken to me only once since I had arrived home, telling me that I was dead to him – dragged me to my room. As they pulled me up the stairs, I caught sight of my mum, tears in her eyes, her face set in the same expression as my dad’s earlier. A cross between shock, anger and despair. As if their fate had poisoned them. I called to her but she scuttled back into the kitchen. I struggled to protect my belly as Divy and Gurdip threw me onto my bed.

Rani and Sukh

6 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Divy’s attitude to Rani.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, the writer shows the way Rani is treated by Divy.

Explore how Rani is treated by the men in 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 6 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 7.

Riding the Black Cockatoo

Extract taken from Chapter 8.

Bianca and I pulled into the driveway of a neat little brick house. Why did I make the mental note that it was *neat*? Had my conditioning been so thorough that anything other than a clapped-out, corrugated-iron cliché would come as a surprise? Had the media done that good a job on me? Good god, was I carrying around some baggage!

Fiona's two youngest daughters spilled out of the house; they held back for a moment, trying to look shy, but once they saw Bianca their smiles lit up like sunbeams. Fiona followed, looking a little hesitant, but after sizing me up for a moment invited us in. Inside the lounge room it was all perfectly 'normal': *Australia's Funniest Home Videos* was playing softly on the television set. Fiona's eldest daughter gossiped to a friend on the phone, a computer workstation sat in the corner overflowing with folders. But there was a strong cultural presence here too: the walls were covered with Indigenous paintings and prints, Aboriginal handicrafts and books dotted the bookshelves, and family smiled proudly in traditional dress from framed photographs. Everywhere the colours of the land dominated – natural yellows, ochres, reds – colours of country that brought the outside inside. It was much more than *neat*; here was a home that straddled two worlds. And there, high on the bookshelf, was perched the black cockatoo headdress.

Fiona's husband, Danny, was working through a set of vigorous exercises and stretches on the floor. I sat on the couch with Bianca beside me and tried to look relaxed. Danny jumped up and shook my hand – hard! – before launching himself into another set of stretches. This man was well put together, and as his muscles rippled the word 'warrior' flashed through my head. I asked Danny whether he boxed, tilting my head towards a picture of Anthony Mundine on the wall. He shook his head and explained that he'd just set up a personal training business. 'It's gunna be a growth industry, you just wait and see; got a few steady clients already.'

Fiona's younger daughter Ebony, who had been holding back, was unable to contain herself any longer. She leapt in front of Bianca with her hands out. 'Let's play!' Bianca flew off the couch and the two skipped down the hallway to Ebony's room.

'Tell me your story again,' Fiona asked. 'Danny!' she gently remonstrated as her husband began another impressive set of contortions.

'Don't mind him,' she smiled. I could tell by the way she looked at her husband that she was crazy about him. He shot her a cheeky grin back.

I told the story again, in more detail than I'd told her over the phone. Every now and then she winced in pain or shook her head.

'I'm sorry,' she said, 'I just find this so hard to comprehend – I mean, why?' She turned to Danny. 'Can you imagine having a white fella's skull on our mantelpiece?'

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 first visit to an Aboriginal family home.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, John gains new information about the life of Aborigines.

Explore **one other** part of *Riding the Black Cockatoo* in which John learns more about Aborigines.

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 XV (15).

In ones and twos, men got out of the cars. Shadows became substance as light revealed solid shapes moving towards the jail door. Atticus remained where he was. The men hid him from view.

'He in there, Mr Finch?' a man said.

'He is,' we heard Atticus answer, 'and he's asleep. Don't wake him up.'

In obedience to my father, there followed what I later realized was a sickeningly comic aspect of an unfunny situation: the men talked in near-whispers.

'You know what we want,' another man said. 'Get aside from the door, Mr Finch.'

'You can turn around and go home again, Walter,' Atticus said pleasantly. 'Heck Tate's around somewhere.'

'The hell he is,' said another man. 'Heck's bunch's so deep in the woods they won't get out till mornin!'

'Indeed? Why so?'

'Called 'em off on a snipe hunt,' was the succinct answer. 'Didn't you think a'that, Mr Finch?'

'Thought about it, but didn't believe it. Well then,' my father's voice was still the same, 'that changes things, doesn't it?'

'It do,' another deep voice said. Its owner was a shadow.

'Do you really think so?'

This was the second time I heard Atticus ask that question in two days, and it meant somebody's man would get jumped. This was too good to miss. I broke away from Jem and ran as fast as I could to Atticus.

Jem shrieked and tried to catch me, but I had a lead on him and Dill. I pushed my way through dark smelly bodies and burst into the circle of light.

'H-ey, Atticus!'

I thought he would have a fine surprise, but his face killed my joy. A flash of plain fear was going out of his eyes, but returned when Dill and Jem wriggled into the light.

There was a smell of stale whiskey and pig-pen about, and when I glanced around I discovered that these men were strangers. They were not the people I saw last night. Hot embarrassment shot through me: I had leaped triumphantly into a ring of people I had never seen before.

Atticus got up from his chair, but he was moving slowly, like an old man. He put the newspaper down very carefully, adjusting its creases with lingering fingers. They were trembling a little.

'Go home, Jem,' he said. 'Take Scout and Dill home.'

We were accustomed to prompt, if not always cheerful acquiescence to Atticus's instructions, but from the way he stood Jem was not thinking of budging.

'Go home, I said.'

Jem shook his head. As Atticus's fists went to his hips, so did Jem's, and as they faced each other I could see little resemblance between them: Jem's soft brown hair and eyes, his oval face and snug-fitting ears were our mother's, contrasting oddly with Atticus's greying black hair and square-cut features, but they were somehow alike. Mutual defiance made them alike.

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 event involving the lynch mob.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Jem and Scout are affected by a challenging situation.

Explore **one other** part of the novel in which Jem and Scout face a challenging situation.

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 newspaper article giving your views on the topic 'Life for today's teenagers is better than ever!' (24)

OR

- *10 You have recently been on an expensive holiday which turned out to be a complete waste of money.
Write a letter complaining about your holiday to the travel company. (24)

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