

Pearson Edexcel GCSE

English Language

Unit 2: The Writer's Voice

Higher Tier

Tuesday 2 June 2015 – Morning

Time: 1 hour 45 minutes

Paper Reference

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

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SECTION A: READING

Answer ONE question in this section.

Use this extract to answer Question 1.

Touching the Void

Extract taken from Chapter 2.

The sun was fully up; jackets and tops were in the sacks. Following Simon, I was slowing with the heat, dry-mouthed, wanting a drink. The angle eased. Looking to my right, I smiled seeing Simon with legs astride a large rock, sack off, taking a photograph of me as I came over the top edge of the icefield and headed towards him on an easy ramp line.

'Lunch,' he said, passing me a chocolate bar and some prunes. The gas stove hissed away busily, sheltered by his rucksack. 'The brew's nearly ready.'

I sat back, glad to rest in the sun and look around. It was past noon, and warm. Ice clattered down from the headwall which reared 2,000 feet above us. For the moment we were safe. The rock on which we lunched topped a slight rib, splitting the ground above the icefield so that the debris tumbled harmlessly past on either side. We sat, perched above the icefield, which was steeply sloped, dropping like a vertical wall beneath our lunch rock. A giddy, dragging sensation urged me to lean further out over the drop, pulling me down at the snow-ice sweeping away below. Looming over, with my stomach clenched, and a sharp strong sense of danger, I enjoyed the feeling.

Our footsteps and the snow hole were no longer visible, lost in the dazzling blur of white ice and white glacier. With the wind tonight all signs of our passing would be gone.

The upper tiers of the great yellow rock buttress which split the face crowded out our view of the way ahead. As we climbed up parallel with it, we began to see just how big it was – a respectable 1,000-foot-high wall which would have been a mountain in itself in the Dolomites. Stones had whirred down from the upper reaches all day, smacking into the right side of the icefield, then bouncing and wheeling down to the glacier. Thank God we hadn't climbed any nearer to the buttress! From a distance the stones seemed small and harmless, but the smallest, falling free from many hundreds of feet above, would have hurt us as surely as any rifle bullet.

We had to find the steep ice couloir which ran up through the side of this buttress, and would eventually lead us into the wide hanging gully we had seen from Seria Norte. This would be the key to the climb. We had under six hours to find it, climb it, and dig a comfortable snow cave in the gully above. A large ice cliff hung out from the edge of the hanging gully, streaming twenty- to thirty-foot icicles – free-hanging above the 200-foot wall below. That was what we wanted to get into, but it would be impossible to go directly up the wall through the fringe of icicles.

Touching the Void

1 Answer **all** parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the surroundings that Joe and Simon experience.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, we learn about the difficult surroundings that Joe and Simon experience.

Explore **one other** part of *Touching the Void* where the surroundings are important.

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

(24)

(Total for Question 1 = 40 marks)

Use this extract to answer Question 2.

Anita and Me

Extract taken from Chapter 10.

Papa dropped the spoon he was holding which fell into his plate of homemade yoghurt with a soft plop. 'What did you say, Meena?' he asked quietly. Something was terribly wrong. Mama held a plate of fresh chapatti in mid-air, her eyebrows had taken refuge somewhere around her hairline, the terrible silence was broken by Sunil's insistent angry shouts, 'Ma-ma-ma-pa!' and Nanima firing off a question to mama who shook her head and looked away mournfully. I told myself to keep calm and play the innocent, it was too late to pretend they had misheard so I repeated the question, 'I said, am I a virgin? I mean, what is one? Of them?' Papa's mouth opened and then shut again slowly, he looked at mama for help. She slammed the plate down onto the table, stuck her hands on her hips and said, 'I suppose you have been talking to that Anita Rutter again! Such filthy things from such a young mouth, *hai ram! Thoba thoba!*' Mama did a quick translation for Nanima who immediately held the lobes of her ears to ward off the evil eye and muttered a silent prayer.

'Do you know what you are saying? I hope not!' papa barked at me. He pushed his plate away, spilling some of the yoghurt onto the newspaper upon which he always ate in front of the television. He was showing me the depth of his disgust. I had made him lose his appetite and then mama would drag me into the kitchen and tell me off again for sending my father to bed hungry. 'It doesn't matter,' I mumbled, backing away, but I was stopped by papa grabbing onto my arm. He pulled me towards him and made me stand inches away from his face. He wore a filmy moustache of white which made me want to laugh out loud, and somehow he caught the beginning of the smirk and yanked my arm again to pull me to attention. Even mama sensed that his famous temper was about to erupt and came and stood watchfully at his side, the moral committee could now convene in full.

'I do not like what you have become, Meena,' said papa slowly. 'I have watched you change, from a sweet happy girl into some rude, sulky monster.'

Mama laid her hand on his shoulder but he brushed it off, irritated. 'No, Daljit! You moan about the same things to me and then you let her get away with it the next day!'

'It is not her fault, darling,' mama said placidly. 'We cannot control what she hears on the streets.'

'No,' papa said finally, softening a little. He let go of my arm. I hoped he had left some bruises so I could make him feel guilty after he had cooled down. It was always the same pattern, this fierce outburst and snapping confrontation, followed by repentant cuddles which I made sure I milked to the full.

Anita and Me

2 Answer **all** parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the relationship between Meena and her parents.

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

(16)

- (b) Meena's relationship with her parents is important.

Explore **one other** part of the novel where we see her relationship with her parents.

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

(24)

(Total for Question 2 = 40 marks)

Use this extract to answer Question 3.

Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress

Extract taken from Part III.

I would most certainly have opted for the story of a Chinese or North Korean film, or even an Albanian one, had I not tasted the forbidden fruit of Four-Eyes's secret suitcase. As it was, the stark proletarian realism of those stories, which had represented the sum total of my cultural education until a short while ago, struck me as being so far removed from human desires and true emotions, in short from real life, that there seemed little point in bothering with them at this late hour. Suddenly the novel I had just finished reading flashed across my mind. I was confident that Luo had not yet read it: he was still completely wrapped up in Balzac.

I slid out from under the covers and sat at the foot of the bed, pondering the most difficult, delicate task: how to phrase my opening line. I wanted to set the tone with something straightforward and arresting.

'It is 1815, and we are in Marseilles.'

My voice rang out in the inky blackness of the room.

'Where's Marseilles?' the tailor interrupted sleepily.

'On the other side of the world. It's a major port in France.'

'Why do you want to take us so far away?'

'I was going to tell you a story about a French sailor. If the idea doesn't appeal to you, perhaps it would be better if we all had a rest now. Have a good night!'

In the dark Luo bent over and whispered softly: 'Well done!'

One or two minutes later I heard the tailor once more:

'What was your French sailor's name again?'

'He started out as Edmond Dantès, but later on he became the Count of Monte Cristo.'

'Cristo?'

'It's another name for Jesus, and it means the messiah, or saviour.'

And so I began to tell the story of Alexandre Dumas' novel. Luo interrupted me from time to time in a low voice, offering brief, intelligent comments. His enjoyment encouraged me, and soon the self-consciousness induced by the presence of our guest fell away. As for the tailor, he was not only weary after a hard day's work but also overwhelmed, no doubt, by all the foreign names and faraway places I mentioned. He didn't say another word; for all I knew he was fast asleep.

The artistry of the great Dumas was so compelling that I forgot all about our guest, and the words poured from me. My sentences became more precise, more concrete, more compact as I went along. I succeeded, with some effort, in sustaining the spare tone of the opening sentence. It was not an easy undertaking, but I was pleasantly surprised, in the course of telling the story, to see the narrative mechanism laid bare before my eyes: how Dumas established the theme of vengeance, and set out the different story-lines which he would eventually gather together with a firm, deft and audacious hand. It was like seeing a great, uprooted tree: the nobility of its trunk, the grandeur of its branches, the strength of its naked roots.

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 stories and storytelling.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, storytelling is important.

Explore **one other** time in the novel where storytelling is important.

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

(24)

(Total for Question 3 = 40 marks)

Use this extract to answer Question 4.

Heroes

Extract taken from Chapter 8.

Arthur Rivier is slumped against the brick building at the entrance of Pee Alley and I know instantly that he is drunk. The street light catches his open mouth and the dribbles of saliva on his lips and chin.

Almost midnight and Third Street deserted. Restless in the tenement, I had decided to walk the streets, telling myself that it was possible for Larry LaSalle to show up in Frenchtown at night as well as during the day.

Arthur Rivier blinks as he sees me approaching. 'You OK?' I ask, even though I know he is not OK.

He regards me with bloodshot eyes, his lips turned downwards like the mask of Tragedy high above the stage at the Plymouth.

'Nobody talks about the war,' he mutters, trying to focus his eyes and finally finding the focus and now his eyes drill into mine, the blariness gone. 'They talk about GI Bills and going to college and getting married and joining the cops or the firemen but they don't talk about the war...'

I place my arm around his shoulder to support him as his body threatens to slide down the wall, a ridiculous gesture because he outweighs me by at least fifty pounds.

He lifts his head to the night. 'I want to talk about it, my war,' he cries. 'And your war, too, Francis. Everybody's war. The war nobody wants to talk about...'

'What war is that?' I ask, having to say something, having to respond to the sorrow in his voice. But not expecting an answer.

'The scared war,' he says, closing his eyes. 'God, but I was scared, Francis. I messed my pants. One day, running across an open field, so scared I shit my pants, bullets at my feet and everything let go...' Opening his eyes, he asks: 'Weren't you scared?'

I remember the village and our advancing platoon and Eddie Richards saying: 'What are we doing here, anyway?' And the smell of diarrhoea.

'Everybody was scared,' I tell him.

'Heroes,' he scoffs, his voice sharp and bitter, all signs of drunkenness gone. 'We weren't heroes. The Strangler and his scrap-book. No heroes in that scrap-book, Francis. Only us, the boys of Frenchtown. Scared and homesick and cramps in the stomach and vomit. Nothing glamorous like the write-ups in the papers or the newsreels. We weren't heroes. We were only there...'

Closing his eyes, he again slumps against the wall, as if the words he has spoken have used up all his energy.

Shadows loom in the alley's entrance and I look up to see Armand and Joe silhouetted against the lights of Third Street.

'Poor Arthur,' Armand murmurs, coming forward, placing his arm around him, touching his face lightly. A deep snore flares Arthur's nostrils, flutters his lips.

Poor all of us, I think, as I watch them lurching away with Arthur Rivier between them. A cold wind buffets the buildings and sends me hurrying back to Mrs Belander's tenement.

Heroes

4 Answer **all** parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of when Francis meets Arthur Rivier in the alley.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, the characters talk about the horrors of war.

Explore **one other** part of the novel where the horrors of war are presented.

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

(24)

(Total for Question 4 = 40 marks)

Use this extract to answer Question 5.

Of Mice and Men

Extract taken from Section 2.

The boss pointed a playful finger at Lennie. 'He ain't much of a talker, is he?'

'No, he ain't, but he's sure a hell of a good worker. Strong as a bull.'

Lennie smiled to himself. 'Strong as a bull,' he repeated. George scowled at him, and Lennie dropped his head in shame at having forgotten.

The boss said suddenly, 'Listen, Small!' Lennie raised his head. 'What can you do?'

In a panic, Lennie looked at George for help. 'He can do anything you tell him,' said George. 'He's a good skinner. He can rassel grain bags, drive a cultivator. He can do anything. Just give him a try.'

The boss turned on George. 'Then why don't you let him answer? What you trying to put over?'

George broke in loudly, 'Oh! I ain't saying he's bright. He ain't. But I say he's a God damn good worker. He can put up a four hundred pound bale.'

The boss deliberately put the little book in his pocket. He hooked his thumbs in his belt and squinted one eye nearly closed. 'Say – what you sellin'?'

'Huh?'

'I said what stake you got in this guy? You takin' his pay away from him?'

'No, 'course I ain't. Why ya think I'm sellin' him out?'

'Well, I never seen one guy take so much trouble for another guy. I just like to know what your interest is.'

George said, 'He's my ... cousin. I told his old lady I'd take care of him. He got kicked in the head by a horse when he was a kid. He's awright. Just ain't bright. But he can do anything you tell him.'

The boss turned half away. 'Well, God knows he don't need any brains to buck barley bags. But don't you try to put nothing over, Milton. I got my eye on you. Why'd you quit in Weed?'

'Job was done,' said George promptly.

'What kinda job?'

'We ... we was diggin' a cesspool.'

'All right. But don't try to put nothing over, 'cause you can't get away with nothing. I seen wise guys before. Go on out with the grain teams after dinner. They're pickin' up barley at the threshing machine. Go out with Slim's team.'

'Slim?'

'Yeah. Big tall skinner. You'll see him at dinner.' He turned abruptly and went to the door, but before he went out he turned and looked for a long moment at the two men.

When the sound of his footsteps had died away, George turned on Lennie. 'So you wasn't gonna say a word. You was gonna leave your big flapper shut and leave me do the talkin'. Damn near lost us the job.'

Lennie stared hopelessly at his hands. 'I forgot, George.'

'Yeah, you forgot. You always forget, an' I got to talk you out of it.' He sat down heavily on the bunk. 'Now he's got his eye on us. Now we got to be careful and not make no slips.'

Of Mice and Men

5 Answer **all** parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of when George and Lennie meet the boss.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, we learn about the relationship between George and Lennie.

Explore how their relationship is presented 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)

Use this extract to answer Question 6.

Rani and Sukh

Extract taken from the first Leicester section.

When he let me go I had to get my head to reattach itself to my shoulders.

'You look beautiful,' he told me as we sat down, still holding hands.

'I think you need your eyes testing,' I said, going a shade of pink.

'Not me, honey. I hope when you look in the mirror you see "fit bird";' he continued, smiling.

'Bird? And there was I thinking you were a nice boy...' I was joking of course. And flattered.

We ordered coffee, then sat and chatted for ages. It was as though we had always known each other. He knew exactly how to talk to me and listened with real interest to everything I said. And he told me everything, from what he'd done all day to how he felt about things. Yes, that's right. A boy. Talking about feelings. He'd been like that from day one – sensitive, attentive, caring. It was boyfriend heaven, according to Nat.

And as he spoke his eyes sparkled and his hands were all over the place, helping to explain what he meant. I was almost in a trance, spellbound by his every word, watching his hands spell out stories. I was feeling something I had never known before – something that hadn't existed in my life. A warm, surging force of emotion towards another person. I was in love.

Not the kind of love that you have for your family or your best friend. Not like that. This was pure, heart-stopping, can't-think-about-anyone-else stuff. But as soon as I had decided on what I was feeling, I began to feel stupid and silly and just a little insecure. I started thinking about negatives. What if he didn't like me as much as I liked him? What if he was putting on a front and turned out to be a wanker like Martin? As nice as it was to be alone with Sukh without Natalie popping up out of nowhere, I could have done with her being there, guiding me through a minefield to which I didn't have a map. But then who does?

'D'you wanna go chill out at the flat?' said Sukh, looking at his watch. 'Parvy's in New York.'

I looked at him blankly for a moment.

'Are you OK, Rani?' he said getting out of his seat.

'Yeah – just thinking–'

'About how gorgeous I am?' he said, laughing.

'Actually – I was,' I replied, smiling. 'Yeah, let's go to your sister's flat – but no funny business, young man.'

'*Funny? Me?* You must have someone else in mind, Rani. I'm really nice, me,' he told me, grinning.

He held out his hand and helped me up, kissing me on the cheek. We walked out of the café and through The Lanes to Market Street. As we walked I held Sukh's hand tightly, as though he'd float away if I didn't cling onto him.

Rani and Sukh

6 Answer **all** parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of how Rani feels about Sukh.

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

(16)

- (b) This extract shows Rani's feelings for Sukh.

Explore how Sukh is shown 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)

Use this extract to answer Question 7.

Riding the Black Cockatoo

Extract taken from Chapter Eleven.

Mother Nature had primacy now; we mortal players merely fumbled in the gaps between the smoke's heavenly dance, our utterances sounded feeble compared to the fire's holy crackle. Bob offered formal words of welcome, Jason Wamba Wamba words of gratitude and forgiveness. Words. Words carried skyward by the smoke and cinders then scattered by hot, dry wind. Tears from the women fell like plops of rain. Jason glistened under his cloak of 30 skins while I sweated rivers in my polyester shirt and white skin. I took my unfinished speech from my pocket; droplets of sweat slipped from my brow and fell with slow motion splats onto the page. Ink ran and the words dissolved into each other. I placed the pages on the fire. This was a time for simple words: Sorry, Return, Earth. I laced these three gemstones together with short strands of sentence that I will never remember. Jason stepped forward. I handed him his ancestor and for a moment Mary lay cradled in both black and white hands. Then Jason stepped back with Mary and placed the case under the loving shade of a tree. He put his didgeridoo to his lips; it was time for a new dance now, a happier song. The breeze danced too, taking the smoke in all directions, making sure that everyone felt its healing caress. It danced ghost-like over my family, over me.

Midway through his dance, Jason could stand the heat no more. He pulled the possum-skin cloak from his shoulders and threw it into the air like a giant pizza dough. It turned in the smoke and landed fur-side down, its smooth inside revealed to us for the first time. Each of its 30 panels was decorated with a story told in a constellation of symbols. I couldn't read the panels, but I understood them; they were a map of the Wamba Wamba universe. The cloak drew me in as a telescope draws in the night sky. I felt dizzy. Jason danced over to Ashley, a songman who had come to represent the local clans. He beckoned to his fully painted northern brother with the words, 'Let's jam,' and the two didgeridoos weaved together like birds wheeling on high. A crowd of Asian students, drawn by the music, had found a vantage point on an upper balcony. Security tried to hold them back, but they were too many. They held their mobile phones high, blindly snatching photos. It didn't matter. I looked to the faces around the circle; many eyes were downcast or shut, many more were wet with tears, hankies dabbed at cheeks. I needed the smoke. I moved close to the fire and closed my eyes; the smoke coiled around me, through me. I inhaled its magic deeply, right down into the insides of my toes. Wamba Wamba words caressed my ear; I felt a hand on my shoulder, my eyes opened and met Jason's. 'It's all right, brother,' he promised, 'it's all right.'

Riding the Black Cockatoo

7 Answer **all** parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the ceremony when Mary is handed over.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Aboriginal traditions are important.

Explore how Aboriginal traditions are important in **one other** part of the story.

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

(24)

(Total for Question 7 = 40 marks)

Use this extract to answer Question 8.

To Kill a Mockingbird

Extract taken from (Chapter XXIV) (24).

Aunt Alexandra smiled brilliantly. 'Stay with us, Jean Louise,' she said. This was a part of her campaign to teach me to be a lady.

It was customary for every circle hostess to invite her neighbours in for refreshments, be they Baptists or Presbyterians, which accounted for the presence of Miss Rachel (sober as a judge), Miss Maudie and Miss Stephanie Crawford. Rather nervous, I took a seat beside Miss Maudie and wondered why ladies put on their hats to go across the street. Ladies in bunches always filled me with vague apprehension and a firm desire to be elsewhere, but this feeling was what Aunt Alexandra called being 'spoiled'.

The ladies were cool in fragile pastel prints; most of them were heavily powdered but unrouged; the only lipstick in the room was Tangee Natural. Cutex Natural sparkled on their finger-nails, but some of the younger ladies wore Rose. They smelled heavenly. I sat quietly, having conquered my hands by tightly gripping the arms of the chair, and waited for someone to speak to me.

Miss Maudie's gold bridgework twinkled. 'You're mighty dressed up, Miss Jean Louise,' she said. 'Where are your britches today?'

'Under my dress.'

I hadn't meant to be funny, but the ladies laughed. My cheeks grew hot as I realized my mistake, but Miss Maudie looked gravely down at me. She never laughed at me unless I meant to be funny.

In the sudden silence that followed, Miss Stephanie Crawford called from across the room, 'Whatcha going to be when you grow up, Jean Louise? A lawyer?'

'Nome, I hadn't thought about it ...' I answered, grateful that Miss Stephanie was kind enough to change the subject. Hurriedly I began choosing my vocation. Nurse? Aviator? 'Well...'

'Why shoot, I thought you wanted to be a lawyer, you've already commenced going to court.'

The ladies laughed again. 'That Stephanie's a card,' somebody said. Miss Stephanie was encouraged to pursue the subject:

'Don't you want to grow up to be a lawyer?'

Miss Maudie's hand touched mine and I answered mildly enough, 'Nome, just a lady.'

Miss Stephanie eyed me suspiciously, decided that I meant no impertinence, and contented herself with, 'Well, you won't get very far until you start wearing dresses more often.'

Miss Maudie's hand closed tightly on mine, and I said nothing. Its warmth was enough.

Mrs Grace Merriweather sat on my left, and I felt it would be polite to talk to her. Mr Merriweather, a faithful Methodist under duress, apparently saw nothing personal in singing, 'Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me...' It was the general opinion of Maycomb, however, that Mrs Merriweather had sobered him up and made a reasonably useful citizen of him. For certainly Mrs Merriweather was the most devout lady in Maycomb. I searched for a topic of interest to her.

To Kill a Mockingbird

8 Answer **all** parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Scout's experience of the Missionary Circle tea.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Scout tries to behave like a lady.

Explore how Scout behaves towards other people 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 Your school or college is worried about online safety.

Write the text of a speech you would give to your class or group entitled 'How to stay safe online'.

(24)

OR

*10 Your local newspaper is asking readers whether school uniform is a good idea.

Write an article for the newspaper giving your views.

(24)

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

Sources taken/adapted from:

Touching the Void, Joe Simpson, (Heinemann, 1988)

Anita and Me, Meera Syal, (Harper Perennial, 2004)

Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress, Dai Sijie, (Vintage, 2002)

Heroes, Robert Cormier, (Longman, 2007)

Of Mice and Men, John Steinbeck, (Longman, 2003)

Rani and Sukh, Bali Rai, (Corgi, 2004)

Riding the Black Cockatoo, John Danalis, (Allen & Unwin, 2010)

To Kill a Mockingbird, Harper Lee, (Heinemann, 1966)

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