

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 3 November 2015 – 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.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ►

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PEARSON

(Section A continued)

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(Section A continued)

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(Section A continued)

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(Section A continued)

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TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 40 MARKS



(Section B continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 20 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

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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 5.

My thoughts raced madly. Then pain flooded down my thigh – a fierce burning fire coming down the inside of my thigh, seeming to ball in my groin, building and building until I cried out at it, and my breathing came in ragged gasps. My leg! Oh Jesus. My leg!

I hung, head down, on my back, left leg tangled in the rope above me and my right leg hanging slackly to one side. I lifted my head from the snow and stared, up across my chest, at a grotesque distortion in the right knee, twisting the leg into a strange zigzag. I didn't connect it with the pain which burnt my groin. That had nothing to do with my knee. I kicked my left leg free of the rope and swung round until I was hanging against the snow on my chest, feet down. The pain eased. I kicked my left foot into the slope and stood up.

A wave of nausea surged over me. I pressed my face into the snow, and the sharp cold seemed to calm me. Something terrible, something dark with dread occurred to me, and as I thought about it I felt the dark thought break into panic: 'I've broken my leg, that's it. I'm dead. Everyone said it ... if there's just two of you a broken ankle could turn into a death sentence ... if it's broken ... if ... It doesn't hurt so much, maybe I've just ripped something.'

I kicked my right leg against the slope, feeling sure it wasn't broken. My knee exploded. Bone grated, and the fireball rushed from groin to knee. I screamed. I looked down at the knee and could see it was broken, yet I tried not to believe what I was seeing. It wasn't just broken, it was ruptured, twisted, crushed, and I could see the kink in the joint and knew what had happened. The impact had driven my lower leg up through the knee joint.

Oddly enough, looking at it seemed to help. I felt detached from it, as if I were making a clinical observation of someone else. I moved the knee gingerly, experimenting with it. I tried to bend it and stopped immediately, gasping at the rush of pain. When it moved I felt a grinding crunch; bone had moved, and a lot more besides. At least it wasn't an open fracture. I knew this as soon as I tried to move. I could feel no wetness, no blood. I reached down and caressed the knee with my right hand, trying to ignore the stabs of fire, so that I could feel it with enough force to be certain I wasn't bleeding.

It was in one solid piece, but it felt huge, and twisted – and not mine. The pain kept flooding round it, pouring on fire, as if that might cure it then and there.

With a groan I squeezed my eyes tight shut. Hot tears filled my eyes and my contact lenses swam in them.

Touching the Void

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

(a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of when Joe breaks his leg.

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

(16)

(b) In this extract, Joe describes the pain of breaking his leg.

Explore a time in **one other** part of *Touching The Void* when Joe suffers from pain and the effect of injuries.

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 7.

As he finally pulled back the gates, he was almost knocked over by the rush of villagers who shouted and laughed at full decibel as they pushed their way through, purses already being snapped open at the ready. I felt giddy with indecision, there were so many stalls that I did not know where to start. Tables groaned under mounds of lovingly-presented cakes, 'Chocolate, fruit or fairy, dear?'; homemade jams, pickles and wines battened down beneath stoppers and corks, seasons of summer fruits and hedgerow flowers compressed into their little glass worlds, bric-a-brac galore, old war medals, Coronation mugs and plates, chamber pots filled with pansies, twenties costume jewellery heavy with chunky paste garnets and emeralds, miner's lamps polished up to become coffee table conversation pieces, crocheted doilies in pastel shades ('Lovely for the dressing table or vanity case'), old gramophone records as big as dinner plates, lacquered powder compacts with pressed flowers petrified under their glass lids, huge vegetables, cartoon-like in their size and colouring, marrows like rockets, tomatoes like small red planets, cauliflowers as bumpy as the surface of the moon.

We found ourselves in front of Sandy's soft toy display where quite a few of our neighbours had gathered out of a sense of loyalty as this was Sandy's first year as a stallholder, and we all wanted one of our own to do well. Sandy stood shyly in front of a collection of stuffed toys which, at a distance, were charming, multicoloured fluffy shapes each with its own price tag attached. But on closer examination, I realised it was hard to tell exactly what each animal was supposed to be, as if they'd decided to play a joke after lights off in the Ark. This one could have been a giraffe, it had the markings, but its neck was too short and it had the snout of a pig. This one definitely looked like a horse, except for the bushy tail and pug face. There were several ears missing or extra paws attached, and Sandy stood nervously guarding her precious mutations as, gradually, the excited chatter of the Ballbearings women subsided into soft whispers.

'It's a bloody horse . . . in't it? . . . Nah, it's a lion, look at the feet, yer daft cow . . . Ooh, I wouldn't like to cuddle up to this one, mind you, anything looks good after my Stan . . .' Sandy licked her lips and patted down her hair, keeping up a fixed friendly smile. I guessed she had got up in a hurry because she had not got any make-up on, I hadn't realised how many freckles she had as they were usually hidden under a matt finish of foundation. They were the colour of what I supposed her real hair must have been, shiny copper. From a distance she looked as if she was sprinkled with pennies. But without make-up she looked vulnerable and younger, for the first time I saw the downward tilt of her large blue eyes which gave her face a soft, bewildered expression.

Anita and Me

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

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the fete and the people at the fete.

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

(16)

- (b) The fete is an important event in the village.

Explore how another important event 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 2 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 3.

Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress

Extract taken from Part II.

We arrived to find Four-Eyes filling his hod in readiness for the journey to the rice station. We threw some snowballs at him, but he looked all round without seeing us. Without his spectacles his goggle eyes reminded me of the dull, dazed look of a Pekinese dog. He seemed quite lost and stricken, even before he had hoisted the hod of rice onto his back.

'You're mad,' Luo said to him. 'Without your glasses you won't be able to manage that mountain path.'

'I've written to my mother. She's going to send me a new pair as soon as possible, but I can't sit and do nothing until they arrive. I've got to work, that's what I'm here for. At least, that's what the headman says.'

He talked very rapidly, as if he had no time to waste on us.

'Wait,' Luo said. 'I've got an idea: we'll help you carry your hod to the rice station, and when we get back you can lend us some of those books you've got hidden in your suitcase. How's that for a deal?'

'To hell with you,' growled Four-Eyes. 'I don't know what you're talking about. I haven't got any books hidden away.'

Spluttering with anger, he hoisted the heavy burden onto his back and set off.

'Just one book will do,' Luo called after him. 'Done?'

Without replying, Four-Eyes pressed on.

The physical odds were against him. Very soon he was embroiled in a sort of masochistic ordeal: the snow made the path more slippery than usual, and in some places he sank into it up to his ankles. He kept his bulging eyes fixed on the ground before him but couldn't see the raised stones on which he might have put his feet. He advanced blindly, tottering and lurching like a drunkard. At one point where the path fell away he extended a leg in search of a foothold, but his other leg, unable to sustain the weight of the hod on his back, buckled, and he fell to his knees. He tried to plough on in this position, without upsetting the hod on his back, scooping the snow away with his hands so as to clear a path for himself, metre by metre, until he managed to scramble to his feet again.

From afar we watched him zigzag down the path only to lose his footing again some minutes later. This time, the hod knocked against a rock as he fell, causing the contents to spill out.

We went down the path to help him collect the spilled rice. None of us spoke. I didn't dare look him in the eye. He sat back, pulled off his snow-filled boots, emptied them, and then set about warming his swollen feet by rubbing them hard between his hands.

His head kept lolling from side to side, as if it had become too heavy for his neck.

'Got a headache?' I asked him.

'No, it's my ears that are buzzing. I'll be all right.'

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 Four-Eyes.

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

(16)

(b) In this extract, the Narrator describes Four-Eyes.

Explore how Four-Eyes 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 3 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 4.

Heroes

Extract taken from Chapter 6.

The veterans in the St Jude Club always greet me with big hellos and slaps on the back and make room for me at the bar or in the crowd watching a close game of pool. They respect my silence and my anonymity. The talk now is of the new Chevies and Fords coming from the Detroit factories and the freedom of walking down Third Street without saluting an officer and wearing civvies instead of the uniform.

Arthur and Armand and Joe are always there, fixtures in the club until they become cops or firemen or go to college or back to the shops, but this is the pause between one life and another and they drink beer and wine, and shoot pool and talk, always the talk, reminiscing about the days before the war, the nuns at St Jude's, the long sermons of Father Balthazar, the ball games in Cartier's Park and the mystery of the stranger visiting Frenchtown years ago who hit a home run in almost every game and who many thought was a major league player in disguise. Babe Ruth, maybe. Or Lou Gerhig.

I let my glass of beer grow stale and flat on the bar because I want to remain sharp and alert at all times, in case Larry LaSalle should walk in or someone might mention his name.

The old Strangler lets me nurse my beer and doesn't mind if I don't order another. He is the bartender, the sweeper and the settler of arguments. Arthur says he used to wrestle in the carnivals that came to Frenchtown, taking on the travelling champion who challenged local wrestlers. He was famous for his stranglehold that paralysed his opponents. His voice is hoarse from the time, Arthur says, that he was hit in the Adam's apple by a carnival champ who was losing the match. His hair is sparse and grey but his eyes are clear and watchful and his muscles bulge under the white shirt, his bow-tie moving when he talks.

There always comes a moment when a sudden quiet falls in the club, as if everyone has become weary and yet it's too early to go home. The juke-box, too, is silent. I watch and see things. I see the twitching in the corner of Arthur's mouth, the way his lips seem tugged by invisible fingers. Armand stares off into space, looking at something nobody else can see and there's a sudden flash of what – terror? bad dreams? – in his eyes. As I turn away, I see George Richelieu tugging at his pinned-up sleeve which should hold his arm but his arm is buried somewhere in the South Pacific or probably tossed aside into jungle growth, as Arthur muttered one day. In the deepening silence, I hear my own voice, loud in my ears, as I break the mood with the question that has been burning inside me since my arrival in Frenchtown:

'Has anybody heard when Larry LaSalle's coming back?'

Heroes

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

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Francis's experiences at the St Jude Club.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Francis describes a visit to the St Jude Club.

Explore how a place 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 4 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 5.

Of Mice and Men

Extract taken from Section 2.

'How'd you like the boss?' he asked.

'Pretty good. Seemed awright.'

'He's a nice fella,' the swamper agreed. 'You got to take him right.'

At that moment a young man came into the bunk house; a thin young man with a brown face, with brown eyes and a head of tightly curled hair. He wore a work glove on his left hand, and, like the boss, he wore high-heeled boots. 'Seen my old man?' he asked.

The swamper said, 'He was here jus' a minute ago, Curley. Went over to the cook house, I think.'

'I'll try to catch him,' said Curley. His eyes passed over the new men and he stopped. He glanced coldly at George and then at Lennie. His arms gradually bent at the elbows and his hands closed into fists. He stiffened and went into a slight crouch. His glance was at once calculating and pugnacious. Lennie squirmed under the look and shifted his feet nervously. Curley stepped gingerly close to him. 'You the new guys the old man was waitin' for?'

'We just come in,' said George.

'Let the big guy talk.'

Lennie twisted with embarrassment.

George said, 'S'pose he don't want to talk?'

Curley lashed his body around. 'By Christ, he's gotta talk when he's spoke to. What the hell are you gettin' into it for?'

'We travel together,' said George coldly.

'Oh, so it's that way.'

George was tense, and motionless. 'Yeah, it's that way.'

Lennie was looking helplessly to George for instruction.

'An' you won't let the big guy talk, is that it?'

'He can talk if he wants to tell you anything.' He nodded slightly to Lennie.

'We jus' come in,' said Lennie softly.

Curley stared levelly at him. 'Well, nex' time you answer when you're spoke to.' He turned toward the door and walked out, and his elbows were still bent out a little.

George watched him out, and then he turned back to the swamper. 'Say, what the hell's he got on his shoulder? Lennie didn't do nothing to him.'

The old man looked cautiously at the door to make sure no one was listening. 'That's the boss's son,' he said quietly. 'Curley's pretty handy. He done quite a bit in the ring. He's a lightweight, and he's handy.'

'Well, let him be handy,' said George. 'He don't have to take after Lennie. Lennie didn't do nothing to him. What's he got against Lennie?'

The swamper considered. ... 'Well ... tell you what. Curley's like a lot of little guys. He hates big guys. He's alla time picking scraps with big guys. Kind of like he's mad at 'em because he ain't a big guy. You seen little guys like that, ain't you? Always scrappy?'

'Sure,' said George. 'I seen plenty tough little guys. But this Curley better not make no mistakes about Lennie. Lennie ain't handy, but this Curley punk is gonna get hurt if he messes around with Lennie.'

'Well, Curley's pretty handy,' the swamper said skeptically.

Of Mice and Men

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

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Curley and his effect on the other men.

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

(16)

- (b) In the extract, George and Lennie meet Curley for the first time.

Explore how Curley is presented in **one other** part of the novel.

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

(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.

'I was at Nat's house. Why don't you ring her mum and ask?'

'She'll just take your side - you know what these *goreeh* women are like.'

I bit my lip to keep from shouting at her. 'Where's Dad?' I asked, looking away.

'In the living room.'

'Well go and ask him,' I said, my voice rising slightly.

'I'm asking you, and don't raise your voice to me—'

'Oh for f—'

My dad walked in and saved me from getting a slap. 'What are you talking about?' he asked my mum.

'Nothing . . .' she lied.

'Mum says that someone saw me in town today - with a boy,' I told him, hoping that he would take my side and get angry at whoever was spreading rumours about his little girl. My gamble worked because he was slightly drunk and he just snorted.

'They must have seen someone else's girl,' he said, 'because my girl was at her friend's house studying.'

'They were sure it was her. . .' continued my mum as my heart came close to giving way.

'Who?' asked my dad, raising his voice. 'You tell me who said that and I'll tear out her hair.'

'A woman from the *gurudwara*' admitted my mum. 'She rang earlier. She was on the bus and saw Rani holding hands with a boy.'

'Is this true?' my dad asked me.

I gulped and then turned on the acting skills I had developed over the years to deal with my backward parents. 'Who you going to believe?' I asked. 'Some woman from the *gurudwara* or your own daughter?' I had tears in my eyes.

'*Beteh*, don't cry - it may just have been a mistake,' said my dad, putting his hand on my shoulder.

'No! It's just some interfering old hag! Causing trouble because she ain't got nothing better to do . . .'

My dad turned to my mum. 'See?' he said to her.

'You think that our girl would do such things? Don't you think she knows? If I ever found out that she was doing the dirty things that *goreeh* girls do, she knows that I would kill her and then kill myself.'

He was looking at me by the time he'd finished his sentence and my heart was beating really fast. I was scared of his threat because I knew that it was real. My fake tears were joined by real ones as I took in what he had said.

'Go on,' he said to me. 'Go to your room and wipe your face.'

I stood up.

'And remember - I believe you. But if I ever find out that you are lying ...'

I looked right into his face.

'... I will throw you out into the streets like a dog.' I turned and ran upstairs to my room, locking the door, still crying. Putting on a CD, really loud, I lay down on 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 the tension between Rani and her parents.

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

(16)

- (b) This extract shows tension between Rani and her parents.

Explore how an argument 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 6 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 7.

Riding the Black Cockatoo

Extract taken from Chapter One.

It's hard to imagine just how straitjacketed by conformity most Australians were only three or four decades ago. Take beer, for instance. In the 1970s, 99 per cent of Queensland beer drinkers drank Fourex – and full strength at that. Walking into a party or barbecue with another brand like Foster's or Carlton (there wasn't much to choose from back then!) immediately branded you an outsider. If you were visiting from overseas or had recently migrated from the southern states it was forgivable, you were let off with a mild ribbing. But if you were a local and actually *preferred* the taste of that southern swill to Fourex, you were immediately branded by the phalanx of men huddled around the barbecue as someone of questionable social standing – an eccentric, an academic or a poofster, and certainly not one to be trusted with the ladies. That was beer! It seems unbelievable now. So just imagine what it was like to buck the social norms governing race relations in this country. Of course there were brave souls who did, but I never met one.

When the subject of Aboriginal Australia came up during my childhood, which was rarely, it was usually in the form of third-hand stories or jokes. The stories went like this: 'A mate of my cousin's works somewhere out west, and he swears that this is true; when the blackfellas run out of petrol they push their government-funded Toyotas off the side of the track and set fire to them – too lazy or too stupid to refill 'em. They just wait until they get another government vehicle and do the same thing all over again. Useless bastards, all of 'em, and we're footin' the bill.'

The other men around the barbecue, bar or lunch-room would all shake their heads in disgust and utter statements like 'Useless black pricks.'

Then, without fail, one of the more sensitive souls in the group would roll out this chestnut: 'Trouble is, the poor bastards are cavemen. I hate to say this, but they would've been better off if we'd wiped 'em all out.'

I heard that statement many times over the years and I could never help but wonder, 'Hang on, just how could an extinct race be *better off*?'

But of course I never asked the question out loud.

Then there were the jokes; there seemed to be an inexhaustible supply of Abo jokes doing the rounds of the schoolyards and campfires of my youth. We often brought these gags from home; and the fact that Uncle Bazza had told them around the table at Sunday lunch seemed to legitimise their craven humour. Deep down I had an inkling that something was amiss and my stomach often twisted in guilty discomfort, but it was always easier to laugh along. These jokes were never really funny and they connected with the mean streak that lurks within us all, the mean streak that left unchecked can spread like a toxic bloom.

Riding the Black Cockatoo

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

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of White Australian attitudes in the past.

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

(16)

- (b) This extract shows how prejudiced White Australians were in the past.

Explore how prejudice is shown in **one other** part of *Riding the Black Cockatoo*.

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 XVIII (18).

Atticus got up grinning, but instead of walking to the witness stand, he opened his coat and hooked his thumbs in his vest, then he walked slowly across the room to the windows. He looked out, but didn't seem especially interested in what he saw, then he turned and strolled back to the witness stand. From long years of experience, I could tell he was trying to come to a decision about something.

'Miss Mayella,' he said, smiling, 'I won't try to scare you for a while, not yet. Let's just get acquainted. How old are you?'

'Said I was nineteen, said it to the judge yonder.' Mayella jerked her head resentfully at the bench.

'So you did, so you did, ma'am. You'll have to bear with me, Miss Mayella, I'm getting along and can't remember as well as I used to. I might ask you things you've already said before, but you'll give me an answer, won't you? Good.'

I could see nothing in Mayella's expression to justify Atticus's assumption that he had secured her wholehearted co-operation. She was looking at him furiously.

'Won't answer a word you say long as you keep on mockin' me,' she said.

'Ma'am ?' asked Atticus, startled.

'Long's you keep on makin' fun o'me.'

Judge Taylor said, 'Mr Finch is not making fun of you. What's the matter with you?'

Mayella looked from under lowered eyelids at Atticus, but she said to the judge: 'Long's he keeps on callin' me ma'am an'sayin' Miss Mayella. I don't hafta take his sass, I ain't called upon to take it.'

Atticus resumed his stroll to the windows and let Judge Taylor handle this one. Judge Taylor was not the kind of figure that ever evoked pity, but I did feel a pang for him as he tried to explain. 'That's just Mr Finch's way,' he told Mayella. 'We've done business in this court for years and years, and Mr Finch is always courteous to everybody. He's not trying to mock you, he's trying to be polite. That's just his way.'

The judge leaned back. 'Atticus, let's get on with these proceedings, and let the record show that the witness has not been sassed, her views to the contrary.'

I wondered if anybody had ever called her 'ma'am' or 'Miss Mayella' in her life; probably not, as she took offence to routine courtesy. What on earth was her life like? I soon found out.

'You say you're nineteen,' Atticus resumed. 'How many sisters and brothers have you?' He walked from the windows back to the stand.

'Seb'm,' she said, and I wondered if they were all like the specimen I had seen the first day I started to school.

'You the eldest? The oldest?'

'Yes.'

'How long has your mother been dead?'

'Don't know - long time.'

'Did you ever go to school?'

'Read'n'write good as Papa yonder.'

Mayella sounded like a Mr Jingle in a book I had been reading.

'How long did you go to school?'

'Two year - three year - dunno.'

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 time when Atticus questions Mayella Ewell.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Atticus is asking Mayella Ewell questions during Tom Robinson's trial.

Explore how the trial 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 8 = 40 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 40 MARKS

SECTION B: WRITING

Answer ONE question in this section.

EITHER

- *9 Your school or college wants contributions for its website to persuade new students to enrol.

Write your contribution, explaining what it is that makes your school or college so good.

(24)

OR

- *10 'The voting age should be lowered to sixteen.'

Write a letter to your local newspaper, making it clear whether you agree or disagree with this statement.

(24)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 24 MARKS

TOTAL FOR PAPER = 64 MARKS

Sources taken/adapted from:

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