

Pearson Edexcel GCSE

English Language

Unit 2: The Writer's Voice

Higher Tier

Tuesday 1 November 2016 – 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 ►

P48236RA

©2016 Pearson Education Ltd.

1/1/1/1/1/1/1/e2



PEARSON

BLANK PAGE

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

Section	Page
SECTION A: READING	
Answer ONE question	
Question 1: Touching the Void	4
Question 2: Anita and Me	6
Question 3: Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress	8
Question 4: Heroes	10
Question 5: Of Mice and Men	12
Question 6: Rani and Sukh	14
Question 7: Riding the Black Cockatoo	16
Question 8: To Kill a Mockingbird	18
SECTION B: WRITING	20
Answer ONE question	
Question 9	
Question 10	

SECTION A: READING

Answer ONE question in this section.

Use this extract to answer Question 1.

Touching the Void

Extract taken from Chapter 7.

I saw the rope flick down, and my hopes sank. I drew the slack rope to me, and stared at the frayed end. Cut! I couldn't take my eyes from it. White and pink nylon filaments sprayed out from the end. I suppose I had known all along. It was a madness. Crazy to have believed in it, but everything was getting that way. I wasn't meant to get out of here. Damn it! I shouldn't even have got this far. He should have left me on the ridge. It would have saved so much ... I'll die here after all that. Why bother trying?

I turned off the torch and sobbed quietly in the dark, feeling overwhelmed. I cried in bursts, and between them listened to the childlike sounds fade beneath me, then cried again.

It was cold when I awoke. I came up slowly from a long emptiness and wondered where I was. Sleep had taken me unawares, and I was startled. The cold had woken me. That was a good sign. It could as easily have taken me. I felt calm. It was going to end in the crevasse. Perhaps I had always known it would end this way. I felt pleased to be able to accept it calmly. All that sobbing and shouting had been too much. Acceptance seemed better. There was no trauma this way. I was certain then that Simon would leave me for dead. It didn't surprise me. Indeed it made things easier. There was one less thing to worry about. I thought it might take me a few days to die. In the end I decided that three days would pass. It was sheltered in the crevasse, and with my sleeping bag I could survive a good few days. I imagined how long it would seem; a long long period of twilight, and darkness, drifting from exhausted sleep into half-consciousness. Maybe the last half would be dreamless sleeping, ebbing away quietly. I thought carefully of the end. It wasn't how I had ever imagined it. It seemed pretty sordid. I hadn't expected a blaze of glory when it came, nor had I thought it would be like this slow pathetic fade into nothing. I didn't want it to be like that.

I sat up and turned on the torch. Looking at the wall above the ice screw, I thought it might be possible to climb out. Deep inside I knew it would be impossible, but I urged the faint hope on, deciding that if I fell then at least it would be swift. My resolve failed me when I looked at the black void on either side of me. The ice bridge suddenly seemed to be desperately precarious. I fastened a Prusik knot to the rope above the screw. I would climb while still attached to the screw. I could let slack rope out through the Prusik but if I fell the Prusik might stop me. I knew it would probably snap but I couldn't summon enough nerve to climb unroped.

Touching the Void

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

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of how Joe feels and reacts in this dangerous situation.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Joe's thoughts change.

Explore a time in **one other** part of *Touching the Void* when Joe struggles with his thoughts.

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.

Spring was always my favourite season in the village, and as the first cuckoo sounded, almost every cottage door would swing open revealing taut-jawed women in pinnies and headscarfs brandishing an armoury of cleaning materials. You could not walk down the street without falling over some possessed female hunched over a front step with a wire scrubbing brush, choking over the clouds of dust rising from the scores of rugs being beaten to a pulp by strong sleeveless arms, picking your way through clusters of china dogs and horse brasses laid out on sheets in the watery sun, drying to a gleam whilst indoors, cupboards, shelves and cabinets were being emptied and washed down. The air filled with dust motes and the women's screeching voices, calling to each other from their upturned nests, swapping domestic hints, 'Yow want to try some lemon juice on them glass doors!', the latest gossip, 'Some big knob come down to look at the school... says it's too small to keep open! That's the bloody point, in't it? Don't want the estate kids coming round here... ' and always the litany of marital woes, 'So he spends all the housekeeping, rolls into bed stinking like a brewery and says, brace yourself chick, I'm coming up! Course, I bloody walloped him! We made it up after though...' 'Yeah I bloody know, I live next door remember!...'

I loved hanging around the houses during this ritualistic skin shedding, fascinated by the objects and memories behind all those shut doors, intoxicated by the smells of disinfectant and coal tar soap which complemented the sticky new buds adorning every tree certain that something clean and brand new was about to happen.

Of course, not every household embraced the spring with soapy red arms; the Mad Mitchells next door merely chucked a few more bits of junk into their front garden, adding to their bizarre monument to kitsch. There was an old style perambulator filled with a jumble of mangy fur coats, a half-smashed fake crystal chandelier, a coal scuttle, two brand new bedpans, a car battery and two cracked wing mirrors, a hat stand, a stuffed mongoose, and a collection of rusted, unopened cans of fruit. Whilst mama tut-tutted every time we passed their house, taking in the grimy opaque windows, the tattered curtains and peeling front door, I always checked to see if there was another imaginative addition to the Mad Mitchell Collection. I thought it was like a living sculpture, each object telling a story which grew more complex with every new throwaway, charting the changing tastes and fortunes in their lives. Whose baby had gurgled in that pram? Why didn't they ever eat those tins of fruit? Was the mongoose once a dearly beloved pet? My excitement increased when mama told me that mongooses came from India, and also fought and ate snakes.

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 describes Tollington and its people.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Meena enjoys Tollington in the spring.

Explore how Tollington 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 III.

'I can't see any other way than to tie you to the bed.'

'Strap me down?' the headman cried indignantly. 'You forget that I've got the commune leader's mandate.'

'But as your body is refusing to collaborate, I'm afraid we'll have to take extreme measures.'

I was flabbergasted. How could this tyrant, this political and economic despot, this police chief, ever resign himself to being restrained in this way, which was not only humiliating but also made him look utterly ridiculous? What the devil had got into him? I had no time to ponder the question then, and even today it confounds me. As it was, Luo quickly strapped him down on the bed, and the tailor, charged with the awesome task of gripping the patient's head with both hands to keep it still, indicated that I should take his place working the treadle.

This new responsibility filled me with trepidation. I took my shoes off, placed the ball of my foot on the treadle and braced myself.

At a sign from Luo I set the drive wheel in motion, and soon my feet were pedalling away to the relentless rhythm of the machine. I accelerated, feeling like a cyclist racing at full tilt; the needle juddered, trembled, made contact once more with the treacherous tooth, whereupon a dreadful gurgling noise rose from the throat of the immobilised headman. Not only was he lashed to the bed with a length of strong rope, like a bad guy in a film about to get his comeuppance, but his head was clamped in the old tailor's vice-like grip. His face was deathly pale and he was foaming at the mouth.

Suddenly, I felt the stirrings of an uncontrollably sadistic impulse, like a volcano about to erupt. I thought about all the miseries of re-education, and slowed down the pace of the treadle.

Luo shot me a glance of complicity.

I pedalled even more slowly, this time to punish him for threatening to take me into custody. It was as if the drill were about to break down. It was barely moving now, making just one rotation per second, maybe two – who knows? Eventually, having penetrated the decay, the steel point made a final tremor and came to a complete standstill as I lifted my feet off the treadle altogether like a cyclist freewheeling downhill. For a moment the suspense was agonising. I put on an air of innocent, calm deliberation to disguise the hatred smouldering in my eyes, and bent down in a pretence of checking whether the belt was still properly laid over the drive wheel. Then I replaced my feet on the treadle and the needle began to turn again, slowly and shakily, as if the cyclist were struggling up a steep slope. It became a chisel, cutting into a ghastly prehistoric rock face and releasing little puffs of greasy yellow dust. I had turned into a sadist – an out-and-out sadist.

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 when Luo and the Narrator treat the headman's tooth.

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

(16)

- (b) This extract describes how the Narrator behaves.

Explore how the Narrator 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 7.

Two ping-pong tables occupied spaces near the side windows, looking out on Third Street.

Leading me to the nearest table, he picked up the white plastic ball and bounced it a few times.

'Ping-pong,' I said, hoping my voice didn't betray my disappointment.

'Table tennis,' he said. 'Ping-pong is a game, table tennis is a sport. Known around the world. It's a sport you're going to dominate with your quickness and your reflexes.'

Pointing to two paddles on the table, he said: 'Let's get going.'

He showed me how to stand: alert, leaning forward, knees bent slightly, paddle in my right hand, level with my belt. Going to the opposite side of the table, he hit the ball to me. I swung the paddle, struck the ball with a satisfying *plop* and watched it sail cleanly over the net. The ball returned. I hit it again. Bounce on his side and return to mine. Bounce and return again. Suddenly the ball arrived, but squirted crazily to my right. Instantly alert, I reached, managed to hit it with the paddle, saw it fly just as crazily across the net.

'Beautiful,' Larry LaSalle called. 'You returned the spin.'

We played for almost an hour, as kids gathered to watch this new sport. Sweat pasted my shirt to my body and glued the paddle to my hand. I missed some shots, particularly the balls with spin which made them go wildly askew, but returned most of them. The crowd often cheered Larry LaSalle and once or twice a cheer went up when I made a lunging return.

Nobody had ever cheered me before.

Finally, he threw down the paddle, called a halt and led me to the new vending machine where he bought me a Coke. 'Congratulations, Francis,' he said, raising his bottle in a toast. 'You're a natural. Besides the reflexes, you have what I call sweet anticipation. It's what natural athletes have, anticipating where the ball will land, whether it's baseball, football or table tennis.'

I stood spellbound by his words.

'You also have a great return. That's the key, Francis. Let the other players make the moves, put on the spin, kill the ball. You just keep returning it, good and steady. Your opponent will get frustrated, careless, make a mistake.' He gulped down his Coke in one long swallow. 'Tomorrow I'll teach you the chop on defence and the spin on offence.'

Just as he had lured awkward girls into ballet classes and ball players and bullies into being singers and dancers, so did he bring a sudden importance to table tennis. He gave lessons tirelessly, arranged contests, encouraged girls to take up the sport.

I spent hours at the tables, playing game after game, sharpening my chops and spins but focusing mostly on returns, trying to stay loose, flowing with the ball. My opponents often became frustrated, as Larry LaSalle had predicted, faces turning scarlet with anger while I stayed calm and composed, waiting for a mistake to be made.

Heroes

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

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of when Francis learns to play table tennis.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, the relationship between Francis and Larry is shown.

Explore how this 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 4 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 5.

Of Mice and Men

Extract taken from Section 2.

George said, 'Say it over to yourself, Lennie, so you won't forget it.'

Both men glanced up, for the rectangle of sunshine in the doorway was cut off. A girl was standing there looking in. She had full, rouged lips and wide-spaced eyes, heavily made up. Her fingernails were red. Her hair hung in little rolled clusters, like sausages. She wore a cotton house dress and red mules, on the insteps of which were little bouquets of red ostrich feathers. 'I'm lookin' for Curley,' she said. Her voice had a nasal, brittle quality.

George looked away from her and then back. 'He was in here a minute ago, but he went.'

'Oh!' She put her hands behind her back and leaned against the door frame so that her body was thrown forward. 'You're the new fellas that just come, ain't ya?'

'Yeah.'

Lennie's eyes moved down over her body, and though she did not seem to be looking at Lennie she bridled a little. She looked at her fingernails. 'Sometimes Curley's in here,' she explained.

George said brusquely, 'Well he ain't now.'

'If he ain't, I guess I better look some place else,' she said playfully.

Lennie watched her, fascinated. George said, 'If I see him, I'll pass the word you was looking for him.'

She smiled archly and twitched her body. 'Nobody can't blame a person for lookin',' she said. There were footsteps behind her, going by. She turned her head. 'Hi, Slim,' she said.

Slim's voice came through the door. 'Hi, Good-lookin''

'I'm tryin' to find Curley, Slim.'

'Well, you ain't tryin' very hard. I seen him goin' in your house.'

She was suddenly apprehensive. 'Bye, boys,' she called into the bunk house, and she hurried away.

George looked around at Lennie. 'Jesus, what a tramp,' he said. 'So that's what Curley picks for a wife.'

'She's purty,' said Lennie defensively.

'Yeah, and she's sure hidin' it. Curley got his work ahead of him. Bet she'd clear out for twenty bucks.'

Lennie still stared at the doorway where she had been. 'Gosh, she was purty.' He smiled admiringly. George looked quickly down at him and then he took him by an ear and shook him.

'Listen to me, you crazy bastard,' he said fiercely. 'Don't you even take a look at that bitch. I don't care what she says and what she does. I seen 'em poison before, but I never seen no piece of jail bait worse than her. You leave her be.'

Lennie tried to disengage his ear. 'I never done nothing, George.'

'No, you never. But when she was standin' in the doorway showin' her legs, you wasn't lookin' the other way, neither.'

'I never meant no harm, George. Honest I never.'

'Well, you keep away from her, 'cause she's a rat trap if I ever seen one. You let Curley take the rap. He let himself in for it. Glove fulla vaseline,' George said disgustedly.

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 Curley's wife for the first time.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Curley's wife is described.

Explore how Curley's wife 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)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 6.

Rani and Sukh

Extract taken from Six Months Later.

He listened as his dad went on, trying to calm himself and failing.

'It was Divy Sandhu!' he shouted, cutting his dad off midstream, not expecting the reaction that he got.

Resham Bains sat and stared out at nothing, his mouth slightly open, his eyes filling up. He looked at his son, blinked back tears and looked away again. When he eventually spoke it was in a whisper. 'Mohinder's son,' he said, not waiting for a reply.

Sukh thought about saying yes but caught himself. Did he really want his father to know that he had learned the real story of the feud from Parvy? He worked out that the answer was no. He had a strong feeling that his dad was going to tell him about it anyway. And he was right.

'Mohinder Sandhu was my childhood friend,' began Sukh's dad. 'My brother...'

He told Sukh most of the story, much the same one as Parvy had told, all the while stopping to apologize to Sukh for hiding the truth from him. 'I wanted you to grow up without all of this,' he reasoned.

When the story was told, Resham Bains looked at his youngest son and then let a tear fall. Sukh swallowed hard. He'd never seen his dad react to anything with tears. It was a strange moment, like a new thread linking the two of them together, one that went beyond the normal father-son bonds. Sukh felt his wound and then opened his mouth and let words fall out, not thinking or caring about the consequences.

'I know his daughter. Rani.'

He expected a reaction but didn't get one. His dad shed a few more tears and continued talking, ignoring what Sukh had just said. Sukh looked to his mother, who frowned at him, rose from her seat and left the room. Sukh realized that she had taken in what he'd admitted – not that it was much. He turned to his dad.

'Why can't this feud stay buried in the past, where it belongs?' he asked.

'*Beteh* – I have asked myself the same question over and over. Both our families lost children. I lost two brothers that day, Billah and Mohinder. But your uncles and cousins continue to let the past cloud the future too.'

'But why continue the feud? Can't you just talk to Mohinder?'

His dad looked at him with resignation etched across his face. 'And say *what*, Sukhjait? That I am sorry that his father killed my brother?'

'But it means that the feud will just go on...,' argued Sukh.

'It has been going for too long, *beteh*. Nothing can bring our families together now.'

Sukh thought about Rani again. What if there was something...? 'Dad – what if there *was* something that could do it – help to sort out the problems...?'

His dad sighed. 'There is nothing, Sukhjait. *Nothing*...' he replied, shaking his head.

Rani and Sukh

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

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of when Resham and Sukh talk about the feud.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Resham talks about the family feud.

Explore how the family feud affects characters 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.

'Well; I grew up with an Aboriginal skull on my mantelpiece.'

I said the words with a sort of worldly swagger, somehow expecting the announcement to impress my younger classmates. I might as well have unzipped my pants and flopped my penis onto the table – everyone turned and stared at me with a mixture of incredulousness, disgust and horror. My worldliness withered. There was silence; and in that seven-second eternity my childhood was teleported from the Polaroid feel-good fuzziness of the 1970s into the cold, hard glare of the year 2005.

And then came the chorus. 'You *what*? You have a *what* in your living room?'

'No, no, not *my* living room,' I backpedalled furiously; of course *I* was too enlightened to permit such a heinous display in my own home. 'It was on my family's mantelpiece, in the family home, where I grew up, and it's not as bad as you think, things were different back then...'

Now it was time for my voice to taper off. A different kind of silence filled the room. It was a silence accompanied by a collective unblinking stare, and I sat at its epicentre.

'Some –' my voice squeaked, 'someone – an uncle, actually – gave it to my father when I was a baby. I grew up with it, it was always there. Dad collected stuff, it just sat up on the wall unit with all his other bits and pieces; old stuff, rifles, wild boar tusks, deer antlers...'

The eyes grew wider.

'Guns?' asked one girl, almost tearfully. 'You mean this Aboriginal skull is displayed with guns, like a trophy?'

'And pigs' tusks?' added another.

'*Country people*, my family are country people, we grew up with guns. And it's not what it sounds like. Dad's a veterinarian, he's into stuff like that, he's even got two Siamese piglets floating preserved in a fish tank full of formaldehyde. The skull was a scientific curio, not a trophy.'

But it was too late; I had waded so far out into the gloop that every word I uttered just mired me deeper. I was up to my bottom lip in it. My beloved childhood home sounded like a cross between *Ripley's Believe It Or Not* and the trophy cave from *Wolf Creek*.

'Is it still there now?' asked the teary-eyed girl.

'No-o-o,' I answered with unconvincing reassurance. 'I asked Mum to put it away years ago, when she started babysitting my daughters. I didn't want them spooked out.'

'Spooked out'; what an understatement! Eventually the eyes turned away and the discussion moved on. And there I sat, utterly deflated. Over the years I could have filled a hot-air balloon with my bluster about equality, justice and the brotherhood of man; but here was this terrible truth – this secret shard – that brought my seemingly normal childhood and world view crashing back to terra firma.

Riding the Black Cockatoo

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

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of when John tells his classmates about Mary, the skull.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, John feels criticised for his family's treatment of Mary, the skull.

Explore a time when John has to explain how Mary has been treated 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 XX (20).

'Come on round here, son, I got something that'll settle your stomach.'

As Mr Dolphus Raymond was an evil man I accepted his invitation reluctantly, but I followed Dill. Somehow, I didn't think Atticus would like it if we became friendly with Mr Raymond, and I knew Aunt Alexandra wouldn't.

'Here,' he said, offering Dill his paper sack with straws in it. 'Take a good sip, it'll quieten you.'

Dill sucked on the straws, smiled, and pulled at length.

'Hee hee,' said Mr Raymond, evidently taking delight in corrupting a child.

'Dill, you watch out, now,' I warned.

Dill released the straws and grinned. 'Scout, it's nothing but Coca-Cola.'

Mr Raymond sat up against the tree-trunk. He had been lying on the grass. 'You little folks won't tell on me now, will you? It'd ruin my reputation if you did.'

'You mean all you drink in that sack's Coca-Cola? Just plain Coca-Cola?'

'Yes ma'am,' Mr Raymond nodded. I liked his smell: it was of leather, horses, cottonseed. He wore the only English riding-boots I had ever seen. 'That's all I drink, most of the time.'

'Then you just pretend you're half – ? I beg your pardon, sir,' I caught myself. 'I didn't mean to be – '

Mr Raymond chuckled, not at all offended, and I tried to frame a discreet question: 'Why do you do like you do?'

'Wh – oh yes, you mean why do I pretend? Well, it's very simple,' he said. 'Some folks don't – like the way I live. Now I could say the hell with 'em, I don't care if they don't like it. I do say I don't care if they don't like it, right enough – but I don't say the hell with 'em, see?'

Dill and I said, 'No sir.'

'I try to give 'em a reason, you see. It helps folks if they can latch on to a reason. When I come to town, which is seldom, if I weave a little and drink out of this sack, folks can say Dolphus Raymond's in the clutches of whisky – that's why he won't change his ways. He can't help himself, that's why he lives the way he does.'

'That ain't honest, Mr Raymond, making yourself out badder'n you are already – '

'It ain't honest but it's mighty helpful to folks. Secretly, Miss Finch, I'm not much of a drinker, but you see they could never, never understand that I live like I do because that's the way I want to live.'

I had a feeling that I shouldn't be here listening to this sinful man who had mixed children and didn't care who knew it, but he was fascinating. I had never encountered a being who deliberately perpetrated fraud against himself. But why had he entrusted us with his deepest secret? I asked him why.

'Because you're children and you can understand it,' he said...

To Kill a Mockingbird

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

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of when Scout and Dill meet Dolphus Raymond.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Scout does not understand the way Dolphus Raymond behaves.

Explore a time when Scout does not understand the way a character behaves 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 local charity is asking for volunteers.

Write the text of a speech you would give to your peers persuading them to volunteer.

(Total for Question 9 = 24 marks)

OR

*10 A teenage magazine is asking for articles on the topic 'The biggest influence in my life.'

Write your article explaining how you have been influenced.

(Total for Question 10 = 24 marks)

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)

Every effort has been made to contact copyright holders to obtain their permission for the use of copyright material. Pearson Education Ltd. will, if notified, be happy to rectify any errors or omissions and include any such rectifications in future editions.

Write your name here

Surname

Other names

Pearson
Edexcel GCSE

Centre Number

--	--	--	--	--	--

Candidate Number

--	--	--	--	--	--

English Language

Unit 2: The Writer's Voice

Higher Tier

Tuesday 1 November 2016 – 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 ►

P48236RA

©2016 Pearson Education Ltd.

1/1/1/1/1/1/e2



P 4 8 2 3 6 R A 0 1 2 0

PEARSON

(Section A continued)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



P 4 8 2 3 6 R A 0 3 2 0

(Section A continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



(Section A continued)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



P 4 8 2 3 6 R A 0 5 2 0

(Section A continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



(Section A continued)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section A continued)

Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



(Section A continued)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing.

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 40 MARKS



P 4 8 2 3 6 R A 0 9 2 0

(Section B continued)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section B continued)

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



(Section B continued)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section B continued)

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



(Section B continued)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section B continued)

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



(Section B continued)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing.

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



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

BLANK PAGE



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

BLANK PAGE



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

BLANK PAGE

