

Paper Reference(s) 1EN0 / 01
Pearson Edexcel Level 1/Level 2 GCSE (9–1)

English Language
Paper 1: Fiction and Imaginative Writing
Section A: Reading Text Insert
Section B: Images

Tuesday 2 June 2020 – Morning

**Time: 1 hour 45 minutes plus your additional
time allowance**

ADVICE

**Read the text before answering
the questions in Section A of the
Question Paper.**

**DO NOT RETURN THIS BOOKLET
WITH THE QUESTION PAPER.**

Read the text below and answer Questions 1–4 on the Question Paper.

In this extract the narrator is being spoken to by the sinister Count Dracula. The narrator has a growing sense that he is being kept prisoner in the Count's isolated castle. He begins to suspect that the castle may be haunted.

DRACULA: Bram Stoker

At the door he turned, and after a moment's pause said:—

“Let me advise you, my dear young friend—nay, let me warn you with all seriousness, that should you leave these rooms you will not by any chance go to sleep in any other part of the castle. It is old, and has many memories, and there are bad dreams for those who sleep unwisely. Be warned! Should sleep

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10

Turn over

now or ever overcome you, then haste
 to your own chamber or to these rooms,
 for your rest will then be safe. But if you
 be not careful in this respect, then”—He
 finished his speech in a gruesome way, 15
 for he motioned with his hands as if he
 were washing them. I quite understood;
 my only doubt was as to whether any
 dream could be more terrible than
 the unnatural, horrible net of gloom 20
 and mystery which seemed closing
 around me.

When he left me I went to my room. After
 a little while, not hearing any sound, I
 came out and went up the stone stair 25
 to where I could look out towards the
 South. Looking out on this, I felt that
 I was indeed in prison, and I seemed
 to want a breath of fresh air, though it
 were of the night. I am beginning to feel 30
 this nocturnal existence tell on me. It
 is destroying my nerve. I start* at my
 own shadow, and am full of all sorts of
 horrible imaginings. God knows that
 there is ground for my terrible fear in 35

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this accursed place! I looked out over
 the beautiful expanse, bathed in soft
 yellow moonlight till it was almost as
 light as day. In the soft light the distant
 hills became melted, and the shadows 40
 in the valleys and gorges of velvety
 blackness. The mere beauty seemed to
 cheer me; there was peace and comfort
 in every breath I drew. As I leaned
 from the window my eye was caught 45
 by something moving a storey** below
 me, and somewhat to my left, where I
 imagined, from the order of the rooms,
 that the windows of the Count's own
 room would look out. I drew back behind 50
 the stonework, and looked carefully out.

What I saw was the Count's head coming
 out from the window. I did not see the
 face, but I knew the man by the neck and
 the movement of his back and arms. In 55
 any case I could not mistake the hands
 which I had had so many opportunities
 of studying. I was at first interested and
 somewhat amused, for it is wonderful
 how small a matter will interest and 60

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amuse a man when he is a prisoner. But
 my very feelings changed to repulsion
 and terror when I saw the whole man
 slowly emerge from the window and
 begin to crawl down the castle wall over 65
 that dreadful abyss,*** face down with
 his cloak spreading out around him like
 great wings. At first I could not believe
 my eyes. I thought it was some trick
 of the moonlight, some weird effect of 70
 shadow; but I kept looking, and it could
 be no delusion. I saw the fingers and
 toes grasp the corners of the stones,
 worn clear of the mortar by the stress of
 years, and by thus using every projection 75
 and inequality move downwards with
 considerable speed, just as a lizard
 moves along a wall.

What manner of man is this, or what
 manner of creature is it in the semblance 80
 of man? I feel the dread of this horrible
 place overpowering me; I am in fear—
 in awful fear—and there is no escape
 for me; I am encompassed about with
 terrors that I dare not think of.... 85

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start* – to move suddenly with surprise
or alarm

storey** – a floor or level

abyss*** – a deep hole that seems to
have no bottom

For use with Question 6.



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For use with Question 6.



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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT:

Dracula, Bram Stoker, 1897, from <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/345/345-h/345-h.htm>

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