

**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**

**Tuesday 6 June 2017 – Morning**

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

<p><b>DO NOT RETURN THIS INSERT WITH THE QUESTION PAPER</b></p>
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**ADVICE TO CANDIDATES**

- **Read the text before answering the questions in Section A of the question paper.**

**Read the text below and answer Questions 1–4 on the question paper.**

**In this extract the narrator is walking back to London alone late at night. He has arrived at a deserted crossroads.**

# The Woman in White: Wilkie Collins

**In one moment, every drop of blood in my body was brought to a stop by the touch of a hand laid lightly and suddenly on my shoulder from behind me.**

**I turned on the instant, with my fingers  
tightening round the handle of my stick.**

**There, in the middle of the broad bright  
high-road – there, as if it had that moment  
sprung out of the earth or dropped from  
the heaven – stood the figure of a solitary 10  
woman, dressed from head to foot in  
white garments, her face bent in grave  
inquiry on mine, her hand pointing to the  
dark cloud over London, as I faced her.**

**(Continues on next page)**

**(Turn over)**

I was far too seriously startled by the 15  
 suddenness with which this extraordinary  
 apparition stood before me, in the dead of  
 night and in that lonely place, to ask what  
 she wanted. The strange woman spoke  
 first. 20

“Is that the road to London?” she said.

I looked attentively at her, as she put  
 that singular question to me. It was  
 then nearly one o’clock. All I could  
 discern distinctly by the moonlight was 25  
 a colourless, youthful face, meagre\* and  
 sharp to look at about the cheeks and  
 chin; large, grave, wistfully attentive eyes;  
 nervous, uncertain lips; and light hair of  
 a pale, brownish-yellow hue. There was 30  
 nothing wild, nothing immodest in her  
 manner: it was quiet and self-controlled,  
 a little melancholy and a little touched  
 by suspicion; not exactly the manner  
 of a lady, and, at the same time, not the 35  
 manner of a woman in the humblest  
 rank of life. The voice, little as I had yet

heard of it, had something curiously  
 still and mechanical in its tones, and  
 the utterance was remarkably rapid. 40  
 She held a small bag in her hand: and  
 her dress – bonnet, shawl, and gown all  
 of white – was, so far as I could guess,  
 certainly not composed of very delicate  
 or very expensive materials. Her figure 45  
 was slight, and rather above the average  
 height – her gait\*\* and actions free from  
 the slightest approach to extravagance.  
 This was all that I could observe of her in  
 the dim light and under the perplexingly 50  
 strange circumstances of our meeting.  
 What sort of a woman she was, and how  
 she came to be out alone in the high-road,  
 an hour after midnight, I altogether failed  
 to guess. The one thing of which I felt 55  
 certain was, that the grossest of mankind  
 could not have misconstrued her motive  
 in speaking, even at that suspiciously  
 late hour and in that suspiciously lonely  
 place. 60

**“Did you hear me?” she said, still quietly and rapidly, and without the least fretfulness or impatience. “I asked if that was the way to London.”**

**“Yes,” I replied, “that is the way: it leads 65  
to St. John’s Wood and the Regent’s  
Park. You must excuse my not answering  
you before. I was rather startled by your  
sudden appearance in the road; and I am,  
even now, quite unable to account for it.” 70**

**“You don’t suspect me of doing anything  
wrong, do you? I have done nothing  
wrong. I have met with an accident – I  
am very unfortunate in being here alone  
so late. Why do you suspect me of doing 75  
wrong?”**

**She spoke with unnecessary earnestness  
and agitation, and shrank back from me  
several paces. I did my best to reassure  
her. 80**

“Pray don’t suppose that I have any idea of suspecting you,” I said, “or any other wish than to be of assistance to you, if I can. I only wondered at your appearance in the road, because it seemed to me to be empty the instant before I saw you.” 85

She turned, and pointed back to a place at the junction of the road to London and the road to Hampstead, where there was a gap in the hedge. 90

“I heard you coming,” she said, “and hid there to see what sort of man you were, before I risked speaking. I doubted and feared about it till you passed; and then I was obliged to steal after you, and touch you.” 95

Steal after me and touch me? Why not call to me? Strange, to say the least of it.

meagre\* – thin and undernourished

gait\*\* – a person’s manner of walking