

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 4 June 2019 – Morning

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

READING TEXT INSERT

**DO NOT RETURN THIS
READING TEXT INSERT WITH
THE QUESTION PAPER.**

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 Florence is very upset because she has been rejected by her father and stepmother, her only living relatives. She runs away from home, out into the streets of London, and goes to the home of an old friend, the little Midshipman. She is followed by her faithful dog, Diogenes, also known as Di.

Dombey and Son: Charles Dickens

**In the wildness of her sorrow, shame,
and terror, the forlorn girl hurried
through the sunshine of a bright
morning, as if it were the darkness
of a winter night. Wringing her hands 5
and weeping bitterly, insensible to
everything but the deep wound in her
breast, stunned by the loss of all she
loved, left like the sole survivor on a
lonely shore from the wreck of a great 10**

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(Turn over)

vessel, she fled without a thought,
without a hope, without a purpose, but
to fly somewhere – anywhere.

The cheerful vista of the long street,
burnished by the morning light, the 15
sight of the blue sky and airy clouds,
the vigorous freshness of the day, so
flushed and rosy in its conquest of the
night, awakened no responsive feelings
in her so hurt bosom. Somewhere, 20
anywhere, to hide her head! somewhere,
anywhere, for refuge, never more to look
upon the place from which she fled!

But there were people going to and fro;
there were opening shops, and servants 25
at the doors of houses; there was
the rising clash and roar of the day's
struggle. Florence saw surprise and
curiosity in the faces flitting past her;
saw long shadows coming back upon 30
the pavement; and heard voices that
were strange to her asking her where

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(Turn over)

she went, and what the matter was;
 and though these frightened her the
 more at first, and made her hurry on the 35
 faster, they did her the good service of
 recalling her in some degree to herself,
 and reminding her of the necessity of
 greater composure.

Where to go? Still somewhere, 40
 anywhere! still going on; but where!
 She thought of the only other time she
 had been lost in the wild wilderness of
 London—though not lost as now—and
 went that way. 45

Checking her sobs, and drying her
 swollen eyes, and endeavouring to
 calm the agitation of her manner, so
 as to avoid attracting notice, Florence,
 resolving to keep to the more quiet 50
 streets as long as she could, was going
 on more quietly herself, when a familiar
 little shadow darted past upon the sunny
 pavement, stopped short, wheeled about,

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(Turn over)

came close to her, made off again, 55
 bounded round and round her, and
 Diogenes, panting for breath, and yet
 making the street ring with his glad
 bark, was at her feet.

‘Oh, Di! oh, dear, true, faithful Di, 60
 how did you come here? How could I
 ever leave you, Di, who would never
 leave me?’

Florence bent down on the pavement,
 and laid his rough, old, loving, foolish 65
 head against her breast, and they got up
 together, and went on together; Di more
 off the ground than on it, endeavouring
 to kiss his mistress flying, tumbling
 over and getting up again without the 70
 least concern, dashing at big dogs
 in a jocose* defiance of his species,
 terrifying with touches of his nose
 young housemaids who were cleaning
 doorsteps, and continually stopping, in 75
 the midst of a thousand extravagances,

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(Turn over)

to look back at Florence, and bark until
all the dogs within hearing answered,
and all the dogs who could come out,
came out to stare at him. 80

Florence hurried away in the advancing
morning, and the strengthening
sunshine, to the City. The roar soon
grew more loud, the passengers more
numerous, the shops more busy, until 85
she was carried onward in a stream
of life setting that way, and flowing,
indifferently, past marts and mansions,
prisons, churches, market-places,
wealth, poverty, good, and evil, like 90
the broad river side by side with it,
awakened from its dreams of rushes,
willows, and green moss, and rolling on,
turbid** and troubled, among the works
and cares of men, to the deep sea. 95

At length the quarters*** of the little
Midshipman arose in view. Nearer yet,
and the door stood open, inviting her

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(Turn over)

to enter. Florence, who had again
 quickened her pace, as she approached 100
 the end of her journey, ran across the
 road (closely followed by Diogenes,
 whom the bustle had somewhat
 confused), ran in, and sank upon the
 threshold of the well-remembered little 105
 parlour.

* **jocose** – playful and humorous

** **turbid** – muddled and disorganised

*** **quarters** – rooms or lodgings for
 members of the armed forces

Acknowledgement:

**Dombey and Son, Charles Dickens, 1848,
 Penguin Books, 1981**