

# **Pearson Edexcel GCSE (9-1) English Language**

**Paper 1: Fiction and  
Imaginative Writing**

**Writing Scripts**

**Summer 2018 Exemplars**



## Question 5 - Script 5A

Did something that they should not have done

Write your answer to Section B here:

It was beckoning to me, mumbling sweet invitations against my ear as its tender waves lapped against the shore. Don't go in, my mother had told me. It's too dangerous, she had said, squinting her eyes against the cold invasion of rain. I glanced over at her in the shelter, watching her chest rise and fall as sleep ribboned through her mind. The sky was grey, infected by Grief and its cruel brother Sorrow. Yet the sea was pure. Joyful and innocent and just waiting for me to take its ruddy hand and slip into its embrace.

I stood, the pebbles unforgiving against the soles of my feet, yet kind enough to allow my gentle path towards the shore. The water twisted around my toes and pressed soft kisses to my ankles, welcoming me. My jeans were sodden and heavy against my legs as the water moved up to lick at the hem of my shirt. There was something foul on its breath, a noxious fume that seeped off of its tongue ~~and~~ and only grew stronger with every other step I took. But it was kind, whispering its warm words as it slipped over my shoulders

## Question 5 - Script 5A continued

and embraced my tired neck.

I gasped. Gone was the water's sweet affection, replaced by its cold fist lodged against my throat. Its sour tongue licked at each of my teeth, forcing its bitter taste into my mouth and choking me with its cruel affliction. It shoved its thumbs into my eyes as it screamed its vile cacophony into my ears ~~but~~ <sup>and</sup> rang through my head, unforgiving.

Nausea was growing in the pit of my stomach, tendrils of pain and misery leaching out of the seed that I had planted there. A seed born from panic and stupidity. I opened my mouth to scream, yet the water muffled my begging with its cruel palm, which gripped my wrists as I beat them against its strong chest. Blackness seeped into my vision from the corner of my eye, pixelating into some sort of analogue screen as I felt my throat tense, and then close up.

Darkness had washed over me, trickling into my brain from the back of my eyes and pricking each thought with a burning pain. My legs were useless, hanging there cold and doughy as my arms made one last futile attempt to push off the water's vergeful grasp. Yet it was

### Question 5 - Script 5A continued

to no avail.

My finger twitched, one last time, as my arms sank and grew still. It twisted around me, dragging me down into its bitter depths with a cruel smile upon its sick face as it claimed its next victim.

## Question 5 - Script 5B

Write your answer to Section B here:

Sweat dripped off my ~~face~~ face as I sat motionless at the traffic lights. I could feel my soul screaming out to me as I gripped the steering wheel harder. It hurt. It hurt a lot. All this pain for a bag of cash.

I struggled up to my front door with my ~~conscience~~ Conscience dragging me back. I placed myself as I pulled the penetrated ball of metal from the delicate shatter of my right shoulder. The pain was nothing like I had experienced before. It felt as if I was cutting my nerves up into tiny little pieces as blood ran up to my ice cold heart.

That night I lay in bed. Eyes jammed open. Waiting. Waiting for them to come. I could hear every siren across the city that night. Every footstep of an insect which circled my house as I lay in my blood stained bed. Suddenly a lower bang entered my ears. I froze. My Ice cold heart expanded.

## Question 5 - Script 5B continued

"It's the police" Someone cried out as I rushed to my door. I couldn't hear them co-ordinating through my house as I felt my earthquake like trembling footsteps pounding on the floor boards. "We know you're here Mr Right, just make this easy for us" the policeman called out. I couldn't feel my chest sweet condensing on my face as I reached for my pistol. With my eye down the sights I fixed on his Sheriff's badge. "fire" he screamed as I stumbled to the floor with no control. Looking up in total oblivion I felt the blood soak into the hairs on my legs.

"Sir, this is a very serious crime you committed" said the judge as the flowing current of tears running down my face increased. "They, they were going to kill my Mum unless I agreed up" I replied. "They were are brutal men, I've seen their work" I ~~proceeded~~ proceeded.

"That is no excuse for the reasoning reasoning for the attempted murder of a police officer and armed robbery" the judge replied.

## Question 5 - Script 5B continued

Here I lay. In my orange overalls covering up  
the true monster that lies beneath them I can  
Never to hear from my Mum again played  
on my conscience Conscience for life. I  
Still carry the tear I shed the day  
I was sentenced. For my soul? It is  
Suffocating in the banga bag of money  
which lay beneath the tiles on my patio.  
I now live on That one night  
of stupidity lost me everything. I  
even lost myself.

## Question 5 - Script 5C

Write your answer to Section B here:

~~I had spent weeks upon weeks trying to shut out the alarms in my head~~

5) It was a glorious summer day, birds were chirping happily and it was as warm as the Sahara desert. Myself and my friend Emily, a shy girl with eyes as bright and blue as the ocean, were not too keen on sitting in the stuffy sports hall for our lunch break. We decided to venture outside.

In our school leaving the site was detested. ~~No one~~ ~~do it~~ Nobody dared to ~~leave the site~~. Ever. But we did... We crept up to the cast iron gates and slowly stumbled our way over them. ~~of course it was~~ It was a lot trickier than when you see people do it in films. Trust me. After ~~the~~ tremendous struggle we had made it. We were free for a little while. We skipped along the deserted high street. There were trees standing proudly and we shared ~~our~~ their pride. But then it hit us...

Myself and Emily realised how much trouble we would be in when we returned to that school, we were for it.



## Question 5 - Script 5C continued

The alarm systems went crazy in ~~my~~<sup>our</sup> heads. A wave of anxiety hit us - we felt lost and didn't know what to do or who to turn to. We had always shared a fear of authoritative figures and now we had to face them. We both felt our hearts pounding in our chests, it was as though they would leap out at any moment, ~~that~~<sup>it</sup> was horrendous, what had we done? Anxiety and fear took over the whole of our bodies. It was like someone had opened a jar of butterflies ~~to to our bodies~~ and let them roam like lions inside of us. We knew what we had done was wrong but how could we make it right.

~~My~~ Half an hour had past since we first left the site. We had been sat trembling with fear for so long that we decided to man up and go back to ~~the~~ school. We past the same trees we past on the way out of the school but instead of standing proudly the looked ashamed, deflated and miserable. Birds were no longer chirping, it was almost like everything shared the shame and guilt we were racked with. As we reluctantly ~~were~~ dordled back onto the site we turned to our headmaster who was stood, watching us with a ~~a~~ dissapocntment all over his face, and said, "~~what~~ we are here to confess to what we have done, we were stupid but we've manned up and returned."

### Question 5 - Script 5C continued

He turned to us and smiled, as he said, "don't worry, that's why I'm here to, I've done the same thing". Then we all just stood there grinning like cheshire cats pleading for forgiveness.

## Question 5 - Script 5D

Write your answer to Section B here:

"I know nothing."

The lights of the interrogation room aggressively pierced my eyes, blinding me to the point where the only ~~thing~~ thing I could see was the Inspector's even more aggressive glare.

I sat there, chained to my own chair, showing no resistance, calmly waiting as the man in front of me furiously fired insults in my face. I do not care what he has to say to me. I will never tell him anything. I made this vow before I was incarcerated, before I was arrested, even before I heard the sirens wailing, proclaiming my ultimate defeat as I had no choice but to remain in my apartment with no possible routes of escape available to me.

### Question 5 - Script 5D continued

I will never tell him anything. He cannot know. No-one can know. No-one could understand what I have seen, the horrors that ~~committed~~ ~~which~~ I partook <sup>in the knowledge</sup> of, nor the incredible <sup>stories</sup> ~~of~~ such terrible atrocities, such indescribable abominations, the likes of which would make Eldritch himself tremble in fear.

Who would have known that the madman was telling the truth?

Even now, I can remember what happened decades ago. I myself was never an inspector, yet I took it upon myself to investigate the case of Larson Kelsk, resident of St. Germain Mental Asylum. His wonderful stories sent the ignorant into disbelief, yet I was astounded by his teachings and tales of other dimensions, parallel universes, multi-spaces... and their inhabitants.

## Question 5 - Script 5D continued

Any other person would have passed him off as an old man with a rich imagination and a few cards short of a few deck. I was not such a person. He took an almost unexplainable liking to me and every other week when I would ~~see~~ visit him, he would tell me darker and darker, more sinister stories of his downward spiral into the realms of existence. I, naturally, was indoctrinated.

One day, he feared for his own life and gave me ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> key to his vault in Perestroika. "We shall meet in the place with the lights". I never understood him, but once I read the ~~the~~ library of books he himself had written and stored in his vault, I was perplexed. It all made absolute perfect sense.

There was no question that

### Question 5 - Script 5D continued

that man spoke the truth.

The paroxysm of my realisation rendered my sanity terribly strained, yet the strings of my mind hold tight.

I hid from society, looking to come to an understanding of what I read, to no avail of course.

I was arrested on the 25<sup>th</sup> of June 1979.

I remain trapped in my mind.

"I know nothing."

## Question 6 - Script 6A

Write your answer to Section B here:

Write about a secret.

When I was little there was always a secret I only told my best friend, the secret got a bit old as I got older. Even my Mum and Dad didn't know or expect anything.

My secret is a bit disgusting for a little girl at the age of 3-4, but I used to go to family resorts and any other kid would go play in the swimming pool or go eat ice creams, no I was a different I decided I didn't want to play in the water with the other kids I would rather go play in the mud with my bucket and collect frogs.

### Question 6 - Script 6A continued

I decided I'd rather swim with the frogs and play with them. At the age of 3-4, little girls would rather put dresses on, but there's me, I liked to make sure my frogs can swim and I even made them a house.

As I got older I started growing out of the little frog I went through and realised at the age of 6 the mud was disgusting, my family thought I was going through a phase where I actually wanted to be a boy.

I used to have this little note book but I used to call it my secret book, I used to write all my secrets in it I don't think I ever told anyone else my secret about the frogs.



### Question 6 - Script 6A continued

because of the princess films  
about the princess kissing  
the frog to make a prince.  
I always thought it would  
end up ~~be~~ becoming true,  
I've only ever kissed one.