

**Mocks marking training**

**GCSE English Language Paper 1: Fiction and  
Imaginative Writing**

**Student scripts**

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

*In this extract from a short story, the philosopher Cornelius asks the narrator to watch over a magic potion he is creating. While the narrator watches, he thinks about the girl he loves, Bertha, who has rejected him in favour of another man, Albert.*

### **The Mortal Immortal: Mary Shelley**

Cornelius had watched for three days and nights and had not closed his eyes. The progress of his work was slower than he expected: in spite of his anxiety, sleep weighted upon his eyelids. Again and again he threw off drowsiness with more than human energy; again and again it stole away his senses. He eyed his crucibles\* wistfully. "Not ready yet," he murmured; "will another night pass before the work is accomplished? You are vigilant—you are faithful—you have slept, my boy—you slept last night. Look at that glass vessel. The liquid it contains is of a soft rose-colour: the moment it begins to change colour, awaken me—till then I may close my eyes. First, it will turn white, and then emit golden flashes; but wait not till then; when the rose-colour fades, rouse me." I scarcely heard the last words, muttered, as they were, in sleep. Even then he did not quite yield to nature. "My boy," he again said, "do not touch the vessel—do not put it to your lips; it is a philtre\*\*—a philtre to cure love; you would not cease to love your Bertha—beware to drink!"

5

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And he slept. His head sunk on his breast, and I scarce heard his regular breathing. For a few minutes I watched the vessel—the rosy colour of the liquid remained unchanged. Then my thoughts wandered—they visited the fountain, and dwelt on a thousand charming scenes never to be renewed—never! Serpents and adders were in my heart as the word "Never!" half formed itself on my lips. False girl!—false and cruel! Never more would she smile on me as that evening she smiled on Albert. Worthless, detested woman! I would not remain unrevenged—she should see Albert expire at her feet—she should die beneath my vengeance. She had smiled in disdain and triumph—she knew my wretchedness and her power. Yet what power had she?—the power of exciting my hate—my utter scorn—my—oh, all but indifference! Could I attain that—could I regard her with careless eyes, transferring my rejected love to one fairer and more true, that were indeed a victory!

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A bright flash darted before my eyes. I had forgotten the medicine...I gazed on it with wonder: flashes of admirable beauty, more bright than those which the diamond emits when the sun's rays are on it, glanced from the surface of the liquid; and odour the most fragrant and grateful stole over my sense; the vessel seemed one globe of living radiance, lovely to the eye, and most inviting to the taste. The first thought, instinctively inspired by the grosser sense, was, I will—I must drink. I raised the vessel to my lips. "It will cure me of love—of torture!" Already I had quaffed\*\*\* half of the most delicious liquor ever tasted by the palate of man, when the philosopher stirred. I started—I dropped the glass—the fluid flamed and glanced along the floor, while I felt Cornelius's grip at my throat, as he shrieked aloud, "Wretch! you have destroyed the labour of my life!"

30

35

The philosopher was totally unaware that I had drunk any portion of his drug. His idea was, and I gave a tacit\*\*\*\* assent to it, that I had raised the vessel from curiosity, and that, frightened at its brightness, and the flashes of intense light it gave forth, I had let it fall. I never undeceived him.

*crucibles*\* – containers

*philtre*\*\* – a magic potion

quaffed\*\*\* – drunk

*tacit* \*\*\*\* – unspoken

#### **Acknowledgement:**

*The Mortal Immortal*, Mary Shelley, 1833, from <http://gutenberg.net.au>  
(Work is out of copyright.)

**SECTION A: Reading**

**Read the text in the Reading Text Insert provided and answer ALL questions.**

**You should spend about 1 hour on this section.**

**Write your answers in the spaces provided.**

**1** From lines 7–9, identify a phrase which describes what happens to the colour of the liquid when it changes.

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**(Total for Question 1 = 1 mark)**

**2** From lines 1–10, give **two** ways tiredness affected Cornelius.

You may use your own words or quotations from the text.

**1** .....

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**2** .....

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**(Total for Question 2 = 2 marks)**

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## Question 2

### Script 2A

2 From lines 1-10, give **two** ways tiredness affected Cornelius.

You may use your own words or quotations from the text.

- 1 'The progress of his work was slower than he expected'
- 2 'Sleep weighted upon his eyelids meaning his body wanted to sleep but not his mind.'

(Total for Question 2 = 2 marks)

### Script 2B

2 From lines 1-10, give **two** ways tiredness affected Cornelius.

You may use your own words or quotations from the text.

- 1 "Sleep weighted upon his eyelids"
- 2 "you have slept, my boy - you slept last night"

(Total for Question 2 = 2 marks)

## Script 2C

2 From lines 1–10, give **two** ways tiredness affected Cornelius.

You may use your own words or quotations from the text.

- 1 Tiredness 'stole away his senses' showing the reader he was losing concentration.
- 2 'Sleep weighted upon his eyelids' meaning his eyes were heavy and it was an effort to keep them open.

(Total for Question 2 = 2 marks)

# Script 3A

6

3 In lines 14–25, how does the writer use language and structure to show the narrator's feelings about Bertha?

- Support your views with reference to the text.

In lines 14–25 the writer uses language and structure to show that the narrator hates Bertha. "worthless, detested woman!"

The writer also uses language and structure to show the narrator's feelings by using strong words such as that the narrator doesn't love Bertha as said in the text. "transferring my rejected love to one fairer"

The narrator had been loved by Bertha but he hated her and rejected her love and she found some better.

To show his hate for her the narrator says "Nevermore would she smile on me as that evening she smiled on Albert, worthless, detested woman!"

(Total for Question 3 = 6 marks)



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3

Turn over ➤

3 In lines 14–25, how does the writer use language and structure to show the narrator's feelings about Bertha?

Support your views with reference to the text.

The narrator shows he ~~had~~ feelings for Bertha, which is very bitter as he loved her but she rejected him. ~~This anger is shown by the structure~~ This is shown by the pace of his paragraph, Shelley uses hyphens between the phrases which occur a lot more at the end of the paragraph than at the beginning. The pace shows us that the narrator is angry and full of rage. This anger is also shown in the ~~language~~ language such as "She should die beneath my vengeance" which tells us that the narrator is full of hatred and wants to get revenge of Bertha, this is reinforced by the use of exclamation marks which makes the reader read this as if he is shouting, getting louder and louder. Shelley uses insults to get across the narrators feelings for Bertha, he calls her "worthless" "~~detested~~" "~~detested~~". This ~~helps~~ helps the reader understand his anger by using something that we all do when we are ~~bad~~ at someone, most ~~men~~ people that are not angry ~~at~~ someone would never call women ~~those~~ "worthless" nowadays.

(Total for Question 3 = 6 marks)



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3 In lines 14–25, how does the writer use language and structure to show the narrator's feelings about Bertha?

Support your views with reference to the text.

The narrator begins with a neutral and sane tone, describing 'the rosy colour of the liquid'. However, his thoughts then begin to turn to Bertha. Metaphors are used throughout the extract to display his feelings towards Bertha, the first example is when he says 'then my thoughts wandered - ~~once those~~ they visited the fountain' this quote suggests he had a positive outlook on love and implies his feelings for Bertha are loving, however, the this sentence ends with 'never!' suggesting he has not experienced the type of love and the what he has described previously is not what he feels. The next sentence also uses a metaphor: 'Serpents and adders were in my heart'. At this point in the paragraph <sup>and extract</sup> it begins to become clear that Bertha loves another man and the narrator is jealous of him. ~~The effect this metaphor has on the reader~~ demonstrates to the reader that the narrator is slowly losing his sanity as the it is extremely dramatic. Again 'Never!' is repeated suggesting he believes he will 'Never' be loved by Bertha; the use of the capital letter and exclamation mark emphasises his point and ~~makes it more~~ <sup>does this throughout the extract</sup> dramatic. The use of the repeated <sup>(Total for Question 3 = 6 marks)</sup> word 'Never' <sup>is</sup> extremely ~~long~~ <sup>to this reader</sup> ~~turn over~~ <sup>means</sup> ~~can see that the~~ <sup>any short sentences used are significant or</sup> ~~express~~ <sup>mean</sup> ~~to be~~ <sup>expressive, so</sup>

\* There are also repeated dashes throughout the extract which make ~~most~~ sentences extremely long and imply that the reader is expressing all his thoughts and feelings. Furthermore, it exaggerates any short sentence, as the reader immediately knows they are significant or meant to be emphasised. An example of this is when the narrator says "False girl!-false and cruel!" implying he feels he has been betrayed and lied to by Bertha.

4 In this extract, there is an attempt to show how important it is to concentrate on a task.

Evaluate how successfully this is achieved.

Support your views with detailed reference to the text.

(15)

At the start of the extract the reader is left in no doubt of how important the task is. Cornelius stresses to the narrator that he trusts him and refers to him as 'faithful'. He gives exact directions of what the narrator is required to do and when he should act. Concentration is required before the task ever begins.

However, the 'vigilant' narrator concentrates on the task at hand for only 'a few minutes' before his mind wanders. Whilst dwelling on his 'rejected love' the narrator misses the queue to wake Cornelius. So lost in his own thoughts he does not see the potion change from 'a soft rose-colour'.

The fact that there were two stages of change and that the first was not a sudden change but the potion would 'fade' suggests



to the reader that had the narrator ever given a ~~such~~ ~~such~~ attempt of ~~concentration~~ slightly concentrated he would have been able to complete the task of making Cornelius.

It is in the final paragraph of the extract that Shelley ~~shows~~ successfully shows how important it is to concentrate on a task. It is Cornelius chose the narrator to complete the task that was crucial to 'turning' & that 'for three days and nights' he had not slept. The narrators failure sees Cornelius attempt to harm the 'faithful' boy he entrusted the job to. The narrators loss of concentration for just a short time loses him the trust Cornelius had in him.

It could be questioned how 'vigilant' and 'faithful' the narrator ever was as Cornelius warns him 'not [to] put it to your ups' but this is exactly what



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the narrator does before ever thinking of working Cornelius.

Never or less this does not change the fact that simply by losing his concentration for a short period also loses the narrators relationship with Cornelius.

In addition, the extract shows how a small amount of time can affect a large amount of time. At the very end of the extract Cornelius exclaims that the narrator has 'destroyed the labour of my life!' This suggests that a long period of time probably years has been spent on the potion and it has been ruined in the short space of the narrators loss of concentration.

~~Therefore~~ It is Cornelius violent reaction ~~that is~~ <sup>as he gripped</sup> at the narrators 'throat' and 'shrieked aloud' that successfully shows how important it is to concentrate on a task.

(Total for Question 4 = 15 marks)

**TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 24 MARKS**



## Script 4B

4 In this extract, there is an attempt to show how important it is to concentrate on a task.

Evaluate how successfully this is achieved.

Support your views with detailed reference to the text.

(15)

The writer starts the extract with a warning from Cornelius telling the narrator to wake him when the Pohn changes colour. The fact that the writer chooses for the warning from Cornelius to be the first thing the reader reads suggests that it is a very precious Pohn that means a lot to Cornelius.

The idea of concentration is portrayed when Cornelius wakes the narrator stay up at night until the Pohn changes colour, the writer makes it seem that if the narrator falls asleep bad things will happen and therefore he must concentrate. The writer achieves this through the words of encouragement from Cornelius such as "you are faithful" and "you are vigilant" this reinforces the ~~fact~~ <sup>point made</sup> that about the Pohn being very important the Cornelius as the writer has him say words of encouragement to the narrator that makes Cornelius come across as desperate as he is trying to persuade the narrator to concentrate or bad things will happen.

The writer also effectively conveys the fact that concentration is important through the use of violence. Once

the narrator drops the pohn he says "I felt Cornelius's grip around my throat" this suggests that if you don't concentrate you may be violently



attacked. This is effectively reinforced when Cornelius exclaims "Wretch! you have destroyed my labour or life" this can possibly scare the reader as Cornelius is being portrayed as violent and scary which again suggests if you don't concentrate bad things will happen to you.

The writer also successfully portrays concentration as important as the text suggests if you don't concentrate you may put others at risk of hurting themselves. This is shown through the narrators words "I had forgotten the medicine" ~~if you don't~~ this may move the reader fear scared for other characters as it can possibly mean that the poison can kill someone.



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## Script 4C

4 In this extract, there is an attempt to show how important it is to concentrate on a task.

Evaluate how successfully this is achieved.

Support your views with detailed reference to the text.

(15)

In this extract, there is an attempt to show how it is important to concentrate on a task. This is shown when 'for a few minutes I watched the vessel ... then my thoughts changed' this shows that he loses lack of concentration of the task he is supposed to be keeping an eye on and because he wasn't watching it he didn't know what was happening and something could have potentially gone wrong. It then leads to 'a bright flash ... I had forgotten to meditate'. This shows the <sup>prospective</sup> reader that because of the lack of sleep shown in the first paragraph lines 2-4 it takes over his mind and puts him in a daze. It is essential to concentrate on a task as something could go wrong or something may occur that's not supposed to. The narrator shows that it's important as he shows the side effects of not concentrating. 'In spite of his anxiety, sleep weighed'. This quotation <sup>exaggerates</sup> shows that because of the anxiety it's not helping and the narrator shows the reader it's important to be ~~at~~ alert for the task. The narrator got distracted for how the potion looked. 'most inviting to the taste' shows that he was still in his own little world and being awake this long wasn't doing him any good. The narrator wasn't that successful in showing the



Importance to concentrate as the reader would have to read in between the lines in order to show the importance. The narrator exaggerates the fact he hasn't had enough sleep and that was obvious to the reader but when showing the importance he may of needed to go into more depth of what you should not, not what you shouldn't. The quotation 'I will I must drink', shows that he really isn't thinking what he is going to do, he has got into this zone and cannot get out of it. His mind is controlling what is happening. The writer develops this idea by suggesting he 'destroyed the labour of my life'. Exaggerating that it has all gone wrong making the reader contemplate on what happened and why the philosopher was so angry. The idea was further shown when he says 'it will cure me of love - of torture'. This word has connotations of he wasn't concentrating he just wanted this cure to work because he didn't want to be tortured much longer. Narrator shows that you have to be up to a task. This is further shown when he says 'it is a philtre ... to cure love' this quotation shows that the narrator wasn't listening when the philosopher was telling him this as the potion was for to love someone and that's not what the narrator needed to happen he wanted to stop loving her and to stop all of the torture. It shows the reader he was tasking in not following the



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the right instructions from the experts.

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(Total for Question 4 = 15 marks)

**TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 24 MARKS**





**SECTION B: Imaginative Writing**

**Answer ONE question. You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.**

**Write your answer in the space provided.**

**EITHER**

**\*5** Look at the images provided.

Write about a time when you, or someone you know, had to work hard on something.

Your response could be real or imagined. You may wish to base your response on one of the images.

*\*Your response will be marked for the accurate and appropriate use of vocabulary, spelling, punctuation and grammar.*

**(Total for Question 5 = 40 marks)**

**OR**

**\*6** Write about a time when you, or someone you know, did something without thinking it through.

Your response could be real or imagined.

*\*Your response will be marked for the accurate and appropriate use of vocabulary, spelling, punctuation and grammar.*

**(Total for Question 6 = 40 marks)**

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One day, it was the Monday 20<sup>th</sup> June 2009, he and my mates came to school. It was a dark, rainy day we all had our exams to do we all had to work really hard to meet our target grades. After all the exams have finished we all met together and we all talked about our exams. One of us said that "I think I did terrible on mine". Later that day, the classroom phone went. They wanted this young girl to go to the headmistress office. You could tell the young girl was scared because her face just went pure white as like a cotton wool. As the young girl got to head-mistress office. The headteacher stood there, ~~big she was as~~ he was as big as an elephant, with massive fingers pointing towards her to the young girl, telling her to enter. The headmistress office was dark as a cave with nails hanging out the wall. The young girl couldn't stop shivering. The head teacher shouted at top of his voice "Do you know why I called you to my office?" The young girl



girl replied in a crying voice 'Noo? Why did you call me here for?' The head teacher was as red as a tomato, he was angry, more than that he was fuming. He called her there because of her exams, the young girl failed them. Headteacher says "You failed your Exams! I'm not happy with you." You could hear the little girl crying she replied 'I did work hard for this I promise.' All the hard work had gone as the little girl failed her exams. The headteacher made her a deal that she has to resit the Exams till she passes them.

A few more months after the young girl went home after school to find a envelope sitting <sup>in her</sup> bedroom. She opended it carefully, incase it was something important. The little girl had to read through the letter a few times to make sure it ~~sank~~ sunked inside her brain. The letter said "Well done, Fiona. You have passed your maths exam. Her face had a tear running down her face.



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sit through happiness. She couldn't believe what she was reading. All her hard work has finally paid off. But the next morning she had the biggest smile on her face. ~~she could~~ but for not long. The headteacher shouted the young girl to his office again. The young girl was ~~s~~ confused because she passed her exam. She arrived to his office and replied "how can I help you?" I've passed my exam." The headteacher couldn't be more angrier what he is know, he says "Well done for passing" in a muttering voice. The young girl only had to sit one more exam, and that was her science CPT (Physics) ~~CPT~~ Physics exam. She was more nervous than ever. Because she couldn't do physics. She kept trying and trying after her 20<sup>th</sup> 20 times of trying ~~is~~ she actually passes the exam. She couldn't believe she actually did it. She was over the moon. The lesson the young girl has ~~is~~ learnt that after all the hard work you don't always pass the first time. You always have to try and try again even if it's not



the best subject you always got to try. If you don't you will never pass or get anywhere. So always work hard and push your self to the best as you can get it. You will never know you might pass it straight away.

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## Script 5B

It was late evening <sup>in</sup> a warm summer me and a few friends were riding around on our bikes just having fun, all of a sudden I heard a huge, loud shatter of glass. I looked across the street and there was ~~one~~ of my friends stood outside of the house across laughing and giggling to himself, we ran over to him and asked "why did you throw a brick at that window, he just ~~to~~ looked at me and said "I wanted to do it" we me and my other friends quickly grabbed him and pulled him down the street as we sprinted off, leaving our bikes behind.

Luckily there was nobody in the house he had smashed the window of or so we thought, we I glanced behind me still dragging Mitch along and saw a man chasing us with a gun. ~~to~~ I shouted for my friends to run faster. ~~to~~ I had a lot of things on my mind at this moment, "where are we going to get shot?" "am I going to die?" I watched behind me as the man got



Closer to us still wielding the gun in the air. I carried on running not looking back anymore as the boom of a gun echoed, as I was running I saw Jon my friend Jonathan fall at the side of me. I slowly grinded to a halt telling Mitch and the others to carry on running the man I looked around to see the man out of sight.

Thankfully the bullet only grazed him, I knew I couldn't call an ambulance because we would get into trouble for smashing a window, although it was Mitch that threw the brick I wouldn't let him get into trouble for it. I wouldn't do that to my best friend.

I promptly wrapped my shirt around Jonathan's arm and pulled him up from the ground and carried on running, then as I turned there he was, the man was running after us again he must have seen Jonathan hurt



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and hid until he knew he was ok. I noticed a gate leading towards the woods I didn't think I just ran towards it and carried on running through the woods hoping the gun wielding man would lose us. I had noticed that he had no I didn't hear the man behind us I stopped and said to Jonathan "I think he's gone" AS we were walking through the forest with no need to run anymore a shadow appeared from the bushes, it was him, I tripped, my heart beating a mile a minute.

He shot Jonathan again but this time he shot him in the stomach I quickly turned to help Jonathan <sup>as he lay</sup> ~~there in pain~~ <sup>out</sup> ~~the point he bled to death~~. I noticed <sup>large</sup> a stone and my first instinct was to pick it up and throw it, it hit the man's eye.

I knew this was my chance to run.



I heard him groaning in pain, me running as fast as I could, I heard him get up and I heard his footsteps running behind me.

I heard a gun another gun shot, I fell to the floor in timer insae agony.

The man jumped on top of me, I knew all I could do now was fight him off, I kicked him and he dropped his gun. I saw it laying on the ground. I tried to fight the ~~to~~ him off but he was too strong I finally gained enough strength to push him off and get the gun.

I grabbed it and pulled the trigger the man screamed in pain I ~~stood~~ <sup>got</sup> up and walked over to him I had shot him in the chest I quickly ran back to where Jonathan was, ~~Jonathan~~ I saw him laying there <sup>holding</sup> covering the wound, at this point I knew he was going to die.



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I held his head in my hands, until he was silent, I held my head in my hands and sobbed. I ran back to where the man was, he was dead, surrounded by a puddle of blood.

What has turned appeared to be a childish act soon turned into a gruesome bloodbath.

A few weeks later and nothing was ever said about the incident again.

**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 40 MARKS**  
**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 64 MARKS**

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## Script 5C

~~Hello, I'm Amy. This is the last thing you need to see or whatever  
and my only good excuse for this is that you know I'm dead.~~

Hello, I'm Amy. No one has heard from me in a while...  
and my only proper good excuse for this would <sup>be</sup> well it  
would be the fact that I'm no longer living, that's  
right... I'm dead. I died a little while back now in 2011, in  
June, I died from a heroine overdose (I know, silly me!)  
But that's not why I'm here, I'm here to tell you about  
~~the~~ the day the best, most greatest thing happened  
to <sup>me</sup> ~~me~~ ~~the best~~, that also happened to be the  
blackest day of my life, and frankly the reason I'm  
dead. If I could go back in time I would, I was  
not thinking straight, I didn't know what I was doing,  
but that's enough of that, I'll get on with the story.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

~~PXXXXXXXXXX~~

Camden, my favorite place in the whole wide world, it  
was no surprise to anyone that after I released my first  
record and made my first lump of cash <sup>I</sup> decided to  
live there. Something about its ~~authenticity~~ <sup>I was</sup> individuality  
mesmerised me, it's like ~~that~~ <sup>I was</sup> in a dream and I never  
wanted to leave.

It was a Friday night, ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~my~~ ~~best~~ ~~Friday~~ was my favorite night because just behind the corner  
from the Camden Markets was the Basement Jaxx,



## Personal

My ~~favorite~~ favorite bar, especially on a Friday. Friday at the Basement Jazz was heaven for me, the bar was a stage for the most incredible Jazz Singers to take to the bars small but brilliant stage to do their thing. My best friend Lucy was not as into Jazz as I was but somehow I managed to persuade her to come down with me every Friday to listen to the ~~music~~ <sup>music</sup> and get completely wasted.

~~Friday~~ Friday the 13th of May it was. Me and Lucy were walking through the market to get to the Basement Jazz, on our way there we confessed to each other that we were never going to get old, we said no matter what every Friday we would go to the bar and dance the night away. She was my best friend. As we approached the bar the bouncer shouted "Amy, Lucy, there here... again!"

I thought to myself everytime, how has he still got the job? It is clear he was high on weed every night. Never the less we ~~were~~ greeted the bouncer and he let us in through the V.I.P entrance. Even though I felt most at home at the Basement Jazz I couldn't help but feel that everyone there looked at me different ever since I got signed to XL recordings, after all there is a plaque on the door that ~~reads~~ <sup>reads</sup> 'If you are signed, go away' but as I have attended



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was bar for quite sometime now i cannot help but feel that the plague excluded me. As me a Lucy entered the center of the club pushing past all the red, sweaty bodies while The Gibbines play there music on the stage I hear a Scream "Amy Winehouse!"

I felt embarrassed, it was a mans scream I could tell. Suddenly ~~Then~~ through all the ~~senses~~ dancing bodies I saw a man approach me, he was much taller so I looked up.

"Well, well, well" he said with authority. "Look who we have here" he said as he looked around at his entourage while Moxy chuckled and grinded. "It's only bloody Amy Winehouse" he exclaimed. I looked up at him he had a Ralph Lauren polo on and a black hat, he was very well dressed - I thought to myself. And you are? - I replied. "The names Blake, Blake Fielder" he said proudly. "I'm the ~~the~~ owner of this place". A sudden excitement hit ~~struck~~ me, I became very excited.

"Hey, Amy what about you come with me?" I was so ~~memorized~~ mesmerized by his power I followed him. He lead me backstage where it ~~He~~ was a bit more quiet, "tell me Amy have you ever had heroine?" he curiously asked. I replied the only way I could, No! no I haven't. He looked down at me almost like he was



ashamed in me. <sup>5</sup>

"Tell me. May I hold you like this?" Blake said.

I nodded. He took my hand and led me outside  
to through the ~~the~~ fire door.

"Let's go back to mine" he said. I nodded once again  
and off we went.

~~And went to the story of how my mom~~  
~~Blake~~ to.



S 5 0 4 6 6 A 0 1 3 1 4

## SECTION B: Imaginative Writing

**Answer ONE question. You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.**

**Write your answer in the space provided.**

**EITHER**

\*5 Look at the images provided.

Write about a time when you, or someone you know, had to work hard on something.

Your response could be real or imagined. You may wish to base your response on one of the images.

*\*Your response will be marked for the accurate and appropriate use of vocabulary, spelling, punctuation and grammar.*

**(Total for Question 5 = 40 marks)**

**OR**

\*6 Write about a time when you, or someone you know, did something without thinking it through.

Your response could be real or imagined.

*\*Your response will be marked for the accurate and appropriate use of vocabulary, spelling, punctuation and grammar.*

**(Total for Question 6 = 40 marks)**

- 1: New flute piece
- 2: Trying , working all day  
but nothing's working
- 3: Concert next week and  
getting more agitated
- 4: Meet a famous player  
teaches me better way  
to play
- 5: Concert goes well
- 6: ~~etc~~



Swan lake. My new challenge that I had to accomplish in 2 to weeks before my concert. It was a piece everyone new for its gracefulness, its gentleness but most importantly the sense of passion behind the notes ~~play~~ being played. That was what I didn't have- a sense of passion that set me unique from any other flutist. I needed the notes to sing rather than to be played, and I needed <sup>my fingers to glide over</sup> the keys to glide rather than ~~try~~ for them to simply move. But but how?

I had been playing for 6 years and was just about to complete my grade 8 exam. But somehow, despite all my supposed experience, I simply didn't sound as good as I knew I should. That night I practised for 1 hour, trying to make the notes echo through the entire house, but instead all I heard was a quiet, muffled, <sup>indescribable</sup> sound. The next night 2 hours = the same. The next night 3, and so it went on, my sound playing seeming to be going getting worse.



~~Falling down instead of  
down a spiral of stairs rather than  
jumping and managing to fly.~~

Just 1 week to go and still no improvement. I had attempted everything imaginable to ~~watched~~ the movie, listened, practice but nothing seemed to help. I could even see my teacher's everlasting smile beginning to fade. All my confidence and excitement to play began to become ~~disintegrated~~ and <sup>seem</sup> dull. Only All hope was lost.

The next day, I stumbled into school, completely disinterested and uninterested about everything. I was rushed off to an assembly in the ~~auditorium~~ and I promptly sat down and ~~sat~~ in a corner at the back of the hall. ~~All I remember~~ <sup>we were</sup> introduced to a musician. <sup>Mr Lorridon</sup> As I heard the heard the teacher say she was tell us she was a flutist and I slouched back and tried to forget about <sup>all</sup> the troubles I was having with block squiggles awaiting me at home. Then something incredible happened. The guest began describing his experiences playing the flute. His story was almost

the same as what I was facing right now, it was as if he had read my mind! I only remember one thing he said that day: "The passion isn't from your head, or your fingers, or ~~your~~ it comes from within you and when you are a true ~~musician~~ you allow your love for music overwhelm you and take control. <sup>not only</sup> That is when you allow yourself to become a true musician, but to become a ~~musician~~ with complete passion and the best player you can possibly be."

Those words stuck with me not only for the concert, but for the rest of my life. As I stood on stage, in front of the seemingly endless audience I felt my hands shaking slightly. I took a deep breathe and allowed the piece to take over me. I was intoxicated by the sound, and soon the audience were as well. I could almost hear the swan gliding over the water as my notes sung like sweet angels. The soft echo of my notes gently to stroked ~~peep~~ the audience's ears and I could see tears picking



their eyes. Still I played each note sounding stronger, my breathe lasting longer and my body in complete control of what I was playing. As the piece came to an end I was delighted to hear clapping from all around me. I've never had another day where I was so happy ~~before~~ delighted. I remembered the words I had been told earlier that week; I was ~~now~~ a true musician. ~~The words~~ ~~that~~ The simple words Mr Lorrison had ~~said~~ stayed with me forever. They ~~had been~~ <sup>were</sup> the words that showed me, not only music, anything could be truly accomplished if you allowed yourself to become utterly devoted to it and let it become part of who you are.



Write your name here	
Centre Number	
Candidate Number	
Pearson Edexcel	
Level 1/Level 2 GCSE (9–1)	
<h1>English Language</h1> <h2>Paper 1: Fiction and Imaginative Writing</h2>	
Specimen Papers (Set 2) for first teaching September 2015 <b>Time: 1 hour 45 minutes</b>	Paper Reference <b>1EN0/01</b>
<b>You must have:</b> Reading Text Insert	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.
- Answer **all** questions.
- You should spend about 1 hour on Section A.
- You should spend about 45 minutes on 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 use of vocabulary, spelling, punctuation and grammar, as well as the clarity of expression.*

### Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ►

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PEARSON

**SECTION A: Reading**

Read the text in the Reading Text Insert provided and answer **ALL** questions.

You should spend about 1 hour on this section.

Write your answers in the spaces provided.

1 From lines 7–9, identify a phrase which describes what happens to the colour of the liquid when it changes.

It will turn white, and then emit golden  
flashes

(Total for Question 1 = 1 mark)

2 From lines 1–10, give **two** ways tiredness affected Cornelius.

You may use your own words or quotations from the text.

1 Again and again it stole his senses

2 Sleep weighted upon his eyelids

(Total for Question 2 = 2 marks)



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3 In lines 14–25, how does the writer use language and structure to show the narrator's feelings about Bertha?

Support your views with reference to the text.

The writer conveys the image that the narrator has jealous feelings towards Bertha by using language and structure. The phrase "dwelt on a thousand ~~the~~<sup>charming</sup> senses never to be renewed - never!" gives the reader the impression that he was deeply in love with Bertha through the use of the adjective "charming". The narrator then describes Bertha as a "False girl! False and cruel!" which suggests that while the narrator and Bertha were together, she showed him false love. The narrator then goes on to say she is a "worthless, ~~detested~~<sup>detested</sup> woman!" which puts further emphasis on the feelings of jealousy. Structurally, the writer uses the recurring motif of jealousy, accompanied by repetition of words from the semantic field of anger, with words like "detested" and "vengance". The writer repeatedly uses exclamation marks to emphasise the feelings, evoking sympathy from the reader.

(Total for Question 3 = 6 marks)



S 5 0 4 6 6 A 0 3 1 4

4 In this extract, there is an attempt to show how important it is to concentrate on a task.

Evaluate how successfully this is achieved.

Support your views with detailed reference to the text.

(15)

The writer of this extract effectively conveys the image of concentration throughout the extract. In paragraph 1, this most provenant as Cornelius has not slept "for three days and nights". This ~~gives~~ <sup>effectively</sup> gives the impression that in order for Cornelius to make sure that the "philtre" was correctly formulated concentration on it was of paramount importance. The idea of importance later occurs in the same paragraph when Cornelius asks the rhetorical question "will another night pass before the work is accomplished?" The use of the rhetorical question suggests that he is concentrating so hard on his potion that he wishes for it to be finished. This ~~shows~~ <sup>ng</sup> shows that Cornelius may be concentrating too much on his potion that he is causing himself harm, although if he wants to



ensure that he does it correctly he must concentrate heavily.

In the second paragraph, the narrator loses concentration following Cornelius revealing that his potion is "a philtre ~~that~~ to cure love". As a result of this the narrator starts thinking about memories he has of Bertha. Prior to this Cornelius also asks the narrator "to awaken me [the moment it begins to change colour]". This means that instead of concentrating on love, ~~he~~ should be concentrating on the potion.

~~This~~ This definitely shows that concentration should be prioritised even if it is something important or close to your heart, in this case the narrator ~~does~~ does not prioritise and instead focuses on his own thoughts.

In third paragraph, the narrator realises he should have been concentrating on the potion rather



S 5 0 4 6 6 A 0 5 1 4

than himself. As his attention is instantaneously brought back to the potion by "a bright flash before [his] eyes. The narrator then realises he should have concentrated on the potion, as he does not awake Cornelius to tell him, which is a result of him not concentrating on the potion. Thus showing that regardless of what is on your mind you should concentrate.

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(Total for Question 4 = 15 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 24 MARKS



**SECTION B: Imaginative Writing**

**Answer ONE question. You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.**

**Write your answer in the space provided.**

**EITHER**

**\*5** Look at the images provided.

Write about a time when you, or someone you know, had to work hard on something.

Your response could be real or imagined. You may wish to base your response on one of the images.

*\*Your response will be marked for the accurate and appropriate use of vocabulary, spelling, punctuation and grammar.*

**(Total for Question 5 = 40 marks)**

**OR**

**\*6** Write about a time when you, or someone you know, did something without thinking it through.

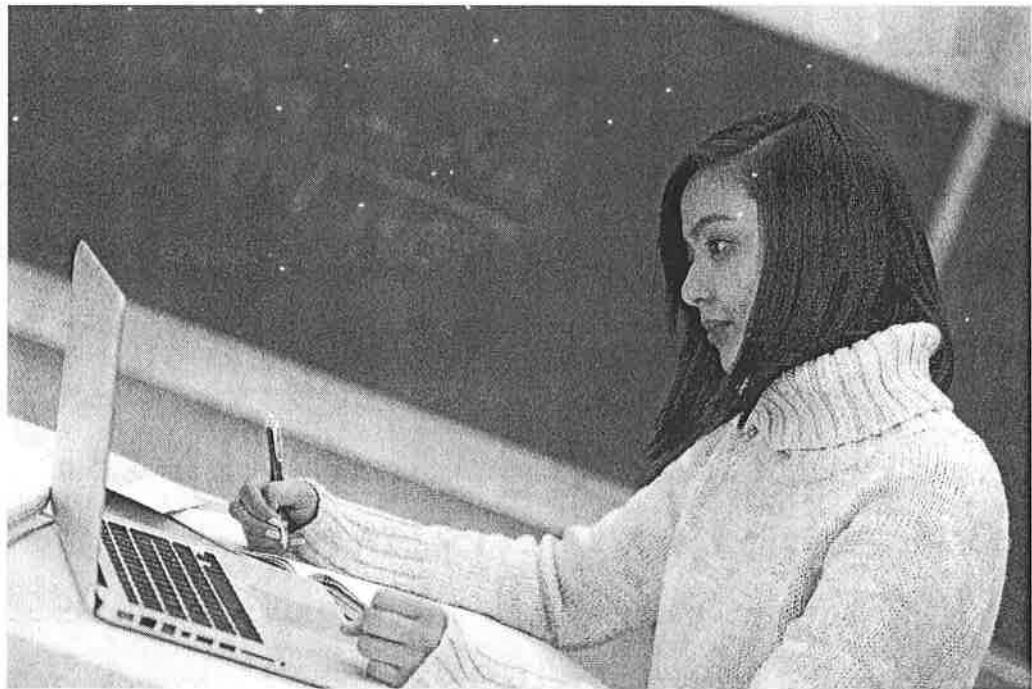
Your response could be real or imagined.

*\*Your response will be marked for the accurate and appropriate use of vocabulary, spelling, punctuation and grammar.*

**(Total for Question 6 = 40 marks)**



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9

Turn over ►

As a coach, and a well respected one at that, you had to motivate your team and support them regardless.

That was hammered home to me not too long ago. The day had started off relatively well, it was a match day, so I had to be up and ready in good time. If I'm perfectly honest, it was more like a military training ~~drill~~ on a match day. As the coach for the county's hockey team, you had to be optimistic. Always.

I got into my car, nothing special, it was only a ~~xxxxxx~~ BMW 530d. The ride was smooth and it performed well, I turned on my music and set off. Little did I realise it would be the day from hell. I arrived at the astroturf pitch on time (as ever) and began to set up for a handful of pre-match training drills, before everyone



arrived.

Then it was time for the match, I had faith in the team, I didn't put any more pressure on them, what with this being a cup final, they were under enough pressure already.

The opposition were French, I knew the coach, albeit vaguely. I did the sportsman-like duty and went over to him to wish him all the best. My French was not entirely accurate but I tried my best.

"Bonjour," I said cheerily "ca va?"

"Good thank you." he replied, it was in that ~~awk~~<sup>kw</sup>ard, yet ~~somet~~<sup>how</sup> comedic, accent you arrive at when a frenchman tries to speak English.

"Good luck." I responded, whilst trying not to snigger.

"You too", he answered in the same cheery tone I had opened the conversation with.



S 5 0 4 6 6 A 0 1 1 1 4

The umpire blew his whistle and the game started, <sup>and</sup> instantaneously, they scored. I was in both shock and awe simultaneously, what on earth had just happened? As a result we had won the next kick off and tried to attack. We didn't. We were tackled and then out manouvered, which resulted in other goal to the French. It was like *de ja vu*. This happened repeatedly for the rest of the entire 35 minute half.

It got to half time and I held one of my somewhat famed tactical team talks. I knew there was one player I had to speak to individually, however, and that was Dino. Dino's brother Marino played for England's national hockey team and his sister Elena played for the country's women's hockey team. We had decided to play a ~~high~~ <sup>in</sup> high pressure style ~~in~~ in the second half. We would



mark their players and push forward, we were ~~3~~ seven ~~1~~ goals down. I knew we could do it.

~~3~~ We had reduced the deficit to a mere two goals with 15 minutes to go. The clock was counting down, and we needed a miracle and with another goal scored and the difference now a single goal that miracle happened. There were ~~3~~ five minutes remaining and the French striker got a green card, meaning he was off the pitch for ~~3~~ five minutes.

The French defence had been caught completely bewildered and we scored, the points were now equal, all we needed to do was make sure we didn't concede. The ~~3~~ umpire blew his whistle which signified full time. We had to go to penalties.

We tossed a coin to see who'd go



S 5 0 4 6 6 A 0 1 3 1 4

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first, and it was us. Both sides nominated a player to take the penalties, and I nominated Dino.

Both sides scored their penalties, until the French missed their penalty. Dino stepped up to the spot and hit the ball, he had beaten the keeper and annihilated the back of the net. We had won, all thanks to ~~the~~ Dino.

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**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 40 MARKS**  
**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 64 MARKS**

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<h1>English Language</h1> <h2>Paper 1: Fiction and Imaginative Writing</h2>									
Specimen Papers (Set 2) for first teaching September 2015 <b>Time: 1 hour 45 minutes</b>					Paper Reference <b>1EN0/01</b>				
You must have: Reading Text Insert					Total Marks				

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- You should spend about 45 minutes on Section B.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
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- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ➤

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PEARSON

**SECTION A: Reading**

Read the text in the Reading Text Insert provided and answer **ALL** questions.

You should spend about 1 hour on this section.

Write your answers in the spaces provided.

1 From lines 7–9, identify a phrase which describes what happens to the colour of the liquid when it changes.

"It will turn white" and then emit golden flashes"

(Total for Question 1 = 1 mark)

2 From lines 1–10, give **two** ways tiredness affected Cornelius.

You may use your own words or quotations from the text.

1 "it stole away his senses" suggesting he cannot focus or concentrate because of tiredness.

2 "Sleep weighted upon his eyelids" showing he is so tired he cannot keep his eyes open.

(Total for Question 2 = 2 marks)



3 In lines 14–25, how does the writer use language and structure to show the narrator's feelings about Bertha?

Support your views with reference to the text.

The author shows the narrator has very strong negative feelings towards Bertha. He calls her a "False girl!" using an exclamation mark to show the strength and passion of his feelings. The word "false" has connotations of deception and lies and suggests that the ~~is~~ narrator feels betrayed by Bertha. Furthermore, the writer exaggerates this emotion by repeating the word 'false' within the same sentence. The fact this is a minor sentence with no verbs makes it seem as if it is a stream of consciousness the narrator is powerless to control or stop.

The writer also uses another short minor sentence "Worthless, detested woman!" to imply that the ~~is~~ narrator is almost spitting out these words, especially as they have sibilant hissing sounds in the middle of the adjectives. Perhaps the writer has ~~been~~ used these sounds to enhance the metaphor of "serpents and adders" that reside in the narrator's heart when he thinks of Bertha. The use of these creatures implies that his heart has been poisoned with hate for Bertha, especially as 'adders' are venomous. Furthermore, the use of 'serpent' links to the "false\* girl" phrase as serpents, according to the table, are duplicitous creatures.

(Total for Question 3 = 6 marks)



S 5 0 4 6 6 A 0 3 1 4

4 In this extract, there is an attempt to show how important it is to concentrate on a task.

Evaluate how successfully this is achieved.

Support your views with detailed reference to the text.

(15)

In this extract, the writer clearly shows the importance of concentrating on a task in a number of different ways.

Firstly, the writer effectively conveys the diligence of the philosopher who "had not closed his eyes" for "three days and nights," implying that vigilance and patience are essential virtues when concentrating. Furthermore, the battle with tiredness that the writer ~~ex~~ conveys shows how important this task is to Cornelius. Even though he is exhausted, the writer shows that Cornelius "did not quite yield" to sleep until he had given <sup>all</sup> his instructions to the narrator. The tripartite of imperatives - "do not touch... do not put... beware to drink!" exaggerates the idea that the writer is trying to show to the reader: that concentration is essential when undertaking such an important task.

This is a highly effective opening as it not only conveys the importance of concentrating on the task itself but also sets up the idea that being trusted to concentrate on a task is also an important aspect.



The narrator's loss of concentration, effectively shown in paragraph two by the exclamatory sentences, results in him forgetting the medicine. The fact that it only takes one paragraph for the narrator to forget the instructions of Cornelius shows how easily one can lose concentration, therefore reinforcing the importance of focusing on the task you have been given.

The writer exaggerates the consequences of losing concentration by showing that the ~~rest~~ narrator has gone from being a "faithful" and "vigilant" boy to a "wretch" all because he has failed to concentrate ~~on~~ on a task. He also deceives his master, perhaps showing he has become as false as Bertha, a hated individual. The writer may have used this idea to present the notion that failing to concentrate on a task will have dire consequences for our reputations.

Although the task at the beginning of the extract appears to have taken an exceptionally long time, the writer contrasts this with the speed of the change to emphasise how important it is to concentrate fully on a task. The fact that a "bright flash darted" before the narrator's eyes effectively

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suggests that the ~~assistant~~ narrator's brief lapse in concentration is all it takes to miss the warning signs of the liquid turning white.

Furthermore, his lapse of concentration results in the philosopher's work being "destroyed" suggesting it has been utterly and irrevocably damaged. This theme of destruction is an effective way of conveying the importance of concentrating on a task in a similar way to the theme of trust; without concentration there are dire consequences.

Finally, the writer shows the event of the liquid smashing as a key indicator of the importance of concentrating on a task. The narrator is so focused on drinking the liquid that he "started" when the philosopher "stirred". This quite gentle description implies that the narrator is easily shocked and frightened because he is not concentrating on his surroundings.

Furthermore, the writer implies that had the philosopher concentrated on the task himself he would not have been "totally ~~unaware~~" of his assistant's actions, nor would he have been deceived by him, emphasising the need to concentrate.

(Total for Question 4 = 15 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 24 MARKS



### SECTION B: Imaginative Writing

Answer ONE question. You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write your answer in the space provided.

**EITHER**

\*5 Look at the images provided.

Write about a time when you, or someone you know, had to work hard on something.

Your response could be real or imagined. You may wish to base your response on one of the images.

*\*Your response will be marked for the accurate and appropriate use of vocabulary, spelling, punctuation and grammar.*

(Total for Question 5 = 40 marks)

**OR**

\*6 Write about a time when you, or someone you know, did something without thinking it through.

Your response could be real or imagined.

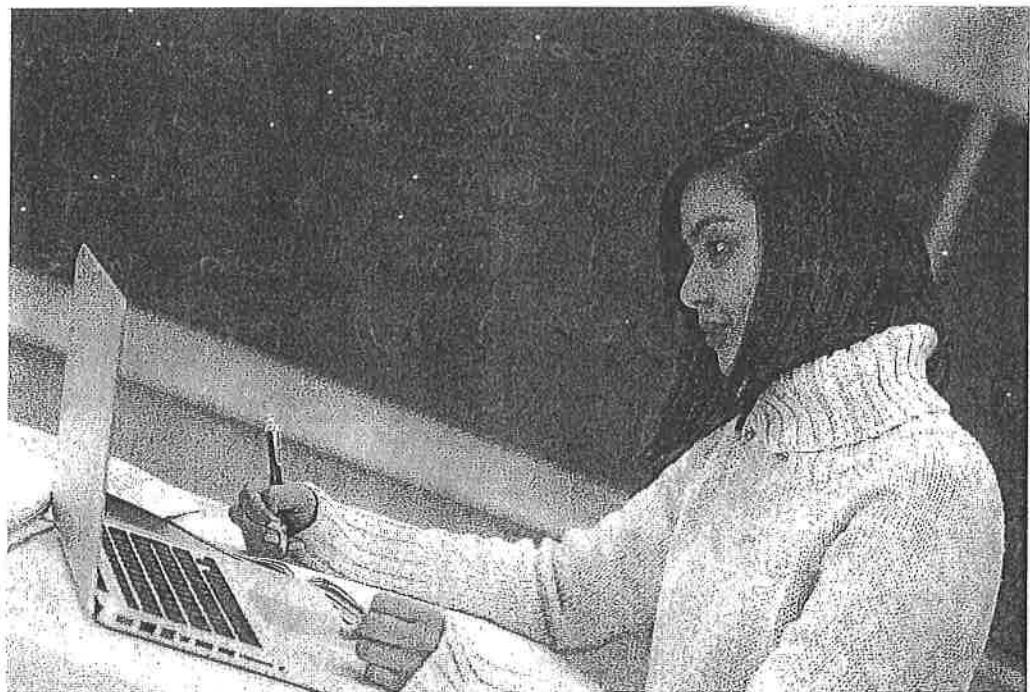
*\*Your response will be marked for the accurate and appropriate use of vocabulary, spelling, punctuation and grammar.*

(Total for Question 6 = 40 marks)

Stunt bike - dazed, broken  
 disappointment  
 no safety gear - build up  
 tension  
 brakes / tyres / frame  
 hindsight



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Do your parents go on about hindsight?  
 Mine do! They are always saying, "In hindsight, we should have gone to Benidorm;" "In hindsight, we shouldn't have let Barney off the lead;" "In hindsight blah blah blah!" I once asked them what they meant. At the time, I didn't really get it but I do ~~now~~ now. Oh yes! Now I can appreciate the benefits of hindsight ~~too~~.

You see, if I'd had hindsight, I never would have accepted Billy's ~~mean~~ challenge.

It was a pretty nice ~~3~~ Sunday morning when Billy and I went out on our bikes for a ride. It had been ~~sun~~ raining all week and we'd both been stuck indoors, bored senseless and miserable, but on that morning, the sun decided to show its face.

Maybe if it hadn't been quite so bright or quite so warm I'd have remembered all the rain and thought more about what I was doing. But I didn't. The warmth of the sun and the joy of being outside completely pushed all thoughts like that out of my head.

We cycled for about an hour, off the



estate and up into the neighbouring woods. It wasn't long before we were bunny-hopping over tree roots and skidding in puddles, plastering each other in mud and generally having a great time.

"Left or right, Jack?" shouted Billy, just ahead of me on a narrow part of the track.

Now, with hindsight, I know I should have said left and gone down the gentle slope that would have taken us past the allotments and back home. I know I should have picked up on the challenge and mischief in Billy's voice and realised what he was up to. I know all this now but, of course, at the time I didn't think about any of that. I didn't really think at all.

"Right!" I yelled, and we sped down the narrow track and then, using all the speed and strength we had, powered up the hill to the top of Monk's Hill.

For those of you that don't know,



S 5 0 4 6 6 A 0 1 1 1 4

Monk's Hill is steep, and I mean REALLY steep. From the top, you imagine that you can see the whole town but of course, you can't. The ~~the~~ forest is fairly thick and the canopy blocks out any chance of sunlight getting through. On the ground, the roots of trees lie like the limbs of the dead, poking out randomly, concealed by the gloom.

Breathing heavily, I looked over at Billy and caught the glint of danger in his eyes. I laughed. I knew what he was going to say. "Giant slalom?" he questioned. The air of challenge just daring me to chicken out. We'd been playing ~~giant~~ Giant Slalom for years, threading through the trees making whoshing noises, but we'd never done it up here. I looked down the hill. Without thinking about the consequences, the weather or ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> slightly dodgy left brake cable, I shouted, "Race you!" and set off down the hill.

I'm sure you can imagine what happened.



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One of the roots, those rotting corpse-like limbs, took me by surprise and shoved my front wheel hard to the left. Without any chance to register the damage, I then felt my back wheel start to drift and the next second, I was catapulted off my bike and into a nearby tree.

To be fair, I probably would have been fine if we weren't racing; if I hadn't been travelling as fast as I could; if I had ~~remembered~~ thought to tie my shoe lace. But I was racing and I was travelling as fast as I could and I didn't think to tie my shoe lace and so I was definitely not fine!

As I was launched into the air towards the tree, my lace caught in the chain and hauled my bike along with me, trapping my leg beneath it. I fell awkwardly, arms splayed, left leg flying, right leg caught and buckling. Billy said he heard the bone snap when I landed but I didn't. The last thing I heard was the crunch as my head hit the tree.



S 5 0 4 6 6 A 0 1 3 1 4

After that, the next thing I heard was my mum whispering to my dad. "He just doesn't think things through," she muttered, tears clouding her voice.

Don't you just hate it when mums are always right!

**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 40 MARKS  
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 64 MARKS**

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