

Pearson Edexcel Level 1/Level 2 GCSE (9–1)

**Sample assessment material for first assessment
June 2022**

Time: 1 hour 55 minutes

Paper Reference **1EN2/02**

English Language 2.0

Paper 2: Contemporary Texts

Source Booklet

Do not return this Booklet with the question paper.

Advice

- Read the texts before answering the questions in Section A of the Question Paper.

Turn over ►

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SECTION A

Reading

Read Text 1 (fiction) below and then answer Questions 1–2 on the Question Paper.

In this extract from a novel, Peter, a doctor in a psychiatric prison in the 1950s, is visiting Stella, who has been moved to part of the prison where prisoners have more freedom. Peter wants Stella to talk about what happened with her son Charlie.

Downstairs they were allowed to wear their own clothes. This made a big difference to Stella. I remarked on it as soon as I saw her. She was in a dark skirt and an elegant cream blouse with a high neck and an attractive brooch pinned to the breast. She was slower and more deliberate in all her movements and expressions now, there was a quality of stillness to her that rather dramatically heightened the effect of her beauty, which had always tended to the stately. She thanked me warmly for having her transferred; she was aware that most patients spent far longer on the admissions ward than she had. I waved away her gratitude.

5

‘I couldn’t see that it would serve any useful purpose keeping you up there,’ I said.

She was watching me carefully. I had come to the ward and she’d taken me to her new room. It was larger than her room upstairs, it had no bars on the window and no grille on the door. There was a rug on the floor by the bed, a table and chair, and a cupboard for her clothes. It was the sort of room you’d give a senior girl at a boarding school.

10

‘No photographs?’ I said. ‘No knick-knacks, nothing personal?’

‘No,’ she said quietly. I was on the bed, she was on the chair facing me. She noticed the change in my attitude towards her, a friendliness I hadn’t shown her when she was upstairs. The brisk, detached, inquiring tone had been abandoned. She felt I had made myself properly available to her again as a friend and not merely as a doctor. She didn’t try to exploit it, this new warmth, not yet, for she didn’t do anything spontaneously now.

15

‘Would you like to talk about Charlie?’ I said.

20

This was difficult now. She gazed at me silently for a moment.

‘No, Peter,’ she said at last, ‘I don’t think so. Not yet.’

‘Why not?’

‘Too painful.’

I nodded. ‘Do you think about him much?’

25

A small ironic laugh. ‘Do I think about anything else?’

I nodded again. ‘We will have to talk about it soon. I want to give you time.’

‘I know that. Thank you.’

Once more I waved away her gratitude.

Read Text 2 (non-fiction) below and answer Questions 3–4 on the Question Paper.

In this extract from his memoir, Bryan Stevenson, an African American lawyer, remembers one of the first times he visited a prison in the early 1980s.

The visitation room was twenty feet square with a few stools bolted to the floor. Everything in the room was made of metal and secured. In front of the stools, wire mesh ran from a small ledge up to a ceiling twelve feet high. The room was an empty cage until I walked into it. For family visits, inmates and visitors had to be on opposite sides of the mesh interior wall; they spoke to one another through the wires of the mesh. Legal visits, on the other hand, were “contact visits” – the two of us would be on the same side of the room to permit more privacy. The room was small and, although I knew it couldn’t be true, it felt like it was getting smaller by the second. I began worrying again about my lack of preparation. I’d scheduled to meet with the client for one hour, but I wasn’t sure how I’d fill even fifteen minutes with what I knew. I sat down on one of the stools and waited. After fifteen minutes of growing anxiety, I finally heard the clanging of chains on the other side of the door. 5 10

The man who walked in seemed even more nervous than I was. He glanced at me, his face screwed up in a worried wince, and he quickly averted his gaze when I looked back. He didn’t move far from the room’s entrance, as if he didn’t really want to enter the visitation room. He was a young, neatly groomed African American man with short hair – clean-shaven, medium frame and build – wearing bright, clean prison whites. He looked immediately familiar to me, like everyone I’d grown up with, friends from school, people I played sports or music with, someone I’d talk to on the street about the weather. The guard slowly unchained him, removing his handcuffs and the shackles around his ankles, and then locked eyes with me and told me I had one hour. The officer seemed to sense that both the prisoner and I were nervous and to take some pleasure in our discomfort, grinning at me before turning on his heel and leaving the room. The metal door banged loudly behind him and reverberated through the small space. 15 20

The condemned man didn’t come any closer, and I didn’t know what else to do, so I walked over and offered him my hand. He shook it cautiously. We sat down and he spoke first. 25

“I’m Henry,” he said.

“I’m very sorry” were the first words I blurted out. Despite my preparations and rehearsed remarks, I couldn’t stop myself from apologising repeatedly. 30