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

Time 1 hour 55 minutes	Paper reference	<b>1EN2/01</b>
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**English Language 2.0**

**PAPER 1: Non-Fiction Texts**

<b>You must have:</b> Source Booklet (enclosed)	Total Marks <input style="width: 100px; height: 40px;" type="text"/>
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### 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 in Section A and **ONE** in Section B.
- You should spend about 1 hour 10 minutes 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 80.
- 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 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 ►



## SECTION A

### Reading

Read Text 1 below and then answer Questions 1–3 on the Question Paper.

*This extract is from a newspaper article written in 1877, which is about scientific discoveries and the exciting invention of the telephone.*

#### The Telephone

The discovery has come happily just at the time when there had arisen a dreary feeling



that we had arrived at the end of original discoveries, and had nothing to do but work out our old ones. It is true we have been penetrating continents, sounding<sup>1</sup> the deep sea, hunting matter down to molecules, finding perfume in filth, dyes in dirt, and food in refuse.

5

It is also true that the annual catalogue of new facts in Science has been stated to amount to a thick, closely printed volume. But these are

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not matters that concern everybody, at least directly. They do not revolutionise the world.

What the Telephone promises is hardly short of this. There is no reason why a man should not hold a conversation with a son at the Antipodes<sup>2</sup>, distinguish his voice, hear his breathing, and, if the instrument be applied as a stethoscope, hear his heart's throb. Next to seeing—nay, rather than seeing—what would parents give to hear the very voice, the familiar laugh, the favourite song, of the child long separated by a solid mass 8,000 miles in diameter?

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The telescope is only a prolongation of the eye, and the Telephone is only a second ear.

#### Glossary

<sup>1</sup>*sounding* – the action of measuring the depth of a body of water

<sup>2</sup>*Antipodes* – Australia and New Zealand

**Read Text 2 below and answer Questions 4–6 on the Question Paper.**

*In this extract adapted from a magazine article written in 1898, the writer presents his ideas about how a new type of telephone (The Pleasure Telephone) could benefit people.*

**The Pleasure Telephone**

It is probable that before the dawn of the twentieth century the telephone will be a quite indispensable element in English social life. But it will be a much more comprehensive and effective instrument than the telephone as we know it at present, and the likelihood is that it will be fitted in our houses just as gas and electricity is now. It will be so cheap that not to have it would be absurd, and it will be so entertaining and useful that it will make life happier all round, and bring the pleasures of society to the doors of the worker's cottage. 5

That, indeed, will be the unique feature of the Pleasure Telephone. It will make millions merry who have never been merry before, and will democratise<sup>1</sup>, if we may so write, many of the social luxuries of the rich. Those who object to the environment of the stage will be able to enjoy the theatre at home, and the fashionable concert will be looked forward to as eagerly by the poor as by their wealthy neighbours. The humblest cottage will be in immediate contact with the city, and the 'private wire' will make all classes connected. 10

The new telephone is to be brought to London, and at the present moment arrangements are being made for its installation in the Metropolis. 15

Though the telephone is likely to effect immense changes, and will no doubt create something like a sensation when introduced into this country, its installation is really a very simple thing. Indeed, the whole transmission of the Pleasure Telephone—carrying business and pleasure into the homes of thousands, and making next-door neighbours, as it were, of strangers who have never met—will be conducted in one single room by one single man. The power of the telephone is said to be enormous, and the inventor has declared that it would be possible with its aid for one man's voice to be heard simultaneously by the whole six million inhabitants of London. All that is necessary is a central office, from which the whole of London—if not the whole of England—might be supplied with a constant flow of news and pleasure all day long. 20 25

The subscriber has only to put down his receivers and wait a few minutes for the local news, or the theatrical, art, or science notices. Next come the latest foreign, provincial, and sporting information, and all kinds of society and political matter. And this news not only comes with extraordinary promptness, but it is brought to one's own fireside, without the trouble of running into the street for the paper. 30

But the name of the telephone—its full description is the 'News and Entertainment Telephone'—implies that the instrument is not monopolised by news. Perhaps the most popular feature of it is its connection with the theatres, concert halls, and the hundred and one other places of amusement in the city. 35

**Glossary**

<sup>1</sup>*democratise* – make (something) accessible to everyone

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

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.

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## SECTION A

### Reading

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

*In this edited extract from his autobiography, David Millar, a successful British cyclist who worked for one of the top racing teams in world cycling, describes his experience competing in a cycle race in Spain.*

When you take on a lone attack in professional racing, you have to commit and show utter conviction. There are no half measures.

So I changed up through the gears, used the power of my bodyweight to crush the pedals and attacked with everything I had. My body, screaming at me to stop, was overruled.

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After about 30 seconds of effort, I looked under my arm and saw that nobody was following me. I switched into time trial mode, controlling my power so that I could continue for the next quarter of an hour, until a decent gap formed and hopefully an elite group of riders, capable of sharing the pace, were bridging up to me.

The reality was that my attack backfired. Everybody was so wrecked and so happy to see me go that they relaxed. Only two other riders, two of the strongest French pros, broke free. But I knew that however hard we rode, three of us were not going to get to Barcelona ahead of a pursuing peloton<sup>1</sup>.

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Behind us, the peloton regrouped. One by one the riders, dropped during those crazy 30 minutes on the corniche<sup>2</sup>, reattached themselves to the back of an ever-growing bunch. They would take a breather, snack on something, have a drink, talk tactics. Once rested, tactical decisions would be made based on the race situation.

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All our efforts would probably be for nothing, yet at the same time we were live on television, our sponsors and the world were watching, and we were now under obligation to race. So we had to plough on. But we were in an attack with close to zero chances of success. I was furious with my impetuosity, angry for allowing my emotions to lead me into such a hopeless situation.

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The gap came down to two minutes and it began to rain. Now my confidence ebbed away. I started to drop behind on the descents and in the corners. For some reason, my ability to handle my bike on the slippery Catalan coastal roads had deserted me. I prayed the peloton would reel us in and put us out of our misery rather than prolonging the agony.

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But cycling plays with the mind. One moment you can be in a pit of despair, the next, spirits lifted by some barely perceptible positive sensation, buoyed by optimism. 30 kilometres from Barca, the rain started to fall more heavily than it had all day, and as the downpour intensified, I began to feel replenished.

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### Glossary

<sup>1</sup>*peloton* – the main group of riders in a race

<sup>2</sup>*corniche* – a road cut into the side of a cliff

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

*In this edited extract from a novel, a racing driver called Clerfayt is taking part in a motor race in Italy. At this point in the race, Clerfayt is closing in on his main competitor, Duval.*

The car roared off. Careful, Clerfayt thought, don't strain the motor! The stands were flashes of colour and whiteness and light; then there was only the road, the blazing blue sky, and the spot on the horizon that must be dust and Duval with his car.

The stretch climbed for four hundred yards. The mountain range of the Madonie, citrus orchards, the flickering silver of olive groves, curves, hairpin turns, flying road gravel, the hot breath of the motor, burning feet, an insect that slammed like a bullet into his glasses, cactus hedges, rising and descending curves, cliffs, rubble, mile after mile; then, grey and brown, the old fortress city of Caltavuturo, dust, more dust, and suddenly a spiderlike insect: a car. 5

Clerfayt was faster on the curves. Bit by bit, he gained ground. Ten minutes later, he recognised the car; it had to be Duval. 10

The cars raced along close together. Clerfayt waited tensely until the road began climbing in sweeping curves, where he could see ahead. He knew that a broad curve was coming along soon. Duval took it wide on the outside, to prevent Clerfayt from passing him on the right and to cut across the middle of the curve. Clerfayt had counted on that; he cut the curve in front of Duval, shooting past him on the inside. The car skidded, but he caught it; surprised, Duval slowed for just a second, and Clerfayt was past. 15

Seconds later, the road plunged down once more from the height of Polizzi, dropped in curve upon curve, and the car with it. Shifting, shifting – on this course, the one who shifted best would win. Down it went into the valley and immediately thereafter up again into a lunar landscape, then down again, like a giant swing, until near Collesano the palms began anew, the flowers, the greenness, and the sea. At Campofelice came the only straight stretch of the race – five miles of it along the beach. 20

In the next round, the car began to dance.

Clerfayt caught it, but the rear wheels skidded on him again; he fought it with the steering wheel, then a curve appeared ahead of him, dotted with people like a country baker's cake with flies. The car was still out of control, skidding and thumping. Clerfayt shifted on the short stretch that still remained before the curve. He stepped on the gas, but the car jerked his arms around. He felt a tearing at his shoulder; the curve swelled gigantically into the glistening sky; the number of people tripled, and they, too, swelled, they, too, became giants, till it seemed impossible to avoid them. 25 30