

**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**