

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

Thursday 23 May 2024 – Morning

Time: 1 hour 45 minutes

Insert Booklet

**DO NOT RETURN THIS BOOKLET
WITH THE QUESTION PAPER.**

ADVICE

Read the text before answering the questions in Section A of the question paper.

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Read the text below and answer Questions 1–4 on the Question Paper.

In this extract, Hester is looking for Rosamond, a little girl who is lost in the snow at night. Rosamond has been led away into the hills by a strange and ghostly child. Hester is Rosamond's old nursemaid who has cared for her since her mother's death.

**The Old Nurse's Story:
Elizabeth Gaskell**

frost-begotten* – sleep caused by the intense cold

warming-pan – like a hot water bottle, to warm the bed**

lammie* – a term of affection meaning 'my little lamb'**

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

The Old Nurse's Story continued.

I ran out. I turned the east corner
and there a black shadow fell on the
snow; but when I came again into
the moonlight, there were the little
footmarks going up – up to the Fells. 5
It was bitter cold; so cold, that the air
almost took the skin off my face as I
ran; but I ran on, crying to think how
my poor little darling must be perished
and frightened. I was within sight of 10
the holly-trees, when I saw a shepherd
coming down the hill, bearing something
in his arms wrapped in his cloak. He
shouted to me, and asked me if I had
lost a child; and, when I could not speak 15
for crying, he bore towards me, and I
saw my wee one, lying still, and white,
and stiff in his arms, as if she had been
dead. He told me he had been up the
Fells to gather in his sheep, before the 20
deep cold of night came on, and that
under the holly-trees (black marks on
the hill-side, where no other bush was

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

The Old Nurse's Story continued.

for miles around) he had found my little
 lady – my lamb – my queen – my darling 25
 – stiff and cold in the terrible sleep
 which is frost-begotten*.

Oh! the joy and the tears of having her
 in my arms once again for I would not
 let him carry her; but took her, cloak and 30
 all, into my own arms, and held her near
 my own warm neck and heart, and felt
 the life stealing slowly back again into
 her little gentle limbs. But she was still
 insensible when we reached the hall, 35
 and I had no breath for speech. We went
 in by the kitchen-door.

“Bring the warming-pan**,” said I;
 and I carried her upstairs, and began
 undressing her by the nursery fire. I 40
 called my little lammie*** all the sweet
 and playful names I could think of, –
 even while my eyes were blinded by
 my tears; and at last, oh! at length she
 opened her large blue eyes. Then I put 45
 (continued on the next page) Turn over

The Old Nurse's Story continued.

her into her warm bed and I made up my mind to sit by my darling's bedside the live-long night. She fell away into a soft sleep as soon as her pretty head had touched the pillow, and I watched by her till morning light; when she wakened up bright and clear – or so I thought at first – and, my dears, so I think now. 50

She said she saw the snow through the high window falling – falling – soft and steady; but she wanted to see it lying pretty and white on the ground; so she made her way into the great hall: and then, going to the window, she saw it bright and soft upon the drive; but while she stood there, she saw a little girl, not so old as she was, “but so pretty,” said my darling; “and this little girl beckoned to me to come out; and oh, she was so pretty and so sweet, I could not choose but go.” And then this other little girl had taken her by the hand, and side by side the two had gone. 55 60 65

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

The Old Nurse's Story continued.

“Now you are a naughty little girl, and telling stories,” said I. “What would your good mamma, who never told a story in her life, say to her little Rosamond, if she heard her telling stories!”

**“Indeed, Hester,” sobbed out my child,
“I’m telling you true. Indeed I am.”** **75**

“Don’t tell me!” said I, very stern. “I tracked you by your foot-marks through the snow; there were only yours to be seen: and if you had had a little girl to go hand-in-hand with you up the hill, don’t you think the footprints would have gone along with yours?”

“I can’t help it, dear, dear Hester,” said she, crying, “if they did not; I never looked at her feet, but she held my hand fast and tight in her little one, and it was very, very cold.”

Turn over

Question 5 – Image 1

A black and white photograph shows a child climbing on a ladder leading into a dark, deep, vertical hole in the ground.



Turn over

Question 5 – Image 2

A black and white photograph shows a laboratory or study, reminiscent of magic or sorcery. A large open book is floating in the centre of the picture, there are words covering the pages. Around it, there are wisps of white smoke in the air.

(continued on the next page)



ACKNOWLEDGEMENT:

The Old Nurse's Story, Elizabeth Gaskell, 1852, from The Project Gutenberg EBook of Curious, if True, <https://www.gutenberg.org/files/24879/24879-h/24879-h.htm> (Work is out of copyright.)

Question 5

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Image 2: © Dina Belenko Photography / Getty Images