

**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**

**Monday 4 November 2019 – Morning**

**Time: 1 hour 45 minutes plus your additional  
time allowance**

## **READING TEXT INSERT BOOKLET**

**DO NOT RETURN THIS READING  
TEXT INSERT BOOKLET WITH THE  
QUESTION PAPER**

### **ADVICE TO CANDIDATES**

- **Read the texts 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 Miss Margaret Hale is  
visiting Mr. Thornton, a mill owner.  
A dangerous and angry mob of poor  
workers marches to the mill demanding  
higher wages. Mr. Thornton has sent for  
soldiers to break up the crowd.**

**NORTH AND SOUTH:  
ELIZABETH GASKELL**

**‘Had you not better go upstairs,  
Miss Hale?’**

**Margaret’s lips formed a ‘No!’—but he  
could not hear her speak, for the tramp  
of innumerable steps right under the very 5  
wall of the house, and the fierce growl  
of low deep angry voices that had a  
ferocious murmur of satisfaction in them,  
more dreadful than their baffled cries not  
many minutes before. 10**

**(Continues on next page)**

**(Turn over)**

**‘Never mind!’ said he, thinking to encourage her. ‘I am very sorry you should have been entrapped into all this alarm; but it cannot last long now; a few minutes more, and the soldiers will be here.’** 15

**‘Oh, God!’ cried Margaret, suddenly; ‘there is Boucher. I know his face, though he is livid with rage,—he is fighting to get to the front—look! look!’** 20

**‘Who is Boucher?’ asked Mr. Thornton, coolly, and coming close to the window to discover the man in whom Margaret took such an interest. As soon as they saw Mr. Thornton, they set up a yell,—to call it not human is nothing,—it was as the demonic desire of some terrible wild beast for the food that is withheld from his ravening\*. Even he drew back for a moment, dismayed at the intensity of hatred he had provoked.** 25 30

**(Continues on next page)**

**(Turn over)**

**‘Let them yell!’ said he. ‘In five minutes more—. Keep up your courage for five minutes, Miss Hale.’**

**‘Don’t be afraid for me,’ she said hastily. 35**  
**‘But what in five minutes? Can you do**  
**nothing to soothe these poor creatures?**  
**It is awful to see them.’**

**‘The soldiers will be here directly, and 40**  
**that will bring them to reason.’**

**‘To reason!’ said Margaret, quickly. ‘What**  
**kind of reason?’**

**‘The only reason that does with men that**  
**make themselves into wild beasts. By**  
**heaven! they’ve turned to the mill-door!’ 45**

**(Continues on next page)**

**‘Mr. Thornton,’ said Margaret, shaking all over with her passion, ‘go down this instant, if you are not a coward. Go down and face them like a man. Speak to your workmen as if they were human beings. Speak to them kindly. Don’t let the soldiers come in and cut down poor creatures who are driven mad. I see one there who is. If you have any courage or noble quality in you, go out and speak to them, man to man.’**

**50**  
**55**

**He turned and looked at her while she spoke. A dark cloud came over his face while he listened. He set his teeth as he heard her words.**

**60**

**‘I will go. Perhaps I may ask you to accompany me downstairs, and bar the door behind me; my mother and sister will need that protection.’**

**‘Oh! Mr. Thornton! I do not know—I may be wrong—only—’**

**65**

**(Continues on next page)**

**(Turn over)**

But he was gone; he was downstairs  
 in the hall; he had unbarred the front  
 door; all she could do, was to follow him  
 quickly, and fasten it behind him, and 70  
 clamber up the stairs again with a sick  
 heart and a dizzy head. Again she took  
 her place by the farthest window. He  
 was on the steps below; she saw that  
 by the direction of a thousand angry 75  
 eyes; but she could neither see nor hear  
 anything save the savage satisfaction of  
 the rolling angry murmur. She threw the  
 window wide open. Many in the crowd  
 were mere boys; cruel and thoughtless,— 80  
 cruel because they were thoughtless;  
 some were men, gaunt\*\* as wolves, and  
 mad for prey. She knew how it was; they  
 were like Boucher, with starving children  
 at home—relying on ultimate success 85  
 in their efforts to get higher wages, and  
 enraged beyond measure at discovering  
 that men were to be brought in to rob  
 their little ones of bread. Margaret knew  
 it all; she read it in Boucher's face, 90  
 forlornly desperate and livid with rage.

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(Turn over)

If Mr. Thornton would but say something to them—let them hear his voice only—it seemed as if it would be better than this wild beating and raging against the stony silence.

95

ravening\* – violently hunting for food  
gaunt\*\* – very thin, especially because of sickness or hunger