

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**

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(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

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(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 that will bring them to reason.’ 40

‘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

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‘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.’

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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.

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‘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—’

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(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.

(Continues on next page)

(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.

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