

Paper Reference(s) 1EN0/01

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

English Language

PAPER 1: Fiction and Imaginative Writing

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

Reading Text Booklet

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

ADVICE

**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, Sir Michael Audley, a rich baronet*, has just asked Lucy to marry him. He has fallen in love with her, despite the fact that she comes from a poorer background and is much younger than him. He wants her to marry him for love, not for his wealth and his place in society.

**Lady Audley's Secret:
Mary Elizabeth Braddon**

She did not remove her gaze from the darkening countryside, but for some moments was quite silent. Then turning to him, with a sudden passion in her manner, that lighted up her face with a new and wonderful beauty which the baronet perceived even in the growing twilight, she fell on her knees at his feet.

5

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

**“No, Lucy; no, no!” he cried,
vehemently**, “not here, not here!” 10**

**“Yes, here, here,” she said, the strange
passion which agitated her making her
voice sound shrill and piercing—not
loud, but distinct; “here and nowhere
else. How good you are—how noble and 15
how generous! Love you! Why, there are
women a hundred times my superiors in
beauty and in goodness who might love
you dearly; but you ask too much of me!
Remember what my life has been; only 20
remember that! From my very babyhood
I have never seen anything but poverty.
My father was a gentleman: clever,
accomplished, handsome—but poor—
and what a pitiful wretch poverty made 25
of him! My mother—But do not let me
speak of her. Poverty—poverty, trials,
vexations***, humiliations, deprivations.
You cannot tell; you, who are among
those for whom life is so smooth and 30
easy, you can never guess what is
endured by such as we. Do not ask too**

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

much of me, then. I cannot be
 disinterested; I cannot be blind to the
 advantages of such a marriage. I cannot, 35
 I cannot!”

Beyond her agitation and her passionate
 vehemence, there is an undefined
 something in her manner which fills the
 baronet with a vague alarm. She is still 40
 on the ground at his feet, crouching
 rather than kneeling, her thin white
 dress clinging about her, her pale hair
 streaming over her shoulders, her
 great blue eyes glittering in the dusk, 45
 and her hands clutching at the black
 ribbon about her throat, as if it had been
 strangling her. “Don’t ask too much of
 me,” she kept repeating; “I have been
 selfish from my babyhood.” 50

“Lucy—Lucy, speak plainly. Do you
 dislike me?”

“Dislike you? No—no!”

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

“But is there anyone else whom you love?”

55

**She laughed aloud at his question.
“I do not love anyone in the world,”
she answered.**

**He was glad of her reply; and yet that
and the strange laugh jarred upon
his feelings. He was silent for some
moments, and then said, with a kind
of effort:**

60

**“Well, Lucy, I will not ask too much
of you. I dare say I am a romantic old
fool; but if you do not dislike me, and if
you do not love any one else, I see no
reason why we should not make a very
happy couple. Is it a bargain, Lucy?”**

65

“Yes.”

70

**The baronet lifted her in his arms and
kissed her once upon the forehead,**

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

then quietly bidding her good-night, he walked straight out of the house.

He walked straight out of the house, 75
 this foolish old man, because
 there was some strong emotion at
 work in his breast—neither joy nor
 triumph, but something almost akin
 to disappointment—some stifled and 80
 unsatisfied longing which lay heavy and
 dull at his heart, as if he had carried
 a corpse in his bosom. He carried the
 corpse of that hope which had died
 at the sound of Lucy's words. All the 85
 doubts and fears and timid aspirations
 were ended now. He must be contented,
 like other men of his age, to be married
 for his fortune and his position.

Lucy Graham went slowly up the stairs 90
 to her little room at the top of the house.
 She placed her dim candle on the chest
 of drawers, and seated herself on the
 edge of the white bed, still and white as
 the draperies hanging around her. 95

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

“No more dependence, no more drudgery, no more humiliations,” she said; “every trace of the old life melted away—every clue to identity buried and forgotten—except these, except these.” 100

She had never taken her left hand from the black ribbon at her throat. She drew it from her bosom, as she spoke, and looked at the object attached to it.

**It was neither a locket, a miniature, nor 105
a cross; it was a ring wrapped in an oblong piece of paper—the paper partly written, partly printed, yellow with age, and crumpled with much folding.**

baronet* – a title, like a lord, indicating he is rich and is a man with a high position in society

vehemently – said with passion and intensity**

vexations* – worries**

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