

Paper Reference(s) 1EN0/01
Pearson Edexcel Level 1/Level 2 GCSE (9–1)

English Language
PAPER 1: Fiction and Imaginative Writing

Time: 1 hour 45 minutes

Reading Text Insert

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

ADVICE

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

Contents

Page

4–11 Text for Questions 1–4

12–14 Images for use with Question 6

**Read the text on pages 4 to 11
and answer Questions 1–4 on the
Question Paper.**

**In this extract a man is walking across
the Utah Salt Flats, a desert area in
America; he has no food or water and
without these it seems there is little
hope of survival.**

(continued on the next page)

lustre* – a gentle sheen or soft glow

gaunt** – excessively thin, angular
and bony

decrepit*** – worn out or ruined

A Study in Scarlet: Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

His face was lean and haggard, and the brown parchment-like skin was drawn tightly over the projecting bones; his long, brown hair and beard were all flecked and dashed with white; his eyes were sunken in his head, and burned with an unnatural lustre*; while the hand which grasped his rifle was hardly more fleshy than that of a skeleton.

5

(continued on the next page)

As he stood, he leaned upon his 10
weapon for support, and yet his tall
figure and the massive framework of his
bones suggested a wiry and vigorous
constitution. His gaunt** face, however,
and his clothes, which hung so baggily 15
over his shrivelled limbs, proclaimed
what it was that gave him that senile
and decrepit*** appearance. The man
was dying — dying from hunger and
from thirst. 20

(continued on the next page)

He had journeyed painfully down the
 ravine, and on to this little elevation, in
 the vain hope of seeing some signs of
 water. Now the great salt plain stretched
 before his eyes, and the distant belt 25
 of savage mountains, without a sign
 anywhere of plant or tree, which might
 indicate the presence of moisture. In all
 that broad landscape there was no gleam
 of hope. North, and east, and west he 30
 looked with wild questioning eyes, and
 then he realised that his wanderings had
 come to an end, and that there, on that
 barren crag, he was about to die. "Why
 not here, as well as in a feather bed, 35
 twenty years hence," he muttered, as he
 seated himself in the shelter of a boulder.

(continued on the next page)

Before sitting down, he had deposited
upon the ground his useless rifle, and
also a large bundle tied up in a grey 40
shawl, which he had carried slung over
his right shoulder. It appeared to be
somewhat too heavy for his strength,
for in lowering it, it came down on
the ground with some little violence. 45
Instantly there broke from the grey parcel
a little moaning cry, and from it there
protruded a small, scared face, with
very bright brown eyes, and two little
speckled, dimpled fists. 50

“You’ve hurt me!” said a childish
voice reproachfully.

(continued on the next page)

“Have I though,” the man answered, “I
 didn’t mean to do it.” As he spoke he
 unwrapped the grey shawl and extricated 55
 a pretty little girl of about five years
 of age, whose dainty shoes and smart
 pink frock with its little linen apron all
 bespoke a mother’s care. The child was
 pale and wan, but her healthy arms and 60
 legs showed that she had suffered less
 than her companion.

“How is it now?” he answered anxiously,
 for she was still rubbing the golden curls
 which covered the back of her head. 65

“Kiss it and make it well,” she said, with
 perfect gravity, shoving the injured part
 up to him. “That’s what mother used to
 do. Where’s mother?”

“Mother’s gone. I guess you’ll see her 70
 before long.”

(continued on the next page)

“Gone, eh!” said the little girl. “Funny, she didn’t say good-bye; she ‘most always did if she was just goin’ over to Auntie’s for tea, and now she’s been away three days. Say, it’s awful dry, ain’t it? Ain’t there no water, nor nothing to eat?” 75

“No, there ain’t nothing, dearie. You’ll just need to be patient awhile, and then you’ll be all right. Put your head up against me like that, and then you’ll feel better. It ain’t easy to talk when your lips is like leather, but I guess I’d best let you know how the cards lie.” 80 85

(continued on the next page)

The man's eyes were fixed upon the northern horizon. In the blue vault of the heaven there had appeared three little specks which increased in size every moment, so rapidly did they approach. 90
They speedily resolved themselves into three large brown birds, which circled over the heads of the two wanderers, and then settled upon some rocks which overlooked them. They were buzzards, 95
the vultures of the west, whose coming is the forerunner of death.

Images for use with Question 6

IMAGE 1

The photograph shows a group of young people walking in the hills with rock climbing gear.

IMAGE 2

The photograph shows two children playing in a cardboard box, pretending to be pirates.

(continued on the next page)

6 continued.

IMAGE 1



(continued on the next page)

Turn over

6 continued.

IMAGE 2



ACKNOWLEDGEMENT:

A Study in Scarlet, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, 1887, from <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/244/244-h/244-h.htm> (Work is out of copyright.)

Question 6

Image 1: Photofusion/Contributor

Image 2: 10'000 Hours/Getty Images