

Paper Reference(s) 1EN2/02
Pearson Edexcel Level 1 / Level 2 GCSE (9-1)

English Language 2.0
PAPER 2: Contemporary Texts

Time: 1 hour 55 minutes

Source Booklet

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

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SECTION A

Reading

Read Text 1 (non-fiction) below and then answer Questions 1–2 on the Question Paper.

In this edited extract from his autobiography, David Millar, a successful British cyclist who worked for one of the top racing teams in world cycling, describes his experience competing in a cycle race in Spain.

When you take on a lone attack in professional racing, you have to commit and show utter conviction. There are no half measures.

So I changed up through the gears, used the power of my bodyweight to crush the pedals and attacked with everything I had. My body, screaming at me to stop, was overruled. 5

After about 30 seconds of effort, I looked under my arm and saw that nobody was following me. I switched into time trial mode, controlling my power so that I could continue for the next quarter of an hour, until a decent gap formed and hopefully an elite group of riders, capable of sharing the pace, were bridging up to me. 10

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The reality was that my attack backfired. Everybody was so wrecked and so happy to see me go that they relaxed. Only two other riders, two of the strongest French pros, broke free. But I knew that however hard we rode, three of us were not going to get to Barcelona ahead of a pursuing peloton¹. 15

Behind us, the peloton regrouped. One by one the riders, dropped during those crazy 30 minutes on the corniche², reattached themselves to the back of an ever-growing bunch. They would take a breather, snack on something, have a drink, talk tactics. Once rested, tactical decisions would be made based on the race situation. 20 25

All our efforts would probably be for nothing, yet at the same time we were live on television, our sponsors and the world were watching, and we were now under obligation to race. So we had to plough on. But we were in an attack with close to zero chances of success. I was furious with my impetuosity, angry for allowing my emotions to lead me into such a hopeless situation. 30

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The gap came down to two minutes and it began to rain. Now my confidence ebbed away. I started to drop behind on the descents and in the corners. For some reason, my ability to handle my bike on the slippery Catalan coastal roads had deserted me. I prayed the peloton would reel us in and put us out of our misery rather than prolonging the agony.

But cycling plays with the mind. One moment you can be in a pit of despair, the next, spirits lifted by some barely perceptible positive sensation, buoyed by optimism. 30 kilometres from Barca, the rain started to fall more heavily than it had all day, and as the downpour intensified, I began to feel replenished.

GLOSSARY

¹**peloton** – the main group of riders in a race

²**corniche** – a road cut into the side of a cliff

Extract for Question 2

All our efforts would probably be for nothing, yet at the same time we were live on television, our sponsors and the world were watching, and we were now under obligation to race. So we had to plough on. But we were in an attack with close to zero chances of success. I was furious with my impetuosity, angry for allowing my emotions to lead me into such a hopeless situation.

The gap came down to two minutes and it began to rain. Now my confidence ebbed away. I started to drop behind on the descents and in the corners. For some reason my ability to handle my bike on the slippery Catalan coastal roads had deserted me. I prayed the peloton would reel us in and put us out of our misery rather than prolonging the agony.

Read Text 2 (fiction) below and answer Questions 3–4 on the Question Paper.

In this edited extract from a novel, a racing driver called Clerfayt is taking part in a motor race in Italy. At this point in the race, Clerfayt is closing in on his main competitor, Duval.

The car roared off. Careful, Clerfayt thought, don't strain the motor! The stands were flashes of colour and whiteness and light; then there was only the road, the blazing blue sky, and the spot on the horizon that must be dust and Duval with his car.

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The stretch climbed for four hundred yards. The mountain range of the Madonie, citrus orchards, the flickering silver of olive groves, curves, hairpin turns, flying road gravel, the hot breath of the motor, burning feet, an insect that slammed like a bullet into his glasses, cactus hedges, rising and descending curves, cliffs, rubble, mile after mile; then, grey and brown, the old fortress city of Caltavuturo, dust, more dust, and suddenly a spiderlike insect: a car.

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Clerfayt was faster on the curves. Bit by bit, he gained ground. Ten minutes later, he recognised the car; it had to be Duval.

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The cars raced along close together. Clerfayt waited tensely until the road began climbing in sweeping curves, where he could see ahead. He knew that a broad curve was coming along soon. Duval took it wide on the outside, to prevent Clerfayt from passing him on the right and to cut across the middle of the curve. Clerfayt had counted on that; he cut the curve in front of Duval, shooting past him on the inside. The car skidded, but he caught it; surprised, Duval slowed for just a second, and Clerfayt was past.

Seconds later, the road plunged down once more from the height of Polizzi, dropped in curve upon curve, and the car with it. Shifting, shifting – on this course, the one who shifted best would win. Down it went into the valley and immediately thereafter up again into a lunar landscape, then down again, like a giant swing, until near Collesano the palms began anew, the flowers, the greenness, and the sea. At Campofelice came the only straight stretch of the race – five miles of it along the beach.

In the next round, the car began to dance.

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Clerfayt caught it, but the rear wheels skidded on him again; he fought it with the steering wheel, then a curve appeared ahead of him, dotted with people like a country baker's cake with flies. The car was still out of control, skidding and thumping. Clerfayt shifted on the short stretch that still remained before the curve.

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He stepped on the gas, but the car jerked his arms around. He felt a tearing at his shoulder; the curve swelled gigantically into the glistening sky; the number of people tripled, and they, too, swelled, they, too, became giants, till it seemed impossible to avoid them.

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SOURCE INFORMATION

Total text word count: 859 words

Text 1: extract taken from ‘Racing Through the Dark: The Fall and Rise of David Millar’, David Millar in collaboration with Jeremy White, Orion Publishing Group Limited 2009

Text 2: extract taken from ‘Heaven has no Favourites’, Erich Maria Remarque, Random House, V3/1 1961