

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

**English Language 2.0**  
**PAPER 2: Contemporary Texts**

**Thursday 6 June 2024 – Morning**

**Time: 1 hour 55 minutes**

**Source Booklet**

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

## **ADVICE**

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

## **CONTENTS**

### **Page**

<b>3–6</b>	<b>Text 1 (Section A)</b>
<b>7–11</b>	<b>Text 2 (Section A)</b>
<b>12</b>	<b>Image 1 (Section B)</b>
<b>13</b>	<b>Image 2 (Section B)</b>

## SECTION A

### Reading

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

**In this edited extract from a fantasy novel, the hobbit Sam helps carry his friend Frodo up Mount Doom.**

**They had reached the Mountain's foot on its northern side, and a little to the westward; there its long grey slopes, though broken, were not sheer. Frodo did not speak, and so Sam struggled on as best he could, having no guidance but the will to climb as high as might be before his strength gave out and his will broke.**

**5**

**(continued on the next page)**

**Text 1 continued.**

On he toiled, up and up, turning this 10  
way and that to lessen the slope, often  
stumbling forward, and at the last  
crawling like a snail with a heavy burden  
on its back. When his will could drive  
him no further, and his limbs gave way, 15  
he stopped and laid Frodo gently down.

Frodo opened his eyes and drew  
a breath.

‘Thank you, Sam,’ he said in a cracked  
whisper. ‘How far is there to go?’ 20

‘I don’t know,’ said Sam, ‘because I don’t  
know where we’re going.’

He looked back, and then he looked  
up; and he was amazed to see how  
far his last effort had brought him. 25  
The Mountain standing ominous and  
alone had looked taller than it was.  
The confused and tumbled shoulders

(continued on the next page)

Turn over



**Text 1 continued.**

of its great base rose for maybe  
three thousand feet above the plain, 30  
and above them was reared half as high  
again its tall central cone, like a vast  
chimney capped with a jagged crater.

As he looked up he would have given  
a shout, for amid the rugged humps 35  
above him he saw plainly a path or road.  
It climbed from the west and wound  
snakelike about the Mountain, until it  
reached the foot of the cone upon its  
eastern side. 40

A gleam of hope returned to him. They  
might conquer the Mountain yet. 'Why, it  
might have been put there a-purpose!' he  
said to himself.

Sam drew a deep breath. There was a 45  
path, but how he was to get up the slope  
to it he did not know. Suddenly a sense  
of urgency which he did not understand

**(continued on the next page)**

**Turn over**

**Text 1 continued.**

came to Sam. It was almost as if he had  
been called: 'Now, now, or it will be too 50  
late!' He braced himself and got up.  
Frodo also seemed to have felt the call.  
He struggled to his knees. 'I'll crawl,  
Sam,' he gasped.

So foot by foot, like small grey insects, 55  
they crept up the slope. They came to  
the path and found that it was broad,  
paved with broken rubble and beaten  
ash. After climbing eastward for some  
time it bent back upon itself at a sharp 60  
angle and went westward. There at the  
bend it was cut deep through a crag  
of old weathered stone once long ago  
vomited from the Mountain's furnaces.

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

**This is an edited extract from the writer's account of his survival after a plane crash in the Andes Mountains of South America. After months of waiting to be rescued, the writer and some of his friends decide to try to climb to safety, leaving the other survivors at the camp.**

## **GLOSSARY**

**<sup>1</sup> altimeter – an instrument for measuring altitude or height**

**<sup>2</sup> pirouetting – a fast turning of the body on the toes, performed usually by ballerinas**

**We waved one last time and then began to climb.**

**(continued on the next page)**

**Turn over**

**Text 2 continued.**

We did not know that the altimeter<sup>1</sup> was wrong; the crash site wasn't at 7,000 feet, as we thought, but close to 12,000. Nor did we know that the mountain we were about to challenge was one of the highest in the Andes, soaring to the height of nearly 17,000 feet, with slopes so steep and difficult they would test a team of expert climbers.

The three of us were climbing in street clothes, with only the crude tools we could fashion out of materials salvaged from the plane. Our bodies were ravaged from months of exhaustion, starvation and exposure. If we had known anything about climbing, we'd have seen we were already doomed. Luckily, we knew nothing: our ignorance provided our only chance.

(continued on the next page)

**Text 2 continued.**

The incline of the mountain grew steadily sharper, and soon we reached slopes that were too steep and windblown to hold deep drifts of snow. The mountain fell away so steeply behind me now that when I looked down on Tintin and Roberto, I saw only their heads and shoulders outlined against the empty sky. Turning to look behind me was like pirouetting<sup>2</sup> on the ledge of a skyscraper. 25 30

“Do you still think we can make it by nightfall?” asked Roberto. He was looking at the summit. I shrugged. “We should look for a place to set up camp.” 35

Huddled together in the sleeping bag, we kept ourselves from freezing, but still we suffered terribly. In the morning we placed our frozen shoes in the sun and rested in the bag until they thawed. Then, after eating and packing our things, we began to climb. 40

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

**Text 2 continued.**

**How we continued to climb, I cannot say. 45**  
**I was shivering uncontrollably from cold**  
**and fatigue. My body was on the verge**  
**of complete collapse. Roberto was sullen**  
**that night as we lay in the sleeping bag.**

**“We will die if we keep climbing,” he 50**  
**said. “The mountain is too high.”**

**“What can we do but climb?” I asked.**

**It was an agonising process, inching 55**  
**up the mountain, and the hours passed**  
**slowly. Sometime in late morning I**  
**spotted blue sky above a ridgeline and**  
**worked my way towards it. After so**  
**many false summits, I had learned to**  
**keep my hopes in check, but this time,**  
**as I climbed over the ridge’s edge, the 60**  
**slope fell away flat and I found myself**  
**standing on a gloomy hump of rock and**  
**wind-scoured snow. It dawned on me**

**(continued on the next page)**

**Turn over**

**Text 2 continued.**

**slowly that there was no more mountain  
above me.**

65

**I had reached the top.**

## IMAGE ONE







**IMAGE TWO**

## **SOURCE INFORMATION:**

**Total text word count: 874**

**Text 1: extract taken from ‘The Lord of the Rings’, JRR Tolkien, 1968. HarperCollins**

**Text 2: extract taken from ‘Miracle in the Andes’, Nando Parrado. 2006. Orion Books**

**Image 1**

**(© Yogysic / Getty Images)**

**Image 2**

**(© Pipat Wongsawang / Getty Images)**