

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.

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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.

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(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Text 1 continued.

On he toiled, up and up, turning this 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, he stopped and laid Frodo gently down.

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Frodo opened his eyes and drew a breath.

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

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‘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. The Mountain standing ominous and alone had looked taller than it was. The confused and tumbled shoulders

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(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
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.**

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**So foot by foot, like small grey insects,
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
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.**

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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

¹altimeter – an instrument for measuring altitude or height

²pirouetting – 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 altimeter¹ 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.

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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.

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(continued on the next page)

Turn over

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 pirouetting² 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

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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
up the mountain, and the hours passed
slowly. Sometime in late morning I 55
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)**