

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

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

**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 extract from a short story, an ageing boxer called Tully decides he wants to have one more go at winning a world title. While training at a gym, he meets a young boxer called Ernie.**

### **GLOSSARY**

**morose<sup>1</sup> – glum or moody**

**callow<sup>2</sup> – inexperienced or immature**

**(continued on the next page)**

Wearing pale-blue trunks and a grey T-shirt, he went silently down a corridor on soft leather soles toward the sound of a furiously punched bag. When Tully entered the room at the end of the corridor, a tall, lean, sweating youth glanced up, took a final swing at the bag and sat down on a bench amid a disarray of barbells on the cracked concrete floor. There was no one else in the room.

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Tully swung his arms, rolled his neck, squatted, and rose in alarm at a loud pop in his knee, conscious all the while of the boy's stillness. After his violent activity at the bag, he now sat motionless on the bench, looking at the wall. It was the attitude of one wishing to repel attention, and so, perversely, Tully invited him to box, though he himself had come here only to punch the bag.

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The boy rose then, quickly and gloomily.  
 "You a pro?"

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Tully could see he was looking at his brows. “I was. I’m all out of shape now. We’ll just fool around easy, and I can show you a few things, okay? I won’t hit you hard.” 25

His face morose<sup>1</sup>, the boy went off to check out the gloves. Tully continued his warm-up and was breathing heavily by the time the other returned. They pulled on the gloves in silence and entered the ring. When Tully reached out to touch gloves, the boy sprang warily away. Smiling tolerantly, Tully pursued him. After that he felt only desperation because everything happened so quickly: smashes on his nose, jolts against his mouth and eyes, the long body eluding him, bounding unbelievably about the ring while Tully, flinching and covering, tried to set himself to counter. In sudden rage he lunged, swinging like a street fighter, and his leg buckled. Hissing with pain, he began hopping around the ring. 30 35 40 45

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

**That was how it ended. Bent over, kneading a pulled calf muscle, his face contorted, Tully asked between clenched teeth: “What’s your name, anyway?”**

**The boy remained at the far side of the ring. “Ernie Munger.”** 50

**The boy’s shoulders were broad, his chest flat and hairless, his waist narrow, his arms and legs long and slender, and looking at his face, Tully regretted that he had not had a chance to hit it squarely. It was well formed and callow<sup>2</sup>, the forehead wide and high, the nose prominent. In the ceiling, a ventilator laboured in vain against the odours of sweat and soap and musty athletic clothes.** 55 60

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

**In this extract from a newspaper article, reporter Jane Cornwall visits and trains at a Muay Thai (kick boxing) gym in an area of Thailand famous for the sport.**

## **GLOSSARY**

**liniment<sup>1</sup> – an oil-based liquid used to help relax muscles**

**main drag<sup>2</sup> – main street**

**(continued on the next page)**



In a stadium smelling of peppermint  
 liniment<sup>1</sup>, along the main drag<sup>2</sup> in  
 Patong, two young women wearing  
 boxing gloves, ornate headdresses and  
 eye-catching vests and shorts climb 5  
 under the ropes and circle the ring,  
 pausing to bow at each corner. A quartet  
 on oboe, drums and cymbals strikes up  
 a keening rhythm from the stands as one  
 of the pair, a diminutive Thai, performs 10  
 an elaborate war dance; the other fighter,  
 pale-skinned, red-haired, stares into  
 the middle distance, waiting for the bell  
 to ping.

When it does, all bets – and the 15  
 headdresses – are off.

“Go Rhona!” we bellow as the Scot we’re  
 here to support powers in with a barrage  
 of kicks and punches, some of which  
 land on her opponent, who fires back 20  
 with a knee strike and a double elbow  
 chop that leaves the farang (foreigner) a  
 little shaky on her feet. After five rounds,

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

with the music screeching at fever pitch,  
 the Thai is declared the winner, and the 25  
 next fight, between a pair of tattooed  
 dudes in high-cut boxers, gets underway.

Most tourists come to Thailand for sun  
 and sightseeing. Not me. Like Rhona (24,  
 from Glasgow), I have come to practise 30  
 the ancient combat sport of Muay Thai,  
 or Thai boxing. Involving clinches as  
 well as stand-up strikes, it's an art that  
 was once fought by military armed with  
 rope-wrapped fists and a philosophy that 35  
 "eight limbs" (delivered via punches,  
 kicks, elbows and knee strikes) were  
 infinitely better than a measly pair of  
 hands. Unlike Rhona, I've no plans to  
 fight competitively, which is just as well; 40  
 sitting in the raucous Galaxy stadium,  
 I'm hit by the profound realisation that if I  
 ever got in a ring I'd be toast.

(continued on the next page)

My two-week stint at Sumalee – a British-owned gym located half an hour's drive from Patong in the island's untouristy middle, where people like Rhona go to learn how to compete seriously – has been exhilarating, nonetheless. The Thai trainers at Sumalee are all former champs. "Left hook! Right roundhouse!" cries Sunn, offering his pad to be walloped. "Block!" yells Gunn, throwing a kick in slow motion, which I try to deflect by leaning sideways, my elbow touching my raised knee, but can't quite seem to coordinate.

When not skipping rope, sprinting through jungle or kicking banana trees to strengthen their shins, Sumalee's sponsored fighters train separately, awesomely, sparring in the rings with the trainers and each other, their sweat spraying the canvas as they attack, block, clinch and duck. A bearded dude from Malta is sporting a shiny black eye; Damon, an Australian with a Mohawk and

**tiger-claw prints inked down his back,  
pauses to bend his busted nose into  
place. Rhona is there, too, feeling robbed 70  
of her last win but visualising herself  
triumphant in her next.**

## **Images for use with Section B Question 8**

### **IMAGE 1**

**The photograph shows a messy kitchen with a homemade birthday cake.**

### **IMAGE 2**

**The photograph shows a group of young people working together with laptops, tablets and notebooks.**

**(continued on the next page)**



8 continued.

IMAGE 1



(continued on the next page)

Turn over



8 continued.

IMAGE 2



## **SOURCE INFORMATION**

**Total text word count: 870 words**

**Text 1: extract taken from ‘Fat City’, Leonard Gardener, Pushkin Press**

**Text 2: extract taken from <https://www.independent.co.uk/travel/asia/phuket-muay-thai-school-gyms-reviews-where-how-sumalee-boxing-a8241166.html>**

**Question 8**

**(Source: Jamie Grill/Getty Images)**

**(Source: PAL)**