

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

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

**Thursday 9 November 2023 – 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 novel, Richard and his two travelling companions, Etienne and Francoise, are searching for a secret beach. On their journey, they now find themselves at the top of a waterfall with no obvious way down.**

**The falls dropped into a pool from which a quick-flowing stream ran into the trees. The highest trees were more than equal to our height. If they'd been a little closer, we could have used them to get down – and getting down was the big problem. The drop was too sheer and too far to consider climbing.**

5

**'What do you think?' I said, crawling back from the cliff edge towards Etienne and Francoise.**

**Francoise stood up and stared over the lagoon towards the seaward rock-face. 'Perhaps we should walk around there,' she suggested. 'It may be easier to climb.'**

10

**(continued on the next page)**

1 continued.

‘It’s higher than here. You can see where the land rises.’

‘We could jump into the sea. It is not too high to jump.’ 15

‘We’d never clear the rocks.’

She looked irritated and tired. ‘OK, Richard, but there must be a way down, no? If people go to this beach, there must be a way.’

‘If people go to this beach,’ I echoed. We hadn’t 20  
seen any sign that people were down there. I’d been  
carrying an idea that when we reached the beach  
we’d see groups of friendly travellers with sun-kissed  
faces, hanging out, coral diving, playing Frisbee. All  
that stuff. As it was, from what we could see the beach 25  
looked beautiful but completely deserted.

‘Maybe we can jump from this waterfall,’ said Etienne.  
‘It is not so high as the cliff in the sea.’

I thought for a moment. ‘Possibly,’ I replied, and 30  
rubbed my eyes. The adrenaline that had kept me  
going had faded and now I was exhausted, so  
exhausted I couldn’t even feel relief at having found  
the beach.

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Turn over

1 continued.

If, I reasoned, the waterfall had been pounding down  
into the pool below for a thousand years, then it was 35  
likely that a basin had been eroded into the rock.

A basin deep enough to accommodate my leaping into  
it. But if the island had been created relatively recently,  
maybe the result of volcanic activity two hundred years  
ago, then there might not have been time for a deep 40  
enough pool to have formed.

The pebbles in the water were smooth. The trees below  
were tall and old.

‘OK,’ I whispered.

I stood up cautiously, one foot an inch from the cliff, 45  
the other set back at a stabilising angle.

‘Are you jumping?’ called Etienne nervously.

‘Just taking a better look.’

An overwhelming sensation washed over me, almost  
boredom, a strange listlessness. I was suddenly 50  
sick of how difficult this journey had become.

There was too much effort, too many shocks and  
dilemmas to dissect. And this sickness had an effect.  
For a vital few seconds it liberated me from a fear  
of consequences. 55

‘So jump,’ I heard my voice say.

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

**In this edited extract from his autobiography, Tom Daley, a British Olympic diver, describes the build-up to his first dive at the London Olympics.**

## **GLOSSARY**

**<sup>1</sup>PA system – Public Announcement system**

**<sup>2</sup>undulating – smoothly rising and falling**

**As I walked to the end of the ten-metre board, I glanced down.**

**The distinctive pattern of the interlocking rings and the words ‘London 2012’ shone through the bright blue of the water. Olympic banners were plastered across every available wall, along with flags of the participating countries, and my own face grinned back at me on various enormous screens sitting high above the stands.**

5

**The atmosphere was electric; it was a cacophony of noise from the PA system<sup>1</sup>, as well as cheers, shouts and applause from the crowd. The sound ricocheted around the domed, undulating<sup>2</sup> ceilings of the London Aquatics Centre. It was almost deafening.**

10

**(continued on the next page)**

**Turn over**

**2 continued.**

**I inhaled slowly and steadily. The air was thick with the sticky warmth of chlorine and the charged crowd. I needed to focus hard.** **15**

**My heart pounded to the tips of my fingers.**

**It takes 1·6 seconds between leaving the board and hitting the water. The importance of the approaching 1·6 seconds was not lost on me. This was it: the Olympic final and the moment I had dreamed of, and worked for, my whole life.** **20**

**The whistle blew and an eerie silence settled. All I could hear was the gentle and rhythmic gurgle and swoosh of water as it flowed in the drains.** **25**

**I was about to launch into my first dive of six – the Twister. Before the Olympic Games, this was my ‘safest’ dive and one I knew I could perform well. It was one of my harder dives but, executed correctly, the rewards were high.** **30**

**But in the run-up to the Games, small things had started to go wrong. There were times that I had leant a little bit too far back and landed awkwardly on my side or shoulder, or when I got lost in the dive and would be flailing through the air without knowing which way was up and which way was down. One day, I landed** **35**

**(continued on the next page)**

**Turn over**



## 2 continued.

gracelessly on my back with an almighty smack and, on another, I wrenched my neck. My confidence had been slowly chipped away.

40

The possibilities of what could go wrong lurked like shadows in the back of my mind.

In my dives, I have to be hyper-vigilant and ‘spot’ the water – I need to see everything in order to count the rotations, so I know where my body is in the air. I’m not just spinning in one direction; there are a lot of movements going on at once and I need to keep every part of my body in the right place at the right millisecond, like an innate internal compass. There is not an opportunity to think about anything else but precisely what I am doing in that instant.

45

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At that moment, my focus has to be razor-sharp; there is no space to blink or even breathe.

**Image 1 on the following page shows a black and white photograph of a young person about to descend on a zip wire across a large river. They are wearing a helmet and safety harness and are strapped in securely. The harness is clipped on to two separate thick wires. A person standing alongside is holding the harness before it is released. The wire stretches down across the water to land below. Some kayaks are visible on the shore and there are trees in the distance.**

IMAGE ONE



**Image 2 on the following page shows a black and white photograph of some young people on a rollercoaster. At the front of the photograph, two girls sit next to each other. One of the girls is smiling and raising her arm in the air. Next to her, a girl has her eyes closed and appears to be screaming. Behind them in the rollercoaster there are two other girls. One is smiling and has her arms in the air. The other one is shouting and holding on. There is only sky visible in the background, suggesting they are high in the air.**





IMAGE TWO

**SOURCE INFORMATION:**

**Total text word count: 923**

**Text 1: The Beach, Alex Garland. Penguin Books, 1996**

**Text 2: Coming up for Air, Tom Daley. Penguin, 2021**

**Image One: (Source: Wuttichai Sripodok/EyeEm/Getty Images)**

**Image Two: (Source: Zia Soleil/Getty Images)**