

Pearson Edexcel Level 1/Level 2 GCSE (9–1)

Monday 12 June 2023

Morning (Time: 1 hour 55 minutes)

Paper
reference

1EN2/02

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.

Turn over ►

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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 an autobiography, the professional football player Eniola Aluko remembers her team losing the 2014 Women's Super League in the final game.

A whistle blew. I sprinted forward, squinting against the slanting sun as the players fanned out across the pitch. My gut fizzed in expectation. We were one point away from winning the league.

I could almost feel the cold, glinting silverware under my fingers. The next ninety minutes would wash away years of disappointment. No second place this time. This time, we would lift the trophy.

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Way down in fifth place, Manchester City had nothing to play for. This was going to be a routine win. I had visualised it all. I would score, I would win, and I would lift the trophy.

The whistle blew once more. A free kick to City inside our half. All eyes followed the ball as it arced in towards our goal. Our keeper Marie Hourihan stormed out of the scrum and leapt, arms outstretched, as a midfielder barrelled in from the left. The players collided with a sickening crack and plummeted to the ground. Marie stayed down, clutching her head in her white gloves. Paramedics jogged on to the pitch and bundled her into an ambulance as the news ran like a shiver through the team: it was a broken collarbone.

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I fought a rising wave of nausea. Marie was more than our last line of defence; she was the foundation of our morale. Eleven minutes in, this game, our game, had taken a nightmarish turn. All our bravado was evaporating into the pale afternoon air.

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Sensing we were shaken, our opponents sent a timid, probing shot long and low across the pitch. The ball bounced slowly at the edge of the box and somehow in over our keeper. I stared in horror from the other end of the pitch. Our defence was still reeling when they attacked again. A sky-blue shirt raced down the wing and cut back to a striker who, in one flowing movement, controlled the ball on her chest and volleyed it up into the top corner. A second gut punch within minutes of the first.

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I gazed around my teammates. There was no fire or fight in their eyes, only numb shock. Up front, it would fall on me to stop the freefall into despair. We wrestled back control in the second half and, pushing hard, got one back. Now it was close again; we only needed a draw. The title was just one goal away. It was down to me to claw this back.

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In the last minute, we took a corner. My throat tightened and my vision swam as I stood on the goal line, waiting for our final chance. The ball looped in, there was a desperate scramble, and their keeper emerged triumphant, clutching it in her gloves. The whistle blew and I collapsed on to the field, sobbing, as my world crumbled around my ears. I was inconsolable.

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

In this extract from a novel, two teams of pupils are playing a game of football at school. Billy Casper is in goal. The sports teacher, Mr Sugden, takes the role of both referee and player for 'Manchester United'. Billy deliberately lets in the winning goal.

'... And it's Manchester United v. Spurs in this vital fifth-round cup-tie.'

Mr Sugden (referee) sucked his whistle and stared at his watch, waiting for the second finger to twitch back up to twelve. 5 4 3 2. He dropped his wrist and blew. Anderson received the ball from him, sidestepped a tackle from Tibbut then cut it diagonally between two opponents into a space to his left. Sugden (player), running into this space, raised his left foot to trap it, but the ball rolled under his studs. His left winger, unmarked and lonely out on the touchline, called for the ball, Sugden heard him, looked at him, then kicked the ball hard along the ground towards him. But even though the wingman started to sprint, it still shot out of play a good ten yards in front of him. He slithered to a stop and whipped round.

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'Hey up, Sir! What do you think I am?'

'You should have been moving, lad. You'd have caught it then.'

'What do you think I wa' doin', standing still?'

'It was a perfectly good ball!'

'Ar, for a whippet¹ perhaps!'

15

'Don't argue with me, lad! And get that ball fetched!'

Billy was giant-striding along the goal line, counting the number of strides from post to post: five and a bit. After fourteen minutes' play he touched the ball for the first time. Billy watched it fly in, way up on his left, then he turned round and picked it up from under the netting.

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'Come on, Casper! Make an effort, lad!'

'I couldn't save that, Sir.'

'You could have tried.'

'What for, Sir, when I knew I couldn't save it?'

'We're playing this game to win, you know, lad.'

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'I know, Sir.'

'Well, try then!'

The winning goal suddenly became important, no more laughter, no more joking, everybody working. For most of the game most of the boys had been as fixed as buttons on a pinball machine, sparking into life only when the nucleus of footballers amongst them had occasionally shuttled the ball into their defined areas: mere props to the play. Now they were all playing. Both teams playing as units, and positions were taken seriously. The ball was a magnet, exerting the strongest pull on the players nearest to it, and still strong enough to activate the players farthest away.

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For one shot, coming straight to him, Billy dived, but the ball hit his legs and ricocheted round the post. Corner! Well saved, Casper. No joke. No laughter. 35

It was a good corner, the ball dropping close to the penalty spot. A shot – blocked, a tackle, a scramble, falling, fouling, WHOOSH, Sugden shifted it out. 'OUT. Get out! Get up that field!'

When the next shot came towards Billy he dived flamboyantly and made an elaborate pretence to save it, but the ball bounced over his arms and rolled slowly into the net. 40

GOAL!

*whippet*¹ – a very fast dog, a type of greyhound

