

SECTION C: Writing

Answer ONE question from this section.

You should spend 1 hour on your chosen question.

Do not re-tell events from Text One or Text Two in the Extracts Booklet.

Write approximately 400 words on one of the following:

EITHER

- 9 'One person can make a positive difference.' To what extent do you agree with this?

(Total for Question 9 = 30 marks)

OR

- 10 Write a story (true or imaginary) entitled 'The Challenge'.

(Total for Question 10 = 30 marks)

OR

- 11 Describe a time when you felt nervous.

(Total for Question 11 = 30 marks)

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number: Question 9 ☒ Question 10 ☒ Question 11 ☒

The Challenge

I was stuck in my stuffy classroom at the mercy of my ~~stuffy~~ mathematics teacher and his boring lesson. The string of numbers that came out of his mouth seemed like Greek to me. Most of the class hid their faces behind their books, hoping not to get caught dozing off. I was seated at the far end of



P 5 9 7 7 5 A 0 2 1 2 8

remark fuelled my anger and touched my nerves. I grabbed the ten dollar note from his hands and inched forward towards the fire alarm. I gathered ~~some~~ my courage and hit on the glass casing of the fire alarm with the greatest energy I could muster.

The glass casing was smashed into smithereens and an ear-piercing noise reverberated in the air, causing me to jump out of my skin. I looked down and it was complete pandemonium. Students and teachers alike were screaming hysterically and running in every possible direction. I was momentarily stunned by the commotion I had caused. A few moments later ~~the~~ the PA system sounded and said "Students please do not panic, it has been proven to be a false alarm." I was at a loss for words, I didn't know what to do. Just then George said "come on, let's get out of here," and ushered me through the corridor.

We were rushing ~~to~~ before anyone ~~could~~ found us. That was when I saw a big, burly figure standing at the end of the corridor, staring intently at us. It took us a second to realise that it was none other than our principal Mr Duncan. The



very man who struck fear in everyone's hearts. We stopped dead on our tracks upon seeing him. ~~I~~ I stood rooted to the ground as droplets of sweat trickled down my forehead. "Come to my office! Now!" he bellowed. There was a note of finality in his voice. As we followed him to the office, our eyes met. ~~we~~ We knew we were knee-deep in trouble. All the students were looking at us and there were lots of murmuring. George's face was ashen white and the colour drained from his cheeks. I hung my head low, trying to avoid the embarrassment. How I wished the ground would open up and swallow me!

"How dare you do this," Mr Duncan chastised. Each word of his was like a ~~sharp~~ ^{knife} slicing through warm butter. ~~I~~ My floodgates opened and tears of penitance rolled down my cheeks like rivulets. I was overcome with ~~overcome~~ ~~guilt~~ guilt ~~for~~ for causing all that colossal din and chaos. Eventually our parents were called and we were suspended. What did I get other ^{than} the ten ~~dollars~~ dollars? A permanent black mark on my student report. I still resent my actions till this day. Only if I had not accepted the challenge. Only ~~if~~ if...

