

Answer ALL questions.

SECTION A: Reading

You should spend about 40 minutes on this section.

Read the following passage carefully and then answer the questions which follow.

The writer is a School Inspector who visits schools to inspect standards in them.

Sunny Grove School



The name Sunny Grove School was singularly inappropriate. It was a grim, towering, blackened building surrounded by high brick walls set in a depressing inner-city environment of dirt and noise. From the high windows, shabby factory premises and derelict land could be seen by those pupils tall enough to peer through the grimy glass. Row upon row of houses surrounded the school; street after street of grey, gloomy buildings. The few houses that had been built in the last twenty

years had acquired a look of drabness and neglect. Even the air had a sooty, dusty taste. It was a depressing scene of litter-strewn roads, graffiti-covered walls – a landscape devoid of trees and empty of colour. The bright morning sunshine did little to make the scene less bleak. The previous term I had marvelled at the awesome view from Hawksrill School – the great craggy fells, steep-sided gorges, trickling silver streams, lustrous pine forests, rolling green pastures and purple moors. It was a world away.

I was directed across the school playground by a large arrow, following the instructions for all visitors to REPORT TO RECEPTION. It was just after nine o'clock and the school assembly was in full flow.

As I turned a corner, I bumped into a small, grubby-looking boy of about eleven or twelve who was creeping around the side of the school, as if trying to escape from someone. He had long, lank hair, an unhealthy pallor to his skin and was dressed in a dirty blazer and grey trousers far too big for him. The boy looked up at me with a frightened wide-eyed expression – like that of a rabbit caught in a trap.

“Hello,” I said. “Shouldn’t you be in school?” He nodded. “Well, come along then, you can show me the way to the school office.” I motioned him to go before me. Head down and dragging his feet, the boy turned reluctantly towards the school entrance.

Sunny Grove School was built in 1901. It was a substantial, three-storey edifice of red brick built around a central quadrangle. Classrooms, which formed a square around the central paved courtyard on the ground floor, had hard wooden floors and high ceilings. The windows facing the corridor extended down past waist level, enabling the headmasters of old to patrol the school each morning, cane in hand, and peer into each classroom. Invariably, they would have been hard men who would impose harsh discipline. Punctuality, silence, obedience and cleanliness would have been their



bywords. The windows facing the street were high, thus preventing any inattentive pupil from staring at the outside world and dreaming.

40 I headed for the first lesson. The teacher, a Mr Swan, was an extremely frail-looking old man with wild, wiry grey hair and a strangely flat face. He was dressed in a threadbare jacket with leather patches.

45 When the pupils had settled down to tackle a very simple and deeply uninspiring comprehension task, I moved around the class examining their books, listening to them read and testing them on their spellings and knowledge of grammar and punctuation. Mr Swan observed me, stony-faced, from behind his desk. Standards were very low indeed.

The little late-comer I had met earlier that morning sat in the corner, away from the others, looking nervous and confused. I sat down next to him.

“May I look at your book?” I asked gently.

50 “Yes, Sir,” he whispered, pushing a dog-eared exercise book in my direction. He watched me with that frightened, wide-eyed look on his face. I read from the first page an account entitled “Myself”.

55 “Sir, we had to write that for Mr Swan when we came up to this school,” he explained quietly. “It’s not very good. I’m not much good at writing, sir.” I found the description of himself immensely sad.

Im not much good at anything really I like art but am not much good. I am in the bottom set for evrything and I’ve not really got eny friends. I dont really like school,Id like a bike. When I leave school Id like to work in a bread factry. I like the smell of bread baking.

60 The teacher’s comment at the bottom read: “Untidy work. Watch your spellings. Remember full stops.” The boy was given two out of ten.



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**You should refer closely to the passage to support your answers.
You may include brief quotations.**

1. Look again at lines 22 to 29. Choose **two** words or phrases used to describe the boy. Explain briefly why each example might make the reader feel sorry for him.

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Q1

(Total 2 marks)

2. From the information given in the passage, what impressions have you gained of school life for a pupil at Sunny Grove School in 1901?

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Q2

(Total 3 marks)



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3. What do you learn, from the passage, about how the writer approaches his job as a School Inspector?

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Q3

(Total 3 marks)



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SECTION B: Reading and Writing

You should spend about 40 minutes on this section.

Remind yourself of the following passage from the London Examinations Anthology, and then answer questions 5 and 6.

From Touching the Void

Joe and Simon are mountain climbing in the Andes, when Joe has a terrible accident. Here are two accounts by Joe and Simon of what happened.

Joe's account

I hit the slope at the base of the cliff before I saw it coming. I was facing into the slope and both knees locked as I struck it. I felt a shattering blow in my knee, felt bones splitting, and screamed. The impact catapulted me over backwards and down the slope of the East Face. I slid, head-first, on my back. The rushing speed of
5 confused me. I thought of the drop below but felt nothing. Since we were roped together, Simon would be ripped off the mountain. He couldn't hold me. I screamed again as I jerked to a sudden violent stop.

Everything was still, silent. My thoughts raced madly. Then pain flooded down my thigh – a fierce burning fire coming down the inside of my thigh, seeming to ball in
10 my groin, building and building until I cried out at it, and breathing came in ragged gasps. My leg! My leg!

I hung, head down, on my back, left leg tangled in the rope above me and my right leg hanging slackly to one side. I lifted my head from the snow and stared, up across my chest, at a grotesque distortion in the right knee, twisting the leg into a strange
15 zig-zag. I didn't connect it with the pain which burnt in my groin. That had nothing to do with my knee. I kicked my left leg free of the rope and swung round until I was hanging against the snow on my chest, feet down. The pain eased. I kicked my left foot into the slope and stood up.

A wave of nausea surged over me. I pressed my face into the snow, and the sharp cold
20 seemed to calm me. Something terrible, something dark with dread occurred to me, and as I thought about it, I felt the dark thought break into panic: "I've broken my leg, that's it. I'm dead. Everyone said it ... if there's just two of you a broken ankle could turn into a death sentence ... if it's broken ... if ... It doesn't hurt so much, maybe I've just ripped something."

I kicked my right leg against the slope, feeling sure it wasn't broken. My knee
25 exploded. Bone grated, and the fireball rushed from groin to knee. I screamed. I looked down at the knee and could see it was broken, yet I tried not to believe what I was seeing. It wasn't just broken, it was ruptured, twisted, crushed, and I could see the kink in the joint and knew what had happened. The impact had driven my lower
30 leg up through the knee joint.

I dug my axes into the snow, and pounded my good leg deeply into the soft slope until I felt sure it wouldn't slip. The effort brought back the nausea and I felt my head spin giddily to the point of fainting. I moved and a searing spasm of pain cleared away the faintness. I could see the summit of Seria Norte away to the west. I was not far below



35 it. The sight drove home how desperately things had changed. We were above 19,000
feet, still on the ridge, and very much alone. I looked south at the small rise I had
hoped to scale quickly and it seemed to grow with every second that I stared. I would
never get over it. Simon would not be able to get me up it. He would leave me. He
had no choice. I held my breath, thinking about it. Left here? Alone. For an age I felt
40 overwhelmed at the notion of being left; I felt like screaming, and I felt like swearing,
but stayed silent. If I said a word, I would panic. I could feel myself teetering on the
edge of it.'

Simon's account

'Joe had disappeared behind a rise in the ridge and began moving faster than I could
go. I was glad we had put the steep section behind us at last. I felt tired and was
45 grateful to be able to follow Joe's tracks instead of being in front.

I rested a while when I saw that Joe had stopped moving. Obviously he had found
an obstacle and I thought I would wait until he started moving again. When the rope
moved again I trudged forward after it, slowly.

50 Suddenly there was a sharp tug as the rope lashed out taut across the slope. I was
pulled forward several feet as I pushed my axes into the snow and braced myself for
another jerk. Nothing happened. I knew that Joe had fallen, but I couldn't see him,
so I stayed put. I waited for about ten minutes until the tautened rope went slack on
the snow and I felt sure that Joe had got his weight off me. I began to move along his
55 footsteps cautiously, half expecting something else to happen. I kept tensed up and
ready to dig my axe in at the first sign of trouble.

As I crested the rise, I could see down a slope to where the rope disappeared over the
edge of a drop. I approached slowly, wondering what had happened. When I reached
the top of the drop I saw Joe below me. He had one foot dug in and was leaning
against the slope with his face buried in the snow. I asked him what had happened
60 and he looked at me in surprise. I knew he was injured, but the significance didn't hit
me at first.

He told me very calmly that he had broken his leg. He looked pathetic, and my
immediate thought came without any emotion. You've had it, matey. You're dead ...
no two ways about it! I think he knew it too. I could see it in his face. It was all totally
65 rational. I knew where we were, I took in everything around me instantly, and knew
he was dead. It never occurred to me that I might also die. I accepted without question
that I could get off the mountain alone. I had no doubt about that.

Below him I could see thousands of feet of open face falling into the eastern glacier
bay. I watched him quite dispassionately. I couldn't help him, and it occurred to me
70 that in all likelihood he would fall to his death. I wasn't disturbed by the thought. In
a way I hoped he would fall. I had no idea how I might help him. I could get down.
If I tried to get him down I might die with him. It didn't frighten me. It just seemed a
waste. It would be pointless. I kept staring at him, expecting him to fall.....'

Joe Simpson



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You must answer both questions, 5 and 6.

5. Joe and Simon describe the same event, but react to and write about it in very different ways.

How does each writer present his particular point of view?

You may include **brief** quotations from the passage to support your answer.

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(Question 5 continued)

(Dotted lines for writing)

Q5

(Total 10 marks for Reading)



(Question 7 continued)

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Q7

(Total 20 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION C: 20 MARKS

TOTAL FOR PAPER: 60 MARKS

END

London Examinations gratefully acknowledges the following sources used in the preparation of this paper:

Gervase Phinn, *The Other Side Of The Dale*, Penguin Books, 2001 (Adapted)
Joe Simpson, *Touching The Void*, Vintage, 1999



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