

BBEC

English Language Paper 1 Past papers booklet

CONTENTS		
Nov 2018: The T-Rex (<i>Sound of Thunder</i>)	Insert	2-3
	Questions 1-5	4-9
Nov 2019: Avalanche (<i>The Silent Land</i>)	Insert	10-11
	Questions 1-5	12-17
June 2019: Hartop (<i>The Mill</i>)	Insert	18-19
	Questions 1-5	20-25

Name:
Class:
Teacher:

Source A

Using a time machine, an organisation called Time Safari transports clients into the past to take part in hunting expeditions. A group that includes Mr Eckels, together with their guide, Travis, is visiting a prehistoric jungle in order to shoot a Tyrannosaurus Rex.

1 The jungle was high and the jungle was broad. Sounds like music and flying tents filled the sky, and those were pterodactyls soaring with huge grey wings.

'I've hunted tiger, wild boar, buffalo, elephant, but now, this is it,' said Eckels. 'I'm shaking like a kid.'

5 'Ah,' said Travis.

Everyone stopped.

Travis raised his hand. 'Ahead,' he whispered, 'in the mist. There he is. There's his Royal Majesty now.'

9 The jungle was wide and full of twitterings, rustlings, murmurs, and sighs.

10 Suddenly it all ceased, as if someone had shut a door.

Silence.

A sound of thunder.

Out of the mist, one hundred yards away, came Tyrannosaurus Rex.

'It,' whispered Eckels, 'it.....'

15 'Ssh!'

16 It came on great oiled, resilient, striding legs. It towered thirty feet above half of the trees, a great evil god, folding its delicate watchmaker's claws close to its oily reptilian chest. Each lower leg was a piston, a thousand pounds of white bone, sunk in thick ropes of muscle, sheathed over in a gleam of pebbled skin like the armour of a terrible warrior. Each thigh
20 was a ton of meat, ivory, and steel mesh. And from the great breathing cage of the upper body those two delicate arms dangled out front, arms with hands which might pick up and examine men like toys, while the snake neck coiled. And the head itself, a ton of sculptured stone, lifted easily upon the sky. Its mouth gaped, exposing a fence of teeth like daggers. Its eyes rolled, ostrich eggs, empty of all expression save hunger. It closed its mouth in a
25 death grin. It ran, its pelvic bones crushing aside trees and bushes, its taloned feet clawing
26 damp earth, leaving prints six inches deep wherever it settled its weight.

It ran with a gliding ballet step, far too poised and balanced for its ten tons. It moved into a sunlit area warily, its beautifully reptilian hands feeling the air.

'Why, why...,' Eckels twitched his mouth, 'it could reach up and grab the moon.'

30 'Ssh!' Travis jerked angrily. 'He hasn't seen us yet.'

31 'It can't be killed.' Eckels pronounced this verdict quietly, as if there could be no argument. He had weighed the evidence and this was his considered opinion. The rifle in his hands seemed like a toy gun. 'We were fools to come. This is impossible.'

'Shut up!' hissed Travis.

35 'Nightmare.'

'Turn around,' commanded Travis. 'Walk quietly to the Machine. We'll remit half your fee.'

'I didn't realize it would be this big,' said Eckels. 'I miscalculated, that's all. And now I want out.'

'It sees us!'

40 'There's the red paint on its chest.'

The Tyrant Lizard raised itself. Its armoured flesh glittered like a thousand green coins. The coins, crusted with slime, steamed. In the slime, tiny insects wriggled, so that the entire body seemed to twitch and undulate, even while the monster itself did not move. It exhaled. The stink of raw flesh blew down the wilderness.

45 'Get me out of here,' said Eckels. 'It was never like this before. I was always sure I'd come through alive. I had good guides, good safaris, and safety. This time, I figured wrong. I've met my match and admit it. This is too much for me to get hold of.'

'Don't run,' said Lesperance. 'Turn around. Hide in the Machine.'

50 'Yes.' Eckels seemed to be numb. He looked at his feet as if trying to make them move. He gave a grunt of helplessness.

'Eckels!'

He took a few steps, blinking, shuffling.

'Not that way!'

55 The Monster, at the first motion, lunged forward with a terrible scream. It covered one hundred yards in six seconds. The rifles jerked up and blazed fire. A windstorm from the beast's mouth engulfed them in the stench of slime and old blood. The Monster roared, teeth glittering with sun.

60 The rifles cracked again, but their sound was lost in shriek and lizard thunder. The great level of the reptile's tail swung up, lashed sideways. Trees exploded in clouds of leaf and branch. The Monster twitched its jeweller's hands down to fondle at the men, to twist them in half, to crush them like berries, to cram them into its teeth and its screaming throat. Its boulder-stone eyes levelled with the men. They saw themselves mirrored. They fired at the metallic eyelids and the blazing black iris.

Like a stone idol, like a mountain avalanche, Tyrannosaurus fell.

END OF SOURCE

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1

Read again the first part of the source, from **lines 1 to 9**.

List **four** things about this jungle from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

1 _

2 _____

3 _____

4 _____

4

0 2

Look in detail at this extract, from **lines 16 to 26** of the source:

It came on great oiled, resilient, striding legs. It towered thirty feet above half of the trees, a great evil god, folding its delicate watchmaker's claws close to its oily reptilian chest. Each lower leg was a piston, a thousand pounds of white bone, sunk in thick ropes of muscle, sheathed over in a gleam of pebbled skin like the armour of a terrible warrior. Each thigh was a ton of meat, ivory, and steel mesh. And from the great breathing cage of the upper body those two delicate arms dangled out front, arms with hands which might pick up and examine men like toys, while the snake neck coiled. And the head itself, a ton of sculptured stone, lifted easily upon the sky. Its mouth gaped, exposing a fence of teeth like daggers. Its eyes rolled, ostrich eggs, empty of all expression save hunger. It closed its mouth in a death grin. It ran, its pelvic bones crushing aside trees and bushes, its taloned feet clawing damp earth, leaving prints six inches deep wherever it settled its weight.

How does the writer use language here to describe the Tyrannosaurus Rex?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

[8 marks]



Do not write
outside the
box

0	3
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You now need to think about the **whole** of the source.

This text is from the middle of a short story.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning of the source
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]

0 4

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, from **line 31 to the end**.

A student said, 'This part of the story, where the men encounter the Tyrannosaurus Rex, shows Eckels is right to panic. The Monster is terrifying!'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of Eckels' reaction to the Tyrannosaurus Rex
- evaluate how the writer describes the Monster
- support your response with references to the text.

[20 marks]

**Section B: Writing**

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5

Your local newspaper is running a creative writing competition and the best entries will be published.

Either

Write a story about time travel as suggested by this picture:

**or**

Describe life as you imagine it in 200 years' time.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]**Turn over ►**

Source A

This extract is from the beginning of a novel by Graham Joyce. A young married couple, Zoe and Jake, are on a skiing holiday in the French Pyrenean mountains.

1 It was snowing again. Gentle six-pointed flakes from a picture book were settling on
her jacket sleeve. The mountain air prickled with ice and the smell of pine resin.
Several hundred metres below lay the dark outline of Saint-Bernard-en-Haut, their
Pyrenean resort village; across to the west, the irregular peaks of the mountain
5 range.

Zoe pulled the air into her lungs, feeling the cracking cold of it before letting go.
And when the mountain seemed to nod and sigh back at her, she almost thought
she could die in that place, and happily.

9 If there are few moments in life that come as clear and as pure as ice, when the
10 mountain breathed back at her, Zoe knew that she had trapped one such moment
and that it could never be taken away. Everywhere was snow and silence. Snow
and silence; the complete arrest of life; a rehearsal and a pre-echo of death. She
pointed her skis down the hill. They looked like weird talons of brilliant red and gold
14 in the powder snow as she waited, ready to swoop. *I am alive. I am an eagle.*

15 The sun was up now; in a few minutes there would be more skiers to break the
eerie morning spell. But right now they had the snow and the morning entirely to
themselves.

There was a whisper behind her. It was the effortless track of Jake's skis as he
came over the ridge and caught up with her.

20 'This is perfection.'

'You ready to go?' she asked.

'Yep. Let's do it.'

They'd got up early to beat the holiday-making hordes for this first run of the
morning. Because this – the tranquillity, the silence, the undisturbed snow and the
25 feeling of proximity to an eagle's flight – was what it was all about. Jake hit the west
side of the steep but broad slope and she took the east, carving matching parallel
tracks through the fresh snow.

28 But at the edge of the slope, near the curtain of trees, she felt a small slab of snow
slip from underneath her. It was like she'd been bucked, so she took the fall-line* to
30 recover her balance. Before she'd dropped three hundred metres, the whisper of
her skis was displaced by a rumble.

Zoe saw at the periphery of her vision that Jake had come to a halt at the side of the
piste and was looking back up the slope. Irritated by the false start they'd made,
she etched a few turns before skidding to a halt and turning to look back at her

35 husband.

The rumble became louder. There was a pillar of what looked like grey smoke unfurling in silky banners at the head of the slope, like the heraldry of armies. It was beautiful. It made her smile.

40 Then her smile iced over. Jake was speeding straight towards her. His face was rubberised and he mouthed something as he flew at her.

‘Get to the side! To the side!’

She knew now that it was an avalanche. Jake slowed, batting at her with his ski pole. ‘Get into the trees! Hang on to a tree!’

45 The rumbling had become a roaring in her ears, drowning Jake’s words. She pushed herself down the fall-line, scrambling for traction, trying to accelerate away from the roaring cloud breaking behind her like a tsunami at sea. Jagged black cracks appeared in the snow in front of her. She angled her skis towards the side of the slope, heading for the trees, but it was too late. She saw Jake’s black suit go bundling past her as he was turned by the great mass of smoke and snow. Then
50 she too was punched off her feet and carried through the air, twisting, spinning, turning in the white-out. She remembered something about spreading her arms around her head. For a few moments it was like being agitated inside a washing machine, turned head over heels a few times, until at last she was dumped heavily in a rib-cracking fall. Then there came a chattering noise, like the amplified jaws of
55 a million termites chewing on wood. The noise itself filled her ears and muffled everything, and then there was silence, and the total whiteness faded to grey, and then to black.

END OF SOURCE

Glossary

* fall-line – the most direct route downhill



Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
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Read again the first part of the source, from **lines 1 to 5**.

List **four** things about Zoe's surroundings from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

1 _

2

3

4

4

0 2

Look in detail at this extract, from **lines 9 to 14** of the source:

If there are few moments in life that come as clear and as pure as ice, when the mountain breathed back at her, Zoe knew that she had trapped one such moment and that it could never be taken away. Everywhere was snow and silence. Snow and silence; the complete arrest of life; a rehearsal and a pre-echo of death. She pointed her skis down the hill. They looked like weird talons of brilliant red and gold in the powder snow as she waited, ready to swoop. *I am alive. I am an eagle.*

How does the writer use language here to describe Zoe’s feelings?

You could include the writer’s choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

[8 marks]

Turn over ►



0	3
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You now need to think about the **whole** of the source.

This text is from the beginning of a novel.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning of the source
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]



0 4

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, from **line 28 to the end**.

A student said, 'In this part of the story, where Zoe and Jake are caught in the avalanche, I can't believe Zoe is so slow to react to the warning signs because, in the end, the situation sounds really dangerous.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider Zoe's reactions in this part of the story
- evaluate how the writer makes the situation sound dangerous
- support your response with references to the text.

[20 marks]

Turn over ►



Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 | 5

Your school or college is asking students to contribute some creative writing for its website.

Either

Write a story about a magical world as suggested by this picture:



or

Describe a place you think is beautiful.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

Turn over ►

Source A

This extract is from the beginning of a short story by H E Bates, set in the 1930s. Hartop and his wife own a van from which they sell produce to people in their local area, and their daughter, Alice, works with them.

1 A Ford motor-van, old and re-painted green with 'Jos. Hartop, greengrocer, rabbits'
scratched in streaky white lettering on a flattened-out biscuit tin nailed to the side,
was slowly travelling across a high, treeless stretch of country in squally November
half-darkness. Rain hailed on the windscreen and periodically swished like a sea-
5 wave on the sheaves of pink chrysanthemums* strung on the van roof.

6 Hartop was driving: a thin, angular man, starved-faced. He seemed to occupy
almost all the seat, sprawling awkwardly; so that his wife and their daughter Alice
sat squeezed up, the girl with her arms flat as though ironed against her side, her
thin legs pressed tight together into the size of one. The Hartops' faces seemed
10 moulded in clay and in the light from the van-lamps were a flat swede-colour. Like
the man, the two women were thin, with a screwed-up thinness that made them look
12 both hard and frightened.

Hartop drove with great caution, grasping the wheel tightly, braking hard at the
bends, his big yellowish eyes fixed ahead, protuberantly, with vigilance. His hands,
15 visible in the faint dashboard light, were marked on the backs with dark smears of
dried rabbits' blood. The van fussed and rattled, the chrysanthemums always
swishing, rain-soaked, in the sudden high wind-squalls. And the two women sat in a
state of silent apprehension, their bodies not moving except to lurch with the van,
their clayish faces continuously intent, almost scared, in the lamp-gloom. And after
20 some time, Hartop gave a slight start, and then drew the van to the roadside and
stopped it.

'Hear anything drop?' he said. 'I thought I heard something.'

'It's the wind,' the woman said. 'I can hear it all the time.'

'No, something dropped.'

25 They sat listening. But the engine still ticked, and they could hear nothing beyond it
but the wind and rain squalling in the dead grass along the roadside.

'Alice, you get out,' Hartop said.

The girl began to move herself almost before he had spoken.

'Get out and see if you can see anything.'

30 Alice stepped across her mother's legs, groped with blind instinct for the step, and
then got out. It was raining furiously. The darkness seemed solid with rain.

‘See anything?’ Hartop said.

‘No.’

34 Hartop leaned across his wife and shouted: ‘Go back a bit and see what it was.’ The
35 woman moved to protest, but Hartop was already speaking again. ‘Something
dropped. We’ll stop at Drake’s Turn. You’ll catch up. I know something dropped.’
He let in the clutch as he was speaking and the van began to move away.

Soon, to Alice, it seemed to be moving very rapidly. In the rain and the darkness all
she could see was the tail-light, smoothly receding. She watched it for a moment
40 and then began to walk back along the road. The wind was behind her; but
repeatedly it seemed to veer and smash her, with the rain, full in the face. She
walked without hurrying. She seemed to accept the journey as she accepted the
rain and her father’s words, quite stoically. She walked in the middle of the road,
looking directly ahead, as though she had a long journey before her. She could see
45 nothing.

And then, after a time, she stumbled against something in the road. She stooped
and picked up a bunch of pink chrysanthemums, and then she began to walk back
with them along the road. Before very long she could see the red tail-light of the van
again. It was stationary. She could also see the lights of houses, little squares of
50 yellow which the recurrent rain on her lashes transformed into sudden stars.

When she reached the van, Mrs Hartop said: ‘What was it?’

‘Only a bunch of chrysanthemums.’

Hartop himself appeared at the very moment she was speaking.

‘Only?’ he said. ‘Only? What d’ye mean by only? Eh?’

55 Alice stood mute. Then Hartop raised his voice.

‘Well, don’t stand there! Do something. Go on. Go on! Go and see who wants a
bunch o’ chrysanthemums. Move yourself!’

Alice obeyed at once. She picked up the flowers, walked away and vanished, all
without a word.

END OF SOURCE

Glossary

* chrysanthemums – a type of flower

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1

Read again the first part of the source, from **lines 1 to 5**.

List **four** things about the motor-van from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

- 1 _____
- 2 _____
- 3 _____
- 4 _____

4

0 2

Look in detail at this extract, from **lines 6 to 12** of the source:

Hartop was driving: a thin, angular man, starved-faced. He seemed to occupy almost all the seat, sprawling awkwardly; so that his wife and their daughter Alice sat squeezed up, the girl with her arms flat as though ironed against her side, her thin legs pressed tight together into the size of one. The Hartops' faces seemed moulded in clay and in the light from the van-lamps were a flat swede-colour. Like the man, the two women were thin, with a screwed-up thinness that made them look both hard and frightened.

How does the writer use language here to describe the Hartop family?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

[8 marks]

Turn over ►



*Do not write
outside the
box*

0	3
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You now need to think about the **whole** of the source.

This text is from the beginning of a short story.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning of the source
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]



0	4
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Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, from **line 34 to the end**.

A student said, 'This part of the story, where Alice is sent back along the road to find what has fallen from the roof and returns with the chrysanthemums, shows how hard and cruel Hartop is, so that all of our sympathy is with Alice.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider whether Alice is treated cruelly by her father
- evaluate how the writer creates sympathy for Alice
- support your response with references to the text.

[20 marks]

Turn over ▶

*Do not write
outside the
box*

A large rectangular box with a thin black border. Inside the box, there are 30 horizontal black lines, evenly spaced, extending from the left edge to the right edge. The lines are intended for writing answers or notes.

Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5

Your school or college is asking students to contribute some creative writing for its website.

Either

Describe a market place as suggested by this picture:



or

Write a story with the title 'Abandoned'.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

Turn over ►

Source A

This extract is from the beginning of a novel by Judith Allnatt, published in 2015. It is set in a house that used to be part of a nineteenth-century silk factory. Rosie and her two children, Sam and Cara, now live in the house.

1 It was on their first day at the house that Rosie saw the stranger child. Standing at the sink, her hands deep in suds, Rosie was overwhelmed by the tasks that lay ahead of her. Tired after the long drive from London the evening before, she gazed vaguely at the sunlit, overgrown garden where Sam and Cara were playing.

5 The sash window had old glass that blunted the image, wavering the straightness of fence and washing line, pulling things out of shape. Sam was kneeling beside the patch of earth that Rosie had cleared for him, making hills and valleys for his matchbox cars and trucks by digging with an old tablespoon, and Cara was toddling from bush to bush with a yellow plastic watering can. Through the antique glass, Rosie watched them stretch and shrink as they moved, as if she were looking through ripples. She closed her eyes, glad of a moment of calm after the trauma of the last few days. Letting go of the plate she was holding, she spread her tense fingers, allowing the warmth of the water to soothe her. When she opened her eyes, another child was there.

14 Rosie had made a quick check of the unfamiliar garden before letting the children go out to play. The bottom half of the garden was an overgrown mess, a muddle of trees and shrubs. An ancient mulberry tree stood at the centre. Its massive twisted branches drooped to the ground in places, its knuckles in the earth like a gigantic malformed hand. The wintry sun hung low in the sky and the gnarled growth threw long twisted shadows across the undergrowth within its cage. The trunk of the tree was snarled with the tangled ivy that grew up through the broken bricks and chunks of cement, choking it. The path that led down towards the fence at the bottom, which marked the garden off from an orchard beyond, disappeared into a mass of nettles and brambles before it reached the padlocked door.

24 A little girl was sitting back on her heels beside a clump of daisies that grew against the fence. She had her back to Rosie and was holding tight to the handle of a large wicker basket that stood on the ground beside her. Cara seemed unfazed by the girl's presence and continued to move, engrossed, along the row of plants. Rosie bent forward to look through the clearest of the panes and peered closer. The child was small, maybe around eight or nine, although something in the tense hunch of her shoulders made her seem older. Her hair hung down her back in a matted, dusty-looking plait and she was wearing dressing-up clothes: an ankle-length dress and pinafore in washed-out greys and tans, like a home-made Cinderella* costume.

Where on earth had she come from? She must be a neighbour's child but how had she got in? The wooden fences that separated the gardens between each of the houses in the terrace were high – surely too high for a child to climb.

The child glanced over her shoulder, back towards the houses, a quick, furtive movement as if she were scanning the upper windows of the row, afraid of being overlooked. Rosie caught a glimpse of her face, pale and drawn with anxiety, before the girl turned back and reached forward to quickly tuck a piece of trailing white cloth into the basket. Almost unconsciously, Rosie registered that the girl was left-handed like herself, and that there was something animal-like in her movements: quick, like the darting of a mouse or the flit of a sparrow, some small dun creature that moves fast to blend into the background.

Something wasn't right here. She had seen distress in those eyes.

45 Rosie turned away, dried her hands hurriedly and slipped on her flip-flops. She would go gently, raise no challenge about her being in the garden but say hello and try to find out what was the matter. Maybe if she pointed out that her mother would be worrying where she was, she could persuade the girl to let her take her home.

But when she stepped outside, the child was gone.

END OF SOURCE

Glossary

*Cinderella – a poor girl from a fairy tale



Do not write
outside the
box

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
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Read again the first part of the source, from **lines 1 to 4**.

List **four** things about Rosie from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

1	_____

2	_____

3	_____

4	_____

4

0 2

Look in detail at this extract, from **lines 14 to 23** of the source:

Rosie had made a quick check of the unfamiliar garden before letting the children go out to play. The bottom half of the garden was an overgrown mess, a muddle of trees and shrubs. An ancient mulberry tree stood at the centre. Its massive twisted branches drooped to the ground in places, its knuckles in the earth like a gigantic malformed hand. The wintry sun hung low in the sky and the gnarled growth threw long twisted shadows across the undergrowth within its cage. The trunk of the tree was snarled with the tangled ivy that grew up through the broken bricks and chunks of cement, choking it. The path that led down towards the fence at the bottom, which marked the garden off from an orchard beyond, disappeared into a mass of nettles and brambles before it reached the padlocked door.

How does the writer use language here to describe the garden?

You could include the writer’s choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

[8 marks]

Turn over ►

Do not write
outside the
box

0 3

You now need to think about the **whole** of the source.

This text is from the beginning of a novel.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning of the source
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]



0	4
---	---

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, from **line 24 to the end**.

A student said, 'I wasn't at all surprised by the disappearance of the stranger child at the end of the extract. The writer has left us in no doubt that she is just part of Rosie's imagination.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider the disappearance of the stranger child
- evaluate how the writer presents the stranger child
- support your response with references to the text.

[20 marks]

Turn over ►



Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0	5
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Your local library is running a creative writing competition. The best entries will be published in a booklet of creative writing.

Either

Write a description of a mysterious place, as suggested by this picture:



or

Write a story about an event that cannot be explained.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

Turn over ►

Source A

Source A is taken from the beginning of a short story written by Joanne Harris. Mr Fisher, a teacher of English for forty years, works at St Oswald's Grammar School for Boys.

1 Mr Fisher lived alone in a small terraced house in the centre of town. He did not own a car,
and therefore preferred to do as much as he could of his weekend marking in the form room
after school. Even so, there were usually two or three stacks of books and papers to take
4 home on the bus.

5 It had been a disappointing term at St Oswald's. For most of the boys in 3F, creative
writing was on a par with country dancing and food technology. Oh, he'd tried to engage
their interest. But books just didn't seem to kindle the same enthusiasm as they had in the
old days.

9 Mr Fisher remembered a time – surely, not so long ago – when books were golden, when
10 imaginations soared, when the world was filled with stories which ran like gazelles and
pounced like tigers and exploded like rockets, illuminating minds and hearts. He had seen
it happen; had seen whole classes swept away in the fever. In those days, there were
heroes; there were dragons and dinosaurs; there were space adventurers and soldiers of
fortune and giant apes. In those days, thought Mr Fisher, we dreamed in colour, though
15 films were in black and white, and good always triumphed in the end.

Now everything was in black and white, and though Mr Fisher continued to teach with as
much devotion to duty as he had forty years before, he was secretly aware that his voice
had begun to lack conviction. To these boys, these sullen boys with their gelled hair and
perfect teeth, everything was boring. Shakespeare was boring. Dickens was boring.
20 There didn't seem to be a single story left in the world that they hadn't heard before. And
over the years, though he had tried to stop it, a terrible disillusionment had crept over Mr
Fisher, who had once dreamed so fiercely of writing stories of his own. They had come to
the end of the seam, he understood. There were no more stories to be written. The magic
had run out.

25 This was an uncharacteristically gloomy train of thought, and Mr Fisher pushed it away.
Not all his boys lacked imagination. Alistair Tibbet, for instance, even though he had
obviously done part of his homework on the bus. An amiable boy, this Tibbet. Not a
brilliant scholar by any means, but there was a spark in him which deserved attention.

Mr Fisher took a deep breath and looked down at Tibbet's exercise book, trying not to think
30 of the snow outside and the five o'clock bus he was now almost certain to miss. Four
books to go, he told himself; and then home; dinner; bed; the comforting small routine of a
winter weekend.

But, gradually sitting there in the warm classroom with the smell of chalk and floor polish in
his nostrils, Mr Fisher began to experience a very strange sensation. It began as a
35 tightening in his diaphragm, as if a long unused muscle had been brought into action. His
breathing quickened, stopped, quickened again. He began to sweat. And when he
reached the end of the story, Mr Fisher put down his red pen and went back to the
beginning, re-reading every word very slowly and with meticulous care.

40 This must be what a prospector feels when, discouraged and bankrupt and ready to go home, he takes off his boot and shakes out a nugget of gold the size of his fist. He read it again, critically this time, marking off the paragraphs with notes in red. A hope, which at first Mr Fisher had hardly dared to formulate, swelled in him and grew strong. He found himself beginning to smile.

45 If anyone had asked him what Tibbet's story was about, Mr Fisher might have been hard put to reply. There were themes he recognised, elements of plot which were vaguely familiar: an adventure – a quest, a child, a man. But to explain Tibbet's story in these terms was as meaningless as trying to describe a loved one's face in terms of nose, eyes, mouth. This was something new. Something entirely original.

END OF SOURCE

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1

Read again the first part of the source, from **lines 1 to 4**.

List **four** things about Mr Fisher from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

1 _

2 _____

3 _____

4 _____

4

**Section B: Writing**

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0	5
---	---

A magazine has asked for contributions for their creative writing section.

Either

Write a description of an old person as suggested by this picture:



or

Write a story about a time when things turned out unexpectedly.

(24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

Turn over ►

Source A

Alex Cold lives with his parents and two younger sisters, Andrea and Nicole, in a small American town, but when his mother becomes ill, family life changes beyond recognition.

- 1 Alexander Cold awakened at dawn, startled by a nightmare. He had been dreaming that an enormous black bird had crashed against the window with a clatter of shattered glass, flown into the house, and carried off his mother. In the dream, he had watched helplessly as it clasped her clothing in its yellow claws, flew out the same broken window, and disappeared into a sky heavy
5 with dark clouds.
- 6 What had awakened him was the noise from the storm: wind lashing the trees, rain on the rooftop, and thunder. He turned on the light with a sensation of being adrift in a boat, and pushed closer to the bulk of the large dog sleeping beside him. He pictured the roaring Pacific Ocean a few blocks from his house, spilling in furious waves against the rocks. He lay listening to the
10 storm and thinking about the black bird and about his mother, waiting for the pounding in his
11 chest to die down. He was still tangled in the images of his bad dream.

Alexander looked at the clock: 6.30, time to get up. Outside, it was beginning to get light. He decided that this was going to be a terrible day, one of those days when it's best to stay in bed because everything is going to turn out bad. There had been a lot of days like that since his
15 mother got sick; sometimes the air in the house felt heavy, like being at the bottom of the sea.

16 At breakfast Alex was not in the mood to applaud his father's efforts at making pancakes. His father was not exactly a good cook; the only thing he knew how to do was pancakes, and they always turned out like rubber-tyre tortillas. His children didn't want to hurt his feelings, so they pretended to eat them, but any time he wasn't looking, they spit them out.

20 'When's Momma going to get better?' Nicole asked, trying to spear a rubbery pancake with her fork.

'Shut up, Nicole,' Alex replied.

'Momma's going to die,' Andrea added.

'Liar! She's not going to die!' shrieked Nicole.

25 'You two are just kids. You don't know what you're talking about!' Alex exclaimed.

'Here, girls. Quiet now. Momma is going to get better,' his father interrupted, without much conviction.

Alex was angry with his father, his sisters, life in general – even with his mother for getting sick. He rushed out of the kitchen, ready to leave without breakfast.

30 Except for his father's pancakes and an occasional tuna-and-mayonnaise sandwich, no one in the family had cooked for months. There was nothing in the refrigerator but orange juice, milk and ice cream; at night they ordered in pizza or Chinese food. At first it was almost like a party, because each of them ate whenever and whatever they pleased, mainly sweets, but by now everyone missed the balanced diet of normal times.



35 Alex had realised during those months how enormous their mother's presence had been and how painful her absence was now. He missed her easy laughter and her affection, even her discipline. She was stricter than his father, and sharper. It was impossible to fool her; she could see the unseeable. He missed her music, her flowers, the once-familiar fragrance of fresh-baked cookies, and the smell of paint. It used to be that his mother could work several hours in her studio, keep the house immaculate, and still welcome her children after school with cookies.

40 Now she barely got out of bed to walk through the rooms with a confused air, as if she didn't recognise anything; she was too thin, and her sunken eyes were circled with shadows. Her canvases, which once were explosions of colour, sat forgotten on their easels, and her oil paints dried in their tubes. His mother seemed to have shrunk; she was little more than a silent ghost.

END OF SOURCE



Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
---	---

Read again the first part of the source from **lines 1 to 5**.

List **four** things about the bird in Alex's nightmare from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

1 _____

2 _____

3 _____

4 _____

0 2

Look in detail at this extract from **lines 6 to 11** of the source:

What had awakened him was the noise from the storm: wind lashing the trees, rain on the rooftop, and thunder. He turned on the light with a sensation of being adrift in a boat, and pushed closer to the bulk of the large dog sleeping beside him. He pictured the roaring Pacific Ocean a few blocks from his house, spilling in furious waves against the rocks. He lay listening to the storm and thinking about the black bird and about his mother, waiting for the pounding in his chest to die down. He was still tangled in the images of his bad dream.

How does the writer use language here to describe the effects of the storm?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

[8 marks]

0 3

You now need to think about the **whole** of the source.

This text is taken from the beginning of a novel.

How is the text structured to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]

0	4
---	---

Focus this part of your answer on the second half of the source from **line 16 to the end**.

A student said ‘This part of the story, set during breakfast time, shows that Alex is struggling to cope with his mother’s illness.’

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of Alex
- evaluate how the writer shows that Alex is struggling to cope
- support your response with references to the text.

[20 marks]



A large rectangular area containing 25 horizontal lines, intended for writing or drawing.



Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5

A magazine has asked for contributions for their creative writing page.

Either:

Write a description of a stormy sea as suggested by this picture:



Or:

Write a story that begins with the sentence: 'This was going to be a terrible day, one of those days when it's best to stay in bed because everything is going to turn out bad.'

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

The main character in this short story is a boy, though we don't get to know his name or age. At this mid-point in the story, he is playing amongst some rubble on the site of a demolished building. Everything seems normal to begin with, however....

1 One evening, the boy was crouched on top of the mound making a new town out of a heap of broken glass. He liked this time of day best – after tea, before bed. The air seemed to get grainy as its colour changed from vinegary yellow to candyfloss blue. He could rub it between his fingers like dust and slow time down. At the top of the mound he was in charge and he didn't want to go
5 home to bed. He collected green glass shards¹ and broken brown bottle necks. He tumbled fragments of old window in his hands like shattered marbles. He pushed the glass into the mound,
7 making houses, balancing roofs on them, building towers. The last of the sunlight caught and glinted in the tiny glass walls.

10 More of the black birds than he'd ever seen before rushed overhead and gathered on the lamppost. The orange light hadn't yet switched on but the shadows were growing. He heard nine chimes of the town hall clock. For a moment, the lamppost looked like a tall thin man wearing a large black hat. When the man turned towards him, he looked like a lamppost. The man had a greyish-green coat speckled with rust and a black hat that quivered with beaks and feathers. The man didn't need to climb the mound; he was face to face with the boy with his feet still planted in
15 the pavement.

16 'What are you making?' asked the man.
The boy didn't answer.

'Every child is always making something. Shake them out and they're full of dust and dreams.'
The boy stood up, ready to run, but then he remembered that at the top of the mound he was
20 king. He dug his heels into the rubble.

'I'm making a new town, better than this one. The sun can shine in through the walls. The buildings look grander. It'll be a great glass city.'

'All it needs is people,' said the man.

'Yes, it needs people,' said the boy. And when he looked down, tiny creatures were scuttling
25 beneath the glass roofs. They looked like ants or spiders, but the sky was darkening and the creatures were moving too fast to be sure. He looked to the man but there was only the lamppost and as its orange light snapped on, the birds launched into the sky.

The boy plunged down the mound and ran, hoping he wouldn't get told off for being late home. Before he reached the end of the street he knew something was wrong. The world was too quiet.
30 Where were the sounds of cars? Of footballs being kicked against walls? There were no shouts from parents calling everyone in.

'Mum?' He pushed open their front door. The house was in darkness but the telly was switched on. His mum wasn't in any of the rooms. A half-drunk cup of tea had been left on the arm of the settee.

35 The boy thundered back along the silent streets. He stood in the orange light beneath the lamppost. 'Give them back,' he shouted.
Nothing happened, although he could hear the rustle of feathers coming from the darkness above the light.

The boy ran to the top of the mound. 'Give them back!'

40 'But I haven't got them,' The man's face glowed. 'You have.'

In the gloom, it was hard to make out the tiny creatures beneath the glass roofs. They were no longer moving. The boy couldn't be sure what was a particle of rubble and what was a person sleeping in their broken-glass house. 'How do I get them back?' he asked.

But the man was a lamppost again.

Glossary

¹shards - sharp pieces or fragments

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
---	---

Read again the first part of the source, **lines 1 to 7**.

List **four** things from this part of the source about the boy.

[4 marks]

- 1 _____

- 2 _____

- 3 _____

- 4 _____



0 2

Look in detail at this extract **from lines 5 to 15** of the source:

He tumbled fragments of old window in his hands like shattered marbles. He pushed the glass into the mound, making houses, balancing roofs on them, building towers. The last of the sunlight caught and glinted in the tiny glass walls.

More of the black birds than he'd ever seen before rushed overhead and gathered on the lamppost. The orange light hadn't yet switched on but the shadows were growing. He heard nine chimes of the town hall clock. For a moment, the lamppost looked like a tall thin man wearing a large black hat. When the man turned towards him, he looked like a lamppost. The man had a greyish-green coat speckled with rust and a black hat that quivered with beaks and feathers. The man didn't need to climb the mound; he was face to face with the boy with his feet still planted in the pavement.

How does the writer use language here to describe the boy playing in the evening?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

[8 marks]

0	3
---	---

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**.

This text is from the middle of a short story.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]

0	4
---	---

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source from **line 16 to the end**.

A reviewer wrote: ‘This end part of the extract where the boy’s game comes to life takes a darker and more chilling tone.’

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of the boy’s game
- evaluate how the writer creates a dark and chilling tone
- support your response with references to the text.

[20 marks]

Section B: Writing

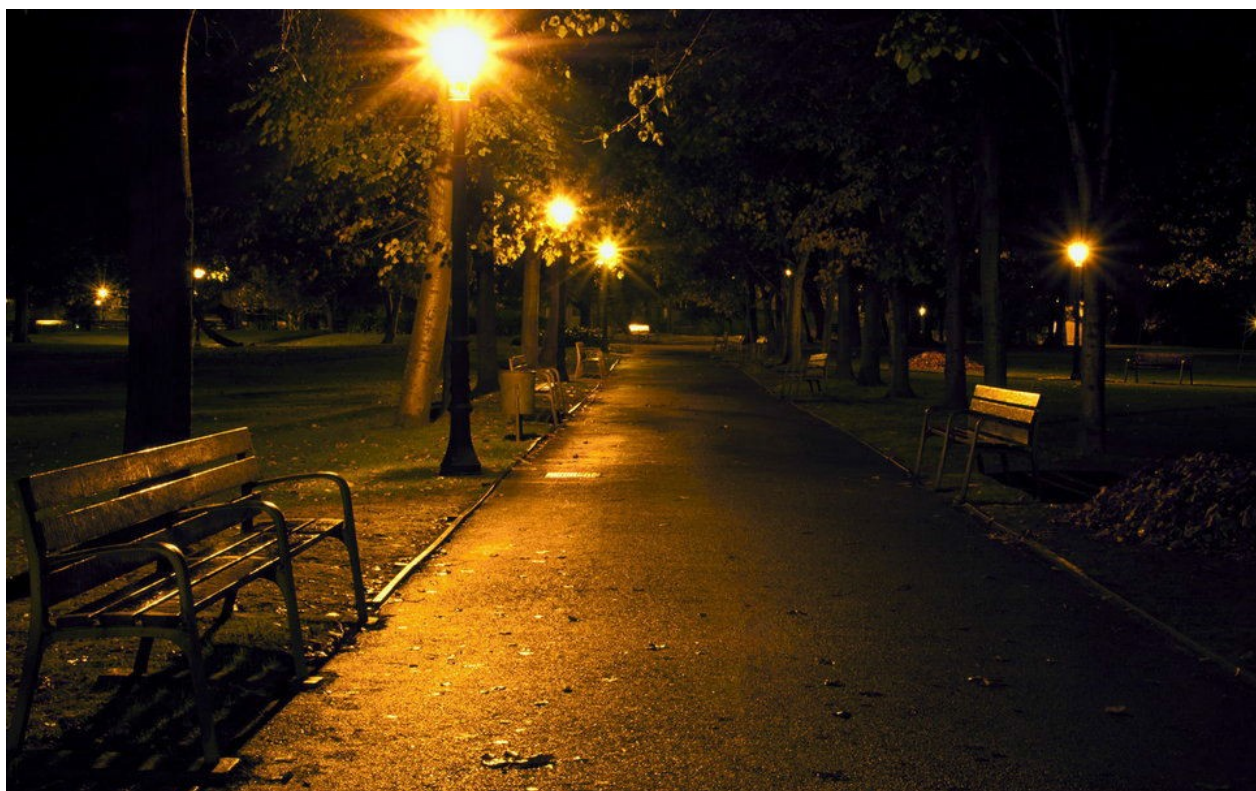
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5

You have been invited to produce a piece of creative writing about how children play imaginatively.

Either:

Write a story set on a dark night as suggested by this picture:



Or:

Write a story about a game that goes badly wrong.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

BBEC

English Language Paper 2

Past papers booklet

CONTENTS		
June 2020: Mountain climbers	Inserts	2-5
	Questions 1-5	6-10
June 2022: Family camping	Inserts	11-14
	Questions 1-5	15-19
November 2019: Elephants	Inserts	20-23
	Questions 1-5	24-28

Name:

Class:

Teacher:

Source A

Source A is an extract from *Touching the Void*, in which experienced climber Joe Simpson describes how he and fellow climber Simon Yates scaled a 21 000 foot mountain in Peru. On the way down, Joe fell and broke his leg. In this extract, Joe explains how, because of his broken leg, Simon had to lower him down the mountain using a rope.

1 The col was exposed and windy. Directly beneath us the glacier we had walked up five
 days ago curved away towards the crevasses which led to base camp, nearly 3 000 feet
 4 sense of hopelessness that had invaded us at the ice cliff.

5 'What time is it?' Simon asked.

'Just gone four. We don't have much time, do we?'

I could see him weighing up the possibilities. I wanted to carry on down, but it was Simon's
 decision. I waited for him to make up his mind.

'I think we should keep going,' he said at last.

10 Simon let me slide faster than I had expected and, despite my cries of alarm and pain, he
 had kept the pace of descent going. I stopped shouting to him after fifty feet. The rising
 wind and continuous avalanches drowned out all communications. Instead I concentrated
 on keeping my leg clear of the snow. It was an impossible task. Despite lying on my good
 leg, the right boot snagged in the snow as the weight of my body pushed down. Each
 15 abrupt jerk caused searing pain in my knee. I sobbed and gasped, swore at the snow and
 the cold, and most of all at Simon. At the change-over point, I hopped on to my left leg,
 trying to think the pain away. It ebbed slowly, leaving a dreadful throbbing ache and a
 leaden tiredness.

The tugs came again far too soon, and carelessly I slumped against the rope and let myself
 20 go. The drop went on until I could bear it no longer, yet there was nothing that I could do to
 bring the agony to an end. Howling and screaming for Simon to stop achieved nothing; the
 blame had to lie somewhere, so I swore Simon's character to the devil.

23 The terrible sliding stopped, and I hung silently against the slope. Three faint tugs trembled
 the taut rope, and I hopped up on to my leg. A wave of nausea and pain swept over me. I
 25 was glad of the freezing blasts of snow biting into my face. My head cleared as I waited for
 the burning to subside from my knee. Several times I had felt it twist sideways when my
 boot snagged. There would be a flare of agony as the knee kinked back, and parts within
 the joint seemed to shear past each other with a sickening gristly crunch. I had barely
 ceased sobbing before my boot snagged again. At the end my leg shook uncontrollably. I
 30 tried to stop it shaking, but the harder I tried, the more it shook. I pressed my face into the
 31 snow, gritted my teeth, and waited. At last it eased.

Simon had already started to climb down. I looked up but failed to make out where he was.
 I began digging Simon's belay* seat. It was warming work and distracted attention from my
 knee. When I looked up again Simon could be seen descending quickly.

35 'At this rate we should be down by nine o'clock,' he said cheerfully.



'I hope so.' I said no more. It wouldn't help to harp on about how I felt.

'Right, let's do it again.' He had seated himself in the hole and had the ropes ready for another lowering.

'You're not hanging around, are you?'

40 'Nothing to wait for. Come on.'

He was still grinning, and his confidence was infectious. Who said one man can't rescue another, I thought. We had changed from climbing to rescue, and the partnership had worked just as effectively. We hadn't dwelt on the accident. There had been an element of uncertainty at first, but as soon as we had started to act positively everything had come

45 together.

'Okay, ready when you are,' I said, lying down on my side again. 'Slow down a bit this time. You'll have my leg off otherwise.'

He didn't seem to hear me for I went down at an even faster pace than before, and the hammering torture began again with a vengeance. My optimism evaporated.

Glossary

* belay – a secure point to fix a rope

Turn over for Source B

Source B

In 1899, British explorer Gertrude Bell set out to climb one of the most dangerous mountains in the Alps, the Meije. Source B is an extract from the letter she sent home describing the climb.

Monday 28th August, 1899

I thought you would gather from my last letter that I meant to have a shot at climbing the Meije and would be glad to hear that I had descended safely. Well, I'll tell you – it's awful! I think if I
5 had known exactly what was before me I should not have faced it, but fortunately I did not, and I look back on it with complete satisfaction — and I look forward to other things with no further apprehension. . .



10 I left here on Friday, having hired a local guide, Marius, and we walked up to the Refuge. I went out to watch the beautiful red sunlight fading from the snow and rocks. The Meije looked dreadfully forbidding in the dusk. When I came in I found that Marius had kindly put my rug in a corner of the floor, and what with the straw and my cloak for a pillow, I made myself very comfortable.

15 The night lasted from 8 till 12, but I didn't sleep at all. We got up soon after 12 and I went down to the river and washed a little. It was a perfect night, clear stars and the moon not yet over the hills. We left just as the moon shone into the valley. Marius always went ahead and carried a lantern till we got on to the snow when it was light enough with only the moon.

20 At 1.30 we reached the glacier and put on our ropes. It wasn't really cold, though there was an icy little breath of wind. We had about three hours up very nice rock. I had been in high spirits for it was so easy, but before long my hopes were dashed! We had about two hours and a half of awfully difficult rock. There were two places where Marius literally pulled me up like a parcel. He has the strength of a bear. And it was absolutely sheer down. The first half-hour I gave myself up for lost. It didn't seem possible that I could get up all that wall without ever making a
25 slip. You see, I had practically never been on a rock before. However, I didn't let on to Marius and presently it began to seem quite natural to be hanging by my eyelids over an abyss. . .

30 We stayed on the summit until 11. It was gorgeous, quite cloudless. I went to sleep for half-an-hour. It's a very long way up but it's a longer way down – unless you take the way Marius's axe took. The cord by which it was carefully tied to his wrist broke and it disappeared forever into space.

35 Here comes the worst place on the whole Meije. Marius vanished, carrying a very long rope, and I waited. Presently I felt a little tug on the rope. "Mademoiselle," called Marius calmly, and obediently off I went. There were two little humps to hold on to on an overhanging rock and there was me in mid-air and Marius round the corner steadfastly holding the rope tight. . . perfectly fearful. I thought at the time how very well I was climbing and how odd it was that I should not be afraid.

The worst was over then, and the most tedious part was to come. There was no difficulty, but there was also no moment when you had not to pay the strictest attention. There was an hour of ice and rock till at last Marius and I found ourselves, with thankfulness, back on the glacier.



- 40 When I got in, I found everyone in the hotel on the doorstep waiting for me and the hotel owner let off crackers, to my great surprise.

I went to bed and knew no more till 6 this morning, when I had five cups of tea and read your letters and then went to sleep again until ten. I'm really not tired but my shoulders and neck and arms feel rather sore and stiff and my knees are awfully bruised.

END OF SOURCES

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1

Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 4**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

- A** The climbers were sheltered from the wind.
- B** The glacier was higher up the mountain.
- C** They had been on the mountain for at least five days.
- D** Base camp was more than 3000 feet below them.
- E** Joe thought they would make it back to base camp quickly.
- F** There were no more uphill sections to climb.
- G** The climbers were feeling more positive now than they were before.
- H** On the ice cliff, the climbers had felt overwhelmed by despair.

4



0	3
---	---

You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 23 to 31**.

How does the writer use language to describe how he feels?

[12 marks]

Source A

Source A is an extract from *The Tent, The Bucket and Me* in which Emma Kennedy describes her camping holidays in France in the 1970s.

1 'You know,' said my mother who, as far as I could tell, was the only person delighted to be back in France, 'we should treat this holiday as the occasion it is. There's no point in being miserable. Holidays are what you make them.'

Holidays were not what you made them. Holidays were in the hands of malevolent forces
 5 hell-bent on wreaking chaos at every turn. Holidays were assault courses of the mind and body, endurance tests designed to break spirits and shatter spleens. In my nine years on the planet I had learnt one thing: going on holiday was awful. As we sat, chugging along through the French countryside, sunflowers in the fields on either side of us, I thought, 'Yes, it IS nice to
 9 look at. But in the same way that cheese looks nice in a mousetrap.'

10 Eventually we arrived at the campsite where we had stayed the previous year. As is often the way when you revisit somewhere you've been before, the allure was not quite as sparkling. The table tennis hut, once such an astonishment of riches, was now a bit battered around the edges, the pool a little more dull. Even my mother was forced to concede that the place had lost its gloss. 'This isn't quite as nice as I remember it,' she said, hands on hips. 'Still, at least
 15 it's a bit cooler. What a relief!'

'Storm clouds gathering over there,' said Dad, looking up to the west. 'That'll explain the drop in temperature. Still, I'll get the tent up.'

Our pitch backed on to a line of trees that acted as a windbreaker between us and the river. I wandered off, tiptoeing through the branches to stand at the water's edge. The low evening
 20 sun was casting a pink tinge across the water and dragonflies were hovering. Picking up a round, flat stone I skimmed it across the surface of the lake and watched with satisfaction as it bounced away. Sometimes, it was the simplest things that provided the greatest pleasure and as I stood, throwing stone after stone, I felt real contentment as if I were actually enjoying myself.

25 I returned to our pitch, having been called to supper by my mother. Dad was staring skywards. 'Those clouds are shifting,' he said, 'we might get some rain after all.'

'I can't remember the last time I saw rain,' answered my mother, 'must be well over a month. It'll be nice. Clear the air.'

29 Suddenly, there was a squall of activity all over the campsite as the sky darkened and the rain
 30 began to fall in thick, steady drops. Caravan awnings were being winched in, windows slammed shut, towels were being hastily gathered and everywhere, families were retreating to the inside of their tents. Because the ground was so dry, the patter of rain on the hard earth sounded almost metallic and each raindrop sparked up a plume of dust so fine it looked like steam, making the soil look as if it were boiling. In the distance, a low rumble of thunder began
 35 rolling towards us, the starter flag for any decent storm, and the rain which had an individual and random quality became more pack-like, shifting shapes like a flock of starlings. The storm was circling the area before clattering in to do its worst. Soon, the rain was slashing down, the
 38 relentless battering against the tent canvas loud and frightening.



40 Despite all my father's best efforts to waterproof the tent and lay the ground sheet properly,
water was starting to seep in. The ground, dry from so many weeks without moisture, couldn't
cope with the sudden onslaught and the campsite was rapidly turned into a series of streaming
rivers. Not wanting to get our bedding wet, we bundled our sleeping bags together, placing
them on top of the camping table just outside the sleeping compartment. With nothing to sleep
45 in, and the water ever rising, Dad placed my air bed on top of their air bed and we sat, huddled
together, knees against our chests. As the storm fractured the skies, we clung together,
terrified.

Despite a small but intense gnawing in my chest, there was something deliciously spine-tingling
about being trapped inside the tent while hell rained itself down on me.

Turn over for Source B

Turn over ►

Source B

Source B is an extract from *In The Wilderness*, written in 1878 by the American writer Charles Dudley Warner. At this time, some Americans were looking for adventure by camping in the wild.

1 The real enjoyment of camping in the woods lies in a return to primitive conditions of living, dress and food and an escape from civilization. It is wonderful to see how easily the limits of society fall off.

5 When our campers come to the bank of a lovely lake where they hope to enter the primitive life, everything is beautiful and unspoilt. There is a point of land cutting into the lake, sloping down to a sandy beach, on which the waters idly lap. The forest is untouched by the axe; ranks of slender fir trees are marshalled by the shore. The discoverers of this paradise, which they have entered to destroy, note the babbling of the stream that flows close at hand; they hear the splash of the leaping fish. They listen to the sweet song of the evening birds, and the chatter of
10 the red squirrel, who angrily challenges their right to be there.

The site for a shelter is selected. The whole group is busy with the foundation of a new home. The axes resound in the echoing spaces; great trunks fall with a crash; views are opened towards the lake and the mountains. The spot for the shelter is cleared of underbrush; forked stakes are driven into the ground, cross-pieces are laid on them, and poles sloping back to the
15 ground. In an incredible space of time there is the skeleton of a house, which is entirely open in front. The roof and sides must be covered. For this purpose, the trunks of great spruce trees are skinned. It needs but a few of these skins to cover the roof; and they make a perfectly water-tight roof, except when it rains.

20 Later, whilst we eat supper, a drop or two of rain falls. The sky darkens; the wind rises; there is a kind of shiver in the woods. We scud away into the shelter, taking the remains of our supper, eating it as best we can. The rain increases. The fire sputters and fumes. All the trees are dripping, dripping, and the ground is wet. We cannot step outdoors without getting a drenching. Like sheep, we are penned in the little hut, where no one can stand upright. The rain swirls into the open front and wets the bottom of the blankets. We curl up in our sleeping rows and try to
25 enjoy ourselves. How much better off we are than many a shelter-less wretch!

However, as we are dropping off to sleep, somebody unfortunately notes a drop of water on his face. He moves his head to a dry place. Then he feels a dampness in his back and he finds a puddle of water soaking through his blanket. By this time, somebody inquires if it is possible that the roof leaks. One man has a stream of water under him; another says it is coming into
30 his ear. The roof appears to be a discriminating sieve. Those who are dry see no need of such a fuss. The man in the corner spreads his umbrella, and the protective measure is resented by his neighbour. In the darkness there is recrimination. The rain continues to soak down. The fire is only half alive. The bedding is damp. Some sit up, if they can find a dry spot to sit on, and smoke. A few sleep. And the night wears on.

35 The morning opens cheerless. The sky is still leaking and so is the shelter. The roof is patched up. Even if the storm clears, the woods are soaked. There is no chance of going out. The world is only ten feet square.

This life, without responsibility or clean clothes, may continue as long as the camper desires. Some would be happy to live in this free fashion forever, in rain or sun, but there are others who
40 cannot exist more than three days without their worldly baggage. These campers will soon leave and the abandoned camp is a melancholy sight.



The woods have been despoiled; the stumps are ugly; the bushes are scorched; the pine-leaf-strewn earth is trodden into mud; the ground is littered with all the unsightly debris of a hand-to-hand life. The dismantled shelter is a shabby object; the charred and blackened logs, 45 where the fire blazed, suggest the extinction of life. Man has wrought his usual wrong upon Nature.

END OF SOURCES

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 9**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

- A** The writer's mother was happy to be going on holiday.
- B** This is the first time the writer has been to France.
- C** The writer thinks evil powers ruin holidays.
- D** The writer thinks holidays are mental and physical challenges.
- E** The writer is a teenager at the time of the holiday.
- F** The family are travelling through a city.
- G** The fields on either side of the road are full of wheat.
- H** The writer admits that holidays can look attractive but she thinks this is a trick.

4

0 2

You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The writers in **Source A** and **Source B** stay in very different camping sites.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the differences between the two camping sites.

[8 marks]

Turn over ►



Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5

'Holidays don't need to be faraway and expensive. They just need to give people a break from everyday life and the chance to relax.'

Write an article for a magazine in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

Turn over ►

Source A

George Orwell was a young British writer who started work in 1922 as a policeman in Burma. At that time, Burma was part of the British Empire. The extract is from his essay *Shooting an Elephant*, which he wrote in 1936.

1 Early one morning, the sub-inspector at another police station the other end of town rang me
up on the phone and said that an elephant was ravaging the bazaar. Would I please come
and do something about it? I did not know what I could do, but I wanted to see what was
happening and I started out. I took my rifle, much too small to kill an elephant, but I thought
5 the noise might be useful.

10 It was not of course a wild elephant, but a tame one. It had been chained up, but on the
previous night it had broken its chain and escaped. In the morning the elephant had
suddenly reappeared in the town. It had already destroyed somebody's bamboo hut, killed
a cow and raided some fruit-stalls and devoured the stock. Some Burmese men arrived and
told us that the elephant was in the paddy fields below, only a few hundred yards away. I
sent an orderly to borrow an elephant rifle. The orderly came back in a few minutes with a
rifle and five cartridges.

15 As I started forward practically the whole population of the area flocked out of their houses
and followed me. They had seen the rifle and were all shouting excitedly that I was going to
shoot the elephant. It made me vaguely uneasy. I had no intention of shooting the
elephant. I marched down the hill, looking and feeling a fool, with the rifle over my shoulder
and an ever-growing army of people jostling at my heels.

20 At the bottom, the elephant was standing eighty yards from the road. He took not the
slightest notice of the crowd's approach. He was tearing up bunches of grass, beating them
against his knees to clean them and stuffing them into his mouth.

25 As soon as I saw the elephant I knew with perfect certainty that I ought not to shoot him. It
is a serious matter to shoot a working elephant – it is comparable to destroying a huge and
costly piece of machinery. And at that distance, peacefully eating, the elephant looked no
more dangerous than a cow. I decided that I would watch him for a while to make sure he
did not turn savage again, and then go home.

26 But at that moment I glanced around at the crowd that had followed me. It was an immense
crowd, two thousand at the least and growing every minute. I looked at the sea of faces
above the garish clothes – faces all happy and excited over this bit of fun, all certain that the
elephant was going to be shot. They were watching me as they would watch a conjurer
30 about to perform a trick. And suddenly I realised that I should have to shoot the elephant
after all. The people expected it of me and I had got to do it. Here was I, the white man with
his gun, seemingly the leading actor of the piece, but in reality I was only a puppet pushed
to and fro by the will of those faces behind. To come all that way, rifle in hand, with two
thousand people marching at my heels, and then to trail feebly away, having done nothing –
35 no, that was impossible. The crowd would laugh at me.

But I did not want to shoot the elephant. It seemed to me that it would be murder to shoot
him. (Somehow it always seems worse to kill a *large* animal.)

It was perfectly clear to me what I ought to do. I ought to walk up to the elephant and test
his behaviour. If he charged I could shoot, if he took no notice of me it would be safe to



- 40 leave him. But I also knew I was going to do no such thing. If the elephant charged and I missed him, I should have about as much chance as a toad under a steam-roller. The sole thought in my mind was that if anything went wrong those two thousand Burmese people would see me pursued, caught and trampled on. And if that happened it was quite probable that some of them would laugh. That would never do. There was only one alternative.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

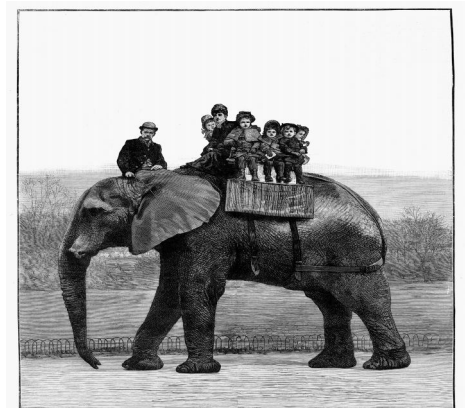
The extract below is from the book *Wild Animals in Captivity*, published in 1898 by Abraham Bartlett, Head Keeper at the Zoological Society Gardens (now London Zoo).

1 The first elephant that ever came under my charge was the celebrated Jumbo. The African elephant was received at the Zoological Gardens in exchange for other animals on June 26, 1863.

At that date Jumbo was about 4 ft high and he was in filthy and miserable condition. I handed
5 him over to keeper Matthew Scott. The first thing we did was to remove the filth and dirt from his skin. This was a task requiring a great deal of labour and patience. The poor beast's feet had grown out of shape, but by scraping and rasping, together with a supply of good food, his condition rapidly improved.

However, he soon began to play some very lively tricks, so
10 much so that we found it necessary to put a stop to his games, and this we did in a very speedy and effectual manner. Scott and myself, holding him by each ear, gave him a good thrashing. He quickly recognised that he was mastered by lying down and uttering a cry of submission.

15 We coaxed him and fed him with a few tempting treats, and after this time he appeared to recognise that we were his best friends, and he continued on the best of terms with both of us until the year before he was sold. He was at that time about twenty-one years old and had gained the
20 enormous size of 11 ft in height. All male elephants at this age become troublesome and dangerous. Jumbo was no exception to this rule.



He began to destroy the doors and other parts of his house, driving his tusks through the iron plates, splintering the timbers in all directions. When in this condition, and in his home, none of
25 the other keepers except Scott dare go near him; but, strange to say, he was perfectly quiet as soon as he was allowed to be free in the Gardens.

I was perfectly aware that this restless and frantic condition could be calmed by reducing the quantity of his food, fastening his limbs by chains, and an occasional flogging; but this
30 treatment would have called forth a multitude of protests from kind-hearted and sensitive people, and would have led to those keepers concerned appearing before the magistrates at the police court charged with cruelty. It is only those who have had experience in the management of an elephant who are aware that, unless the person in charge of him is determined to be master and overpower him, that person will lose all control over him and will be likely to fall victim to his enormous strength.

35 But to return to Jumbo's early days, he was very soon strong enough to carry children on his back and therefore a new saddle was made for him. At that time, all the cash handed to the keepers of the elephants by the people who rode on them was the keepers' to keep. How much they received from the visitors will probably never be known, but, as Jumbo became the great favourite, Scott came in for the lion's share.

40 Jumbo had been for nearly sixteen years quiet, gentle and obedient, and had daily carried hundreds of visitors about the gardens. Finding that, at the end of that period, he was likely to



do some fatal mischief, I made an application to the council to be supplied with a powerful enough rifle in the event of finding it necessary to kill him.

45 About this time I received a letter from Mr Barnum* asking if the Zoological Society would sell the big African elephant and at what price. I wrote immediately to Mr Barnum telling him that he could have Jumbo for £2000.

Glossary

*Mr Barnum – a world famous American showman and circus promoter

END OF SOURCES

**Section A: Reading**

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
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Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 5**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

- | | |
|---|--------------------------|
| A Orwell receives the phone call in the afternoon. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| B There is only one police station in the town. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| C There are reports of an elephant out of control. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| D The sub-inspector expects Orwell to sort out the problem. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| E Orwell is confident he can sort out the problem with the elephant. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| F Orwell is curious about the elephant. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| G Orwell takes his rifle to kill the elephant. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| H It takes a very powerful weapon to kill an elephant. | <input type="checkbox"/> |

4



0	3
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You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 26 to 35**.

How does the writer use language to describe the crowd of people?

[12 marks]



0	4
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For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different attitudes to the elephants.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different attitudes to elephants
- compare the methods the writers use to convey their attitudes
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

Turn over ►



Do not write
outside the
box

Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5

'People protest about the cruelty of keeping animals in captivity, but they seem happy enough to eat meat, keep pets and visit zoos. All animals should be free!'

Write an article for a magazine in which you explain your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

Turn over ►

Source A

Source A was published in *The Guardian* newspaper in 2016. In this article, the writer, Peter Walker, explores how people who cycle in the city are at risk from other road users.

All cyclists fear bad drivers

1 Ask most people who ride a bike regularly in the UK and they'll happily recount a list of terrifying or alarming incidents caused by the deliberate actions of another road user, usually someone in a motor vehicle.

5 My last such incident happened just under a week ago, when a driver decided to overtake my bike very closely and at speed on a narrow residential street near my home in south-east London. I was unharmed, but the driver was gambling on the assumption that I would not, for example, hit a sudden pothole and swerve or wobble.

10 Inevitably the congested traffic meant I caught up with the driver at the next junction. His relatively minor, but nonetheless very real, roll of the dice with my chances of making it home safely that evening had all been for nothing. That's appallingly common.

A couple of things must be noted. First, however distressing such incidents can be – and there is evidence they help keep levels of cycling in Britain as pathetically low as they are – riding a bike is still safer than many people think. The average Briton would ride 2 million miles before they suffered a serious injury.

15 Secondly, while some are tempted to characterise such events as part of a 'war on the roads' it's nothing of the sort, not least as the majority of cyclists also drive, and would thus be somehow waging war on themselves.

20 The thing to grasp is that it's about the person, not the mode of transport they happen to be using at that particular time. As well as cycling, I walk, use buses and trains, sometimes drive, occasionally get planes. My personality is not changed, or defined, by any of those. I get the sense that all these forms of transport are populated by roughly similar proportions of idiots. They might push on to a train, barge past you on an escalator at an Underground station, recline their plane seat just as the meals are being served.

25 Driving is, however, different in one way. It is the sole event in most people's everyday lives where there is a plausible chance they could kill another human being. It's not about morals, it's simple physics. If I hit someone at 12mph even on my solid, heavy everyday bike it would impart something like 1,200 joules of kinetic energy. If I were in the last car I owned, a relatively tiny Nissan Micra, doing 30mph, you're suddenly at 100,000 joules. It's a very different impact.

30 It's why police should take incidents more seriously than they generally do. It's why the driving tuition and testing system should be revamped to place far more stress on drivers' vast, overriding responsibility to look out for and protect vulnerable road users, those not cocooned within a tonne of metal.

35 Next time you're in a car and you think a cyclist in front is holding you up, I'd urge you to hold two very clear thoughts in your mind.

40 The first is this: despite the apparent belief of many drivers, cyclists are not obliged or even advised to ride in the gutter. If a rider is in the middle of the lane it could be to stay clear of opened doors on parked cars; it could be because the edge of the road is rutted and potholed; it might even be to stop drivers squeezing past when it would be clearly unsafe to do so.

45 Also bear this in mind: even if you're absolutely convinced the cyclist is in the wrong, hold back and be cautious anyway. In the majority of urban traffic situations, your overtake will be a very brief victory – they'll pedal past again in the queue for the next red light or junction. But most of all, remember that these are human beings, unprotected flesh and bone seeking to get to work, to see their friends, to return to their loved ones. However much of a rush you think you're in, it never, ever, justifies putting them at risk.

Turn over for Source B

Source B


In this extract, the Countess of Malmesbury describes her experience of riding a bicycle in the streets of London. She wrote the magazine article in 1896, at a time when city streets were full of horse-drawn vehicles. Cycling was becoming a popular means of transport, for women as well as for men.

ON A BICYCLE IN THE STREETS OF LONDON BY SUSAN, COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY

1 A new sport has lately been devised by the drivers of
hansom cabs.* It consists of chasing the lady who rides
her bicycle in the streets of the metropolis. Having now
5 been the prey of the hansom cabman for nearly a year,
and having given him several exciting runs, I cannot
help feeling that cycling in the streets would be nicer, to
use a mild expression, if he'd not try to kill me.



8 Riding on a track began to bore me as soon as I had learnt to balance, but I remained steadily
practising until I could turn easily, cut figures of eight, get on and off quickly on either side and
10 stop without charging into unwelcome obstacles. This done, burning to try my fate in traffic, and
yet as nervous as a hare that feels the greyhound's breath, I launched my little bicycle early
one Sunday morning in July into the stormy oceans of Sloane Street, on my way to visit a sick
friend who lived about four miles off. The streets were really very clear, but I shall never forget
15 my terror. I arrived in about two hours, streaming and exhausted, much more in need of
assistance than the invalid I went to visit. Coming home it was just as bad; I reached my house
about three o'clock and went straight to bed, where I had my lunch, in a state bordering on
collapse. I only recount this adventure in order to encourage others who may have had the
18 same experience as myself, but who may not have tried to conquer their nervousness.

20  What cured my fear was the purchase of a little book called 'Guide to Cycling',
where it is written that I had an actual legal existence on the roadway. Yes, I
had as good a right to my life as even my arch-enemy the hansom. Cautious
and alert, I merrily proceeded on my way, using my bicycle as a means of doing
my morning shopping or other business. I found that my experience in driving
25 an exceedingly naughty pony and cart in town stood me here in very good
stead, my eye being well-educated to pace and distance.

Drivers of hansoms have various ways of inflicting torture on a fellow-creature, one of which is
suddenly and loudly to shout out 'Hi!' when they have ample room to pass, or when you are
only occupying your lawful position in a string of vehicles. Also, they love to share your
handle-bars and wheels, passing so close that if you swerve in the slightest it must bring you to
30 serious grief. They are also fond of cutting in just in front of you, or deliberately checking you at
a crossroads, well knowing that by so doing they risk your life.

I myself always ride peaceably about seven or eight miles an hour, and keep a good look-out
some way ahead, as by that means you can often slip through a tight place or avoid being
made into a sandwich composed of a pedestrian who will not, and an omnibus* which cannot,
35 stop.

Many a time when I first began to ride in traffic have I meekly escorted an omnibus in a crowded street, thankful for the shelter it afforded from the wild and skirmishing jungle round me, and feeling like what I may perhaps describe as a dolphin playing round an ocean liner. Many acts of kindness have I received at a difficult crossroads from hard-worked men, to whom pulling up their horses must have been a serious inconvenience. Indeed, on one occasion, I might have been killed but for the consideration of a driver. I found myself wedged in between an omnibus and a large cart. They had both been standing, and at the moment of my appearance each pulled out from the kerb in a slanting direction. I was thus fairly caught in a trap; but, not having time to faint or go into hysterics, I thought it best to catch the nearest omnibus horse by the harness and try to stop him.

My life was safe, it is true; but what is life if your new white gloves are ruined?

Glossary

* hansom cab – a taxi carriage pulled by a horse

* omnibus – a large horse-drawn vehicle used for carrying passengers

END OF SOURCES

**Section A: Reading**

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
---	---

Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 10**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

- A** Most people in Britain ride a bike regularly.
- B** Most UK cyclists are pleased about the number of dangerous incidents on the roads.
- C** The writer has never had a dangerous incident whilst cycling.
- D** The writer lives in south-east London.
- E** As the car passed, the writer did not swerve.
- F** The writer soon caught up with the driver.
- G** The writer thought the driver's actions had been pointless.
- H** It is rare to meet dangerous drivers whilst cycling.

4

Source A

In 2005, Ben Fogle and James Cracknell set off together in a seven week race across the Atlantic Ocean in a rowing boat called 'Spirit'. In their book *The Crossing*, Ben describes what happened one night as he rowed and James slept.

BEN:

1 It was still dark. We had at least three hours of darkness to go before daybreak and, as
always, I had the sunrise shift. The ocean had continued to build, with an ever-increasing
wind that was gusting at 40 knots. The swell had grown and conditions were becoming
increasingly frenzied. I began to feel vulnerable again. If we can just make it to daybreak, I
5 thought, it will be easier to read the waves and prepare for the breakers.

Our boat was brand spanking new and bought straight
from the race organisers. It had coped with the seas we
had experienced thus far incredibly well. I rowed on,
worried by the deteriorating weather, and I thought of
10 my wife, back at home. I longed to be with her and away
from this intimidating ocean. As I rowed, a barely
perceptible blue hue appeared on the skyline.

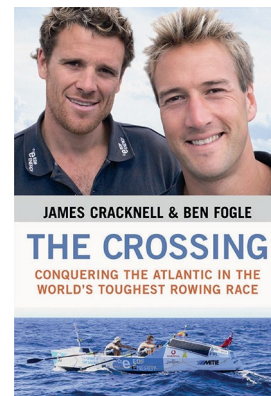
The swell was gathering, and the breaking waves were
becoming more frequent. 'Come on, sun,' I thought,
15 willing the day to break. Something wasn't right.

16 I watched as a vast wave gathered behind the boat, soaring above the cabin, a wall of white
water towering over our tiny boat. Once again I dug the oars in to propel us forward, but the
wave was too big. For a moment it felt like we were moving backwards as we were sucked
into the belly of the wave, the horizon disappearing as the churning surf enveloped the stern
20 of the boat. I felt it lift, as a torrent of water crashed over the boat and I felt myself falling
backwards. I was aware of the boat collapsing on top of me. I struggled to pull my feet from
the stirrups to no avail. The world went black. I felt a weight on top of me and then a rush of
cold water as my body was brutally submerged into the bottomless Atlantic Ocean. My feet
were sucked from my shoes as I clung on to the oars for dear life, but then they too were
25 dragged from my clasp. My mind went blank as I tumbled through the surf, spun around
26 roughly like clothes in a washing machine.

I was somewhere underwater, but which way was up? Everything was midnight black. I
panicked as I grabbed the water, desperate for something to clutch on to. There was
nothing. No boat, just inky cold water.

30 I had been underwater for a seeming eternity and had started to panic. It felt as though my
lungs were collapsing and I struggled to find which way to swim. I felt my hand break the
surface as my body burst from the depths of the ocean. 'Paaaaaaah,' I gasped as my body
screamed for air.

'James!' I cried. There was no sign of him, nor the boat. I was in the middle of the ocean
35 without a life jacket, being tossed around in the surf like a rag doll. I spun around in the
water, gripped by panic.



There was the boat, a black upturned hull. 'James!' I screamed again. Nothing. Nothing in life had prepared me for this. No amount of planning could have readied me. What the hell now? Who would ever find me out here, hundreds of miles from the nearest boat, let alone land? I had to get back on to that boat.

40

My mind was numb with shock, but somehow I made it back to the upturned hull, and clung on. There was still no sign of James. Why wasn't the *Spirit* righting herself? I fretted as I hauled myself up on to her keel.

I could feel the boat listing. Slowly but surely the boat began to turn on top of me. I clutched on to the grab line as I collapsed back into the water, the boat springing upright. I clung on, silent and in shock.

45

'Ben!' I heard James's cry. He was alive. Thank god.

'I'm here, I'm here!' I squeaked, still clutching the grab line.

50

All around us the ocean was strewn with debris, loose equipment from the deck. After five weeks at sea we had become complacent and had long stopped lashing things down; we could only watch as all our worldly possessions drifted away into the rolling ocean.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

In 1893, William Hudson travelled by sea to Patagonia, a remote area in South America, to study birds. In his book *Idle Days in Patagonia*, he describes the journey to get there.

1 The wind had blown a gale all night, and I had been hourly expecting that the tumbling storm-shaken old steamship, in which I had taken passage to Patagonia, would turn over once and for all and settle down beneath the tremendous tumult of waters. For the groaning sound of its straining timbers, and the engine throbbing like an over-worked human heart, had made the
5 ship seem like a living thing to me; and it was tired of the struggle, and under the tumult was peace. But at about three o' clock in the morning the wind began to drop and, taking off coat and boots, I threw myself in to my bunk for a little sleep.

Ours was a very curious boat, ancient and much damaged; long and narrow in shape, with the
10 passengers' cabins ranged like a row of small wooden cottages on the deck; it was as ugly to look at as it was unsafe to voyage in. To make matters worse our Captain, a man over eighty years of age, was lying in his cabin sick; our one
15 Mate was asleep, leaving only the men to navigate the steamship on that perilous coast, and in the darkest hour of a tempestuous night.



I was just dropping into a doze when a succession of bumps, accompanied by strange grating and grinding noises, and shuddering motions of the ship, caused me to start up again and rush
20 to the cabin door. The night was still black and starless, with wind and rain, but for acres round us the sea was whiter than milk. I did not step out, as close to me, where our only lifeboat was fastened, three of the sailors were standing together talking in low tones. 'We are lost,' I heard one say; and another answer, 'Ay, lost forever!' Just then the Mate, roused from sleep, came running to them. 'What have you done?' he exclaimed sharply; then dropping his voice, he
25 added, 'Lower the lifeboat – quick!'

I crept out and stood unseen by them in the dark. Not a thought of the wicked act they were about to engage in entered my mind at the time – for it was their intention to save themselves and leave us to our fate in that awful white surf. My only thought was that at the last moment, I
30 would spring with them into the boat and save myself. But one other person, more experienced than myself, and whose courage took a better form, was also near and listening. He was the First Engineer. Seeing the men making for the lifeboat, he slipped out of the engine room, revolver in hand, and secretly followed them; and when the Mate gave the order to board, he stepped forward with the weapon raised and said in a quiet but determined voice that he would shoot the first man who should attempt to obey it. The men slunk away and disappeared in the
35 gloom.

In a few moments more the passengers began streaming out on to the deck in a great state of alarm. Last of all, the old Captain, white and hollow-eyed, appeared like a ghost among us. We had not been standing there long when, by some freak chance, the steamship got off the rocks and plunged on through the seething, milky surf; then very suddenly passed out of it into black
40 and comparatively calm water. For ten minutes she sped rapidly and smoothly on, then it was said that we were stuck fast in the sand of the shore, although no shore was visible in the darkness.



There was no longer any wind, but through the fast-breaking clouds ahead of us appeared the first welcome signs of dawn. It was true enough that we were stuck fast in the sand; but
45 although this was a safer bed for the steamship than the jagged rocks; our position was still a perilous one and I at once determined to land.

END OF SOURCES

**Section A: Reading**

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
---	---

Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 12**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

- | | |
|--|--------------------------|
| A It would be dark for another three hours. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| B Ben usually rowed the sunrise shift. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| C The waves were starting to calm down. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| D It was the first time during the race that Ben felt he was at risk. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| E If it were light, Ben thought he would be able to judge the danger. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| F Ben felt homesick. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| G Ben was enjoying this early morning shift. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| H There was no sign of daybreak. | <input type="checkbox"/> |

4



0	4
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For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different perspectives and feelings about their experiences at sea.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different perspectives and feelings
- compare the methods the writers use to convey their different perspectives and feelings
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

Turn over ►

Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0	5
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'It is people who have extraordinary skill, courage and determination who deserve to be famous, not those who have good looks or lots of money or behave badly.'

Write a letter to the editor of a newspaper in which you argue your point of view in response to this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

Turn over ►

Source A

This extract is from a non-fiction book called 'The Other Side of the Dale' written in 1998 by Gervase Phinn about his experiences as a School Inspector in the north of England. In the extract he describes a visit to a primary school in Crompton.

1 Sister Brendan, the Head teacher, saw my car pull up outside her office window and was at the door of the school to greet me before I had the chance to straighten my tie and comb my hair. She beamed so widely that, had she worn lipstick, I would have expected to see traces on her ears. The small school was sited in the disadvantaged centre of Crompton, a dark and
5 brooding northern industrial town. Tall black chimneys, great square, featureless warehouses, and row on row of mean terraces stretched into the valley beyond. The school was adjacent to a grim and forbidding wasteland of derelict buildings and piles of rubble, surrounded by half-demolished houses which seemed to grow upwards like great red jagged teeth from blackened gums. From the grime and dust I walked into an oasis: a calm, bright, welcoming
10 and orderly building.

11 'Good afternoon to you, Mr Phinn,' said Sister Brendan enthusiastically. 'I got your letter. We are all ready and waiting and raring to go.' She was a slight, thin-cheeked woman with tiny, dark, darting eyes and a sharp little beak of a nose. Sister Brendan looked like a small hungry blackbird out for the early worm.

15 'Good afternoon, Sister,' I replied, shaking a small cold hand.

'And did you have a pleasant journey, Mr Phinn?' she asked, her little black glittering eyes looking up into mine.

'Yes, indeed, Sister, a very pleasant journey.'

20 The Head teacher took me on a tour of the school, fluttering along the corridors, pointing and chattering and chuckling away as we went from room to room. Children's painting and poems, posters, pictures and book jackets covered every available space. Shelves held attractive books, tables were covered in shells, models, photographs and little artefacts. Each child we passed said 'Hello,' brightly and in all the classrooms little busy bodies were reading, writing, discussing, solving problems and working at the computers.

25 'It's a hive of activity,' I remarked.

27 'Does that make me the Queen Bee?' asked Sister Brendan with a mischievous glint in her shining eyes.

30 It was clear that for Sister Brendan the children in her care were a source of real delight. She glided through the school, pointing out with pride a painting or a poem displayed on a corridor wall, telling me about the football team and the drama group and the brass ensemble, introducing me on the tour to each teacher with a flourish. I explained to Sister Brendan the reason for my visit: to hear a selection of children read, test their spellings and look at their writing. The small head nodded like some mechanical toy.



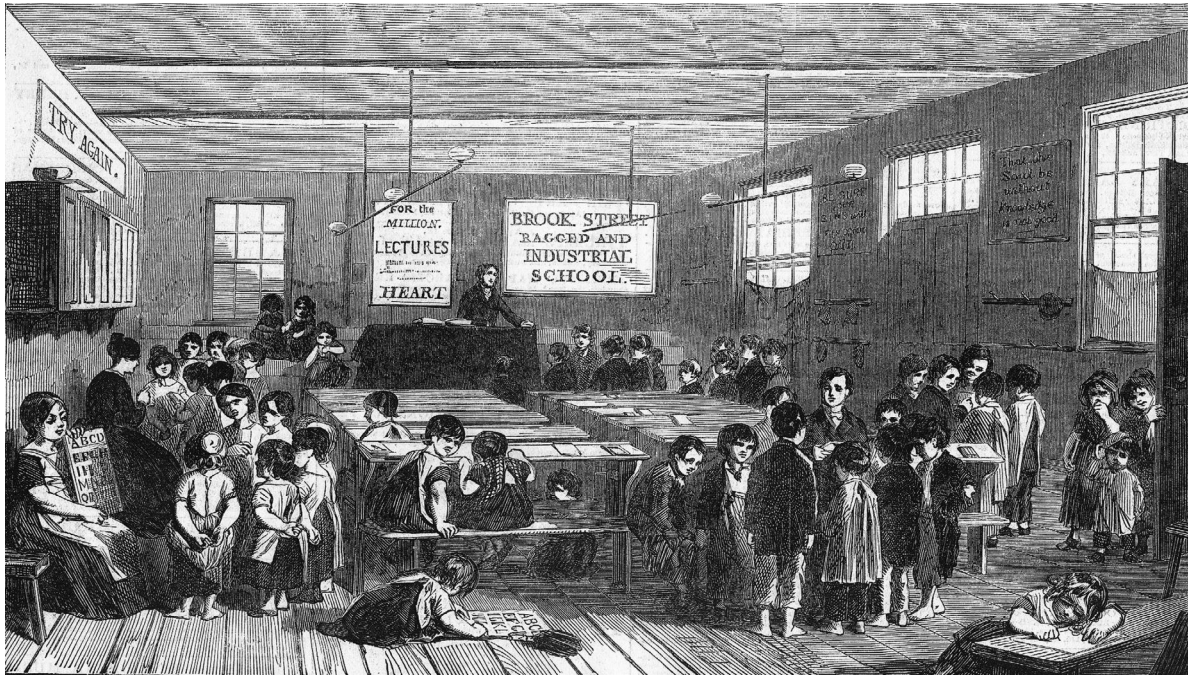
- 35 'No child leaves this school unable to read,' she boasted. 'It is the single most important skill and we work extremely hard to achieve success for every child. Most of these children have few books in their homes and many of their parents do not have the inclination nor the time to hear them read so our task is a hard one. To fail to teach a child to read, Mr Phinn, in my book, is tantamount to handicapping the child for the rest of his life. I hope you will conclude, when you have done your testing and heard the children read, that we have risen to the challenge.'
- 40 I tested a sample of twenty children in the small and attractive school library. They came one after the other, clasping their readers, bright-eyed and keen. All read with clarity and expression and when they spoke it was with enthusiasm and confidence. And I have never met such lively enquiring minds nor so many budding little philosophers in ones so young.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is taken from a diary written in 1849 by a teacher at a ragged school. Ragged schools were set up to teach children whose parents were too poor to pay for their education. The schools were often housed in unsuitable buildings in poor areas of the city.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRIVATE DIARY OF THE MASTER OF A LONDON RAGGED SCHOOL



1 Oct. 29th 1849 –

On the way to the school this morning, it was a dismal scene . . . nothing but squalid dirt and idleness – the lanes leading to the school were full of men, women and children: shouting, gossiping, swearing, and laughing in a most discordant manner. The whole population seemed to be on the eve of a great outbreak of some kind or another, ready for anything but work . . . These lanes are a moral hell . . . We prepared the school by placing benches for the division of the scholars into four classes, and as they came tumbling and bawling up the stairs, we directed them to seats. Shortly after ten o'clock I spoke to them kindly, and then asked them to join with me in prayer.

10 No school can be possibly worse than this. Here the very appearance of one's coat is to them the badge of class and respectability, for they know very well that we are the representatives of beings with whom they have ever considered themselves at war.

I had occasion to punish a boy slightly this morning. He swore most horribly, and rushed from the school. I took little notice of this display, and sat down calmly to hear the class read. I was suddenly startled by a large stone passing my ear. If it had struck me on the head, I must have been severely hurt. I got out of the reach of stones thrown through the window, and continued the lesson. Several followed – half-a-dozen at least. He was ready in the courtyard with a brick in his hand, to have his revenge when I came out.

20 Several visitors called in the afternoon, and they had scarcely left when a most distressing
 scene occurred. Two girls of twelve or thirteen years of age quarrelled. The first notice I had
 of this was to see the pair boxing most viciously. Before I could get at them, they had hold of
 each other's hair, and were yelling most fearfully. They fought like furies, but before we
 could separate them, one had received a severe and lasting injury in the eye, and her nose
 25 bled profusely. I sent her home, and went again to work, but it had not been quiet for ten
 minutes when a fearful outbreak took place. Seven women rushed into the school and
 outside, at least fifty women had collected. These were the mothers and friends of the girls
 who had fought. Having abused me in no measured terms – they proceeded to fight.
 Our boys cheered most tremendously. The women swore and shrieked. Those outside
 30 responded. Never, surely, was such a noise heard before. I did not believe that human
 beings resident in this city could so behave . . .

So by the help of God we must work harder. It is a post of honour. It is a forlorn hope.

Oct. 30th 1849 –

35 If possible the scholars were more unruly to-day than they were yesterday, but no serious
 outbreak took place. All our copybooks have been stolen, and proofs exist that the school is
 used at night as a sleeping-room. We must get a stronger door to it. I must also get a tub to
 stand by the pump in the courtyard, and a piece of coarse towelling and soap. My duties
 must resolve themselves into –

40 First – To see the boys and girls well washed and scrubbed
 Secondly – To try to get prayers said decently
 Thirdly – To give them a lesson in their duties and privileges
 Fourthly – Some religious instruction
 Fifthly – Reading
 Sixthly – Writing
 Seventhly – Arithmetic.

END OF SOURCES

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
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Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 10**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

- A** The inspector travels to the school by train.
- B** Sister Brendan reacts quickly to the arrival of the inspector.
- C** The people who live in the centre of Crompton are mostly wealthy.
- D** There are no chimneys or warehouses in Crompton.
- E** The school is situated next to a wasteland.
- F** Some of the houses in the town have been damaged.
- G** The inspector thinks Crompton is a lively, cheerful place.
- H** The school is well cared for.

—
4

Source A

Source A is taken from *Morning Glass*, the autobiography of professional surfer Mike Doyle. In this extract, he describes his introduction to the world of surfing at the beach near his home in California in the 1950s.

1 The first time I ever saw somebody riding a surfboard was at the Manhattan Pier in 1953. As much time as I'd spent at the beach, you'd think I would have at least seen one
5 surfer before then. But there were only a few dozen surfers in all of California at that time and, like surfers today, they were out at dawn surfing the morning glass. By the time the crowds arrived, they were gone.



10 But this one morning I took the first bus to the beach, walked out onto the Manhattan Pier, looked down and saw these bronzed
13 gods, all in incredibly good shape, happier and healthier than anybody I'd ever seen. They sat astride their boards, laughing with each other; at the first swell they swung their
15 long boards around, dropped to their stomachs, and began paddling towards shore. From my viewpoint, it was almost as if I were on the board myself, paddling for the swell, sliding into the wave, coming to my feet, and angling the board down that long wall of green water. It was almost as if I already knew that feeling in my bones. From that day on, I knew that surfing was for me.

20 There were several surfers out that day. Greg Noll was just a kid then, about sixteen years old, but he was hot. On one wave he turned around backward on his board, showing off a bit for the people watching from the pier. I was just dazzled.

Once I'd discovered there was such a thing as surfing, I began plotting my chance to try it. I used to stand out in the surf and wait until one of the surfers lost his board. The boards then
25 were eleven feet long, twenty-four inches wide and weighed fifty or sixty pounds. When they washed in broadside, they would hit me in the legs and knock me over. I would jump back up, scramble the board around, hop on, and paddle it ten feet before the owner snatched it back – 'Thanks, kid' – and paddled away.

30 Most surfers at that time were riding either hollow paddle-boards (a wooden framework with a plywood shell), or solid redwood slabs, some of them twelve feet long. The much lighter and much better balsa wood boards were just starting to appear.

One day in 1954, when I was thirteen, I was down at Manhattan Pier watching a guy ride a huge old-fashioned paddle-board – what we used to call a kook box. It was hollow, made of mahogany, about fourteen feet long, maybe sixty-five pounds and had no fin. It was the
35 kind of paddle-board lifeguards used for rescues; they worked fine for that purpose, but for surfing they were unbelievably awkward. When the guy came out of the water, dragging the board behind him, I asked if I could borrow it for a while. He looked at me like 'Get lost, kid.' But when he sat down on the beach, I pestered him until he finally shrugged and nodded toward the board.



- 40 I'd watched enough surfing by then to have a pretty clear idea of the technique involved. I dragged the board into the water and flopped on top of it. After a while I managed to paddle the thing out beyond the shore break and got it turned around. To my surprise, after a few awkward tries, I managed to get that big, clumsy thing going left on a three foot wave. I came to my feet, right foot forward, just like riding a scooter. I had no way of turning the board but for a few brief seconds, I was gliding over the water.
- 45

As the wave started to break behind me, I looked back, then completely panicked. I hadn't thought that far ahead yet! My first impulse was to bail out, so I jumped out in front of the board, spread-eagled. I washed up on the beach, dragged myself onto the dry sand, and lay there groaning.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

In 1875, the British explorer Isabella Bird travelled to Hawaii, an island in the Pacific Ocean. Source B is an extract from a letter she wrote to her sister back in England, describing a visit to the Hawaiian town of Hilo. At that time in Britain surfing, or 'surf-bathing', was a completely unknown sport.

1 Our host came in to say that a grand display of the national sport of surf-bathing was going on, and a large party of us went down to the beach for two hours to enjoy it. It is really a most exciting pastime, and in a rough sea requires immense nerve. The surf-board is a tough plank of wood shaped like a coffin lid, about two feet broad, and from six to nine feet long, well-oiled
5 and cared for. They are usually made of wood from the native breadfruit tree, and then blessed in a simple ritual.

The surf was very heavy and favourable, and legions of local people were swimming and splashing in the sea, though not more than forty had their Papa-he-nalu, or 'wave sliding boards,' with them. The men, each carrying their own hand-carved boards under their arms,
10 waded out from some rocks on which the sea was breaking, and, pushing their boards before them, swam out to the first line of breakers*, and then diving down were seen no more till they re-appeared half a mile from shore.

What they seek is a very high breaker, on the top of which they leap from behind, lying face downwards on their boards. As the wave speeds on, and the bottom strikes the ground, the
15 top breaks into a huge comber*. The swimmers appeared posing themselves on its highest edge by dexterous movements of their hands and feet, keeping just at the top of the curl, but always apparently coming down hill with a slanting motion.

18 So they rode in majestically, always just ahead of the breaker, carried shorewards by its mighty impulse at the rate of forty miles an hour, as the more daring riders knelt and even stood on
20 their surf-boards, waving their arms and uttering exultant cries. They were always apparently on the verge of engulfment by the fierce breaker whose towering white crest was ever above and just behind them, but just as one expected to see them dashed to pieces, they either waded quietly ashore, or sliding off their boards, dived under the surf, and were next seen far
25 out at sea, as a number of heads bobbing about like corks in smooth water, preparing for fresh exploits.

The great art seems to be to mount the breaker precisely at the right time, and to keep exactly on its curl just before it breaks. Two or three athletes, who stood erect on their boards as they swept exultingly shorewards, were received with ringing cheers by the crowd. Many of the less
30 expert failed to throw themselves on the crest, and slid back into smooth water, or were caught in the breakers which were fully ten feet high, and after being rolled over and over, disappeared amidst roars of laughter, and shouts from the shore.

At first I held my breath in terror, thinking they were smothered or dashed to pieces, and then in a few seconds I saw the dark heads of the objects of my anxiety bobbing about behind the
35 breakers waiting for another chance. The shore was thronged with spectators, and the presence of the elite of Hilo stimulated the swimmers to wonderful exploits. I enjoyed the afternoon thoroughly.

Is it always afternoon here, I wonder? The sea was so blue, the sunlight so soft, the air so



40 sweet. There was no toil, clang, or hurry. People were all holidaymaking, and enjoying themselves, the surf-bathers in the sea, and hundreds of gaily-dressed men and women galloping on the beach. It was so serene and tropical. I envy those who remain for ever on such enchanted shores.

Glossary

* breaker/comber – terms used by surfers for a large wave that breaks into white foam

END OF SOURCES

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
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Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 13**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

- A** The first time Mike Doyle saw anyone surfing was in 1953.
- B** Mike Doyle spent very little time at the beach as a child.
- C** In the 1950s there were very few surfers in California.
- D** Most surfers like to surf in the early morning.
- E** Surfers often stayed later in the day to entertain the crowds.
- F** Mike Doyle took the train to the beach.
- G** The first time he saw them, Mike Doyle was unimpressed by the surfers.
- H** The surfers looked fit and suntanned.

4
