

Pearson Edexcel GCSE

English Language

Unit 2: The Writer's Voice

Higher Tier

Tuesday 4 November 2014 – Morning

Paper Reference

Time: 1 hour 45 minutes

5EN2H/01

Questions and Extracts Booklet

Do not return this booklet with the Answer Booklet

Clean copies of set texts may be used.

Turn over ►

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Answer ONE question from Section A and ONE question from Section B.

SECTION A: READING

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Answer ONE question

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SECTION B: WRITING

20

Answer ONE question

Question 9

Question 10

SECTION A: READING

Answer ONE question in this section.

Use this extract to answer Question 1.

Touching the Void

Extract taken from Chapter 9.

I could not bring myself to look down to see what lay below. I dared not risk turning to discover just another deep hole. If I saw that I would stop immediately, and then what? A desperate struggle to remain on the rope fighting against the steep pull of the slope, unable to regain the ice bridge, but frantically trying to hang on as long as possible ... No! I couldn't look down. I wasn't that brave. In fact I was having enough difficulty staving off the dread which swamped through me as I descended. It was this, or nothing ... I had decided that on the bridge, and now I was committed. If it was to end here then I wanted it to be sudden and unexpected, so I kept my eyes fixed on the ice screw far above me.

The slope became steeper. When I was about fifty feet below the ice screw I felt my legs swing suddenly beneath me into open space. My grip stopped the rope involuntarily. This was the drop I had seen from the bridge! I stared up at the bridge trying to make myself release the rope again. I had experienced the sensation in the past, standing on the edge of a high diving board watching the water drops falling free from my hair to the pool below as I waged a mental battle to convince myself that there was nothing to it, daring myself to do it, and then off into space with a heart-stopping swoop, and laughter as I plunged safely into the water below. The knowledge that I could abseil until the rope ran out, and then fall into space as its unknotted end whipped through the belay plate, made me clench the rope even harder with my frozen hand. At last I released it and the old feeling – that the pool might suddenly move to one side, or the water empty as soon as I dived – returned once more, though I didn't know this time if there was a pool to aim for.

I abseiled slowly over the drop until I was hanging vertically on the rope. The wall of the drop was hard, clear, water ice. I could no longer see the ice screw, so I stared into the ice as I continued to lower myself past the wall. For a short while it held my attention, but as the light around me grew fainter the dread spilled over and I could contain myself no longer. I stopped.

I wanted to cry but couldn't. I felt paralysed, incapable of thinking, as waves of panic swept through me. The torment of anticipating something unknown and terribly frightening broke free, and for a helpless immeasurable time I hung shaking on the rope with my helmet pressed to the ice wall and my eyes tightly closed.

Touching the Void

1 Answer **all** parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of how frightened Joe is.

You **must** include examples of language features in your response.

(16)

- (b) In this extract, we learn about some of the challenges Joe faced.

Explore **one other** part of *Touching the Void* where Joe faces a challenge.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

(Total for Question 1 = 40 marks)

Use this extract to answer Question 2.

Anita and Me

Extract taken from Chapter 11.

I don't remember fetching Trixie from the stable, I must have passed Anita and Sherrie but if I try and recall whether they looked surprised or guilty, I see nothing except my shaking hands as I fastened the bit into Trixie's foam-flecked mouth. I smoothed out the hair on her back before placing the saddle carefully, tightened the girth gradually so the tension was just right over the drum of her belly. Trixie stood patiently as I mounted her, encouraging me to settle myself and to feel for the stirrups with my plimsolled feet.

I pressed my knees into the soft sofa of Trixie's haunches, the way I had watched Anita do it a hundred times, and she responded so immediately, so trustingly, it intensified my sense of loss. 'Hey! Meena! Hey! You daft cow, gerrof!' Sherrie's voice was already being whipped away by the rushing of air which filled my ears, my eyes and nose, entered my open mouth like a flock of birds, my cheeks flapping in time to their wings. The reins felt heavy and stiff in my hands. I loosened the slack; Trixie felt the surrender in the gesture and speeded up from a trot into a gallop, the fields and farmhouse and tarmacked road, the distant motorway lights and the rooftops of my village all sped by like a revolving painted backdrop, time rushing past me again, but this time I was going to catch it up. I yanked hard on the left hand rein and Trixie swerved sharply towards the series of jumps leading up to the paddock fence where Anita and Sherrie now stood, their arms jerking in terrified semaphore. My feet were slipping in minutes off the metal stirrup bars, my backside had not made contact with Trixie's back for several years, the first red-and-white-striped jump bar was coming up, at least a century away.

But one single thought kept repeating itself over and over. All that time I wasted waiting for something to happen, when all I had to do was make something happen, it was waiting for me, it was as easy as this. I held onto Trixie's mane but she knew before I did that we would be parting company soon. She scrambled to a halt, inches from the jump, her hair streaming through my hands like a waterfall. I clutched air, then metal, then slapped palms with dark solid ground and heard a sharp loud crack. There goes the jump, I thought, and opened one eye, how heavy it was, to see the striped bar swinging in its grooves, complete and unbroken.

I should have been in a film; in a film everything would have dissolved into hazy lines and I would open my eyes to the sound of distant birdsong and my tear-stained but relieved loved ones in a circle around my bed, a stage sticking plaster artfully arranged on my temple. But no, I was awake for every awful painful moment...

Anita and Me

2 Answer **all** parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Meena's experience.

You **must** include examples of language features in your response.

(16)

- (b) The events in this extract happen because Meena is upset.

Explore **one other** part of *Anita and Me* where Meena is upset.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

(Total for Question 2 = 40 marks)

Use this extract to answer Question 3.

Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress

Extract taken from Part I.

Introducing himself to the Little Seamstress, Luo told her about our encounter with her father in the fog and the rain, and he couldn't resist imitating and exaggerating the old man's funny English accent. She hooted with laughter. Luo was a born impersonator.

When she laughed I noticed an untamed quality about her eyes, which reminded me of the wild girls on our side of the mountain. Her eyes had the gleam of uncut gems, of unpolished metal, which was heightened by the long lashes and the delicate slant of the lids.

'You mustn't mind him,' she said. 'He's just an overgrown child.'

Her face clouded suddenly, and she lowered her eyes. She scratched the base of her sewing machine with a fingertip.

'My mother died far too young. Ever since her passing he has done exactly as he pleases.'

She had a glowing complexion and her features were fine, almost noble. Her face possessed an impressive, sensual beauty, which aroused in us an irresistible desire to stay and watch her work the treadle of her *Made in Shanghai*.

The room served as shop, work place and dining room all at once. The floorboards were grimy and streaked with yellow and black gobs of dried spittle left by clients. You could tell they were not washed down daily. There were hangers with finished garments suspended on a string across the middle of the room. The corners were piled high with bolts of material and folded clothes, which were under siege from an army of ants. The place lacked any sense of order or aesthetics, and emanated an atmosphere of complete informality.

I was surprised to see a book lying on a table, since the mountain people were mostly illiterate; it was an eternity since I had touched the pages of a book. I went to look at it at once, but was disappointed: it was an industrial catalogue of textile dyes.

'Can you read?' I asked.

'Not much,' she answered, unabashed. 'But you needn't think I'm a fool, because I enjoy talking to people who can read and write — the young people from the city, for instance. Didn't you notice that my dog didn't bark when you came in? He knows my tastes.'

She didn't seem to want us to leave just yet. She rose from her stool, lit the iron stove in the centre of the room, set a saucepan on the burner and filled it with water. Luo, who followed her every move with his eyes, asked: 'Are you intending to offer us tea or boiling water?'

'It'll be the latter.'

This was a sign that she had taken a liking to us. On this mountain an invitation to take a drink of water meant that your host would crack some eggs over the boiling pan and add sugar to make a soup.

Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress

3 Answer **all** parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the Little Seamstress.

You **must** include examples of language features in your response.

(16)

- (b) In this extract, the Narrator describes the Little Seamstress.

Explore how the Little Seamstress is presented in **one other** part of *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

(Total for Question 3 = 40 marks)

Use this extract to answer Question 4.

Heroes

Extract taken from Chapter 5.

The loneliness of the tenement drove me to the Wreck Centre after school and weekends. Without talent for singing or dancing or arts and crafts, I finally joined callisthenics after Larry LaSalle made a speech urging everyone to participate in at least one activity. I picked a spot in the back row to avoid calling attention to myself, and Larry LaSalle didn't embarrass me by calling me to the front row where the shorter kids belonged.

Larry LaSalle was everywhere in the centre, showing how strips of leather could be made into key chains, old wine jugs into lamps, lumps of clay into ashtrays. He tamed the notorious schoolyard bully, Butch Bartoneau, convincing him that he could sing, coaching him patiently day after day, until Butch's version of 'The Dying Cowboy' brought tears to the eyes of everyone in the Wreck Centre's first musical production, *Autumn Leaves*.

'But he still beats up kids in the schoolyard,' Joey LeBlanc observed.

Under Larry LaSalle's guidance, Edna Beauchene, tall and gawky and shy, became the hit of the show, dressed like a bum and dancing an intricate routine with ash-cans, winning applause like a Broadway star.

'You are all stars,' Larry LaSalle always told us.

Rumours told us that Larry LaSalle had also been a star, performing in night-clubs in New York and Chicago. Someone brought in a faded newspaper clipping, showing him in a tuxedo, standing beside a night-club placard that read 'Starring Larry LaSalle'. We knew little about him, however, and he discouraged questions. We knew that he was born in Frenchtown and his family left to seek their fortunes elsewhere. Larry had taken dance lessons at Madame Toussaint's studio downtown as a boy and had won first prize in an amateur contest at Monument City Hall when he was nine or ten.

Why did he turn his back on show business and return to Frenchtown?

No one dared to ask him, although there were dark hints that he had 'gotten into trouble' in New York City, a rumour Joey LeBlanc delighted in repeating, with raised eyebrows and a knowing look.

Dazzled by his talent and his energy, none of us dwelt on the rumours. In fact, the air of mystery that surrounded him added to his glamour. He was our champion and we were happy to be in his presence.

Nicole Renard began coming to the centre that first winter and joined the dancing group. She had taken lessons in Albany and instantly caught the attention of Larry LaSalle. I'd watch her glide across the floor, catching flashes of her white thighs as she twisted and turned. She seemed to exist in a world of her own, like a rare specimen, bird-like and graceful as she danced, separate from the rest of the dancers. She didn't join any of the classes or do exercises or crafts and would simply leave when the dance classes were over.

Heroes

4 Answer **all** parts of the following question.

(a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Larry LaSalle.

You **must** include examples of language features in your response.

(16)

(b) This extract tells the reader about Larry LaSalle.

Explore how Larry LaSalle is presented in **one other** part of *Heroes*.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

(Total for Question 4 = 40 marks)

Use this extract to answer Question 5.

Of Mice and Men

Extract taken from Section 3.

"Course he ain't mean. But he gets in trouble alla time because he's so God damn dumb. Like what happened in Weed - ' He stopped, stopped in the middle of turning over a card. He looked alarmed and peered over at Slim. 'You wouldn't tell nobody?'

'What'd he do in Weed?' Slim asked calmly.

'You wouldn't tell? ... No, 'course you wouldn't.'

'What'd he do in Weed?' Slim asked again.

'Well, he seen this girl in a red dress. Dumb bastard like he is, he wants to touch ever'thing he likes. Just wants to feel it. So he reaches out to feel this red dress an' the girl lets out a squawk, and that gets Lennie all mixed up, and he holds on 'cause that's the only thing he can think to do. Well, this girl squawks and squawks. I was jus' a little bit off, and I heard all the yellin', so I comes running, an' by that time Lennie's so scared all he can think to do is jus' hold on. I socked him over the head with a fence picket to make him let go. He was so scairt he couldn't let go of that dress. And he's so God damn strong, you know.'

Slim's eyes were level and unwinking. He nodded very slowly. 'So what happens?'

George carefully built his line of solitaire cards. 'Well, that girl rabbits in an' tells the law she been raped. The guys in Weed start a party out to lynch Lennie. So we sit in a irrigation ditch under water all the rest of that day. Got on'y our heads sticking out from the side of the ditch. An' that night we scrambled outta there.'

Slim sat in silence for a moment. 'Didn't hurt the girl none, huh?' he asked finally.

'Hell, no. He just scared her. I'd be scared too if he grabbed me. But he never hurt her. He jus' wanted to touch that red dress, like he wants to pet them pups all the time.'

'He ain't mean,' said Slim. 'I can tell a mean guy a mile off.'

"Course he ain't, and he'll do any damn thing I —'

Lennie came in through the door. He wore his blue denim coat over his shoulders like a cape, and he walked hunched way over.

'Hi, Lennie,' said George. 'How do you like the pup now?'

Lennie said breathlessly, 'He's brown an' white jus' like I wanted.' He went directly to his bunk and lay down and turned his face to the wall and drew up his knees.

George put down his cards very deliberately. 'Lennie,' he said sharply.

Lennie twisted his neck and looked over his shoulder. 'Huh? What you want, George?'

'I tol' you you couldn't bring that pup in here.'

'What pup, George? I ain't got no pup.'

George went quickly to him, grabbed him by the shoulder and rolled him over. He reached down and picked the tiny puppy from where Lennie had been concealing it against his stomach.

Of Mice and Men

5 Answer **all** parts of the following question.

(a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Lennie.

You **must** include examples of language features in your response.

(16)

(b) In this extract, we learn about Lennie's character.

Explore how Lennie is presented in **one other** part of *Of Mice and Men*.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

(Total for Question 5 = 40 marks)

Use this extract to answer Question 6.

Rani and Sukh

Extract taken from the first Leicester section.

But Nat had other plans up her sleeve. She followed Sukh around all week, popping up everywhere he went, just in case he wanted to ask her about me — the lunch queue, the bus stop. She even went into the boys' changing rooms at one point.

'You went *into* the boys' locker room?' I asked her, ashamed of the brazen hussy who was my best friend. Ashamed and strangely proud too.

'Yeah — it's no big deal,' she said. 'He wasn't there anyway, and besides they were all dressed. Talk about anticlimax, babe.'

'I should hope so,' I replied, smiling. I looked at Nat.

'OK,' she said, 'back to the real mission. No, I didn't speak to him. I think he's scared of me, Rani. Honestly.'

I gave her a quizzing look. '*Scared? Of you?* Surely not.'

The sarcasm registered. 'Very funny,' replied Nat, putting on a hurt look.

'Oh pack it in, Nat. I'm not your mum.'

She broke out in a grin. 'You look old enough to be,' she said.

'You cheeky little— Look, I'm not interested in petty jibes, girl. What am I gonna do about Sukh?'

'You could try just going up to him and asking him out,' suggested Nat.

'*Me? Ask him?* Sod that. I'm a romantic at heart. None of your bra-burning liberation for me, m'dear.'

'Equality, sister,' laughed Nat. 'You're either with us or against us.'

I sighed. 'Oh, the *stupid* little boy. What am I gonna do?'

Eventually Natalie just walked right up to Sukh while he was standing in the dinner queue, grabbed him by the arm and told him that if he came quietly she wouldn't be forced to bite him where it hurts, right there in front of everyone. Funnily enough he followed her. I was in the library, entertaining the other side of my split personality, the snotty swot kid from the land of Geek who always did her homework on time, when in stormed Natalie with Sukh in tow.

'Right,' she said, pointing at me. 'This is my friend Rani. She's fit and she's clever and if I was a lad *I'd* give her one and she fancies you — you lucky little man...'

Sukh went a shade of red that only Asians can. He was looking at anyone, anything, but me. And especially not at Nat, who hadn't finished yet.

'And I don't care about all that my-parents-don't-want-me-to-go-out-with-girls crap. Just lie to them. Everyone else does...'

Sukh frowned. 'But my parents don't give a shit who I—' he began.

'Don't be rude, Sukh — Mummy's speaking,' snapped Natalie, cutting him short. Talk about shut him up. He just looked down at his feet.

'So be a good boy and ask her out, will you?' finished Nat, finally taking a breather.

Rani and Sukh

6 Answer **all** parts of the following question.

(a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Natalie.

You **must** include examples of language features in your response.

(16)

(b) This extract shows Natalie acting as a go-between for Rani and Sukh.

Explore how Natalie is presented in **one other** part of *Rani and Sukh*.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

(Total for Question 6 = 40 marks)

Use this extract to answer Question 7.

Riding the Black Cockatoo

Extract taken from Chapter Two.

The centremost cupboard had once snugly housed the television set; now, in this age of widescreen plasma, it housed Dad's collection of football videotapes. Above the bottom cupboard level was a sort of buffet area on which sat my parents' new TV, their stereo gear and record collection; and above that were two levels of shelves for books, framed photographs and prized pieces from Dad's collection of curios.

Dad had been a bush vet, a vocation which generously fed his appetite for collecting. Over the decades his profession had taken him into hundreds of the nation's farmyards, outbuildings and machinery sheds. Amid the smell of bagged animal feed, fertiliser, diesel oil and cracked leather, his magpie eye would scan the gloom for dust-caked treasure hanging from rafters or half concealed beneath ancient tarpaulins. Over the years Dad had amassed a mind-boggling haul. He had scores of antique bottles on display around the house and many more in boxes. There were convict-made bricks with the makers' thumbprints still clearly visible; there were rusted handshears gleaned from shearing-shed walls; tobacco tins, branding irons, dingo traps, rabbit traps, and snakeskins as long as beds. He'd collected interesting pieces of stone kicked up in paddocks and cattleyards: thunder-eggs, lumps of petrified wood, lumps of quartz, even a baby-head-sized lump of coal. He carted home horse-driven ploughs and pre-Federation hand tools, a grinding stone the size of a car wheel, blown-out Model-T Ford radiators, kerosene-powered refrigerators, and rusted-out milk urns. There was so much stuff. He had a double-ended timbercutter's saw the length of a small car which was thoughtfully displayed next to the metre-long, toothy-edged nose of a sawfish (not many families had one of those!). But it wasn't all blokey stuff, he also had an eye for the delicate: fob and pocket watches, an exquisite pair of round-rimmed tortoiseshell glasses that I liked to imagine once belonged to a Chinese spice trader, miniature scales for measuring gold dust, snuffboxes of carved bone, old pearl brooches and pins, silver matchbox holders and ladies' pocket mirrors. At the height of my father's mania, it was not unusual to wake up and find a horse-drawn buggy (without the horse) that he had lugged home from the bush and reassembled overnight in the front yard.

Dad was a keen sportsman too, and there was a constantly fluctuating collection of rifles, guns and muskets. There were bayonets, a wickedly sharp Gurkha fighting knife, and an intricately inlaid samurai sword. There were the brass casings of artillery shells, and assorted bullets of every size. There were deer antlers, and the razor-sharp tusks from wild boar that he had dispatched on regular hunting trips.

Show-and-tell days at school were never a challenge; my brother and I would just grab something — anything — from around the house. Even if we didn't know what the object actually was, we could always make up a good story.

Riding the Black Cockatoo

7 Answer **all** parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of John's father's passion for collecting.

You **must** include examples of language features in your response.

(16)

- (b) This extract is about collecting unusual or interesting objects.

Explore how collecting is presented in **one other** part of *Riding the Black Cockatoo*.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

(Total for Question 7 = 40 marks)

Use this extract to answer Question 8.

To Kill a Mockingbird

Extract taken from Chapter I.

The Radley Place jutted into a sharp curve beyond our house. Walking south, one faced its porch; the sidewalk turned and ran beside the lot. The house was low, was once white with a deep front porch and green shutters, but had long ago darkened to the colour of the slate-grey yard around it. Rain-rotted shingles drooped over the eaves of the verandah; oak trees kept the sun away. The remains of a picket drunkenly guarded the front yard — a 'swept' yard that was never swept — where johnson grass and rabbit-tobacco grew in abundance.

Inside the house lived a malevolent phantom. People said he existed, but Jem and I had never seen him. People said he went out at night when the moon was down, and peeped in windows. When people's azaleas froze in a cold snap, it was because he had breathed on them. Any stealthy small crimes committed in Maycomb were his work. Once the town was terrorized by a series of morbid nocturnal events: people's chickens and household pets were found mutilated; although the culprit was Crazy Addie, who eventually drowned himself in Barker's Eddy, people still looked at the Radley Place, unwilling to discard their initial suspicions. A Negro would not pass the Radley Place at night, he would cut across to the sidewalk opposite and whistle as he walked. The Maycomb school grounds adjoined the back of the Radley lot; from the Radley chickenyard tall pecan trees shook their fruit into the schoolyard, but the nuts lay untouched by the children: Radley pecans would kill you. A baseball hit into the Radley yard was a lost ball and no questions asked.

The misery of that house began many years before Jem and I were born. The Radleys, welcome anywhere in town, kept to themselves, a predilection unforgivable in Maycomb. They did not go to church, Maycomb's principal recreation, but worshipped at home; Mrs Radley seldom if ever crossed the street for a mid-morning coffee break with her neighbours, and certainly never joined a missionary circle. Mr Radley walked to town at eleven-thirty every morning and came back promptly at twelve, sometimes carrying a brown paper bag that the neighbourhood assumed contained the family groceries. I never knew how old Mr Radley made his living — Jem said he 'bought cotton', a polite term for doing nothing — but Mr Radley and his wife had lived there with their two sons as long as anybody could remember.

The shutters and doors of the Radley house were closed on Sundays, another thing alien to Maycomb's ways: closed doors meant illness and cold weather only. Of all days Sunday was the day for formal afternoon visiting: ladies wore corsets, men wore coats, children wore shoes. But to climb the Radley front steps and call, 'He-y', of a Sunday afternoon was something their neighbours never did. The Radley house had no screen doors.

To Kill a Mockingbird

8 Answer **all** parts of the following question.

(a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the Radley Place.

You **must** include examples of language features in your response.

(16)

(b) In this extract, atmosphere and setting are very important.

Explore **one other** part of *To Kill a Mockingbird* where atmosphere and setting are important.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

(Total for Question 8 = 40 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 40 MARKS

SECTION B: WRITING

Answer ONE question in this section.

EITHER

- *9** Your school or college has been awarded a large sum of money to improve facilities and has asked for suggestions from the students.

Write a letter to your Principal or Headteacher, suggesting ways the money should be spent.

(24)

OR

- *10** A website called 'Your Voice' is asking for contributions with the title 'What I feel strongly about'.

Write your contribution on a topic of your own choice.

(24)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 24 MARKS

TOTAL FOR PAPER = 64 MARKS