

150/05

ENGLISH
HIGHER TIER
PAPER 1

A.M. TUESDAY, 6 June 2006

(2 Hours)

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A 12 page answer booklet.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Answer **all** questions in Section A and **two** questions in Section B.

Write your answers in the separate answer book provided.

You are advised to spend your time as follows:

Section A – about 55 minutes

Section B

Q. B1 – about 25 minutes

Q. B2 – about 40 minutes

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Section A (Reading): 40 marks.

Section B (Writing): 40 marks.

The number of marks is given in brackets at the end of each question or part-question.

SECTION A: 40 marks

*Read carefully the story below. Then answer **all** the questions which follow it.*

The Forgotten Enemy

The thick furs thudded softly to the ground as Professor Millward sat upright on the narrow bed. This time, he was sure, it had been no dream. The freezing air that rasped against his lungs seemed to echo with the sound that had come crashing out of the night.

5 All was quiet again. The world was utterly still. Even in the old days the city would have been silent on such a night, and it was doubly silent now. Professor Millward shuffled out of bed and made his way to the nearest window, pausing now and then to rest his hand lovingly on the books he had guarded all these years. He shielded his eyes from the brilliant moonlight and peered out into the night. The sky was cloudless: the sound had not been thunder, whatever it might have been. It had come from the north, and even as he waited it came again. Distance and the bulk of the hills that lay beyond London had softened it. It was like no natural sound that he had ever heard, and for a moment he dared to hope again. Only Man, he was sure, could have made such a sound. Perhaps the dream that had kept him here for more than twenty years would soon be a dream no longer. Men were returning to England, blasting their way through the ice and snow with the weapons science had given them before the coming of the Dust. It was strange that they should come by land, and from the north, but he thrust aside any thoughts that would quench his flame of hope.

10 Twenty years ago he had watched the last helicopters climbing heavily out of Hyde Park in the ceaselessly falling snow. Even then, when the silence had closed around him, he could not bring himself to believe that England had been abandoned forever. Yet already he had waited a whole generation among the books, the treasures of civilisation to which he had dedicated his life.

15 Now that the dome of St Paul's had collapsed beneath the weight of snow, only Battersea Power Station, its tall stacks glimmering like ghosts against the night sky, challenged the supremacy of the University building in which Professor Millward lived. He left the University building only through sheer necessity. Over the past twenty years he had collected everything he needed from the shops in the area, for in the final exodus vast supplies of stock had been left behind.

20 The sun was blazing from a cloudless sky as he shouldered his rucksack and unlocked the massive gates. Even ten years ago, packs of starving dogs had hunted in this area, and though he had seen none for years, he was still cautious and always carried a revolver when he went into the open.

30 The sunlight was so brilliant that the reflected glare hurt his eyes; but it was almost wholly lacking in heat. The latest snowdrifts had packed hard and Professor Millward had little difficulty making the journey to Oxford Street. Sometimes it had taken him hours of floundering through snow, and one year he had been trapped in the University building for nine months.

35 He kept away from the houses with their dangerous burdens of snow and their dagger-like icicles and went north until he came to the shop he was seeking. The words above the shattered windows were still bright: 'Jenkins and Sons. Electrical.' Some snow had drifted through a broken section of roofing, but the little upstairs room had not altered since his last visit. The radio still stood on the table, and the empty tins on the floor reminded him of the lonely hours he had spent here before all hope died. He wondered if he must go through the same ordeal again. Slowly, with infinite patience, Professor Millward began to traverse the radio bands. As he listened, the faint hope that he had dared to cherish began to fade. The radio was as silent as the city. Soon after midnight the batteries faded out. He got what consolation he could from the thought that if he had not proved his theory, he had not disproved it either.

45 As he began the journey home, the silence was broken by a distant rumble of thunder and little avalanches of snow went swishing into the wide street. Professor Millward stood motionless, considering, analysing. Perhaps it was an atomic bomb, burning and blasting away the snow. His hopes revived and his disappointments of the night began to fade.

50 That momentary pause almost cost him his life. Out of a side street something huge and white
 moved suddenly into his field of vision. For a moment his mind refused to accept the reality of
 what he saw. Then the paralysis left him and he fumbled desperately for his futile revolver.
 Padding towards him, swinging its head from side to side, was a huge polar bear. He dropped his
 belongings and ran, floundering over the snow towards the nearest building. The entrance to an
 55 Underground station was only a few feet away. The temptation to look back was intolerable, for he
 could hear nothing to tell him how near his pursuer was. For one frightful moment the steel gates
 resisted his numbed fingers. Then they yielded reluctantly and he forced his way through a narrow
 gap. The monstrous shape reared in baffled fury against the gates but the metal did not yield. Then
 the bear dropped to the ground, grunted softly and padded away. It slashed once or twice at the
 fallen rucksack, scattering a few tins of food into the snow, and vanished as silently as it had
 60 come.

A very shaken Professor Millward reached the University three hours later, after moving in
 short bounds from one refuge to the next.

By the end of the week he knew that the animals of the North were on the move. He saw a
 reindeer being pursued by a pack of silent wolves, and sometimes in the night there were sounds
 65 of deadly conflict. Something was driving them south. It could only be Man.

The strain of waiting was beginning to affect the Professor and he dreamed of rescue and the
 way in which men might be returning to England. Whatever was approaching from the north was
 nearer, and several times a day that strange roar would thunder over the city. At times it was like
 listening to the clash of mighty armies, and a mad but dreadful thought came into his mind. He
 70 would wake in the night and imagine he heard the sound of mountains moving into the sea. Every
 morning he would climb to the top of the building and scan the horizon, but all he ever saw was
 the stubborn snow above Hampstead.

His ordeal ended one morning as he raised his binoculars to the northern sky. In that moment,
 Professor Millward knew the truth. Overnight, the enemy he had forgotten had conquered the last
 75 defences and was preparing for the final onslaught. As he saw the deadly glitter along the crest of
 the doomed hills, Professor Millward understood at last the sound he had heard advancing for so
 many months.

Out of the North, their ancient home, returning in triumph to the lands they had once possessed,
 the glaciers had come again.

A1. Look at lines 1-26 .

The setting of this story is London in the future. What evidence is there in these lines that it is in a
 future very different from now? [10]

A2. Look at lines 27-48.

What are Professor Millward's thoughts and feelings in these lines? [10]

A3. Look at lines 49-62.

How does the writer make these lines tense and dramatic? [10]

A4. Look at lines 63-79.

What happens in these lines?

What do you think of this as an ending to the story? [10]

SECTION B: 40 marks

Answer Question B1 and Question B2.

In this section you will be assessed for your writing skills, including the presentation of your work.

Take special care with handwriting, spelling and punctuation.

A guide to the amount you should write is given for each question.

B1. Describe the scene at a sporting OR musical event. [20]

You should write about a page in your answer book.

Remember that this is a test of your ability to write descriptively. You should not write a story.

B2. Choose **one** of the following titles for your writing. [20]

The quality of your writing is more important than its length. You should write about two pages in your answer book.

Either, (a) The Fugitive.

Or, (b) Write about a time when you felt ashamed of yourself.

Or, (c) The Journey of a Lifetime.

Or, (d) Continue the following: 'Everyone said you should never go back but I could not resist ...'

Or, (e) An Unforgettable Moment.