



**New GCSE**

4171/02

**ENGLISH/ENGLISH LANGUAGE  
HIGHER TIER  
UNIT 1 (READING)**

P.M. WEDNESDAY, 15 June 2011

1 hour

**ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

A 12 page answer book.

Resource Material for use with Section A.

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Use black ink or black ball-point pen.

Answer **all** questions.

Write your answers in the separate answer book provided.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

The total mark available for this unit is 40.

The marks in brackets will give you an indication of the time you should spend on each question or part-question.

Answer **all** the following questions.

The separate Resource Material is an internet article, *MANCHESTER: Another Angel of the North*.

The passage on the opposite page is from a book by Bill Bryson.

**Look at the passage written by Bill Bryson on the opposite page.**

1. What impressions does Bill Bryson create of Manchester as a city? [10]

*You must use the text to support your answer.*

**Look at the first page of the internet article “Manchester: Another Angel of the North” in the separate Resource Material.**

2. How does Max Davidson try to prove that Manchester is ‘a perfect place for a city break’?

Think about:

- what he says;
- how he says it.

[10]

**Look at the second page of the internet article.**

3. What are Max Davidson’s thoughts and feelings about Old Trafford and Manchester United? [10]

**To answer the next question you will need to look at both texts.**

4. Compare and contrast what Bill Bryson and Max Davidson think about Manchester.

Organise your answer into three paragraphs using the following headings:

- the weather;
- the restaurants;
- the people.

[10]

I took a train to Manchester and, having left home late, it was four o'clock and getting on for dark by the time I emerged from Piccadilly station. The streets were shiny with rain, and busy with traffic and hurrying pedestrians, which gave Manchester an attractive big-city feel. For some totally insane reason, I had booked a room in an expensive hotel. My room was on the eleventh floor, but it seemed like the eighty-fifth, such were the views. Manchester seemed enormous – a boundless sprawl of dim yellow lights and streets filled with slow-moving traffic.

I played with the TV, confiscated the stationery and spare tablet of soap and put a pair of trousers in the trouser press – at these prices I was determined to extract full value from the experience – even though I knew that the trousers would come out with permanent pleats in the oddest places. That done, I went out for a walk and to find a place to eat.

I walked for some distance but the only places I could find were either the kind of national chains with big plastic menus and dismal food, or hotel dining rooms where you had to pay £27.95 for three courses of pompous description and overcooked disappointment.

Eventually I ended up in Chinatown, which announces itself to the world with a big colourful arch and then almost immediately loses heart. The better-looking restaurants were packed, so I ended up going to some upstairs place, where the décor was tatty and the food barely OK. When the bill came, I noticed an extra charge marked 'S.C'. 'What's that?' I said to the waitress, who had, I should like to note, been uncommonly surly throughout.

'Service charge.'

I looked at her in surprise. 'Then why is there also a space here for a tip?'

She gave me a bored, nothing-to-do-with-me shrug.

'That's terrible,' I said. 'You're just tricking people into tipping twice.'

She gave a heavy sigh, as if she had been here before. 'You want to see manager?'

The offer was made in a tone that suggested that if I were to see the manager it would be with some of his boys in a back alley. I decided not to press the matter, and instead returned to the streets and had a long, purposeless walk through Manchester's dank and strangely ill-lit streets. I can't remember a darker city. I couldn't say where I went exactly because Manchester's streets always seem curiously indistinguishable to me. I felt I was just wandering in a kind of urban limbo. Eventually I ended up beside the great dark bulk of the Arndale Centre. What a monumental mistake that was. I suppose it must be nice, in a place as rainy as Manchester, to be able to shop undercover but at night it is just 25 acres of deadness, a massive impediment to anyone trying to walk through the heart of the city. Outside it was covered in those awful tiles that make it look like the world's largest lavatory, and indeed as I passed up Cannon Street three young men with close-cropped heads and abundantly tattooed arms were using an outside wall for that very purpose. It suddenly occurred to me that it was getting late and the streets were awfully empty of respectable-looking chaps like me, so I decided to get back to my hotel before they put me to similar use.

I awoke early and hit the streets determined to form some fixed impression of the city. My problem with Manchester, you see, is that I have no image of it, none at all. It is an airport with a city attached. If I haven't got a very clear image of the city, it's not entirely my fault. 'Shaping Tomorrow's City Today' is the official local motto, but in fact Manchester is decidedly of two minds about its place in the world. At Castlefield, they were busy creating yesterday's city today, cleaning up old warehouses, recobbling the quaysides, putting fresh coats of paint on the old arched footbridges and scattering about a generous assortment of old-fashioned benches and lampposts. By the time they have finished, you will be able to see what life would have been like in nineteenth-century Manchester if they had had wine-bars and cast-iron litter bins. At Salford Quays, on the other hand, they have done everything they can to obliterate the past, creating a kind of mini-Dallas on the site of the once-booming docks of the Manchester Ship Canal. It's the most extraordinary place – a huddle of glassy modern office buildings and executive flats in the middle of a vast urban nowhere, all of them seemingly empty.

*from Bill Bryson: Notes from a Small Island, published by Black Swan  
Reprinted by permission of The Random House Group Ltd.*



**New GCSE**

4171/02-A

**ENGLISH/ENGLISH LANGUAGE  
HIGHER TIER  
UNIT 1 (READING)**

P.M. WEDNESDAY, 15 June 2011

**Resource Material**

Visit Manchester - Windows Internet Explorer  
 http://www.manchester.gov.uk/

File Edit View Favorites Tools Help

Visit Manchester Page Safety Tools

## MANCHESTER: Another Angel of the North

- Home
- Leisure and Culture
- Discover Manchester
- Background & History
- Facts
- Visit Old Trafford
- Information packs

Manchester doesn't blow its own trumpet, but it's a perfect place for a city break, says Max Davidson.




The people of Manchester are not slow to laugh at themselves, and a lack of pomposity is pure Manchester – a great city, but also an oddly shy city, not quite sure of itself in company. It would rather play the clown than give itself airs and graces.

Because Manchester has never blown its own trumpet, it has never really figured on the tourist map of Europe. But make no mistake, it belongs on that map. If Manchester were in France or Germany, we would visit it in droves. In fact, in many ways it is the perfect city-break destination: accessible, reasonably compact, but blessed with a bewildering variety of attractions, including a clutch of superb free museums such as the People's History Museum. At Easter a new indoor attraction for families, the Legoland Discovery Centre, is due to open in the city. Throw in the Metrolink, a tram system that would delight Londoners, and you have the complete package.

The bad news about Manchester should be got out of the way first. The weather is unpredictable, which is being kind to it, and if you are visiting it is best to pack thermals and an umbrella. But what is a drop of rain between friends – particularly when there is so much to do indoors?

Every year, Manchester seems to throw up something new, whether it is a state-of-the-art museum, a funky restaurant, or a seriously cool hotel. The Light, where I am staying, is so new you can almost smell the paint dry. But what a brilliant place. It is in the fashionable Northern Quarter, a cluster of wacky boutiques and vegan cafes and dusty record shops. I have dinner in a super-stylish restaurant, packed with young people, and then move on to Matt and Phred's, a Manchester institution, fabled for its live jazz. Couples canoodle in dark corners to the strains of a saxophone. Outside, the rain is coming down in stair-rods, but somehow that only adds to the cosiness of the setting.

Architecturally, Manchester is a mess, but a glorious mess. It is hard to find an area in which each building blends harmoniously with its neighbours. Everything is higgledy-piggledy: a crumbling Victorian pile here, a shiny new office block there. Architectural masterpieces stand alongside buildings that should never have got planning permission.

Of the older buildings, the real gem is the John Rylands Library, a little Victorian masterpiece nestling in a forest of shops and offices. However, if that is not your bag, then head for The Lowry, a gallery and performing arts centre at Salford Quays. It is ten years old but still seems intoxicatingly new, a riot of modern culture in a once derelict canalside setting. Centre stage, inevitably, are the paintings of L.S. Lowry, but there is so much more to The Lowry than the paintings of Lowry.

Take a bridge across the Ship Canal from The Lowry and you come to the superb Imperial War Museum. It is not just a thrilling space, architecturally, but the perfect museum for an age sceptical about war. The exhibits do not celebrate deeds of bravery, but document the human cost of war, from civilian casualties to mass migration.

Elsewhere in the city, Urbis, the once cutting-edge exhibition centre, is due to close temporarily and open again as the National Football Museum. The Museum of Science and Industry is also being refurbished.

Internet 75%

Visit Manchester - Windows Internet Explorer

http://www.manchester.gov.uk/

File Edit View Favorites Tools Help

Visit Manchester

Page Safety Tools

Home

Leisure and Culture

Discover Manchester

Background & History

Facts

Visit Old Trafford

Information packs

Being sports-mad, I keep the best to last: a visit to Old Trafford, the Theatre of Dreams, home of Manchester United. Great memories come flooding back as I walk down Sir Matt Busby Way and pause to admire the statue of the Holy Trinity of the sixties – Bobby Charlton, Denis Law and George Best.

The Manchester United shop, with its red sea of tacky merchandise, is not for the squeamish. What loving parent would dress a baby in a Wayne Rooney romper suit? But the club museum can be recommended to anyone with even the remotest interest in football. It is not just a standard collection of trophy cabinets and signed football shirts, but a celebration of the role football has played in the life of Manchester.

The 1958 Munich air disaster left a whole city in mourning, but the rebuilding of Manchester United, years of success on the pitch, and the subsequent emergence of a world super-brand, have all made ordinary Mancunians walk that little bit taller.

With great interactive exhibits, including a chance to try your skills as a commentator, and replays of wonder goals bombarding you from every direction, it is hard to suppress a smile of pure pleasure. Football suddenly seems like the Beautiful Game again, not the sour, cynical industry it can sometimes resemble.

I am just having a quiet coffee in the museum cafe when a familiar figure in a tracksuit comes bustling past. Sir Alex Ferguson, no less, beaming like Father Christmas.

‘How are you doing, son?’ he says, patting my elbow.

Son? I am over 50. And why is he grinning? How does he know I am not a Chelsea fan? Or a plain-clothes referee?

It is an unexpectedly warm welcome, but somehow it sums up my visit to Manchester, city of surprises, the pride of northern England.

Pack your thermals, to be on the safe side. Then get on the next train.

Reproduced by permission of Telegraph Media Group Ltd. 2010

Internet 75%