



**GCSE**

150/01

**ENGLISH  
FOUNDATION TIER  
PAPER 1**

A.M. TUESDAY, 8 November 2011

2 hours

**ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

A 12 page answer book.

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Use black ink or black ball-point pen.

Answer **all** questions in Section A and **both** 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 passage below. Then answer **all** the questions which follow it.*

*This incident is told by George Bailey, a plain clothes policeman, who is on duty with his colleague, Keith.*

In the middle of the afternoon, Keith and I were ordered to assist at what we were told was a serious incident. We nearly always worked together at times like this.

There was a police inspector already at the scene when we got there, crouching behind his patrol car. Keith calmly parked our car and we strolled over to him. As usual, Keith wanted to be seen as the tough, all-action, plain-clothes cop. He did things his way, and he took every chance to make it clear what he thought of inspectors in uniform who spend most of their time filling in forms or drinking tea in the police station, instead of being out on the streets nicking villains. He sneered at the inspector, shaking his head.

“I bet he’s not been out of the station for five years,” he said to me, making no attempt to lower his voice. Then he spoke directly to the inspector.

“What’s going on? Cornered a gang of bank robbers have you?” he said sarcastically.

“There’s a man in the building with a firearm,” the inspector said without turning round. “Name of Rainbow Ron. You might want to get your heads down before he blows them off.”

“Who’s Rainbow Ron when he’s at home?” asked Keith, still standing by the car. He wouldn’t duck down – not yet. He would decide for himself when the situation was dangerous.

Keith and I were just lighting up some cigarettes when there was the crack of a shot. Instinctively, we scooted down behind the patrol car.

The inspector was screaming, “He’s got a gun! He’s got a gun!” but Keith had seen something glinting in the gutter and crawled across to it. He picked up what looked like a tiny silver mushroom – an air-gun pellet. He began to laugh, delighted he could put this inspector in his place. He handed the pellet to the inspector, saying, “Here, a souvenir of your first shoot-out. It’s only a kid’s air rifle.” He began walking towards the derelict house. “Come out with your hands up,” he shouted, “or I’ll stuff that pop-gun right up your backside.”

A bearded man appeared in the doorway of the house with an air rifle in his hands. There were a few steps leading up to the front door and he stopped there, staring wild-eyed down at us. His hair was dirty and matted, and he was wearing an old trenchcoat. No-one moved, and every second felt like an hour. Then, just as I started to feel the fear in my breathing, he threw the air rifle down the stairs. Keith relaxed and stooped to pick it up. He thought it was all over but I kept my eyes on Rainbow Ron, and saw his gaze sweep down the street and fix on something. I turned to see what he was looking at. My heart missed a beat. It was an old dear coming slowly down the street. Rainbow Ron started down the steps. The old woman kept coming, muttering away to herself. I held up my hand. She didn’t see me. She was getting closer. I held my hand up higher and yelled a warning but I knew Rainbow Ron would get to her before we could get to him.

He got to the bottom of the steps and I saw him reach inside his trenchcoat. Keith and I saw it at exactly the same moment – a snub-nosed handgun that Rainbow had magically produced from somewhere inside his coat.

“Stone me,” Keith shouted, diving sideways. “He’s got another gun.”

By now, Rainbow Ron had the old lady by her fake-fur collar and he was screaming at us to stay back, waving his black handgun in her face. Keith and I had our hands above our heads and we were shouting at him to just calm down, calm down, anything to prevent the old dear being injured.

I could feel the sweat on my palms. I wasn’t sure what to do next because Rainbow Ron was going hysterical. Suddenly, he flung the old woman forward, sending her sprawling, and after waving the gun in our direction he was off, back up the steps and into the house. I knew someone would take care of the old dear so, without a second thought, we gave chase. He went up the stairs and he kept going. We followed. Experience told me that an armed man on the run is unpredictable and dangerous, so I was glad Keith was there with me, but by the time we reached the second floor, he was dropping behind, clutching his ribs and gasping for breath.

“I need a cigarette,” I heard him say, and so then I was on my own. Rainbow Ron certainly ran fast for a raving lunatic. I followed him all the way to the top of the house, becoming ever more determined to arrest him, and angry at how he had treated the old dear. Then it struck me that I shouldn’t be doing this arrest on my own; it could turn dangerous. I stepped out on to the roof, the city buzzing far below, and he whirled round to face me with the gun in his hand pointing right at my face.

And all my anger was gone. All gone. All I could feel was the fear. I did not want to die on this roof. When I tried to speak, nothing came out. All I knew was that Rainbow Ron had this gun in his sweating fist. And it looked like the end of the world. Pointing at my face.

Rainbow Ron came forward, sure of himself now, seeing my terror, encouraged by it, as if it proved he was making all the smart moves, and he pressed the barrel against the bridge of my nose. It looked like a toy, but I wasn’t about to gamble on it.

He squeezed the trigger and nothing happened. It *was* just a toy gun. But then, in that same terrible moment, I felt an electric shock of pain in my chest. The pain blotted out everything, surging in the centre of my chest and spreading out, a pain to rob you of your senses. I knew all about heart attacks; they ran in our family. It felt like everything was being squeezed. The pressure was unbelievable, increasing by the second and my chest felt as if it was being held in a giant vice, as though the life was being forced out of me. I knew that this was it, the end of all things. It wasn’t the gun that would kill me, it was my own heart.

I blacked out.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I awoke, eager hands were lifting me on to a stretcher, Rainbow Ron was flat on his face and a constable was cuffing his hands behind his back. Then we were moving down the stairs. The squeezing in my chest was still there, but the fear was stronger than pain.

I thought of my wife. I thought of my son and daughter. They needed me. I didn’t want to die. Tears stung my face as I was put into the back of an ambulance and we immediately pulled away.

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**Look at lines 1-23.**

**A1.** What impressions do you get of Keith in these lines? [10]

*You should track the text carefully to explain what kind of person he is.*

**Look at lines 24-40.**

**A2.** How does the writer try to make this part of the story tense and exciting?

*You should refer to:*

- *what happens;*
- *his choice of words and phrases.* [10]

**Look at lines 41-56.**

**A3.** What are George’s thoughts and feelings in these lines? [10]

**Look at lines 57-72.**

**A4.** What happens in these lines? What are your thoughts and feelings as you read these lines? [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.** A group of people is queuing at an ice cream van. Describe the scene in and around the queue. [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) Trouble in the street.

**Or,** (b) A fresh start.

**Or,** (c) Write about a time when you cheated.

**Or,** (d) Continue the following:

It was just a small postcard in the newsagent's window but it caught my eye.

**Or,** (e) Write a story that ends with the following:

Mum sat down heavily, looked at me and said, "Well, let's just hope it never happens again."