



GCSE



4941/01

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

FOUNDATION TIER

UNIT 1

A.M. TUESDAY, 3 June 2014

1 hour 45 minutes plus your additional time allowance

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A 12 page answer book.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink, black ball-point pen or your usual method.

Answer ALL questions in Section A and B.

Write your answers in the separate answer book provided.

You are advised to spend your time as follows:

Section A

- reading: about 15 minutes reading (plus your additional time allowance)**
- answering: about 45 minutes answering the questions (plus your additional time allowance)**

Section B

- planning: about 10 minutes planning (plus your additional time allowance)**
- writing: about 35 minutes writing (plus your additional time allowance)**

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Section A (Reading): 30 marks.

Section B (Writing): 30 marks.

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

SECTION A: 30 MARKS

Read carefully the passage on pages 5 – 10. Then answer ALL the questions below.

Read lines 1-46 (from beginning of the passage to ‘The windows were uncurtained.’).

A1. What do you learn about where Christy Slane lives? [10 marks]

Read lines 47-97 (from ‘Bare minimum furniture now,’ to ‘That’s OK. I can live with that, fella.’).

A2. What do you think of Christy in these lines?

In your answer, you should include:

- 1. how you react to what he reveals about himself;**
- 2. how you react to the way he treats Lev.**

[10 marks]

Read lines 98-152 (from ‘Lev began counting out notes ...’ to the end of the passage).

A3. In these lines Christy and Lev get on well. How does the writer show this? [10 marks]

In this story Lev has arrived in London from Eastern Europe looking for work. He can only speak limited English and he is now looking for somewhere to stay.

The flat was in a street of run-down little houses called Belisha Road. Number 12 was on the shaded side and a high overgrown privet hedge made the entrance dark. Behind the hedge stood overflowing
5 **garbage bins and a bicycle, chained to the window bars.**

Lev rang the top bell, beside a card marked C. Slane. He waited. He placed his bag on the step beside him. Down the street, he could hear a dog barking and see
10 **a child kicking and shrieking in a pram.**

When the door opened, Lev saw a small, elfin kind of man, with pale, nervous eyes and an eczema rash across his nose. He wore a grubby white T-shirt and faded jeans too loose for his narrow frame.

15 **“Mr Slane?” said Lev.**

“Yes. Christy Slane. Come in, come in, fella. I was expecting you.”

In the dark hallway, several pairs of trainers lay in a sprawling heap, under a line of hooks, where anoraks,
20 **scarves, back-packs, fleeces and leather jackets hung.**

“None of this junk is mine,” said Christy Slane.

“It belongs to the downstairs people. They don’t want the stink of the shoes inside the flat so they

25 leave them outside for me to trip over. They've no consideration whatsoever."

Lev followed Christy Slane up the stairs. He saw that the door to Christy's flat was painted white and taped to it was a child's drawing of a house. "My daughter, 30 Frankie, did that," said Christy. "She doesn't live here any more. That's why I have the room to let. I should take the picture down, but I can't quite bring myself to do it."

Christy closed the white door and Lev saw that 35 the flat he was in was also painted white and it smelled of fresh paint. He looked round at the doors leading off the small entrance hall they were in. He could see into Christy's bedroom and saw a double bed, unmade, and a bedside table cluttered with 40 paperback books and letters. Apart from the bed and the table, the room was empty. At the window, a blanket had been hung up for a curtain. At the end of the hall he glimpsed a sitting room with a gas fire and two cheap-looking wicker armchairs, a dining- 45 table and a TV. A dented paper lampshade hung from the ceiling. The windows were uncurtained.

"Bare minimum furniture now," said Christy. "My wife took her share and then she took half of my share. But she wouldn't take any of the things I'd 50 given my daughter. So you're going to share your room with a Wendy house and a cuddly toy or two. I hope this is all right. If you get fed up with them, you can help me get them up into the loft."

Christy opened the door to the child's room and

55 Lev saw wooden bunk beds and a ladder leading up from one to the other, and bed linen patterned with giraffes. On the window-ledge sat a huddle of soft toys.

“Is it all right for you?” asked Christy. “It’s been
60 cleaned and aired. Beds look small, but they’re full size. I’ll chuck your laundry in the washer once a week, all included in the ninety quid. You can be comfy here, can’t you? Not so different from my own little room. When I was a boy in Dublin, I had animals
65 on me pillow. But if they bother you, we can get some other covers, OK?”

Lev walked into the room and set down his bag. “The room is very good,” he said. “I will take.”

“Right,” said Christy. “Good. Well, at least Angela
70 left these curtains. And this is the quiet side of the house. Now I’ll show you the facilities.”

The bathroom was also painted white and was brightly lit. The bath, basin and lavatory looked new. Lev saw a wry smile cross Christy’s face. “The best
75 things in the house. Angela would have nabbed them too, if she’d known how to uncouple the piping, but luckily she didn’t.”

“Very nice toilet,” said Lev.

“Yes, glad you noticed it. Put it all in meself, no
80 trouble. That’s my trade: plumber. Good one too, if I do say so meself. But I’m freelance now – if that’s the word for more or less unemployed. Couldn’t keep to me job after Angela left. But at least we’ve got a decent bath and toilet. I’ll find you a towel.”

85 Christy went away and Lev heard him opening a cupboard in another room. He returned and handed Lev a green towel. “So,” he said, “I’m Christy. I’m Irish, in case you hadn’t noticed. Just call me Christy. What’s your first name?”

90 “Chris...tee,” said Lev slowly. “And I am Lev.”

“Right,” said Christy. “Now, I’ll make a pot of tea, Lev, and we can get the money side of things done. You look a decent sort, a fella I can trust. Terms are one month’s rent in advance, or if you can’t manage

95 that right now, I’ll settle for two weeks.”

“I prefer two weeks,” said Lev.

“That’s OK. I can live with that, fella.”

Lev began counting out notes: almost all the money he now possessed. He felt lucky to have found

100 Christy Slane, to have been given a child’s room. He wasn’t too embarrassed or proud to lay his head on a pillowcase printed with giraffes.

“Pity the men, I say,” said Christy as they drank the tea. “Women have got the upper hand, that’s what I

105 feel.”

“Yes?” said Lev, nodding, not really understanding but wanting to show he liked Christy.

“I’ll admit, my drinking had got bad and it wasn’t so fantastic having to share your life with me when I

110 was like that. So I have some sympathy with Angela,” Christy continued. “I can see her side of it all. But then she gets so nasty. You know? She tells me I’m a piece of nothing. And she tells me in front of Frankie, my daughter. Then Frankie won’t talk to me, won’t let

115 me kiss her goodnight. She pulls the cover over her head, like I'm going to hurt her. And I never hurt her. I swear to God. It was only Angela made her act like that."

Lev nodded again. He saw that Christy didn't really
120 care whether he understood what he'd been saying. Perhaps, he thought, it's easier for him to talk if he knows I don't understand. Because now he was started on the story of his recent life, he didn't seem to want to stop. And Lev didn't mind. He was
125 gradually coming to understand that the Irishman was as lonely as he was. He was on his own in a foreign land and he saw that Christy, in a different way, was on his own too.

"What a mess," sighed Christy. "Will it ever be
130 cleaned up? I don't think so. So now I have to go to court to get my rights back, my rights as a father – my rights as a human being. And what if I lose? I'm trying to stay clear of the booze. You can help me, Lev. You're a disciplined man, I can tell that. I'd like
135 you to help me. Don't let me go to the pub. And if I open a bottle of Guinness at home, try to get it away from me. Right? Just take it and tip it down the sink."

"Yes," said Lev. "I try. But I have many hours to work."

140 "Sure you do. I'd forgotten that for a moment – like I was thinkin' we could just sit here for the foreseeable future drinking tea like old friends! I like it when things are nice and quiet like this. Cuppa tea. Smoke. Quietness. I like that."

145 “Yes,” said Lev. “I like also.”

Christy cleared away the teacups and heated a steak and kidney pie for them. They ate it with some tinned peas, sitting on the wicker chairs, watching the TV, and when he'd eaten Lev fell asleep. The sleep he fell
150 into was deep and sound, and when he woke the TV was off and the room was almost dark and Christy had already gone to bed.

From 'The Road Home' by Rose Tremain

SECTION B: 30 MARKS

In this section you will be assessed for the quality of your writing skills.

Half of the marks are awarded for content and organisation; half of the marks are awarded for sentence structure, punctuation and spelling.

You should aim to write about 400-500 words.

Choose ONE of the following titles for your writing.

[30 marks]

EITHER, (a) Write a story which ends: ... sometimes you have to be careful what you wish for.

OR, (b) A New Beginning.

OR, (c) Write about an occasion when you had to visit relatives.

OR, (d) Write a story which begins: I wish I had never agreed to this but it was too late to go back now.

OR, (e) A Memorable Journey.

You can use the following blank page or a separate sheet of paper to plan your work.

When planning your work, you may want to think about:

- what happens at the beginning, middle and end;**
- characters;**
- setting;**
- descriptions;**
- dialogue.**