



**GCSE**

4941/01 (CR)

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE  
FOUNDATION TIER  
UNIT 1**



A.M. TUESDAY, 3 June 2014

1 hour 45 minutes

### **ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

A 12 page answer book.

### **INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Use black ink or black ball-point pen.

Answer **all** questions in Sections A and B.

Write your answers in the separate answer book provided.

You are advised to spend your time as follows:

- Section A - about 15 minutes reading
- about 45 minutes answering the questions
- Section B - about 10 minutes planning
- about 35 minutes writing

### **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 below. Then answer all the questions which follow.*

**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 garbage bins and a bicycle, chained to the window bars. Lev rang the top bell, beside a card marked C. *Slane*.

- 5 He waited. He placed his bag on the step beside him. Down the street, he could hear a dog barking and see 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.

- 10 "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, scarves, back-packs, fleeces and leather jackets hung.

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

- 20 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, 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."

- 25 Christy closed the white door and Lev saw that 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 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-table and a TV. A dented paper lampshade hung from the ceiling. The windows were uncurtained.

- 30 "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 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 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.

- 35 "Is it all right for you?" asked Christy. "It's been 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 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."

40 “Right,” said Christy. “Good. Well, at least Angela 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 things in the house. Angela would have nabbed them too, if she’d known how to uncouple the piping, but luckily she didn’t.”

45 “Very nice toilet,” said Lev.

“Yes, glad you noticed it. Put it all in meself, no 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.”

50 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?”

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

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

“I prefer two weeks,” said Lev.

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

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

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

65 “I’ll admit, my drinking had got bad and it wasn’t so fantastic having to share your life with me when I 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 me kiss her goodnight. She pulls the cover over her head, like I’m going to hurt her. And I never hurt her.  
70 I swear to God. It was only Angela made her act like that.”

Lev nodded again. He saw that Christy didn’t really 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 gradually coming to understand that the Irishman was as lonely as he was. He  
75 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 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 you to help me. Don’t let me go to the pub. And if I open a bottle of Guinness at  
80 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.”

“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.”

85 “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 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*

**Read lines 1 to 27.**

A 1. What do you learn about where Christy Slane lives? [10]

**Read lines 28 to 58.**

A 2. What do you think of Christy in these lines?

In your answer, you should include:

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

[10]

**Read lines 59 to 89.**

A 3. In these lines Christy and Lev get on well. How does the writer show this? [10]

**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 to 500 words.*

Choose **one** of the following titles for your writing.

[30]

**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 may want to think about:*

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