



GCSE

4941/01

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE
FOUNDATION TIER
UNIT 1**



A.M. MONDAY, 13 January 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 it.

This story is told by a girl called Chrissie.

My brothers, Charles and James, were always after my room; I wish I'd let them have it. They had a room each when we lived in Iffley Road, but they said they wouldn't mind sharing if they could have mine because it was the biggest, after Mum and Dad's, and it had a bay window over the porch, with a seat in it. It was the window-seat they wanted. If it had been their room, I'd never have stayed on the bus that time.

It only took about ten minutes to walk to the city centre, but that Saturday it was coming up to Christmas and I was loaded with shopping so, unusually for me, I caught a bus home. The bus was packed, and although I'd normally sit downstairs, this time I went upstairs because there was only one empty seat on the lower deck, between two people with Christmas trees. One was artificial, that was OK, but the other one was real, with lethal twigs sticking out. It had two spikes at the top instead of one. I didn't fancy them shoved up my nose when I sat down, so I went upstairs. I wish I'd risked the spikes.

There weren't many people on the top deck so I grabbed the nearest seat, the little one on its own at the top of the stairs. It's on the near side, next to the pavement. If I'd sat on the other side I'd have been looking out into the road. I wouldn't have seen anything. I'd have got off at the right stop.

I was leaning my head against the window of the bus and what I saw, as the bus came crawling up Iffley Road, was that the light was on in my room. The traffic was really heavy and there was a tail-back both ways. I was just getting all my stuff together when I saw that light shining out of my window and I changed my mind. I thought, I bet that's the boys mucking about in my room, and I decided to stay on the bus till the next stop. Because I wanted to look in. I wanted to see what they were up to. I thought it would give them a shock if they looked out and saw me catching them red-handed in my room. But mainly I just wanted to look into the room because I'd never been past our house on the bus before, because we lived so near the bus stop. If only I'd got off where I should have.

Someone rang the bell and people got off, but I didn't; I just sat there, and I was just sitting there when the bus came level with our house. I got a surprise when I looked into my room. There were two people in there. It wasn't the boys, it was Mum and Dad. They were talking to each other. That's what I thought they were doing at first. I thought, when I get in I'll say, 'What were you and Dad talking about in my room, just now, eh?' and they'd wonder how I knew. But the bus didn't move and I saw that they weren't talking, they were having a row. Mum must have been doing the beds because she was clutching my duvet, like she was hugging something precious and it was half out of its green cover. I make my own bed, of course, but I'd forgotten about it with all the Christmas shopping, and I suppose she'd looked in and seen and gone in to do it herself. If I'd done it she wouldn't have been in there when the bus went past.

Dad had his back to her but he was talking, or yelling. His fists were clenched. The bus didn't move and all the time I could imagine the traffic-lights red at Donnington Bridge Road. Mum wasn't saying anything but she suddenly threw the duvet down and turned round. Dad turned too, at the same minute. They were facing each other. I saw Mum say something and her head jerked when she said it. I saw Dad shout. I saw Mum go towards him with her arm up, and then the bus did move. Someone rang the bell but by then I'd forgotten about the bell. I wasn't really thinking of anything except getting in and finding out that I hadn't really seen what I thought I'd seen, but I got all my stuff together and went downstairs. I was thinking, really. I was already thinking that if I'd got off at the right stop it wouldn't have happened.

I got off the bus and ran back down the hill with all the carrier-bags bumping against my legs. The light was still on in my bedroom. I've got my own door key but I didn't bother looking for it, I just ran up the steps and banged on the glass panel of the door.

Someone came running down the hall and opened the door. It was Charles. He said, "What's

50 the emergency? Someone jump on you?” He was grinning. I thought, nothing’s happened after all. I said, “Where’s Mum?”

55 “Doing the beds I think,” said Charles. I slammed the door, so it could be heard upstairs, and we went into the kitchen. I said, “Where’s Dad?” I was still waiting, hoping, for everything to be all right after all. Then Mum called, “Is that Chrissie back at last?” She came into the kitchen. There was a red mark across one side of her face, a really hard mark; it had an edge to it. Charles said, “Coo, you had an argument with a door, Mum?” and she laughed, dead natural, and said, “No, I was stripping Chrissie’s bed and she’d left her dictionary under the duvet. When I started to pull the duvet cover off it flipped up and hit me.” She patted the red mark. “I shall have a black eye.”

60 I had left my dictionary on the bed. It was such a daft excuse I’d have believed it, only I knew it wasn’t true, and I knew she must have been working it out as she came downstairs. I knew that I was supposed to say that I was sorry because it was my fault for not putting the dictionary away and making my own bed, but I didn’t. I looked at Mum and I looked at Charles and I blurted out, “It wasn’t that. Dad hit her!”

65 I didn’t see it happen, but I knew. Dad never hit any of us, even, but I knew and now Charles knew, too. Dad came in and then James did. It was time to get tea ready but we all stood looking at each other and wondering how to pretend nothing had happened. I wondered how often Mum and Dad had to pretend nothing was happening. I wondered what Mum would have said if I’d let her, if I hadn’t stayed on the bus, if I hadn’t looked through the window.

70 We managed to go on pretending over Christmas but by the New Year it wasn’t any good. Dad wasn’t home on New Year’s Eve. He went to live in Banbury soon afterwards and that’s when we sold the house.

I’d almost forgotten how it happened until the other day. We live in Leopold Street now, off the Cowley Road, and it’s on a different bus route, further away, but you still catch the bus in Queen Street.

75 I wasn’t paying attention, I was in a hurry because we were going out and I was late. I came out of the shops and saw the Iffley Road bus and I ran for it. The man with the ticket machine was standing by the door. I said, “A single, please,” and he gave me a ticket. You’re supposed to state your destination but I didn’t. I wish I had. If I had done, he’d have told me I was getting on the wrong bus, but I never realised until the bus didn’t go up Cowley Road. When I saw where we were going I couldn’t move. I’d managed not to go up Iffley Road since we left, but I didn’t get off. I looked out of the window at our old house. The light was on in what had been our front room, and someone had painted the walls green. There were posters up and dead spider plants on the window sill. I was glad I was downstairs and couldn’t see into my bedroom. The bus went by quite quickly so I didn’t have to look long. But I should have got off as soon as I realised what road we were on. If I had, I might not have remembered what happened last time, I might have forgotten everything in the end. I might have.

From ‘From the Top Deck’ by Jan Mark

Read lines 1-35.

A1. Explain the events that led to Chrissie seeing what was going on in her house. [10]

You should track through carefully what happens in these lines.

Read lines 36-68.

A2. What happens in these lines? How does the writer build the tension in these lines? [10]

Read lines 69-86.

A3. What are Chrissie’s thoughts and feelings in this part of the story? How do you react to this as an ending to the story? [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 400-500 words.

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

[30]

- Either,** (a) Write a story which ends: ... and that wiped the smile off her face.
- Or,** (b) The Choice.
- Or,** (c) Write about a time when you were at a children's party.
- Or,** (d) Write a story which begins: I didn't know if I had the courage to do this ...
- Or,** (e) Making a Difference.

The space below can be used to plan your work.

You may want to think about:

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