



**GCSE**

4941/02



S15-4941-02

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE  
HIGHER TIER  
UNIT 1**

A.M. TUESDAY, 2 June 2015

1 hour 45 minutes

**ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

You will need a WJEC pink booklet, which has been specifically designed for this examination. No other style of answer booklet should be used. If you run out of space, use a standard 4-page continuation booklet.

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Use black ink or black ball-point pen. Do not use pencil or gel pen. Do not use correction fluid.

Answer **all** questions in Section A and **one** question from Section B.

Write your answers in the separate answer book provided.

Use both sides of the paper. Write only within the white areas of the book.

Write the question number in the two boxes in the left hand margin at the start of each answer,

e.g. 

2	1
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Leave at least two line spaces between each answer.

**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.

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

**SECTION A: 30 marks**

*Read carefully the passage below. Then answer all the questions which follow.*

*This passage is about a swimming race in the sea between two friends called Ian and Ollie. They have known each other for twenty years since university.*

'Ready?' said Ollie. We were by the first buoy, him with his right hand pressed against it, me on the other side with my left.

'Ready.'

'Go.'

5 I didn't expect a 'Steady' in between, but the speed of Ollie's getaway caught me unawares. He was doing breaststroke, and by opting for crawl I should have drawn level, but even flat out I failed to close the gap. As it widened, I consoled myself that he'd gone off too fast. The second buoy was still a good distance away, with the waves against us, but Ollie was coping far better. When he turned and saw how far behind I was, I thought

10 he might let up. But winning wasn't enough for Ollie. He wanted to humiliate me. With his big hands and long legs, he had the perfect physique for swimming. Whereas I fought to stay afloat, he moved smoothly over the surface.

The waves weren't high but I was shipping water and sinking.

15 'Ollie,' I cried, the race forgotten, terrified I was going under. Panic should have meant an adrenalin surge but the gap remained the same and I subsided to a weary doggy-paddle. Cold and exhausted and resigned to defeat, I closed my eyes to protect them from the burning salt. When I opened them again there was Ollie just a couple of yards ahead. For a crazy moment I thought my efforts had been rewarded but then I saw he was treading water.

20 Perhaps winning no longer mattered to Ollie because he had proved his point. The sight of him bobbing there enraged me. Worse still was his patronising 'Are you OK, Ian?' when my arms and legs were pure lead.

'No problem,' I shouted, swallowing more seawater.

'You had me worried there.'

25 'I'm fine,' I gasped. 'There's the finish line. Let's go.'

Thumbs up, he turned and swung round, desperate to stay ahead as usual. The wave that broke over him as he turned wasn't huge but it knocked him back. I saw it coming and dived below. When I surfaced Ollie was next to me and he looked tired, like me, allowing the swell to carry him over the next few waves. I closed my eyes, driving forward,

30 almost home.

Ten feet from the finish we collided with a violent thud. I kicked out to get clear but he came back at me, clutching my arm. Since I was now the one nearer the finish, I thought he'd done it to pull me back and I shoved him away. The shove sent him down and I stopped for a second to check he was all right. When he lunged upwards, I saw it had

35 been a ploy. His eyes looked bright and eager and he grabbed my arm again. I tried to shake him off but his arms snaked around me, dragging us both down. I wanted to shout at him to stop messing around, that no bet was worth risking death for, but my mouth was shut against the water. I let my body go slack in the hope he'd do the same but it didn't work. We sank like two statues. Surely even Ollie can't hold his breath much

40 longer, I thought. But he kept going down into the blackness, my body tied to his. I punched him in the face but the water deadened the blow. I kneed him in the stomach but my knee rebounded. Friendship no longer counted.

45 With my last dregs of strength, I pushed his neck back until he was underneath me. My legs now had my weight behind them and I kicked so that I could tread him down. I trod him like grapes until his hands slackened and he floated away, trodden under, trodden down.

Back on top, I coughed and gasped, my eyes scorched by salt, my lungs exploding. For a time I lay with my head tipped back, feeling the cold water beneath me. Once I got my breath back and the blood stopped pounding in my ears, I swung myself upright. Where  
50 had Ollie gone? It briefly occurred to me he hadn't been fooling. But it seemed more likely he'd pop up and sneakily pip me to the finish. Taking no chances, I paddled the last few yards and touched the buoy with the fingers of my right hand.

Looking round, exhausted and triumphant, I could still see no sign. 'Joke's over, Ollie, where are you?' I shouted. I took a deep breath and prepared to dive down.

55 It was then that Rufus broke the water nosing up from the depths like a seal. 'Here, boy,' I said, as he frantically paddled my way. Normally dogs are good swimmers but Rufus was in trouble and the sight of him was more than I could bear. I grabbed him by the collar and hauled him upwards. I had little strength left and Rufus was a dead weight, his sodden fur dragging him down. By keeping his head above water with one hand and paddling with the other, I managed to steer us both towards the shore. Close in, where  
60 the waves broke, I nearly lost him again. But at last my feet touched bottom and I pushed him to the safety of the shingle.

Only then was I free to swing round and scan the sea. Surely Ollie would be visible by now. But between the two buoys was green and white water. Nothing else.

65 I swam out again and searched for as long as I could. Near the second buoy my hopes rose as a large black shape appeared. But when I closed on it my hands met wood. Ten minutes passed, maybe twenty, maybe more.

I kept expecting Ollie to bob up, against the odds. He'd grab my leg as I clambered through the waves. He'd tap me on the shoulder as I put on my clothes. He'd leap from a sand hollow as Rufus and I shivered through the dunes. He'd be the one taking the car  
70 keys from his pocket. The one making the 999 call. The one breaking the news. The one holding Daisy as she howled. The one saying he'd done all he could. The one who had got home safely. Who'd pulled through. Who'd won. Who'd lived to tell the story.

**Blake Morrison**

**Read lines 1-25.**

1	1	What is Ian thinking and feeling in these lines?	[10]
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**Read lines 26-54.**

1	2	How does the writer try to make these lines dramatic and exciting?	[10]
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**Read lines 55-73.**

1	3	What happens in these lines? How do you react to what happens?	[10]
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**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 between 500-600 words.*

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

[30]

**Either,**

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 a) Write a story which ends: She gave a small wave, turned and walked away.

**Or,**

2	1
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 b) The Return.

**Or,**

2	1
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 c) Write about a time when you tried to mend something.

**Or,**

2	1
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 d) Write a story which begins: We were now late and Mum had started to panic.

**Or,**

2	1
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 e) The Medal.

*The space below can be used to plan your work.*