



AQA Level 1/2 Certificate
Higher Tier
January 2013

English Language

87051H

Paper 1

Monday 14 January 2013 1.30 pm to 3.30 pm

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book.

Time allowed

- 2 hours

Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Examining Body** for this paper is AQA. The **Paper Reference** is 87051H.
- Answer **five** questions.
- Answer **all** questions from **Section A**. Answer **one** question from **Section B**.
- Write your answers in the answer book provided.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work that you do not want to be marked.
- You must **not** use a dictionary.

Information

- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 50.
- You should:
 - use good English
 - organise information clearly
 - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

Advice

- You are advised to spend about one hour on Section A and about one hour on Section B.

SECTION A: READING

Answer **all** questions from this section.

Spend about one hour on this section.

The following passage by Amanda Jones is taken from an anthology of travel writing entitled: The Kindness of Strangers. In it, the writer finds herself lost at night in the Sahara Desert.

Read the full passage and answer the questions which follow it.

| | |
|---|----|
| I remember one night in particular when a man with whom I could not speak saved me. | 1 |
| I was in the Sahara Desert, travelling with a group of people I neither knew nor liked especially well. We were en route to a Tuareg wedding, moving via jeep during the day and sleeping under the stars at night. It was arduous travel. The daytime heat was stupefying and the drives were long, with nothing to do but stare at the passing desert. | 5 |
| I would wait for the nights with their cooling air, the gloom relieving the sun and the moon hovering huge. And each evening, after my companions ate dinner and retired to their mattresses, I would leave on a walk. | |
| That night I left camp at about nine, foolishly dressed only in a thin cotton shirt and light trousers. The sky was inky and the moon had arced high, casting a meek metallic light on the ground. But the desert seemed radiant and beckoning, and I was overjoyed to be alone and moving. | 10 |
| After an hour, I finally turned back towards camp. It was not until that moment that I realised how far I had come and that I had no idea where I was. I looked for footprints, but beneath my feet was hard-baked earth – flat and stony. With horror I realised there were no landmarks and I had left no trail. | 15 |
| Resisting panic, I looked to the sky as I imagined one is supposed to do in such situations – and found I was, of course, utterly clueless about navigation by the stars. The extent of my stupidity dawned on me. I was a city girl who fancied herself an adventurer and now I was lost with no water, no food or warmth. It was almost comical in its cliché. | 20 |
| The cold had descended and I shook, Sahara nights being as brutally frigid as the days are blisteringly hot. As I lurched over the featureless land, I knew my fellow travellers would be sleeping and there would be no light coming from our encampment. I could stumble within ten metres of them without knowing it. | |
| I'd been searching for a good hour when I turned and saw a smudge of fire glowing in the distance. After an initial rush of relief, I froze, realising my predicament. Here I was, a youngish blond woman alone at night, lost and desperate. Tuareg rebels ranged throughout the area and they were armed, angry and not known for their tenderness towards women. | 25 |
| However, having little choice, I walked towards the glow with as much assurance as I could muster. As I came close I recognised the figure of a Wodaabe tribesman, his lean body draped in white robes, face encircled by a turban, features etched by the firelight. | 30 |
| The Wodaabe are nomads of the Sahara. I had spent time with the Wodaabe in the past and I knew they were magnificently gracious people, beautiful to regard, proud of their heritage and very hospitable. They do, however, have quite liberal sexual practices and an unsettling tendency to request sex of a woman by scratching her inner palm. The woman is expected to follow the scratcher then and there behind a bush – although, thankfully, the Wodaabe have great respect for women and typically accept rejection with a shrug. | 35 |
| As I approached, the man looked up in surprise. I must have made a shocking vision: a lone woman staggering from the darkness wearing safari pants and hiking boots. Previously, when I had camped with a Wodaabe tribe, the women had not hesitated to tell me how peculiar and unappealing it was that I wore men's clothing. They had also informed me that although my long, straight hair and high cheekbones were somewhat attractive, and that my height and long limbs were good, the blondness of my hair, the paleness of my green eyes and whiteness of my skin rendered me substantially less than desirable. Being considered ugly, I factored, could now only work to my advantage. | 40 |
| | 45 |

I extended my hand to the man mumbling “*Foma, foma, foma*”, the Wodaabe Fulfulde greeting which means “Hello, how are you, your family, your goats, your camels, your donkeys?” That, sadly, was the extent of my Fulfulde. I spoke again in hesitant French, knowing that many Wodaabe spoke the colonial language of West Africa. He shook his head, indicating he didn’t understand, but took my hand and led me to the fire, gesturing for me to sit on the ground. He had a fresh pot of the sweet tea that the Wodaabe have adopted from North Africa. He poured me a glass, speaking soothingly in Fulfulde. It was my turn to shake my head. 50

Wodaabe are officially Muslims, although they, like the Tuaregs, have their own interpretation of Islam. They wear the sweeping robes of desert dwellers – designed to capture and swirl air around the skin – but it is the men who cover their heads, not the women. Good looks are highly esteemed, and they are in fact a striking people – tall, thin, mocha-skinned and fine-featured. 55

My rescuer looked to be in his thirties. His eyes were widely spaced, almond shaped and molten brown. I gazed at him, knowing that it mattered how sure of myself I was. If I seemed fearful, he might consider taking advantage of the situation. I spoke to him in English and French, aware it was useless, but gesturing blindly into the darkness to indicate I was lost and needed to find my camp. He stared at me wisely, although I had no idea what, if anything, he understood. He made no movement other than squatting on his haunches and pouring tea from high above the glass, returning the first serving back to the pot, as is tradition, then pouring again until the amber liquid frothed. 60 65

I stopped speaking entirely and felt the immensity of the desert. I looked about me and understood that this would be a memory that would exist in me forever. I saw myself, finally warm beside this fire, drinking tea with a stranger with whom I shared no more than two common words. My life was as odd to him as his was to me. In all likelihood, he had never ridden in a car, had never seen a city, knew nothing of computers or telephones. Yet it was his knowledge I now needed, my own modern skills having proved useless. And what I needed most was for him to be kind to me. 70

After some time of drinking tea in silence, my host rose, checked the tether on his camel and beckoned to me. I followed the softly billowing whiteness of his robes into the night. We walked in quiet, although at times I would burst into speech, feeling awkward with such great silence in the presence of another. He would turn and smile but say nothing, continuing to move effortlessly over the stony earth. 75

Several times he stopped and took my hand. When he first did this I tensed, anticipating the scratch of the palm. But it never came. We just walked like that, hand in hand, and quickly the oddity faded. Wodaabe and Tuareg men hold hands quite comfortably, and I knew it did not have the same romantic implications as in our culture. 80

Within thirty minutes a cluster of mosquito nets loomed not three metres in front, and then the humped shapes of the sleeping bodies beneath them. His finding this small encampment in the dark seemed to me utterly miraculous. 85

I turned to him, put my hand over my heart and said the only other word I knew in Fulfulde: “Abarkidi”. Thank you. He laughed, his perfect teeth gleaming, then covered his heart and backed away, raising both hands upward in farewell. I stood still and watched until the desert night reclaimed him.

Read **all** questions before answering. Answer all **four** questions.

Question 1

| | |
|---|---|
| 0 | 1 |
|---|---|

 What have you learnt about the Wodaabe people from reading this passage? (6 marks)

Question 2

| | |
|---|---|
| 0 | 2 |
|---|---|

 How does the writer convey both the beauty and the danger of the desert at night?
(6 marks)

Question 3

| | |
|---|---|
| 0 | 3 |
|---|---|

 What have you learnt about the character of the narrator from reading this passage?
(6 marks)

Question 4

| | |
|---|---|
| 0 | 4 |
|---|---|

 Explain why you think this passage was included in an anthology entitled “The Kindness of Strangers”. You should refer to the content and the way it is written.
(7 marks)

SECTION B: WRITING

Answer **one** question from this section.
Spend about one hour on this section.

Remember to:

- spend time thinking about the question and planning your ideas
- organise your ideas into paragraphs
- communicate clearly
- spend five minutes checking and editing your writing.

EITHER

Question 5

0 | 5

'You should never travel in a country if you don't know its language.'
What do you think of this view?

(25 marks)

OR

Question 6

0 | 6

Write a story entitled 'A Meeting with a Stranger'.

(25 marks)

OR

Question 7

0 | 7

Describe a person who has played a significant role in your life.

(25 marks)

END OF QUESTIONS

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