Paper Reference(s)

### 7161/01

# **London Examinations GCE**

## **English Language Ordinary Level**

Tuesday 6 May 2008 – Afternoon Extracts Booklet

Do not return this Extracts Booklet with the question paper.

 $\stackrel{\text{Printer's Log. No.}}{M30988A}$ 



Turn over



#### PASSAGE ONE

The following passage is an extract from a short story.

Emil is travelling by train to visit his grandmother in Berlin, with some money pinned inside his jacket pocket.

When he awoke the train was just beginning to move. He had fallen from the seat in his sleep and found himself lying on the floor of the carriage very much frightened. He didn't quite know why he was frightened. His heart was beating like a steam hammer. There he was in a railway train and he had almost forgotten where he was. Gradually everything came back to him. Of course: he was going to Berlin. And he had fallen asleep just as the gentleman in the hat had fallen asleep...

Emil sat bolt upright with a jerk, rubbed his eyes and whispered: "Why, he has gone!" His knees were trembling. He got up very slowly, mechanically brushing the dust off his suit as he did so. The next question was: is the money still there? And this question filled him with an indescribable terror.

He stood leaning against the door without moving for a long time. The man whose name was Grundeis had just sat there – eating, sleeping and snoring. Now he was gone. Perhaps everything might still be all right. It was silly to fear the worst at once. Just because he was travelling to the Friedrich-Strasse station in Berlin it did not mean that everyone was going there. And the money must surely be in its proper place, for he had pinned it securely to his coat and it was safely in an envelope. Slowly and tremblingly, he put his right hand inside his pocket.

The pocket was empty! The money was gone!

Emil burrowed through his pocket with his left hand. In fact, he felt in every pocket of his suit, but all to no avail – it was gone – the money was gone.

"Ouch!" Emil took his hand out of his pocket. He withdrew not only his hand, but the pin with which he had fastened the money to his coat. Nothing but the pin was left. And the pin had pricked his left forefinger and it was bleeding.

He wrapped his handkerchief round his finger and cried. He was crying about the money, not because of the blood. And he was crying because of his mother. Emil knew how frightfully hard his mother had worked for months to save the seven pounds for his grandmother and for his own journey to Berlin. And hardly had he got into the train before he leaned back in his corner, went to sleep, dreamed a crazy dream and let that pig of a man steal the money.

Wasn't it indeed bad enough to make him cry? What on earth should he do? Get off the train in Berlin and say to his grandmother: "Here I am, but you must know right away that I have no money for you. Not only that but you will have to give me the fare back home!"

That would be impossible. His mother would have saved her money for nothing. Grandmother would not get a penny. He could not stay in Berlin, he could not go back home. And all because of a wicked strange man who pretended that he was asleep. And then robbed children!

Emil swallowed the tears that so much wanted to be wept and looked around. If he pulled the emergency cord the train would stop at once. And then a guard would come and yet another. And they would all ask: "What has happened? What's the matter?"

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"My money has been stolen," Emil would say.

"The next time you'd better look after it properly," they would answer. "Be so good as to get back into the train. What is your name? What is your address? It costs five pounds to pull the emergency cord. The bill will be sent to your home."

In express trains there are corridors so that one can walk from one end of the train to the other until one reaches the compartment where the guard is sitting. Then one can report a theft. But here! In a slow train like this there is no corridor, so one must wait until the train stops at the next station. And in the meantime the man in the hat would have made his escape. Emil didn't even know at what station he might have left the train. What time was it, Emil wondered? When would they reach Berlin? Large houses with gardens, the tall, dirty chimney-pots wandered by the train. Probably this was already Berlin. At the next station he must call the guard and tell him everything. And the guard would notify the police at once.

That would mean that, added to everything else, he would be mixed up with the police.

#### PASSAGE TWO

The following passage is a newspaper account of a recent incident in London.

#### Lights, camera, armed police: film students fall foul of the law

A bloodstained T-shirt in a dustbin. Two getaway cars by a lock-up garage. A gang of young men in smart suits brandishing shooters and brazenly videoing themselves in an east London alleyway. To one alarmed pensioner and 30 armed police, this terrifying scene in Barkingside was another example of the spread of youth gun crime.

5 But when members of SO19, Scotland Yard's firearms unit, swooped on the gangsters after an hour of surveillance, they found eight petrified A-level students filming their media studies coursework with three toy guns bought from a sweet shop.

Now these high school students are worried that they will fail their A-levels after officers seized their video coursework.

"It was absolutely shocking," said George Lewis, 18, one of three students who wrote the script for a 15-minute film about gangsters and persuaded five friends to star in it. "Round the corner I heard people shouting 'get down, get down!' and 'against the wall!'. I thought my friends were joking and then I turned and saw a gun pointing in my face. We were lucky not to be shot."

Mr Lewis said they had not checked with the police because they were unaware they needed permission. After discarding a T-shirt daubed with fake blood, they were just finishing at 2pm when the SO19 officers pounced.

After being searched twice, Mr Lewis claimed that most of the elite unit "were having a laugh" when they realised it was a false alarm. "But one guy went crazy at us. They ticked us off at the scene and told my friend, the director, if he didn't sign the tape over he would be arrested."

20 The students were told they must report to the police station at 7.30am the next day to view the video with officers.

Mr Lewis, who needs an A grade in his media studies course to take up his place at university, said he was worried about missing the coursework deadline and failing the A-level.

A Metropolitan police spokesman said the video would only be returned when they had completed their investigation and they were happy no crime had been committed.

Meanwhile, statements would be taken from all the parties involved, including passers-by. The school authorities would also be interviewed about the incident.

**END** 

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