

**Pearson Edexcel GCSE**

# English Language

**Unit 2: The Writer's Voice**

**Higher Tier**

Tuesday 7 June 2016 – Morning

**Time: 1 hour 45 minutes**

Paper Reference

**5EN2H/01**

**Questions and Extracts Booklet**

**Do not return this booklet with the Answer Booklet.**

**Clean copies of set texts may be used.**

*Turn over* ►

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**PEARSON**

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**Answer ONE question from Section A and ONE question from Section B.**

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## SECTION A: READING

Answer ONE question in this section.

Use this extract to answer Question 1.

### *Touching the Void*

Extract taken from Chapter 5.

The next lowering was much quicker. We had adopted an efficient system. One shadow lay over our building optimism – the weather. It had deteriorated rapidly, clouds flitting across the col, and a great mass of cloud boiling up in the east. The wind was increasing steadily, blowing powder snow across the slope. I could see plumes of snow streaming horizontally out over the West Face. As the wind grew, so the temperature dropped. I could feel it burning into my face, numbing my chin and nose. My fingers began to freeze.

Simon joined me at the end of the second lowering. We were almost level with the col but there was a horizontal traverse to be made to get to its edge.

'I'll go ahead and make a trench.'

He didn't wait for an answer, and I felt exposed as I watched him move away from me. It looked a long way to the col. I wondered whether to unrope. I didn't want to, even though logic told me the rope wouldn't save me now. If I fell I would take Simon with me, but I couldn't bring myself to dispense with the comforting reassurance of the rope. I glanced at Simon. I couldn't believe it! He had reached the col yet he was only about eighty feet from me. The late-afternoon light had disguised the distance.

'Come on!' he shouted above the wind. 'I've got the rope.'

There was a gentle tug at my waist. He had taken in the remaining slack and intended belaying me. I thought that he meant to jump down the west side if I fell. There was no other way of stopping me. I hobbled sideways and nearly lost balance as I snagged my foot. Something gristly twisted in my knee, and the shock had me sobbing. It eased away and I swore at myself for not concentrating. The crabbed sideways pattern of movement which I had tried before took over once more. When I couldn't swing my leg across I reached down and hefted it along the trench Simon had forged, and then returned to my patterns. The leg had become inanimate, a weighty useless object. If it got in my way, or pained me, I cursed it and hefted it aside as if it were a chair I had tripped over.

The col was exposed and windy, but for the first time we could see clearly down the west flank of the mountain. Directly beneath us the glacier we had walked up five days ago curved away towards the moraines and crevasses which led to base camp, nearly 3,000 feet below us. It would take many long lowerings, but it was all downhill, and we had lost the sense of hopelessness that had invaded us at the ice cliff. Reaching the col had been crucial. If there had been any steep ground between the cliff and the col we would never have got past it.

### ***Touching the Void***

**1** Answer **all** parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of when Simon is lowering Joe down the mountain.

You **must** include examples of language features in your response.

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Joe and Simon are trying to overcome a problem.

Explore a time in **one other** part of *Touching the Void* when Joe overcomes a problem.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

**(Total for Question 1 = 40 marks)**

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**Use this extract to answer Question 2.**

**Anita and Me**

**Extract taken from Chapter 3.**

'Come and give us a hand, Meena,' she said finally. I hesitated at the back door; I'd seen glimpses of her kitchen practically every day, I knew the cupboards on the wall were faded yellow, the lino was blue with black squares on it and the sink was under the window, like in our house. But I'd never actually been inside, and as I stepped in, I had a weird feeling that I was entering Dr Who's Tardis. It was much bigger than I had imagined, or it seemed so because there was none of the clutter that took up every available inch of space in our kitchen.

My mother would right now be standing in a haze of spicy steam, crowded by huge bubbling saucepans where onions and tomatoes simmered and spat, molehills of chopped vegetables and fresh herbs jostling for space with bitter, bright heaps of turmeric, masala, cumin and coarse black pepper whilst a softly breathing mound of dough would be waiting in a china bowl, ready to be divided and flattened into round, grainy chapatti. And she, sweaty and absorbed, would move from one chaotic work surface to another, preparing the fresh, home-made meal that my father expected, needed like air, after a day at the office about which he never talked.

From the moment mama stepped in from her teaching job, swapping saris for M & S separates, she was in that kitchen; it would never occur to her, at least not for many years, to suggest instant or take-away food which would give her a precious few hours to sit, think, smell the roses – that would be tantamount to spouse abuse. This food was not just something to fill a hole, it was soul food, it was the food their far-away mothers made and came seasoned with memory and longing, this was the nearest they would get for many years, to home.

So far, I had resisted all my mother's attempts to teach me the rudiments of Indian cuisine; she'd often pull me in from the yard and ask me to stand with her while she prepared a simple *sabzi* or rolled out a chapatti before making it dance and blow out over a naked gas flame. 'Just watch, it is so easy, beti,' she'd say encouragingly. I did not see what was easy about peeling, grinding, kneading and burning your fingers in this culinary Turkish bath, only to present your masterpiece and have my father wolf it down in ten minutes flat in front of the nine o'clock news whilst sitting cross-legged on the floor surrounded by spread sheets from yesterday's *Daily Telegraph*.

Once, she made the fatal mistake of saying, 'You are going to have to learn to cook if you want to get married, aren't you?'

I reeled back, horrified, and vowed if I ended up with someone who made me go through all that, I would poison the bastard immediately. My mother must have cottoned on; she would not mention marriage again for another fifteen years.

**Anita and Me**

**2** Answer **all** parts of the following question.

(a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Meena's mother.

You **must** include examples of language features in your response.

(16)

(b) In this extract, Meena describes her mother.

Explore how Meena's mother is presented in **one other** part of the novel.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

**(Total for Question 2 = 40 marks)**

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**Use this extract to answer Question 3.**

***Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress***

**Extract taken from Part II.**

We moved stealthily towards the adjoining room. I went first with the torch, and Luo followed behind carrying the suitcase. It seemed to be very heavy, for as we made our way I could hear it bang against Luo's legs and bump into Four-Eyes's bed and his mother's makeshift bunk made of wooden planks, which although small made the space seem even more cramped.

We were startled to find the window, through which we had planned to make our getaway, secured with a nail. In our excitement at seeing the suitcase, we had forgotten to check it when we arrived. We tried pushing, but all we heard was a faint creak, almost a sigh. It wouldn't budge.

The situation didn't strike us as disastrous. We returned quietly to the main room intending to carry out the same manoeuvre as before: widening the slit in the double door just enough to allow a hand to slip through and turn the master-key in the copper padlock.

Suddenly Luo whispered: 'Shush!'

Terrified, I immediately switched the torch off. The soft padding of feet outside held us transfixed. It took us a precious minute to realise that the footsteps were indeed coming in our direction.

At that moment we heard the muffled voices of a man and a woman, but couldn't make out whether or not they belonged to Four-Eyes and his mother. Preparing for the worst, we crept towards the kitchen. In passing the pile of luggage I switched the torch on for a second while Luo replaced the suitcase.

It was exactly as we feared: Four-Eyes and his mother were upon us and would catch us red-handed. They were talking by the door.

'I'm sure it's the buffalo blood that has upset me,' the son said. 'I keep having these evil-smelling burps.'

'Just as well I brought some medicine for indigestion,' retorted his mother.

Panic-stricken, we were at a loss for somewhere to hide in the kitchen. It was pitch dark. I collided with Luo just as he was raising the lid of a container for storing rice. He was at his wits' end.

'Too small,' he whispered.

The chain rattled and we just had time to bolt into the side room and crawl under the beds before the door flew open.

They stepped into the house and lit the oil lamp.

Things were not looking good. Instead of hiding under Four-Eyes's bed, which would have made sense as I was taller and heftier than Luo, I was stuck under his mother's bed in a very tight space which, judging by the unmistakable odour, I was sharing with a soil bucket. Flies swarmed around my head. Making as little noise as possible I tried to lie down flat but bumped against the nauseating bucket, almost spilling the contents; I heard a little splash, which only made the horrible stench worse. I jerked my head in a reflex action, thereby inadvertently making a sound loud enough to be noticed, and so give us away.



**Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress**

**3** Answer **all** parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of what Luo and the Narrator are doing.

You **must** include examples of language features in your response.

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Luo and the Narrator are breaking into Four-Eyes's room.

Explore a time when a dangerous event is presented in **one other** part of the novel.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

**(Total for Question 3 = 40 marks)**

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**Use this extract to answer Question 4.**

***Heroes***

**Extract taken from Chapter 2.**

As I knelt on the floor, the door opened and Mother Margaret, the Sister Superior, swept into the classroom, followed by the most beautiful girl I had ever seen.

'This is Nicole Renard. She is a new student here, all the way from Albany, New York.'

Nicole Renard was small and slender, with shining black hair that fell to her shoulders. The pale purity of her face reminded me of the statue of St Thérèse in the niche next to Father Balthazar's confessional in St Jude's Church. As she looked modestly down at the floor, our eyes met and a flash of recognition passed between us, as if we had known each other before. Something else flashed in her eyes, too, a hint of mischief as if she were telling me we were going to have good times together. Then, the flash was gone and she was St Thérèse once more, and I knelt there like a knight at her feet, her sword having touched my shoulder. I silently pledged her my love and loyalty for ever.

Sister Mathilde directed her to a vacant seat in the second row nearest the window. She settled herself in place and didn't give me another glance for the rest of the day.

After that first meeting of our eyes, Nicole Renard ignored me, although I was always aware of her presence in the classroom or the corridor or the schoolyard. I found it hard to glance at her, both hoping and fearing she'd return my glance and leave me blushing and wordless. She never did. Was the look that passed between us that first day a wish of my imagination?

Luckily, she became friendly with Marie LaCroix who lived above us on the third floor of our house on Fifth Street. The girls often walked home from school together – Nicole lived one street over on Sixth – and I trailed after them, happy to be following in Nicole's footsteps. They giggled and laughed, their school books pressed against their chests, and I hoped that one of Nicole's books would fall to the ground so that I could rush forward and pick it up.

Once in a while, Nicole visited Marie on the third floor, and I lurked on the piazza below, trying to listen to their conversations, hoping to hear my name. I heard only the murmur of their voices and occasional bursts of laughter.

Standing at the banister in an agony of love and longing, like a sentry on lonely guard duty, I waited for Nicole to come down the stairs so that I could get a glimpse of her and perhaps catch her attention. She'd come into view, my mouth would instantly dry up and I would look away, afraid that my voice would emerge as a humiliating squeak if I tried to say hello. A moment later, I'd hear her footsteps fading away and I'd plunge into an agony of regret, vowing to talk to her the next time.

**Heroes**

**4** Answer **all** parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of how Francis feels about Nicole.

You **must** include examples of language features in your response.

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Francis describes Nicole.

Explore how Nicole is presented in **one other** part of the novel.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

**(Total for Question 4 = 40 marks)**

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**Use this extract to answer Question 5.**

***Of Mice and Men***

**Extract taken from Section 1.**

Lennie spoke craftily, 'Tell me – like you done before.'

'Tell you what?'

'About the rabbits.'

George snapped, 'You ain't gonna put nothing over on me.'

Lennie pleaded, 'Come on, George. Tell me. Please, George. Like you done before.'

'You get a kick outta that, don't you. Awright, I'll tell you, and then we'll eat our supper ...'

George's voice became deeper. He repeated his words rhythmically as though he had said them many times before. 'Guys like us, that work on ranches, are the loneliest guys in the world. They got no family. They don't belong no place. They come to a ranch an' work up a stake and then they go inta town and blow their stake, and the first thing you know they're poundin' their tail on some other ranch. They ain't got nothing to look ahead to.'

Lennie was delighted. 'That's it – that's it. Now tell how it is with us.'

George went on. 'With us it ain't like that. We got a future. We got somebody to talk to that gives a damn about us. We don't have to sit in no bar room blowin' in our jack jus' because we got no place else to go. If them other guys gets in jail they can rot for all anybody gives a damn. But not us.'

Lennie broke in. '*But not us! An' why? Because ... because I got you to look after me, and you got me to look after you, and that's why.*' He laughed delightedly. 'Go on now, George!'

'You got it by heart. You can do it yourself.'

'No, you. I forget some a' the things. Tell about how it's gonna be.'

'OK. Someday – we're gonna get the jack together and we're gonna have a little house and a couple of acres an' a cow and some pigs and ...'

'*An' live off the fatta the lan,*' Lennie shouted. 'An' have *rabbits*. Go on, George! Tell about what we're gonna have in the garden and about the rabbits in the cages and about the rain in the winter and the stove, and how thick the cream is on the milk like you can hardly cut it. Tell about that, George.'

'Why'n't you do it yourself? You know all of it.'

'No ... you tell it. It ain't the same if I tell it. Go on ... George. How I get to tend the rabbits.'

'Well,' said George, 'we'll have a big vegetable patch and a rabbit hutch and chickens. And when it rains in the winter, we'll just say the hell with goin' to work, and we'll build up a fire in the stove and set around it an' listen to the rain comin' down on the roof – Nuts!' He took out his pocket knife. 'I ain't got time for no more.' He drove his knife through the top of one of the bean cans, sawed out the top and passed the can to Lennie.

***Of Mice and Men***

**5** Answer **all** parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the time when George tells Lennie about the dream.

You **must** include examples of language features in your response.

(16)

- (b) Dreams are important to many of the characters.

Explore how a dream is presented in **one other** part of the novel.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

**(Total for Question 5 = 40 marks)**

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**Use this extract to answer Question 6.**

***Rani and Sukh***

**Extract taken from 'Six Months Later'.**

Divy wound the window down in a smooth electric whirr and spat. He waited.

Five minutes later there was still no sign of his sister. He pulled off again, across the mini roundabout and down Woodfield Road, reaching the end quickly. He stopped at the junction. He couldn't see them.

'Shit!' he said in a panic, hoping that he hadn't lost them.

He punched the dash, cutting a dent with one of his gold rings. 'Bastard!'

He looked up. There they were. They stopped to kiss and the blood in Divy's head began to boil. He wanted to get out of his car there and then, but again he tried to stay calm and reversed along the kerb about thirty metres so that he wouldn't be seen. As he stopped he saw them walking on, heading down Launde Road. The boy looked familiar, but Divy was too far away to make out his face clearly enough. There was something about him though ...

Divy waited again, two minutes this time, before moving forward and taking a right at the junction. He drove like a pensioner on a Sunday morning down Launde Road, edging forwards rather than moving. He saw them turn into Uplands. Left. He pulled up to a stop. He knew that his sister would take a right, past their uncle's house, along and then round onto Harborough Road at the top, not five minutes' walk from the house. Thinking about it, he realized that she would ditch the boy before she walked down Brookside, not wanting to risk being seen by Uncle Sohan. He sped down the remaining stretch to the junction and waited yet again. No sign of them ...

He took a left and approached the corner with Brookside. Ahead, walking round the tight turn in Uplands, heading for the pub and the shops, he saw a lad. Probably the same one, but then again ...

Ignoring the pair of legs walking away he turned right, and sure enough, walking slowly down towards Prince Drive, he saw his sister. He drove slowly after her, pulling up just past her as she walked up the incline. As she saw him, her face at first dropped and then changed quickly to a sly smile. Stupid girl ...

The driver's window whirred down.

'Gonna give me a lift home?' his sister asked, smiling.

'GET IN!'

Rani jumped.

'Don't even come with the innocent shit ... I saw you with some boy.'

She looked shocked. 'It's not what –' she began.

'GET IN! Before I run you down, you stupid little bitch ...'

Divy watched his sister's face fall as she walked round to the front passenger side door. She opened it.

'In the back,' he spat. 'I don't want your dirty little mouth anywhere near me . . .'

Rani shut the door and opened the one at the back, getting in silently, her face red with embarrassment and fear. Mostly fear.

**Rani and Sukh**

**6** Answer **all** parts of the following question.

(a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Divy.

You **must** include examples of language features in your response.

(16)

(b) This extract shows how Divy behaves towards Rani.

Explore how Divy is presented in **one other** part of the novel.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

**(Total for Question 6 = 40 marks)**

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**Use this extract to answer Question 7.**

***Riding the Black Cockatoo***

**Extract taken from Chapter Three.**

As I explained that I needed to talk to him about ‘something sensitive’, I realised that this was the very first Indigenous Australian I’d ever spoken to one-on-one. Then without missing a beat I announced that my family had had one of his kin on display in the family lounge room for 40 years. I might as well have just walked up to the man and punched him in the guts. He recoiled in his seat as pain and disbelief tore across his face. Again, the seconds groaned – taut, dislocated from the clock time that marched on about us. Craig recovered, pushed away the last remnants of his sweet-and-sour pork, and rose to his feet.

‘You’d better come with me,’ he said; there was just the hint of an order in his tone. Not a word was exchanged as he led me to the Oodgeroo Unit, named after the famous Aboriginal poet and activist Oodgeroo Noonuccal.

As we entered the office I immediately felt like an outsider, a whitefella in a blackfella place. It wasn’t threatening, but the very atmosphere felt different. If you have ever visited a foreign consular office you’ll know the feeling I’m trying to describe, it’s as if a tiny piece of one country has been transplanted into another, and that’s what this was like, a portal into Indigenous Australia. Black faces looked down from posters, and dot paintings, flags and panoramic photographs of wild Australia adorned the walls; there was familiarity about much of what I saw, yet at the same time everything was imbued with a different meaning. It was as if I’d stumbled into a parallel universe and now I was the foreigner!

Craig led me through to his office. A poster of the boxer and football star Anthony Mundine glared at me as though he was about to jump from the photograph and jab my soft white nose repeatedly! I stiffened for a moment, and then understood how this fighter, whom I’d always dismissed as an angry egomaniac with a super-sized chip on his shoulder, could be an inspiration to many of his people. Why had I looked down so disapprovingly upon black anger? Why was it acceptable for whites to get angry, but not black people? I looked around the room for a softer visual to grab hold of and my eyes settled on a photograph of Craig’s wife and kids. There were photos of the land too – beautiful photos of rippling red soil and purple skies, the steamy, still breath of wetlands, and eternally teetering mega-boulders. I breathed easily again, comforted by these things that bind us.

Craig asked me about the skull and I let my story unfold. Every so often I paused and he shook his head rapidly as if to make sure his ears were not playing tricks on him. He looked at me with equal measures of sternness and sadness. ‘It has *got* to go back, there’s no question about it.’



***Riding the Black Cockatoo***

**7** Answer **all** parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of John's meeting with Craig.

You **must** include examples of language features in your response.

(16)

- (b) John learns a lot from his contact with Indigenous Australians.

Explore a time when John has contact with an Indigenous Australian in **one other** part of *Riding the Black Cockatoo*.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

**(Total for Question 7 = 40 marks)**

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**Use this extract to answer Question 8.**

***To Kill a Mockingbird***

**Extract taken from Chapter I.**

That was the summer Dill came to us.

Early one morning as we were beginning our day's play in the back yard, Jem and I heard something next door in Miss Rachel Haverford's collard patch. We went to the wire fence to see if there was a puppy – Miss Rachel's rat terrier was expecting – instead we found someone sitting looking at us. Sitting down, he wasn't much higher than the collards. We stared at him until he spoke:

'Hey.'

'Hey yourself,' said Jem pleasantly.

'I'm Charles Baker Harris,' he said. 'I can read.'

'So what?' I said.

'I just thought you'd like to know I can read. You got anything needs readin' I can do it ... '

'How old are you,' asked Jem, 'four-and-a-half?'

'Goin' on seven.'

'Shoot no wonder, then,' said Jem, jerking his thumb at me.

'Scout yonder's been readin' ever since she was born, and she ain't even started to school yet. You look right puny for goin' on seven.'

'I'm little but I'm old,' he said.

Jem brushed his hair back to get a better look. 'Why don't you come over, Charles Baker Harris?' he said. 'Lord, what a name.'

' 's not any funnier'n yours. Aunt Rachel says your name's Jeremy Atticus Finch.'

Jem scowled. 'I'm big enough to fit mine,' he said. 'Your name's longer'n you are. Bet it's a foot longer.'

'Folks call me Dill,' said Dill, struggling under the fence.

'Do better if you go over it instead of under it,' I said. 'Where'd you come from?'

Dill was from Meridian, Mississippi, was spending the summer with his aunt, Miss Rachel, and would be spending every summer in Maycomb from now on. His family was from Maycomb County originally, his mother worked for a photographer in Meridian, had entered his picture in a Beautiful Child contest and won five dollars. She gave the money to Dill, who went to the picture show twenty times on it.

'Don't have any picture-shows here, except Jesus ones in the courthouse sometimes,' said Jem. 'Ever see anything good?'

Dill had seen *Dracula*, a revelation that moved Jem to eye him with the beginning of respect. 'Tell it to us,' he said.

Dill was a curiosity. He wore blue linen shorts that buttoned to his shirt, his hair was snow white and stuck to his head like duck-fluff; he was a year my senior but I towered over him.

As he told us the old tale his blue eyes would lighten and darken; his laugh was sudden and happy; he habitually pulled at a cowlick in the centre of his forehead.

When Dill reduced Dracula to dust, and Jem said the show sounded better than the book, I asked Dill where his father was: 'You ain't said anything about him.'

'I haven't got one.'

'Is he dead?'

'No ...'

'Then if he's not dead you've got one, haven't you?'

Dill blushed and Jem told me to hush, a sure sign that Dill had been studied and found acceptable.

### ***To Kill a Mockingbird***

**8** Answer **all** parts of the following question.

(a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Dill.

You **must** include examples of language features in your response.

(16)

(b) In this extract, Scout and Jem meet Dill for the first time.

Explore how Dill is presented in **one other** part of the novel.

You **must** use examples of the language the writer uses to support your ideas.

(24)

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**(Total for Question 8 = 40 marks)**

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**TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 40 MARKS**

## SECTION B: WRITING

Answer ONE question in this section.

### EITHER

- \*9 Your school or college is planning an event for students to celebrate the end of their studies.

Write the text of a speech to persuade your Headteacher or Principal that your idea for a celebration is the best one.

(Total for Question 9 = 24 marks)

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### OR

- \*10 In England you are required to stay in education or training until you are 18.

Write a letter to your local Member of Parliament, making it clear whether you agree or disagree with this requirement.

(Total for Question 10 = 24 marks)

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**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 24 MARKS**  
**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 64 MARKS**

### Sources taken/adapted from:

*Touching the Void*, Joe Simpson, (Heinemann, 1988)  
*Anita and Me*, Meera Syal, (Harper Perennial, 2004)  
*Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*, Dai Sijie, (Vintage, 2002)  
*Heroes*, Robert Cormier, (Longman, 2007)  
*Of Mice and Men*, John Steinbeck, (Longman, 2003)  
*Rani and Sukh*, Bali Rai, (Corgi, 2004)  
*Riding the Black Cockatoo*, John Danalis, (Allen & Unwin, 2010)  
*To Kill a Mockingbird*, Harper Lee, (Heinemann, 1966)

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Surname

Other names

**Pearson**  
**Edexcel GCSE**

Centre Number

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Candidate Number

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# English Language

## Unit 2: The Writer's Voice

**Higher Tier**

Tuesday 7 June 2016 – Morning

**Time: 1 hour 45 minutes**

Paper Reference

**5EN2H/01**

**You must have:**

Questions and Extracts Booklet (enclosed)  
Clean copies of set texts may be used.

Total Marks

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### Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- You must answer **two** questions. Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided  
– *there may be more space than you need.*

### Information

- The total mark for this paper is 64.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets  
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*
- Questions labelled with an **asterisk** (\*) are ones where the quality of your written communication will be assessed  
– *you should take particular care on these questions with your spelling, punctuation and grammar, as well as the clarity of expression.*
- Any planning or rough work can be done on additional work sheets. These **MUST NOT** be returned with the Answer Booklet.

### Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ►

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**PEARSON**



(Section A continued)

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Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing.



(Section A continued)

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DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

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(Section A continued)

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Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section A continued)

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing.

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DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



(Section A continued)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section A continued)

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



(Section A continued)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing.

**TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 40 MARKS**





(Section B continued)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section B continued)

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA





(Section B continued)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section B continued)

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



(Section B continued)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section B continued)

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



(Section B continued)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing.

**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 24 MARKS**  
**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 64 MARKS**



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

**BLANK PAGE**



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

**BLANK PAGE**



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

**BLANK PAGE**

