

Write your name here

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 3 June 2014 – 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

### 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.
- Keep an eye on the time.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ►

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**PEARSON**



(Section A continued)

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(Section A continued)

Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section A continued)

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(Section A continued)

Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section A continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.



(Section A continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.





(Section A continued)

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**TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 40 MARKS**





(Section B continued)

Handwriting practice area consisting of 25 horizontal dotted lines.



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(Section B continued)

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing.

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



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**Pearson Edexcel GCSE**

# **English Language**

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*Turn over* ►

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P 4 3 2 7 9 A

**PEARSON**

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

**SECTION A: READING**

**Page**

**Answer ONE question**

Question 1: Touching the Void	4
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**SECTION B: WRITING**

**20**

**Answer ONE question**

- Question 9
- Question 10

## SECTION A: READING

Answer ONE question in this section.

Use this extract to answer Question 1.

### *Touching the Void*

Extract taken from Chapter 13.

I awoke to a hubbub of voices and laughter. Girls' voices chattered excitedly in Spanish close by the tent, and I heard Simon talking to Richard about the donkeys. I opened my eyes slowly to the unfamiliar glow of the tent walls. Sun dappled the red and green fabric, and shadows passed by every few seconds. It seemed as if there were a bazaar in full trade outside the tent. I remembered with a shock the events of a few hours before. I was safe; it was true. I smiled drowsily and moved my arms against the silken downy sides of the sleeping bag, luxuriating in the feeling of homecoming. It had been so bad, I thought idly in half-sleep, so very bad.

An hour later I started from sleep to a voice calling my name from far away. I felt confused. Who was calling me? Sleep dragged me softly back to the warmth of the bag, but the voice kept calling:

'Come on, Joe, wake up.'

I rolled my head to the side and looked blearily at the heads crowded into the doorway. Simon knelt there with a steaming mug of tea in his hand, and behind him the two girls peered curiously over his shoulder. I tried to sit up but couldn't move. A great weight was pressing down on to my chest, pinning me to the ground. I swung my arm feebly in an effort to haul myself up but it flopped limp at my side. Arms reached round my shoulders and pulled me into a sitting position:

'Drink this, and try to eat. You need it.'

I cupped the mug in my gloved hands and crouched over it, feeling the steam wetting my face. Simon moved away but the girls remained squatting near the door smiling at me. There was something unreal about them sitting there in the sun, watching me drink tea. Their wide-hipped peasant skirts and flower-strewn hats seemed very strange. What were they doing here? My mind seemed to be running off at tangents from second to second so that I couldn't fully grasp what was happening. I had got here safely. I understood the tents, and Simon and Richard, but not these weirdly dressed Peruvians. I decided that the best thing to do was ignore them and concentrate on my tea. It scalded my mouth with the first sip. The gloves which protected my frozen fingers and the lack of sensation in my hands made me forget how hot it would be. I gasped and blew quickly, trying to cool the tip of my tongue. The girls giggled.

An endless stream of food and drink followed during the next half-hour, along with quick snippets of encouragement and information about what was happening. There was some delay because Spinoza was being bloody-minded about payment for the mules. I could hear Simon's voice getting louder and more infuriated with every passing minute.



***Touching the Void***

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

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Joe's feelings after getting back to camp.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Joe has had an amazing escape from death.

Explore a time when he escaped danger in **one** other part of *Touching the Void*.

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

(24)

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

---

## SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 2.

### *Anita and Me*

#### Extract taken from Chapter 11.

The grumbling sound seemed to come closer. Mama rushed to the window with Nanima following, scooping up a dozing Sunil from the bed on her way and gasped, 'My god... what's happening?'

Nanima sniffed the air unconsciously, then muttered a silent '*Wahe Guru!*' to herself as they appeared over the crest of the hill, the yellow motorway diggers as shiny and solid as tanks, a whole convoy of them whose caterpillar tyres seemed to chew up the road and spit it back out as they ate their way towards the centre of the village. 'The school!' mama breathed and I pushed past her and rushed downstairs.

In less than a minute, it seemed the whole village had congregated on street corners, in gardens, hanging from windows and leaning on doorposts, to watch this unannounced metallic invasion. Everyone knew where the diggers were headed and there was no welcoming committee, just this awful silent resignation marked by folded arms and closed-off faces. Mr Topsy/Turvey spat on the pavement as the diggers rumbled past his gate. One old woman whom I rarely saw out and about, who was so ancient she looked like a pickled walnut with a white mop on her head, clapped and waved at the machines with great excitement. 'Go on our boys!' she shouted, and began a reedy warble of 'It's a Long Way to Tipperary!' 'She thinks it's the army, poor old biddy...!' said the Ballbearings women to each other. 'Still stuck in the war. Her old man never came back, you know...'

Then another note joined the mechanical symphony, a buzzing staccato which counterpointed the diggers' ponderous bass, and Sam Lowbridge's moped gang phut-phutted into view, accelerating until they caught up with the diggers, weaving in and out of them like lazy horseflies, making the faceless drivers in their cabs shake their fists and mouth voiceless obscenities. Some of the villagers began cheering this showy sabotage, Mr Topsy/Turvey shouted, 'Goo on, lads! Make em crash!' Others, like Glenys, Sam's mother, and some of the Ballbearings women, tutted and looked away in shame, unsure which of these two evils they ought to boycott. Then Anita was jumping and yelling herself hoarse next to me. 'Kill em, lads! Put the boot in!' And then halted momentarily and whispered to me, 'Where's Sam?' I had been thinking the same thing; I recognised all of the other shaven heads, Craig and Baz and the ferret-faced one with the earring, but where was their leader?

As if in response, an exhaust backfired spectacularly as Sam rode into view. He had souped up his moped with extra wing mirrors and Union Jack stickers, and had cut off the end of the exhaust pipe so it looked like a sawn-off shotgun and made an ear-splitting angry honk every time he accelerated.

**Anita and Me**

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

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the time when the diggers arrive in the village.

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

(16)

- (b) The events in this extract affect the people in the village.

Explore how life in the village 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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## SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 3.

### *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*

Extract taken from Part III.

#### LUO'S STORY

What can I say? That she's a good swimmer? Sure, she swims like a dolphin now. She used to swim the way peasants do, using only her arms, not her legs. Before I showed her how to do the breaststroke she could only do doggy paddle. But she has the physique of a true swimmer. There were only two or three things I had to teach her. She's even mastered the butterfly stroke: arms flung out, lower body undulating, torso rising up out of the water in a perfect aerodynamic curve, and legs churning the water like the tail of a dolphin.

What she has discovered all on her own is how to dive from dangerous heights. I have never dared do it – I have a horror of heights. When we're in our watery paradise – a deep secluded pool – and she climbs up to a high ledge to jump off, I always stay down below. Looking up to see her spring for an almost perpendicular dive makes me so dizzy that the ledge and the towering ginkgos behind blur into one. Her tiny figure is like a fruit growing at the top of a tree. She calls out to me, but the sound is drowned out by the torrent cascading onto the rocks. Suddenly, the fruit falls, streaking through the air towards me, slicing the surface of the water like an arrow with barely a splash.

In the days before his detention, my father used to say that dancing was not something that could be taught, and he was right. The same is true of diving and writing poetry, for the best divers and poets are self-taught. Some people can spend their lives having lessons and still resemble stones when they hurtle through the air. They never achieve the lightness of dropping fruit.

I had a key ring, a birthday present from my mother when I was a boy. It was gold-plated, and decorated with tiny jade leaves. I always carried it with me, it was my talisman to ward off misfortune. It held a whole bunch of keys, although I had no possessions that needed locking up. There were the keys to our house in Chengdu, to the drawer with my personal belongings in my mother's cabinet, to the back door at home, as well as a penknife and a nail clipper. Not long ago I added the master-key that we used to get into Four-Eyes's house to steal the books. I treasured it as a souvenir of a successful break-in.

One afternoon in September, the two of us clambered down to our pool. As usual, the place was deserted. The water felt a little cold, so I read her a chapter of *Lost Illusions*. I was less taken with this book of Balzac's than with *Père Goriot*, and yet, when she caught a tortoise among the rocks in the shallows, it was this novel that inspired me to take my penknife and carve the long-nosed profiles of the two ambitious main characters on the creature's shell, before releasing it.

***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 Luo's description of the Little Seamstress.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Luo describes how he feels about the Little Seamstress.

Explore how Luo's feelings for the Little Seamstress are shown 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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## SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 4.

### *Heroes*

**Extract taken from Chapter 10.**

I haven't always worn the scarf and the bandage. In the hospital in England, in its grounds and in the surrounding countryside, I enjoyed the sting of air on my flesh, once the bandages were removed. I had barely glimpsed myself in mirrors, windows or glass doors. Until the day I went on a three-day pass in London.

Walking through the bright sunshine of a spring day, I was disappointed because London had always been linked in my mind with foggy days and evenings, and either Jack the Ripper or Sherlock Holmes stalking through the shadows. I headed for Baker Street, hoping to find 221B, even though I knew that address existed only in the stories of Conan Doyle.

As I walked along, I became aware of people coming upon me and turning away, or giving me wide walking space. A small boy holding his mother's hand suddenly cried out and pushed his face into his mother's skirt. I wondered what had scared him until I saw him peeking at me again with one big eye, before bursting into tears.

I shrank myself against the side of a building and made my way to the plate-glass window of a pub where, among the advertisements for pints of ale and pies, I saw what the boy had seen – my face. No face at all, actually, the nostrils like the snout of an animal, the peeling cheeks, the toothless gums, my jaw and mouth jammed together as if by invisible clamps.

I tried to draw up the collar of my Eisenhower jacket to cover at least the lower part of my face but the collar was too narrow, didn't cover anything at all, and I hurried along the sidewalk, head down, avoiding eye contact, wishing to be invisible.

Why didn't anyone warn me, I wondered bitterly on the double-decker bus, hiding my face in my hands. Then realized that the doctors and nurses had probably become so accustomed to the wounded and the maimed that the abnormal had become normal to them.

Enrico made me the gift of the white scarf which he said he had won from an air force fly-boy in a poker game.

Now in Frenchtown, my face is healing. My dentures have given shape to the lower part of my face and my jaw is firmer but my nostrils are still caves and the flesh of my cheeks refuses to heal completely, remaining raw and red. When I study myself in the mirror, I don't see *me* any more but a stranger slowly taking shape.

The truth is that I don't care whether I heal or not. Because I know that it doesn't matter. What matters is hiding my face from others, not only to save them the shock of seeing a face in disrepair but so that they won't identify little Francis Cassavant later on, after I have carried out my mission.

## ***Heroes***

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

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the effects of Francis' appearance.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Francis' appearance is important.

Explore how Francis is affected by other people's reactions to his appearance 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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## SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 5.

### *Of Mice and Men*

#### Extract taken from Section 5.

'If George sees me talkin' to you he'll give me hell,' Lennie said cautiously. 'He tol' me so.'

Her face grew angry. 'Wha's the matter with me?' she cried. 'Ain't I got a right to talk to nobody? Whatta they think I am, anyways? You're a nice guy. I don't know why I can't talk to you. I ain't doin' no harm to you.'

'Well, George says you'll get us in a mess.'

'Aw, nuts!' she said. 'What kinda harm am I doin' to you? Seems like they ain't none of them cares how I gotta live. I tell you I ain't used to livin' like this. I coulda made somethin' of myself.' She said darkly, 'Maybe I will yet.' And then her words tumbled out in a passion of communication, as though she hurried before her listener could be taken away. 'I lived right in Salinas,' she said. 'Come there when I was a kid. Well, a show come through, an' I met one of the actors. He says I could go with that show. But my ol' lady wouldn't let me. She says because I was on'y fifteen. But the guy says I coulda. If I'd went, I wouldn't be livin' like this, you bet.'

Lennie stroked the pup back and forth. 'We gonna have a little place – an' rabbits,' he explained.

She went on with her story quickly, before she should be interrupted. 'Nother time I met a guy, an' he was in pitchers. Went out to the Riverside Dance Palace with him. He says he was gonna put me in the movies. Says I was a natural. Soon's he got back to Hollywood he was gonna write to me about it.' She looked closely at Lennie to see whether she was impressing him. 'I never got that letter,' she said. 'I always thought my ol' lady stole it. Well, I wasn't gonna stay no place where I couldn't get nowhere or make something of myself, an' where they stole your letters. I ast her if she stole it, too, an' she says no. So I married Curley. Met him out to the Riverside Dance Palace that same night.' She demanded, 'You listenin'?'

'Me? Sure.'

'Well, I ain't told this to nobody before. Maybe I ought'n to. I don't *like* Curley. He ain't a nice fella,' And because she had confided in him, she moved closer to Lennie and sat beside him. 'Coulda been in the movies, an' had nice clothes – all them nice clothes like they wear. An' I coulda sat in them big hotels, an' had pitchers took of me. When they had them previews I coulda went to them, an' spoke in the radio, an' it wouldn'ta cost me a cent because I was in the pitcher. An' all them nice clothes like they wear. Because this guy says I was a natural.' She looked up at Lennie, and she made a small grand gesture with her arm and hand to show that she could act.



***Of Mice and Men***

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

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Curley's wife and her dreams.

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

(16)

- (b) This extract presents some of the thoughts and feelings of Curley's wife.

Explore how Curley's wife is presented in **one** other part of the novel.

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

(24)

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

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## SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 6.

### *Rani and Sukh*

Extract taken from the section 'Six Months Later'.

'We's goin' over to another game, Sukhy. The senior side are playin' the enemy,' added Manj.

'Bloody Sandhu FC,' said Tej, grinning again.

Sukh thought about Rani. Part of him wanted to tell his cousins that he was going home, that he had things to do, people to see. But he also wanted to go on over to the other game and see what happened. To watch the feud play itself out, looking at it through his new-found knowledge. He turned to his cousins. 'Cool – I'll come over, but I ain't getting into no shit because of you two,' he told them.

'Trouble? Us?' laughed Manj.

'Trouble-schmubble,' added Tej.

Jaspal and a few of the other lads were still hanging around and they joined Sukh and his cousins for the walk over to the senior game. Sukh trailed behind the rest with Ranjit, wondering why he was going along, yet unable to stop himself. As they approached the pitch, Sukh realized that there were at least sixty people gathered round, split equally on either touchline. He found a space on his own side and glanced across the pitch to the other team's supporters. Divy Sandhu was standing with a group of three other men, wearing his leather coat, his hair tied back in a ponytail, talking into a mobile. The men with him were laughing and gesturing across the pitch, occasionally shouting out insults in Punjabi. Tej, Manj and a few of the others threw back their own insults. None of them seemed particularly interested in the game itself, which was scrappy. As Sukh watched, Divy pocketed his mobile and turned to one of his crew, gesturing across the pitch as he spoke. The man he spoke to nodded and said something to the other two, and the three of them began to walk around the pitch towards the opposing fans. Sukh looked at Tej for a reaction, but Tej hadn't noticed – he was busy calling the referee names. Sukh saw Divy say something to another couple of lads and then join them, as they too headed for where Sukh was standing.

He turned to Manj. 'Yo – you better check out what's coming,' he told him.

'Wha?'

Sukh nodded towards the group of Sandhu men walking around the pitch, their faces set in stony masks.

Manj saw them and poked Tej on the back. 'Tej – better get some lads together. We got some trouble...'

Tej realized what was happening straight away and called out some names. A few of Sukh's cousins and second cousins gathered together, one or two of them emptying their bottles of lager onto the grass and holding them at their sides. Tej put a hand into his jacket and pulled out a cosh. His eyes were blazing and he pushed Sukh out of the way, making his way towards the fast-approaching Sandhus.

**Rani and Sukh**

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

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the tension between the two rival groups of young men.

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

(16)

- (b) This extract shows the continuing feud between the Bains and Sandhu families.

Explore how this feud is shown 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 6 = 40 marks)**

## SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 7.

### *Riding the Black Cockatoo*

Extract taken from Chapter Nine.

The University media unit swung into action and together we worked up a press release which was then wired out to media outlets all around the country. Within minutes of the press release going out, the local ABC radio station had requested an interview at the station in the morning with Bob, Gary and me.

That evening I called Bob to let him know about the interview. He was happy to have an opportunity to speak about repatriation. 'We have to use these opportunities to educate the people, it's all part of the healing.'

I offered to pick Bob up early in the morning, for it made sense to go to the radio station together; we'd meet Gary and the songman for the interview and then all head off for the ceremony.

'If the songman's with Gary, will you have enough room for everybody?' he asked.

'Sure,' I answered, 'I'll just put the remains in the boot.'

'You'll what?' Bob's words came out in one even sound, like a samurai sword being slowly drawn from its scabbard.

I suddenly realised that by *everybody* Bob was also referring to Mary.

'Uh, oh, ahhh...' I'd put my foot in it again. 'Sorry, Bob, I wasn't thinking, yes, there'll be room for us all up front.'

'That's more like it,' he said, the warmth ebbing back into his voice. 'See you at 7.30.'

Mary lay in my studio under the house. Since bringing him home, I'd kept him in a hard black Pelican case – the kind photographers use – with the cockatoo feather headdress sitting on top like a sentinel. With careful hands I put the headdress to one side, took Mary out and wandered into the back yard. The moon was shining through the canopy of native trees I'd planted when we moved in ten years ago. It was very late and the neighbouring houses were all dark and still. I held Mary towards the moon and whispered, 'This is it, Mary, your last night in Meanjin.' (Meanjin is the traditional name for Brisbane.)

We stood near my favourite tree, an eight-year-old lemon-scented myrtle. A breeze wafted up from the gully and through the tree, bathing us both in citrus perfume. I'd been wondering what to wrap Mary in for her journey home – bubble wrap seemed so twenty-first century. Now I knew. I took Mary back inside and returned to the tree; thick waves of citrus filled the night as I snapped and tore off armfuls of foliage. I made a bed of leaves and sprigs in the case and sat Mary upright with the headdress propped up behind him against the open lid – it looked as though he was wearing it. Then I placed the whole arrangement near the window; I'm not exactly sure why, I didn't think, I just acted naturally, like a child. I switched off the lights, and then, just before leaving the room, turned to look back at my old friend. Moonlight spilled through the window and draped its lacy veil across Mary and the headdress.

***Riding the Black Cockatoo***

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

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of attitudes towards the skull Mary.

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

(16)

- (b) This extract is about the skull Mary.

Explore how people think about the skull Mary in **one** other part of the story.

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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## SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 8.

### *To Kill a Mockingbird*

#### Extract taken from Chapter III.

By the time we reached our front steps Walter had forgotten he was a Cunningham. Jem ran to the kitchen and asked Calpurnia to set an extra plate, we had company. Atticus greeted Walter and began a discussion about crops neither Jem nor I could follow.

'Reason I can't pass the first grade, Mr Finch, is I've had to stay out ever' spring an' help Papa with the choppin', but there's another'n at the house now that's field size.'

'Did you pay a bushel of potatoes for him?' I asked, but Atticus shook his head at me.

While Walter piled food on his plate, he and Atticus talked together like two men, to the wonderment of Jem and me. Atticus was expounding upon farm problems when Walter interrupted to ask if there was any molasses in the house. Atticus summoned Calpurnia, who returned bearing the syrup pitcher. She stood waiting for Walter to help himself. Walter poured syrup on his vegetables and meat with a generous hand. He would probably have poured it into his milk glass had I not asked what the sam hill he was doing.

The silver saucer clattered when he replaced the pitcher, and he quickly put his hands in his lap. Then he ducked his head.

Atticus shook his head at me again. 'But he's gone and drowned his dinner in syrup,' I protested. 'He's poured it all over –'

It was then that Calpurnia requested my presence in the kitchen.

She was furious, and when she was furious Calpurnia's grammar became erratic. When in tranquillity, her grammar was as good as anybody's in Maycomb. Atticus said Calpurnia had more education than most coloured folks.

When she squinted down at me the tiny lines around her eyes deepened. 'There's some folks who don't eat like us,' she whispered fiercely, 'but you ain't called on to contradict 'em at the table when they don't. That boy's yo' comp'ny and if he wants to eat up the table-cloth you let him, you hear?'

'He ain't company, Cal, he's just a Cunningham –'

'Hush your mouth! Don't matter who they are, anybody sets foot in this house's yo' comp'ny, and don't you let me catch you remarkin' on their ways like you was so high and mighty! Yo' folks might be better'n the Cunninghams but it don't count for nothin' the way you're disgracin' 'em – if you can't act fit to eat at the table you can just set here and eat in the kitchen!'

Calpurnia sent me through the swinging door to the dining-room with a stinging smack. I retrieved my plate and finished dinner in the kitchen, thankful, though, that I was spared the humiliation of facing them again. I told Calpurnia to just wait, I'd fix her: one of these days when she wasn't looking I'd go off and drown myself in Barker's Eddy and then she'd be sorry.

**To Kill a Mockingbird**

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

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of how Walter Cunningham is treated when he visits the Finches' house.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Scout learns an important lesson.

Explore what Scout learns from her experiences 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** You are concerned about the amount of violence in today's society.

Write a letter to your local newspaper, setting out what you think is needed to make society safer and less violent.

(24)

**OR**

**\*10** 'Walking and cycling are the best ways of getting around.'

Write an article for a teenage magazine, making it clear if you agree or disagree with this statement.

(24)

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**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 24 MARKS**

**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 64 MARKS**