



GCSE

4941/01

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

FOUNDATION TIER

UNIT 1

A.M. TUESDAY, 7 June 2016

1 hour 45 minutes plus your additional time allowance

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

You may write your answers in a WJEC pink answer booklet, which has been specifically designed for this examination. If you run out of space, use a standard 4-page continuation booklet.

You may also write your answers on a separate answer sheet if preferred.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink, black ball-point pen or your usual method.

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 lines 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

- reading: about 15 minutes (plus your additional time)**
- answering the questions: about 45 minutes (plus your additional time)**

SECTION B

- planning: about 10 minutes (plus your additional time)**
- writing: about 35 minutes (plus your additional time)**

SECTION A: 30 marks

Read carefully the passage on pages 5 to 9. Then answer ALL of these questions.

Read lines 1-33 (from the beginning of the passage to ‘...do anything wrong in their eyes’).

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| 1 | 1 |
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- What impressions do you get of Max and his relationship with his brother, Dominic?
- [10 marks]

Read lines 34-83 (from ‘I had been given an old, red and white scarf...’ to ‘...as everyone else seemed to.’)

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- How does the writer show that Dominic does not enjoy his first experience of a football match? You should track through the text carefully.
- [10 marks]

Read lines 84-126 (from ‘The next time Arsenal played...’ to the end of the passage.)

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| 1 | 3 |
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- What happens in these lines? What do you think and feel about Dominic and Max in this part of the story? [10 marks]

I was born in 1950 and given the name Dominic Kitchen. I was seven years younger than my brother Max and nine years younger than my sister Victoria. Being the youngest member of the family gave me
5 a feeling of being permanently behind everyone else, especially my brother. If I found something out, Max would already know it; whatever I achieved, he would have done it already, or had looked into it and decided it wasn't worth his attention. In short,
10 I'd turned up too late. Max himself did everything possible to encourage me in this belief. Even in the faded album of my baby photos, Max looks fed up to be seen with me.

He was a street-wise kid, with greasy curls and an
15 expression of cunning which scarcely ever relaxed. At thirteen, Max was already top of his class and talented at cricket. He would later go to Oxford University and become a successful financial dealer.

My father was a sports journalist, covering
20 Arsenal's football matches for the local paper but it wasn't until I was six or so that I was allowed to make my first visit to Arsenal's stadium with Max and Dad. As we walked along, I was aware that Max was ignoring me but then he turned to me.

25 He pointed at a sign for Victoria Street, saying, "That was named after our sister."

"Really?"

He snorted. "Of course not. My God, you're thick."

"No need for that, Max" said Dad, too mildly to
30 make any impression on Max. Neither of our parents

raised their voices as a rule, and certainly not to tell Max off, because he could never do any wrong in their eyes.

I had been given an old, red and white scarf of
35 Max's and tottered along nervously behind him, amid a gang of shouting, smoking, laughing men. I had no real enthusiasm for the game, just a strong sense that if I managed to enjoy it, I would impress Max. The crowd thickened through the narrow
40 streets leading up to the football stadium, and there were yelling programme-sellers and policemen on enormous horses. It felt as if everyone was converging on the stadium not for entertainment, but for some serious and frightening purpose. Max was
45 showing off by talking about different players and ignoring me as best he could. Each time Dad took my arm to guide me around a new obstacle, Max sighed heavily.

When we got inside the stadium, the mass of
50 bigger humans was even more daunting: thousands of faces packed together so tightly it was impossible to look at one and say which body it belonged to. Dad went off to join the other journalists, and though I heard him say, "Look after him," I knew Max had
55 no intention of doing so. Where we were standing to watch the game was jammed with limbs and bodies; behind me a boy of about sixteen was using my shoulder as a shelf to get a better view. There was a vast roar as the teams took to the field, and it swelled
60 as the game progressed. Each surge of noise had a

threatening quality; I felt as if the shouting were out of control, might sweep me physically off my feet. Max joined in hoarsely, his just-broken voice rising in confident yells. I desperately needed the toilet, but
65 could not ask my scornful brother where to go, and would never be able to make my way back.

Eventually there was a goal, and the men all around us yelled louder than ever, rocking with delight. The crowd staggered this way and that, and as they
70 did I lost my footing and cracked my knee on the concrete. Tears sprang into my eyes as a stranger yanked me to my feet. Max glanced across in disgust and, with a heavy sigh, beckoned me to follow him. Without taking his eyes off the game he led me up
75 the long slope of steps to where Dad was hunched over his notebook.

“What’s up, Dominic? Not enjoying the game?”

I shook my head wretchedly.

“Come and help me with the report, then. Perhaps
80 you shouldn’t have come until you’re a bit bigger.” I nodded gratefully but what I really wanted was not an escape from football, but to learn the secret of enjoying it, as everyone else seemed to.

The next time Arsenal played, I stayed at home. But
85 I knew that sport was the key to being accepted by Max, so from time to time I tried to join in his noisy kick-about with other teenagers on our street. One Sunday afternoon they were kicking a tennis ball around in our back garden; some lump of a youth
90 hoofed it into the next door garden of an unfriendly

old couple, Mr and Mrs Linus, who were well-known for not returning any ball kicked into their garden. There were general groans. Max summoned me from the back door where I had been watching the game.

95 “Reckon you can get over that wall?”

My heart sank. “If Mrs Linus sees me she’ll shout at me and tell Mum.”

“For God’s sake, Dom, don’t be so pathetic,” said Max. “Go on, we want to get on with the game. If you
100 can get the ball back...you can play with us.” Max had never let me in a game with his friends before so this was a risk worth taking.

I scrambled over the wall, skinning my knee, and scampered onto the forbidden lawn. The ball had
105 found its way to the back of the hedge at the far side of the garden. Just as I pushed my way into the hedge, Mrs Linus appeared at her back door. She was pink and flabby, slow-moving and always propping herself heavily against the fence to gossip
110 loudly with my mother and to complain about the boys in the street. I expected to be seen and shouted at, but Mrs Linus just waddled into the garden to feel at some washing that was drying on her line. I pushed myself further into the hedge and out of her
115 line of sight while she felt at two sheets, shook her head and went back indoors.

I fetched the ball and got back over the wall and the game went on just as before. Not sure which team I was meant to be on, I ran around after the rush of
120 shrieking boys, always a few steps behind, never

getting to kick the ball.

“I thought you said I could play,” I said to Max, next time there was a pause in the game.

125 “You are playing, Dominic. You just aren’t any good!” From that moment on, sport and I became official enemies.

From ‘The Knot’ by Mark Watson

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 400-500 words.

Choose ONE of the following titles for your writing.

[30 marks]

EITHER,

2	1	(a) Write about a time when you felt betrayed.
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OR,

2	1	(b) Write a story which begins: Sam was relieved when the waiting was over.
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OR,

2	1	(c) My Fifteen Minutes of Fame.
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OR,

2	1	(d) The Competition.
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OR,

2	1	(e) Write a story which ends: ...and I knew everything would work out somehow.
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You can use the following blank pages or a separate sheet of paper to plan your work.

When you plan your work, you may want to think about:

- what happens at the beginning, middle and end**
- characters**
- setting**
- descriptions**
- dialogue**

END OF PAPER