

# KEY STAGE FOUR

## *English Language Paper 2*

### Past papers booklet

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Name:
Class:
Teacher:

## Source A

Source A is an extract from *Touching the Void*, in which experienced climber Joe Simpson describes how he and fellow climber Simon Yates scaled a 21 000 foot mountain in Peru. On the way down, Joe fell and broke his leg. In this extract, Joe explains how, because of his broken leg, Simon had to lower him down the mountain using a rope.

1 The col was exposed and windy. Directly beneath us the glacier we had walked up five  
days ago curved away towards the crevasses which led to base camp, nearly 3 000 feet  
4 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.

5 'What time is it?' Simon asked.

'Just gone four. We don't have much time, do we?'

I could see him weighing up the possibilities. I wanted to carry on down, but it was Simon's decision. I waited for him to make up his mind.

'I think we should keep going,' he said at last.

10 Simon let me slide faster than I had expected and, despite my cries of alarm and pain, he  
had kept the pace of descent going. I stopped shouting to him after fifty feet. The rising  
wind and continuous avalanches drowned out all communications. Instead I concentrated  
on keeping my leg clear of the snow. It was an impossible task. Despite lying on my good  
leg, the right boot snagged in the snow as the weight of my body pushed down. Each  
15 abrupt jerk caused searing pain in my knee. I sobbed and gasped, swore at the snow and  
the cold, and most of all at Simon. At the change-over point, I hopped on to my left leg,  
trying to think the pain away. It ebbed slowly, leaving a dreadful throbbing ache and a  
leadened tiredness.

20 The tugs came again far too soon, and carelessly I slumped against the rope and let myself  
go. The drop went on until I could bear it no longer, yet there was nothing that I could do to  
bring the agony to an end. Howling and screaming for Simon to stop achieved nothing; the  
blame had to lie somewhere, so I swore Simon's character to the devil.

23 The terrible sliding stopped, and I hung silently against the slope. Three faint tugs trembled  
the taut rope, and I hopped up on to my leg. A wave of nausea and pain swept over me. I  
25 was glad of the freezing blasts of snow biting into my face. My head cleared as I waited for  
the burning to subside from my knee. Several times I had felt it twist sideways when my  
boot snagged. There would be a flare of agony as the knee kinked back, and parts within  
the joint seemed to shear past each other with a sickening gristly crunch. I had barely  
ceased sobbing before my boot snagged again. At the end my leg shook uncontrollably. I  
30 tried to stop it shaking, but the harder I tried, the more it shook. I pressed my face into the  
31 snow, gritted my teeth, and waited. At last it eased.

Simon had already started to climb down. I looked up but failed to make out where he was. I began digging Simon's belay\* seat. It was warming work and distracted attention from my knee. When I looked up again Simon could be seen descending quickly.

35 'At this rate we should be down by nine o'clock,' he said cheerfully.



'I hope so.' I said no more. It wouldn't help to harp on about how I felt.

'Right, let's do it again.' He had seated himself in the hole and had the ropes ready for another lowering.

'You're not hanging around, are you?'

40 'Nothing to wait for. Come on.'

He was still grinning, and his confidence was infectious. Who said one man can't rescue another, I thought. We had changed from climbing to rescue, and the partnership had worked just as effectively. We hadn't dwelt on the accident. There had been an element of uncertainty at first, but as soon as we had started to act positively everything had come

45 together.

'Okay, ready when you are,' I said, lying down on my side again. 'Slow down a bit this time. You'll have my leg off otherwise.'

He didn't seem to hear me for I went down at an even faster pace than before, and the hammering torture began again with a vengeance. My optimism evaporated.

## Glossary

\* belay – a secure point to fix a rope

**Turn over for Source B**

## Source B

In 1899, British explorer Gertrude Bell set out to climb one of the most dangerous mountains in the Alps, the Meije. Source B is an extract from the letter she sent home describing the climb.

Monday 28th August, 1899

I thought you would gather from my last letter that I meant to have a shot at climbing the Meije and would be glad to hear that I had descended safely. Well, I'll tell you – it's awful! I think if I

5 had known exactly what was before me I should not have faced it, but fortunately I did not, and I look back on it with complete satisfaction — and I look forward to other things with no further apprehension. . .



10 I left here on Friday, having hired a local guide, Marius, and we walked up to the Refuge. I went out to watch the beautiful red sunlight fading from the snow and rocks. The Meije looked dreadfully forbidding in the dusk. When I came in I found that Marius had kindly put my rug in a corner of the floor, and what with the straw and my cloak for a pillow, I made myself very comfortable.

15 The night lasted from 8 till 12, but I didn't sleep at all. We got up soon after 12 and I went down to the river and washed a little. It was a perfect night, clear stars and the moon not yet over the hills. We left just as the moon shone into the valley. Marius always went ahead and carried a lantern till we got on to the snow when it was light enough with only the moon.

At 1.30 we reached the glacier and put on our ropes. It wasn't really cold, though there was an

20 icy little breath of wind. We had about three hours up very nice rock. I had been in high spirits for it was so easy, but before long my hopes were dashed! We had about two hours and a half of awfully difficult rock. There were two places where Marius literally pulled me up like a parcel. He has the strength of a bear. And it was absolutely sheer down. The first half-hour I gave myself up for lost. It didn't seem possible that I could get up all that wall without ever making a

25 slip. You see, I had practically never been on a rock before. However, I didn't let on to Marius and presently it began to seem quite natural to be hanging by my eyelids over an abyss. . .

We stayed on the summit until 11. It was gorgeous, quite cloudless. I went to sleep for half-an-hour. It's a very long way up but it's a longer way down – unless you take the way Marius's

30 axe took. The cord by which it was carefully tied to his wrist broke and it disappeared forever into space.

Here comes the worst place on the whole Meije. Marius vanished, carrying a very long rope, and I waited. Presently I felt a little tug on the rope. "Mademoiselle," called Marius calmly, and obediently off I went. There were two little humps to hold on to on an overhanging rock and there was me in mid-air and Marius round the corner steadfastly holding the rope tight. . .

35 perfectly fearful. I thought at the time how very well I was climbing and how odd it was that I should not be afraid.

The worst was over then, and the most tedious part was to come. There was no difficulty, but there was also no moment when you had not to pay the strictest attention. There was an hour of ice and rock till at last Marius and I found ourselves, with thankfulness, back on the glacier.





- 40 When I got in, I found everyone in the hotel on the doorstep waiting for me and the hotel owner let off crackers, to my great surprise.

I went to bed and knew no more till 6 this morning, when I had five cups of tea and read your letters and then went to sleep again until ten. I'm really not tired but my shoulders and neck and arms feel rather sore and stiff and my knees are awfully bruised.

**END OF SOURCES**

**Section A: Reading**

Answer **all** questions in this section.  
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
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Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 4**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

**[4 marks]**

- A** The climbers were sheltered from the wind.
- B** The glacier was higher up the mountain.
- C** They had been on the mountain for at least five days.
- D** Base camp was more than 3000 feet below them.
- E** Joe thought they would make it back to base camp quickly.
- F** There were no more uphill sections to climb.
- G** The climbers were feeling more positive now than they were before.
- H** On the ice cliff, the climbers had felt overwhelmed by despair.

☐
☐
☐
☐
☐
☐
☐
☐

4
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Both writers are accompanied by another person on their adventure: Simon in Source A, and Marius in Source B.

**[8 marks]**

[illegible]

*Do not write  
outside the  
box*

0	3
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You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 23 to 31**.

How does the writer use language to describe how he feels?

**[12 marks]**

[illegible]

Compare how the writers convey their different feelings and perspectives on their adventures in the mountains.

**[16 marks]**

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.



Do not write  
outside the  
box

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0	5
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‘People have become obsessed with travelling ever further and faster. However, travel is expensive, dangerous, damaging and a foolish waste of time!’

Write an article for a news website in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation  
16 marks for technical accuracy)  
**[40 marks]**

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

[illegible]

**Turn over ►**



## Source A

Source A is an extract from *The Tent, The Bucket and Me* in which Emma Kennedy describes her camping holidays in France in the 1970s.

1 'You know,' said my mother who, as far as I could tell, was the only person delighted to be back in France, 'we should treat this holiday as the occasion it is. There's no point in being miserable. Holidays are what you make them.'

Holidays were not what you made them. Holidays were in the hands of malevolent forces  
 5 hell-bent on wreaking chaos at every turn. Holidays were assault courses of the mind and body, endurance tests designed to break spirits and shatter spleens. In my nine years on the planet I had learnt one thing: going on holiday was awful. As we sat, chugging along through the French countryside, sunflowers in the fields on either side of us, I thought, 'Yes, it IS nice to  
 9 look at. But in the same way that cheese looks nice in a mousetrap.'

10 Eventually we arrived at the campsite where we had stayed the previous year. As is often the way when you revisit somewhere you've been before, the allure was not quite as sparkling. The table tennis hut, once such an astonishment of riches, was now a bit battered around the edges, the pool a little more dull. Even my mother was forced to concede that the place had lost its gloss. 'This isn't quite as nice as I remember it,' she said, hands on hips. 'Still, at least  
 15 it's a bit cooler. What a relief!'

'Storm clouds gathering over there,' said Dad, looking up to the west. 'That'll explain the drop in temperature. Still, I'll get the tent up.'

Our pitch backed on to a line of trees that acted as a windbreaker between us and the river. I wandered off, tiptoeing through the branches to stand at the water's edge. The low evening  
 20 sun was casting a pink tinge across the water and dragonflies were hovering. Picking up a round, flat stone I skimmed it across the surface of the lake and watched with satisfaction as it bounced away. Sometimes, it was the simplest things that provided the greatest pleasure and as I stood, throwing stone after stone, I felt real contentment as if I were actually enjoying myself.

25 I returned to our pitch, having been called to supper by my mother. Dad was staring skywards. 'Those clouds are shifting,' he said, 'we might get some rain after all.'

'I can't remember the last time I saw rain,' answered my mother, 'must be well over a month. It'll be nice. Clear the air.'

29 Suddenly, there was a squall of activity all over the campsite as the sky darkened and the rain  
 30 began to fall in thick, steady drops. Caravan awnings were being winched in, windows slammed shut, towels were being hastily gathered and everywhere, families were retreating to the inside of their tents. Because the ground was so dry, the patter of rain on the hard earth sounded almost metallic and each raindrop sparked up a plume of dust so fine it looked like steam, making the soil look as if it were boiling. In the distance, a low rumble of thunder began  
 35 rolling towards us, the starter flag for any decent storm, and the rain which had an individual and random quality became more pack-like, shifting shapes like a flock of starlings. The storm was circling the area before clattering in to do its worst. Soon, the rain was slashing down, the  
 38 relentless battering against the tent canvas loud and frightening.



40 Despite all my father's best efforts to waterproof the tent and lay the ground sheet properly,  
water was starting to seep in. The ground, dry from so many weeks without moisture, couldn't  
cope with the sudden onslaught and the campsite was rapidly turned into a series of streaming  
rivers. Not wanting to get our bedding wet, we bundled our sleeping bags together, placing  
them on top of the camping table just outside the sleeping compartment. With nothing to sleep  
45 in, and the water ever rising, Dad placed my air bed on top of their air bed and we sat, huddled  
together, knees against our chests. As the storm fractured the skies, we clung together,  
terrified.

Despite a small but intense gnawing in my chest, there was something deliciously spine-tingling  
about being trapped inside the tent while hell rained itself down on me.

**Turn over for Source B**

**Turn over ►**



## Source B

Source B is an extract from *In The Wilderness*, written in 1878 by the American writer Charles Dudley Warner. At this time, some Americans were looking for adventure by camping in the wild.

- 1 The real enjoyment of camping in the woods lies in a return to primitive conditions of living, dress and food and an escape from civilization. It is wonderful to see how easily the limits of society fall off.

- 5 When our campers come to the bank of a lovely lake where they hope to enter the primitive life, everything is beautiful and unspoilt. There is a point of land cutting into the lake, sloping down to a sandy beach, on which the waters idly lap. The forest is untouched by the axe; ranks of slender fir trees are marshalled by the shore. The discoverers of this paradise, which they have entered to destroy, note the babbling of the stream that flows close at hand; they hear the splash of the leaping fish. They listen to the sweet song of the evening birds, and the chatter of the red squirrel, who angrily challenges their right to be there.

- The site for a shelter is selected. The whole group is busy with the foundation of a new home. The axes resound in the echoing spaces; great trunks fall with a crash; views are opened towards the lake and the mountains. The spot for the shelter is cleared of underbrush; forked stakes are driven into the ground, cross-pieces are laid on them, and poles sloping back to the ground. In an incredible space of time there is the skeleton of a house, which is entirely open in front. The roof and sides must be covered. For this purpose, the trunks of great spruce trees are skinned. It needs but a few of these skins to cover the roof; and they make a perfectly water-tight roof, except when it rains.

- 20 Later, whilst we eat supper, a drop or two of rain falls. The sky darkens; the wind rises; there is a kind of shiver in the woods. We scud away into the shelter, taking the remains of our supper, eating it as best we can. The rain increases. The fire sputters and fumes. All the trees are dripping, dripping, and the ground is wet. We cannot step outdoors without getting a drenching. Like sheep, we are penned in the little hut, where no one can stand upright. The rain swirls into the open front and wets the bottom of the blankets. We curl up in our sleeping rows and try to enjoy ourselves. How much better off we are than many a shelter-less wretch!

- 30 However, as we are dropping off to sleep, somebody unfortunately notes a drop of water on his face. He moves his head to a dry place. Then he feels a dampness in his back and he finds a puddle of water soaking through his blanket. By this time, somebody inquires if it is possible that the roof leaks. One man has a stream of water under him; another says it is coming into his ear. The roof appears to be a discriminating sieve. Those who are dry see no need of such a fuss. The man in the corner spreads his umbrella, and the protective measure is resented by his neighbour. In the darkness there is recrimination. The rain continues to soak down. The fire is only half alive. The bedding is damp. Some sit up, if they can find a dry spot to sit on, and smoke. A few sleep. And the night wears on.

- 35 The morning opens cheerless. The sky is still leaking and so is the shelter. The roof is patched up. Even if the storm clears, the woods are soaked. There is no chance of going out. The world is only ten feet square.

- 40 This life, without responsibility or clean clothes, may continue as long as the camper desires. Some would be happy to live in this free fashion forever, in rain or sun, but there are others who cannot exist more than three days without their worldly baggage. These campers will soon leave and the abandoned camp is a melancholy sight.



The woods have been despoiled; the stumps are ugly; the bushes are scorched; the pine-leaf-strewn earth is trodden into mud; the ground is littered with all the unsightly debris of a hand-to-hand life. The dismantled shelter is a shabby object; the charred and blackened logs, where the fire blazed, suggest the extinction of life. Man has wrought his usual wrong upon Nature.

**END OF SOURCES**

**Section A: Reading**

Answer **all** questions in this section.  
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1

Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 9**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

**[4 marks]**

**A** The writer's mother was happy to be going on holiday.

☐

**B** This is the first time the writer has been to France.

☐

**C** The writer thinks evil powers ruin holidays.

☐

**D** The writer thinks holidays are mental and physical challenges.

☐

**E** The writer is a teenager at the time of the holiday.

☐

**F** The family are travelling through a city.

☐

**G** The fields on either side of the road are full of wheat.

☐

**H** The writer admits that holidays can look attractive but she thinks this is a trick.

☐


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**4**


*Do not write  
outside the  
box*

0	2
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You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The writers in **Source A** and **Source B** stay in very different camping sites.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the differences between the two camping sites.

**[8 marks]**

[illegible]

**Turn over ►**





0	3
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**[12 marks]**

[illegible]

[illegible]



## Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

'Holidays don't need to be faraway and expensive. They just need to give people a break from everyday life and the chance to relax.'

Write an article for a magazine in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation  
16 marks for technical accuracy)

**[40 marks]**

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

**Turn over ►**



## Source A

George Orwell was a young British writer who started work in 1922 as a policeman in Burma. At that time, Burma was part of the British Empire. The extract is from his essay *Shooting an Elephant*, which he wrote in 1936.

1 Early one morning, the sub-inspector at another police station the other end of town rang me  
up on the phone and said that an elephant was ravaging the bazaar. Would I please come  
and do something about it? I did not know what I could do, but I wanted to see what was  
happening and I started out. I took my rifle, much too small to kill an elephant, but I thought  
5 the noise might be useful.

It was not of course a wild elephant, but a tame one. It had been chained up, but on the  
previous night it had broken its chain and escaped. In the morning the elephant had  
suddenly reappeared in the town. It had already destroyed somebody's bamboo hut, killed  
a cow and raided some fruit-stalls and devoured the stock. Some Burmese men arrived and  
10 told us that the elephant was in the paddy fields below, only a few hundred yards away. I  
sent an orderly to borrow an elephant rifle. The orderly came back in a few minutes with a  
rifle and five cartridges.

As I started forward practically the whole population of the area flocked out of their houses  
and followed me. They had seen the rifle and were all shouting excitedly that I was going to  
15 shoot the elephant. It made me vaguely uneasy. I had no intention of shooting the  
elephant. I marched down the hill, looking and feeling a fool, with the rifle over my shoulder  
and an ever-growing army of people jostling at my heels.

At the bottom, the elephant was standing eighty yards from the road. He took not the  
slightest notice of the crowd's approach. He was tearing up bunches of grass, beating them  
20 against his knees to clean them and stuffing them into his mouth.

As soon as I saw the elephant I knew with perfect certainty that I ought not to shoot him. It  
is a serious matter to shoot a working elephant – it is comparable to destroying a huge and  
costly piece of machinery. And at that distance, peacefully eating, the elephant looked no  
more dangerous than a cow. I decided that I would watch him for a while to make sure he  
25 did not turn savage again, and then go home.

26 But at that moment I glanced around at the crowd that had followed me. It was an immense  
crowd, two thousand at the least and growing every minute. I looked at the sea of faces  
above the garish clothes – faces all happy and excited over this bit of fun, all certain that the  
elephant was going to be shot. They were watching me as they would watch a conjurer  
30 about to perform a trick. And suddenly I realised that I should have to shoot the elephant  
after all. The people expected it of me and I had got to do it. Here was I, the white man with  
his gun, seemingly the leading actor of the piece, but in reality I was only a puppet pushed  
to and fro by the will of those faces behind. To come all that way, rifle in hand, with two  
thousand people marching at my heels, and then to trail feebly away, having done nothing –  
35 no, that was impossible. The crowd would laugh at me.

But I did not want to shoot the elephant. It seemed to me that it would be murder to shoot  
him. (Somehow it always seems worse to kill a *large* animal.)

It was perfectly clear to me what I ought to do. I ought to walk up to the elephant and test  
his behaviour. If he charged I could shoot, if he took no notice of me it would be safe to





- 40 leave him. But I also knew I was going to do no such thing. If the elephant charged and I missed him, I should have about as much chance as a toad under a steam-roller. The sole thought in my mind was that if anything went wrong those two thousand Burmese people would see me pursued, caught and trampled on. And if that happened it was quite probable that some of them would laugh. That would never do. There was only one alternative.

**Turn over for Source B**

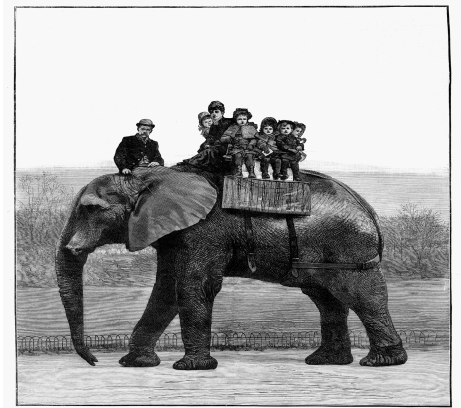
## Source B

The extract below is from the book *Wild Animals in Captivity*, published in 1898 by Abraham Bartlett, Head Keeper at the Zoological Society Gardens (now London Zoo).

- 1 The first elephant that ever came under my charge was the celebrated Jumbo. The African elephant was received at the Zoological Gardens in exchange for other animals on June 26, 1863.

- 5 At that date Jumbo was about 4 ft high and he was in filthy and miserable condition. I handed him over to keeper Matthew Scott. The first thing we did was to remove the filth and dirt from his skin. This was a task requiring a great deal of labour and patience. The poor beast's feet had grown out of shape, but by scraping and rasping, together with a supply of good food, his condition rapidly improved.

- 10 However, he soon began to play some very lively tricks, so much so that we found it necessary to put a stop to his games, and this we did in a very speedy and effectual manner. Scott and myself, holding him by each ear, gave him a good thrashing. He quickly recognised that he was mastered by lying down and uttering a cry of submission.



- 15 We coaxed him and fed him with a few tempting treats, and after this time he appeared to recognise that we were his best friends, and he continued on the best of terms with both of us until the year before he was sold. He was at that time about twenty-one years old and had gained the enormous size of 11 ft in height. All male elephants at this age become troublesome and dangerous. Jumbo was no exception to this rule.

- 20 He began to destroy the doors and other parts of his house, driving his tusks through the iron plates, splintering the timbers in all directions. When in this condition, and in his home, none of the other keepers except Scott dare go near him; but, strange to say, he was perfectly quiet as soon as he was allowed to be free in the Gardens.

- 25 I was perfectly aware that this restless and frantic condition could be calmed by reducing the quantity of his food, fastening his limbs by chains, and an occasional flogging; but this treatment would have called forth a multitude of protests from kind-hearted and sensitive people, and would have led to those keepers concerned appearing before the magistrates at the police court charged with cruelty. It is only those who have had experience in the management of an elephant who are aware that, unless the person in charge of him is determined to be master and overpower him, that person will lose all control over him and will be likely to fall victim to his enormous strength.

- 30 But to return to Jumbo's early days, he was very soon strong enough to carry children on his back and therefore a new saddle was made for him. At that time, all the cash handed to the keepers of the elephants by the people who rode on them was the keepers' to keep. How much they received from the visitors will probably never be known, but, as Jumbo became the great favourite, Scott came in for the lion's share.

- 40 Jumbo had been for nearly sixteen years quiet, gentle and obedient, and had daily carried hundreds of visitors about the gardens. Finding that, at the end of that period, he was likely to



do some fatal mischief, I made an application to the council to be supplied with a powerful enough rifle in the event of finding it necessary to kill him.

45 About this time I received a letter from Mr Barnum\* asking if the Zoological Society would sell the big African elephant and at what price. I wrote immediately to Mr Barnum telling him that he could have Jumbo for £2000.

### **Glossary**

\*Mr Barnum – a world famous American showman and circus promoter

**END OF SOURCES**

**Section A: Reading**

Answer **all** questions in this section.  
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
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Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 5**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

**[4 marks]**

**A** Orwell receives the phone call in the afternoon.

☐

**B** There is only one police station in the town.

☐

**C** There are reports of an elephant out of control.

☐

**D** The sub-inspector expects Orwell to sort out the problem.

☐

**E** Orwell is confident he can sort out the problem with the elephant.

☐

**F** Orwell is curious about the elephant.

☐

**G** Orwell takes his rifle to kill the elephant.

☐

**H** It takes a very powerful weapon to kill an elephant.

☐

**4**



0	2
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You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

Both sources describe how the elephants behave.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the similar behaviour of the elephants.

**[8 marks]**

[illegible]

**Turn over ►**





0	3
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How does the writer use language to describe the crowd of people?

**[12 marks]**

[illegible]

**[16 marks]**

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are approximately 20 lines visible. The paper has a slight shadow on its right side, suggesting it's resting on a surface. The overall appearance is that of a clean, unused piece of stationery or notebook paper.



## Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

'People protest about the cruelty of keeping animals in captivity, but they seem happy enough to eat meat, keep pets and visit zoos. All animals should be free!'

Write an article for a magazine in which you explain your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation  
16 marks for technical accuracy)

**[40 marks]**

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

**Turn over ►**





## Source A

Source A was published in *The Guardian* newspaper in 2016. In this article, the writer, Peter Walker, explores how people who cycle in the city are at risk from other road users.

# All cyclists fear bad drivers

1 Ask most people who ride a bike regularly in the UK and they'll happily recount a list of terrifying or alarming incidents caused by the deliberate actions of another road user, usually someone in a motor vehicle.

5 My last such incident happened just under a week ago, when a driver decided to overtake my bike very closely and at speed on a narrow residential street near my home in south-east London. I was unharmed, but the driver was gambling on the assumption that I would not, for example, hit a sudden pothole and swerve or wobble.

10 Inevitably the congested traffic meant I caught up with the driver at the next junction. His relatively minor, but nonetheless very real, roll of the dice with my chances of making it home safely that evening had all been for nothing. That's appallingly common.

A couple of things must be noted. First, however distressing such incidents can be – and there is evidence they help keep levels of cycling in Britain as pathetically low as they are – riding a bike is still safer than many people think. The average Briton would ride 2 million miles before they suffered a serious injury.

15 Secondly, while some are tempted to characterise such events as part of a 'war on the roads' it's nothing of the sort, not least as the majority of cyclists also drive, and would thus be somehow waging war on themselves.

20 The thing to grasp is that it's about the person, not the mode of transport they happen to be using at that particular time. As well as cycling, I walk, use buses and trains, sometimes drive, occasionally get planes. My personality is not changed, or defined, by any of those. I get the sense that all these forms of transport are populated by roughly similar proportions of idiots. They might push on to a train, barge past you on an escalator at an Underground station, recline their plane seat just as the meals are being served.

25 Driving is, however, different in one way. It is the sole event in most people's everyday lives where there is a plausible chance they could kill another human being. It's not about morals, it's simple physics. If I hit someone at 12mph even on my solid, heavy everyday bike it would impart something like 1,200 joules of kinetic energy. If I were in the last car I owned, a relatively tiny Nissan Micra, doing 30mph, you're suddenly at 100,000 joules. It's a very different impact.

30 It's why police should take incidents more seriously than they generally do. It's why the driving tuition and testing system should be revamped to place far more stress on drivers' vast, overriding responsibility to look out for and protect vulnerable road users, those not cocooned within a tonne of metal.

35 Next time you're in a car and you think a cyclist in front is holding you up, I'd urge you to hold two very clear thoughts in your mind.



40

The first is this: despite the apparent belief of many drivers, cyclists are not obliged or even advised to ride in the gutter. If a rider is in the middle of the lane it could be to stay clear of opened doors on parked cars; it could be because the edge of the road is rutted and potholed; it might even be to stop drivers squeezing past when it would be clearly unsafe to do so.

45

Also bear this in mind: even if you're absolutely convinced the cyclist is in the wrong, hold back and be cautious anyway. In the majority of urban traffic situations, your overtake will be a very brief victory – they'll pedal past again in the queue for the next red light or junction. But most of all, remember that these are human beings, unprotected flesh and bone seeking to get to work, to see their friends, to return to their loved ones. However much of a rush you think you're in, it never, ever, justifies putting them at risk.

**Turn over for Source B**

## Source B


In this extract, the Countess of Malmesbury describes her experience of riding a bicycle in the streets of London. She wrote the magazine article in 1896, at a time when city streets were full of horse-drawn vehicles. Cycling was becoming a popular means of transport, for women as well as for men.

## ON A BICYCLE IN THE STREETS OF LONDON BY SUSAN, COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY

1 A new sport has lately been devised by the drivers of  
hansom cabs.\* It consists of chasing the lady who rides  
her bicycle in the streets of the metropolis. Having now  
5 been the prey of the hansom cabman for nearly a year,  
and having given him several exciting runs, I cannot  
help feeling that cycling in the streets would be nicer, to  
use a mild expression, if he'd not try to kill me.



8 Riding on a track began to bore me as soon as I had learnt to balance, but I remained steadily  
practising until I could turn easily, cut figures of eight, get on and off quickly on either side and  
10 stop without charging into unwelcome obstacles. This done, burning to try my fate in traffic, and  
yet as nervous as a hare that feels the greyhound's breath, I launched my little bicycle early  
one Sunday morning in July into the stormy oceans of Sloane Street, on my way to visit a sick  
friend who lived about four miles off. The streets were really very clear, but I shall never forget  
my terror. I arrived in about two hours, streaming and exhausted, much more in need of  
15 assistance than the invalid I went to visit. Coming home it was just as bad; I reached my house  
about three o'clock and went straight to bed, where I had my lunch, in a state bordering on  
collapse. I only recount this adventure in order to encourage others who may have had the  
18 same experience as myself, but who may not have tried to conquer their nervousness.

20  What cured my fear was the purchase of a little book called 'Guide to Cycling',  
where it is written that I had an actual legal existence on the roadway. Yes, I  
had as good a right to my life as even my arch-enemy the hansom. Cautious  
and alert, I merrily proceeded on my way, using my bicycle as a means of doing  
my morning shopping or other business. I found that my experience in driving  
an exceedingly naughty pony and cart in town stood me here in very good  
25 stead, my eye being well-educated to pace and distance.

Drivers of hansoms have various ways of inflicting torture on a fellow-creature, one of which is  
suddenly and loudly to shout out 'Hi!' when they have ample room to pass, or when you are  
only occupying your lawful position in a string of vehicles. Also, they love to share your  
handle-bars and wheels, passing so close that if you swerve in the slightest it must bring you to  
30 serious grief. They are also fond of cutting in just in front of you, or deliberately checking you at  
a crossroads, well knowing that by so doing they risk your life.

I myself always ride peaceably about seven or eight miles an hour, and keep a good look-out  
some way ahead, as by that means you can often slip through a tight place or avoid being  
made into a sandwich composed of a pedestrian who will not, and an omnibus\* which cannot,  
35 stop.



Many a time when I first began to ride in traffic have I meekly escorted an omnibus in a crowded street, thankful for the shelter it afforded from the wild and skirmishing jungle round me, and feeling like what I may perhaps describe as a dolphin playing round an ocean liner. Many acts of kindness have I received at a difficult crossroads from hard-worked men, to whom  
40 pulling up their horses must have been a serious inconvenience. Indeed, on one occasion, I might have been killed but for the consideration of a driver. I found myself wedged in between an omnibus and a large cart. They had both been standing, and at the moment of my appearance each pulled out from the kerb in a slanting direction. I was thus fairly caught in a trap; but, not having time to faint or go into hysterics, I thought it best to catch the nearest  
45 omnibus horse by the harness and try to stop him.

My life was safe, it is true; but what is life if your new white gloves are ruined?

### **Glossary**

\* hansom cab – a taxi carriage pulled by a horse

\* omnibus – a large horse-drawn vehicle used for carrying passengers

**END OF SOURCES**

**Section A: Reading**

Answer **all** questions in this section.  
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
---	---

Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 10**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

**[4 marks]**

- A** Most people in Britain ride a bike regularly. ☐
- B** Most UK cyclists are pleased about the number of dangerous incidents on the roads. ☐
- C** The writer has never had a dangerous incident whilst cycling. ☐
- D** The writer lives in south-east London. ☐
- E** As the car passed, the writer did not swerve. ☐
- F** The writer soon caught up with the driver. ☐
- G** The writer thought the driver's actions had been pointless. ☐
- H** It is rare to meet dangerous drivers whilst cycling. ☐

4
---



Do not write  
outside the  
box

0	2
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You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

Both sources describe the similar ways in which drivers behave.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the similar behaviour of the drivers. **[8 marks]**

[illegible]

0	3
---	---

**[12 marks]**

[illegible]

**Turn over ►**

[illegible]





## Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

'Cars are noisy, dirty, smelly and downright dangerous. They should be banned from all town and city centres, allowing people to walk and cycle in peace.'

Write a letter to the Minister for Transport arguing your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation  
16 marks for technical accuracy)

**[40 marks]**

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

**Turn over ►**



## Source A

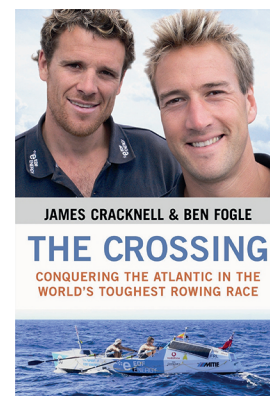
In 2005, Ben Fogle and James Cracknell set off together in a seven week race across the Atlantic Ocean in a rowing boat called 'Spirit'. In their book *The Crossing*, Ben describes what happened one night as he rowed and James slept.

**BEN:**

- 1 It was still dark. We had at least three hours of darkness to go before daybreak and, as always, I had the sunrise shift. The ocean had continued to build, with an ever-increasing wind that was gusting at 40 knots. The swell had grown and conditions were becoming increasingly frenzied. I began to feel vulnerable again. If we can just make it to daybreak, I  
5 thought, it will be easier to read the waves and prepare for the breakers.

- Our boat was brand spanking new and bought straight from the race organisers. It had coped with the seas we had experienced thus far incredibly well. I rowed on, worried by the deteriorating weather, and I thought of  
10 my wife, back at home. I longed to be with her and away from this intimidating ocean. As I rowed, a barely perceptible blue hue appeared on the skyline.

- The swell was gathering, and the breaking waves were becoming more frequent. 'Come on, sun,' I thought, willing the day to break. Something wasn't right.



- 16 I watched as a vast wave gathered behind the boat, soaring above the cabin, a wall of white water towering over our tiny boat. Once again I dug the oars in to propel us forward, but the wave was too big. For a moment it felt like we were moving backwards as we were sucked into the belly of the wave, the horizon disappearing as the churning surf enveloped the stern  
20 of the boat. I felt it lift, as a torrent of water crashed over the boat and I felt myself falling backwards. I was aware of the boat collapsing on top of me. I struggled to pull my feet from the stirrups to no avail. The world went black. I felt a weight on top of me and then a rush of cold water as my body was brutally submerged into the bottomless Atlantic Ocean. My feet were sucked from my shoes as I clung on to the oars for dear life, but then they too were  
25 dragged from my clasp. My mind went blank as I tumbled through the surf, spun around roughly like clothes in a washing machine.

I was somewhere underwater, but which way was up? Everything was midnight black. I panicked as I grabbed the water, desperate for something to clutch on to. There was nothing. No boat, just inky cold water.

- 30 I had been underwater for a seeming eternity and had started to panic. It felt as though my lungs were collapsing and I struggled to find which way to swim. I felt my hand break the surface as my body burst from the depths of the ocean. 'Paaaaaaah,' I gasped as my body screamed for air.

- 35 'James!' I cried. There was no sign of him, nor the boat. I was in the middle of the ocean without a life jacket, being tossed around in the surf like a rag doll. I spun around in the water, gripped by panic.

There was the boat, a black upturned hull. 'James!' I screamed again. Nothing. Nothing in life had prepared me for this. No amount of planning could have readied me. What the hell now? Who would ever find me out here, hundreds of miles from the nearest boat, let alone land? I had to get back on to that boat.

40

My mind was numb with shock, but somehow I made it back to the upturned hull, and clung on. There was still no sign of James. Why wasn't the *Spirit* righting herself? I fretted as I hauled myself up on to her keel.

45

I could feel the boat listing. Slowly but surely the boat began to turn on top of me. I clutched on to the grab line as I collapsed back into the water, the boat springing upright. I clung on, silent and in shock.

'Ben!' I heard James's cry. He was alive. Thank god.

'I'm here, I'm here!' I squeaked, still clutching the grab line.

50

All around us the ocean was strewn with debris, loose equipment from the deck. After five weeks at sea we had become complacent and had long stopped lashing things down; we could only watch as all our worldly possessions drifted away into the rolling ocean.

**Turn over for Source B**

## Source B

In 1893, William Hudson travelled by sea to Patagonia, a remote area in South America, to study birds. In his book *Idle Days in Patagonia*, he describes the journey to get there.

- 1 The wind had blown a gale all night, and I had been hourly expecting that the tumbling storm-shaken old steamship, in which I had taken passage to Patagonia, would turn over once and for all and settle down beneath the tremendous tumult of waters. For the groaning sound of its straining timbers, and the engine throbbing like an over-worked human heart, had made the ship seem like a living thing to me; and it was tired of the struggle, and under the tumult was peace. But at about three o' clock in the morning the wind began to drop and, taking off coat and boots, I threw myself in to my bunk for a little sleep.

- Ours was a very curious boat, ancient and much damaged; long and narrow in shape, with the passengers' cabins ranged like a row of small wooden cottages on the deck; it was as ugly to look at as it was unsafe to voyage in. To make matters worse our Captain, a man over eighty years of age, was lying in his cabin sick; our one Mate was asleep, leaving only the men to navigate the steamship on that perilous coast, and in the darkest hour of a tempestuous night.



- I was just dropping into a doze when a succession of bumps, accompanied by strange grating and grinding noises, and shuddering motions of the ship, caused me to start up again and rush to the cabin door. The night was still black and starless, with wind and rain, but for acres round us the sea was whiter than milk. I did not step out, as close to me, where our only lifeboat was fastened, three of the sailors were standing together talking in low tones. 'We are lost,' I heard one say; and another answer, 'Ay, lost forever!' Just then the Mate, roused from sleep, came running to them. 'What have you done?' he exclaimed sharply; then dropping his voice, he added, 'Lower the lifeboat – quick!'

- I crept out and stood unseen by them in the dark. Not a thought of the wicked act they were about to engage in entered my mind at the time – for it was their intention to save themselves and leave us to our fate in that awful white surf. My only thought was that at the last moment, I would spring with them into the boat and save myself. But one other person, more experienced than myself, and whose courage took a better form, was also near and listening. He was the First Engineer. Seeing the men making for the lifeboat, he slipped out of the engine room, revolver in hand, and secretly followed them; and when the Mate gave the order to board, he stepped forward with the weapon raised and said in a quiet but determined voice that he would shoot the first man who should attempt to obey it. The men slunk away and disappeared in the gloom.

- In a few moments more the passengers began streaming out on to the deck in a great state of alarm. Last of all, the old Captain, white and hollow-eyed, appeared like a ghost among us. We had not been standing there long when, by some freak chance, the steamship got off the rocks and plunged on through the seething, milky surf; then very suddenly passed out of it into black and comparatively calm water. For ten minutes she sped rapidly and smoothly on, then it was said that we were stuck fast in the sand of the shore, although no shore was visible in the darkness.



There was no longer any wind, but through the fast-breaking clouds ahead of us appeared the first welcome signs of dawn. It was true enough that we were stuck fast in the sand; but  
45 although this was a safer bed for the steamship than the jagged rocks; our position was still a perilous one and I at once determined to land.

**END OF SOURCES**

**Section A: Reading**

Answer **all** questions in this section.  
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
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Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 12**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

**[4 marks]**

- |  |                          |
|--|--------------------------|
| <b>A</b> It would be dark for another three hours.                           | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>B</b> Ben usually rowed the sunrise shift.                                | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>C</b> The waves were starting to calm down.                               | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>D</b> It was the first time during the race that Ben felt he was at risk. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>E</b> If it were light, Ben thought he would be able to judge the danger. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>F</b> Ben felt homesick.  | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>G</b> Ben was enjoying this early morning shift.                          | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>H</b> There was no sign of daybreak.                                      | <input type="checkbox"/> |

4
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The writers in Source A and Source B are travelling on very different types of boat.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the different boats.

[illegible]

0	3
---	---

How does the writer use language to describe the power of the sea?

**[12 marks]**

[illegible]



**[16 marks]**

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.



## Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

'It is people who have extraordinary skill, courage and determination who deserve to be famous, not those who have good looks or lots of money or behave badly.'

Write a letter to the editor of a newspaper in which you argue your point of view in response to this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation  
16 marks for technical accuracy)

**[40 marks]**

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

**Turn over ►**



## Source A

This extract is from a non-fiction book called 'The Other Side of the Dale' written in 1998 by Gervase Phinn about his experiences as a School Inspector in the north of England. In the extract he describes a visit to a primary school in Crompton.

1 Sister Brendan, the Head teacher, saw my car pull up outside her office window and was at the door of the school to greet me before I had the chance to straighten my tie and comb my hair. She beamed so widely that, had she worn lipstick, I would have expected to see traces on her ears. The small school was sited in the disadvantaged centre of Crompton, a dark and  
5 brooding northern industrial town. Tall black chimneys, great square, featureless warehouses, and row on row of mean terraces stretched into the valley beyond. The school was adjacent to a grim and forbidding wasteland of derelict buildings and piles of rubble, surrounded by half-demolished houses which seemed to grow upwards like great red jagged teeth from blackened gums. From the grime and dust I walked into an oasis: a calm, bright, welcoming  
10 and orderly building.

11 'Good afternoon to you, Mr Phinn,' said Sister Brendan enthusiastically. 'I got your letter. We are all ready and waiting and raring to go.' She was a slight, thin-cheeked woman with tiny, dark, darting eyes and a sharp little beak of a nose. Sister Brendan looked like a small hungry blackbird out for the early worm.

15 'Good afternoon, Sister,' I replied, shaking a small cold hand.

'And did you have a pleasant journey, Mr Phinn?' she asked, her little black glittering eyes looking up into mine.

'Yes, indeed, Sister, a very pleasant journey.'

The Head teacher took me on a tour of the school, fluttering along the corridors, pointing and  
20 chattering and chuckling away as we went from room to room. Children's painting and poems, posters, pictures and book jackets covered every available space. Shelves held attractive books, tables were covered in shells, models, photographs and little artefacts. Each child we passed said 'Hello,' brightly and in all the classrooms little busy bodies were reading, writing, discussing, solving problems and working at the computers.

25 'It's a hive of activity,' I remarked.

27 'Does that make me the Queen Bee?' asked Sister Brendan with a mischievous glint in her shining eyes.

It was clear that for Sister Brendan the children in her care were a source of real delight. She glided through the school, pointing out with pride a painting or a poem displayed on a corridor  
30 wall, telling me about the football team and the drama group and the brass ensemble, introducing me on the tour to each teacher with a flourish. I explained to Sister Brendan the reason for my visit: to hear a selection of children read, test their spellings and look at their writing. The small head nodded like some mechanical toy.



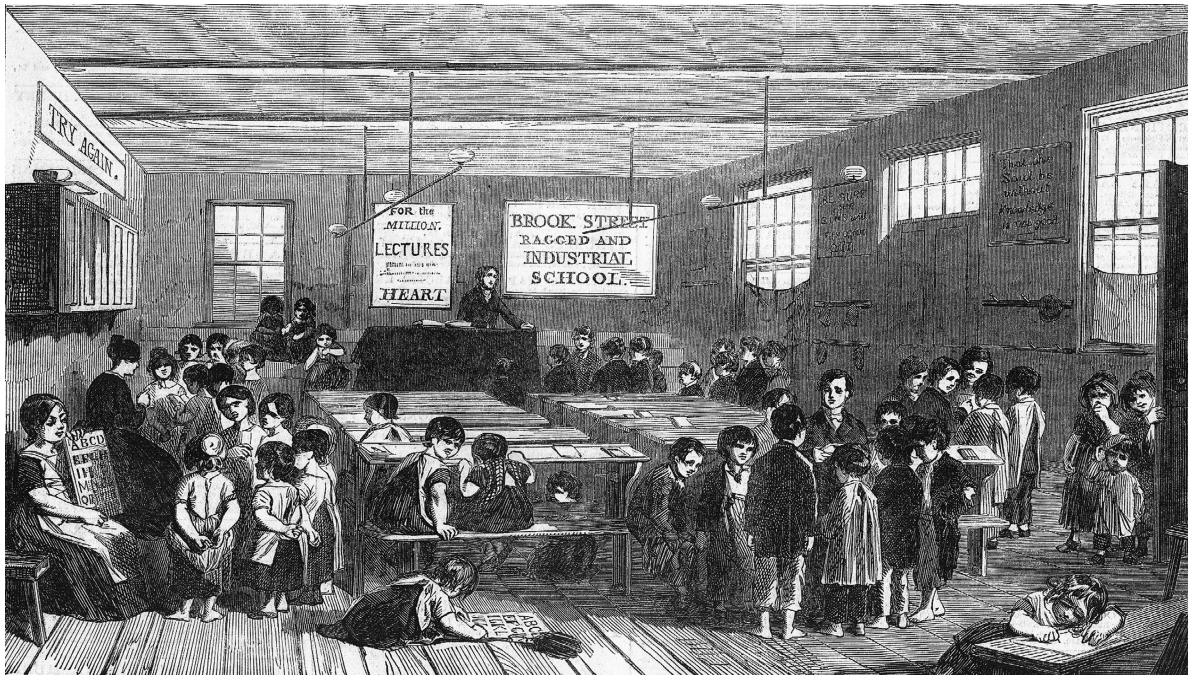
- 35 'No child leaves this school unable to read,' she boasted. 'It is the single most important skill and we work extremely hard to achieve success for every child. Most of these children have few books in their homes and many of their parents do not have the inclination nor the time to hear them read so our task is a hard one. To fail to teach a child to read, Mr Phinn, in my book, is tantamount to handicapping the child for the rest of his life. I hope you will conclude, when you have done your testing and heard the children read, that we have risen to the challenge.'
- 40 I tested a sample of twenty children in the small and attractive school library. They came one after the other, clasping their readers, bright-eyed and keen. All read with clarity and expression and when they spoke it was with enthusiasm and confidence. And I have never met such lively enquiring minds nor so many budding little philosophers in ones so young.

**Turn over for Source B**

## Source B

Source B is taken from a diary written in 1849 by a teacher at a ragged school. Ragged schools were set up to teach children whose parents were too poor to pay for their education. The schools were often housed in unsuitable buildings in poor areas of the city.

### EXTRACTS FROM THE PRIVATE DIARY OF THE MASTER OF A LONDON RAGGED SCHOOL



1 Oct. 29th 1849 –

On the way to the school this morning, it was a dismal scene . . . nothing but squalid dirt and idleness – the lanes leading to the school were full of men, women and children: shouting, gossiping, swearing, and laughing in a most discordant manner. The whole population seemed to be on the eve of a great outbreak of some kind or another, ready for anything but work . . . These lanes are a moral hell . . . We prepared the school by placing benches for the division of the scholars into four classes, and as they came tumbling and bawling up the stairs, we directed them to seats. Shortly after ten o'clock I spoke to them kindly, and then asked them to join with me in prayer.

10 No school can be possibly worse than this. Here the very appearance of one's coat is to them the badge of class and respectability, for they know very well that we are the representatives of beings with whom they have ever considered themselves at war.

I had occasion to punish a boy slightly this morning. He swore most horribly, and rushed from the school. I took little notice of this display, and sat down calmly to hear the class read. I was suddenly startled by a large stone passing my ear. If it had struck me on the head, I must have been severely hurt. I got out of the reach of stones thrown through the window, and continued the lesson. Several followed – half-a-dozen at least. He was ready in the courtyard with a brick in his hand, to have his revenge when I came out.

20 Several visitors called in the afternoon, and they had scarcely left when a most distressing  
 scene occurred. Two girls of twelve or thirteen years of age quarrelled. The first notice I had  
 of this was to see the pair boxing most viciously. Before I could get at them, they had hold of  
 each other's hair, and were yelling most fearfully. They fought like furies, but before we  
 could separate them, one had received a severe and lasting injury in the eye, and her nose  
 25 bled profusely. I sent her home, and went again to work, but it had not been quiet for ten  
 minutes when a fearful outbreak took place. Seven women rushed into the school and  
 outside, at least fifty women had collected. These were the mothers and friends of the girls  
 who had fought. Having abused me in no measured terms – they proceeded to fight.  
 Our boys cheered most tremendously. The women swore and shrieked. Those outside  
 responded. Never, surely, was such a noise heard before. I did not believe that human  
 30 beings resident in this city could so behave . . .

So by the help of God we must work harder. It is a post of honour. It is a forlorn hope.

Oct. 30th 1849 –

35 If possible the scholars were more unruly to-day than they were yesterday, but no serious  
 outbreak took place. All our copybooks have been stolen, and proofs exist that the school is  
 used at night as a sleeping-room. We must get a stronger door to it. I must also get a tub to  
 stand by the pump in the courtyard, and a piece of coarse towelling and soap. My duties  
 must resolve themselves into –

40 First – To see the boys and girls well washed and scrubbed  
 Secondly – To try to get prayers said decently  
 Thirdly – To give them a lesson in their duties and privileges  
 Fourthly – Some religious instruction  
 Fifthly – Reading  
 Sixthly – Writing  
 Seventhly – Arithmetic.

**END OF SOURCES**

**Section A: Reading**

Answer **all** questions in this section.  
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
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Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 10**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

**[4 marks]**

- |  |                          |
|--|--------------------------|
| <b>A</b> The inspector travels to the school by train.                     | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>B</b> Sister Brendan reacts quickly to the arrival of the inspector.    | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>C</b> The people who live in the centre of Crompton are mostly wealthy. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>D</b> There are no chimneys or warehouses in Crompton.                  | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>E</b> The school is situated next to a wasteland.                       | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>F</b> Some of the houses in the town have been damaged.                 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>G</b> The inspector thinks Crompton is a lively, cheerful place.        | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>H</b> The school is well cared for.                                     | <input type="checkbox"/> |

4
---



**[8 marks]**

[illegible]



0	3
---	---

You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 11 to 27**.

How does the writer use language to describe Sister Brendan?

**[12 marks]**

[illegible]

0	4
---	---

For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different attitudes to the two schools.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different attitudes
- compare the methods the writers use to convey their different attitudes
- support your response with references to both texts.

**[16 marks]**

[illegible]

## Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

05

‘Education is not just about which school you go to, or what qualifications you gain; it is also about what you learn from your experiences outside of school.’

Write a speech for your school or college Leavers' Day to explain what you think makes a good education.

(24 marks for content and organisation  
16 marks for technical accuracy)

**[40 marks]**



## Source A

Source A is taken from *Morning Glass*, the autobiography of professional surfer Mike Doyle. In this extract, he describes his introduction to the world of surfing at the beach near his home in California in the 1950s.

1 The first time I ever saw somebody riding a surfboard was at the Manhattan Pier in 1953. As much time as I'd spent at the beach, you'd think I would have at least seen one  
5 surfer before then. But there were only a few dozen surfers in all of California at that time and, like surfers today, they were out at dawn surfing the morning glass. By the time the crowds arrived, they were gone.



10 But this one morning I took the first bus to the beach, walked out onto the Manhattan Pier, looked down and saw these bronzed  
13 gods, all in incredibly good shape, happier and healthier than anybody I'd ever seen. They sat astride their boards, laughing with each other; at the first swell they swung their  
15 long boards around, dropped to their stomachs, and began paddling towards shore. From my viewpoint, it was almost as if I were on the board myself, paddling for the swell, sliding into the wave, coming to my feet, and angling the board down that long wall of green water. It was almost as if I already knew that feeling in my bones. From that day on, I knew that surfing was for me.

20 There were several surfers out that day. Greg Noll was just a kid then, about sixteen years old, but he was hot. On one wave he turned around backward on his board, showing off a bit for the people watching from the pier. I was just dazzled.

Once I'd discovered there was such a thing as surfing, I began plotting my chance to try it. I used to stand out in the surf and wait until one of the surfers lost his board. The boards then  
25 were eleven feet long, twenty-four inches wide and weighed fifty or sixty pounds. When they washed in broadside, they would hit me in the legs and knock me over. I would jump back up, scramble the board around, hop on, and paddle it ten feet before the owner snatched it back – 'Thanks, kid' – and paddled away.

30 Most surfers at that time were riding either hollow paddle-boards (a wooden framework with a plywood shell), or solid redwood slabs, some of them twelve feet long. The much lighter and much better balsa wood boards were just starting to appear.

One day in 1954, when I was thirteen, I was down at Manhattan Pier watching a guy ride a huge old-fashioned paddle-board – what we used to call a kook box. It was hollow, made of mahogany, about fourteen feet long, maybe sixty-five pounds and had no fin. It was the  
35 kind of paddle-board lifeguards used for rescues; they worked fine for that purpose, but for surfing they were unbelievably awkward. When the guy came out of the water, dragging the board behind him, I asked if I could borrow it for a while. He looked at me like 'Get lost, kid.' But when he sat down on the beach, I pestered him until he finally shrugged and nodded toward the board.

- 40 I'd watched enough surfing by then to have a pretty clear idea of the technique involved. I dragged the board into the water and flopped on top of it. After a while I managed to paddle the thing out beyond the shore break and got it turned around. To my surprise, after a few awkward tries, I managed to get that big, clumsy thing going left on a three foot wave. I came to my feet, right foot forward, just like riding a scooter. I had no way of turning the
- 45 board but for a few brief seconds, I was gliding over the water.

As the wave started to break behind me, I looked back, then completely panicked. I hadn't thought that far ahead yet! My first impulse was to bail out, so I jumped out in front of the board, spread-eagled. I washed up on the beach, dragged myself onto the dry sand, and lay there groaning.

**Turn over for Source B**

## Source B

In 1875, the British explorer Isabella Bird travelled to Hawaii, an island in the Pacific Ocean. Source B is an extract from a letter she wrote to her sister back in England, describing a visit to the Hawaiian town of Hilo. At that time in Britain surfing, or 'surf-bathing', was a completely unknown sport.

- 1 Our host came in to say that a grand display of the national sport of surf-bathing was going on, and a large party of us went down to the beach for two hours to enjoy it. It is really a most exciting pastime, and in a rough sea requires immense nerve. The surf-board is a tough plank of wood shaped like a coffin lid, about two feet broad, and from six to nine feet long, well-oiled  
5 and cared for. They are usually made of wood from the native breadfruit tree, and then blessed in a simple ritual.

- The surf was very heavy and favourable, and legions of local people were swimming and splashing in the sea, though not more than forty had their Papa-he-nalu, or 'wave sliding boards,' with them. The men, each carrying their own hand-carved boards under their arms,  
10 waded out from some rocks on which the sea was breaking, and, pushing their boards before them, swam out to the first line of breakers\*, and then diving down were seen no more till they re-appeared half a mile from shore.

- What they seek is a very high breaker, on the top of which they leap from behind, lying face downwards on their boards. As the wave speeds on, and the bottom strikes the ground, the  
15 top breaks into a huge comber\*. The swimmers appeared posing themselves on its highest edge by dexterous movements of their hands and feet, keeping just at the top of the curl, but always apparently coming down hill with a slanting motion.

- 18 So they rode in majestically, always just ahead of the breaker, carried shorewards by its mighty impulse at the rate of forty miles an hour, as the more daring riders knelt and even stood on  
20 their surf-boards, waving their arms and uttering exultant cries. They were always apparently on the verge of engulfment by the fierce breaker whose towering white crest was ever above and just behind them, but just as one expected to see them dashed to pieces, they either waded quietly ashore, or sliding off their boards, dived under the surf, and were next seen far  
25 out at sea, as a number of heads bobbing about like corks in smooth water, preparing for fresh exploits.

- The great art seems to be to mount the breaker precisely at the right time, and to keep exactly on its curl just before it breaks. Two or three athletes, who stood erect on their boards as they swept exultingly shorewards, were received with ringing cheers by the crowd. Many of the less  
30 expert failed to throw themselves on the crest, and slid back into smooth water, or were caught in the breakers which were fully ten feet high, and after being rolled over and over, disappeared amidst roars of laughter, and shouts from the shore.

- At first I held my breath in terror, thinking they were smothered or dashed to pieces, and then in a few seconds I saw the dark heads of the objects of my anxiety bobbing about behind the breakers waiting for another chance. The shore was thronged with spectators, and the  
35 presence of the elite of Hilo stimulated the swimmers to wonderful exploits. I enjoyed the afternoon thoroughly.

Is it always afternoon here, I wonder? The sea was so blue, the sunlight so soft, the air so



40 sweet. There was no toil, clang, or hurry. People were all holidaymaking, and enjoying themselves, the surf-bathers in the sea, and hundreds of gaily-dressed men and women galloping on the beach. It was so serene and tropical. I envy those who remain for ever on such enchanted shores.

### **Glossary**

\* breaker/comber – terms used by surfers for a large wave that breaks into white foam

**END OF SOURCES**

**Section A: Reading**

Answer **all** questions in this section.  
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
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Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 13**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

**[4 marks]**

- |   |                          |
|---|--------------------------|
| <b>A</b> The first time Mike Doyle saw anyone surfing was in 1953.              | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>B</b> Mike Doyle spent very little time at the beach as a child.             | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>C</b> In the 1950s there were very few surfers in California.                | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>D</b> Most surfers like to surf in the early morning.                        | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>E</b> Surfers often stayed later in the day to entertain the crowds.         | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>F</b> Mike Doyle took the train to the beach.                                | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>G</b> The first time he saw them, Mike Doyle was unimpressed by the surfers. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>H</b> The surfers looked fit and suntanned.                                  | <input type="checkbox"/> |

4
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**[8 marks]**

[illegible]

0	3
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How does the writer use language to describe the surfers and the sea?

[illegible]

**Turn over ►**

[illegible]

## Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0	5
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'All sport should be fun, fair and open to everyone. These days, sport seems to be more about money, corruption and winning at any cost.'

Write an article for a newspaper in which you explain your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation)

16 marks for technical accuracy)

**[40 marks]**

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

[illegible]