

Edexcel GCSE

English Language

Unit 2: The Writer's Voice

Higher Tier

Tuesday 10 January 2012 – Morning

Time: 1 hour 45 minutes

Paper Reference

5EN2H/01

Questions and Extracts Booklet

Do not return this booklet with the Answer Booklet

Clean copies of set texts may be used.

Turn over ►

P40016A

©2012 Pearson Education Ltd.

1/1/1/1/1/



PEARSON

BLANK PAGE

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
Question 2: Anita and Me	6
Question 3: Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress	8
Question 4: Heroes	10
Question 5: Of Mice and Men	12
Question 6: Rani and Sukh	14
Question 7: Riding the Black Cockatoo	16
Question 8: To Kill a Mockingbird	18

SECTION B: WRITING

20

Answer ONE question

Question 9

Question 10

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 1.

Touching the Void

Extract taken from Chapter 13.

Then muffled sounds, surprised sleepy sounds and brighter lights flicking out from the colours. A spray of yellow light suddenly cut out from the colours in a wide cone. More sounds, voices, not my voices, other voices.

'The tents!! They're still here...'

The thought paralysed me with shock. I toppled sideways off the boulder, landing in a crumpled heap on the rocky riverbed. Pain surged up my thigh and I moaned. In an instant I had changed to an enfeebled, sobbing figure, incapable of moving any part of my body. Something which had held me up, kept a flicker of strength pulsing, had evaporated into the storm. I tried lifting my head from the rocks to look at the lights but to no avail.

'Joe! Is that you? JOE!'

Simon's voice sounded cracked with strain. I shouted a reply but nothing came out. I was sobbing convulsively, retching from the spasmodic heavings in my chest. Incoherent words were mumbled into the dark. I turned my head to see a bobbing light approaching in a rush. There was a sound of stones rasping underfoot and someone shouting in a high-pitched voice of alarm:

'Over there, over there!'

Then the light flared over me and all I could see was the dazzle of its beam.

'Help me . . . please help.'

I felt strong arms reach round my shoulders, pulling me. Simon's face became abruptly visible.

'Joe! God! Oh my God! F***** hell, f***, look at you. S***, Richard, hold him. Lift him, lift him you stupid b*****! God Joe, how? How?...'

Too shocked to realise what he was saying, his words tumbled out in an obscene litany, expletives said for no reason, a meaningless stream of obscenities, with Richard hovering, nervous, scared of the pain.

'Dying... couldn't take any more. Too much for me... too much... thought it was over... please help, for God's sake help me...'

'It'll be okay. I've got you, I have you; you're safe...'

Then Simon was hauling me up with his arms round my chest, dragging me, heels bumping over the rocks. Dropped heavily by the doorway of the tent in a soft glow of candlelight from within, I looked up to see Richard staring down at me, wide-eyed with apprehension. I wanted to giggle at the fuss, but tears kept crawling from my eyes and I could speak no words. Then Simon dragged me into the tent and laid me gently back against a mass of warm down sleeping bags. He knelt by my side staring at me, and I could see a confusion of pity, and horror, and alarm fighting in his eyes. I smiled at him, and he grinned back, shaking his head slowly from side to side.

'Thanks, Simon,' I said. 'You did right.' I saw him turn quickly away, averting his eyes. 'Anyway, thanks.'

He nodded silently.

Touching the Void

1 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the emotions felt by Joe.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Joe is in great pain.

Explore **one other** part of *Touching the Void* in which Joe is shown to be suffering great pain.

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 13.

I did once overhear them discussing me in guilty whispers in the kitchen whilst I was putting my bike away in the shed, my T-shirt stuck to my back in Friesian patches and my healing leg tingling with renewed hope. ‘... used to be such a happy child!’ I froze at papa’s urgent tone, carefully leaning my bike against the wall and deadening its slowly turning spokes. ‘She is happy, Shyam!’ mama hissed back. ‘You still expect her to jump onto your lap and pull on your nose hairs? She’s not a little girl any more, of course she’s going to get a bit more serious about things, and so she should! We should put the house on the market now...’ ‘Let her pass the exam first!’ papa said, his voice getting louder. ‘She will pass it, no problem. She’s my daughter,’ mama replied. I could hear the grin in her voice. There was a brief pause, some movement, and a sigh, I realised with amazement that they had just kissed. Was it like Sam and Anita kissed, mouths clamped together, tongues drilling each other’s cavities? Was it this that endured through fifteen years of marriage and welded people together?

‘But the accident,’ papa said finally. ‘It definitely affected her. And that boy she was sweet on, she’s never mentioned him since. Do you think...?’ ‘Oh don’t be silly, Shyam! She’s much too young to be bothering about such things. She doesn’t even know what a boyfriend is!’ Papa’s silence told me how much better he knew me than mama, at this point.

Ah, my darling parents, how much they had tried to cushion me from anything unpleasant or unusual, never guessing that this would only make me seek out the thrill of the dark and dramatic, afraid of what I might be missing, defiant that I would know and experience much more than them. And now I was reaping the karma of all those lies and longings; I had lost a Nanima, a soul mate and temporarily, a leg – enough excitement for a lifetime already. If mama and papa knew the whole picture, they might have called it punishment. But this was the oddest thing, this is what I realised, standing in the yard, a sweaty eavesdropper holding my breath, that at this moment, I was content. I had absorbed Nanima’s absence and Robert’s departure like rain on parched earth, drew it in deep and drank from it. I now knew I was not a bad girl, a mixed-up girl, a girl with no name or no place. The place in which I belonged was wherever I stood and there was nothing stopping me simply moving forward and claiming each resting place as home.

Anita and Me

2 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Meena's relationship with her parents.

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

(16)

- (b) Meena's relationship with her parents is important.

Explore **one other** part of the novel where we see Meena's relationship with her parents.

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

(24)

(Total for Question 2 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 3.

Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress

Extract taken from the last section of the novel.

The Little Seamstress had gone, never to return. Her departure, as dramatic as it was sudden, had taken us completely by surprise.

We spent a long time searching our traumatised memories for any hints she may have given of the calamity that was to befall us. In the end we came up with several tell-tale signs, which were for the most part connected with her wardrobe.

About two months earlier Luo had told me she had made herself a brassiere. She had been inspired by something in *Madame Bovary*, he said, whereupon I commented that it would be the first item of lingerie on Phoenix mountain worthy of recording in the local annals.

'Her latest obsession,' Luo continued, 'is to be like a city girl. Next time you hear her talk you'll find she's adopted our accent.'

We attributed her enthusiasm for the brassiere to innocent girlish vanity, but there were two other novelties which, inexplicably, didn't strike us as odd, even though neither of them was suited to mountain wear. To begin with, she had taken back the blue Mao jacket she had made for me with its trio of gilt buttons on each sleeve; the only time I had worn it was when Luo and me paid our official visit to the miller. She had taken the seams in and shortened it to make it look more like a woman's garment, but had kept the four pockets and little stand-up collar. The result was very smart, but in those days such a jacket would only be worn by a woman in the city. Next she had asked her father to buy her a pair of white tennis shoes at the store in Yong Jing. They were as white as chalk, a colour that would not last more than three days on the perpetually muddy paths of the mountain.

I also remember how she looked on the day that marked the Western new year. It wasn't a proper celebration, just a national holiday. Luo and I had gone to see her, as usual. I scarcely recognised her when I stepped into the house: I could have sworn she was a high school student from the city. The long pigtail tied with red ribbon had made way for a short bob, which was very becoming and modern-looking. She was busy putting the final touches to the Mao jacket. Luo was delighted with her transformation, although he was as surprised as I was. He was even more thrilled when the dashing new garment was ready and she slipped it on. In combination with her new hairstyle and her immaculate tennis shoes, the nifty jacket with its mannish details made her look unfamiliarly stylish and sensual. The lovely, unsophisticated mountain girl had vanished without trace. Studying her new look, Luo was filled with the happiness of an artist contemplating his finished creation.

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 the Narrator's feelings about the Little Seamstress.

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

(16)

- (b) The Narrator has strong feelings about the Little Seamstress.

Explore **one other** part of the novel where the Narrator tells us about the Little Seamstress.

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

(24)

(Total for Question 3 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 4.

Heroes

Extract taken from Chapter 14.

The gun is like a tumour on my thigh as I walk through the morning streets against the wind that never dies down. April sunlight stings my eyes but the wind dissipates its heat, blustering against store windows and kicking debris into the gutters.

At Ninth and Spruce, I pause and look up at the three-decker and the windows of the second floor where Larry LaSalle can be found at last. Does he suspect my presence here on the street? Does he have a premonition that he has only a few minutes left to live?

I am calm. My heartbeat is normal. What's one more death after the others in the villages and fields of France? The innocent faces of the two young Germans appear in my mind. But Larry LaSalle is not innocent.

The steps leading to the second floor are worn from use and age, and I think of all the people who have climbed stairs like these, who worked in the shops and came home heavy with weariness at the end of the day. As I stand at the door of Larry LaSalle's tenement, I touch the bulge in my pocket to verify the existence of the gun. The sound of my knocking is loud and commanding in the silent hallway.

No response. I wait. I rap on the door again, hand clenched in a fist this time.

'Come on in, the door's not locked,' Larry LaSalle calls out. That voice is unmistakable, but a bit feeble now, yet still the voice that cheered us at the Wreck Centre.

Hesitant suddenly uncertain – his voice giving reality to what I must do – I step into the tenement and into the fragrance of pea soup simmering on the black stove, steam rising from a big green pot.

He is sitting in a rocking chair by the black coal stove, and narrows his eyes, squinting to see who has come into his tenement. He is pale, eyes sunk into the sockets like in the newsreel at the Plymouth, and he seems fragile now, as if caught in an old photograph that has faded and yellowed with age. His eyes blink rapidly as if taking quick pictures of me. Is there a glimmer of fear in his eyes? My heart quickens at the possibility.

'Francis, Francis Cassavant,' I announce. It's important for him to know immediately who I am. I don't want to waste any time.

'Ah, Francis,' he says, his eyes flashing pleasure because he doesn't sense my mission, doesn't realize I know what happened that night at the Wreck Centre.

'Come in, come in,' he says, the old enthusiasm back in his voice.

He rises slowly from the chair, steadying the rocker as he lifts himself up. As he holds out his hands in greeting, I go forward to meet him. We shake hands. At the last minute, when it seems we might embrace, as old friends and comrades, teacher and pupil, I pull away.

Heroes

4 Answer all parts of the following question.

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

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

(16)

(b) Francis is affected by the actions of Larry LaSalle.

Explore how Francis is affected by LaSalle 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)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 5.

Of Mice and Men

Extract taken from Section 3.

'George, how long's it gonna be till we get that little place an' live on the fatta the lan' – an' rabbits?'

'I don't know,' said George. 'We gotta get a big stake together. I know a little place we can get cheap, but they ain't givin' it away.'

Old Candy turned slowly over. His eyes were wide open. He watched George carefully.

Lennie said, 'Tell about that place, George.'

'I jus' tol' you, jus' las' night.'

'Go on – tell again, George.'

'Well, it's ten acres,' said George. 'Got a little win'mill. Got a little shack on it, an' a chicken run. Got a kitchen, orchard, cherries, apples, peaches, 'cots, nuts, got a few berries. They's a place for alfalfa and plenty water to flood it. They's a pig pen –'

'An' rabbits, George.'

'No place for rabbits now, but I could easy build a few hutches and you could feed alfalfa to the rabbits.'

'Damn right, I could,' said Lennie. 'You God damn right I could.'

George's hands stopped working with the cards. His voice was growing warmer. 'An' we could have a few pigs. I could build a smoke house like the one gran'pa had, an' when we kill a pig we can smoke the bacon and the hams, and make sausage an' all like that. An' when the salmon run up river we could catch a hundred of 'em an' salt 'em down or smoke 'em. We could have them for breakfast. They ain't nothing so nice as smoked salmon. When the fruit come in we could can it – and tomatoes, they're easy to can. Ever' Sunday we'd kill a chicken or a rabbit. Maybe we'd have a cow or a goat, and the cream is so God damn thick you got to cut it with a knife and take it out with a spoon.'

Lennie watched him with wide eyes, and old Candy watched him too. Lennie said softly, 'We could live off the fatta the lan'.'

'Sure,' said George. 'All kin's a vegetables in the garden, and if we want a little whisky we can sell a few eggs or something, or some milk. We'd jus' live there. We'd belong there. There wouldn't be no more runnin' round the country and getting' fed by a Jap cook. No, sir, we'd have our own place where we belonged and not sleep in no bunk house.'

'Tell about the house, George,' Lennie begged.

'Sure, we'd have a little house an' a room to ourself. Little fat iron stove, an' in the winter we'd keep a fire goin' in it. It ain't enough land so we'd have to work too hard. Maybe six, seven hours a day. We wouldn't have to buck no barley eleven hours a day. An' when we put in a crop, why, we'd be there to take the crop up. We'd know what come of our planting.'

'An' rabbits,' Lennie said eagerly. 'An' I'd take care of 'em. Tell how I'd do that, George.'

Of Mice and Men

5 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of George's and Lennie's hopes and dreams for the future.

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

(16)

- (b) In the novel, hopes and dreams for the future are important.

Explore what you learn about hopes and dreams in **one other** part of the novel.

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

(24)

(Total for Question 5 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 6.

Rani and Sukh

Extract taken from the second 'Leicester' section.

Sukh took Rani's hand again. She hadn't moved from the spot. 'Rani, sit down,' he told her, only for her to shake her head.

'It's OK. I'll stand,' she replied.

'You know,' said Resham in Punjabi, 'I have thought about your father every day since my brother was killed. Every day. At first I wanted to kill him with my bare hands, to tear out his heart. But that didn't last very long. In time I realized that I had not lost one brother that day but two. Your father was my first friend. My childhood companion. We spent every day of our first fifteen years together. I miss him as much as I miss Billah and Kulwant...' He swallowed hard to hold back his emotions.

'I hope that this will bring our families together, child, not tear them apart as before – I will try to make sure of it. But if I cannot then I will accept you into my house, no matter what wrong you and my son have done. I will love you as my own daughter. If your father disowns you I will cherish you and help you to bring up my grandchild...'

Sukh watched as Rani's eyes streamed with tears and his dad went to her, hugging her tightly and stroking her hair. He heard Rani whisper, 'Thank you,' over and over again; watched until he had to hide his face to wipe away tears of his own. Resham let go of Rani and wiped his eyes before he spoke.

'For now this will go no further,' he told everyone in the room. 'Tomorrow I will pay a visit to Gianni Balwant Singh and ask his advice. He was a school-friend of ours, Mohinder and I, and he knows the family history. I will use him as a go-between and talk to Rani's father. There has been enough blood spilled over the years. Now we share blood and we will use that to end this feud. Perhaps the child these children have created will be the blessing that brings us back together...'

Sukh looked at Rani, wondering what she was thinking, what she was feeling. He hoped that his dad would be proved right. That he could really end the feud. He didn't want to have to face Divy Sandhu if it could be avoided. But something in the back of his mind told him that he might have to. Divy might never let go of the feud, just as Rani had said. He was still thinking about it when his parents went out to the kitchen to make tea. Parvy followed them. He turned to Rani and edged her towards a seat.

'Are you OK, babe?' he asked in a whisper.

'I'm just a bit shocked,' she replied. 'I wasn't expecting him to react like that.'

Rani and Sukh

6 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the way the family feud affects the characters.

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

(16)

- (b) In this extract, Resham shows the importance of the family feud.

Explore the importance of the feud between the families in **one other** part of the novel.

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

(24)

(Total for Question 6 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 7.

Riding the Black Cockatoo

Extract taken from Chapter 11.

As Bob gently patted out the fire, the old people began to drift into the circle. I watched the elders as they approached my mother and father with open hearts, wrapping my parents' nervous hands in theirs.

'Thank you. Thank you,' they repeated, their words emanating from dry lips and moist eyes in equal measure. These were the people of my parents' generation, fellow countrymen and good people all, kept apart from each other by cruel circumstance. That day I witnessed a life-long racial divide transcended by tears, smiles and handshakes. My brave father and mother had faced the music, and what sweet song of forgiveness it was.

Jason, Bob and I were taken aside for interviews while a small crowd gathered to marvel at the possum-skin cloak, which still lay open on the ground. Craig and his staff ushered people into the lunchroom, where a generous feast had been laid out. The tension had largely dissipated now, but solemnity hung in the air. There was an awkwardness, as if people weren't sure what to do; celebrate or mourn. And then the most beautiful thing happened – one of the Aboriginal girls laughed. It was a short, beautiful laugh that just escaped. The room fell silent and every eye fell upon her. With her hand over her mouth she looked around sheepishly. Then slowly, her hand dropped away to reveal her smile – and what a smile it was! That laugh was like the first bird to greet the sun after a storm has passed; within moments we were all twittering and laughing too.

Jason was the centre of attention. He was the perfect pin-up boy for Aboriginal aunties and grandmothers everywhere – manly and kind, proud yet humble too. I couldn't help notice that many of the younger Indigenous girls were watching him from afar with puppy-dog eyes. Dad was disappointed that Gary hadn't been able to attend, but luckily Jason was a football nut too, and the two talked deep football in the way that only true aficionados can. In another corner of the room, my daughters were plied with cakes, pikelets and scones by a group of Aboriginal aunties.

The students from my class stood around in a bunch with their backs turned to the festive atmosphere. They looked as though they wanted to join in but just couldn't seem to move their feet; this was a feeling I'd known for over 30 years! It reminded me of old-time Western movies where the white folk set their wagons in a circle at night to fend off Indian attack. I poked my head into the perimeter and with a gentle nudge suggested, 'If you guys want to meet some Indigenous people, now might be a good time.'

Riding the Black Cockatoo

7 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the relationship between the white people and the Aborigines.

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

(16)

- (b) This extract shows signs of a greater understanding between the two cultures.

Explore the relationship between the two cultures in **one other** part of the text.

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

(24)

(Total for Question 7 = 40 marks)

SECTION A: READING

Use this extract to answer Question 8.

To Kill a Mockingbird

Extract taken from Chapter XI.

What Jem did was something I'd do as a matter of course had I not been under Atticus's interdict, which I assumed included not fighting horrible old ladies. We had just come to her gate when Jem snatched my baton and ran flailing wildly up the steps into Mrs Dubose's front yard, forgetting everything Atticus had said, forgetting that she packed a pistol under her shawls, forgetting that if Mrs Dubose missed, her girl Jessie probably wouldn't.

He did not begin to calm down until he had cut the tops off every camellia bush Mrs Dubose owned, until the ground was littered with green buds and leaves. He bent my baton against his knee, snapped it in two and threw it down.

By that time I was shrieking. Jem yanked my hair, said he didn't care, he'd do it again if he got a chance, and if I didn't shut up he'd pull every hair out of my head. I didn't shut up and he kicked me. I lost my balance and fell on my face. Jem picked me up roughly but looked like he was sorry. There was nothing to say.

We did not choose to meet Atticus coming home that evening. We skulked around the kitchen until Calpurnia threw us out. By some voo-doo system Calpurnia seemed to know all about it. She was a less than satisfactory source of palliation, but she did give Jem a hot biscuit-and-butter which he tore in half and shared with me. It tasted like cotton.

We went to the living room. I picked up a football magazine, found a picture of Dixie Howell, showed it to Jem and said, 'This looks like you.' That was the nicest thing I could think to say to him, but it was no help. He sat by the windows, hunched down in a rocking chair, scowling, waiting. Daylight faded.

Two geological ages later, we heard the soles of Atticus's shoes scrape the front steps. The screen door slammed, there was a pause – Atticus was at the hat-rack in the hall – and we heard him call, 'Jem!' His voice was like the winter wind.

Atticus switched on the ceiling-light in the living-room and found us there, frozen still. He carried my baton in one hand; its filthy yellow tassel trailed on the rug. He held out his other hand; it contained fat camellia buds.

'Jem,' he said, 'are you responsible for this?'

'Yes sir.'

'Why'd you do it?'

Jem said softly, 'She said you lawed for niggers and trash.'

'You did this because she said that?'

Jem's lips moved, but his, 'Yes sir,' was inaudible.

'Son, I have no doubt that you've been annoyed by your contemporaries about me lawing for niggers, as you say, but to do something like this to a sick old lady is inexcusable. I strongly advise you to go down and have a talk with Mrs Dubose,' said Atticus. 'Come straight home afterwards.'

To Kill a Mockingbird

8 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Jem's relationship with his family.

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

(16)

- (b) In the extract we see the importance of family relationships.

Explore the relationships in the Finch family 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 8 = 40 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 40 MARKS

SECTION B: WRITING

Answer ONE question in this section.

EITHER

***9** There have been a number of serious traffic accidents involving children on a busy road in your area.

Write a letter to your local Council, suggesting ways in which such accidents could be avoided.

(24)

OR

***10** Write an article for a teenage magazine in which you explain what changes teenagers could make to their lives and why.

(24)

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