

Edexcel GCSE

English Language

Unit 2: The Writer's Voice

Higher Tier

Wednesday 15 June 2011 – Afternoon

Time: 1 hour 45 minutes

Paper Reference

5EN2H/01

Question and Extracts Booklet

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

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SECTION A: READING

Answer ONE question in this section.

Use this extract to answer Question 1.

Touching the Void

Extract taken from Chapter 8.

At the end of the second small lake I climbed the final rise of the moraines and looked down on the two tents at base camp. The thought of food and drink and medication for my frostbite made me hurry down the cactus-covered hillside above the tents. I had forgotten about the dilemma of what to say to Richard and was almost running in my haste to get down. I slowed down to scramble over a small hillock, from the top of which I saw Richard walking slowly towards me. He was carrying a small rucksack and was bent over looking at the ground. He hadn't heard me. I stood still, shocked by his sudden appearance, and waited for him to come to me. An awful weariness rushed through me as I waited silently. It was all over, and the relief flooding me deepened the sense of exhaustion. I felt as if I were going to cry but my eyes remained stubbornly dry.

Richard looked up from the path and saw me. His anxious expression changed to surprise, and then he grinned broadly, his eyes alight with pleasure as he hurried to me:

'Simon! It's good to see you. I was worried.'

I could think of nothing to say and stared blankly at him. He looked confused and searched behind me for some sign of Joe. Perhaps my face told him, or he had been expecting something bad.

'Joe? ...'

'Joe's dead.'

'Dead?'

I nodded. We fell silent. We couldn't look at each other. I dropped my sack to the ground and sat heavily on it, feeling as if I would never be able to stand up again.

'You look terrible!'

I didn't reply. I was thinking about what to say to him. My plan to lie was all very well but I couldn't summon enough energy to tell it. I stared at my blackened fingers helplessly.

'Here, eat this.' He handed me a bar of chocolate. 'I've got a stove, I'll get some tea going. I was just coming up to look for you. I thought you were lying hurt somewhere... Did Joe fall? What's happened ...'

'Yeah, he fell,' I said flatly. 'There was nothing I could do.'

He chattered on nervously. I think he sensed that I needed time to adjust. I watched him preparing the tea, passing me more food, and searching in the medicine bag he had

brought up. Eventually he gave it to me and I took it without saying anything. I felt a sudden deep affection and gratitude to him for being there. I knew he would have killed himself in the crevasses on the glacier if he had managed to get that far. I wondered whether he had been aware of the danger. He glanced up and saw me watching him. We smiled at each other.

Touching the Void

1 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences the reader's view of Simon's feelings.

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

(16)

- (b) In the extract, Simon shows strong feelings.

Explore how the writer presents Simon's strong feelings in **one other** part of *Touching the Void*.

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

(24)

(Total for Question 1 = 40 marks)

Use this extract to answer Question 2.

Anita and Me

Extract taken from Chapter 5.

The fairground trailers were parked in what must have been the former car park attached to the old mine. A small brick office building near the base of the pit head had long crumbled away, and frost-withered hollyhocks and dandelions had broken through the concrete floor. This usually desolate rectangle was now a hive of activity as various stubble-brushed, burly men yelled to each other in smokey voices as they heaved around large lumps of machinery which would eventually become the Waltzer, the Octopus, the Helter Skelter and several sideshow stalls offering such delights as a free goldfish with every fallen coconut.

A row of caravans was parked alongside the back fence where a fire burned in a metal brazier and children's clothes hung stiffly on a makeshift washing line strung between two door handles. A group of pin-thin children were playing with some scrawny kittens near the brazier, whilst a tired, washed-out woman in a hairnet, stood leaning against her caravan door inhaling deeply on a cigarette. I was fascinated by these travelling people, envied them their ability to contain their whole home in a moving vehicle, and imagined how romantic it must be to just climb in and move off once boredom or routine set in. How many countries had they visited, I wondered, how many deserts and jungles had they driven through, setting up their rides and booths on shifting sands or crushed palm leaf floors. Maybe they had even been to India.

I suddenly had a vivid picture of all my grandparents, dressed as they were in their photographs, being sedately whirled round in their waltzer cars. Dadima holding a goldfish in a plastic bag, Dadaji sucking on a candy floss, whilst Nanima sang along to the thumping soundtrack of 'All You Need is Love' and Nanaji kept time with a tapping sandalled foot, holding onto his turban with long brown fingers...

'Don't goo up there,' Anita warned me, indicating the caravans. 'Them's gippos, them is. Tinkers. Yow'll catch summat. Mum told me.' Then she waved and whooped at Fat Sally and Sherrie who were standing watching three young blokes putting the dodgem car floor down. They waved back and indicated we should come over.

As I got closer, I realised why I had not recognised them straight away. Sherrie was shivering in a short denim skirt and high heels, and had applied mauve eyeshadow all the way up to her eyebrows. Fat Sally was squeezed into a psychedelic mini-dress with a shiny scarf tied round the waist, and her lips looked wet and shimmery, like a goldfish.

'That's nice!' said Anita, pointing her finger at Fat Sally's mouth. 'Giz sum. Mom locked her door today, couldn't get nothing off her dressing table.'

Anita and Me

2 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of the thoughts and feelings of the girls.

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

(16)

- (b) In the extract, Meena is affected by her experiences.

Explore how the writer presents the ways Meena is affected by an experience in **one other** part of the novel.

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

(24)

(Total for Question 2 = 40 marks)

Use this extract to answer Question 3.

Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress

Extract taken from Part I, Section 3.

THE PRINCESS of Phoenix mountain wore pale pink canvas shoes which were both sturdy and supple, and through which you could see her flexing her toes as she worked the treadle of her sewing machine. There was nothing out of the ordinary about the cheap, home-made shoes, and yet, in a place where nearly everyone went barefoot, they caught the eye, seemed delicate and sophisticated. The fine shape of her feet and ankles was set off by white nylon socks.

A long pigtail three or four centimetres wide fell from the nape of her neck down to the small of her back, where the end was tied with a brand-new red silk ribbon.

When she leaned over her sewing machine, the shiny metal base mirrored the collar of her white blouse, her oval face, and the sparkle in her eyes – without doubt the loveliest pair of eyes in the district of Yong Jing, if not the entire region.

A steep valley divided her village from ours. Her father, the only tailor on the mountain, was often absent from their home, which was old and spacious and served as both shop and dwelling. His tailoring was much in demand. Whenever a family needed new clothes they would first go all the way to Yong Jing to buy lengths of cloth, after which they would visit the tailor to discuss styles, prices and a convenient date for him to come and make the garments. On the appointed day an escort party would call for him at dawn, with several strong men to take turns carrying the sewing machine on their backs.

The tailor owned two sewing machines. The first, which he took with him from one village to the next, was old: the brand and name of the manufacturer were no longer legible. The second was new, *Made in Shanghai*, and he left it at home for his daughter, 'the Little Seamstress'. He never took his daughter with him on his trips, and this decision, prudent but pitiless, caused great distress to all the young bachelors aspiring to win her favour.

The tailor lived like a king. Wherever he went there would be scenes of excitement to rival a country festival. The home of his client, filled with the whirr of his sewing machine, would become the hub of village life, giving the host family the opportunity to display their wealth. He would be served the choicest food, and sometimes, if the year was drawing to a close and preparations for the New Year celebrations were under way, a pig might even be slaughtered. He would often spend a week or two in a village, lodging with each of his diverse clients in succession.

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 Little Seamstress and her father.

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

(16)

- (b) In the extract, the Narrator describes the life of the Little Seamstress.

Explore how the writer presents the ways the Little Seamstress is affected by an experience in **one other** part of the novel.

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

(24)

(Total for Question 3 = 40 marks)

Use this extract to answer Question 4.

Heroes

Extract taken from Chapter 1

I have plenty of money.

I received all this back pay when I was discharged from Fort Delta. The back pay accumulated during the time I spent in battle in France and then in the hospitals, first in France, then in England.

My money is in cash. Hundred dollar bills and twenties and tens. The smaller bills I keep in my wallet but the rest of the money is stashed in my duffel bag which is always with me, slung over my shoulder. I am like the Hunchback of Notre Dame, my face like a gargoyle and the duffel bag like a lump on my back.

I am staying in the attic tenement in Mrs Belander's three-decker on Third Street. She finally answered the door after I had been knocking for a while, and regarded me with suspicion, not recognising me. This was proof that the scarf and the bandage were working in two ways: not only to hide the ugliness of what used to be my face, but to hide my identity.

As her small black eyes inspected me from head to toe, I said: 'Hello, Mrs Belander.' A further test.

She didn't respond to my greeting and I realized that she didn't recognize my voice, either. My larynx, which Dr Abrams called my organ of voice, had also been damaged by the grenade and although I can speak, my voice is much lower now and hoarse, as if I have a permanent sore throat.

I remembered what Enrico Rucelli in the last hospital had said about how money talks and I began to draw out my wallet when she said:

'Veteran?'

I nodded, and her face softened.

'Poor boy.'

I followed her up the three flights of stairs, the blue veins in her legs bulging like worms beneath her skin.

The tenement is small, with low slanted ceilings. Two rooms, kitchen and bedroom. The bed, only a cot, really. But everything very neat, windows sparkling, the floor gleaming with wax, the black stove shining with polish.

I glanced out the kitchen window at the steeples of St Jude's Church. Craning my neck, I caught a glimpse between the three-deckers of the neighbourhood, of the slanted roof of the Wreck Centre. I thought of Nicole Renard, realizing I had not thought of her for, oh, maybe two hours.

I turned to find Mrs Belander with her hand out, pink palm turned upwards.

'In advance,' she said.

She had always been generous when I did her errands and her tips paid for my ten-cent movie tickets at the Plymouth on Saturday afternoons. She had baked me a cake for my thirteenth birthday. That was five years ago and it seems like a very long time. Anyway, I paid her a month's rent and she wrote out a receipt on the kitchen table.

Heroes

4 Answer all parts of the following question.

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

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

(16)

(b) In the extract, Francis is affected by his injuries.

Explore how the writer presents the way Francis is affected by his injuries 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)

Use this extract to answer Question 5.

Of Mice and Men

Extract taken from Section II

A tall man stood in the doorway. He held a crushed Stetson hat under his arm while he combed his long, black, damp hair straight back. Like the others he wore blue jeans and a short denim jacket. When he had finished combing his hair he moved into the room, and he moved with a majesty only achieved by royalty and master craftsmen. He was a jerkline skinner, the prince of the ranch, capable of driving ten, sixteen, even twenty mules with a single line to the leaders. He was capable of killing a fly on the wheeler's butt with a bull whip without touching the mule. There was a gravity in his manner and a quiet so profound that all talk stopped when he spoke. His authority was so great that his word was taken on any subject, be it politics or love. This was Slim, the jerkline skinner. His hatchet face was ageless. He might have been thirty-five or fifty. His ear heard more than was said to him, and his slow speech had overtones not of thought, but of understanding beyond thought. His hands, large and lean, were as delicate in their action as those of a temple dancer.

He smoothed out his crushed hat, creased it in the middle and put it on. He looked kindly at the two in the bunk house. 'It's brighter'n a bitch outside,' he said gently. 'Can't hardly see nothing in here. You the new guys?'

'Just come,' said George.

'Gonna buck barley?'

'That's what the boss says.'

Slim sat down on a box across the table from George. He studied the solitaire hand that was upside down to him. 'Hope you get on my team,' he said. His voice was very gentle. 'I gotta pair of punks on my team that don't know a barley bag from a blue ball. You guys ever bucked any barley?'

'Hell, yes,' said George. 'I ain't nothing to scream about, but that big bastard there can put up more grain alone than most pairs can.'

Lennie, who had been following the conversation back and forth with his eyes, smiled complacently at the compliment. Slim looked approvingly at George for having given the compliment. He leaned over the table and snapped the corner of a loose card. 'You guys travel around together?' His tone was friendly. It invited confidence without demanding it.

'Sure,' said George. 'We kinda look after each other.' He indicated Lennie with his thumb. 'He ain't bright. Hell of a good worker, though. Hell of a nice fella, but he ain't bright. I've knew him for a long time.'

Slim looked through George and beyond him. 'Ain't many guys travel around together,' he mused. 'I don't know why. Maybe ever'body in the whole damn world is scared of each other.'

Of Mice and Men

5 Answer all parts of the following question.

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

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

(16)

(b) Slim is one of the male characters in the novel.

Explore how the writer presents another male character 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)

Use this extract to answer Question 6.

Rani and Sukh

Extract taken from the first 'Leicester' section.

She reminded Sukh of his own sister, although Parvy was much older and lived on her own; she worked for a big recruitment agency. Sukh's family had wanted Parvy to get married in the traditional way, to a boy from the right caste and culture and all that, but Parvy had just packed up and left.

Sukh was proud of his sister. She wasn't some timid, shrinking-violet type like lots of other Asian women, who bowed to the pressure from their families. She was a go-getter and Sukh liked that. She also had a wicked flat in a converted hosiery mill in the centre of Leicester, which was empty because Parvy was away, working for her company in New York. And she had given Sukh a key. What was not to like?

The reaction to Parvy leaving hadn't been like a bomb going off. Sukh's father, Resham Bains, hadn't threatened suicide, murder and every combination in between. He hadn't threatened to kill Parvy, kill her mother, kill himself. Gas the entire family. Not like in a lot of traditional Punjabi families, where Parvy's actions would have been seen to dishonour the family name. Instead he had gone into a sulk that lasted for all of a month before Sukh's mum had put her husband straight. He was just angry that Parvy had won a power struggle against him – and become 'the bloody fish 'n' chip *goreeh*', as Sukh's dad put it. Become a Westerner. Sukh's mum had pointed out that their daughter was an educated woman and had the right to pursue her career, regardless of tradition. Sukh had agreed with his mum. What had his old man expected, asking them to grow up in England? Not to become English?

Sukh's elder brother, Ravinder, had toed the line of tradition without being asked and married some girl from Birmingham, all arranged by the family. He lived on the other side of Leicester with his wife Kamal, but was always coming round to see their mum. As for Sukh – well, he was far too young to even consider stuff like weddings but he knew one thing for sure – whoever he eventually married, it was going to be for love and not out of some stupid desire to uphold honour or tradition.

Parvy still got a load of grief from the rest of their extended family – from every uncle and cousin, and every unrelated fat bastard who came from the same village in India and had moved to Leicester. They all had something to say. Sukh winced as he remembered punching one of his cousins, Daljit, because he'd said that Parvy would end up on the street, like a prostitute, without the support of her family. Sukh remembered how angry he'd become – he wasn't about to let anyone slag off his sister, family or not.

Rani and Sukh

6 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Sukh's attitudes towards his family and Punjabi traditions.

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

(16)

- (b) In the extract, Sukh shows that he does not intend to follow all his family's Punjabi traditions.

Explore how the writer presents the importance of Punjabi traditions 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)

Use this extract to answer Question 7.

Riding the Black Cockatoo

Extract taken from Chapter 1.

'Australian Aborigine' sounds so anthropological, almost zoological – like 'Australian Marsupial'. Yet in a strange way that was how I was brought up to see Indigenous Australians, as some sort of museum exhibit; an oddity that sat somewhere on the evolutionary scale between Og the Caveman and a brave white fellow in a pith helmet called Rupert. I was taught that it was acceptable to marvel at the Aborigine in his natural setting – preferably in the most distant corner of a far-flung desert, where he could launch boomerangs or sit in the shade of a brigalow tree to his heart's content. We admired his hardiness and his healthy, gleaming, 'Yes, boss' smile as he looked up to the camera – as long as he stayed on the far side of the horizon. Like the kangaroo – iconic in the wild but troublesome in *our* paddock – Aboriginal contact tended to upset our idea of the order of things. Indigenous people disturbed the neat fencelines of our logic; they messed with our empirical minds. For *their* collective mind seemed like a mysterious storehouse stacked high with what the modern world considered superstitious mumbo-jumbo and redundant knowledge. Only now are we awakening to an understanding that this 60 000 year-old storehouse holds answers to questions we have just begun to ask. The custodians of this storehouse possessed a playful ability to live in the moment that both baffled and annoyed the hell out of us. But of course our biggest bugbear was the colour of their skin.

Black. The negative images embedded in our language go back centuries; black is the night, black is my soul, burnt black, eyes black with rage, black heart. To a white boy growing up in the safe, suburban 1970s, 'black' conjured up the beating native war drums of Saturday-afternoon Tarzan movies. It meant cannibal cooking pots, violated white missionary women, and spears thrust deep into the unsuspecting backs of noble explorers. It meant voodoo, shrunken heads, witchdoctors and inexhaustible armies of fanatical Zulu warriors. As a small child I was chased down the jungle tracks of my imagination by every black cliché imaginable; a Negroid Frankenstein stitched together from Hollywood and *Boy's Own Annuals*. African, Caribbean, Islander, Australian; they were all tarred with the same evil brush. Black was black, and even in a suit or a doctor's gown, I was warned, a spear-chucker lurked just below the surface. As I type these recollections I cringe at how monstrously offensive such stereotypes are. In fact, I can't believe I'm writing this at all. Part of me wants to skip to the next chapter; it would be so much easier for all of us. But if this story is going to make any sense, it has to include everything; I need you, my reader, to peek into the freight cars full of baggage I've been dragging behind me all these years.

Riding the Black Cockatoo

7 Answer all parts of the following question.

(a) Explore how the language in the extract shows John's attitudes when he was growing up.

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

(16)

(b) In the extract, John shows his attitudes towards Aboriginal people.

Explore how the writer presents an incident in **one other** part of the text which made him change his attitudes towards Aboriginal people.

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

(24)

(Total for Question 7 = 40 marks)

Use this extract to answer Question 8.

To Kill a Mockingbird

Extract taken from Chapter XXVIII

I felt the sand go cold under my feet and I knew we were near the big oak. Jem pressed my head. We stopped and listened.

Shuffle-foot had not stopped with us this time. His trousers swished softly and steadily. Then they stopped. He was running, running towards us with no child's steps.

'Run, Scout! Run! Run! Run!' Jem screamed.

I took one giant step and found myself reeling: my arms useless, in the dark, I could not keep my balance.

'Jem, Jem, help me, Jem!'

Something crushed the chicken wire around me. Metal ripped on metal and I fell to the ground and rolled as far as I could, floundering to escape my wire prison. From somewhere near by came scuffling, kicking sounds, sounds of shoes and flesh scraping dirt and roots. Someone rolled against me and I felt Jem. He was up like lightning and pulling me with him but though my head and shoulders were free, I was so entangled we didn't get very far.

We were nearly to the road when I felt Jem's hand leave me, felt him jerk backwards to the ground. More scuffling, and there came a dull crunching sound and Jem screamed.

I ran in the direction of Jem's scream and sank into a flabby male stomach. Its owner said, 'Uff!' and tried to catch my arms, but they were tightly pinioned. His stomach was soft but his arms were like steel. He slowly squeezed the breath out of me. I could not move. Suddenly he was jerked backwards and flung to the ground, almost carrying me with him. I thought, Jem's up.

One's mind works very slowly at times. Stunned, I stood there dumbly. The scuffling noises were dying; someone wheezed and the night was still again.

Still but for a man breathing heavily, breathing heavily and staggering. I thought he went to the tree and leaned against it. He coughed violently, a sobbing, bone-shaking cough.

'Jem?'

There was no answer but the man's heavy breathing.

'Jem?'

Jem didn't answer.

The man began moving around, as if searching for something. I heard him groan and pull something heavy along the ground. It was slowly coming to me that there were now four people under the tree.

'Atticus...?'

The man was walking heavily and unsteadily towards the road.
I went to where I thought he had been and felt frantically along the ground, reaching out with my toes. Presently I touched someone.

'Jem?'

My toes touched trousers, a belt-buckle, buttons, something I could not identify, a collar and a face. A prickly stubble on the face told me it was not Jem's. I smelled stale whisky.

To Kill a Mockingbird

8 Answer all parts of the following question.

- (a) Explore how the language in the extract influences your view of Scout's terrifying experience.

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

(16)

- (b) The extract describes an important event.

Explore how the writer presents an important event which takes place 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** Your local newspaper is publishing a special edition about the 2012 London Olympic Games. The newspaper wants to include young people's views.

Write a contribution which gives your views about the 2012 London Olympic Games. (24)

OR

***10** Write a magazine article which explains the importance of **one** modern invention that you think has really changed people's lives.

(24)

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