



GCSE English Language Paper 1 and 2 Practice Book

Paper 1:

Explorations in Creative Reading and Writing

Paper 2:

Writers' Viewpoints and Perspectives

Name:

Class:

Advisory:

Practice Paper 1)

Source A

Using a time machine, an organisation called Time Safari transports clients into the past to take part in hunting expeditions. A group that includes Mr Eckels, together with their guide, Travis, is visiting a prehistoric jungle in order to shoot a Tyrannosaurus Rex.

1 The jungle was high and the jungle was broad. Sounds like music and flying tents filled the sky, and those were pterodactyls soaring with huge grey wings.

'I've hunted tiger, wild boar, buffalo, elephant, but now, this is it,' said Eckels. 'I'm shaking like a kid.'

5 'Ah,' said Travis.

Everyone stopped.

Travis raised his hand. 'Ahead,' he whispered, 'in the mist. There he is. There's his Royal Majesty now.'

9 The jungle was wide and full of twitterings, rustlings, murmurs, and sighs.

10 Suddenly it all ceased, as if someone had shut a door.

Silence.

A sound of thunder.

Out of the mist, one hundred yards away, came Tyrannosaurus Rex.

'It,' whispered Eckels, 'it.....'

15 'Ssh!'

16 It came on great oiled, resilient, striding legs. It towered thirty feet above half of the trees, a great evil god, folding its delicate watchmaker's claws close to its oily reptilian chest. Each lower leg was a piston, a thousand pounds of white bone, sunk in thick ropes of muscle, sheathed over in a gleam of pebbled skin like the armour of a terrible warrior. Each thigh
20 was a ton of meat, ivory, and steel mesh. And from the great breathing cage of the upper body those two delicate arms dangled out front, arms with hands which might pick up and examine men like toys, while the snake neck coiled. And the head itself, a ton of sculptured stone, lifted easily upon the sky. Its mouth gaped, exposing a fence of teeth like daggers. Its eyes rolled, ostrich eggs, empty of all expression save hunger. It closed its mouth in a
25 death grin. It ran, its pelvic bones crushing aside trees and bushes, its taloned feet clawing
26 damp earth, leaving prints six inches deep wherever it settled its weight.

It ran with a gliding ballet step, far too poised and balanced for its ten tons. It moved into a sunlit area warily, its beautifully reptilian hands feeling the air.

'Why, why...,' Eckels twitched his mouth, 'it could reach up and grab the moon.'

30 'Ssh!' Travis jerked angrily. 'He hasn't seen us yet.'

31 'It can't be killed.' Eckels pronounced this verdict quietly, as if there could be no argument. He had weighed the evidence and this was his considered opinion. The rifle in his hands seemed like a toy gun. 'We were fools to come. This is impossible.'

'Shut up!' hissed Travis.

35 'Nightmare.'

'Turn around,' commanded Travis. 'Walk quietly to the Machine. We'll remit half your fee.'

'I didn't realize it would be this big,' said Eckels. 'I miscalculated, that's all. And now I want out.'

'It sees us!'

40 'There's the red paint on its chest.'

The Tyrant Lizard raised itself. Its armoured flesh glittered like a thousand green coins. The coins, crusted with slime, steamed. In the slime, tiny insects wriggled, so that the entire body seemed to twitch and undulate, even while the monster itself did not move. It exhaled. The stink of raw flesh blew down the wilderness.

45 'Get me out of here,' said Eckels. 'It was never like this before. I was always sure I'd come through alive. I had good guides, good safaris, and safety. This time, I figured wrong. I've met my match and admit it. This is too much for me to get hold of.'

'Don't run,' said Lesperance. 'Turn around. Hide in the Machine.'

50 'Yes.' Eckels seemed to be numb. He looked at his feet as if trying to make them move. He gave a grunt of helplessness.

'Eckels!'

He took a few steps, blinking, shuffling.

'Not that way!'

55 The Monster, at the first motion, lunged forward with a terrible scream. It covered one hundred yards in six seconds. The rifles jerked up and blazed fire. A windstorm from the beast's mouth engulfed them in the stench of slime and old blood. The Monster roared, teeth glittering with sun.

60 The rifles cracked again, but their sound was lost in shriek and lizard thunder. The great level of the reptile's tail swung up, lashed sideways. Trees exploded in clouds of leaf and branch. The Monster twitched its jeweller's hands down to fondle at the men, to twist them in half, to crush them like berries, to cram them into its teeth and its screaming throat. Its boulder-stone eyes levelled with the men. They saw themselves mirrored. They fired at the metallic eyelids and the blazing black iris.

Like a stone idol, like a mountain avalanche, Tyrannosaurus fell.

END OF SOURCE

0 1

Read again the first part of the source, from **lines 1 to 9**.

List **four** things about this jungle from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

0 2

Look in detail at this extract, from **lines 16 to 26** of the source:

It came on great oiled, resilient, striding legs. It towered thirty feet above half of the trees, a great evil god, folding its delicate watchmaker's claws close to its oily reptilian chest. Each lower leg was a piston, a thousand pounds of white bone, sunk in thick ropes of muscle, sheathed over in a gleam of pebbled skin like the armour of a terrible warrior. Each thigh was a ton of meat, ivory, and steel mesh. And from the great breathing cage of the upper body those two delicate arms dangled out front, arms with hands which might pick up and examine men like toys, while the snake neck coiled. And the head itself, a ton of sculptured stone, lifted easily upon the sky. Its mouth gaped, exposing a fence of teeth like daggers. Its eyes rolled, ostrich eggs, empty of all expression save hunger. It closed its mouth in a death grin. It ran, its pelvic bones crushing aside trees and bushes, its taloned feet clawing damp earth, leaving prints six inches deep wherever it settled its weight.

How does the writer use language here to describe the Tyrannosaurus Rex?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

[8 marks]

0 3

You now need to think about the **whole** of the source.

This text is from the middle of a short story.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning of the source
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]

0 4

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, from **line 31 to the end**.

A student said, 'This part of the story, where the men encounter the Tyrannosaurus Rex, shows Eckels is right to panic. The Monster is terrifying!'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of Eckels' reaction to the Tyrannosaurus Rex
- evaluate how the writer describes the Monster
- support your response with references to the text.

[20 marks]

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

Your local newspaper is running a creative writing competition and the best entries will be published.

Either

Write a story about time travel as suggested by this picture:



Practice Paper Attempt 2:

Source A

This extract is from a novel by Yann Martel. In this section the central character, Pi, is on a sinking ship. The ship is carrying the animals belonging to Pi's father, who owns a zoo. *Life of Pi*

Inside the ship, there were noises. Deep structural groans. I stumbled and fell. No harm done. I got up. With the help of the handrails I went down the stairwell four steps at a time. I had gone down just one level when I saw water. Lots of water. It was blocking my way. It was surging from below like a riotous crowd, raging, frothing and boiling. Stairs vanished into watery darkness. I couldn't believe my eyes. What was this water doing here? Where had it come from? I stood nailed to the spot, frightened and incredulous and ignorant of what I should do next. Down there was where my family was.

I ran up the stairs. I got to the main deck. The weather wasn't entertaining any more. I was very afraid. Now it was plain and obvious: the ship was listing badly. And it wasn't level the other way either. There was a noticeable incline going from bow to stern. I looked overboard. The water didn't look to be eighty feet away. The ship was sinking. My mind could hardly conceive it. It was as unbelievable as the moon catching fire.

Where were the officers and the crew? What were they doing? Towards the bow I saw some men running in the gloom. I thought I saw some animals too, but I dismissed the sight as illusion crafted by rain and shadow. We had the hatch covers over their bay pulled open when the weather was good, but at all times the animals were kept confined to their cages. These were dangerous wild animals we were transporting, not farm livestock. Above me, on the bridge, I thought I heard some men shouting.

The ship shook and there was that sound, the monstrous metallic burp. What was it? Was it the collective scream of humans and animals protesting their oncoming death? Was it the ship itself giving up the ghost? I fell over. I got to my feet. I looked overboard again. The sea was rising. The waves were getting closer. We were sinking fast.

I clearly heard monkeys shrieking. Something was shaking the deck, a gaur - an Indian wild ox exploded out of the rain and thundered by me, terrified, out of control, berserk. I looked at it, dumbstruck and amazed. Who in God's name had let it out?

I ran for the stairs to the bridge. Up there was where the officers were, the only people on the ship who spoke English, the masters of our destiny here, the ones who would right this wrong. They would explain everything. They would take care of my family and me. I climbed to the middle bridge.

There was no one on the starboard side. I ran to the port side. I saw three men, crew members. I fell. I got up. They were looking overboard. I shouted. They turned. They looked at me and at each other. They spoke a few words. They came towards me quickly. I felt gratitude and relief welling up in me. I said, "Thank God I've found you. What is happening? I am very scared. There is water at the bottom of the ship. I am worried about my family. I can't get to the level where our cabins are. Is this normal? Do you think-"

One of the men interrupted me by thrusting a life jacket into my arms and shouting something in Chinese. I noticed an orange whistle dangling from the life jacket. The men were nodding vigorously at me. When they took hold of me and lifted me in their strong arms, I thought nothing of it. I thought they were helping me. I was so full of trust in them that I felt grateful as they carried me in the air. Only when they threw me overboard did I begin to have doubts

Q1. Read again the first part of the Source from **lines 1 to 12**.

List **four** things from this part of the text about the ship.

[4 marks]

Q2. Look in detail at this extract from **lines 13 to 25** of the Source:

Where were the officers and the crew? What were they doing? Towards the bow I saw some men running in the gloom. I thought I saw some animals too, but I dismissed the sight as illusion crafted by rain and shadow. We had the hatch covers over their bay pulled open when the weather was good, but at all times the animals were kept confined to their cages. These were dangerous wild animals we were transporting, not farm livestock. Above me, on the bridge, I thought I heard some men shouting.

The ship shook and there was that sound, the monstrous metallic burp. What was it? Was it the collective scream of humans and animals protesting their oncoming death? Was it the ship itself giving up the ghost? I fell over. I got to my feet. I looked overboard again. The sea was rising. The waves were getting closer. We were sinking fast.

I clearly heard monkeys shrieking. Something was shaking the deck, A gaur-an Indian wild ox-exploded out of the rain and thundered by me, terrified, out of control, berserk. I looked at it, dumbstruck and amazed. Who in God's name had let it out?

How does the writer use language here to describe the narrator's fright and confusion?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms

[8 marks]

Q3. You now need to think about the **whole** of the Source.

This extract comes at the end of a chapter.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the Source develops
- any other structural features that interest you

[8 marks]

Q4. Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the Source from **line 19 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: 'The writer makes the reader feel sympathetic for the narrator.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write about your own impressions of the narrator
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with references to the text

[20 marks]

Section B: Writing

Either: Write a description suggested by this picture:



Or: Write a story opening in which a dramatic event occurs.

Practice Paper Attempt 3

Source A This extract is from the first chapter of a novel by Donna Tartt. *The Goldfinch*

Things would have turned out better if my mother had lived. As it was, she died when I was a kid; and though everything that's happened to me since then is thoroughly my own fault, still when I lost her I lost sight of any landmark that might have led me someplace happier, to some more populated or congenial* life.

Her death the dividing mark: Before and After. And though it's a bleak thing to admit all these years later, still I've never met anyone who made me feel loved the way she did. Everything came alive in her company; she cast a charmed theatrical light about her so that to see anything through her eyes was to see it in brighter colours than ordinary – I remember a few weeks before she died, eating a late supper with her in an Italian restaurant down in the Village, and how she grasped my sleeve at the sudden, almost painful loveliness of a birthday cake with lit candles being carried in procession from the kitchen, faint circle of light wavering in across the dark ceiling and then the cake set down to blaze amidst the family, beatifying* an old lady's face, smiles all round, waiters stepping away with their hands behind their backs – just an ordinary birthday dinner you might see anywhere in an inexpensive downtown restaurant, and I'm sure I wouldn't even remember it had she not died so soon after, but I thought about it again and again after her death and indeed I'll probably think about it all my life: that candlelit circle, a tableau vivant* of the daily, commonplace happiness that was lost when I lost her.

She was beautiful, too. That's almost secondary; but still, she was. When she came to New York fresh from Kansas, she worked part-time as a model though she was too uneasy in front of the camera to be very good at it; whatever she had, it didn't translate to film.

And yet she was wholly herself: a rarity. I cannot recall ever seeing another person who really resembled her. She had black hair, fair skin that freckled in summer, china-blue eyes with a lot of light in them; and in the slant of her cheekbones there was such an eccentric mixture of the tribal and the Celtic Twilight that sometimes people guessed she was Icelandic. In fact, she was half Irish, half Cherokee, from a town in Kansas near the Oklahoma border; and she liked to make me laugh by calling herself an Okie even though she was as glossy and nervy and stylish as a racehorse. That exotic character unfortunately comes out a little too stark and unforgiving in photographs – her freckles covered with makeup, her hair pulled back in a ponytail at the nape of her neck like some nobleman in *The Tale of Genji* – and what doesn't come across at all is her warmth, her merry, unpredictable quality, which is what I loved about her most. It's clear, from the stillness she emanates in pictures, how much she mistrusted the camera; she gives off a watchful, tigerish air of steeling herself against attack. But in life she wasn't like that. She moved with a thrilling quickness, gestures sudden and light, always perched on the edge of her chair like some long elegant marshbird about to startle and fly away. I loved the sandalwood perfume she wore, rough and unexpected, and I loved the rustle of her starched shirt when she swooped down to kiss me on the forehead. And her laugh was enough to make you want to kick over what you were doing and follow her down the street. Wherever she went, men looked at her out of the corner of their eyes, and sometimes they used to look at her in a way that bothered me a little.

*Glossary

congenial = pleasant
beatifying = blessing,
making saintly
tableau vivant = a living
picture/painting

Section A: Reading

Q1. Read again the first part of the Source from **lines 1 to 6**.

List **four** things from this part of the text about the narrator.

[4 marks]

Q2. Look in detail at this extract from **lines 5 to 20** of the Source:

Her death the dividing mark: Before and After. And though it's a bleak thing to admit all these years later, still I've never met anyone who made me feel loved the way she did. Everything came alive in her company; she cast a charmed theatrical light about her so that to see anything through her eyes was to see it in brighter colours than ordinary – I remember a few weeks before she died, eating a late supper with her in an Italian restaurant down in the Village, and how she grasped my sleeve at the sudden, almost painful loveliness of a birthday cake with lit candles being carried in procession from the kitchen, faint circle of light wavering in across the dark ceiling and then the cake set down to blaze amidst the family, beatifying* an old lady's face, smiles all round, waiters stepping away with their hands behind their backs – just an ordinary birthday dinner you might see anywhere in an inexpensive downtown restaurant, and I'm sure I wouldn't even remember it had she not died so soon after, but I thought about it again and again after her death and indeed I'll probably think about it all my life: that candlelit circle, a tableau vivant* of the daily, commonplace happiness that was lost when I lost her.

She was beautiful, too. That's almost secondary; but still, she was. When she came to New York fresh from Kansas, she worked part-time as a model though she was too uneasy in front of the camera to be very good at it; whatever she had, it didn't translate to film.

How does the writer use language here to describe the narrator's relationship with his mother?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms

[8 marks]

Q3. You now need to think about the **whole** of the Source.

This extract comes from the opening chapter of the novel.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the Source develops
- any other structural features that interest you

[8 marks]

Q4. Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the Source from **line 18 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: 'The description is so vivid that the character of the mother really seems to come to life.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write about your own impressions of the mother
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with references to the text

[20 marks]

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.

Q5. Either: Write a description suggested by this picture:



Or: Write the opening of a story with the title 'The Outsider'.

(24 marks for content and organisation)

16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

Practice Paper Attempt 4

Source A

This extract is from a novel by F Scott Fitzgerald. In this section the narrator describes the extravagant parties held by his rich neighbour.

The Great Gatsby

There was music from my neighbor's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. At high tide in the afternoon I watched his guests diving from the tower of his raft or taking the sun on the hot sand of his beach while his two motor-boats slit the waters of the Sound, drawing aquaplanes over cataracts of foam. On week-ends his Rolls-Royce became an omnibus, bearing parties to and from the city, between nine in the morning and long past midnight, while his station wagon* scampered like a brisk yellow bug to meet all trains. And on Mondays eight servants including an extra gardener toiled all day with mops and scrubbing-brushes and hammers and garden-shears, repairing the ravages of the night before.

Every Friday five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York—every Monday these same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves. There was a machine in the kitchen which could extract the juice of two hundred oranges in half an hour, if a little button was pressed two hundred times by a butler's thumb.

At least once a fortnight a corps of caterers came down with several hundred feet of canvas and enough colored lights to make a Christmas tree of Gatsby's enormous garden. On buffet tables, garnished with glistening hors-d'oeuvre*, spiced baked hams crowded against salads of harlequin designs and pastry pigs and turkeys bewitched to a dark gold. In the main hall a bar with a real brass rail was set up, and stocked with gins and liquors and with cordials so long forgotten that most of his female guests were too young to know one from another.

By seven o'clock the orchestra has arrived—no thin five-piece affair but a whole pitful of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos and low and high drums. The last swimmers have come in from the beach now and are dressing upstairs; the cars from New York are parked five deep in the drive, and already the halls and salons and verandas are gaudy with primary colors and hair shorn in strange new ways and shawls beyond the dreams of Castile. The bar is in full swing and floating rounds of cocktails permeate the garden outside until the air is alive with chatter and laughter and casual innuendo and introductions forgotten on the spot and enthusiastic meetings between women who never knew each other's names.

The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier, minute by minute, spilled with prodigality*, tipped out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath—already there are wanderers, confident girls who weave here and there among the stouter and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the center of a group and then excited with triumph glide on through the seachange of faces and voices and color under the constantly changing light.

Suddenly one of these gypsies in trembling opal, seizes a cocktail out of the air, dumps it down for courage and moving her hands like Frisco dances out alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader varies his rhythm obligingly for her and there is a burst of chatter as the erroneous news goes around that she is Gilda Gray's understudy from the "Follies." The party has begun.

*Glossary station wagon = an estate car hors-d'oeuvre = a small portion of food
served as an appetizer before a main meal prodigality = wasteful luxury

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

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

Q1. Read again the first part of the Source from **lines 1 to 8**.

List **four** things from this part of the text about what goes on at the neighbour's house.

[4 marks]

Q2. Look in detail at this extract from **lines 1 to 18** of the Source:

How does the writer use language here to describe the extravagance of the parties?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms

[8 marks]

Q3. You now need to think about the **whole** of the Source.

This extract comes at the beginning of a chapter.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the Source develops
- any other structural features that interest you

[8 marks]

Q4. Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the Source from **line 19 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: 'The writer brings the parties to life for the reader. It is as if you are there.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write about your own impressions of the parties
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with references to the text

[20 marks]

Section B: Writing

Q5. Either: Write a description suggested by this picture:



Or: Write a story opening for a genre of your choice. Set the scene vividly.

(24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

Practice Paper Attempt 5

Source A

This extract is from the opening of a novel by Jean M Auel. It is set in prehistoric times.

The Clan of the Cave Bear

The naked child ran out of the hide-covered lean-to* towards the rocky beach at the bend in the small river. It didn't occur to her to look back. Nothing in her experience ever gave her reason to doubt the shelter and those within it would be there when she returned.

She splashed into the river and felt rocks and sand shift under her feet as the shore fell off sharply. She dived into the cold water and came up spluttering, then reached out with sure strokes for the steep opposite bank. She had learned to swim before she learned to walk and, at five, was at ease in the water. Swimming was often the only way a river could be crossed.

The girl played for a while, swimming back and forth, then let the current float her downstream. Where the river widened and bubbled over rocks, she stood up and waded to shore, then walked back to the beach and began sorting pebbles. She had just put a stone on top of a pile of especially pretty ones when the earth began to tremble.

The child looked with surprise as the stone rolled down of its own accord, and stared in wonder at the small pyramid of pebbles shaking and levelling themselves. Only then did she become aware she was shaking, too, but she was still more confused than apprehensive. She glanced around, trying to understand why her universe had altered in some inexplicable* way. The earth was not supposed to move.

The small river, which moments before had flowed smoothly, was rolling with choppy waves that splashed over its banks as the rocking streambed moved at cross purposes to the current, dredging mud up from the bottom. Brush* close by the upstream banks quivered, animated by unseen movements at the roots, and downstream, boulders bobbed in unaccustomed agitation. Beyond them, stately conifers of the forest into which the stream flowed lurched grotesquely. A giant pine near the bank, its roots exposed and their hold weakened by the spring run-off, leaned towards the opposite shore. With a crack, it gave way and crashed to the ground, bridging the turbid* watercourse, and lay shaking on the unsteady earth.

The girl started at the sound of the falling tree. Her stomach churned and tightened into a knot as fear brushed the edge of her mind. She tried to stand but fell back, unbalanced by the sickening swaying. She tried again, managed to pull herself up, and stood unsteadily, afraid to take a step.

As she started towards the hide-covered shelter set back from the stream, she felt a low rumble rise to a terrifying roar. A sour stench of wetness and rot issued from a crack opening in the ground, like the reek of morning breath from a yawning earth. She stared uncomprehendingly at dirt and rocks and small trees falling into the widening gap as the cooled shell of the molten planet cracked in the convulsion.

The lean-to, perched on the far edge of the abyss, tilted, as half the solid ground beneath it pulled away. The slender ridge-pole teetered undecidedly, then collapsed and disappeared into the deep

hole, taking its hide cover and all it contained with it. The girl trembled in wide-eyed horror as the foul-breathed gaping maw* swallowed everything that had given meaning and security to the five short years of her life.

*Glossary hide-covered lean-to = a shelter covered in animal skins inexplicable = mysterious, strange brush = small bushes and shrubs turbid = confused, muddled
maw = the jaws or throat of a threatening animal

Section A: Reading

Q1. Read again the first part of the Source from **lines 1 to 7**.

List **four** things from this part of the text about the girl.

[4 marks]

Q2. Look in detail at this extract from **lines 23 to 33** of the Source:

The girl started at the sound of the falling tree. Her stomach churned and tightened into a knot as fear brushed the edge of her mind. She tried to stand but fell back, unbalanced by the sickening swaying. She tried again, managed to pull herself up, and stood unsteadily, afraid to take a step.

As she started towards the hide-covered shelter set back from the stream, she felt a low rumble rise to a terrifying roar. A sour stench of wetness and rot issued from a crack opening in the ground, like the reek of morning breath from a yawning earth. She stared uncomprehendingly at dirt and rocks and small trees falling into the widening gap as the cooled shell of the molten planet cracked in the convulsion.

The lean-to, perched on the far edge of the abyss, tilted, as half the solid ground beneath it pulled away. The slender ridge-pole teetered undecidedly, then collapsed and disappeared into the deep hole, taking its hide cover and all it contained with it. The girl trembled in wide-eyed horror as the foul-breathed gaping maw* swallowed everything that had given meaning and security to the five short years of her life.

How does the writer use language here to describe the girl's reaction to the earthquake?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms

[8 marks]

Q3. You now need to think about the **whole** of the Source.

This extract is from the opening of the novel.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the Source develops
- any other structural features that interest you

[8 marks]

Q4. Focus this part of your answer on the first part of the Source from **line 1 to line 22**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: 'The writer makes the earthquake seem truly terrifying.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write about your own impressions of the earthquake
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with references to the text

[20 marks]

Section B: Writing

Either: Write a description suggested by this picture:



Or: Write the opening of a story set in either the distant past or the distant future.

Practice Paper Attempt 6

Source A

This extract is from the opening of a novel by Robert Galbraith (JK Rowling). *The Cuckoo's Calling*

The buzz in the street was like the humming of flies. Photographers stood massed behind barriers patrolled by police, their long-snouted cameras poised, their breath rising like steam. Snow fell steadily on to hats and shoulders; gloved fingers wiped lenses clear. From time to time there came outbreaks of desultory* clicking, as the watchers filled the waiting time by snapping the white canvas tent in the middle of the road, the entrance to the tall red-brick apartment block behind it, and the balcony on the top floor from which the body had fallen.

Behind the tightly packed paparazzi stood white vans with enormous satellite dishes on the roofs, and journalists talking, some in foreign languages, while soundmen in headphones hovered. Between recordings, the reporters stamped their feet and warmed their hands on hot beakers of coffee from the teeming café a few streets away. To fill the time, the woolly-hatted cameramen filmed the backs of the photographers, the balcony, the tent concealing the body, then repositioned themselves for wide shots that encompassed the chaos that had exploded inside the sedate and snowy Mayfair street, with its lines of glossy black doors framed by white stone porticos and flanked by topiary shrubs. The entrance to number 18 was bounded with tape. Police officials, some of them white-clothed forensic experts, could be glimpsed in the hallway beyond.

The television stations had already had the news for several hours. Members of the public were crowding at either end of the road, held at bay by more police; some had come, on purpose, to look, others had paused on their way to work. Many held mobile telephones aloft to take pictures before moving on. One young man, not knowing which was the crucial balcony, photographed each of them in turn, even though the middle one was packed with a row of shrubs, three neat, leafy orbs, which barely left room for a human being.

A group of young girls had brought flowers, and were filmed handing them to the police, who as yet had not decided on a place for them, but laid them self-consciously in the back of the police van, aware of camera lenses following their every move.

The correspondents sent by twenty-four-hour news channels kept up a steady stream of comment and speculation around the few sensational facts they knew.

"...from her penthouse apartment at around two o'clock this morning. Police were alerted by the building's security guard..."

"...no sign yet that they are moving the body, which has led some to speculate..."

"...no word on whether she was alone when she fell..."

"...teams have entered the building and will be conducting a thorough search."

*Glossary desultory = aimless,

half-heart

Section A: Reading

Q1. Read again the first part of the Source from **lines 1 to 6**.

List **four** things from this part of the text about the scene in the street.

[4 marks]

Q2. Look in detail at this extract from **lines 9 to 24** of the Source:

Between recordings, the reporters stamped their feet and warmed their hands on hot beakers of coffee from the teeming café a few streets away. To fill the time, the woolly-hatted cameramen filmed the backs of the photographers, the balcony, the tent concealing the body, then repositioned themselves for wide shots that encompassed the chaos that had exploded inside the sedate and snowy Mayfair street, with its lines of glossy black doors framed by white stone porticos and flanked by topiary shrubs. The entrance to number 18 was bounded with tape. Police officials, some of them white-clothed forensic experts, could be glimpsed in the hallway beyond.

The television stations had already had the news for several hours. Members of the public were crowding at either end of the road, held at bay by more police; some had come, on purpose, to look, others had paused on their way to work. Many held mobile telephones aloft to take pictures before moving on. One young man, not knowing which was the crucial balcony, photographed each of them in turn, even though the middle one was packed with a row of shrubs, three neat, leafy orbs, which barely left room for a human being.

A group of young girls had brought flowers, and were filmed handing them to the police, who as yet had not decided on a place for them, but laid them self-consciously in the back of the police van, aware of camera lenses following their every move.

How does the writer use language here to give a sense of different people's reactions to the crime scene?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms

[8 marks]

Q3. You now need to think about the **whole** of the Source.

This extract is from the opening of the novel.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the Source develops
- any other structural features that interest you

[8 marks]

Q4. Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the Source from **line 16 to the end**.

A student, having read this section of the text, said: ‘The writer makes the reader feel just as confused as the people in the scene.’

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write about your own impressions of what is happening in this section
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with references to the text

[20 marks]

Section B: Writing

Either: Write a description suggested by this picture:



Or: Write the opening of a crime or mystery story.

(24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy)

Practice Paper Attempt 7 (2021)

Source A

This extract is taken from the opening of Chimamanda Adichie's novel *Half of a Yellow Sun*, set in Nigeria in 1960. Ugwu, a thirteen-year-old boy, is starting work as a cleaner for a university professor in the city.

- 1 Master was a little crazy; he had spent too many years reading books overseas, talked to himself in his office, did not always return greetings, and had too much hair. Ugwu's aunty said this in a low voice as they walked on the path. 'But he is a good man,' she added.
- 4 'And as long as you work well, you will eat well. You will even eat meat every day.'
- 5 Ugwu did not believe that anybody, not even this master he was going to live with, ate meat every day. He did not disagree with his aunty, though, because he was too choked with expectation, too busy imagining his new life away from the village. They had been walking for a while now, since they got off the lorry at the motor park, and the afternoon sun burned the back of his neck. But he did not mind. He was prepared to walk hours more in even
- 10 hotter sun. He had never seen anything like the streets that appeared after they went past the university gates, streets so smooth and tarred that he itched to lay his cheek down on them. He would never be able to describe to his sister Anulika how the bungalows here were painted the colour of the sky and sat side by side like polite well-dressed men, how the hedges separating them were trimmed so flat on top that they looked like tables
- 15 wrapped with leaves.

His aunty walked faster, her slippers making *slap-slap* sounds that echoed in the silent street. Ugwu wondered if she, too, could feel the coal tar getting hotter underneath, through her thin soles. They went past a sign, ODIM STREET, and Ugwu mouthed *street*, as he did whenever he saw an English word that was not too long.

- 20 He smelt something sweet, heady, as they walked into a compound, and was sure it came from the white flowers clustered on the bushes at the entrance. The bushes were shaped like slender hills. The lawn glistened. Butterflies hovered overhead.

- 'I told Master you will learn everything very fast' his aunty said. Ugwu nodded attentively although she had already told him the story of how his good fortune came about: while she
- 25 was sweeping the corridor in the Mathematics Department a week ago, she heard Master say that he needed a houseboy to do his cleaning, and she immediately said she could help, speaking before his typist or office messenger could offer to bring someone.

'I will learn fast, Aunty,' Ugwu said. He was staring at the car in the garage; a strip of metal ran around its blue body like a necklace.

- 30 'Remember, what you will answer whenever he calls you is *Yes, sah!*'

'Yes, sah!' Ugwu repeated.

- They were standing before the glass door. Ugwu held back from reaching out to touch the cement wall, to see how different it would feel from the mud walls of his mother's hut that still bore the faint patterns of moulding fingers. For a brief moment, he wished he were
- 35 back there now, in his mother's hut, under the dim coolness of the thatch roof; or in his aunty's hut, the only one in the village with a corrugated-iron roof.

His aunty tapped on the glass. Ugwu could see the white curtains behind the door. A voice said, in English, 'Yes? Come in.'

40 They took off their slippers before walking in. Ugwu had never seen a room so wide. Despite the brown sofas arranged in a semi-circle, the side tables between them, the shelves crammed with books, and the centre table with a vase of red and white plastic flowers, the room still seemed to have too much space. Master sat in an armchair, wearing a vest and a pair of shorts. He was not sitting upright but slanted, a book covering his face, as though oblivious that he had just asked people in.

45 'Good afternoon, sah! This is the child,' Ugwu's aunty said.

Master looked up. He pulled off his glasses. 'The child?'

'The houseboy, sah. He will work hard,' his aunty said. 'He is a very good boy. Thank, sah!'

50 Master grunted in response, watching Ugwu and his aunty with a faintly distracted expression, as if their presence made it difficult for him to remember something important. Ugwu's aunty patted Ugwu's shoulder, whispered that he should do well, and turned to the door.

Ugwu stood by the door, waiting.

0 1

Read again the first part of the source, from **lines 1 to 4**.

List **four** things about Master from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

0 2

Look in detail at this extract, from **lines 5 to 15** of the source:

Ugwu did not believe that anybody, not even this master he was going to live with, ate meat *every day*. He did not disagree with his aunty, though, because he was too choked with expectation, too busy imagining his new life away from the village. They had been walking for a while now, since they got off the lorry at the motor park, and the afternoon sun burned the back of his neck. But he did not mind. He was prepared to walk hours more in even hotter sun. He had never seen anything like the streets that appeared after they went past the university gates, streets so smooth and tarred that he itched to lay his cheek down on them. He would never be able to describe to his sister Anulika how the bungalows here were painted the colour of the sky and sat side by side like polite well-dressed men, how the hedges separating them were trimmed so flat on top that they looked like tables wrapped with leaves.

How does the writer use language here to describe Ugwu's impression of the city?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

[8 marks]

0	3
---	---

You now need to think about the **whole** of the source.

This text is from the opening of a novel.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning of the source
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]

0	4
---	---

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, from **line 20 to the end**.

A student said, 'From the moment he arrives at Master's compound, the writer portrays Ugwu's feelings of pure excitement, but by the end it seems that he may be very disappointed.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of Ugwu's feelings
- evaluate how the writer describes Ugwu's feelings by the end
- support your response with references to the text.

[20 marks]

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

A magazine has asked for contributions for their creative writing section.

Either

Describe a place at sunset as suggested by this picture:



or

Write a story about a new beginning.

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

Practice Paper Attempt 8 (2020)

Source A

This extract is from the beginning of a novel by Judith Allnatt, published in 2015. It is set in a house that used to be part of a nineteenth-century silk factory. Rosie and her two children, Sam and Cara, now live in the house.

1 It was on their first day at the house that Rosie saw the stranger child. Standing at the sink, her hands deep in suds, Rosie was overwhelmed by the tasks that lay ahead of her. Tired after the long drive from London the evening before, she gazed vaguely at the sunlit, overgrown garden where Sam and Cara were playing.

5 The sash window had old glass that blunted the image, wavering the straightness of fence and washing line, pulling things out of shape. Sam was kneeling beside the patch of earth that Rosie had cleared for him, making hills and valleys for his matchbox cars and trucks by digging with an old tablespoon, and Cara was toddling from bush to bush with a yellow plastic watering can. Through the antique glass, Rosie watched them stretch and shrink as they moved, as if she were looking through ripples. She closed her eyes, glad of a moment of calm after the trauma of the last few days. Letting go of the plate she was holding, she spread her tense fingers, allowing the warmth of the water to soothe her. When she opened her eyes, another child was there.

14 Rosie had made a quick check of the unfamiliar garden before letting the children go out to play. The bottom half of the garden was an overgrown mess, a muddle of trees and shrubs. An ancient mulberry tree stood at the centre. Its massive twisted branches drooped to the ground in places, its knuckles in the earth like a gigantic malformed hand. The wintry sun hung low in the sky and the gnarled growth threw long twisted shadows across the undergrowth within its cage. The trunk of the tree was snarled with the tangled ivy that grew up through the broken bricks and chunks of cement, choking it. The path that led down towards the fence at the bottom, which marked the garden off from an orchard beyond, disappeared into a mass of nettles and brambles before it reached the padlocked door.

24 A little girl was sitting back on her heels beside a clump of daisies that grew against the fence. She had her back to Rosie and was holding tight to the handle of a large wicker basket that stood on the ground beside her. Cara seemed unfazed by the girl's presence and continued to move, engrossed, along the row of plants. Rosie bent forward to look through the clearest of the panes and peered closer. The child was small, maybe around eight or nine, although something in the tense hunch of her shoulders made her seem older. Her hair hung down her back in a matted, dusty-looking plait and she was wearing dressing-up clothes: an ankle-length dress and pinafore in washed-out greys and tans, like a home-made Cinderella* costume.

Where on earth had she come from? She must be a neighbour's child but how had she got in? The wooden fences that separated the gardens between each of the houses in the terrace were high – surely too high for a child to climb.

The child glanced over her shoulder, back towards the houses, a quick, furtive movement as if she were scanning the upper windows of the row, afraid of being overlooked. Rosie caught a glimpse of her face, pale and drawn with anxiety, before the girl turned back and reached forward to quickly tuck a piece of trailing white cloth into the basket. Almost unconsciously, Rosie registered that the girl was left-handed like herself, and that there was something animal-like in her movements: quick, like the darting of a mouse or the flit of a sparrow, some small dun creature that moves fast to blend into the background.

Something wasn't right here. She had seen distress in those eyes.

45 Rosie turned away, dried her hands hurriedly and slipped on her flip-flops. She would go gently, raise no challenge about her being in the garden but say hello and try to find out what was the matter. Maybe if she pointed out that her mother would be worrying where she was, she could persuade the girl to let her take her home.

But when she stepped outside, the child was gone.

END OF SOURCE

Glossary

*Cinderella – a poor girl from a fairy tale

0 1

Read again the first part of the source, from **lines 1 to 4**.

List **four** things about Rosie from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

0 2

Look in detail at this extract, from **lines 14 to 23** of the source:

Rosie had made a quick check of the unfamiliar garden before letting the children go out to play. The bottom half of the garden was an overgrown mess, a muddle of trees and shrubs. An ancient mulberry tree stood at the centre. Its massive twisted branches drooped to the ground in places, its knuckles in the earth like a gigantic malformed hand. The wintry sun hung low in the sky and the gnarled growth threw long twisted shadows across the undergrowth within its cage. The trunk of the tree was snarled with the tangled ivy that grew up through the broken bricks and chunks of cement, choking it. The path that led down towards the fence at the bottom, which marked the garden off from an orchard beyond, disappeared into a mass of nettles and brambles before it reached the padlocked door.

How does the writer use language here to describe the garden?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

[8 marks]

0 3

You now need to think about the **whole** of the source.

This text is from the beginning of a novel.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning of the source
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]

0 4

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, from **line 24 to the end**.

A student said, 'I wasn't at all surprised by the disappearance of the stranger child at the end of the extract. The writer has left us in no doubt that she is just part of Rosie's imagination.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider the disappearance of the stranger child
- evaluate how the writer presents the stranger child
- support your response with references to the text.

[20 marks]

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

Your local library is running a creative writing competition. The best entries will be published in a booklet of creative writing.

Either

Write a description of a mysterious place, as suggested by this picture:



or

Write a story about an event that cannot be explained.

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

[40 marks]

English Language Paper 2 Practice Papers

Practice Paper Attempt 1 (November 2017)

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.'

20 The Head teacher took me on a tour of the school, fluttering along the corridors, pointing and 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.

30 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 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.

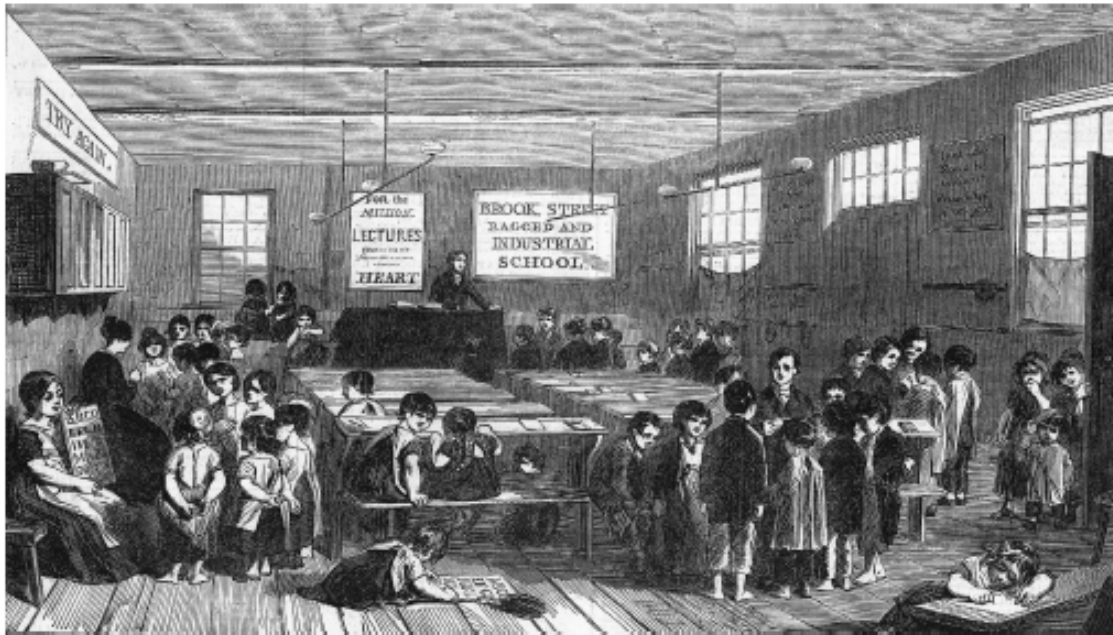
- 35 'No child leaves this school unable to read,' she boasted. 'It is the single most important skill and we work extremely hard to achieve success for every child. Most of these children have few books in their homes and many of their parents do not have the inclination nor the time to hear them read 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.

15 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
25 could separate them, one had received a severe and lasting injury in the eye, and her nose
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
30 responded. Never, surely, was such a noise heard before. I did not believe that human
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

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

0	2
---	---

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

The children at the primary school and the ragged school behave very differently.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of the differences between the behaviour of the children at the two schools.

[8 marks]

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]

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]

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
---	---

'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]

Practice Paper Attempt 2 (June 2018)

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.

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 surfer before then. But there were only a few doze 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.

But this one morning, I took the first bus to the beach, walked out onto the Manhattan Pier, looked down and saw these bronzed 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 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.

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 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.

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 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 towards the board.

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 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.

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.

Our host came in to see 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 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, 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 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 slating motion.

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 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 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 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 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 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

Question 1: Read again the first part of Source A, from lines 1-13 (line 13 is in bold).

Choose **four** statements from 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 first time Mike Doyle saw anyone surfing was in 1953.

B Mike Doyle spent very little time at the beach as a child.

C In the 1950s there were very few surfers in California.

D Most surfers like to surf in the early morning.

E Surfers often stayed later in the day to entertain the crowds.

F Mike Doyle took the train to the beach.

G The first time he saw them, Mike Doyle was unimpressed by the surfers.

H The surfers looked fit and suntanned.

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

Both sources describe the types of board used for surfing.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the different boards used by the surfers.

[8 marks]

Question 3: You now need refer only to **Source B** from **lines 18 to 25** (boxed for you already)

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

[12 marks]

Question 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 perspectives on surfing.

In your answer, you could:

- Compare their different perspectives on surfing
- Compare the methods the writers use to convey their perspectives
- Support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

Question 5: '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]

Practice Paper Attempt 3 (November 2018)

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.

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 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 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 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 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 stead, my eye being well-educated to pace and distance.

30 Drivers of hansom cabs 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 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.

35 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, 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 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 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

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.

0 2

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]**

0 3

You now need to refer only to **Source B** from **lines 8 to 18**.

How does the writer use language to describe her first experiences of cycling?
[12 marks]

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 similar perspectives on cycling in the city.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their similar perspectives on cycling in the city
- compare the methods the writers use to convey their perspectives
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

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

'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.

Practice Paper Attempt 4: June 2019

Source A

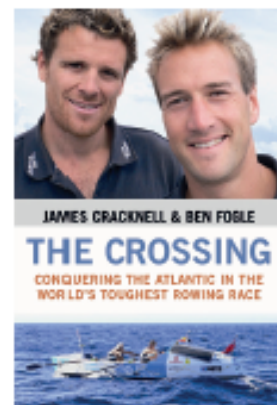
In 2005, Ben Fogle and James Cracknell set off together in a seven week race across the Atlantic Ocean in a rowing boat called 'Spirit'. In their book *The Crossing*, Ben describes what happened one night as he rowed and James slept.

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
5 increasingly frenzied. I began to feel vulnerable again. If we can just make it to daybreak, I
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 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 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
26 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.

'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.

40 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.

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 clung 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.

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.

45 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 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

0 1

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]

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

0	2
---	---

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

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.

[8 marks]

0	3
---	---

You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 16 to 26**.

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

[12 marks]

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 perspectives and feelings about their experiences at sea.

In your answer, you could:

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

[16 marks]

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
---	---

'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.

Practice Paper Attempt 5: November 2019

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.

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 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 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 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 riddle 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 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 did not turn savage again, and then go home.

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 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 – 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 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 probably that some of them would laugh. That would never do. There was only one alternative.

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).

The first elephant that every 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.

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.

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, have him a good thrashing. He quickly recognised that he as mastered by lying down and uttering a cry of submission.

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.

He began to destroy the doors and other parts of this 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.

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.

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.

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.

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

Question 1: Read again the first part of Source A, from lines 1-5 (line 5 is in bold).

Choose **four** statements from 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.

Question 2: 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]

Question 3: You now need refer only to **Source A** from **lines 26 to 35** (boxed for you already)

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

[12 marks]

Question 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 elephants.

In your answer, you could:

- Compare their different attitudes to elephants
- Compare the methods the writers use to convey their attitudes
- Support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

Question 5: '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]

Practice Paper Attempt 6: November 2020

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
leaden 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.

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 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. . .



- 5 I 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.

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

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

- 35 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. . . 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

0 1

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.

0 2

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

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

Use details from both sources to write a summary of what you understand about the differences between the two companions, Simon and Marius.

[8 marks]

0 3

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]

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 feelings and perspectives on their adventures in the mountains.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different feelings and perspectives on their adventures
- compare the methods the writers use to convey their feelings and perspectives
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

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

'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.

Practice Paper Attempt 7: November 2021

Source A

This extract is from Clive James' autobiography, published in 1980. Here, he writes about going to the cinema as a child in Australia in the 1940s.

1 Every Saturday afternoon at the pictures there was a feature film, sixteen cartoons and an
episode each from four different serials. The programme just went on and on and on.
The Margaret Street children would join up with the Irene Street children and the combined
mass would add themselves to the Sunbeam Avenue children and they would join the
5 swarm of children from all the other areas, all moving north along Rocky Point Road
towards Rockdale, where the Odeon stood.

In summer, the concrete footpaths were hot. The tarmac footpaths were even hotter:
bubbles of tar formed, to be squashed flat by our leathery bare feet. Running around on
gravelled playgrounds throughout the spring, by summer we had feet that could tread on a
10 drawing pin and hardly feel it.

When you got to the cinema the first thing you did was stock up with lollies. Lollies was the
Australian word for what the English call sweets and the Americans call candy. Some of
the more privileged children had upwards of five shillings each to dispose of, but in fact two
shillings was enough to buy you as much as you could eat. Everyone, without exception,
15 bought at least one Hoadley's Violet Crumble Bar. It was a slab of dense, dry honeycomb
coated with chocolate. So frangible was the honeycomb that it would shatter when bitten,
scattering bright yellow shrapnel. It was like trying to eat a china vase. The honeycomb
would go soft only after a day's exposure to direct sunlight. The chocolate surrounding it,
however, would liquefy after only ten minutes in a dark cinema.

20 Fantails came in a weird, blue packet shaped like an isosceles triangle with one corner
missing. Each individual Fantail was wrapped in a piece of paper detailing a film star's
biography — hence the pun, fan tales. The Fantail itself was a chocolate-coated toffee so
glutinous that it could induce lockjaw in a donkey. People had to have their mouths
chipped open with a cold chisel. One packet of Fantails would last an average human
25 being forever. A group of six small boys could go through a packet during the course of a
single afternoon at the pictures, but it took hard work and involved a lot of strangled crying
in the dark. Any fillings you had in your second teeth would be removed instantly, while
28 children who still had any first teeth left didn't keep them long.

The star lolly, outstripping even the Violet Crumble Bar and the Fantail in popularity, was
30 undoubtedly the Jaffa. A packet of Jaffas was loaded like a cluster bomb with about fifty
globular lollies the size of ordinary marbles. The Jaffa had a dark chocolate core and a
brittle orange candy coat: in cross-section it looked rather like the planet Earth.

It presented two alternative ways of being eaten, each with its allure. You could fondle the
Jaffa on the tongue until your saliva ate its way through the casing, whereupon the taste of
35 chocolate would invade your mouth with a sublime, majestic inevitability. Or you could bite
straight through and submit the interior of your head to a stunning explosion of flavour.

Sucking and biting your way through forty or so Jaffas while Jungle Jim wrestled with the
crocodiles on screen, you nearly always had a few left over after the stomach could take
no more. The spare Jaffas made ideal ammunition. Flying through the dark, they would
40 bounce off a child's skull with the noise of bullets hitting a bell.

Everyone either ate steadily or raced up and down the aisles or to and from the toilet or all
three. The uproar was continuous, like Niagara Falls. Meanwhile the film was unreeling in
front of us.

Source B

This extract is from a magazine article published in 1868. The writer explains how sweets were made and decorated in Victorian England.

1 The last thing a child asks is how the sweet it snaps up with such eagerness is made. Yet the manufacture of these delicacies — or should I say necessities? — of the nursery is a thing worth witnessing. A marvellous change has come across public opinion respecting sugar and sweets of all kinds. They used to be denounced by tender mothers as “trash and messes” and, possibly because they were so denounced, they tasted all the sweeter to the little ones. Now we would not wish to make taboo that which delights young taste buds the most. In moderation, there is nothing more wholesome than sugar. It is nourishing and warming because of the large amount of carbon contained in it.

10 In the past, sweets were not a speciality in England; there were no large factories for their production. All the higher-class sweets came from France and Italy but the introduction of steam into the process has made England the world leader in manufacturing sweets. Now sweets are made on the largest scale and are much cheaper. The basic style of old is also gone. The eye must now be satisfied as well as the tongue, even in the cheapest items. Think of a halfpennyworth of sweets done up in a ruby-coloured gelatine packet.

15 It is true that some of the more showy sweets made in the past were colourful, but it was metallic colour containing the most virulent poison. The famous scientist Doctor Hassall’s analysis of this painted confectionery, published some years ago, exposed the villainous manner in which this vividly coloured confection was made attractive to children by poisonous paint. The brighter the hue, the more deadly the sweet. The brilliant green, for instance, with which the confectionery was adorned, contained copper toxins.

20 It is easy to understand the bad name sweets acquired when thus made up. No doubt many young children were absolutely killed by excessive eating of these artistically poisoned candies. Doctor Hassall has heroically delivered us from this source of danger to our precious children. Nothing but harmless vegetable colours are now used, which, if not so brilliant as metallic ones, are quite safe. Today, it is wrong to use metallic colour in confectionery. However, it is just possible that some of the old sweets may still be for sale, so I bid parents beware of any sweets with vivid greens and reds, for they are sure to be poisonous.

30 Young girls are largely employed in the sweet-making trade. They are quick and stick well to their work; but they have a sweet tooth and empty stomachs and so help themselves to the sweets pretty freely. As it is impossible to stop petty pilfering, the workers are given liberty to eat as much as they like, although the employers reduce the already pitiful pay to account for this. In the factory which I visited, the girls certainly did not look any the worse for their unlimited consumption of lollipops and their rosy faces gave a clear answer to the old charge against the harmful nature of sweets.

35 The sweets are made with the utmost speed by these little workwomen, sitting silently, hunched over their benches. In one part of the dimly lit factory, I came upon the little artists squinting as they coloured the small sugar articles under the strict scrutiny of their supervisor. It was all vegetable colour, of course, and quite harmless. There is no great artistic talent required in the colouring tasks that the girls undertake, and it is far too cheaply paid to be very carefully done. But, however poor they may be as works of art, the sweets are most wholesome. This, as we have said before, was far from being the case a few years ago, before Doctor Hassall turned detective officer for the good of our little ones.

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 The cinema programme was every Saturday morning.

B The cinema programme was short.

C The children all came from the same street.

D The children formed a large group as they moved through the streets.

E The Odeon was in Rockdale.

F The children wore shoes.

G The children went to the cinema on foot.

H The children had really tough feet.

0	2
---	---

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

The children at the cinema in **Source A** and the children at the factory in **Source B** have different experiences of childhood.

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

[8 marks]

0 3

You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 20 to 28**.

How does the writer use language to describe eating Fantail sweets?

[12 marks]

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 sweets.

In your answer, you could:

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

[16 marks]

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

'Our addiction to cheap clothes and fast fashion means young people in poorer countries have to work in terrible conditions to make them. We must change our attitude to buying clothes now.'

Write an article for a magazine or 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.