

Please write clearly in block capitals.

Centre number

Candidate number

Surname _____

Forename(s) _____

Candidate signature _____

I declare this is my own work.

GCSE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Predicted Paper 1 Explorations in creative reading and writing

Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes

Materials

For this paper you must have:

- **Source A** – provided as a separate insert.

Instructions

- Answer **all** questions.
- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Fill in the boxes at the top of this page.
- You must answer the questions in the spaces provided.
- Do not write outside the box around each page or on blank pages.
- If you need extra space for your answer(s), use the lined pages at the end of this book. Write the question number against your answer(s).
- Do all rough work in this book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.
- You must refer to the insert booklet provided.
- You must **not** use a dictionary.

For Examiner's Use	
Question	Mark
1	
2	
3	
4	
5	
TOTAL	

Information

- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 80.
- There are 40 marks for **Section A** and 40 marks for **Section B**.
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.
- You will be assessed on the quality of your **reading** in **Section A**.
- You will be assessed on the quality of your **writing** in **Section B**.

Advice

- You are advised to spend about 15 minutes reading through the source and all five questions you have to answer.
- You are advised to plan your answer to **Question 5** before you start to write.
- You should make sure you leave sufficient time to check your answers.

Section A: Reading

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

0	1
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Read again the first part of the source, from **lines 1 to 5**.

List **four** things about the day that the narrator's friendship with Lila began.

[4 marks]

- 1 _____

- 2 _____

- 3 _____

- 4 _____

<hr/> 4

Turn over ►

0 2

Look in detail at the extract, from **lines 15 to 24** of the source:

At some point she gave me one of her firm looks, eyes narrowed, and headed toward the building where Don Achille lived. I was frozen with fear. Don Achille was the ogre of fairy tales, I was absolutely forbidden to go near him, speak to him, look at him, spy on him, I was to act as if neither he nor his family existed. Regarding him there was, in my house but not only mine, a fear and a hatred whose origin I didn't know. The way my father talked about him, I imagined a huge man, covered with purple boils, violent in spite of the "don," which to me suggested a calm authority. He was a being created out of some unidentifiable material, iron, glass, nettles, but alive, alive, the hot breath streaming from his nose and mouth. I thought that if I merely saw him from a distance he would drive something sharp and burning into my eyes. So if I was mad enough to approach the door of his house he would kill me.

How does the writer use language here to describe the character of Don Achille?

You could include the writer's choice of:

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

[8 marks]

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8

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0 4

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source, from **line 25 to the end**.

I waited to see if Lila would have second thoughts and turn back. I knew what she wanted to do, I had hoped that she would forget about it, but in vain. The street lamps were not yet lighted, nor were the lights on the stairs. From the apartments came irritable voices. To follow Lila I had to leave the bluish light of the courtyard and enter the black of the doorway. When I finally made up my mind, I saw nothing at first, there was only an odor of old junk and DDT. Then I got used to the darkness and found Lila sitting on the first step of the first flight of stairs. She got up and we began to climb.

We kept to the side where the wall was, she two steps ahead, I two steps behind, torn between shortening the distance or letting it increase. I can still feel my shoulder inching along the flaking wall and the idea that the steps were very high, higher than those in the building where I lived. I was trembling. Every footfall, every voice was Don Achille creeping up behind us or coming down toward us with a long knife, the kind used for slicing open a chicken breast. There was an odor of sautéing garlic. Maria, Don Achille's wife, would put me in the pan of boiling oil, the children would eat me, he would suck my head the way my father did with mullets.

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of the narrator's relationship with Lila
- evaluate how the writer describes Don Achille
- support your response with references to the text.

[20 marks]

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Section B: Writing

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

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

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

0	5
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Your local newspaper is running a creative writing competition and the best entries will be published.

Write a description of London's West End as suggested by this image:



Or

Write a short story about losing your identity.

(24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

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40

Turn over ►

There are no questions printed on this page

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**DO NOT WRITE ON THIS PAGE
ANSWER IN THE SPACES PROVIDED**

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ANSWER IN THE SPACES PROVIDED**

GCSE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Predicted Paper 1 Explorations in creative reading and writing

Insert

The source that follows is:

Source A: 21st century prose fiction

My Brilliant Friend by Elena Ferrante

An extract from the start of a novel published in 2011.

Please turn the page over to see the source

Source A

My Brilliant Friend tells the story of two best friends growing up in a poor, working-class part of Naples. The complicated relationship between these two girls, and particularly the narrator's fascination with Lila, is central to the novel. This extract is from the start of the book.

- 1 My friendship with Lila began the day we decided to go up the dark stairs that led, step after step, flight after flight, to the door of Don Achille's apartment.

I remember the violet light of the courtyard, the smells of a warm spring evening. The mothers were making dinner, it was time to go home, but we delayed, challenging each other, without ever saying a word, testing our courage. For some time, in school and outside of it, that was what we had been doing. Lila would thrust her hand and then her whole arm into the black mouth of a manhole, and I, in turn, immediately did the same, my heart pounding, hoping that the cockroaches wouldn't run over my skin, that the rats wouldn't bite me. Lila climbed up to Signora Spagnuolo's ground-floor window, and, hanging from the iron bar that the clothesline was attached to, swung back and forth, then lowered herself down to the sidewalk, and I immediately did the same, although I was afraid of falling and hurting myself. Lila stuck into her skin the rusted safety pin that she had found on the street somewhere but kept in her pocket like the gift of a fairy godmother; I watched the metal point as it dug a whitish tunnel into her palm, and then, when she pulled it out and handed it to me, I did the same.

15 At some point she gave me one of her firm looks, eyes narrowed, and headed toward the building where Don Achille lived. I was frozen with fear. Don Achille was the ogre of fairy tales, I was absolutely forbidden to go near him, speak to him, look at him, spy on him, I was to act as if neither he nor his family existed. Regarding him there was, in my house but not only mine, a fear and a hatred whose origin I didn't know. The way my father talked about him, I imagined a huge man, covered with purple boils, violent in spite of the "don," which to me suggested a calm authority. He was a being created out of some unidentifiable material, iron, glass, nettles, but alive, alive, the hot breath streaming from his nose and mouth. I thought that if I merely saw him from a distance he would drive something sharp and burning into my eyes. So if I was mad enough to approach the door of his house he would kill me.

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END OF SOURCE
