



GCSE

150/05

**ENGLISH
HIGHER TIER
PAPER 1**

A.M. TUESDAY, 3 June 2008

2 hours

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A 12 page answer book.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Answer **all** questions in Section A and **both** questions in Section B.

Write your answers in the separate answer book provided.

You are advised to spend your time as follows:

Section A – about 55 minutes

Section B

Q. B1 – about 25 minutes

Q. B2 – about 40 minutes

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Section A (Reading): 40 marks

Section B (Writing): 40 marks

The number of marks is given in brackets at the end of each question or part-question.

SECTION A: 40 marks

*Read carefully the short story below. Then answer **all** the questions which follow it.*

This story is about a white boy growing up in South Africa. He regularly gets up early in the morning to go shooting animals.

The boy stretched his body full length, touching the wall at his head with his hands, and the bedfoot with his toes; then he sprung out, like a fish leaping from water. And it was cold, cold.

5 He always dressed rapidly to try and conserve his night-warmth till the sun rose two hours later; but by the time he had on his clothes his hands were numbed and he could scarcely hold his shoes. These he could not put on for fear of waking his parents, who never came to know how early he rose. He imagined them turning in their beds, and he smiled scornfully.

10 He would have to hurry. Before the light grew strong he must be four miles away, and already the air smelled of morning and the stars were dimming. He felt the dust push up between his toes and he thought: 'I could walk a hundred miles on feet like these! I could walk all day, and never tire!'

15 Soon he had left the cultivated part of the farm. Behind him the bush was low and black. Near him the grass was bent with the weight of sparkling drops of water. The first bird woke at his feet and at once a flock of them sprang into the air calling shrilly that day had come. Suddenly the bush woke into song and he could hear the guinea-fowl calling far ahead of him. That meant they would be sailing down from their trees into the thick grass, and it was for them he had come. He was too late. But he did not mind. He forgot he had come to shoot. He set his legs wide and swung his gun up and down in a kind of
20 improvised exercise.

Suddenly it all rose in him: it was unbearable. He leapt into the air, shouting wild, unrecognisable noises. Then he began to run madly, like a wild thing. He was clean crazy, yelling with the joy of living and being young. He felt his body rise into the crisp air and fall back onto sure feet. He thought briefly, not believing that such a thing could happen to
25 him, that he could break his ankle any moment. He cleared bushes like a deer, leaped over rocks and finally came to a stop on a rock where the ground fell away to the river. He looked down at the water and thought suddenly, 'I am fifteen! Fifteen!' He kept repeating the words with swelling excitement.

30 There was nothing he couldn't do, nothing. He felt his life ahead of him as a great and wonderful thing, something that was his; and he said aloud: all the great men of the world have been as I am now, and there is nothing I can't do. If I choose, I can change everything that is going to happen. It all depends on me, and what I decide now.

35 And then it seemed as if there was another voice. He listened, puzzled. There it was again. It was a kind of shortened scream, as if someone, something, had no breath to scream. His heart beating fast, because of that frightened screaming, he stepped carefully off the rock and went towards a belt of trees. There, between the trees, was a strange beast, with ragged tufts of fur standing up all over it, with patches of raw flesh beneath. The creature screamed, in small gasping screams, and leaped drunkenly from side to side, as if it were blind. Then the boy understood: it was a deer. He ran closer and was stopped by a
40 new fear. The grass was whispering and alive. The ground was black with ants, great energetic ants that hurried towards the fighting shape.

The beast fell and it came into his mind that he should shoot it and end its pain. He raised the gun, then lowered it again. The deer could no longer feel; its fighting was a protest of the nerves.

45 But it was not that which made him put down the gun. It was a feeling of rage and misery. He thought: 'All over the bush things like this happen. This is how life goes on, by living things dying in anguish.' He gripped the gun between his knees and felt in his own limbs the pain of the twitching animal, saying over and over again: 'I can't stop it. I can't stop it. There is nothing I can do. This is how things work.' He found that the tears were
50 streaming down his face and his clothes were soaked with the sweat of the creature's pain. He strode forward, crushing ants with each step, till he stood above the skeleton of the deer. It was picked clean, and the whole thing could not have taken more than a few minutes.

55 That morning, perhaps an hour ago, this creature had been stepping proud through the bush. And then - what had happened? Such a swift thing surely could not be trapped by a swarm of ants? Then he saw that one leg was broken. Had it fallen perhaps? Impossible, a deer was too graceful. Perhaps some Africans had thrown stones at it, trying to kill it for meat, and had broken its leg. Yes, that must be it.

60 Even as he imagined the flying stones and the leaping deer, another picture came into his mind. He saw himself, on any one of these bright mornings, drunk with excitement, taking a shot at some half-seen deer. He saw himself, wondering whether he had missed or not, and thinking that it was late, and he wanted his breakfast, and it was not worth tracking miles after an animal that would very likely get away from him.

65 For a moment he was a small boy again, kicking sulkily at the skeleton and hanging his head. At last he picked up his gun and walked homewards. He was telling himself defiantly that he wanted his breakfast. He was telling himself that it was getting very hot, much too hot to be roaming the bush. He walked heavily, not looking where he put his feet. When he came within sight of his home, he stopped, frowning. There was something he had to think out. The death of that animal was a thing that concerned him, and he was
70 by no means finished with it. It lay at the back of his mind uncomfortably. Soon, the very next morning, he would get clear of everybody and go back to the bush to think about it.

from *A Sunrise on the Veld* by Doris Lessing (1975)
(by permission of Cambridge University Press)

A1. Look at lines 1-32.

What are the boy's thoughts and feelings in these lines? [10]
You must refer to the text to support your answer.

A2. Look at lines 33-44.

How does the writer show the suffering of the deer? [10]
You should consider:

- what happens;
- the choice of words and phrases.

A3. Look at lines 45-53.

How does the boy react to seeing the suffering of the deer? [10]
You should refer to what he does, what he thinks, and what he feels.

A4. Look at lines 54-71.

Explore how and why the incident with the deer changes the boy. [10]

SECTION B: 40 marks

Answer Question B1 and Question B2.

In this section you will be assessed for your writing skills, including the presentation of your work.

Take special care with handwriting, spelling and punctuation.

A guide to the amount you should write is given for each question.

B1. You are on a bus which has stopped because of road works. Describe the scene. [20]

You should write about a page in your answer book.

Remember that this is a test of your ability to write descriptively.

B2. Choose **one** of the following titles for your writing. [20]

The quality of your writing is more important than its length. You should write about two pages in your answer book.

Either, (a) The Traitor.

Or, (b) Write about an incident when you were embarrassed by your friends or family.

Or, (c) A Day at the Seaside.

Or, (d) Write about an occasion when you appeared on stage.

Or, (e) Write a story which begins:

He hoped he would have the strength to do what was right.