



GCSE

150/05

**ENGLISH
HIGHER TIER
PAPER 1**

A.M. MONDAY, 9 November 2009

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 passage below. Then answer **all** the questions which follow it.

The cloakroom was crowded with boys, jostling in the cramped space as they pulled on shorts, or jumped about on one foot, fumbling with knotted laces. Mr. Bellingham, a bull-necked, white-haired man in his fifties, stood in the doorway, speaking sharply to any boy who appeared to be loitering.

5 The double swing doors burst open, and Colin Harper skidded to a halt.

“Late again, Harper?”

“I had to see Mr Sawdon, Sir.”

“What about?”

“Being late, Sir.”

10 Mr Bellingham closed his eyes. “Why did I ask that?” He opened them again. “Well, go on then, get ready. Don’t just stand there.” Raising his voice, he turned to the rest of the class. “Lesson’ll be over before some of you lot get started.”

Colin began to get undressed.

Mr Bellingham looked round the room. Lorrimer still had his shirt on.

15 “Why aren’t you changed, Lorrimer?”

“I am changed, Sir.”

Lorrimer was very fat with a high-pitched voice. Some of the boys exchanged bright, alert glances.

“Don’t argue with me, lad. You are not *changed*. *Changed*, you are not.”

20 Lorrimer’s watery grey eyes slid away.

“Where’s your football shirt?”

“Haven’t got one, Sir.”

“Gym shirt?”

“Haven’t brought it, Sir.”

25 “Why not?”

“It isn’t gym, Sir.”

“Are you trying to be funny?”

“No, Sir.”

Mr Bellingham took a deep breath. “Why haven’t you got a football shirt?”

30 “Forgot it, Sir.”

“Lorrimer, you’re hopeless. What are you?”

“Hopeless.”

“Hopeless, what?”

“Hopeless, Sir.”

35 “It’s every lesson the same, isn’t it? ‘Forgot it, Sir.’ ‘Can’t find it, Sir.’ ‘Three bags full, Sir.’” sneered Bellingham.

The boys sniggered at the lispng imitation, though it didn’t sound anything like Lorrimer. Lorrimer didn’t lisp – he squeaked.

40 “Well, I’m full too, Lorrimer, full up to here.” Mr Bellingham tapped his forehead with the side of his hand. “I don’t think there’s been one week since you started this school – not one week – that you’ve had your full kit. *Detention*. And get that shirt off. You can play in your vest.”

“I’ll catch my death, Sir.”

45 “Lorrimer, this is September, not January. You will not ‘catch your death.’” He looked round the room. “And the rest of you get a move on. I want everybody out of this building before I finish counting ten.”

He began to count and by ‘seven’, most of the boys were outside, lined up for the short walk to the football field. By ‘ten’ only Lorrimer remained inside. Mr Bellingham started a slow handclap.

At last Lorrimer emerged, slowly, an inch at a time, rubbing his crossed arms and squinting at the sky.

50 “Get a move on!”

Lorrimer lowered his arms to reveal holes in his string vest. Several boys wolf-whistled.

“All right,” Mr Bellingham said. “That’ll do.”

But he was grinning as he said it. None of the boys took any notice, but continued to clap, as Lorrimer, red-faced and on the verge of tears, walked to the back of the line.

55 “Hurry up!” Bellingham screamed at him.

Backing onto the football pitch, Mr Bellingham blew his whistle, waving to the stragglers. Half-heartedly, they started to run. Lorrimer brought up the rear, already out of breath, one hand pressed to a stitch in his side.

60 “Come on now, line up. Abbott and Kennedy, you pick the teams. Abbott, you start. And don’t take all day about it. It’s not the World Cup.” He turned away muttering, “God help England if it was.”

Kennedy’s hand shot up. “It’s not fair, Sir. Abbott always picks first.”

Mr Bellingham bared his teeth in a grin. “Well, his first name always begins with ‘A’, doesn’t it?”

65 Abbott got in quickly. “Harper.”

“Watson.”

The names were called out, each name reducing the number of unselected boys until only Lorrimer was left.

70 “You see?” Kennedy complained, to nobody in particular. “It’s every week the same. Every week.”

Abbott and his team were already jogging away up the field.

75 A knot of struggling feet. Colin Harper was in goal and couldn’t see what was happening, but then Kennedy got the ball, and Colin fell back, determined to cover his goal. Jenkins was left standing. Abbott got close, but then Kennedy whipped the ball out to the left. Past lumbering Dodds – casually, almost cruelly, past him – and that left Colin, nervous but not wanting to be beaten by Kennedy. He came out fast, narrowing the angle, holding himself back. *Wait*, he told himself. He saw Kennedy’s eyes tense, and started to spread himself. At full stretch he got his fingers to the ball – just – and deflected it past the net. He got up, wiping his muddy hands on the front of his shorts, and did his best to look as if the outcome had never been in doubt.

80 In the other goal, like a reflection in a fairground mirror, Lorrimer rubbed his arms to keep warm. Putting him in goal, when he so obviously didn’t care whether the ball went in or not, was stupid, Colin thought. Kennedy only did it because Lorrimer was big, and he couldn’t think where else to put him. But it was losing them the match.

85 Resigned to not seeing the ball again, Colin patrolled the edge of his penalty area. He liked goalkeeping. He liked the feeling of being in sole charge of his own small patch, part of the team but not submerged in it.

90 Or rather, when things were going well, he liked it. On the days when Kennedy sent ball after ball flying past him, he didn’t like it at all. Mr Bellingham was staring at him so he tried to look busy. But it wasn’t easy to look busy when the ball was nowhere in sight. It was a relief when the whistle blew.

Mr Bellingham was waiting for him in the corridor outside the changing room.

“Good save,” he said. Colin mumbled something about luck.

“No, you took your time, you narrowed him down....I’ve had my eye on you for a while.” He tapped Colin on the shoulder. “Tomorrow, two o’clock.”

95 He was already walking away along the corridor.

“What for, Sir?”

“The under fourteens, of course.”

He hadn’t even bothered to turn round.

Colin swallowed hard. “I can’t, Sir.”

100 “What do you mean you can’t?”

“I play football with my mates on Saturday, Sir.”

“Your mates?” Mr Bellingham came all the way back and towered over him. “Harper, do you realise what some boys in this school would give to be in the under fourteens?”

“Yes, Sir.”

105 “Well, then?”

“Yes, Sir,” he said, in a flat tone.

Colin was tempted to skip the showers. He sat on the bench, and unlaced his boots, slowly. The changing room smelled of wet towels, wet skin, wet hair. A smell he normally liked, but today it made him feel sick.

110 Mr Bellingham scanned the room. “Anybody not had a shower? Harper?”
 “Just going, Sir.”
 “Lorrimer?” He was fully dressed.
 “Sir?”
 “Showers, Lorrimer. Have you had a shower?”
 115 “Yes, Sir.”
 Mr Bellingham smiled. “Anybody here see Lorrimer in the showers?”
 Conversation stopped and the boys turned to face him.
 “Abbott, you see him?”
 “No, Sir.”
 120 “Kennedy?”
 “No, Sir.”
 Lorrimer glared at them. “I did have one, Sir.”
 Mr Bellingham tapped him on the head. “Carrying an umbrella, were we?”
 He waited for his laugh, and got it.
 125 “Clothes off, lad, and quick about it. And if you’re going to tell lies, tell them with a bit more
 intelligence than that.”
 Lorrimer sat next to Colin and started to unlace his shoes. “It isn’t fair,” he moaned.
 “Why isn’t it?” Colin reached for his towel. “Everybody else has to have one.”
 “I’ve got a bad chest,” Lorrimer called out after him.
 130 It had nothing to do with his chest. Everybody knew why Lorrimer tried to dodge showers.
 Colin shut out what was happening further along the showers. Kennedy and one or two other
 members of the losing team had pinned Lorrimer’s arms behind him and were holding his face
 under the jet of cold water. Blue-faced and gasping, he was allowed up for air, only to be pushed
 back under.

from *The Man Who Wasn't There* by Pat Barker

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A1. Look at lines 1-47.

What are your impressions of Mr Bellingham in these lines? [10]

You must refer to the text to support your answer.

A2. Look at lines 48-71.

How does the writer try to make us feel sorry for Lorrimer in these lines? [10]

Look at:

- what happens;
- the writer’s choice of words and phrases.

A3. Look at lines 72-109.

What are Colin’s thoughts and feelings in these lines? [10]

You must refer to the text to support your answer.

A4. Look at lines 110-134.

How do you react to Mr Bellingham and Lorrimer in these lines? [10]

You must refer to the text to support your answer.

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. Describe the scene outside a cinema where a new children's film is being shown for the first time. [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 Meeting.

Or, (b) Write about a time when you volunteered to do something.

Or, (c) Continue the following:
"Just go and ask her," Sam said. "There's no harm in asking."

Or, (d) The Letter.

Or, (e) Write a story which ends with the following:

.....and to complete my misery, I knew I would now have to face an angry Mr Jones.