



**GCSE**

150/05

**ENGLISH  
HIGHER TIER  
PAPER 1**

A.M. TUESDAY, 8 June 2010

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.*

5 He was lost. He wasn't used to being lost. He was the kind of man who drew up plans and executed them efficiently, but now everything was conspiring against him in ways he decided he couldn't have foreseen. He had been stuck in a jam on the A1 for two mind-numbing hours so that it was already past the middle of the morning when he arrived in Edinburgh. Then he'd gone adrift on a one-way system and been thwarted by a road closed because of a burst water main. It had been raining, steadily and unforgivingly, on the drive north, and had only begun to ease off as he hit the outskirts of the town where he missed a turning. The rain had in no way deterred the crowds – it had never occurred to him that Edinburgh was in the middle of 'the Festival' and that there would be carnival hordes of people milling around as if the end of a war had just been declared.

10 He ended up in the dirty heart of the city, in a street that somehow seemed to be on a lower level than the rest of the town, a blackened urban ravine with no obvious way out. The rain had left the cobbles slick and greasy, and he had to drive cautiously because the street was teeming with people, haphazardly crossing over or standing in little knots in the middle of the road, as if no-one had told them that roads were for cars and pavements were for pedestrians. A queue snaked the length of the street and into the road – people waiting to get into what looked like a bomb hole in the wall but which announced itself, on a large placard outside the door, as 'Fringe Venue 164'. He did not like being late.

15 The name on the driving licence in his wallet was Paul Bradley. 'Paul Bradley' was a nicely forgettable name. He was several degrees of separation away from his real name now, a name that no longer felt as if it had ever belonged to him. He liked slipping between identities, sliding through the cracks. The rented Peugeot he was driving felt just right, not a flashy machine but the kind of car an ordinary guy would drive. An ordinary guy like Paul Bradley. If anyone asked him what he did, what Paul Bradley did, he would say, "Boring stuff. I'm just a desk jockey, pushing papers around in an office."

20 He was trying to drive and at the same time decipher his map of Edinburgh to work out how to escape from this hellish street when someone stepped in front of the car. It was a type he loathed – a young, dark-haired guy with thick, black-framed spectacles, two days of stubble, and a cigarette hanging out of his mouth. He braked hard and didn't hit the spectacles guy, just made him give a little jump, like a bullfighter avoiding the bull. The guy was furious, waving his cigarette around, shouting. Charmless, no manners. Were his parents proud of the job they'd done?

30 He felt the bump, about the same force as hitting a fox on a dark night, except it came from behind, pushing him forward. It was just as well spectacles guy had got out of the way or he would have been pancaked. He looked in the rear-view mirror. A blue Honda, the driver climbing out – big guy, slabs of weightlifter muscle. He was wearing driving gloves, ugly black leather ones with knuckle holes. He had a dog in the back of the car, a beefy Rottweiler, exactly the dog you would have guessed a guy like that would have. The dog was having a seizure in the back, spraying saliva all over the window, its claws scrabbling on the glass. The dog didn't worry him too much. He knew how to kill dogs.

40 Paul got out of the car and walked round to the back bumper to inspect the damage. The Honda driver started yelling at him. English. Paul tried to think of something to say that would calm the guy down. You could see he was a pressure cooker waiting to explode, *wanting* to explode, bouncing on his feet like an out of condition heavyweight boxer. Paul adopted a neutral stance, a neutral expression, but then he registered the baseball bat that had suddenly appeared in the guy's hand.

45 That was the last thought he had for several seconds. When he was able to think again he was sprawled on the street, holding the side of his head where the guy had cracked him. He heard the sound of broken glass as the man smashed every window in his car. He tried, unsuccessfully, to struggle to his feet, but only managed to get to a kneeling position as if he was at prayer. Now the guy was advancing with the bat lifted. Paul put his arm up to defend himself, made himself even more dizzy by doing that and, sinking back on to the cobbles, thought, 'Is this it?' He'd given up, he'd actually given up, when someone stepped out of the crowd, wielding something black and square that he threw at the Honda guy, clipping him on the shoulder and sending him reeling.

Martin had never done anything like that in his life before. He didn't even kill flies in his house. He was fifty and had never knowingly committed an act of violence against another living creature, although sometimes he thought that might be more to do with cowardice than pacifism. He had stood in the queue for the show, waiting for someone else to intervene in the scene unfolding before them, but the crowd were like an audience at a particularly brutal piece of theatre, and they had no intention of spoiling the entertainment. Even Martin had wondered at first if it was part of the show. When the Honda driver finished breaking the windows of the silver Peugeot and walked towards the driver, brandishing his weapon and preparing himself for a final blow, Martin realised that the man on the ground was probably going to die unless someone did something. Instinctively, without thinking about it at all, he slipped his bag off his shoulder and swung it at the head of the insane Honda driver.

He missed the man's head, which didn't surprise him as he'd never been able to aim or catch, but his laptop was in the bag and the hard edge of it caught the Honda driver on the shoulder and sent him spinning. Martin expected the Honda driver to pick himself up and search the crowd to find the culprit who had thrown a missile at him. Martin tried to make himself an anonymous figure in the queue. He closed his eyes. He had done that at school when he was bullied, clinging to an ancient, desperate magic – they wouldn't hit him if he couldn't see them. He imagined the Honda driver walking towards him with the baseball bat raised in an arc of annihilation.

To his amazement, when he opened his eyes, the Honda driver was climbing into his car. As he drove away a few people in the crowd gave him a slow handclap. They were a hard crowd to please.

Martin knelt on the ground and said, "Are you OK?" to the Peugeot driver, but then he was politely but firmly set aside by the two policewomen who arrived and took control of everything.

When Paul came to, there were a couple of policewomen beside him. One of them was saying, "Just take it easy, sir," and the other one was on her radio calling for an ambulance. It was the first time in his life that he'd been glad to see the police.

*from "One Good Turn" by Kate Atkinson  
published by Black Swan 2007*

**A1. Look at lines 1-18.**

Explain carefully why the man was late. [10]

*You must refer to the text to support your answer.*

**A2. Look at lines 19-40.**

What do you learn about Paul Bradley in these lines? [10]

*You should consider what he does, what he thinks, and what he feels.*

**A3. Look at lines 41-55.**

How does the writer make this part of the story dramatic? [10]

*You should refer to:*

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

**A4. Look at lines 56-83.**

What impressions do you get of Martin in these lines? [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.** Describe the scene at a children's birthday party. [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 Wedding.

**Or,** (b) Write about a time when you won something.

**Or,** (c) Continue the following:

Some days can only get better.

**Or,** (d) The Time of My Life.

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

... and he knew he had made it.