GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE
Paper 1 Explorations in creative reading and writing

Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes

Materials

A black pen.

Instructions

• Answer every question.

• Write in the answer spaces provided.

• Keep your answers inside the page borders.

• Use the additional lined pages if you need more space and identify the question number.

• Cross out rough work you do not want marked.

• Do not use a dictionary.

Information

• This paper carries 80 marks: 40 for reading and 40 for writing.

• Marks are shown beside the questions.

• Write clearly and use accurate English.

Advice

Allow about 15 minutes to read the source and questions. Plan your writing response and leave time to check your answers.

For examiner use	Mark
1	
2	
3	
4	
5	
Total	

Source A

Mary Lennox has discovered the door to a garden that has been locked for ten years. This extract describes her first visit.

It was the sweetest, most mysterious-looking place anyone could imagine. The high walls which shut it in were covered with the leafless stems of climbing roses which were so thick that they were matted together. Mary Lennox knew they were roses because she had seen a great many roses in India. All the ground was covered with grass of a wintry brown and out of it grew clumps of bushes which were surely rosebushes if they were alive. There were numbers of standard roses which had so spread their branches that they were like little trees. There were other trees in the garden, and one of the things which made the place look strangest and loveliest was that climbing roses had run all over them and swung down long tendrils which made light swaying curtains, and here and there they had caught at each other or at a far-reaching branch and had crept from one tree to another and made lovely bridges of themselves. There were neither leaves nor roses on them now and Mary did not know whether they were dead or alive, but their thin gray or brown branches and sprays looked like a sort of hazy mantle spreading over everything, walls, and trees, and even brown grass, where they had fallen from their fastenings and run along the ground. It was this hazy tangle from tree to tree which made it all look so mysterious. Mary had thought it must be different from other gardens which had not been left all by themselves so long; and indeed it was different from any other place she had ever seen in her life.

"How still it is!" she whispered. "How still!"

Then she waited a moment and listened at the stillness. The robin, who had flown to his treetop, was still as all the rest. He did not even flutter his wings; he sat without stirring, and looked at Mary.

"No wonder it is still," she whispered again. "I am the first person who has spoken in here for ten years."

She moved away from the door, stepping as softly as if she were afraid of awakening someone. She was glad that there was grass under her feet and that her steps made no sounds. She walked under one of the fairy-like gray arches between the trees and looked up at the sprays and tendrils which formed them.

"I wonder if they are all quite dead," she said. "Is it all a quite dead garden? I wish it wasn't."

If she had been Ben Weatherstaff she could have told whether the wood was alive by looking at it, but she could only see that there were only gray or brown sprays and branches and none showed any signs of even a tiny leaf-bud anywhere.

But she was inside the wonderful garden and she could come through the door under the ivy any time and she felt as if she had found a world all her own.

The sun was shining inside the four walls and the high arch of blue sky over this particular piece of Misselthwaite seemed even more brilliant and soft than it was over the moor. The robin flew down from his treetop and hopped about or flew after her from one bush to another. He chirped a good deal and had a very busy air, as if he were showing her things. Everything was strange and silent and she seemed to be hundreds of miles away from anyone, but somehow she did not feel lonely at all. All that troubled her was her wish that she knew whether all the roses were dead, or if perhaps some of them had lived and might put out leaves and buds as the weather got warmer. She did not want it to be a quite dead garden. If it were a quite alive garden, how wonderful it would be, and what thousands of roses would grow on every side!

Section A: Reading

Answer all questions in this section.

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

0 1 Read again the first part of the source, from lines 1 to 6.

Answer all parts of this question.

Choose one answer for each question.

- Shade the circle inside the box beside your chosen answer.
- Select no more than one answer for each question.
- Cross out the whole box if you make a mistake.
- To restore an answer you crossed out, draw a circle around that box.

0 1 . 1 What covers the high walls?

Leafless rose stems ○

Thick curtains ○

Green ivy ○

[1 mark]

0 1 . 2 Where has Mary seen many roses before?

In London ○

In India ○

On the moor ○

[1 mark]

0 1 . 3 What colour is the grass?

Bright green ○

Wintry brown ○

Pale yellow ○

[1 mark]

0 1 . 4 What grows out of the grass?

Clumps of bushes ○

Tall reeds ○

Rows of vegetables ○

[1 mark]

0 2 Look in detail at this extract, from lines 7 to 20 of the source:

> which had so spread their branches that they were like little trees. There were other trees in the garden, and one of the things which made the place look strangest and loveliest was that climbing roses had run all over them and swung down long tendrils which made light swaying curtains, and here and there they had caught at each other or at a far-reaching branch and had crept from one tree to another and made lovely bridges of themselves. There were neither leaves nor roses on them now and Mary did not know whether they were dead or alive, but their thin gray or brown branches and sprays looked like a sort of hazy mantle spreading over everything, walls, and trees, and even brown grass, where they had fallen from their fastenings and run along the ground. It was this hazy tangle from tree to tree which made it all look so mysterious. Mary had thought it must be different from other gardens which had not been left all by themselves so long; and indeed it was different from any other place she had ever seen in her life.

How does the writer use language here to present the overgrown 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 structure of the source as a whole.

This extract comes from a novel.

How has the writer structured the text to create a sense of Mary becoming attached to the garden?

You could write about:

- how this effect has developed by the end of the source
- how the writer uses structure to create an effect
- other structural choices, including changes in mood, tone or perspective.

[8 marks]

0 4 For this question focus on the later part of the source, from line 27 to the end.

The garden seems neglected and uncertain, but Mary responds to it with a growing sense of hope and belonging.

To what extent do you agree and/or disagree with this statement?

In your response, you could:

- consider your impressions of Mary and the garden
- comment on the methods the writer uses to create these impressions
- support your response with references to the text.

[20 marks]

Question 04 continued

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.

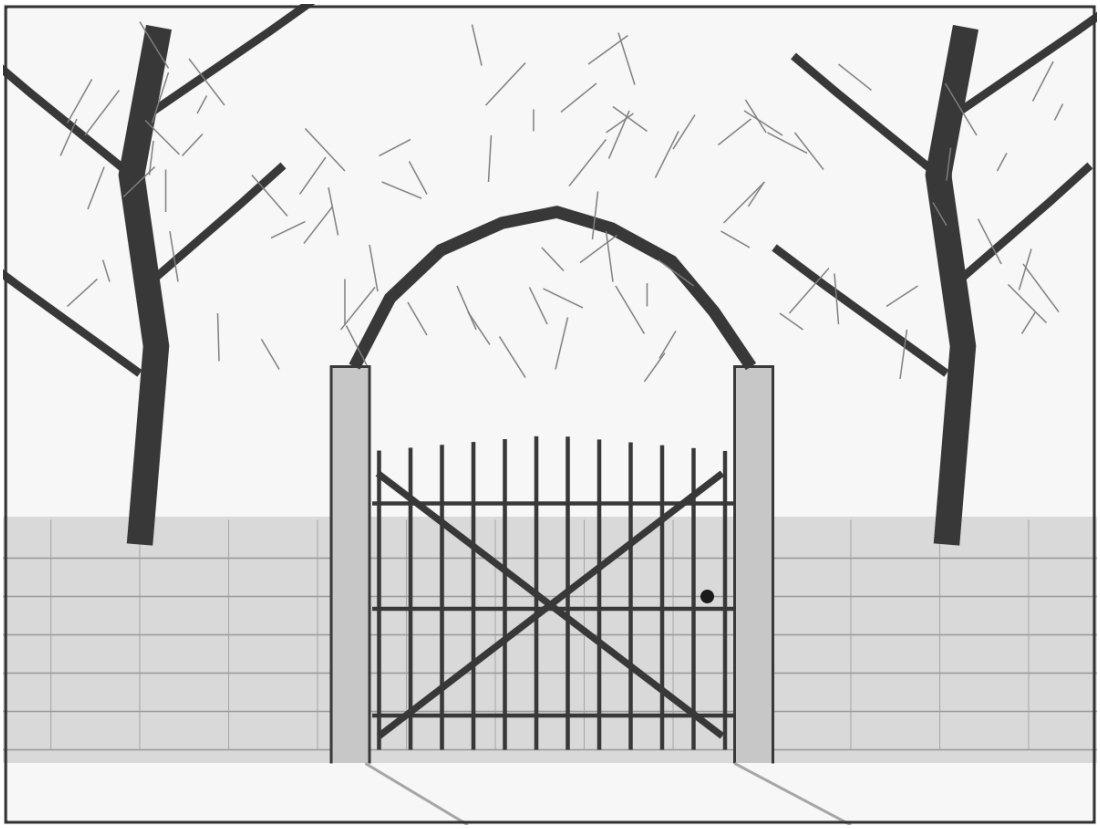
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5 A magazine is inviting entries for a creative writing competition.

Choose one of the options below for your entry.

Either

Write a description of an entrance to a garden. You may use the picture for ideas.



or

Write the opening of a story about someone who discovers a place that has been forgotten.

24 marks for content and organisation; 16 marks for technical accuracy.

[40 marks]

Question 05

Question 05 continued

Frances Hodgson Burnett, The Secret Garden (1911).