

KEY STAGE FOUR

English Language Paper 2

Past papers booklet

CONTENTS		
June 2020: Mountain climbers	Inserts	2-5
	Questions 1-5	6-10
June 2023 Travelling by train	Inserts	11-13
	Questions 1-5	14-19
November 2019: Controlling elephants	Inserts	20-23
	Questions 1-5	24-28
June 2025: Birds in London	Inserts	29-31
	Questions 1-5	32-37
June 2019 Boats through time	Inserts	38-41
	Questions 1-5	42-46
November 2017: Education and teaching	Inserts	47-50
	Questions 1-5	51-55
June 2024: Hospitals and doctors	Inserts	56-58
	Questions 1-5	59-64

Name:
Class:
Teacher:

Source A

Source A is an extract from *Touching the Void*, in which experienced climber Joe Simpson describes how he and fellow climber Simon Yates scaled a 21 000 foot mountain in Peru. On the way down, Joe fell and broke his leg. In this extract, Joe explains how, because of his broken leg, Simon had to lower him down the mountain using a rope.

1 The col was exposed and windy. Directly beneath us the glacier we had walked up five
days ago curved away towards the crevasses which led to base camp, nearly 3 000 feet
below us. It would take many long lowerings, but it was all downhill, and we had lost the
4 sense of hopelessness that had invaded us at the ice cliff.

5 'What time is it?' Simon asked.

'Just gone four. We don't have much time, do we?'

I could see him weighing up the possibilities. I wanted to carry on down, but it was Simon's decision. I waited for him to make up his mind.

'I think we should keep going,' he said at last.

10 Simon let me slide faster than I had expected and, despite my cries of alarm and pain, he
had kept the pace of descent going. I stopped shouting to him after fifty feet. The rising
wind and continuous avalanches drowned out all communications. Instead I concentrated
on keeping my leg clear of the snow. It was an impossible task. Despite lying on my good
leg, the right boot snagged in the snow as the weight of my body pushed down. Each
15 abrupt jerk caused searing pain in my knee. I sobbed and gasped, swore at the snow and
the cold, and most of all at Simon. At the change-over point, I hopped on to my left leg,
trying to think the pain away. It ebbed slowly, leaving a dreadful throbbing ache and a
leadened tiredness.

20 The tugs came again far too soon, and carelessly I slumped against the rope and let myself
go. The drop went on until I could bear it no longer, yet there was nothing that I could do to
bring the agony to an end. Howling and screaming for Simon to stop achieved nothing; the
blame had to lie somewhere, so I swore Simon's character to the devil.

23 The terrible sliding stopped, and I hung silently against the slope. Three faint tugs trembled
the taut rope, and I hopped up on to my leg. A wave of nausea and pain swept over me. I
25 was glad of the freezing blasts of snow biting into my face. My head cleared as I waited for
the burning to subside from my knee. Several times I had felt it twist sideways when my
boot snagged. There would be a flare of agony as the knee kinked back, and parts within
the joint seemed to shear past each other with a sickening gristly crunch. I had barely
ceased sobbing before my boot snagged again. At the end my leg shook uncontrollably. I
30 tried to stop it shaking, but the harder I tried, the more it shook. I pressed my face into the
31 snow, gritted my teeth, and waited. At last it eased.

Simon had already started to climb down. I looked up but failed to make out where he was.
I began digging Simon's belay* seat. It was warming work and distracted attention from my
knee. When I looked up again Simon could be seen descending quickly.

35 'At this rate we should be down by nine o'clock,' he said cheerfully.



'I hope so.' I said no more. It wouldn't help to harp on about how I felt.

'Right, let's do it again.' He had seated himself in the hole and had the ropes ready for another lowering.

'You're not hanging around, are you?'

40 'Nothing to wait for. Come on.'

He was still grinning, and his confidence was infectious. Who said one man can't rescue another, I thought. We had changed from climbing to rescue, and the partnership had worked just as effectively. We hadn't dwelt on the accident. There had been an element of uncertainty at first, but as soon as we had started to act positively everything had come

45 together.

'Okay, ready when you are,' I said, lying down on my side again. 'Slow down a bit this time. You'll have my leg off otherwise.'

He didn't seem to hear me for I went down at an even faster pace than before, and the hammering torture began again with a vengeance. My optimism evaporated.

Glossary

* belay – a secure point to fix a rope

Turn over for Source B

Source B

In 1899, British explorer Gertrude Bell set out to climb one of the most dangerous mountains in the Alps, the Meije. Source B is an extract from the letter she sent home describing the climb.

Monday 28th August, 1899

I thought you would gather from my last letter that I meant to have a shot at climbing the Meije and would be glad to hear that I had descended safely. Well, I'll tell you – it's awful! I think if I

5 had known exactly what was before me I should not have faced it, but fortunately I did not, and I look back on it with complete satisfaction — and I look forward to other things with no further apprehension. . .



10 I left here on Friday, having hired a local guide, Marius, and we walked up to the Refuge. I went out to watch the beautiful red sunlight fading from the snow and rocks. The Meije looked dreadfully forbidding in the dusk. When I came in I found that Marius had kindly put my rug in a corner of the floor, and what with the straw and my cloak for a pillow, I made myself very comfortable.

15 The night lasted from 8 till 12, but I didn't sleep at all. We got up soon after 12 and I went down to the river and washed a little. It was a perfect night, clear stars and the moon not yet over the hills. We left just as the moon shone into the valley. Marius always went ahead and carried a lantern till we got on to the snow when it was light enough with only the moon.

At 1.30 we reached the glacier and put on our ropes. It wasn't really cold, though there was an

20 icy little breath of wind. We had about three hours up very nice rock. I had been in high spirits for it was so easy, but before long my hopes were dashed! We had about two hours and a half of awfully difficult rock. There were two places where Marius literally pulled me up like a parcel. He has the strength of a bear. And it was absolutely sheer down. The first half-hour I gave myself up for lost. It didn't seem possible that I could get up all that wall without ever making a

25 slip. You see, I had practically never been on a rock before. However, I didn't let on to Marius and presently it began to seem quite natural to be hanging by my eyelids over an abyss. . .

We stayed on the summit until 11. It was gorgeous, quite cloudless. I went to sleep for half-an-hour. It's a very long way up but it's a longer way down – unless you take the way Marius's

30 axe took. The cord by which it was carefully tied to his wrist broke and it disappeared forever into space.

Here comes the worst place on the whole Meije. Marius vanished, carrying a very long rope, and I waited. Presently I felt a little tug on the rope. "Mademoiselle," called Marius calmly, and obediently off I went. There were two little humps to hold on to on an overhanging rock and there was me in mid-air and Marius round the corner steadfastly holding the rope tight. . .

35 perfectly fearful. I thought at the time how very well I was climbing and how odd it was that I should not be afraid.

The worst was over then, and the most tedious part was to come. There was no difficulty, but there was also no moment when you had not to pay the strictest attention. There was an hour of ice and rock till at last Marius and I found ourselves, with thankfulness, back on the glacier.



- 40 When I got in, I found everyone in the hotel on the doorstep waiting for me and the hotel owner let off crackers, to my great surprise.

I went to bed and knew no more till 6 this morning, when I had five cups of tea and read your letters and then went to sleep again until ten. I'm really not tired but my shoulders and neck and arms feel rather sore and stiff and my knees are awfully bruised.

END OF SOURCES

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 **Source A** from **lines 1 to 4**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

- A** The climbers were sheltered from the wind.
- B** The glacier was higher up the mountain.
- C** They had been on the mountain for at least five days.
- D** Base camp was more than 3000 feet below them.
- E** Joe thought they would make it back to base camp quickly.
- F** There were no more uphill sections to climb.
- G** The climbers were feeling more positive now than they were before.
- H** On the ice cliff, the climbers had felt overwhelmed by despair.

☐
☐
☐
☐
☐
☐
☐
☐

4



*Do not write
outside the
box*

0	2
---	---

You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

Both writers are accompanied by another person on their adventure: Simon in Source A, and Marius in Source B.

What can you infer about the differences between the two companions?

[8 marks]

[illegible]

Turn over ►



Do not write
outside the
box

0	3
---	---

You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 23 to 31**.

How does the writer use language to describe how he feels?

[12 marks]

[illegible]

Compare how the writers convey their different feelings and perspectives on their adventures in the mountains.

- compare their different feelings and perspectives on their adventures
- comment on the methods the writers use to convey their feelings and perspectives
- support your response with references to both texts.

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.



Do not write
outside the
box

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

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

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

0	5
---	---

‘People have become obsessed with travelling ever further and faster. However, travel is expensive, dangerous, damaging and a foolish waste of time!’

Write an article for a news website in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

[illegible]

Turn over ►





Source A

Source A is an extract from a travel book in which Peter Fleming describes his train journey on the Trans-Siberian Railway in 1933. The journey is over nine thousand kilometres and takes more than a week to complete.

1 And now the journey was almost over. There is no more luxurious sensation than what may
be described as the 'end of term' feeling. I felt very content. After tomorrow there would be
no more trips to the dining-car; no more of that black bread, in consistency and flavour
suggesting rancid peat; no more of that equally earthy tea; no more of a monk's existence; no
5 more days entirely blank of action. It was true that I did not know what I was going to do,
that I had nothing very specific to look forward to. But I knew what I was going to stop
7 doing, and that, for the moment, was enough.

I wandered along the train to my compartment, undressed
and got into my bed. As I did so, I noticed for the first time
10 that the number on my berth was thirteen. For a long time,
I could not sleep but eventually I drifted off.



12 All of a sudden there was a frightful jarring, followed by a crash. I sat up in my berth. From the
rack above me my heaviest suitcase was cannonaded down, catching me with fearful force on
either knee-cap. This is the end of the world, I thought, and in addition they have broken both
15 my legs. My little world was tilted drunkenly. The window showed me nothing except a few
fields. It was six o'clock. I began to dress. I felt very much annoyed. But I climbed out of the
carriage into a refreshingly spectacular world and the annoyance passed. The Trans-Siberian
Express train sprawled foolishly down the embankment. The mail van and the dining-car,
which had been in front, lay on their sides at the bottom. Behind them the five sleeping cars,
20 headed by my own, were disposed in attitudes which became less and less grotesque until you
got to the last, which had remained, primly, on the rails. Fifty yards down the line, the engine,
which had parted company with the train, was dug in, snorting steam, on top of the
23 embankment. It had a defiant and naughty look; it was definitely conscious of indiscretion.

It would be difficult to imagine a nicer sort of railway accident. No one was hurt. The
25 weather was ideal. And the whole thing was done in just the right sort of theatrical manner,
with lots of twisted steel and splintered woodwork and turf scarred deeply with demoniac
force.

This was great fun: a comical and violent climax to an interlude in which comedy and
violence had been altogether too lacking for my tastes. It was good to lie back in the long
30 grass on a little hill and meditate upon that sprawling scrap-heap. There she lay, in the middle
of the wide green plain; the fastest train, the Trans-Siberian Luxury Express. For more than a
week she had bullied us. She had knocked us about when we went to clean our teeth in the
little bathroom, she had jogged our elbows when we wrote, and when we read, she made the
print dance tiresomely before our eyes. Her windows we might not open on account of the
35 dust, and when closed they had proved a perpetual attraction to small, sabotaging boys with
stones. She had annoyed us in a hundred little ways: by spilling tea in our laps, by running
out of butter, by regulating our life. She had been our prison. We had not liked her.
Now she was down and out. We left her lying there, a broken, buckled toy, a thick black
worm without a head, awkwardly twisted: a thing of no use.

Source B

Source B is an extract from a letter written by Fanny Kemble to a friend about her first ride on a steam train in 1830, when she was 21. The steam engine had recently been invented by George Stephenson and he was also on this ride.

A normal sheet of writing paper is enough for love, but only a large sheet can contain my raptures about my railroad journey. And now I will give you an account of my excursion yesterday...

5 A party of sixteen persons was ushered into a courtyard where there stood a carriage of a peculiar construction, prepared for our reception. It was a long-bodied vehicle with seats placed across it, back-to-back; the one we were in had six of these benches and was a sort of uncovered carriage. The carriage was set in motion by only a push and rolled with us down a slope into a tunnel which forms the entrance to the railroad.

10 Here, we were introduced to the little train engine which was to drag us along the rails. She (for they make these curious little fire-horses all mares*) consisted of a boiler, a stove, a small platform, a bench, and behind the bench a barrel containing enough water to prevent her being thirsty on our journey. She goes upon wheels which are her feet
 15 and are moved by bright steel legs called pistons which are propelled by steam. The reins of this wonderful beast are a small steel handle, which applies or withdraws the steam from its legs or pistons, so that a child might manage it. The coals, which are its oats, were under the bench. This snorting little animal, which I felt rather inclined to pat, was then harnessed to our carriage. Mr Stephenson
 20 and I took our seats on the bench of the train engine and we set off at about ten miles an hour.



As the steam-horse was unable to go up and down hill, the railroad was kept at a certain level, and appeared sometimes to sink below the surface of the earth, and sometimes to rise above it. It was most incredible. Almost from the start the track was cut through the solid rock which formed a wall on either side of it, about sixty feet high.

25 You can't imagine how strange it seemed to be journeying on thus, without any visible cause of progress other than the magical machine, with its flying white breath and rhythmical, unvarying pace, between these rocky walls. Then, when I reflected that these great masses of stone had been cut asunder to allow our passage far below the surface of the earth, I felt as if
 30 no fairy tale was ever half so wonderful as what I saw. Bridges were thrown from side to side across the top of these cliffs, and the people looking down upon us from them seemed like dolls standing in the sky. You cannot conceive what that sensation of cutting the air was; the motion is as smooth as possible. I could either have read or written; and as it was, I stood up, and with my bonnet off, drank the air before me. When I closed my eyes this sensation of flying was quite delightful, and strange beyond description. Yet, strange as it was, I had a
 35 perfect sense of security and not the slightest fear, as this brave little she-dragon of ours flew on.

We had now come fifteen miles and stopped where the railroad traversed a wide and deep valley. Mr. Stephenson escorted me from the train down to the bottom of this ravine, over which, to keep the track level, he has thrown a magnificent viaduct of nine arches, the middle
 40 one of which is seventy feet high, through which we saw the whole of this beautiful little valley. It was lovely and wonderful beyond all words.



We then re-joined the rest of the passengers and the carriage set off at its utmost speed, thirty-five miles an hour, swifter than a bird flies, on our return journey.

45 When I add that this pretty little creature can run either backward or forward, I believe I have given you an account of all the train's abilities.

Glossary

* female horses

END OF SOURCES

Copyright information

Source A From One's Company by Peter Fleming published by Pimlico. Copyright © The Estate of Peter Fleming, 1934, 2004. Reprinted by permission of The Random House Group Limited.

Permission to reproduce all copyright material has been applied for. In some cases, efforts to contact copyright-holders may have been unsuccessful and AQA will be happy to rectify any omissions of acknowledgements. If you have any queries please contact the Copyright Team.

Copyright © 2025 AQA and its licensors. All rights reserved.

**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 **Source A** from **lines 1 to 7**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

- A** The writer is at the start of his train journey. ☐
- B** The writer is looking forward to leaving the train. ☐
- C** The writer will be on the train for three more days. ☐
- D** The train has a carriage where meals are served. ☐
- E** The writer thinks the bread has been delicious. ☐
- F** The writer feels that he has been cut off from society while on the train. ☐
- G** The writer has had many activities to keep him busy on the train. ☐
- H** The writer does not have any plans for when he leaves the train. ☐

0

2

You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The writers in **Source A** and **Source B** are travelling on different types of trains.

What can you infer about the differences between the two trains?

[8 marks]

[illegible]

How does the writer use language to describe the train crash?

[12 marks]

[illegible]

0	4
---	---

For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different feelings and perspectives about their experiences of travelling on a train.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different feelings and perspectives
- comment on the methods the writers use to convey their feelings and perspectives
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

[illegible]

[illegible]



Section B: Writing

Write in full sentences.

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

'Cars are convenient, comfortable and save time. However, we need to use them less by making public transport such as trains, trams and buses cheaper, more reliable and easier to access.'

Write a speech to be given at a meeting of your local council in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Source A

George Orwell was a young British writer who started work in 1922 as a policeman in Burma. At that time, Burma was part of the British Empire. The extract is from his essay *Shooting an Elephant*, which he wrote in 1936.

1 Early one morning, the sub-inspector at another police station the other end of town rang me
up on the phone and said that an elephant was ravaging the bazaar. Would I please come
and do something about it? I did not know what I could do, but I wanted to see what was
happening and I started out. I took my rifle, much too small to kill an elephant, but I thought
5 the noise might be useful.

It was not of course a wild elephant, but a tame one. It had been chained up, but on the
previous night it had broken its chain and escaped. In the morning the elephant had
suddenly reappeared in the town. It had already destroyed somebody's bamboo hut, killed
a cow and raided some fruit-stalls and devoured the stock. Some Burmese men arrived and
10 told us that the elephant was in the paddy fields below, only a few hundred yards away. I
sent an orderly to borrow an elephant rifle. The orderly came back in a few minutes with a
rifle and five cartridges.

As I started forward practically the whole population of the area flocked out of their houses
and followed me. They had seen the rifle and were all shouting excitedly that I was going to
15 shoot the elephant. It made me vaguely uneasy. I had no intention of shooting the
elephant. I marched down the hill, looking and feeling a fool, with the rifle over my shoulder
and an ever-growing army of people jostling at my heels.

At the bottom, the elephant was standing eighty yards from the road. He took not the
slightest notice of the crowd's approach. He was tearing up bunches of grass, beating them
20 against his knees to clean them and stuffing them into his mouth.

As soon as I saw the elephant I knew with perfect certainty that I ought not to shoot him. It
is a serious matter to shoot a working elephant – it is comparable to destroying a huge and
costly piece of machinery. And at that distance, peacefully eating, the elephant looked no
more dangerous than a cow. I decided that I would watch him for a while to make sure he
25 did not turn savage again, and then go home.

26 But at that moment I glanced around at the crowd that had followed me. It was an immense
crowd, two thousand at the least and growing every minute. I looked at the sea of faces
above the garish clothes – faces all happy and excited over this bit of fun, all certain that the
elephant was going to be shot. They were watching me as they would watch a conjurer
30 about to perform a trick. And suddenly I realised that I should have to shoot the elephant
after all. The people expected it of me and I had got to do it. Here was I, the white man with
his gun, seemingly the leading actor of the piece, but in reality I was only a puppet pushed
to and fro by the will of those faces behind. To come all that way, rifle in hand, with two
thousand people marching at my heels, and then to trail feebly away, having done nothing –
35 no, that was impossible. The crowd would laugh at me.

But I did not want to shoot the elephant. It seemed to me that it would be murder to shoot
him. (Somehow it always seems worse to kill a *large* animal.)

It was perfectly clear to me what I ought to do. I ought to walk up to the elephant and test
his behaviour. If he charged I could shoot, if he took no notice of me it would be safe to



- 40 leave him. But I also knew I was going to do no such thing. If the elephant charged and I missed him, I should have about as much chance as a toad under a steam-roller. The sole thought in my mind was that if anything went wrong those two thousand Burmese people would see me pursued, caught and trampled on. And if that happened it was quite probable that some of them would laugh. That would never do. There was only one alternative.

Turn over for Source B

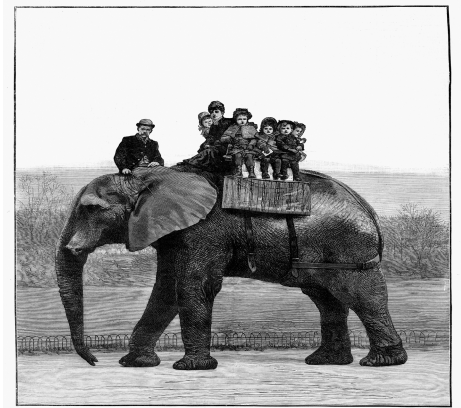
Source B

The extract below is from the book *Wild Animals in Captivity*, published in 1898 by Abraham Bartlett, Head Keeper at the Zoological Society Gardens (now London Zoo).

- 1 The first elephant that ever came under my charge was the celebrated Jumbo. The African elephant was received at the Zoological Gardens in exchange for other animals on June 26, 1863.

- 5 At that date Jumbo was about 4 ft high and he was in filthy and miserable condition. I handed him over to keeper Matthew Scott. The first thing we did was to remove the filth and dirt from his skin. This was a task requiring a great deal of labour and patience. The poor beast's feet had grown out of shape, but by scraping and rasping, together with a supply of good food, his condition rapidly improved.

- 10 However, he soon began to play some very lively tricks, so much so that we found it necessary to put a stop to his games, and this we did in a very speedy and effectual manner. Scott and myself, holding him by each ear, gave him a good thrashing. He quickly recognised that he was mastered by lying down and uttering a cry of submission.



- 15 We coaxed him and fed him with a few tempting treats, and after this time he appeared to recognise that we were his best friends, and he continued on the best of terms with both of us until the year before he was sold. He was at that time about twenty-one years old and had gained the enormous size of 11 ft in height. All male elephants at this age become troublesome and dangerous. Jumbo was no exception to this rule.

- He began to destroy the doors and other parts of his house, driving his tusks through the iron plates, splintering the timbers in all directions. When in this condition, and in his home, none of the other keepers except Scott dare go near him; but, strange to say, he was perfectly quiet as soon as he was allowed to be free in the Gardens.

- I was perfectly aware that this restless and frantic condition could be calmed by reducing the quantity of his food, fastening his limbs by chains, and an occasional flogging; but this treatment would have called forth a multitude of protests from kind-hearted and sensitive people, and would have led to those keepers concerned appearing before the magistrates at the police court charged with cruelty. It is only those who have had experience in the management of an elephant who are aware that, unless the person in charge of him is determined to be master and overpower him, that person will lose all control over him and will be likely to fall victim to his enormous strength.

- 30 But to return to Jumbo's early days, he was very soon strong enough to carry children on his back and therefore a new saddle was made for him. At that time, all the cash handed to the keepers of the elephants by the people who rode on them was the keepers' to keep. How much they received from the visitors will probably never be known, but, as Jumbo became the great favourite, Scott came in for the lion's share.

- 40 Jumbo had been for nearly sixteen years quiet, gentle and obedient, and had daily carried hundreds of visitors about the gardens. Finding that, at the end of that period, he was likely to



do some fatal mischief, I made an application to the council to be supplied with a powerful enough rifle in the event of finding it necessary to kill him.

45 About this time I received a letter from Mr Barnum* asking if the Zoological Society would sell the big African elephant and at what price. I wrote immediately to Mr Barnum telling him that he could have Jumbo for £2000.

Glossary

*Mr Barnum – a world famous American showman and circus promoter

END OF SOURCES

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 **Source A** from **lines 1 to 5**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

A Orwell receives the phone call in the afternoon.

☐

B There is only one police station in the town.

☐

C There are reports of an elephant out of control.

☐

D The sub-inspector expects Orwell to sort out the problem.

☐

E Orwell is confident he can sort out the problem with the elephant.

☐

F Orwell is curious about the elephant.

☐

G Orwell takes his rifle to kill the elephant.

☐

H It takes a very powerful weapon to kill an elephant.

☐

4



0	2
---	---

You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

Both sources describe how the elephants behave.

What can you infer about the similarities between the two elephants?

[8 marks]

[illegible]

Turn over ►



*Do not write
outside the
box*

0	3
---	---

You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 26 to 35**.

How does the writer use language to describe the crowd of people?

[12 marks]

[illegible]

[16 marks]

[illegible]



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.

'People protest about the cruelty of keeping animals in captivity, but they seem happy enough to eat meat, keep pets and visit zoos. All animals should be free!'

Write an article for a magazine in which you explain your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

Turn over ►





Source A

Source A is an extract from *The Accidental Countryside*, by wildlife writer, Stephen Moss, published in 2020. Here, he writes about the peregrine falcon, a bird of prey.

1 The peregrine falcon sits far above the ground like an emperor gazing down upon his kingdom. He is, without question, the top predator in this neck of the woods. Or perhaps I should say, in this corner of the city. For on a fine spring day, this particular peregrine is perched on the roof of Tate Modern, the contemporary art gallery in the very heart of London. He sits perfectly
5 upright, occasionally turning his head from side to side as his piercing black eyes, fringed with custard-yellow, search for any movement below. Down there, the humans go about their business unaware of the drama about to unfold above their heads. A moment later, and a movement in the far distance – three or four hundred metres away – catches the peregrine's eye. A flock of pigeons, and one bird at the back seems to be struggling to keep up with its
10 companions. With a flick of his wings the falcon is gone.

11 He powers through the air, the breeze passing over his feathers with hardly a ruffle. He rises higher and higher until almost out of view. Then he stops, turns and folds his wings before plummeting. Like a guided missile, he homes in on the straggler, eyes fixed on the target, diving at almost 180 miles an hour, yet still the pigeon is unaware of its fate. At the last
15 possible moment, the peregrine changes his body shape once again. Pulling back on his wings, he brakes momentarily, at the same time extending his feet towards his victim and, just before impact, extrudes talons sharp as switchblades. With an explosive crack like a rodeo whip, he grabs the pigeon. Upwards into the sea-blue sky he swoops, his plunder hanging beneath him: more food to carry back to his hungry chicks waiting in their nest, high on the
20 topmost ledge of a skyscraper.

You wouldn't, perhaps, expect to find the fastest living creature on the planet in the centre of one of the world's busiest cities. The peregrine falcon's decline had begun during the Second World War, when shooting them was officially permitted to stop them killing pigeons carrying vital messages. After the war, things went from bad to worse because of the indiscriminate use
25 of pesticides. The UK peregrine population plunged to fewer than 400 pairs. These retreated to prime sites in the north and west: rocky crags in the uplands, and high cliffs along remote coasts. The peregrine was very much a bird of wild places, not the urban jungle.

How things have changed. Today there are more than thirty breeding pairs of peregrines in London alone. Passers-by rarely look up, so seldom notice them; but they are there. On and
30 around Tate Modern, the Houses of Parliament, Battersea Power Station and many other famous London landmarks, you can see peregrines: roosting, nesting and occasionally hunting for their favourite food, often guarded by volunteers with telescopes happy to point out this incredible bird. It's a great way to introduce city-dwellers to the wonders of the wild.

Peregrines have moved into our cities in such numbers for a simple reason: we have created
35 the perfect conditions for them. Peregrines need high cliffs or crags, where they can build their nests and survey their territory; we have erected tall buildings that serve just as well. They need food; our cities provide it in a whole suite of different birds of different sizes, a buffet of birds laid out beneath them. And they need to be safe. They can find this safety in cities because our relationship with these birds has changed beyond recognition. Instead of
40 persecuting them, we provide protection, with teams of dedicated watchers scrutinising their nests twenty-four hours a day.



What an extraordinary journey the peregrine has taken: from a symbol of all things wild and remote, to a resident of our largest and busiest city, and many others up and down the UK. Its story symbolises the resilience, adaptability and ability of wild creatures to take advantage of
45 new and unexpected circumstances. As we enter the most critical period for Britain's wildlife in our long history, they will need those qualities in abundance.

Turn over for Source B

Turn over ►

Source B

Source B is an extract from *The Life of the Fields* by Richard Jefferies, published in 1884. Here, Jefferies writes about life in the countryside and a brook, which is a small stream.

1 The brook has forgotten me, but I have not forgotten the brook. Many faces have been mirrored since in the flowing water, many feet have waded in the sandy shallow. I wonder if any one else can see it in a picture before the eyes as I can, bright, and vivid as trees suddenly shown at night by a great flash of lightning. All the leaves and branches and the birds at roost
5 are visible during the flash. It is barely a second; it seems much longer. Memory, like the lightning, reveals the pictures in the mind. Every curve, and shore, and shallow is as familiar now as when I followed the winding stream so often.

The life of the meadows seemed to crowd down towards the brook in summer, to reach out and stretch towards the life-giving water. There, the buttercups were taller and closer together, nails
10 of gold driven so thickly that the true surface was not visible. Countless small roots drew up the richness of earth like miners in the darkness, throwing their petals of yellow ore above them.

Hidden in those bushes and tall grasses, high in the trees and low on the ground, there were the nests of happy birds. In the hawthorns blackbirds and thrushes built, and the fledglings* fluttered out into the flowery grass. Down among the stalks of the flowering plants, where the
15 grasses were knotted together, the nettle-creeper concealed her treasured eggs. Up in the ash trees and willows, here and there, wood-pigeons built. If there was a hollow in the oak a pair of starlings chose it, for there was no advantageous nook that was not seized on. Like the flowers and grass, the birds were drawn towards the brook. They built by it; they came to it to drink; in the evening a lark trilled in a hawthorn bush.

20 Morning and evening, the country girls came down to fetch water; their path was worn through the mowing-grass, and there was a flat stone set into the bank as a step to stand on. Always the little children came with them; they too loved the brook like the grass and birds. They wanted to see the fishes dart away and hide in the green reeds, and float again and pass away out of sight. Where there was pasture, cattle came to drink, and horses, restless horses, stood
25 for hours by the edge under the shade of the ash trees. With what joy the spaniel plunged in, straight from the bank out among the reeds – you could mark his course by seeing their tips bend as he brushed them swimming. All life loved the brook.

Far down away from roads and villages, there was a small orchard on the very bank of the stream, and just before the grass grew too high to walk through, I looked in to speak to its
30 owner. He was busy with his spade at a strip of garden, and grumbled that the hares would not let it alone, with all that stretch of grass to feed on. Nor would the rooks; and the moorhens ran over it, and the water-rats burrowed; the wood-pigeons took the peas, and there was no rest from them all. While he talked and talked, I thought how little the apple tree in blossom before us cared who saw its glory. The branches were in bloom everywhere, at the top as well as at
35 the side; at the top where no one could see them but the swallows. They did not grow for human admiration; that was not their purpose; that is our affair only – we bring the thought to the tree.

Glossary

*fledglings – baby birds

END OF SOURCES

**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 **Source A** from **lines 1 to 10**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

- A** The peregrine falcon looks like the ruler of his lands. ☐
- B** It is uncertain whether the peregrine falcon is the best predator in its area. ☐
- C** All peregrine falcons live in the woods. ☐
- D** Tate Modern is on the edge of London. ☐
- E** The people on the ground do not realise that the peregrine falcon is there. ☐
- F** The pigeons are more than 500 metres away from the peregrine falcon. ☐
- G** One of the pigeons is vulnerable to attack. ☐
- H** The peregrine falcon rises quickly and easily from its perch. ☐

4



*Do not write
outside the
box*

0	2
---	---

You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The birds in **Source A** and **Source B** live in different habitats.

What can you infer about the differences between the places the birds live in?

[8 marks]

[illegible]

Turn over ►





0	3
---	---

[12 marks]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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
---	---

‘Being in touch with plants, animals and birds is good for our health and wellbeing. Schools and colleges should provide outdoor spaces where students and staff can connect with the natural world.’

Write an article for your school or college website in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

[illegible]

Turn over ►



Source A

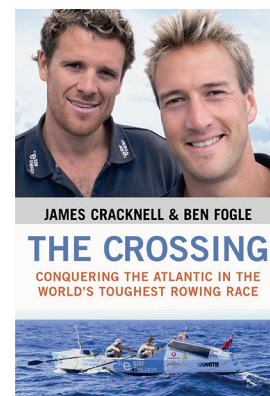
In 2005, Ben Fogle and James Cracknell set off together in a seven week race across the Atlantic Ocean in a rowing boat called 'Spirit'. In their book *The Crossing*, Ben describes what happened one night as he rowed and James slept.

BEN:

- 1 It was still dark. We had at least three hours of darkness to go before daybreak and, as always, I had the sunrise shift. The ocean had continued to build, with an ever-increasing wind that was gusting at 40 knots. The swell had grown and conditions were becoming increasingly frenzied. I began to feel vulnerable again. If we can just make it to daybreak, I
5 thought, it will be easier to read the waves and prepare for the breakers.

- Our boat was brand spanking new and bought straight from the race organisers. It had coped with the seas we had experienced thus far incredibly well. I rowed on, worried by the deteriorating weather, and I thought of
10 my wife, back at home. I longed to be with her and away from this intimidating ocean. As I rowed, a barely perceptible blue hue appeared on the skyline.

- The swell was gathering, and the breaking waves were becoming more frequent. 'Come on, sun,' I thought, willing the day to break. Something wasn't right.



- 16 I watched as a vast wave gathered behind the boat, soaring above the cabin, a wall of white water towering over our tiny boat. Once again I dug the oars in to propel us forward, but the wave was too big. For a moment it felt like we were moving backwards as we were sucked into the belly of the wave, the horizon disappearing as the churning surf enveloped the stern
20 of the boat. I felt it lift, as a torrent of water crashed over the boat and I felt myself falling backwards. I was aware of the boat collapsing on top of me. I struggled to pull my feet from the stirrups to no avail. The world went black. I felt a weight on top of me and then a rush of cold water as my body was brutally submerged into the bottomless Atlantic Ocean. My feet were sucked from my shoes as I clung on to the oars for dear life, but then they too were
25 dragged from my clasp. My mind went blank as I tumbled through the surf, spun around roughly like clothes in a washing machine.

I was somewhere underwater, but which way was up? Everything was midnight black. I panicked as I grabbed the water, desperate for something to clutch on to. There was nothing. No boat, just inky cold water.

- 30 I had been underwater for a seeming eternity and had started to panic. It felt as though my lungs were collapsing and I struggled to find which way to swim. I felt my hand break the surface as my body burst from the depths of the ocean. 'Paaaaaaah,' I gasped as my body screamed for air.

- 35 'James!' I cried. There was no sign of him, nor the boat. I was in the middle of the ocean without a life jacket, being tossed around in the surf like a rag doll. I spun around in the water, gripped by panic.



40 There was the boat, a black upturned hull. 'James!' I screamed again. Nothing. Nothing in life had prepared me for this. No amount of planning could have readied me. What the hell now? Who would ever find me out here, hundreds of miles from the nearest boat, let alone land? I had to get back on to that boat.

My mind was numb with shock, but somehow I made it back to the upturned hull, and clung on. There was still no sign of James. Why wasn't the *Spirit* righting herself? I fretted as I hauled myself up on to her keel.

45 I could feel the boat listing. Slowly but surely the boat began to turn on top of me. I clutched on to the grab line as I collapsed back into the water, the boat springing upright. I clung on, silent and in shock.

'Ben!' I heard James's cry. He was alive. Thank god.

'I'm here, I'm here!' I squeaked, still clutching the grab line.

50 All around us the ocean was strewn with debris, loose equipment from the deck. After five weeks at sea we had become complacent and had long stopped lashing things down; we could only watch as all our worldly possessions drifted away into the rolling ocean.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

In 1893, William Hudson travelled by sea to Patagonia, a remote area in South America, to study birds. In his book *Idle Days in Patagonia*, he describes the journey to get there.

- 1 The wind had blown a gale all night, and I had been hourly expecting that the tumbling storm-shaken old steamship, in which I had taken passage to Patagonia, would turn over once and for all and settle down beneath the tremendous tumult of waters. For the groaning sound of its straining timbers, and the engine throbbing like an over-worked human heart, had made the ship seem like a living thing to me; and it was tired of the struggle, and under the tumult was peace. But at about three o' clock in the morning the wind began to drop and, taking off coat and boots, I threw myself in to my bunk for a little sleep.

- Ours was a very curious boat, ancient and much damaged; long and narrow in shape, with the passengers' cabins ranged like a row of small wooden cottages on the deck; it was as ugly to look at as it was unsafe to voyage in. To make matters worse our Captain, a man over eighty years of age, was lying in his cabin sick; our one Mate was asleep, leaving only the men to navigate the steamship on that perilous coast, and in the darkest hour of a tempestuous night.



- I was just dropping into a doze when a succession of bumps, accompanied by strange grating and grinding noises, and shuddering motions of the ship, caused me to start up again and rush to the cabin door. The night was still black and starless, with wind and rain, but for acres round us the sea was whiter than milk. I did not step out, as close to me, where our only lifeboat was fastened, three of the sailors were standing together talking in low tones. 'We are lost,' I heard one say; and another answer, 'Ay, lost forever!' Just then the Mate, roused from sleep, came running to them. 'What have you done?' he exclaimed sharply; then dropping his voice, he added, 'Lower the lifeboat – quick!'

- I crept out and stood unseen by them in the dark. Not a thought of the wicked act they were about to engage in entered my mind at the time – for it was their intention to save themselves and leave us to our fate in that awful white surf. My only thought was that at the last moment, I would spring with them into the boat and save myself. But one other person, more experienced than myself, and whose courage took a better form, was also near and listening. He was the First Engineer. Seeing the men making for the lifeboat, he slipped out of the engine room, revolver in hand, and secretly followed them; and when the Mate gave the order to board, he stepped forward with the weapon raised and said in a quiet but determined voice that he would shoot the first man who should attempt to obey it. The men slunk away and disappeared in the gloom.

- In a few moments more the passengers began streaming out on to the deck in a great state of alarm. Last of all, the old Captain, white and hollow-eyed, appeared like a ghost among us. We had not been standing there long when, by some freak chance, the steamship got off the rocks and plunged on through the seething, milky surf; then very suddenly passed out of it into black and comparatively calm water. For ten minutes she sped rapidly and smoothly on, then it was said that we were stuck fast in the sand of the shore, although no shore was visible in the darkness.



There was no longer any wind, but through the fast-breaking clouds ahead of us appeared the first welcome signs of dawn. It was true enough that we were stuck fast in the sand; but
45 although this was a safer bed for the steamship than the jagged rocks; our position was still a perilous one and I at once determined to land.

END OF SOURCES

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 **Source A** from **lines 1 to 12**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

- | | |
|--|--------------------------|
| A It would be dark for another three hours. | ☐ |
| B Ben usually rowed the sunrise shift. | ☐ |
| C The waves were starting to calm down. | ☐ |
| D It was the first time during the race that Ben felt he was at risk. | ☐ |
| E If it were light, Ben thought he would be able to judge the danger. | ☐ |
| F Ben felt homesick. | ☐ |
| G Ben was enjoying this early morning shift. | ☐ |
| H There was no sign of daybreak. | ☐ |

4



The writers in Source A and Source B are travelling on very different types of boat.

[8 marks]

[illegible]

How does the writer use language to describe the power of the sea?

[illegible]

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.





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.

'It is people who have extraordinary skill, courage and determination who deserve to be famous, not those who have good looks or lots of money or behave badly.'

Write a letter to the editor of a newspaper in which you argue your point of view in response to this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

Turn over ►



Source A

This extract is from a non-fiction book called 'The Other Side of the Dale' written in 1998 by Gervase Phinn about his experiences as a School Inspector in the north of England. In the extract he describes a visit to a primary school in Crompton.

1 Sister Brendan, the Head teacher, saw my car pull up outside her office window and was at the door of the school to greet me before I had the chance to straighten my tie and comb my hair. She beamed so widely that, had she worn lipstick, I would have expected to see traces on her ears. The small school was sited in the disadvantaged centre of Crompton, a dark and
5 brooding northern industrial town. Tall black chimneys, great square, featureless warehouses, and row on row of mean terraces stretched into the valley beyond. The school was adjacent to a grim and forbidding wasteland of derelict buildings and piles of rubble, surrounded by half-demolished houses which seemed to grow upwards like great red jagged teeth from blackened gums. From the grime and dust I walked into an oasis: a calm, bright, welcoming
10 and orderly building.

11 'Good afternoon to you, Mr Phinn,' said Sister Brendan enthusiastically. 'I got your letter. We are all ready and waiting and raring to go.' She was a slight, thin-cheeked woman with tiny, dark, darting eyes and a sharp little beak of a nose. Sister Brendan looked like a small hungry blackbird out for the early worm.

15 'Good afternoon, Sister,' I replied, shaking a small cold hand.

'And did you have a pleasant journey, Mr Phinn?' she asked, her little black glittering eyes looking up into mine.

'Yes, indeed, Sister, a very pleasant journey.'

The Head teacher took me on a tour of the school, fluttering along the corridors, pointing and
20 chattering and chuckling away as we went from room to room. Children's painting and poems, posters, pictures and book jackets covered every available space. Shelves held attractive books, tables were covered in shells, models, photographs and little artefacts. Each child we passed said 'Hello,' brightly and in all the classrooms little busy bodies were reading, writing, discussing, solving problems and working at the computers.

25 'It's a hive of activity,' I remarked.

27 'Does that make me the Queen Bee?' asked Sister Brendan with a mischievous glint in her shining eyes.

It was clear that for Sister Brendan the children in her care were a source of real delight. She glided through the school, pointing out with pride a painting or a poem displayed on a corridor
30 wall, telling me about the football team and the drama group and the brass ensemble, introducing me on the tour to each teacher with a flourish. I explained to Sister Brendan the reason for my visit: to hear a selection of children read, test their spellings and look at their writing. The small head nodded like some mechanical toy.



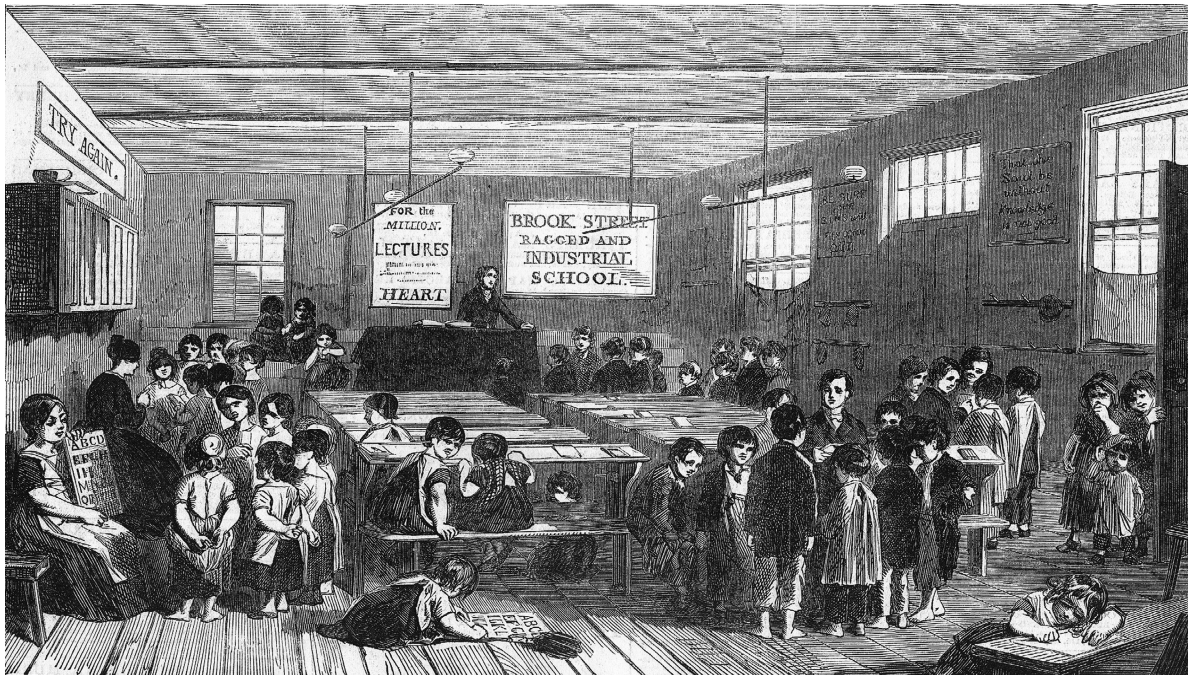
- 35 'No child leaves this school unable to read,' she boasted. 'It is the single most important skill and we work extremely hard to achieve success for every child. Most of these children have few books in their homes and many of their parents do not have the inclination nor the time to hear them read so our task is a hard one. To fail to teach a child to read, Mr Phinn, in my book, is tantamount to handicapping the child for the rest of his life. I hope you will conclude, when you have done your testing and heard the children read, that we have risen to the challenge.'
- 40 I tested a sample of twenty children in the small and attractive school library. They came one after the other, clasping their readers, bright-eyed and keen. All read with clarity and expression and when they spoke it was with enthusiasm and confidence. And I have never met such lively enquiring minds nor so many budding little philosophers in ones so young.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is taken from a diary written in 1849 by a teacher at a ragged school. Ragged schools were set up to teach children whose parents were too poor to pay for their education. The schools were often housed in unsuitable buildings in poor areas of the city.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRIVATE DIARY OF THE MASTER OF A LONDON RAGGED SCHOOL



1 Oct. 29th 1849 –

On the way to the school this morning, it was a dismal scene . . . nothing but squalid dirt and idleness – the lanes leading to the school were full of men, women and children: shouting, gossiping, swearing, and laughing in a most discordant manner. The whole population seemed to be on the eve of a great outbreak of some kind or another, ready for anything but work . . . These lanes are a moral hell . . . We prepared the school by placing benches for the division of the scholars into four classes, and as they came tumbling and bawling up the stairs, we directed them to seats. Shortly after ten o'clock I spoke to them kindly, and then asked them to join with me in prayer.

10 No school can be possibly worse than this. Here the very appearance of one's coat is to them the badge of class and respectability, for they know very well that we are the representatives of beings with whom they have ever considered themselves at war.

I had occasion to punish a boy slightly this morning. He swore most horribly, and rushed from the school. I took little notice of this display, and sat down calmly to hear the class read. I was suddenly startled by a large stone passing my ear. If it had struck me on the head, I must have been severely hurt. I got out of the reach of stones thrown through the window, and continued the lesson. Several followed – half-a-dozen at least. He was ready in the courtyard with a brick in his hand, to have his revenge when I came out.

20 Several visitors called in the afternoon, and they had scarcely left when a most distressing
 scene occurred. Two girls of twelve or thirteen years of age quarrelled. The first notice I had
 of this was to see the pair boxing most viciously. Before I could get at them, they had hold of
 each other's hair, and were yelling most fearfully. They fought like furies, but before we
 could separate them, one had received a severe and lasting injury in the eye, and her nose
 25 bled profusely. I sent her home, and went again to work, but it had not been quiet for ten
 minutes when a fearful outbreak took place. Seven women rushed into the school and
 outside, at least fifty women had collected. These were the mothers and friends of the girls
 who had fought. Having abused me in no measured terms – they proceeded to fight.
 Our boys cheered most tremendously. The women swore and shrieked. Those outside
 responded. Never, surely, was such a noise heard before. I did not believe that human
 30 beings resident in this city could so behave . . .

So by the help of God we must work harder. It is a post of honour. It is a forlorn hope.

Oct. 30th 1849 –

35 If possible the scholars were more unruly to-day than they were yesterday, but no serious
 outbreak took place. All our copybooks have been stolen, and proofs exist that the school is
 used at night as a sleeping-room. We must get a stronger door to it. I must also get a tub to
 stand by the pump in the courtyard, and a piece of coarse towelling and soap. My duties
 must resolve themselves into –

40 First – To see the boys and girls well washed and scrubbed
 Secondly – To try to get prayers said decently
 Thirdly – To give them a lesson in their duties and privileges
 Fourthly – Some religious instruction
 Fifthly – Reading
 Sixthly – Writing
 Seventhly – Arithmetic.

END OF SOURCES

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 **Source A** from **lines 1 to 10**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

- | | |
|--|--------------------------|
| A The inspector travels to the school by train. | ☐ |
| B Sister Brendan reacts quickly to the arrival of the inspector. | ☐ |
| C The people who live in the centre of Crompton are mostly wealthy. | ☐ |
| D There are no chimneys or warehouses in Crompton. | ☐ |
| E The school is situated next to a wasteland. | ☐ |
| F Some of the houses in the town have been damaged. | ☐ |
| G The inspector thinks Crompton is a lively, cheerful place. | ☐ |
| H The school is well cared for. | ☐ |

4



[8 marks]

[illegible]

0	3
---	---

You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 11 to 27**.

How does the writer use language to describe Sister Brendan?

[12 marks]

[illegible]

0	4
---	---

For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different attitudes to the two schools.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different attitudes
- comment on the methods the writers use to convey their feelings/perspectives
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

[illegible]

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
---	---

‘Education is not just about which school you go to, or what qualifications you gain; it is also about what you learn from your experiences outside of school.’

Write a speech for your school or college Leavers' Day to explain what you think makes a good education.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

[illegible]

Source A

This extract is from a diary written by a young doctor, Adam Kay, published in 2017. Here, he writes about training to be a doctor at medical school and then his first experiences of working in a hospital as a 'house officer', the lowest rank of junior doctor.

1 Because medical schools are oversubscribed ten-fold, all candidates must be interviewed, with only those who perform best under a grilling being awarded a place. It's assumed all applicants are on course for straight A grades at A-level, so universities base their decisions on non-academic criteria.

5 Imperial College in London were satisfied that my distinctions in grade eight piano and saxophone, alongside some half-hearted theatre reviews for the school magazine, qualified me perfectly for life on the hospital wards, and so in 1998 I packed my bags and embarked upon the treacherous six-mile journey from Dulwich to South Kensington.

10 As you might imagine, learning every single aspect of the human body's anatomy and physiology, plus each possible way it can malfunction, is a fairly gargantuan undertaking. But the buzz of knowing I was going to become a doctor one day – such a big deal you get to literally change your name, like a superhero or an international criminal – propelled me towards my goal through those six long years.

15 Then there I was, a junior doctor. I could have gone on a quiz show with the specialist subject 'the human body'. Everyone at home would be yelling at their TVs that the subject I'd chosen was too vast and wide-ranging, that I should have gone for something like 'atherosclerosis' or 'bunions', but they'd have been wrong. I'd have nailed it.

20 It was finally time to step out onto the ward armed with all this exhaustive knowledge and turn theory into practice. My spring couldn't have been coiled any tighter. So it came as quite the blow to discover that I'd spent a quarter of my life at medical school and it hadn't remotely prepared me for the unpredictable existence of a house officer.

25 During the day, the job was manageable, if mind-numbing and insanely time-consuming. You turn up every morning for the 'ward round', where your whole team of doctors pootles past each of their patients. You trail behind like a hypnotized duckling, your head cocked to one side in a caring manner, noting down every pronouncement from your seniors – book an MRI scan, refer to rheumatology, arrange an ECG test. Then you spend the rest of your working day (plus generally a further unpaid four hours) completing these dozens, sometimes hundreds, of tasks – filling in forms, making phone calls. Essentially, you're a glorified personal assistant. Not really what I'd trained so hard for, but whatever.

30 The night shifts, on the other hand, made Hell look like Disneyland – an unrelenting nightmare that made me regret ever thinking my education was being wasted. At night, the house officer is given a little paging device affectionately called a 'bleep', and responsibility for every patient in the hospital. Your senior colleagues are seeing patients in A&E with a specific problem, like pneumonia or a broken leg, while you're up on the wards, sailing the ship alone. A ship that's enormous, and on fire, and that no one has really taught you how to sail. You're bleeped by ward after ward, nurse after nurse, with emergency after emergency – it never stops, all night long. You're a one-man, mobile, essentially untrained A&E department, getting drenched in bodily fluids, reviewing an endless stream of worryingly sick patients who, twelve hours earlier, had an entire team of doctors caring for them.



40 You've been trained how to examine a patient's cardiovascular system, but, even when you can recognize every sign and symptom of a heart attack, it's very different to actually managing one for the first time. You suddenly long for the sixteen-hour admin sessions. (Or, ideally, some kind of compromise job, that's neither massively beyond nor beneath your abilities.)

45 It's sink or swim, and you have to learn how to swim because otherwise a ton of patients sink with you. I actually found it all perversely exhilarating. Sure it was hard work, sure the hours were bordering on inhumane and sure I saw things that have scarred my retinas to this day, but I was a doctor now.

Turn over for Source B

Turn over ►

Source B

This extract, written in 1857, is from the autobiography of Mary Seacole, a British-Jamaican nurse who travelled the world as a volunteer. Here, she has arrived to work on a wharf, an area of land next to the sea where boats are loaded and unloaded, to help look after men wounded at war.

I have never met such a busy scene as that small harbour presented. Crowded with shipping, of every size and variety, from the noble English steamer to the smallest long-shore craft, while between them and the shore passed and repassed innumerable boats. Coming from the quiet, gloomy sea into this little nook of life and bustle, the transition is very sudden and startling.

- 5 I remained there six weeks, spending my days on shore, and my nights on board ship. My chief occupation, and one with which I never allowed any business to interfere, was helping the doctors to transfer the sick and wounded from the horse-drawn ambulances into the boats that had to carry them to the hospitals. I did not forget the main object of my journey, to which I would have devoted myself exclusively had I been allowed; and very familiar did I become
10 before long with the sick wharf. My acquaintance with it began very shortly after I had arrived.

- The very first day that I approached the wharf, a party of sick and wounded soldiers had just arrived. Here was work for me, I felt sure. With so many patients, the doctors must be glad of all the hands they could get. Indeed, so strong was the old impulse within me, that I waited for no permission, but seeing a poor artilleryman stretched upon a wooden pallet, groaning heavily,
15 I ran up to him at once, and eased his dressings. I was rewarded when the poor fellow's groans subsided into a restless uneasy mutter. God help him! He had been hit in the forehead, and I think his sight was gone. I stooped down, and raised some tea to his baked lips (here and there upon the wharf were rows of little metal cups containing this beverage). Then his hand touched mine, and rested there, and I heard him mutter indistinctly, as though the discovery of
20 my hand had arrested his wandering senses –

“Ha! this is surely a woman's hand.”

- I couldn't say much, but I tried to whisper something about hope and trust in God; but all the while I think his thoughts were running on this strange discovery. Perhaps I had brought to his poor mind memories of his home, and the loving ones there, who would ask no greater favour
25 than the privilege of helping him thus; for he continued to hold my hand in his feeble grasp, and whisper “God bless you, *woman* – whoever you are, God bless you!” – over and over again.

- I do not think that the surgeons noticed me at first, although I had not neglected my personal appearance, and wore my favourite yellow dress, and blue bonnet, with the red ribbons. I noticed one coming to me, who, I think, would have laughed very merrily had it not been for the
30 poor fellow at my feet. As it was, he came forward, and shook hands very kindly, saying, “How do you do, ma'am? Much obliged to you for looking after my poor fellow; very glad to see you here.” And glad they always were, the kind-hearted doctors, to let me help them look after the sick and wounded sufferers brought to that fearful wharf.

- I wonder if I can ever forget the scenes I witnessed there? Oh! They were heartrending. I
35 declare that I saw rough-bearded men stand by and cry like the softest-hearted women at the sights of suffering they saw. I have often heard men talk and preach very learnedly and conclusively about the great wickedness and selfishness of the human heart. I wonder whether they would have modified those opinions if they had been my companions for one day of the six weeks I spent upon that wharf, and seen but one day's experience of the sympathy and
40 brotherly love shown by the strong to the weak. The task was a trying one, and familiarity, you might think, would have worn down their keener feelings of pity and sympathy; but it was not so.

END OF SOURCES



**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 **Source A** from **lines 1 to 13**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

- A** Lots of people try to get into medical school. ☐
- B** Universities decide who to accept based only on their A-level grades. ☐
- C** Adam Kay's musical qualifications helped to get him a place at medical school. ☐
- D** Adam Kay finished medical school in 1998. ☐
- E** Adam Kay thought learning about the human body was a straightforward task. ☐
- F** Adam Kay was excited by the thought of becoming a doctor. ☐
- G** Adam Kay thought changing his name would make him a criminal. ☐
- H** The time it took for Adam Kay to become a doctor went slowly. ☐

4



*Do not write
outside the
box*

0

2

You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The doctor in **Source A** and the nurse in **Source B** are working in different places.

What can you infer about the differences between the places they work in?

[8 marks]

[illegible]

Turn over ►



*Do not write
outside the
box*

0

3

You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 30 to 39**.

How does the writer use language to describe working night shifts at the hospital?

[12 marks]

[illegible]

Compare how the writers convey their different feelings and perspectives on providing medical care.

[16 marks]

[illegible]

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
---	---

'Choosing a future career should be based on helping others and making a positive contribution to society, not achieving status or making lots of money.'

Write an article for your school or college magazine in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Turn over ►

