



**GCSE**

150/05

**ENGLISH**

**HIGHER TIER**

**PAPER 1**

A.M. WEDNESDAY, 5 November 2008

2 hours

**ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

A 12 page answer book.

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

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

Write your answers in the separate answer book provided.

You are advised to spend your time as follows:

Section A – about 55 minutes

Section B

Q. B1 – about 25 minutes

Q. B2 – about 40 minutes

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

Section A (Reading): 40 marks.

Section B (Writing): 40 marks.

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

## SECTION A: 40 marks

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

### **Hurricane Hazel**

*This story is narrated by a woman called Hazel, who is looking back on a relationship she had with a boy when she was fourteen years old.*

Buddy was a lot older than I was. He was eighteen and he'd quit school long ago to work at a garage. He had his own car, which he kept spotlessly clean and shining. He smoked, and drank beer, though he drank beer only when he wasn't out with me but was with other boys his own age. He made me anxious, because I didn't know how to talk to him. Our phone  
5 conversations consisted mostly of pauses and monosyllables, though they went on for a long time, which was infuriating to my father, who would walk past me in the hall, snapping his fingers together like a pair of scissors, meaning I had to cut it short. But cutting a conversation short with Buddy was like trying to divide water, because Buddy's conversations had no shape. I hadn't yet learned any of those stratagems girls were supposed to use on men. I didn't know how to ask  
10 leading questions, or how to lie about certain kinds of things. So mostly I said nothing, which didn't seem to bother Buddy at all.

I knew enough to realise, however, that it was a bad tactic to appear too smart. But if I had chosen to show off, Buddy might not have minded: he was the kind of boy for whom cleverness is female. Maybe he would have liked a controlled display of it, as if it were a special kind of pie or  
15 a piece of well-done embroidery. But I never really figured out what Buddy really wanted. I never figured out why Buddy was going out with me in the first place. Possibly it was because I was there.

Buddy's world, I gradually discovered, was much less alterable than mine. It contained a long list of things that could never be changed or fixed. Buddy wasn't a dream but he was cute, and that counted for a lot. Once I started going out with Buddy, I found I could pass for normal. I was now included in the kinds of conversations girls had while they were putting on their  
20 lipstick. I was now teased.

We went to drive-in movies, but we always had to go to the early show because I wasn't allowed to stay out past eleven. My father didn't object to my having boyfriends, as such, but  
25 wanted them to be prompt in their pick-up and delivery. He didn't see why they had to wait around outside the front door when they were dropping me off. Buddy wasn't as bad in this respect as some of the later ones, in my father's opinion. When I got into the habit of coming in after the deadline, my father would sit me down and explain very patiently that if I was on my way to catch a train and I was late for it, the train would go without me, and that was why I should  
30 always be on time. This cut no ice with me at all, since, as I would point out, our house wasn't a train. It must have been then that I began to lose faith in reasonable argument as the sole measure of truth. My mother's reason for promptness was more understandable: if I wasn't home on time she would think I had been in a car accident. We knew what the hidden agenda was in these discussions. My mother knew about cars and accidents.

35 After I had been going out with Buddy for about a month I told him I would be away for the summer. I was vague about where I was actually going. It wasn't easy to explain my parents' preference for solitude but I couldn't refuse to give him the address.

Buddy arrived unannounced one Sunday morning in August as I was carrying a pail of water up the slippery and wooden steps from the river. When I saw Buddy's car I was surprised  
40 and almost horrified. I felt I had been caught out. What would he think of the decaying cabin, the decrepit furniture, the jam jar with its drooping flowers? Buddy got out of the car and looked up at the trees. He gazed around but gave no indication that he thought this place where I was living was hardly what he had expected. We decided to go on a picnic to Pike Lake where there was a public beach. My mother didn't seem to mind my going off with Buddy for a whole day, because  
45 we would be back before dark, although she told him to drive carefully.

The lake was shallow and weedy so I floated on my back in the lukewarm water, squinting up at the cloudless sky. Buddy swam out to join me and spurted water out of his mouth, grinning. After that we swam back to the beach and lay down on a beach towel. Buddy lit a cigarette and looked at me in an odd way, as if he was making his mind up about something. Then he said, “I want you to have something.” His voice was the way it usually was but his eyes weren’t. He looked frightened. He undid the silver bracelet from his wrist. I knew what was written on it: *Buddy*, engraved in flowing script.

“My identity bracelet,” he said.

“Oh,” I said as he slid it over my hand. I ran my fingers over Buddy’s silver name as if admiring it. I had no thought of refusing it but I felt that now Buddy had something on me. Perhaps he was handing over to me his identity, some part of himself that I was expected to keep for him and watch over. Another interpretation was that he was putting his name on me, like an ownership label, or a tattoo on a cow’s ear, or a brand. When I was back at the log house, I took off the identity bracelet and hid it under the bed. I was embarrassed by it, though the reason I gave myself was that I didn’t want it to get lost.

Buddy ended on a night in October, suddenly like a light being switched off. I was supposed to be going out with him but at the dinner table my father said a hurricane with torrential rain and gales was on its way and he didn’t think I should be out in it. My father said it was my decision, of course, but anyone who would go out on a night like this would have to be crazy.

Buddy phoned to see when he should pick me up. I said that the weather was bad, and maybe we should go out the next night. Buddy said I was making excuses. I said I wasn’t. My father walked past snapping his fingers. I said anyone who would go out on a night like this would have to be crazy. He said if I wouldn’t go out with him during a hurricane I didn’t love him enough. I was shocked. This was the first time he had ever used the word *love*. When I told him he was being stupid, he hung up on me. But he was right, of course.

It would be wrong to say that I didn’t miss Buddy but the morning after the hurricane I had only the sensation of having come unscathed through a major calamity.

After the break-up, he never spoke to me again. Later I heard he had been telling stories about how I’d lived in a cowshed all summer.

(From *Bluebeard’s Egg* by Margaret Atwood, published by Jonathan Cape.

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**A1. Look at lines 1-17**

What do you learn about Buddy and Hazel and the relationship between them in these lines? [10]

**A2. Look at lines 18-34**

What are the views of Hazel, her father and her mother about the relationship with Buddy? [10]

**A3. Look at lines 35-60**

How does the writer suggest that this relationship is not going to last? [10]

**A4. Look at lines 61-74**

What are your thoughts and feelings as you read these lines? [10]

You should track through these lines carefully, commenting on what happens and the way the story ends.

## 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 primary school sports day. [20]

*You should write about a page in your answer book.*

*Remember 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 Broken Promise.

**Or,** (b) Write about a time when you couldn't find something, or someone.

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

He knew this would be his last chance.

**Or,** (d) Write about an occasion when someone showed unexpected kindness.

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

... I knew I should have done something but I did not have the courage.