



GCSE

150/06

ENGLISH

HIGHER TIER

PAPER 2

P.M. THURSDAY, 4 June 2009

2 hours

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A 12 page answer book.

Resource Material for use with Section A.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Answer **all** questions in Sections A and B.

Write your answers in the separate answer book provided.

You are advised to spend your time as follows:

Section A – about 50 minutes

Section B

Q. B1 – about 35 minutes

Q. B2 – about 35 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

Answer **all** the following questions.

The **Resource Material for use with Section A** is a newspaper article by Petronella Wyatt entitled 'Fastest Lady on Two Wheels'.

The text opposite, 'It's a Mad, Mad World' by David Hunn, appeared on the Internet.

Look at Petronella Wyatt's article 'Fastest Lady on Two Wheels' in the separate Resource Material.

Look at the first column of the article (to 'That's why I'll ride it').

A1. What are Petronella Wyatt's thoughts and feelings as she prepares to ride the TT course? [10]

You must refer to the text to support your answer.

Look at the rest of the article (from 'Milky is having none of it').

A2. How does Petronella Wyatt get across to you what it is like to ride the TT course?

Look at:

- what she says;
- how she says it.

[10]

Now look at 'It's a Mad, Mad World' by David Hunn on the opposite page.

A3. How does David Hunn try to show the 'madness' of the TT races?

Look at:

- what he says;
- how he says it.

[10]

To answer the next question you will need to look at both texts.

A4. Both of these texts are about the TT races.

Compare and contrast what the writers think about the TT races.

Organise your answer into **two** paragraphs using the following headings:

- what they think about the TT circuit;
- what they think about the riders.

[10]

IT'S A MAD, MAD WORLD

Welcome to Mad Sunday on the Isle of Man. Yesterday was the serious Formula 1 stuff, but today is for the crazy amateurs. They will be at it soon after dawn and the TT circuit will, as usual, be ridden by any wildcat on two wheels who fancies his chances of surviving an encounter with the bumps and banks, the poles and pillars of these 38 twisting miles. No fairground switchback is more erratic, no wall of death more deadly. And many of the riders will, in their wild enthusiasm, try to hurl themselves around it at 120 mph, even 150 mph on the straights - whatever they can force out of their powerful machines. The authorities do their best to reduce the numbers indulging in this chaos by staging alternative entertainments, but they will not dissuade the determined. There was even a serious suggestion this year that a speed limit be imposed, but such interference was dismissed. Nothing on the motorcycling calendar so excites the real enthusiast as these two weeks on the Isle of Man, which calls itself the road racing capital of the world. The nine races have attracted 540 entries from 19 nations, but that is only the magnet. The iron filings fill the ferry from Lancashire for days on end. Last year the outrageously expensive boats carried 11,500 bikes, 2,700 cars and 30,000 passengers. That doubles the population, and hoteliers, who struggle to keep their heads above water through the rest of the year, rub their hands, air the beds, whack up the prices and tolerate being overrun by black leather and gleaming metal.

This is the oldest racing circuit in the world. The first TT race was in 1907 when the fastest lap speed was less than 43 mph. Steve Hislop, this year's favourite, averaged more than 123 mph – close to the record – on a practice lap on Monday. Last year, Mark Farmer rode his Yamaha to the eighth fastest lap in history on the Thursday afternoon. But by Thursday evening he was dead, ending a bright career in a horrific crash at Bedstead Corner.

A local journalist believes that more than 170 have died on the Isle of Man since the races began. There were 10 last year, including spectators, the blame for which is shared between organisers, the riders, and those who dangle perilously close to the action. Crashes are too frequent to count, and this year there were six in the first practice on Monday. The local hospital is on emergency alert, served by a helicopter at the course that brings in at least 20 serious injuries each year. Death is discreetly parcelled away and statistics are not kept, they say.

“Dangerous? Yes, it's very dangerous,” says Steve Hislop, who travels at close to 200 mph on some sections of the course. “At that speed your eyeballs are jumping about in their sockets and you can see a dozen of everything. Anyone who says he isn't glad when it's over is telling lies. But it is still the biggest challenge of the lot, to man and machine. And it's the only event in the UK with decent prize money.”

David Hunn

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, punctuation and layout.*

Think about the purpose and audience for your writing.

A guide to the amount you should write is given with each question.

B1. A proposal has been made to hold a motorcycle race on the roads in your area.

Write a letter to the local newspaper giving your views on this proposal. [20]

The quality of your writing is more important than its length. You should write about one to two pages in your answer book.

B2. Your school/college is keen to save energy.

Write an article for the school/college magazine on this issue.

You could include:

- examples of how energy is wasted at the moment;
- your ideas about how the situation could be improved. [20]

The quality of your writing is more important than its length. You should write about one to two pages in your answer book.



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Resource Material for use with Section A

FASTEST LADY ON TWO WHEELS

An American writer once compared riding a 1000cc motorbike round a hairpin bend to 'diving into a pool and suddenly realising it has been emptied.' He had it easy! I am going to ride pillion at 120 mph along the twisting mountain roads of the Isle of Man's infamous TT course, the most dangerous motorcycle circuit in the world.

If I fall off, there isn't even any ground to hit. On my left is a 600ft drop into the sea. On the right, a seemingly bottomless ravine. This is the mouth of death, these are the jaws of Hell.

In what insane moment did I agree to road test the TT course? Simon Crellin, who is helping to organise the race, has arranged for me to ride with a previous winner, Richard 'Milky' Quayle. I have never ridden pillion on a powerful motorbike before, let alone at high speed, though I have occasionally driven scooters in Italy – up to 10mph, usually from a dress shop to a nearby café (on one occasion I forgot to brake and drove *through* a café). I dare not tell Simon or I will be sent home in disgrace. He must sense something is wrong though, for he is a little surprised by my outfit, which consists of kitten heels and a leather skirt.

"I think we'd better fit you for some proper leathers," he says, when we meet in my hotel lobby. "Are you sure you have ridden a powerful machine before?"

"Oh, yes," I say, thinking of the time I rode a bucking bronco at a fair and fell off.

Early the next morning Simon introduces me to Milky. He is on the weedy side, with watery eyes and a pale face. We go over and look at the bikes. They are monstrous but, fortunately, I see a smaller, safer looking machine in the corner that resembles a motorised bicycle. "I'll ride that one," I say.

"But that's a 1907 bike," protests Simon. "It only goes up to 25mph."

"That's why I'll ride it."



Girl on a motorcycle: Petronella rides the TT course with Milky Quayle



Milky is having none of it and I am dragged over to a gargantuan Suzuki. I notice that the starting line is opposite a graveyard. This rather does for my composure, but Milky is on the bike, raring to go. I put on my crash helmet and clamber onto the pillion seat. Milky is wearing straps around his waist, which I am supposed to hold onto. I am instructed to punch him if I become nervous. He has evidently never taken a course in logic. In order to punch him, I would have to let go of the straps. If I let go of the straps I will fall off and break open my head. It is, as

the youth of today would say, a no-brainer. Unfortunately, that seems to be exactly what Milky is as well. We head towards a village on the coast. Before us is a series of evil-looking bends. Suddenly, Milky drops his elbow and opens the throttle. I am nearly thrown over the front of the bike. Ahead of us is Ballaugh Bridge. It has seen eight fatalities in three years. "Stop going so fast," I scream at Milky. He accelerates. Then he decides to brake. My head flies forward as if it has been severed by an axe.

"I just thought I'd stop to point out areas of interest," Milky explains. "We are approaching Ballagarey Corner. It's one of the most dangerous on the circuit." He continues cheerfully, "Once, I lost a mate there."

"Lost him? You mean he took a wrong turning?"

"No, he crashed and went home in a coffin."

We round the corner at 120 mph. Sweat is trickling down my arms. Another graveyard flashes by. Does this island consist only of graveyards? Finally, we leave for the Snaefell Mountain Course. Milky tells me we will get up to such speed that to any bystanders I will be a blur. I say I do not want to be a blur. I can see the obituary in the papers: 'A blur died yesterday while attempting the Isle of Man TT course.'

But there is no reasoning with Milky, who is not only high on adrenaline, but convinced I am his best ever pillion passenger. The mountain course dips and swerves, and there are boulders and abysses everywhere. I see a few sheep. I suppose if I have to land on anything, I would rather it was a sheep. As Milky opens the throttle again, we hurtle past another discouraging sign: 'Be very careful. 164 casualties in 3 years.'

We are on dangerous ground. In fact, we are no longer on the ground at all. We are going so fast we are flying three feet above it. "Where's the bloody ground gone?" I croak. Scenery seems to be zooming towards me. All at once we are back on the ground, but I don't like it any better, for my left ear is nearly scraping it. A passing lorry almost hits us. I think I am going to black out.

Then suddenly, I feel a massive surge of adrenaline. It has finally happened and I want it to go on forever. But Milky slows down and finally brakes. "How fast did we go?" I gasp. He looks at me oddly. He tells me we have hit 166 mph and have broken the course's pillion speed record.

I shriek with ecstasy and insist we do a lap of triumph. I punch the air and shout out, "Look at me. I'm on top of the world."

Petronella Wyatt

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