Pearson Edexcel Level 1/Level 2 GCSE (9–1)

Monday 5 June 2023

Morning (Time: 1 hour 45 minutes)

Paper reference **1EN0/01**

English Language

PAPER 1: Fiction and Imaginative Writing
Section A: Reading Text Insert

Insert Booklet

Do not return this Insert with the question paper.

Advice

- Read the text before answering the questions in Section A of the question paper.

Turn over ▶

P71586A

©2023 Pearson Education Ltd.

N:1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/

P 7 1 5 8 6 A

Pearson

Read the text below and answer Questions 1–4 on the question paper.

In this extract, Percy Fairbank and his wife arrive on horseback at a quiet village inn. They look for the stableman to take care of their horses but instead they discover something alarming in the stables.

***The Dream Woman:* Wilkie Collins**

Arriving at the town, we had no difficulty in finding the inn. The town is composed of one desolate street; and midway in that street stands the inn—an ancient stone building sadly out of repair. The painting on the sign-board is obliterated. The shutters over the long range of front windows are all closed. A cock and his hens are the only living creatures at the door. Plainly, this is one of the old inns of the stage-coach period, ruined by the railway. We pass through the open arched doorway, and find no one to welcome us. We advance into the stable yard behind; I assist my wife to dismount. No bell to ring. No human creature to answer when I call. I stand helpless, with the bridles of the horses in my hand. Mrs. Fairbank saunters* gracefully down the length of the yard and does—what all women do, when they find themselves in a strange place. She opens every door as she passes it, and peeps in. On my side, I have just recovered my breath, I am on the point of shouting for the stableman for the third and last time, when I hear Mrs. Fairbank suddenly call to me:

"Percy! Come here!"

Her voice is eager and agitated. She has opened a last door at the end of the yard, and has started back from some sight which has suddenly met her view. I hitch the horses' bridles on a rusty nail in the wall near me, and join my wife. She has turned pale, and catches me nervously by the arm.

"Good heavens!" she cries; "look at that!"

I look—and what do I see? I see a dingy little stable, containing two stalls. In one stall a horse is munching his corn. In the other a man is lying asleep.

A worn, withered, woebegone** man in a stableman's clothes. His hollow wrinkled cheeks, his scanty grizzled hair, his dry yellow skin, tell their own tale of past sorrow or suffering. There is an ominous frown on his eyebrows—there is a painful nervous contraction on the side of his mouth. I hear him breathing convulsively when I first look in; he shudders and sighs in his sleep. It is not a pleasant sight to see, and I turn round instinctively to the bright sunlight in the yard. My wife turns me back again in the direction of the stable door.

"Wait!" she says. "Wait! He may do it again."

"Do what again?"

"He was talking in his sleep, Percy, when I first looked in. He was dreaming some dreadful dream. Hush! He's beginning again."

I look and listen. The man stirs on his miserable bed. The man speaks in a quick, fierce whisper through his clenched teeth. "Wake up! Wake up, there! Murder!"

There is an interval of silence. He moves one lean arm slowly until it rests over his throat; he shudders, and turns on his straw; he raises his arm from his throat, and feebly stretches it out; his hand clutches at the straw on the side toward which he has turned; he seems to fancy that he is grasping at the edge of something. I see his lips begin to

move again; I step softly into the stable; my wife follows me, with her hand fast clasped in mine. We both bend over him. He is talking once more in his sleep—strange talk, mad talk, this time.

"Light gray eyes" (we hear him say), "and a droop in the left eyelid—flaxen hair, with a gold-yellow streak in it, white arms with a down on them—little, lady's hand, with a reddish look round the fingernails—the knife—the cursed knife—first on one side, then on the other—aha, you she-devil! Where is the knife?"

He stops and grows restless on a sudden. We see him writhing on the straw. He throws up both his hands and gasps hysterically for breath. His eyes open suddenly.

* *saunters*– walks about in a slow, idle or relaxed manner, at leisure

** *woebegone* – sad, lonely or miserable in appearance

BLANK PAGE

Acknowledgement:
The Dream Woman, Wilkie Collins, 1885, from The Lock and Key Library Classic Mystery and Detective Stories https://www.gutenberg.org/files/2038/2038-h/2038-h.htm#THE_FIRST_NARRATIVE
(Work is out of copyright.)