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

Tuesday 2 June 2020

Morning (Time: 1 hour 45 minutes) | Paper Reference **1EN0/01**

English Language

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

Do not return this Reading Text Insert with the Question Paper.

Advice

- Read the text before answering the questions in Section A of the Question Paper.

Turn over ▶

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Read the text below and answer Questions 1–4 on the Question Paper.

In this extract the narrator is being spoken to by the sinister Count Dracula. The narrator has a growing sense that he is being kept prisoner in the Count's isolated castle. He begins to suspect that the castle may be haunted.

***Dracula*: Bram Stoker**

At the door he turned, and after a moment's pause said:—

"Let me advise you, my dear young friend—nay, let me warn you with all seriousness, that should you leave these rooms you will not by any chance go to sleep in any other part of the castle. It is old, and has many memories, and there are bad dreams for those who sleep unwisely. Be warned! Should sleep now or ever overcome you, then haste to your own chamber or to these rooms, for your rest will then be safe. But if you be not careful in this respect, then"—He finished his speech in a gruesome way, for he motioned with his hands as if he were washing them. I quite understood; my only doubt was as to whether any dream could be more terrible than the unnatural, horrible net of gloom and mystery which seemed closing around me.

When he left me I went to my room. After a little while, not hearing any sound, I came out and went up the stone stair to where I could look out towards the South. Looking out on this, I felt that I was indeed in prison, and I seemed to want a breath of fresh air, though it were of the night. I am beginning to feel this nocturnal existence tell on me. It is destroying my nerve. I start* at my own shadow, and am full of all sorts of horrible imaginings. God knows that there is ground for my terrible fear in this accursed place! I looked out over the beautiful expanse, bathed in soft yellow moonlight till it was almost as light as day. In the soft light the distant hills became melted, and the shadows in the valleys and gorges of velvety blackness. The mere beauty seemed to cheer me; there was peace and comfort in every breath I drew. As I leaned from the window my eye was caught by something moving a storey** below me, and somewhat to my left, where I imagined, from the order of the rooms, that the windows of the Count's own room would look out. I drew back behind the stonework, and looked carefully out.

What I saw was the Count's head coming out from the window. I did not see the face, but I knew the man by the neck and the movement of his back and arms. In any case I could not mistake the hands which I had had so many opportunities of studying. I was at first interested and somewhat amused, for it is wonderful how small a matter will interest and amuse a man when he is a prisoner. But my very feelings changed to repulsion and terror when I saw the whole man slowly emerge from the window and begin to crawl down the castle wall over that dreadful abyss,*** *face down* with his cloak spreading out around him like great wings. At first I could not believe my eyes. I thought it was some trick of the moonlight, some weird effect of shadow; but I kept looking, and it could be no delusion. I saw the fingers and toes grasp the corners of the stones, worn clear of the mortar by the stress of years, and by thus using every projection and inequality move downwards with considerable speed, just as a lizard moves along a wall.

What manner of man is this, or what manner of creature is it in the semblance of man? I feel the dread of this horrible place overpowering me; I am in fear—in awful fear—and there is no escape for me; I am encompassed about with terrors that I dare not think of....

*start** – to move suddenly with surprise or alarm
*storey*** – a floor or level
*abyss**** – a deep hole that seems to have no bottom

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Acknowledgement:

Dracula, Bram Stoker, 1897, from http://www.gutenberg.org/files/345/345-h/345-h.htm
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