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

Tuesday 5 November 2024

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 Booklet 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, there is a fire at Doctor Trescott's house. Two men, Hannigan and Henry, run into the burning house to rescue Mrs. Trescott and Jimmie, her young son.

***The Monster and Other Stories*: Stephen Crane**

A wisp of smoke came from one of the windows at the end of the house and drifted quietly into the branches of a cherry tree. After a moment the window brightened as if the four panes of it had been stained with blood.

Suddenly the panes of the red window tinkled and crashed to the ground, and at other windows there suddenly reared other flames, like bloody spectres at a haunted house.

A man's voice suddenly shouted: "Fire! Fire! Fire!" Hannigan tumbled down from his perch, swung over the fence, and ran shouting towards the front door of the Trescotts'. Then he hammered on the door, using his fists as if they were mallets. Mrs. Trescott instantly came to one of the windows on the second floor.

Hannigan's bawling was for a minute incoherent.

"What?" she said, raising the window swiftly.

"Your house is on fire! You're all ablaze! Move quick if—" His cries were resounding in the street as if it were a cave of echoes. Many feet pattered swiftly on the stones. There was one man who ran with an almost fabulous speed. He wore lavender trousers. A straw hat with a bright silk band was held half-crumpled in his hand.

As Henry reached the front door, Hannigan had just broken the lock with a kick. A thick cloud of smoke poured over them, and Henry, ducking his head, rushed into it. From Hannigan's clamour* he knew only one thing, but it turned him blue with horror. The fire was already roaring like a winter wind among the pines.

At the head of the stairs Mrs. Trescott was waving her arms as if they were two reeds.

"Jimmie! Save Jimmie!" she screamed in Henry's face. He plunged past her and disappeared, taking the long-familiar routes among these upper chambers.

Hannigan had followed him up the stairs, and grappled the arm of the maniacal** woman there. His face was black with rage. "You must come down," he bellowed.

She would only scream at him in reply: "Jimmie! Jimmie! Save Jimmie!" But he dragged her forth while she babbled at him.

Henry pawed awkwardly through the smoke in the upper halls. He had attempted to guide himself by the walls, but they were too hot. The paper was crimpling***, and he expected at any moment to have a flame burst from under his hands.

"Jimmie!"

He did not call very loud, as if in fear that the humming flames below would overhear him.

"Jimmie! Oh, Jimmie!"

Stumbling and panting, he speedily reached the entrance to Jimmie's room and flung open the door. The little chamber had no smoke in it at all. It was faintly illuminated by

a beautiful rosy light reflected from the flames that were consuming the house. The boy had apparently just been aroused by the noise. He sat in his bed, his lips apart, his eyes wide, while upon his little white-robed figure played caressingly the light from the fire. As the door flew open he had before him this apparition, terror-stricken, all tousled and with wool scorching, who leaped upon him and bore him up in a blanket as if the whole affair were a case of kidnapping by a dreadful robber chief. Without waiting to go through the usual short but complete process of wrinkling up his face, Jimmie let out a bawl, which resembled the expression of a calf's deepest terror. As Henry, bearing him, reeled into the smoke of the hall, he flung his arms about his neck and buried his face in the blanket. He called twice in muffled tones: "Mam-ma! Mam-ma!" When Henry came to the top of the stairs with his burden, he took a quick step backward. Through the smoke that rolled to him he could see that the lower hall was all ablaze. He cried out then in a howl that resembled Jimmie's former achievement. Swinging about precariously**** on these reedy legs, he made his way back slowly, back along the upper hall. From the way of him then, he had given up almost all idea of escaping from the burning house.

Glossary

*clamour** – a loud and confused noise, especially that of people shouting

*maniacal*** – acting in a way that is extreme, violent, or very determined, as if the person were insane

*crimpling**** – being creased, wrinkled or no longer flat

*precariously***** – in a way that is not secure or is likely to fall

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Acknowledgement:

The Monster, Stephen Crane, 1899, from *The Monster and Other Stories*: https://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/31189/pg31189-images.html (Work is out of copyright.)