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

**Time** 2 hours 5 minutes

**Paper reference** **1EN0/02**

# English Language

## PAPER 2: Non-fiction and Transactional Writing

**Section A: Reading Texts Insert**

**Do not return this Booklet with the question paper.**

### Advice

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

*Turn over* ▶

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**Read the text below and answer Questions 1–3 on the Question Paper.**

**TEXT 1**

*Extract from 'In the Footsteps of Scott' by Robert Swan (1987).*

*In this extract, published in National Geographic magazine, Swan explains how he and two other explorers set out to repeat the expedition of Robert Scott to the South Pole. During Scott's expedition, he and his companions died from exposure and starvation.*

It was a simple accident but a costly one. As I towed my sledge across the glacier, the vehicle suddenly slewed* around, wedging my foot in a crack in the ice. As I went down, I heard the ligaments in my knee snap and thought simply, "This time you've had it."

Far ahead I could make out the tiny figures of my partners, Gareth Wood and Roger Mear. Even if they noticed me, there was little they could do: although we were a close-knit team, on the trail it was every man for himself.

As I sat motionless, the pain and an icy polar wind closed in on me like a pack of wolves around an injured animal. For perhaps the first time in my life I was truly frightened, and fear acted like a shot of adrenaline. Despite the searing** pain, I forced myself to stand and discovered that the knee would hold me. Leaning into my waist harness, I inched slowly forward against the massive weight of the sledge.

Somehow that day—Sunday, December 15, 1985—I managed to keep moving and caught up with my partners as they were making camp. It was a grim conversation that night in our sleeping bags as we discussed my situation.

We were 471 miles from the starting point of our expedition to the South Pole in the footsteps of Robert Falcon Scott. With 424 miles still to go, we had passed the point of no return and must now continue towards the Pole. Like Scott 74 years before us, we carried no radio and thus could not summon help. I must somehow make it on my own.

"Don't worry, it'll be OK," Roger said, perhaps with more confidence than he felt.

"You'll just have to crack on at your own pace. Do your best, and we'll never separate too far from you. But we can't slow up at this point…"

I agreed completely. Through the sleepless hours that night I thought of Scott's brave but despairing words, entered in his own diary weeks before he and his two remaining companions died of exposure and starvation on their return from the Pole.

"We cannot help each other," he had written, "each has enough to do to take care of himself… We mean to see the game through with a proper spirit, but it's tough work…"

My own situation was serious but far from hopeless; like Scott and his men, I must simply plod ahead and not lose spirit. Roger and Gareth and I had long ago agreed what we would do if one of us became totally incapacitated. The other two would drag him on a sledge, though at far greater risk to their own survival. If two men became incapacitated, the third would have to attempt to tow one and leave the other to die.

Fortunately I could still move, as could Gareth, who was suffering terribly from a foot blister that would not heal. Though the injuries didn't immobilise us, they were a constant reminder of the narrow line we walked between success and disaster.

*slewed** – slid
*searing*** – intense

**Read the text below and answer Questions 4–7 on the Question Paper.**

**TEXT 2**

*Extract from 'Up: My Life's Journey To The Top of Everest' by Ben and Marina Fogle (2018).*

*In this extract, the English broadcaster, writer and explorer Ben Fogle is describing part of his climb up Everest, the highest mountain in the world. The climbers are crossing large crevasses (deep, open cracks in the ice) using ladders placed there by sherpas (mountain guides).*

The ladders of Everest are almost as famous as the mountain itself. Sometimes with up to four ladders all lashed taut, they are used as temporary bridges to span the crevasses that cut across the icefall like lightning bolts. These crevasses can be hundreds of feet deep and 20 feet wide. The ladders have been used for many years as an easily adjustable way of breaching and crossing the huge gaps that spread across the ice like veins.

As the glacier shifts, so too does the icefall. Crevasses open and close, widen and narrow. The ladders are put in place by an expert team of sherpas called the Icefall Doctors, who traverse* the route daily, adding new ladders and ropes through the ice.

Our first crevasse was about 10 feet wide, enough to need two aluminium ladders lashed together in the middle with ropes. Two guide ropes, onto which we could clip safety lines attached to our harnesses, stretched across the gap. These safety lines would stop us from disappearing into the depths of the crevasse and certain death.

There was little chance of surviving a fall into one of these bottomless cracks in the ice. Instant death would certainly be preferable to surviving a fall and ending up in the cavernous depths, hundreds of feet beneath a glacier and far from any chance of rescue. It used to make me shiver just thinking about it.

Very carefully, I clipped my safety lines onto the guide ropes and gingerly placed one foot on the ladder.

Have you ever tried walking across a horizontal ladder? Probably not, because they are much easier to climb when vertical, which is what they are made for. Traversing a horizontal ladder is one thing, but try doing it wearing clunky boots with crampons**, in the dark, across a seemingly bottomless drop, in thin, oxygen-deprived air and it's a whole other challenge.

My size 12 boots were large enough to span the gap between rungs, but the crampons were spaced to wedge nicely between them too. It meant that each step locked my foot into the ladder like a Lego brick. It took quite a force to pull it from the rungs. If I pulled too hard, I risked falling off balance and plunging into the abyss***.

I took a step. Staring ahead of me, heart racing, I have never focused so hard as I lifted one foot in front of the other. The two ladders began to bow and wobble as I reached the rudimentary rope that lashed the two together in the middle. I could feel a bead of sweat on my brow.

My left foot wouldn't budge. My crampon had wedged itself hard against one of the ropes. I couldn't lift it from the ladder. I didn't want to look down, but I needed to see what had happened. A small pool of torchlight illuminated the sides of the icy crevasse. I felt dizzy. I wriggled my foot free and carefully made my way across the rest of the ladder. I leapt the final rung. I wanted to kiss the ground. The relief of getting off that ladder was overwhelming. I felt a buzz of endorphins and euphoria. It was surprisingly uplifting for 5 am.

*traverse** – move backwards, forwards or sideways
*crampons*** – attached to boots to help people walk on snow and ice
*abyss**** – a deep, seemingly bottomless space

**Sources:**

Text 1: *In the Footsteps of Scott*, Robert Swan, 1987, National Geographic.

Text 2: *Up: My Life's Journey To The Top of Everest*, Ben and Marina Fogle, 2018, William Collins.