GCSE

C700U10-1A

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WEDNESDAY, 18 MAY 2022 – MORNING

ENGLISH LANGUAGE – Component 1

20th Century Literature Reading and Creative Prose Writing

Resource Material for use with Section A

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SECTION A: 40 marks

Read carefully the passage below.

Rachel was doing a research project at Durham University when she first met Peter Kemp. She had taken her degree in Biology in Cambridge, almost as far away from her mother as she could manage, but then she moved back to the north. This was not to be close to her mother but because the birds of the northern hills had become her passion. She started by studying black grouse then transferred her interest to upland birds like curlew and wagtail. Her research project was to find a way to count them accurately and she used a cottage on the moors of Northumberland as her base for her studies.

It was a windy day in April and Rachel had come into the town of Kimmerston to have lunch at the White Hart at the request of Bob Hewlett who worked as a Conservation Officer for English Nature, a government agency.

The White Hart was a solid, stone-built hotel on Kimmerston's main street. Once, it had been the only place to eat in the town but it had grown shabby. On Friday nights it was a haunt for underage drinkers. Often it became rowdy, with petty skirmishes and visits by the police. During the rest of the week there was an air of genteel decay. The elderly waitresses, in their black and white uniforms, had few people to serve, even on market day when the town was busy. The food was proudly 'traditional' in that the vegetables were overcooked and thick brown gravy was served with everything. When Rachel explained that she was a vegetarian, there was something of a crisis. Eventually a leathery cheese omelette appeared.

Rachel had come across Bob before and didn't like him much. She thought he wanted to use her work for his own advantage and she also felt that he was too close to the local farmers, too desperate to be accepted by them, rather than do his job properly. He lived locally and drove a Land Rover with a couple of labradors in the back, looking very much the country landowner. She had seen him drinking in the pub with the local farmers, all friends together. However, she knew better than to offend him – she might want to work for English Nature one day. When he invited her to lunch at the White Hart to discuss her work, she accepted graciously.

'I've invited Peter Kemp to join us later,' Bob said suddenly as the food arrived. 'He's doing the same sort of work as you for the Wildlife Trust. You might be able to help each other.' As he mentioned Peter Kemp, Bob beamed at her across the table. Despite the Land Rover parked outside, he had had a couple of whiskies while they were waiting to order and then a pint of beer to wash down the meal. Rachel was irritated by Bob's interference in her work and was certain she would dislike Peter Kemp. She needed no help with her work. Her mother would have dealt sharply with Bob's patronising attitude but Rachel always found it hard to be assertive without being rude.

She first saw Peter Kemp hovering in the doorway of the dining room. A waitress told him he was too late for lunch but he gave her a lovely smile and pointed to their table. As he walked towards them he smiled charmingly but Rachel could sense his confidence. He shook hands with Bob then turned to her.

'I know of you from colleagues,' he said. 'You have an impressive reputation.' His voice was earnest, trying to please. Rachel knew she was being worked on but since the smile to the waitress, she'd found it impossible to resist him. Even as she submitted to his flattery, she also realised that he wanted something from her. He said he'd like to visit her study area and compare survey methods. By the time they had shared a pot of coffee, she had invited him to the cottage for a couple of days to watch her work.

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That spring Peter spent more time at the cottage than he did in his office. His excuse was that the Wildlife Trust intended to buy a nature reserve in the hills. Rachel knew this was an excuse, and she was delighted. Her passion for Peter had the intensity of an adolescent crush.

However, Rachel made the mistake of inviting him to meet her mother one Sunday. It should have been a relaxed affair but Rachel's mother took against Peter from the start. She glared into her wine glass as they tried to make conversation and the more hostile she appeared the more Peter tried to charm her. Even Rachel felt that he was trying too hard and coming across as insincere. Later she expected a lecture about her choice in men but her mother was unusually restrained.

'A bit showy for my taste,' she whispered as she followed Rachel into the kitchen with a tray of dirty plates. 'Never trust the showy ones.'

But Rachel was captivated by the showiness and she loved the way that Peter would appear at the cottage with flowers and champagne. They would dance on the lawn in the evening. No one had ever made such a fuss of her before. She began to make plans, secret plans which she wouldn't admit to anyone, about her and Peter getting married, setting up home together and having children.

The first betrayal came two months after Peter started his own consultancy firm. Rachel went to work for him and had her own desk in the small office which was all he could afford. She acted as receptionist, secretary and main scientist.

Now there were no bottles of champagne but she still dreamed. She understood that money was tight. It was enough that he would occasionally brush his lips over her hair and say, 'You do know that I couldn't manage without you, don't you?'

Then she saw an article by him in a magazine. It described a new method for counting upland birds. It was the method she had devised but he took the credit for it. He claimed it as his own work.

The method quickly became the recommended system for upland surveys of birds. Peter was suddenly very much in demand and work flooded into the office. Rachel continued to work for him without making a fuss but she could no longer bear for him to touch her. She often wondered why she didn't confront him but it was a matter of pride. Why indeed did she continue to work for him, supporting the business through its expansion into a smart new office? If she resigned she would have to admit to others and to herself that he had made a fool of her. She would have to accept that his only reason for paying attention to her was to steal her ideas.

The second betrayal came in the form of a large envelope which she found propped on her desk one morning. It contained an invitation to Peter's wedding.

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