

# TURTON PAPER B

Please write clearly in block capitals.

Centre number 

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Candidate number 

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Surname \_\_\_\_\_

Forename(s) \_\_\_\_\_

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## GCSE ENGLISH LANGUAGE (8700)

Paper 1 Explorations in creative reading and writing

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Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes

### Materials

For this paper you must have:

- **Source A** – printed within the question paper.

### Instructions

- Answer **all** questions.
- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Fill in the boxes on this page.
- You must answer the questions in the spaces provided.
- Do not write outside the box around each page or on blank pages.
- Do all rough work in this book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.
- You must refer to the insert booklet provided.
- You must **not** use a dictionary.

### Information

- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- The maximum mark of this paper is 80.
- There are 40 marks for **Section A** and 40 marks for **Section B**.
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.
- You will be assessed on the quality of your **reading** in **Section A**.
- You will be assessed on the quality of your **writing** in **Section B**.

### Advice

- You are advised to spend about 15 minutes reading through the Source and all five questions you have to answer.
- You should make sure you leave sufficient time to check your answers.



## Source A

This is the opening to *Rebecca* by Daphne Du Maurier. The narrator is dreaming of returning to a place called Manderley.

1 Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me I stood by the iron gate leading to the  
2 drive, and for a while I could not enter, for the way was barred to me. There was a padlock and a  
3 chain upon the gate. I called in my dream to the lodge-keeper, and had no answer, and peering  
4 closer through the rusted spokes of the gate I saw that the lodge was uninhabited. No smoke came  
5 from the chimney, and the little lattice windows gaped forlorn. Then, like all dreamers, I was  
6 possessed of a sudden with supernatural powers and passed like a spirit through the barrier before  
7 me.

8 The drive wound away in front of me, twisting and turning as it had always done, but as I advanced I  
9 was aware that a change had come upon it; it was narrow and unkept, not the drive that we had  
10 known. At first I was puzzled and did not understand, and it was only when I bent my head to avoid  
11 the low swinging branch of a tree that I realized what had happened. Nature had come into her own  
12 again and, little by little, in her stealthy, insidious way had encroached upon the drive with long,  
13 tenacious fingers.

14 The woods, always a menace even in the past, had triumphed in the end. They crowded, dark and  
15 uncontrolled, to the borders of the drive. The beeches with white, naked limbs leant close to one  
16 another, their branches intermingled in a strange embrace, making a vault above my head like the  
17 archway of a church. And there were other trees as well, trees that I did not recognize, squat oaks  
18 and tortured elms that straggled cheek by jowl with the beeches, and had thrust themselves out of  
19 the quiet earth, along with monster shrubs and plants, none of which I remembered.

20 The drive was a ribbon now, a thread of its former self, with gravel surface gone, and choked with  
21 grass and moss. The trees had thrown out low branches, making an impediment to progress; the  
22 gnarled roots looked like skeleton claws. Scattered here and again amongst this jungle growth I  
23 would recognize shrubs that had been landmarks in our time, things of culture and grace,  
24 hydrangeas whose blue heads had been famous.

25 No hand had checked their progress, and they had gone native now, rearing to monster height  
26 without a bloom, black and ugly as the nameless parasites that grew beside them. On and on, now  
27 east now west, wound the poor thread that once had been our drive. Sometimes I thought it lost, but  
28 it appeared again, beneath a fallen tree perhaps, or struggling on the other side of a muddied ditch  
29 created by the winter rains. I had not thought the way so long. Surely the miles had multiplied, even  
30 as the trees had done, and this path led but to a labyrinth, some choked wilderness, and not to the  
31 house at all. I came upon it suddenly; the approach masked by the unnatural growth of a vast shrub  
32 that spread in all directions, and I stood, my heart thumping in my breast, the strange prick of tears  
33 behind my eyes.

34 There was Manderley, our Manderley, secretive and silent as it had always been, the grey stone  
35 shining in the moonlight of my dream, the mullioned windows reflecting the green lawns and the  
36 terrace. Time could not wreck the perfect symmetry of those walls, nor the site itself, a jewel in the  
37 hollow of a hand. The terrace sloped to the lawns, and the lawns stretched to the sea, and turning I  
38 could see the sheet of silver placid under the moon, like a lake undisturbed by wind or storm. No  
39 waves would come to ruffle this dream water, and no bulk of cloud, wind-driven from the west,  
40 obscure the clarity of this pale sky.

41 I turned again to the house, and though it stood inviolate, untouched, as though we ourselves had left

42 but yesterday, I saw that the garden had obeyed the jungle law, even as the woods had done. The  
43 rhododendrons stood fifty feet high, twisted and entwined with bracken, and they had entered into  
44 alien marriage with a host of nameless shrubs, poor, bastard things that clung about their roots as  
45 though conscious of their spurious origin.

46 A lilac had mated with a copper beech, and to bind them yet more closely to one another the  
47 malevolent ivy, always an enemy to grace, had thrown her tendrils about the pair and made them  
48 prisoners. Ivy held prior place in this lost garden, the long strands crept across the lawns, and soon  
49 would encroach upon the house itself. There was another plant too, some half-breed from the woods,  
50 whose seed had been scattered long ago beneath the trees and then forgotten, and now, marching  
51 in unison with the ivy, thrust its ugly form like a giant rhubarb towards the soft grass where the  
52 daffodils had blown. Nettles were everywhere, the vanguard of the army.

53 They choked the terrace, they sprawled about the paths, they leant, vulgar and lanky, against the  
54 very windows of the house. They made indifferent sentinels, for in many places their ranks had been  
55 broken by the rhubarb plant, and they lay with crumpled heads and listless stems, making a pathway  
56 for the rabbits. I left the drive and went on to the terrace, for the nettles were no barrier to me, a  
57 dreamer. I walked enchanted, and nothing held me back.

58 Moonlight can play odd tricks upon the fancy, even upon a dreamer's fancy. As I stood there, hushed  
59 and still, I could swear that the house was not an empty shell but lived and breathed as it had lived  
60 before. Light came from the windows, the curtains blew softly in the night air, and there, in the library,  
61 the door would stand half open as we had left it, with my handkerchief on the table beside the bowl of  
62 autumn roses.

**Turn over for Section A**

**Section A: Reading**

Answer **all** questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

**0 1**

Read again the first part of the Source from **lines 1 to 7**.

List **four** things from this part of the text that Rebecca does in her dream.

**[4 marks]**

- 1 \_\_\_\_\_  
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- 2 \_\_\_\_\_  
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- 3 \_\_\_\_\_  
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