Centre No.						Paper Reference							Surname	Initial(s)
Candidate No.						4	3	5	5	/	2	H	Signature	

Paper Reference(s)

4355/2H

London Examinations IGCSE

English Language

Paper 2H

Higher Tier

Wednesday 2 May 2007 – Morning

Time: 2 hours

Examiner's use only		

Team Leader's use only		

Question Number	Leave Blank
1	
2	
3	
4	
5	
6	
7	
Total	

Materials required for examination

Nil

Items included with question papers

Nil

Instructions to Candidates

In the boxes above, write your centre number, candidate number, surname, initial(s) and signature.
Check that you have the correct question paper.
Answer ALL the questions. Write your answers in the spaces provided in this question paper.
Do not use pencil. Use blue or black ink.

Information for Candidates

The marks for individual questions and the parts of questions are shown in round brackets: e.g. **(2)**.
There are 7 questions in this question paper. The total mark for this paper is 60.
There are 20 pages in this question paper. Any blank pages are indicated.
Copies of the London Examinations Anthology may NOT be brought into the examination.
Dictionaries may NOT be used in this examination.

Advice to Candidates

You are reminded of the importance of clear English and careful presentation in your answers.
You are advised to spend an equal amount of time on each of the three sections of this paper.

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SECTION A: Reading

You should spend about 40 minutes on this section.
Read the following passage carefully and then answer the questions which follow on page 4.

Michael Palin is flying to the North Pole to make a television programme.

Flying to the North Pole

It's 3.45 on a Saturday afternoon and I'm seventeen miles from the North Pole. Somewhere, a long way away, people are doing sensible things like watching cricket or digging gardens or pushing prams or visiting their mothers-in-law.

I'm squeezed tight into a small, noisy aeroplane descending through stale grey cloud towards an enormous expanse of cracked and drifting ice. With me are the film crew and our two pilots, Russ and Dan. We are the only human beings within 500 miles. Outside my window one of our two propeller-driven engines slowly eats away at a fuel supply which must last us another six hours at least. In little more than ten minutes our pilot will have to fashion a landing strip out of nothing more than a piece of ice — strong enough to withstand an impact of 12,500 lbs at eighty miles an hour. Below the ice the sea is 14,000 feet deep.

I'm sure I'm not the only one of us looking down on this desolate wilderness who hasn't wished, for an impure moment, that the North Pole, rather than being in the middle of an ocean, was solid, well marked and even supplied with a hut and a coffee machine. But the cracked and fissured ice-pack offers no comfortable reassurance — no glimmer of any reward to the traveller who has made his way to the top of the world.

At two minutes past four our Twin Otter plane is finally over the North Pole. All there is to see is ice and the nearer we get to it the more evident it is that the ice is not in good shape. Russ, a self-contained man about whom I know nothing other than that my life is in his hands, leans forward from the controls, scanning the conditions below and frowning.

Technology cannot help him now. The decision as to how, when and ultimately whether to drop the plane onto the ice is for his judgement alone.

He clearly doesn't like what he sees and, by my watch, we have circled the roof of the world for nearly thirty minutes before a change in engine note indicates that he is at last throttling back in preparation for a landing. We drop low, Russ staring hard at the ice as ridge walls taller than I'd expected rush up to meet us. I brace myself for impact, but it never comes. At the last minute Russ thrusts the overhead throttle control forward and pulls us up banking steeply away. He checks the fuel gauge and asks Dan, the young co-pilot, to connect up one of the drums for in-flight refuelling. The Pole remains 100 feet below us, tantalisingly elusive, probably in the middle of a black pool of melted water. Russ takes advantage of some marginally increased sunlight to attempt a second landing. Once again hearts rise towards mouths as the engines slow and a blur of ice and snow and pitch-black sea rises towards us, but once again Russ snatches the plane from the ice at the last moment and we soar away, relieved and cheated.

I make a mental note never to complain about a landing ever again. Russ circles and banks the plane for another fifteen minutes, patiently examining the floating ice for yet another attempt.

This time there is no pull-out. Six hours after leaving Eureka Base, Canada, the wheels and skis of the Twin Otter find the ground, bounce, hit, bounce, hit, swerve, slide and finally grip the slithery hummocked surface. We are down and safe.

Home seems impossibly far away as we step out onto a rough base of ice and snow. It looks secure but water flows only a few yards away and the fact that Russ will not risk switching off the aircraft engines in case the ice should split reminds us that this is a lethal landscape. Finding the highest point in the vicinity — a pile of fractured ice-blocks, soaring to three and a half feet — I plant our 'North Pole' and we take our photos. The air is still, and a watery sun filters through grey-edged cloud giving the place a forlorn and lonely aspect. The temperature is minus twenty-five Centigrade. This is considered warm.

After an hour's filming, we defer to Russ's polite impatience and return to the aircraft. Concerned about fuel, he takes off quickly and unceremoniously, as if the North Pole were just another bus stop.

Straight away there are problems. There is only enough fuel left to reach the nearest airstrip, a Danish base in Greenland. Even this is 480 miles away, and beyond radio range at the moment. We have no option but to fly in hope.

Leave blank

1. What facilities does the writer wish were available at the North Pole?

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(Total 1 mark)

Q1

2. Describe **in your own words** the character of Russ, the pilot.

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(Total 3 marks)

Q2

Leave blank

3. Give **two** examples of the writer's use of humour in a serious situation. Explain why a reader might find each of these amusing.

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Q3

(Total 4 marks)

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4. How does the writer create a sense of danger and remoteness?

In your answer you should write about how the writer uses words, phrases and techniques to:

- describe the events in the passage
- share with the reader his thoughts and feelings.

You may include **brief** quotations from the passage to support your answer.

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Q4

(Total 12 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A: 20 MARKS

SECTION B: Reading and Writing

You should spend about 40 minutes on this section.

Remind yourself of the passage, **Touching the Void**, from the London Examinations Anthology, and then answer questions 5 and 6.

From *Touching the Void*

Joe and Simon are mountain-climbing in the Andes, when Joe has a terrible accident. Here are two accounts by Joe and Simon of what happened.

Joe's account

'I hit the slope at the base of the cliff before I saw it coming. I was facing into the slope and both knees locked as I struck it. I felt a shattering blow in my knee, felt bones splitting, and screamed. The impact catapulted me over backwards and down the slope of the East Face. I slid, head-first, on my back. The rushing speed of it confused me. I thought of the drop below but felt nothing. Since we were roped together, Simon would be ripped off the mountain. He couldn't hold me. I screamed again as I jerked to a sudden violent stop.

Everything was still, silent. My thoughts raced madly. The pain flooded down my thigh – a fierce burning fire coming down the inside of my thigh, seeming to ball in my groin, building and building until I cried out at it, and breathing came in ragged gasps. My leg! My leg!

I hung, head down, on my back, left leg tangled in the rope above me and my right leg hanging slackly to one side. I lifted my head from the snow and stared, up across my chest, at a grotesque distortion in the right knee, twisting the leg into a strange zig-zag. I didn't connect it with the pain which burnt in my groin. That had nothing to do with my knee. I kicked my left leg free of the rope and swung round until I was hanging against the snow on my chest, feet down. The pain eased. I kicked my left foot into the slope and stood up.

A wave of nausea surged over me. I pressed my face into the snow, and the sharp cold seemed to calm me. Something terrible, something dark with dread occurred to me, and as I thought about it, I felt the dark thought break into panic: "I've broken my leg, that's it. I'm dead. Everyone said it ... if there's just two of you a broken ankle could turn into a death sentence ... if it's broken ... if ... It doesn't hurt so much, maybe I've just ripped something."

I kicked my right leg against the slope, feeling sure it wasn't broken. My knee exploded. Bone grated, and the fireball rushed from groin to knee. I screamed. I looked down at the knee and could see it was broken, yet I tried not to believe what I was seeing. It wasn't just broken, it was ruptured, twisted, crushed, and I could see the kink in the joint and knew what had happened. The impact had driven my lower leg up through the knee joint.

I dug my axes into the snow, and pounded my good leg deeply into the soft slope until I felt sure it wouldn't slip. The effort brought back the nausea and I felt my head spin giddily to the point of fainting. I moved and a searing spasm of pain cleared away the faintness. I could see the summit of Seria Norte away to the west. I was not far below

it. The sight drove home how desperately things had changed. We were above 19,000 feet, still on the ridge, and very much alone. I looked south at the small rise I had hoped to scale quickly and it seemed to grow with every second that I stared. I would never get over it. Simon would not be able to get me up it. He would leave me. He had no choice. I held my breath, thinking about it. Left here? Alone. For an age I felt overwhelmed at the notion of being left; I felt like screaming, and I felt like swearing, but stayed silent. If I said a word, I would panic. I could feel myself teetering on the edge of it.'

Simon's account

'Joe had disappeared behind a rise in the ridge and began moving faster than I could go. I was glad we had put the steep section behind us at last. I felt tired and was grateful to be able to follow Joe's tracks instead of being in front.

I rested a while when I saw that Joe had stopped moving. Obviously he had found an obstacle and I thought I would wait until he started moving again. When the rope moved again I trudged forward after it, slowly.

Suddenly there was a sharp tug as the rope lashed out taut across the slope. I was pulled forward several feet as I pushed my axes into the snow and braced myself for another jerk. Nothing happened. I knew that Joe had fallen, but I couldn't see him, so I stayed put. I waited for about ten minutes until the tautened rope went slack on the snow and I felt sure that Joe had got his weight off me. I began to move along his footsteps cautiously, half expecting something else to happen. I kept tensed up and ready to dig my axe in at the first sign of trouble.

As I crested the rise, I could see down a slope to where the rope disappeared over the edge of a drop. I approached slowly, wondering what had happened. When I reached the top of the drop I saw Joe below me. He had one foot dug in and was leaning against the slope with his face buried in the snow. I asked him what had happened and he looked at me in surprise. I knew he was injured, but the significance didn't hit me at first.

He told me very calmly that he had broken his leg. He looked pathetic, and my immediate thought came without any emotion. You've had it, matey. You're dead ... no two ways about it! I think he knew it too. I could see it in his face. It was all totally rational. I knew where we were, I took in everything around me instantly, and knew he was dead. It never occurred to me that I might also die. I accepted without question that I could get off the mountain alone. I had no doubt about that.

Below him I could see thousands of feet of open face falling into the eastern glacier bay. I watched him quite dispassionately. I couldn't help him, and it occurred to me that in all likelihood he would fall to his death. I wasn't disturbed by the thought. In a way I hoped he would fall. I had no idea how I might help him. I could get down. If I tried to get him down I might die with him. It didn't frighten me. It just seemed a waste. It would be pointless. I kept staring at him, expecting him to fall ...'

Leave blank

You must answer both questions, 5 and 6.

5. Simon feels powerful emotions and yet reaches calm, logical conclusions.

How does the writer present both these aspects of his experience?

You may include **brief** quotations from the passage to support your answer.

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Q5

(10 marks for Reading)

Leave blank

6. Imagine that you have witnessed an accident or an exciting rescue.

Write a report for your local newspaper describing what you saw.

Leave blank

Q6

(10 marks for Writing)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B: 20 MARKS

Leave blank

SECTION C: Writing

You should spend about 40 minutes on this section.

7. Write about a place that evokes strong feelings in you, describing it in such a way that others can picture the place and understand your feelings about it.

Leave blank

(Section C continued) .....

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(Section C continued) .....

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Q7

(Total 20 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION C: 20 MARKS

TOTAL FOR PAPER: 60 MARKS

END

Edexcel Limited gratefully acknowledges the following sources used in the preparation of this paper:
Pole to Pole, Michael Palin, BBC Books, 1992
Touching the Void, Joe Simpson, Vintage, 1998

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