

Centre Number						Candidate Number				
Surname										
Other Names										
Candidate Signature										



General Certificate of Secondary Education  
Higher Tier

# English/English Language

ENG1H

H

## Unit 1 Understanding and producing non fiction texts

**SPECIMEN**

**Dateline      Timeline**

**Time allowed**

- 2 hours

**Instructions**

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Fill in the boxes at the top of this page.
- Answer **all** questions.
- 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 for 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 one hour on Section A and one hour on Section B.

For Examiner's Use	
Examiner's Initials	
Question	Mark
1	
2	
3	
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5	
6	
TOTAL	



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General Certificate of Secondary Education  
Higher Tier  
June XXXX

## English/English Language

ENG1H

H

Unit 1 Understanding and producing non fiction texts

SPECIMEN

## Insert

The three items that follow are:

- **ITEM 1:** a website news article called *Do you really want to be in our tribe?* by Jan Moir
- **ITEM 2:** a newspaper article called *New life revealed in rainforests of the deep* by Sophie Tedmanson
- **ITEM 3:** *Afghan Journey*, an extract from a non fiction text called *The Bookseller of Kabul* by Asne Seierstad

## ITEM 1



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## Do you really want to be in our tribe?

Jan Moir

Published: 12.01AM GMT 03 Jan 2005

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Back home: Bruce relaxes on more familiar turf

**Bruce Parry would rather be described as an expeditionary than an explorer, but he's not splitting hairs. For much of the past year, he has been splitting rats in half instead, then scooping out their innards for lunch or chargrilling their tails for a nice evening snack.**

"If you have been living on raw, dry sago for a week, which sucks the moisture from your mouth and is like eating chalk, then you are grateful for anything different you can get.

I ate and drank a lot of pretty grim stuff, but the truth is that I don't mind the odd locust - it tastes like a prawn - and the secret to drinking blood is to do it quickly. Otherwise it tastes stringy as it goes down.

The redoubtable Parry and his ironclad intestines feature in the television series, Tribe. Over the past 12 months, he has lived with some of the most remote tribes on the planet; eating, sleeping and living the way they do, taking part in their rituals and adopting as many of their customs as he could.

"It's about getting in the zone, immersing myself in the culture of each area," is how he describes it. I could be accused of being a wannabe tribesman, of wanting to be a tribal dude but that is now how I see it. I see it as me doing what they wanted me to do, showing them respect and hanging out with them. And they loved it. It's all been an amazing journey, an incredible experience. I am grateful for it all."

Parry's travels have looped across the globe. In the Arunachal Pradesh region of India, he was the first white man in living memory to visit the Adi people, while with the cannibalistic Kombai tribe of West Papua, he used stone tools and ate (non-human) meals cooked with hot stones. While with the Suri in Ethiopia, he had his skin slashed with razor blades and thorns as part of an ancient ritual ceremony. "The women laughed at me. They thought I was a terrible wimp because I flinched," he says.

Today in a London restaurant he clings on to a glass of champagne and looks shattered.

We have sweet grilled scallops, delicious ribbons of ham and a hillock of spaghetti with crab and aubergine sauce all of which Parry dispatches lustily - and a bottle of wine which, amongst its many excellent characteristics, is not one which tastes stringy going down the throat.

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**MUST SEE**

### Must see Films

The week's must-see films, chosen by Sukhdev Sandhu and Tim Robey.

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Theatre

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Comedy

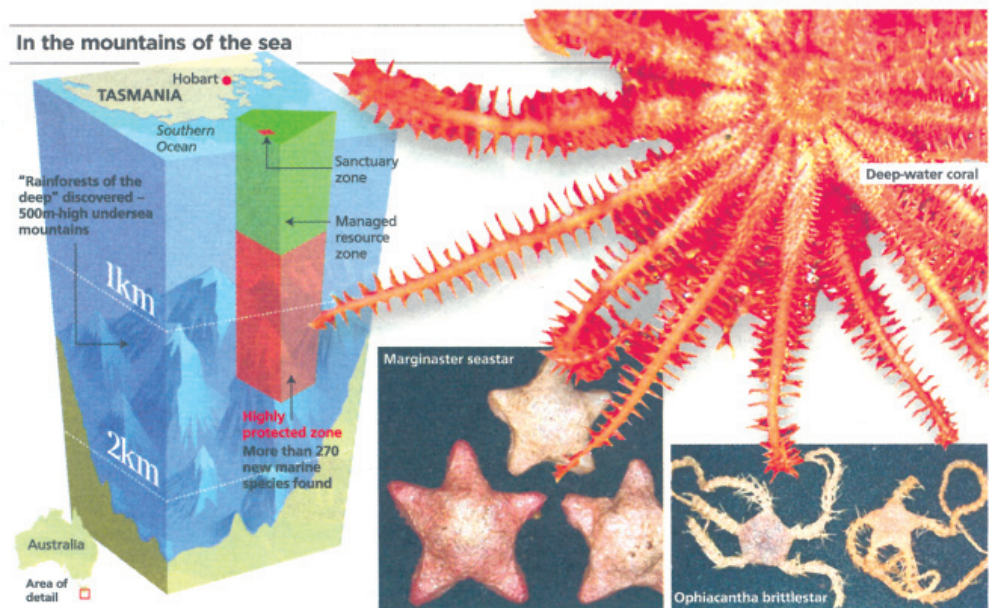
## ITEM 2

# New life revealed in rainforests of the deep

Sophie Tedmanson

A rare species of stingray, a 2,000-year-old coral and extinct underwater volcanoes are among hundreds of discoveries found under the ocean by a scientific expedition off the coast of Australia. Marine experts say that the discoveries shine a new light on what they say are some of the most biologically important oceanic habitats in the world.

In the icy waters of a Southern Ocean marine park, 100 nautical miles off the coast of Tasmania, scientists found more than 270 new marine species — including fish, crustaceans, molluscs, sponges and corals — and 80 previously unknown seamounts or underwater mountains. The undersea mountains, which measured half a mile high and 15 miles (25km) wide, form “rainforests of the deep”. For the first time scientists also laid eyes upon underwater canyons larger than the Grand Canyon in Arizona



Scientists said that only a tiny proportion of Australia’s oceans had been explored in such a way and that they could only speculate on the biodiversity hidden under the water. The discoveries were made during two voyages in November 2006 and April 2007.

Some of the oldest discoveries included 2,000-year-old living black coral, bamboo coral more than 300 years old, and fish about 200 years old. Carbon dating was used to determine the age of the deep-sea treasures. In total 123 underwater mountains were also revealed. Of the discoveries about 70 per cent had never been seen by humans before.

A live stingray, from a species of which only one dead specimen had ever been found in Australian waters, was also captured, and a glass sponge, so delicate that it could not be brought to the surface without breaking it.

© *The Times* 10/2008

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## ITEM 3

## Afghan Journey

**In this extract, Mansur and his friends are making a journey from Kabul, in Afghanistan, to a New Year Festival some miles away.**

Mansur spends the night with Akbar to make sure he wakes up. The next morning, before dawn, they are off. Mansur's only luggage consists of a plastic bag full of Coke and Fanta cans and biscuits with banana and kiwi filling. Akbar has a friend with him and everyone is in high spirits. They play Indian film music and sing at the top of their voices. Mansur has brought his treasure with him, a western cassette, *Pop from the 80s*. 'Is this love? Baby, don't hurt me, don't hurt me no more' resounds out into the cool morning. Before they have driven half an hour Mansur has eaten the first packet of biscuits and drunk two Cokes. He feels free. He wants to scream and shout, and sticks his head out of the window. 'Ouhhhhiiii! Here I come!'

They pass areas he has never before seen. Immediately north of Kabul is the Shomali Plain one of the most war-torn areas of Afghanistan. Here bombs from American B52s shook the ground only a few months ago. 'How beautiful,' Mansur shouts. And from a distance the plain is beautiful, against the backdrop of the mighty snow-clad Hindu Kush mountains that proudly rise up to the sky.

Mansur stares in silence at the awful villages they pass. Most of them are in ruins and rear up in the landscape like skeletons. The remains of twisted tanks, wrecked military vehicles and bits of metal whose purpose Mansur can only guess at, lie thrown around. A lonely man walks behind a plough. In the middle of his patch lies a large tank. He walks laboriously around it – it is too heavy to move.

The car drives fast over the potholed road. Mansur tries to spot his mother's village. He has not been there since was five or six. His finger constantly points to more ruins. There! There! But nothing distinguishes one village from another. The place where he visited his mother's relatives as a little boy could be any one of these heaps of rubble. He remembers how he ran around on the paths and fields. Now the plain is the most mined place in the world. Only the roads are safe. Children with bundles of firewood and women with buckets of water walk along the side of the road. They try to avoid the ditches where the mines might be. The ditches are full of wild, dark-red short-stemmed tulips. But the flowers must be admired at distance. Picking them would be risky.

Akbar is having fun with a book published by the Afghan Tourist Organisation in 1967.

“‘Along the roads children sell chains of pink tulips’,’ he reads. “‘In the spring cherries, apricots, almond and pear trees jostle for the attention of the traveller. A flowering spectacle follows the traveller all the way to Kabul”.’ They laugh. This spring they spot a lone rebellious cherry tree or two that have survived bombs, rockets, a three-year drought and poisoned wells.

ASNE SEIERSTAD

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COPYRIGHT-HOLDERS AND PUBLISHERS

ITEM 1: JAN MOIR, *Do you really want to be in our tribe?* Daily Telegraph on-line (2005) *The Daily Telegraph*  
Photo: Image of Bruce Parry, ©Telegraph Media Group Limited 2004/Christopher Cox

ITEM 2: SOPHIE TEDMANSON, *New Life revealed in rainforests of the deep*, (*The Times*), 2008

ITEM 3: ASNE SEIERSTAD (2002) Reproduced from *The Bookseller of Kabul* by ASNE SEIERSTAD with kind permission of Virago, an imprint of Little, Brown Book Group.

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