



GCSE

4171/02

**ENGLISH/ENGLISH LANGUAGE
HIGHER TIER
UNIT 1 (READING)**

A.M. TUESDAY, 10 January 2012

1 hour

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

Resource Material.

A 12 page answer book.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen.

Answer **all** questions.

Write your answers in the separate answer book provided.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The total mark available for this unit is 40.

The number of marks in brackets will give you an indication of the time you should spend on each question or part-question.

Answer **all** the following questions.

The passage on the opposite page is an essay: ‘*The Pleasures of London Cycling*’, by Deborah Moggach.

The separate Resource Material is a newspaper article: ‘*REINVENTING THE WHEEL*’, by Charles Starmer-Smith.

Look at the first page of the article in the Resource Material: ‘REINVENTING THE WHEEL’.

1. What thoughts and feelings has Charles Starmer-Smith had about cycling at different stages of his life?

You should write about his thoughts and feelings:

- as a boy;
- as an adolescent;
- as a man.

[10]

Now look at the rest of the article.

2. Explain why Charles Starmer-Smith thinks cycling is a popular and enjoyable activity. [10]

Now look at the essay on the opposite page: ‘The Pleasures of London Cycling’.

3. How does Deborah Moggach try to prove that ‘anyone with any sense’ cycles in London? [10]

To answer the next question you will need to refer to both texts.

4. Compare and contrast what these two texts say about the problems and disadvantages of cycling.

Organise your answer into two paragraphs, using the following headings:

- Charles Starmer-Smith
- Deborah Moggach

[10]

The Pleasures of London Cycling Deborah Moggach

I've biked in London all my life. My children bike; everyone I know, with any sense, bikes. How else does one get around the place? Nothing beats weaving through the rush-hour traffic or whizzing past the eternal gridlock that is the Strand. Cycling is the only way to free ourselves from the misery of the tube, the wall-to-wall buses that line Oxford Street, the hopelessness of even thinking about driving. It's the only way you can get where you want to go, on time, fast.

We all know the advantages of cycling. It's free, it's non-polluting and it's a wonderful way to keep fit. Isn't it weird that people take the tube to work and then spend their lunch hour sweating away on an exercise bike? What is less recognised, however, is its efficiency. You know exactly when you'll arrive at your destination. It takes me 25 minutes from my front door to the West End. Any other form of transport entails allowing for delays – endless waits, traffic jams. What a waste of life!

Not only that. I can do errands en route. Drop off a parcel, do a bit of shopping here and there, pick up some tickets, stop for a coffee. And I do these things on impulse. Once you start cycling, the city opens up for you. No longer are you fighting it, hot and frustrated. No longer are you at the mercy of bus drivers, roadworks, decisions made by others and over which you have no control. Believe me, once you've tasted this freedom, you're hooked.

More and more of us are taking up cycling. Side streets are less polluted, and more interesting anyway. Besides, the more of us who cycle the safer it is. Traffic has to accommodate us. We also make the streets safer. For a lone woman, walking home at night, a passing cyclist is a reassuring presence. We give the city a human scale.

Some people find the notion of confronting London's aggressive car drivers scary, especially in places like Hyde Park Corner, but if you're spooked you can always get off and walk. And as long as you treat all drivers as idiots who are just about to fling open the door of their parked car, or cut you up with their horrible 4x4, or squash you with their ghastly bendy bus, you'll be okay. Of course there are other disadvantages, like arriving at your destination sodden with sweat and with hideous 'helmet hair'. Sexy clothes and biking don't go together, so one has to pop into an alleyway to change, hopping about on one foot and looking a bit of a twit. And of course, cycling is no fun in torrential rain. Drivers can be aggressive, but I've met with a lot of politeness. Perhaps it's because I look harmless tootling along with my basket of shopping.

That said, how friendly is London to cyclists? There is still a scandalous lack of facilities. Ever noticed how few cycle racks adorn our streets? So we have to lock our bikes to a parking meter or a lamppost. The bike then falls over and gets damaged, or trips up a pedestrian. Worse still, many railings have a sign saying 'Bikes will be removed' – railings of offices whose bosses arrive each day in chauffeur-driven cars and, best of all, railings at a heart hospital! Isn't that lunatic?

Still, if you love London there's no better way to see it. On a bike, it's you who owns the city, instead of the city owning you.

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4171/02-A

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Resource Material

REINVENTING THE WHEEL

Charles Starmer-Smith rediscovers a lost love.



My own conversion to cycling has come late. I remember childhood holidays in France where I would pedal among the villages in search of bread and adventure, revelling in the freedom of pedal power as I sped past vineyards, forests and fields, imagining I was one of the Tour de France greats.

Then came adolescence and girls and guitars and cars. Cycling was no longer cool and the limitations of a bike, rather than its freedoms, became all too apparent. It couldn't play Pearl Jam on the stereo, with the roof down and a pretty girl in the passenger seat, like my battered silver Mini.

However, there is nothing like purchasing new gear to give you an inflated sense of your sporting prowess. Only a week ago, tackling the gentle contours of Richmond Park, I was puffing like a man on an epic ascent of some legendary alpine peak. Now, dressed in the outfit I spent a small fortune on this morning, I stride down the stairs with new purpose, ready to join the British Lycra Brotherhood. I feel streamlined and ready for anything the Alps of Surrey can throw at me.

'I want a divorce.' My wife's words stop me in my tracks. She looks both amused and horrified as I put on my helmet and fluorescent bib. 'You look like a Village People tribute act.' Deflated, I hurry past the mirror and wheel my bike out into the winter drizzle for the short journey to the North Downs.

A wave of smugness washes over me as I weave easily through the noisy commuters and choking traffic which stall everyone else's progress. One right turn towards Box Hill and suddenly...silence.

The North Downs Way, which runs from Hampshire through Surrey, awaits. The first rays of sun streak across the chalk hillside, but there's still a chill in the air. I zip up my jersey, looking enviously at the thick coats of the sheep. But I soon forget the cold. With the wind at my back I hear the hum of the tyres and the whirr of the chain. Below me a patchwork of green fields. No deadlines. No delays. For these precious moments I care for little but the verdant hills and plunging valleys – and the panoramic views my efforts have earned.

The British Lycra Brotherhood – for whom mornings, evenings, weekends and holidays are all about pedal power and for whom travel is not just about the destination but the journey there – can welcome its latest recruit. My love of cycling has come full circle.

But how has it come to this? The rise of cycling in Britain has been well documented. A string of champions on the track, from Chris Hoy to Victoria Pendleton, and now on the road, with the new Sky Team led by Bradley Wiggins, has done much to inspire a new generation of Britons on to their bikes.

Aided by an overpriced and overcrowded transport system and savings from the 'Cycle to Work' initiative, the bicycle is now seen as an answer to rising carbon emissions. But it is the escapism it gives that is the real draw. You don't need to emulate the endless wave of intrepid cyclists crossing the Americas or circumnavigating the globe to be part of this revolution.

The landscape of Britain is perfect for cycling. Across every hill and valley, country lane and woodland track, the national cycle network covers a mind-boggling 10,000 miles, and we are clocking more than a million journeys on these routes each day.

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www.britishcycling.org.uk