

**Pearson Edexcel Level 1/Level 2 GCSE (9–1)**

# **English Language**

**Paper 1: Fiction and Imaginative Writing  
Section A: Reading Text Insert**

Specimen Papers (Set 2) for first teaching  
September 2015

**Time: 1 hour 45 minutes**

Paper Reference

**1EN0/01**

**Do not return the insert with the question paper.**

## **Advice**

- Read the text before answering the questions in Section A of the question paper.

*Turn over* ►

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**Read the text below and answer Questions 1–4 on the question paper.**

*In this extract from a short story, the philosopher Cornelius asks the narrator to watch over a magic potion he is creating. While the narrator watches, he thinks about the girl he loves, Bertha, who has rejected him in favour of another man, Albert.*

***The Mortal Immortal: Mary Shelley***

Cornelius had watched for three days and nights and had not closed his eyes. The progress of his work was slower than he expected: in spite of his anxiety, sleep weighted upon his eyelids. Again and again he threw off drowsiness with more than human energy; again and again it stole away his senses. He eyed his crucibles\* wistfully. "Not ready yet," he murmured; "will another night pass before the work is accomplished? You are vigilant—you are faithful—you have slept, my boy—you slept last night. Look at that glass vessel. The liquid it contains is of a soft rose-colour: the moment it begins to change colour, awaken me—till then I may close my eyes. First, it will turn white, and then emit golden flashes; but wait not till then; when the rose-colour fades, rouse me." I scarcely heard the last words, muttered, as they were, in sleep. Even then he did not quite yield to nature. "My boy," he again said, "do not touch the vessel—do not put it to your lips; it is a philtre\*\*—a philtre to cure love; you would not cease to love your Bertha— beware to drink!"

And he slept. His head sunk on his breast, and I scarce heard his regular breathing. For a few minutes I watched the vessel—the rosy colour of the liquid remained unchanged. Then my thoughts wandered—they visited the fountain, and dwelt on a thousand charming scenes never to be renewed—never! Serpents and adders were in my heart as the word "Never!" half formed itself on my lips. False girl!—false and cruel! Never more would she smile on me as that evening she smiled on Albert. Worthless, detested woman! I would not remain unrevenged—she should see Albert expire at her feet—she should die beneath my vengeance. She had smiled in disdain and triumph—she knew my wretchedness and her power. Yet what power had she?—the power of exciting my hate—my utter scorn—my—oh, all but indifference! Could I attain that—could I regard her with careless eyes, transferring my rejected love to one fairer and more true, that were indeed a victory!

A bright flash darted before my eyes. I had forgotten the medicine...I gazed on it with wonder: flashes of admirable beauty, more bright than those which the diamond emits when the sun's rays are on it, glanced from the surface of the liquid; and odour the most fragrant and grateful stole over my sense; the vessel seemed one globe of living radiance, lovely to the eye, and most inviting to the taste. The first thought, instinctively inspired by the grosser sense, was, I will—I must drink. I raised the vessel to my lips. "It will cure me of love—of torture!" Already I had quaffed\*\*\* half of the most delicious liquor ever tasted by the palate of man, when the philosopher stirred. I started—I dropped the glass—the fluid flamed and glanced along the floor, while I felt Cornelius's grip at my throat, as he shrieked aloud, "Wretch! you have destroyed the labour of my life!"

The philosopher was totally unaware that I had drunk any portion of his drug. His idea was, and I gave a tacit\*\*\*\* assent to it, that I had raised the vessel from curiosity, and that, frightened at its brightness, and the flashes of intense light it gave forth, I had let it fall. I never undeceived him.

*crucibles\** – containers

*philtre\*\** – a magic potion

quaffed\*\*\* – drunk

*tacit\*\*\*\** – unspoken

**Acknowledgement:**

*The Mortal Immortal*, Mary Shelley, 1833, from <http://gutenberg.net.au>  
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