

SECTION A: Reading

Answer the question in this section.

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Remind yourself of 'The Necklace', taken from the *Pearson Edexcel International GCSE English Anthology*, which is provided in the Extract Booklet.

- 1 How does the writer present the importance of money and possessions in *The Necklace*?

In your answer, you should write about:

- how money and possessions are described
- how the people in the story are affected by money and possessions
- the use of language and structure.

You should support your answer with close reference to the story, including **brief** quotations.

(30)

The Necklace starts ^{with} adjectives 'Pretty' 'delightful' to describe ~~the~~ and give a clear picture in readers mind.

Mathilde want luxury ~~she want~~ she dreamed of elegant dinners, gleaming silverware, she had nothing no good dress, no jewellery, nothing. She ~~is~~ always cared about this thing and she feels that god has made her for this things.

The extract consist of a series of short para ~~to~~ compare to the lengthy one.



we also find the use of dialogue. the writer use dialogue to involves the readers.

The use of short sentences "He was devastated" give a clear or creat image in readers mind.

use of ellipsis "What.... But.... You can't have lost it!" makes the reader think forward.



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The extract 'The Necklace' starts with the description of ^{Loisel} ~~Mathilde~~. The writer uses pairs of adjectives to describe ^{Loisel's} ~~the Mathilde's~~ fate when he writes 'she would weep tears of sorrow, regret, despair and great anguish'. The writer ~~also~~ makes use of short sentences when he implies says 'He was devastated' which conveys the inevitable feeling when he forced ^{Loisel's} ~~Mathilde~~ to go for the invitation. ~~The writer~~.

The writer uses incomplete sentences when he writes 'Madame Forestier's dialogue 'But of course' which brings tension in readers mind about what ~~of~~ Madame Forestier is hiding.

The writer again uses pair of adjective when he implies



'elegant, graceful, radiant, and wonderfully happy' conveying the beauty of Madame Loisel's happiness among her success.

The writer describes the hope and dreams of Madame Loisel when he writes 'she dreamed of silent antechambers hung with oriental tapestries... in the heavy heat of a stove' which implies that Madame Loisel wasn't happy ~~and~~ with ~~her~~ all she had, she always thought of being a Royal Princess like she thinks. The writer takes help of list of things she wanted.

The writer uses many rhetorical questions when Madame Loisel says 'what would she have thought?', 'what would she have said?' conveying the tension in Madame Loisel's mind and the reader what will happen next.

The writer describes the importance of money when he says 'to settle some accounts, renew others, bargain for time', ~~implying~~ The writer also makes negative connotation when he writes 'he had found nothing' which conveys the ~~to~~ huge loss and pressure on them.

The writer again makes use of rhetorical question ~~when Madame Loisel says~~ when he ~~say~~ writes.



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'What might not have happened ~~to~~ she not lost the necklace? Who could tell? Who could possibly tell?' ~~etc~~ which is an example of list of rhetorical questions implying the hope and moving to his fantasy world thinking of it.

The writer uses list of negative connotation when Madame Forestier says 'But... I'm sorry... I don't know... There's some mistake' which implies the change ~~like~~ in Madam Loisel which she found in her.



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(30)

The story "The Necklace" is mainly about a woman who had to suffer for many years to hide the truth about the necklace that she lost. And she had to buy a new one by suffering and by not telling her friend the truth.

The writer had made many techniques and this is a story which is more interesting and keeps the reader shocked because of its twist at the end.

"She was one of those pretty, — of minor civil servants." In this quote we can understand that this woman is ^{not} very rich. And we can see the writer had also made use of adjectives which shows the description of beauty of her.



"She dressed simply, being ----- unhappy as any good family who has come down in the world."

From this sentence we can understand three things that this woman is not very rich. She is unable to buy that beautiful expensive dresses that are been worn by the rich ladies. From this we can see the inference of money in the lifestyle of person. In this ^{quote} sentence the writer had made use of comma to separate the long sentences so the sentence looks more easy. The idiom, "came down in the world" makes the sentence more sensible, meaningful about her.

"She was unhappy all time, --- and luxury." In this quote we can see that being a daughter of the ~~do~~ simple family she was not happy. She want more comfortable life. But it was not easy for her to lead comfortable life as they doesn't have enough money to lead a comfortable luxurious life as the rich people do.

"She made unhappy by the run-down --- ugly curtains." From this we can see the description of the house where she lives in. And also see and understand that is affect because of money as she dream of luxurious life. This the reader can understand



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from the line, "She dreamed of silent antechambers
 ———— ~~was~~ of a hearth of a stove" — She dreamed
 of great drawing — day whose attentions were
 much coveted and desired by all women." This
 too also shows the listing of things. The things
 she dream is impossible for her because she
 is unable to afford those expensive things.

The writer had also made use of spaced out words,
 in the story, "run-down", "Sought after", "three-
 day-old".

"There's nothing I like about stew — ; She dreamed
 of elegant enchanted forests; she dreamed of
 exquisite ——— wings of a hazel hen." In this we
 can see to know that this ~~lady~~ lady is so lost
 in her dream that she even doesn't care about
 the things around her, all the things that were
 roaming in her mind was all about luxury and
 to lead a life of rich people by keeping a hope
 always. In this we can also see the writer
 making use of semicolon to separate this sentence
 into three so it's easier for the reader to
 understand the points that the writer tries to
 tell about her. In this again we can see the
 writer making reference to listing.



The writer had made use of paragraphs throughout her story. And also made use of short sentences "Splendid!" which give the strong opinion of the character. "She ~~thought~~ He turned slightly pale, --- who went shooting darts there on Sundays". In this the writer had made use of long sentence.

^{dresses, no}
"She had no fine jewelry, nothing." Here we can see the use of negative opinion. "She would weep tears of sorrow, regret, despair, and anguish". In this also we can see the writer had made use of negative words for the character just because of the unhappiness of life that she was having with. In this world we all should stay as happy as we are because no one knows what's going to happen tomorrow.

The writer had also made use of rhetorical devices "What earthly use is that to me?" This was the question that she asked to her husband after getting the letter from evening party. She told this to her husband as she was not having any fine and costly dresses to wear and go, and she doesn't want to go to the party without a good dress because she wants to keep the impression of a rich person like those in program.



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"He turned slightly pale, --- there on Sundays. But he said: 'Very well. I'll give you - 'hundred francs'." From this we can see the love of her husband towards her as he was able to kill his wish and fulfill her wife's wish. But she was not ~~caring~~ ^{caring} for her husband as she was able to break his dream for gun. And also ~~same~~ was not caring about the hard work money of her husband. She was now very much obsessed about the jewelry and after the idea going to her rich friend who showed all her jewelry and choosed the one.

"But of course", This words from Madame Frostier is very important because this words will change her life completely.

"She turned to him a panic: 'I - I - Madame Frostier's necklace --- I haven't got it!'" This was the moment after when she came out of the program. This also creates a tension in the reader's mind that what must will happen later. The husband's word 'What? - But - You can't have lost it! This shows the shocking reaction of her husband that he will be not able to buy an expensive life necklace again for her.



"He borrowed the money --- which he put on the counter". From line 170-177 the writer wrote all the things that how much difficulty the husband had to buy the similar necklace for her. And the hard times they had. In this paragraph the writer gave all the description and explained at once how the arrangement was done and which lead to poverty of them. All was because of money.

"Each month --- accounts, renew others, and bargain for time." We can see the use of rules of three to tell about their hard life. "The writer also made use of colon "She could not alter; --- to be repaid";

"But poor Mathilde, how you've change!" This was the question of her friend to her. Who was completely shocked.

The last sentence shows that it was an imitation necklace, which keeps the reader completely shocked and think that how a waste of money and years she did by telling the lie to her friend. This story was all about the money changing the life of people, we should stay happy ^{with what we have.} And

(Total for Question 1 = 30 marks)

it was the good message TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 30 MARKS
for all of us, that the writer brought



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(30)

The writer presents the importance of money and possessions in 'The Necklace' very very effectively. Maupassant does this by his precisely chosen techniques and language devices. He highlights how ~~the~~ money can bring change in one's fate.

The story tells of a lady, who is described as 'pretty', and 'delightful' but because of her 'error of Fate' she was born in a poor family. ^{But the writer} ~~she~~ sees herself equally with those of any other lady from rich and good family, "and a girl of no birth... the equal of any



society lady. She always remain unhappy, because she feels she is 'intended for a life of refinement and luxury'. She always remains in her dream ~~world~~ world instead of ~~not~~ realising the harsh situation she had to bear; "She dreamed of silent antechambers... designed by all womens." Listing is used as a technique "She dreamed of ... filled with perfumes..." asyndetic list is used.

There are a series of dialogues, and short sentences and rhetorical questions are used to show her 'sorrow', 'despair', 'anguish', 'demand' she had when she heard the 'invitation'. All she cared ~~was~~ about was her dress and jewellery, "And what am I supposed to wear if I do go?" All these portrays the importance of money in one's life.

The use of short sentence given separately "But of course" ~~show~~ evokes the twist



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ending in the last. Madame Loisel
fate would be different if she and
her friend were truthful to each
other. There is a chain of adjectives
~~to show~~ 'elegant', 'graceful',
'radiant', to show her happiness.

The writer brings a twist in the
story when Madame Loisel loses
the Necklace and ~~they~~ she have
to begin for a life of the very poor.
But if she would be truthful her
life may not be changed in this
bad condition. If they had money
everything would get solved very
easily. The story convey how
hard it was for Loisel and
his wife to arrange the money
for the 'diamond collar' necklace
identical to the one they were
looking for. "Loisel had eighteen
thousand ... whole tribe of money-
lenders."

Their life was completely changed



from poor to very poor. They dismissed the maid frequently abused and always counting every penny."

Towards the ~~ends~~ end of the story we find the contrast between the Madame Loisel looked. In the very first line she is described as 'pretty' and 'delightful' but towards the end we find "Madame Loisel looked old now... and scrubbed floors ~~on~~ on her hands and knees." It illustrates how ~~no~~ money can change everything of a person's life.

The rhetorical questions and the use of exclamatory marks "What might not have happened had she... How little is needed to make or break us!" shows her utter disbelief and sorrow.

The exclamatory marks used at the



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conclusion shows the importance of the sentence "Oh, my poor Mathilde! ... more than five hundred francs! ..." and gives a twist ending to the reader. Guy de Maupassant successfully shows the importance of money and possessions, of the people who were affected by money and lost their everything in life!



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The writer presents the importance of money & possessions in *The Necklace* by using repetition, ~~lists of things~~ lists of jewels & treasures, ~~because~~ emotive language & short sentences. ~~and descriptive language~~ and

Mathilde

The writer described ~~Madame~~ Mathilde as "unhappy" several times in the first few paragraphs of the text. This creates the atmosphere for the rest of the text & emphasizes to the reader how upset she was at the fact that she ~~wasn't~~ ^{isn't} rich. ~~This is how the writer uses repetition to present the importance of money & possessions.~~

The repetition of "no" in "no fine dresses, no jewellery, nothing" shows how she only cared about materialistic items & is ungrateful because ~~Madame~~ Mathilde ~~only~~ lists the items that she does not possess



& she never mentions things that she is grateful for such as ~~that~~ not being homeless, having food & water & so on. Another evidence to show that she only cares about materialistic items is that "she would have given anything to be popular, envied, attractive, & in demand". This is how the writer uses lists of facts & repetition to present the importance of money & possessions in *The Necklace*.

Another technique used is *ceasura* to isolate the sentence "He was devastated" from the rest of the sentences. The use of *ceasura* exaggerates the fact that "he was devastated" to engage the readers & to make the readers feel pity for ~~the~~ Mathilde. This shows how upset the Loiseles became after Mathilde ~~was~~ was complaining about having nothing to wear to the dance, & it also shows how what Mathilde would wear ~~would have~~ & how expensive her outfit was would have power over how she ~~felt~~ & her husband would feel.

The next technique used is emotive language. The writer used this when describing how "she would have ~~preferred~~ preferred to slip away quietly & avoid... women who ~~the~~ were being arrayed in rich furs". This ~~is~~ quote contrasts with when "she danced ecstatically,



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wildly, intoxicated with pleasure". Similar to the first previous points I made, this shows how materialistic Mathilde was. ~~She~~ She was dancing very confidently when she was in her dress & diamond necklace. However, when she had her "modest everyday coat" on she was too embarrassed to be ~~seen~~ seen by the other rich women in their fur coats.

Finally, the last technique in discussing is short sentences. The writer uses short sentences between lines 126 & 128 when Mathilde realised she lost the necklace. The use of short sentences builds tension which forces the reader to read faster to find out what happens next. The tension created symbolises how valuable & expensive the necklace is & how money & possessions ~~are~~ are important which helps build up the drama of the text.

This is how the writer used repetition, listing, emotive language & short sentences to present the importance of money & possession. The main theme of this extract is money & possessions is equal to power & glory.



Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number: Question 2 ☒ Question 3 ☒ Question 4 ☒

Today

~~It has been three days. I still haven't get a call from TEASCO company. It is a game creating comp~~

It has been three days. I still haven't get a call. I feel more ^{nervous} ~~nervous~~ day by day. I am also very curious to know.

"TEASCO". This is a company that creates games. ^{They have} ~~It has~~ one of the ^{popular companies} ~~created most famous games~~. I have ^{characters etc.} ~~I have~~ studied into ~~pre~~ creating animation ~~objects~~. And I have always targeted dreamed of working in this company.

^{excelled in academics} I ~~get~~ always get straight ~~A's~~. So I was ~~at~~ pretty confident ~~in~~ the interview. ~~or show~~ I thought I would get ^{I get} And then ~~the call~~ a call at morning 10:00-10 AM. ^{on a Wednesday morning} ~~And then~~ I get a call ~~at 10:00 AM~~. I had just finished eating my breakfast and was heading to my ~~job~~ part-time job.



I still remember vividly on what the caller said,
 "Hello. This is IFASCO company. Are you Ms Can I speak
 to Ms. Kate Brown? I said, "This is she". Caller, "Oh!
 I am ~~here~~ here to tell you ...

I was ~~in there~~ standing still. Counting every second
 which has passed. Those seconds felt like minutes.
 "Say Yes", "Say Yes" kept on repeating on my mind.
 It completely felt like as if I am ^{again} ~~was~~ searching ^{the} ~~my~~
 list on whether I passed ~~or not~~ the ^{exam} ~~series~~ or not.

And then the caller said, "... that ~~is~~ you have been
 rejected for this position. ^{I am sorry} ~~Sorry that~~ Thank you. H

Everything stopped. I slumped on the couch. One thing
 kept on circling around ^{me} ~~my ears~~. "Rejected".
 I was rejected. The girl who ^{me} always is the best at
 everything.

I was disappointed. ~~I called~~ But I did know that
 I can never get in my dream company. I felt like I
 had studied hard just to gain nothing. I was not
 sad. I was angry. Angry that they had rejected the
 "best" candidate. ~~Or so~~



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And I had given up. I called in sick and took ^{the} a day off. I started watching ~~romantic~~ mov "the Notebook" and eating Neapolitan icecream like a heartbroken maniac....



Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number: Question 2 ☒ Question 3 ☒ Question 4 ☒

Day after day passed and the same thing was happening. I watched as my 'best friend' ran past me, not sparing me a glance. ~~My~~ My lips curled downwards, my eyebrows furrowing as I watched her approach two other people. She turned to them, a smile on her face, her eyes closed as if there wasn't a worry in the world.

I could do nothing but sigh. I looked down, feeling slightly ~~disappointed~~ disappointed. I still remember how close we were when we were younger. I remember how we called each other sisters. How we used to have sleepovers every two weeks. I still remember how she used to smile at me, and how she could proudly call me her 'best friend'. When did that all change?

When did she start looking at me with such disgust?

When did she stop looking at me altogether?

When did she start feeling ashamed to call me her 'best friend'?



I only followed her and the two other classmates. I had called them my friends but I knew somewhere deep down, this is not how friends treat each other. My eyes were trained on their backs, watching as their hair flowed gracefully in the wind. I couldn't recollect any other sight of them. I only ever saw their backs facing towards me. They never turned to smile at me. They never turned to look at me. It was as if I wasn't there. Yet I still followed them. I hung my head down, eyes now watching my legs as they walked.

For a split second, I had an uncontrollable urge. An uncontrollable urge to just walk away. Walk away and find others ^{that} ~~can~~ treat me like a person, like a friend. I still don't know why I didn't just leave. I continued walking, shoulders drooping weakly. My heart ached as I heard them laugh without me. My mind could only think of one sentence; 'Please include me'.

I felt fine as if I was the biggest idiot in existence. Why was I still holding on to this false hope? Why did I still feel like one day, they would finally turn around and talk to me? It would never happen! Yet why...

Why am I still following them like a lost puppy?



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I heard one of them sigh as they stopped walking. The other two halted beside her, causing me to stop in my place as well. I looked up, curiosity taking over my thoughts. 'Why did they stop?'

My question was quickly answered: I felt my heart beat faster as a sudden rush of joy flowed through my body. Watching as my best friend slowly turned to look at me, I clasped my hands together, waiting in anticipation. 'Finally!' I thought, 'They're looking at me! They know I'm here! Are they going to talk to me? Say a joke? Include me?'

I held my breath as my best friend opened her mouth. "~~Sorry~~ No hard feelings or anything... but we're kicking ^{you} out of the group. Whenever we want to be happy, you're always sad and you ruin our time, so... yeah. Sorry."

My mind blanked out for a while, my body just ~~being there~~ frozen as I took a long while to process what she had just said.

'Kicking you... out of the group..?'

My mouth opened to say something but nothing



came out. My eyes, now wide, landed on the ^{two} other friends. ~~I~~ I felt my heart drop in my chest as they simply shrugged, then turned away, walking farther away from me. Unintentionally, my arm raised up to try and reach out ^{to} them. Without even realising, my eyesight became blurry and ~~hot~~ ^{warm}, sad tears ~~ran~~ ^{rolled} down my cheeks. It was only then that it hit me. It was only as I watched their backs getting farther and farther ^{away} that I realised what was happening.

My whole body shook, ~~my~~ ^{my} breaths becoming shallow and ragged. Sadness and disappointment consumed my mind, and at that moment, my entire world just turned black.

'I have nowhere to go now.'

'They don't want me anymore.'

Negative thoughts filled my head. However the biggest question that I needed an answer for was 'why?'

'It's because you're not good enough.'

A strong voice made itself clear in my mind. Like a



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small child, I listened to it.

'They had enough of you. Anyone would get sick of you. Why? Because you're nothing. You don't mean anything to anyone.'

My arm dropped to my side, my eyes looking down at myself.

'They didn't want you around because you're fat. You're ugly, you're not smart, you're not talented.'

I slowly nodded my head, agreeing to the voice without even realising it.

'They didn't want you around because you're worth no value. Because you're a disappointment.'

"Oh..." was all I could say.

The voice kept putting me down, yet I did nothing to stop it. For the first time, I listened to this anonymous voice.

I am fat. I am ugly. I'm not talented. I'm not smart. I am nothing. I am not enough.



For the first time, I felt disappointed in myself.

It wasn't their fault at all, it was mine. It was mine for being a disappointment.

It was my fault all along.

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 30 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 60 MARKS



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Chosen question number: Question 2 ☒ Question 3 ☒ Question 4 ☒

Lost

~~The tall, huge trees~~ The dense, huge and tall trees surrounded me, ~~making it~~ Sunlight was hardly able to penetrate the dense canopy of trees, so it was dark even though it was daytime. ~~My~~ ^{My} hands outstretched, I groped around the trees to ~~find~~ walk, being careful not to bump into anything. Slowly ~~the darkness got~~ ^{my eyes} I got adjusted to the darkness and that's when hot, white panic started to ~~go~~ ^{course} through me. I was completely and utterly lost!

It all started when my friends and I decided to go to some woods ~~nearby~~ for camping. I was ~~as~~ anxious and nervous throughout the whole trip, even when we reached the woods, as all the bad things that could happen kept on playing through my mind. But slowly as we started to have fun, ~~sitting around talking~~ ^{setting up tents} in the small open area surrounded by dense trees, my fear and anxiety started to creep away.

Sarah and I set out ~~the~~ ^{to} collect twigs and wood for the bonfire that we would light in the evening. As we didn't find



any fallen branches or twigs in the sparsely wooded area, so we travelled into the denser part of the woods. As we walked on, picking up & some broken branches, I was conscious of how darker it was getting as we walked deeper into the woods. ~~A little distance away~~ ^{suddenly, several feet away}, I could ^{just} see a whole bunch of twigs and broken branches lying on the ground. Excited to have finally found ~~the~~ the wood for our fire, I walked up ~~to~~ to the ~~small mountain~~ heap of branches, expecting Sarah to follow me. The ground was covered with thick roots and ~~groves~~ groves but I finally got to the branches. I started grabbing as much as my hands could but then I finally registered that Sarah wasn't beside & me. Looking back, I tried to find the way through which I came here, but all I could see was dense trees. I ~~so~~ started calling out for Sarah but that was just when I realised how dry my mouth was and all that ~~so~~ I could get out was a feeble cry. I walked on a random path that actually took me deeper into the forest as it got more dark. But finally ~~my~~ I just realised, I was lost - - - .

The panic in me was immense. My heart rate accelerated like a fast car. I could feel the lump stuck in my throat and how difficult it was for me to breathe. My ~~&~~ brain was all fuzzy and I could literally see



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my heart pumping through my chest. After my small 'panic attack', I tried to relax and concentrate. Trusting my intuition I chose a random path and walked on.

I kept walking and walking, never letting my desperation despair get to me. But hope lit up in me as I saw the surroundings getting lighter. After a while, I could see and recognise my surroundings, so I started to run. Soon I broke a clearing and could see my friends, all huddled around Sarah with wide eyes and shocked expression. But as they saw me, all of them ran to me and hugged at once. & Finally I hugged them back. At that moment, my heart was beating with exhilaration and. My chest swelled with love for my friends seeing them teary eyed and watery smiles. From that moment on nobody left my side. Especially Sarah. ~~And I for once knew because I guess she felt guilty and~~



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Chosen question number: Question 2 ☒ Question 3 ☒ Question 4 ☒

LOST

~~A large~~ Rising above the horizon, a large flaming orb, literally ~~set~~ enlightening the sky with its magnificent yellow and red. I watched, ~~the~~ ^{as the} sun ~~as~~ ^{above the} rose over the mountains, ~~the sharp~~ pointy pine trees and set it self, giving life to everything, giving life a new day to begin.

~~It was the expedition tour~~ There was a expedition today, more like a hiking trip just 20 miles across the ~~mountainous~~ lush green forest and another 10 miles over the mountains and 2 miles across the beautifully beautiful plain marsh. Our hiking trip was of about 3 days according to plan. We were warned about the entities and dangers that lurk around the ~~forest~~ forest patrolling and watching every single movement...

But who ^{cares} ~~cared~~, at least not me. I could sense and see the fear that arose in the eyes of



my fellow friends. We packed and set off. There was another camp on the other side. We hiked the first 7 miles before the sun came down and set camp. We lit a bonfire, sat around it and placed the wild turkey we had caught along the way. The orang glowing faces of the fellow members of the expedition flickered as we added wood.

My friend and I we set off, not notifying any one to have an adventure of our own and we promised ~~to be~~ each other to be back by the first light of dawn. ~~So we~~ So we ~~decide~~ with our great minds we decided to go and explore the death forest just to find out what was so deadly in it to give it a stupid name. It was a few minutes into the forest as the visibility began to decrease. Soon we were surrounded by heavy fog. The humidity in the air was so much it was like that I felt like a fly in a sticky fly trap! I could not see anything in front of me so I turned on the torch. It was useless. ~~Placing~~ Placing the torch back into my pack I noticed I was all alone. My friend left me on ~~me~~ I diverted my path.



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Fear shoots right into my heart. I could ~~feel~~ feel the ~~adren~~ adrenaline rushing through me. Suddenly I could hear my loud deep ~~ex~~ breaths getting louder and deeper every second. I screamed for help. I looked around nothing but rows of trees and filthy overgrown. The dark forest had consumed me. I could hear sound of snakes hissing, crickets, crows and foot steps! ~~I screamed~~

'Is that you!'

... Nothing ...

'Come on, it's no time to fool around!'

... Nothing ...

~~I could~~ I felt a sudden gust of wind past ~~to~~ my sweaty pale face, cooling it off but sending a nerve-racking chill down my spine. I was devastated. ~~Panic~~ panicking and panting I rushed here and there every time ending up somewhere and all looked the same. I knew I was ~~so~~ busted. The stories that was told still running through my mind and ~~to~~ then blank ...

It was at the moment I realised I was ~~lost~~ lost...



Chosen question number: **Question 2** ☒ **Question 3** ☐ **Question 4** ☐

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split open.

In the distance, I felt like someone replied to my groan. As I focused my vision and adjusted to the dark, the moonlight reflected upon a small frail body. It was young ~~chales~~ child but ~~could~~ could not make out if it was a boy or a girl. ~~A~~ I tried to speak but my ~~th~~ voice was gone. I could not understand what was happening as I lay there confused. ~~th~~

Then there was a creak. The door opened and in came a man. He had grizzely long hair and was wearing a ~~long~~ black tailcoat. He approached the sprawled figure and bent over it. His hands shifted and a knife ~~caught~~ caught the reflection of the moonlight. And I heard



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the door slam.



Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number: Question 2 ☒ Question 3 ☒ Question 4 ☒

Sweat trickled down ~~her~~^{his} forehead and ~~her~~^{his} breathing got heavier and heavier as ~~she~~^{he} took more steps, towards the door in front of ~~her~~^{him}. ~~She~~^{He} finally came to a stop, ~~her~~^{his} legs and back aching from the stress they'd just been through. ~~She~~^{He} threw the back pack off ~~her~~^{his} back, ~~stinging~~^{onto the} it ~~into the front of her~~^{step in}. It's contents ~~spilled~~^{spilled} out and ~~she~~^{he} sighed - his mind and body too tired to muster up any sort of will power to shove the objects back into the torn back pack.

After taking a few minutes to catch ~~her~~^{his} breath, she brought his eyes up to meet with the old, worn down door. ~~She~~^{he} studied it, as ~~she~~^{he} always did, with his ~~warm, chocolate~~^{inquisitive} brown eyes. ~~He~~^{she} couldn't explain what it was about the door that enamoured him so much. He could sit here, day and night, thinking about all the possibilities. He always wondered what was behind it, but never thought to actually open it and go inside. He preferred to just sit and stare it, taking in all its features. The old, worn out brown wood it was made



out, the peeling paint that surrounded it, the slight creak of its hinges. It held a sort of mystical aura to it, and it enraptured him.

He had once caught a glimpse of what was inside.

The golden light that poured out from between the crack contrasted against the stark, dark and rich blue of the midnight sky which was absent of its usual blanket of stars. It looked heavenly, as though it contained everything that was valuable in this world; gold, all the jewels ^{ever} known to man, everything. It amazed him, bewildered him and ~~scared~~ ^{terrified} him all at the same time. He was so drawn to it, extending a hand out ^{as} if to grab it and keep it in his grasp forever, but ~~he~~ ^{it} was gone as soon as his fingertips brushed against the air it consumed in its light.

He wanted to see it again. He wanted to bask in it, embrace it, appreciate all of ~~the~~ ^{its} beauty and glory.

And he was going to do it today.



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His hands quivered at his sides, and his teeth seemed as if they were never going to let his bottom lip go. He clenched his hands, forming fists so tight that his fingernails ^{dug} ~~picked~~ ^{deep} into his palm, causing drops of blood to ooze out and his knuckles to go a ghostly white colour, standing out ^{against} ~~against~~ his sun-kissed complexion.

Deep breaths, and a knock against the door. It seemed like a blur to him as the door opened widely, as if it were waiting for him to do ~~just~~ ^{what} as he had just done.

He stood there, confused. Unconsciously, he took a step in.

Gold.

Everything was bathed in gold. The gold that he remembered seeing. The shimmering, luxurious, bright gold. A sheen of gold seemed to be enveloping him along with the room, and it took him by awe. He didn't know what to do.

There was nothing in the room except for the



shimmering, heavenly light that he'd fallen in love with. The walls were filled with intricate carvings of angels and bodders and birds unknown to him. Scriptures seem to be ^{embedded} into the walls as well, full of words that seemed alien to him. But they were all such beautiful carvings, the figures that adorned the walls too gorgeous to even be considered human.

even further
He stepped into the room, with an almost animalistic need to drink in everything that this beauty of a room had to offer. He then ~~looked~~ ^{approached} the walls, ~~and~~ ^{and slowly} brought his hand up to one of the carvings. It was two doves who had crossed paths during their flight, their bodies and wings interwoven in such an elegant form.

~~His hand~~ ^{His fingers} met the tip of one of the doves wings. And it changed.

It changed, in colour.

From a ~~beauty~~ ^{mesmerizing} gold to an unearthly black. It was a dark, rich black that consumed the entirety of the wall. He was thrown a back, stumbling



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and scrambling to get away.

The gold was gone and the black ^{completely} ~~seemed to~~ consumed the room. The room had lost its heavenly aura, now seeming to bring feelings of terror and sickness to him. He clawed at his throat in an attempt to get rid of the nauseous feeling, with hot ~~tears~~ streaming down his face that scorched at his cheeks ^{feverish} in a ^{burn}. Then everything stopped. It all fell silent. The black had stopped moving and he was okay again.

He breathed a sigh of relief.

And then he heard the door slam.

