



LCC LEARNING

Primary to A Level academic tuition

GCSE Assessment

English Language

Paper 2: Non-fiction and Transactional Writing

You have **90 minutes** to complete this exam.

Please read the questions carefully

You may **NOT** leave early.

 /90 marks



Section A: Reading and analysing literary nonfiction (40 marks)

This is an extract from the essay 'With the Guns' by D. H. Lawrence, written in 1913 and published in the *Manchester Guardian*. Read the text carefully and answer the questions that follow. Support your answers with evidence from the text.

On the crown of the little hill were three quick-firing guns, with the gunners behind. At the side, perched up on a tiny platform at the top of a high pair of steps, was an officer looking through a fixed spyglass. A little further behind, lower down the hill, was a group of horses and soldiers. Every moment came the hard, tearing, hideous voice of the German command from the officer perched aloft, giving the range to the guns; and then the sharp cry, "Fire!" There was a burst, something in the guns started back, the faintest breath of vapour disappeared. The shots had gone. I watched, but I could not see where they had gone, nor what had been aimed at. Evidently they were directed against an enemy a mile and a half away, men unseen by any of the soldiers at the guns. Whether the shot they fired hit or missed, killed or did not touch, I and the gun-party did not know. Only the officer was shouting the range again, the guns were again starting back, we were again staring over the face of the green and dappled, inscrutable country into which the missiles sped unseen.

What work was there to do? – only mechanically to adjust the guns and fire the shot. What was there to feel? – only the unnatural suspense and suppression of serving a machine which, for aught we knew, was killing our fellow-men, whilst we stood there, blind, without knowledge or participation, subordinate to the cold machine. This was the glamour and the glory of the war: blue sky overhead and living green country all around, but we, amid it all, a part in some iron insensate will, our flesh and blood, our soul and intelligence shed away, and all that remained of us a cold, metallic adherence to an iron machine. There was neither ferocity nor joy nor exultation nor exhilaration nor even quick fear: only a mechanical, expressionless movement.



