

In the table below 'Total Mark' records the mark scored  
'Max Mark' records the Maximum Mark available for the

Paper: 1123/22		
Paper 40 / 50		
Total:		
Question	Total / Max Mark	Used In Total
1R	8 / 10	✓
1W	10 / 15	✓
2C&S	NR / 10	
2S&A	NR / 15	
3C&S	NR / 10	
3S&A	NR / 15	
4C&S	NR / 10	
4S&A	NR / 15	
5C&S	9 / 10	✓
5S&A	13 / 15	✓



Question Part

### Narrative Writing

Q5: I ~~used~~ <sup>used to have</sup> it all... friends.. loyal companions.. a purpose; and now, I have nothing, alone in a dirty shack, with nothing but a dirty rag to warm me. How did I do that? How did I sink THIS low?

Well it all started when our battalion, A45, was deployed to the shores of Vietnam. There we were, amidst the storm, our ship on the verge of being ~~swallowed~~ <sup>swallowed</sup> by the cruel waves, rain ~~engulfing~~ <sup>engulfing</sup> us.

"General Mark, Look! Land!", shouted Matthew with ~~excitement~~ <sup>confidence</sup>.

The ship buzzed with excitement and ~~energy~~ <sup>urgency</sup>, everyone praising ~~me~~ <sup>Matthew</sup> for his contributions. There I was, trying to match the same energy. But there was something... something unsettling, vile and terrifyingly wicked - Jealousy. I could not fathom Matthew hogging up all the praise, the compliments and the attention. I tried to brush off ~~such~~ <sup>my</sup> intrusive thoughts, but there was no doubt, that my heart had been covered with envy and hatred towards ~~even~~ <sup>my</sup> my own brother in arms. ~~How~~. Convincing myself against my own heart I was, but one's true feelings could have only been surprised momentarily.

Matthew had it all, charisma, talent and unwavering ~~self~~ confidence. He was a ~~beacon~~ <sup>beacon</sup> of resilience and bravery, causing everyone to look up to him. And there I was... weak and pathetic, a soldier who once stood in front of



Question Part

everyone like a star, now groveling in the dust of others. I had to do something.

As we anchored the ship, I saw Matthew, towering the anchored, concealed by luggage. It was an

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Question Part

everyone like a star, now groveling in the dust at others. I had to do something.

As we anchored the ship, I saw Matthew, towering the anchored, concealed by luggage. It was an opportunity by the heavens, to finally improve myself. I left a note on the jagged box next to Matthew with steady hands despite the anxiety and fear crawling up my spine, telling him to come to southern side at the shore, concealing my identity.

Matthew, being a man of integrity, showed up. ~~Masked, I was~~ With a mask on my face, concealing my identity, I quickly loaded by hand pistol in my pocket. Terrified and scared to my very core, I continued to face him. I knew I had to overcome my fear if I was going to win.

Matthew, unaware of my identity, charged at me. But then, it happened - the radio on my shoulder crackling with static - the general asking me for status report. Matthew had now realised that ~~there was~~ there was something fishy.

I pulled out my hand gun towards Matthew and said "Freeze!" Matthew, confused, thinking that it could have never been someone from the battalion, charged at me despite the warning. Amidst the chaos, it happened - "BANG!"

L4

L5

L5

L5



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L5

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Question Part

Matthew shot me on the shoulder, writhing in pain and agony, slaking as I took off my veil. My hands, now coloured with the blood of a friend.

L3

The shot at the pistol echoed throughout, landing me in the handcuffs at despair. How could have I done such a thing to my own friend? ~~There was~~ Our friendship - a tapestry that no obstacle could have broken. How could I be so blinded by hatred? Court martialled I was, stranded on the shore with nothing but a few supplies given to me by Matthew himself, as one final courtesy. ~~Fit the end~~ He continued to shower me with compassion till the very end.

L4

C&S: L 5 met  
S&A: L 5 met

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