Candidate Marks Report

Series : 6 2025

This candidate's script has been assessed using On-Screen Marking. The marks are therefore not shown on the script itself, but are summarised in the table below.

Centre No :	[redacted]	Assessment Code :	1123
Candidate No :		Component Code :	22
Candidate Name :			

In the table below 'Total Mark' records the mark scored by this candidate.
'Max Mark' records the Maximum Mark available for the question.

Paper:	**1123/22**		
Paper Total:	**49 / 50**		
Question	Total Mark	/ Max Mark	Used In Total
1R	9	/ 10	✔
1W	15	/ 15	✔
2C&S	NR	/ 10	
2S&A	NR	/ 15	
3C&S	NR	/ 10	
3S&A	NR	/ 15	
4C&S	10	/ 10	✔
4S&A	15	/ 15	✔
5C&S	NR	/ 10	
5S&A	NR	/ 15	

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CANDIDATE NAME	
CENTRE NUMBER	
CANDIDATE NUMBER	
SYLLABUS/ COMPONENT	1 1 2 3 / 2 2
COMPONENT TITLE	Paper 1 Writing
WRITE HERE HOW MANY CONTINUATION BOOKLETS YOU HAVE USED (IF ANY).	

12 PAGE ANSWER BOOKLET

For examiner's use only	
Question number	Mark
Total	

INSTRUCTIONS

Use a black or dark blue pen. You may use an HB pencil for any diagrams or graphs.

Write your name, centre number and candidate number in the boxes at the top of the page. Write clearly and use capital letters.

Do **not** use an erasable pen. Do **not** use correction fluid or tape.

DO **NOT** WRITE ON ANY BAR CODES.

Write your answers in this booklet. Use both sides of the paper. Leave two blank lines in between your answers to each question.

Write the number of the question you are responding to in the first margin.

Question	Part
1	(a)(i)
1	(a)(ii)

If the question you are responding to contains parts, for example 1(a), write the question part in the second margin.

Do all your rough work in pen in this answer booklet. Cross out anything you do **not** want the examiner to mark without making the work unreadable.

Do **not** tear out any part of this booklet.

You must hand in all work. If you have used any continuation booklets, insert them inside this booklet.

This document has **12** pages.

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Question Part

Q4

Section B: Composition

Narrative Writing (4)

Write a story in which someone takes another person's bag home by mistake.

"The Quiet town of Willow Creek."

The police station hummed with idle chatter, the low drone of voices blending with the occasional clatter of a coffee cup being set down. It was a slow day as most were in the quiet town of Willow Creek. Officer Reynolds leaned back in his chair, lazily spinning a pen, while Sergeant Carter propped his feet up on to the desk, twirling a stir stick, his eyebrows knitting together in from conviction.

"I'm telling you, Reynolds, the secret to a good steak isn't the seasoning — it's the butter," Carter declared, pointing the stir stick at him like it was a Gospel.

Reynolds raised a skeptical eyebrow. "Butter? I don't know, Sarge. Sounds like something you made up after one too many beers."

"You're out of your blacky mind," Carter mocked. "You sear the steak, then baste it with butter, garlic and Rosemary. Makes it all juicy, melts in your mouth."

Hunched over paperwork nearby, Officer Miller snorted, rolling his eyes in amusement. "I'd trust your cooking advice if your wife didn't bring you lunch like you were still in kinder-garten."

Carter shot him a glare. "It's called love, Miller. Maybe if you didn't eat out of a vending machine five nights a week you'd understand."

Reynolds chuckled, shaking his head. "I'll believe it when I taste it. You bring me a steak, I'll admit you're a genius."

"Deal," Carter replied, slapping the desk, taking his feet off. "Next weekend, my place. I'll even let you bring that weak excuse of a beer you drink."

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Question Part

Reynolds grinned. "You mean the beer that doesn't taste like motor oil? I'll bring a six-pack, but if the steak's dry, you owe me fifty bucks."

Carter scoffed. "My steak's not dry. It's —"

A high-pitched wail sliced through the air, shrill and desperate, making the walls seem to vibrate. Every conversation died mid-sentence. The next second, the front door flung open with a violent bang, slamming against the wall so hard that the glass panel rattled. A rush of cold air flooded in, sending loose paper skidding across desks, ruffling uniforms.

Carter's mouth was still open, his words lost. Reynolds' pen slipped from his hand, thudding onto the desk. Every officer in the room turned, their bodies stiff, their breaths caught, as heavy, frantic footsteps stumbled inside.

"What in the —"

Gasps erupted, eyes wide and mouths agape. Carter rubbed his eyes, trying to make sense of the situation.

A woman staggered inside, breathless, her frame trembling as though barely held together. Her hair clung to her damp forehead, her wide, bloodshot eyes darting frantically around the room. She was in a loose shirt and shorts, one shoe on only and her hair dishevelled like they had been pulled roughly.

"Please — oh God, please —"

She tried to speak but her words came out broken, dying in her throat as sobs came tumbling down her chapped lips.

The officers stood frozen; no one moved or tried to speak to her. All they did every day was share stories over a cup of stale tea or gamble over a pack of Dr. Pepper. No one had witnessed such a scene in this town, no one knew what to do.

Reynolds stepped forwards, raising his hands in a placating gesture. "Ma'am, please calm down. Take a deep breath. Tell us what happened."

But she couldn't, she stumbled, her knees nearly buckling

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Question Part

under her weight. She clutched at his collar with a desperate strength, her nails digging into the fabric as she tried to force the words out. Reynolds gripped her arms, trying to soothe her, glancing anxiously at Carter and Miller for help.

"You need to — please, you have to listen!" Her voice ~~cracked~~ cracked.

Carter chimed in, his voice soft yet measured. "Ma'am, please calm down. Tell us what happened."

"I - I was just — I just brought it home, it was an accident! I — I ~~d~~ didn't mean to —" she broke into another fit of sobs, her entire body convulsing with fear.

Officer Miller intervened, helping Reynolds in barely managing to steer her to a chair, pressing a glass in her hands. She brought it to her lips, spilling half of it down her front but she didn't seem to notice. Miller crouched down infront of her, speaking calmly. "What did you bring, ma'am?"

She lifted her gaze, her lips parting as she struggled to form words.

"A bag," she whispered. "I - I brought home someone's bag by mistake because it looked like mine. I - I was in a hurry and the shop was closing and — and later I found it."

"What did you find?" Reynolds prompted gently.

"Pictures," she replied, breathless. "I found pictures of w-women."

The officers looked at each other. It wasn't the first time someone stumbled over something unsavory — an affair, a disturbing personal vice. They had seen it before.

Reynolds looked at Miller before speaking softly to the woman. "Ma'am we understand you're upset over —"

"No!" she said, her voice hoarse, barely audible. "N-not pictures of women. Pictures of parts — f-female body parts."

Carter sighed. "Ma'am, we can't help with someone's

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Question Part

strange fetish –"

"No!" She grabbed Carter's arm causing him to flinch, digging her nails in, "The parts they . P. they weren't attatched to a body."

F A cold silence slithered through the room, wrapping itself around every officer ~~in the~~ like a thorny vine in full bloom. Carter inhaled sharply, his jaw tightening. Reynolds felt something cold settle in his stomach.

Miller stood up turning towards his officers, his face unreadable. "Get moving. Now."

L5

F The quiet town of Willow Creek wasn't so quiet anymore.

CS - L5 met
SA - L5 met

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Question Part

Section A: Directed Writing

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Question Part

Section A: Directed Writing

To: XYZ@gmail.com
From: abchadia@gmail.com

Date: April 28, 2025

Dear Cousin, P

I read your previous email and oh I am so jealous! P I still have my exams going on and you've already preparing for the holidays? P Lucky girl. But traveling abroad sounds so entiling and rewarding!

You've been cooped up in your miserable corner studying for so longs, travelling abroad sounds like a treat before returning back to it at university this time. With a treasure trove of traditions, exotic cuisines and olden practices, it's the perfect treat for the enthusiasts! Moreover, spending time with your fellows can endorse responsibility and foster financial awareness. God knows how much you need that. It also nurtures adaptability which is crucial for when you move to university. And tell me, where else can you make unforgettable memories with your friends or buy souveniers for your favourite cousin (me)? P It's a once-in-a-million-opportunity, girl! P

However, it's not all sunshine and roses, is it? You'll have to pay ludicrously exorbitant prices for travel and accomodation alongside future pressing university tuition. Furthermore, it's a cardinal period of your life, you have to gain professional experience and make a couple extra bucks through internships or part-time jobs. This will cultivate requisite work skills, sharpen your interactive qualities and broaden your corporate relations. The last one is a MUST for avoiding future law suits or tax fraud. Just saying.

When all these aforementioned points coalesce, it weaves an intricate tapestry of 'What do I do?' P and 'I can't let this moment

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Question Part

Slide!' Needless to say - it's confusing. But do no fret! P All we have to do is balance the parapet and be cognizant of the complexities and possibilities it poses. You should give it a go, but chose a rather cheap country to visit, and PLEASE manage your time properly. You have a lot of time to spend half of it at leisure and the rest working those calves off. Only then can you taste the sweet nectar of both worlds!

EVAL

EVAL

So open that laptop and start packing! Be sure to send me tons of pictures and gifts and please pray for me, this math exam has me questioning my academic decisions.

L5

Don't let the bed bugs bite you and go live a little. You deserve it!

L5

Love,
Hadia.

R - L5 met
W - L5 met

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Question	Part	

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Question	Part	

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SEEN

Question	Part	

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Question	Part	

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