

Write your name here	
Surname	Other names
Edexcel Certificate	Centre Number
Edexcel International GCSE	Candidate Number
English Language A	
Paper 1	
Friday 25 May 2012 – Afternoon	Paper Reference
Time: 2 hours 15 minutes	KEA0/01 4EA0/01
You do not need any other materials.	Total Marks

Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer **all** questions.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
– *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 60.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*
- The quality of written communication will be assessed in your responses to Sections B and C
– *you should take particular care on these questions with your spelling, punctuation and grammar, as well as the clarity of expression.*
- Copies of the Edexcel Anthology for IGCSE English Language and IGCSE English Literature may **not** be brought into the examination.
- Dictionaries may **not** be used in this examination.

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Keep an eye on the time.
- Try to answer every question.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ►

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PEARSON

Section A: Reading

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Read the following passage carefully and then answer the questions which follow.

As a child the writer lived with his mother, named Jenny, and Alexander his brother, on an isolated hilltop sheep farm. In this passage he describes a dramatic snow storm.

Blizzard!



Every winter Jenny listened to weather forecasts with dread, equally concerned for us and for the animals. She had developed a winter routine; at the first threatening forecast she stocked up supplies, moved the sheep to fields sheltered from the expected direction of the wind, and waited. We knew she dreaded the snow, but Alexander and I looked forward to it; she was in control, what did we have to fear? 5 10

One memorable morning the flakes fell, sometimes fast, sometimes slowly, sidelong slipping through colder air, careless, unhurried, as if the weather was shifting from foot to foot, waiting. 15

As Jenny walked back up the hill it began to fall heavily; now there was nothing warm anywhere in the world, except her sheep in their coats.

'Good girls, sensible sheep, you stay there. You'll be warm under that hedge ...'

That evening Jenny turned away from the radio and towards the supper she was making, frowning. The forecast was not good. We ate, played and built one of our great fires. We filled the grate with branches over crumpled newspaper and twigs, lit it, and basked in the heat of a roaring fire, which sent sparks popping and swirling up the chimney and flung ruddy light into the cold sitting room. We perched as close to it as we could, until our clothes were almost too hot to touch and our clammy backs felt feverish, as though they too were glowing red. The crackling branches spat sparks on to the rug, and we stamped them out, barely noticing the little black holes that remained. When the blaze had burned down to its embers we went to bed and the next day the storm arrived. 20 25

As Alexander and I retreated to the living room, arming ourselves with toy guns, Jenny set out to feed the sheep.

Snow was already drifting in the lanes, forming waves against every wall, hedge and bank. The world was changing shape. The cold soon drained the strength out of Jenny's arms and legs, but she did what she could, dragging out bales of hay. The wind spun armfuls of hay away into the white, swirling it off like so much dust. She made it as far as the Lower Meadows, ducking lower and lower under the blizzard. Peering about her she realised she was nearly lost, in a field she knew well. She turned back. Icicles were forming in her hair where it escaped from under her hat. She staggered on, going slower as the freezing air plucked the strength out of her. 30 35



We looked up from our game as she came in, pursued by a gust of snowflakes.

'Look!' she cried. 'Look, children, I've got icicles in my hair!'

'Wow!'

40

'I think I nearly died in the First Meadow ...'

The storm came on all that day. It attacked the house like a legion of furious, freezing ghosts: licking under the doors with white wet tongues; pouring down the chimney; coming up through the drains. Finally the windows froze, inside and out, and the world beyond them disappeared.

45

The fire hissed and twisted in the grate, battling the draughts and flakes in the chimney, and my brother and I went back to playing with our toys and messing around with the dog. There was a fizz in us which did not just come from being inside all day: it was a rare feeling, gleeful and nervy, to be safe but not fully secure from the danger outside. Jenny quietly prayed that the electricity would not fail. We had supper and went to bed as usual. While we slept, Jenny lay in bed, listening to the wind. She wondered what we would find outside the next day.

50

She awoke puzzled. All was perfect silence.

Jenny tried to let the dog out, but the back door was frozen shut. The windows had thick white curtains drawn across them from outside, so when I went to open the front door I had no idea of what might be there. The door often stuck, as it did now, so I put my back into it and heaved on the handle. It opened.

55

Before me was a vertical white wall, containing a perfect imprint of the doorknob.

We stared at the snow wall. It was as though a great polar beast had died in the yard and was now lying slumped against the house. It was ludicrous, somehow. We laughed as if it were a practical joke.

60

'Buried alive!' exclaimed Jenny. Alexander and I exchanged thrilled glances.

The blizzard had swallowed us.



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(Total for Question 3 = 12 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS FOR READING



Section B: Reading and Writing

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Remind yourself of the passage, *A Game of Polo with a Headless Goat* from the Edexcel Anthology for IGCSE English Language and IGCSE English Literature, and then answer Questions 4 and 5.

Emma Levine travelled throughout Asia researching and filming unusual sports. In this passage she writes about a donkey race in Karachi.

We drove off to find the best viewing spot, which turned out to be the crest of the hill so we could see the approaching race. I asked the lads if we could join in the 'Wacky Races' and follow the donkeys, and they loved the idea. 'We'll open the car boot, you climb inside and point your camera towards the race. As the donkeys overtake us, we'll join the cars.' 'But will you try and get to the front?' 'Oh yes, that's no problem.'

5

The two lads who had never been interested in this Karachi sport were suddenly fired up with enthusiasm. We waited for eternity on the brow of the hill, me perched in the boot with a zoom lens pointing out. Nearly one hour later I was beginning to feel rather silly when the only action was a villager on a wobbly bicycle, who nearly fell off as he cycled past and gazed around at us.

10

Several vehicles went past, and some donkey-carts carrying spectators. 'Are they coming?' we called out to them. 'Coming, coming,' came the reply. I was beginning to lose faith in its happening, but the lads remained confident.

Just as I was assuming that the race had been cancelled, we spotted two approaching donkey-carts in front of a cloud of fumes and dust created by some fifty vehicles roaring up in their wake. As they drew nearer, Yaqoob revved up the engine and began to inch the car out of the lay-by. The two donkeys were almost dwarfed by their entourage; but there was no denying their speed – the Kibla donkey is said to achieve speeds of up to 40 kph, and this looked close. The two were neck-and-neck, their jockeys perched on top of the tiny carts using their whips energetically, although not cruelly.

15

20

The noise of the approaching vehicles grew; horns tooting, bells ringing, and the special rattles used just for this purpose (like maracas, a metal container filled with dried beans). Men standing on top of their cars and vans, hanging out of taxis and perched on lorries, all cheered and shouted, while the vehicles jostled to get to the front of the convoy.

Yaqoob chose exactly the right moment to edge out of the road and swerve in front of the nearest car, finding the perfect place to see the two donkeys and at the front of the vehicles. This was Formula One without rules, or a city-centre rush hour gone anarchic; a complete flouting of every type of traffic rule and common sense.

25

Our young driver relished this unusual test of driving skills. It was survival of the fittest, and depended upon the ability to cut in front of a vehicle with a sharp flick of the steering wheel (no lane discipline here); quick reflexes to spot a gap in the traffic for a couple of seconds; nerves of steel, and an effective horn. There were two races – the motorized spectators at the back; in front, the two donkeys, still running close and amazingly not put off by the uproar just behind them. Ahead of the donkeys, oncoming traffic – for it was a main road – had to dive into the ditch and wait there until we had passed. Yaqoob loved it. We stayed near to the front, his hand permanently on the horn and his language growing more colourful with every vehicle that tried to cut in front. ...

30

35



The road straightened and levelled, and everyone picked up speed as we neared the end of the race. But just as they were reaching the finishing line, the hospital gate, there was a near pile-up as the leading donkey swerved, lost his footing and he and the cart tumbled over. The race was over. 40

And then the trouble began. I assumed the winner was the one who completed the race but it was not seen that way by everyone. Apart from the two jockeys and 'officials' (who, it turned out, were actually monitoring the race) there were over a hundred punters who had all staked money on the race, and therefore had strong opinions. Some were claiming that the donkey had fallen because the other one had been ridden too close to him. Voices were raised, fists were out and tempers rising. Everyone gathered around one jockey and official, while the bookmakers were trying to insist that the race should be re-run. 45

Yaqoob and Iqbal were nervous of hanging around a volatile situation. They agreed to find out for me what was happening ordering me to stay inside the car as they were swallowed up by the crowd. They emerged sometime later. 'It's still not resolved,' said Iqbal, 'but it's starting to get nasty. I think we should leave.' As we drove away, Yaqoob reflected on his driving skills. 'I really enjoyed that,' he said as we drove off at a more sedate pace. 'But I don't even have my licence yet because I'm underage!' 50
55

They both found this hilarious, but I was glad he hadn't told me before; an inexperienced, underage driver causing a massive pile-up in the middle of the high-stakes donkey race could have caused problems.

Emma Levine



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***5** Write a description of an event or occasion which was important to you.

You could write about a sporting event, a celebration, a religious festival, or any other memorable occasion.

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(Total for Question 5 = 10 marks for writing)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 20 MARKS



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(Total for Question 6 = 20 marks)

**TOTAL FOR SECTION C = 20 MARKS FOR WRITING
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 60 MARKS**

