

Write your name here	
Surname	Other names
Edexcel	Centre Number
International GCSE	Candidate Number
English Language A	
Paper 2	
Monday 14 January 2013 – Afternoon	Paper Reference
Time: 1 hour 30 minutes	4EA0/02
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 Question 1 and **ONE** writing task from Question 2.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
– *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 30.
- 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 your written communication will be assessed in your response to Question 2
– *you should take particular care on this question with your spelling, punctuation and grammar, as well as the clarity of expression.*

Advice

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

Turn over ►

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PEARSON

Question 1: Reading

You should spend about 45 minutes on this question.

Remind yourself of *Disabled* from the Edexcel Anthology, and then answer Question 1.

Disabled

He sat in a wheeled chair, waiting for dark,
And shivered in his ghastly suit of grey,
Legless, sewn short at elbow. Through the park
Voices of boys rang saddening like a hymn,
Voices of play and pleasures after day, 5
Till gathering sleep had mothered them from him.

About this time Town used to swing so gay
When glow-lamps budded in the light-blue trees,
And girls glanced lovelier as the air grew dim —
In the old times, before he threw away his knees. 10
Now he will never feel again how slim
Girls' waists are, or how warm their subtle hands;
All of them touch him like some queer disease.

There was an artist silly for his face,
For it was younger than his youth, last year. 15
Now, he is old; his back will never brace;
He's lost his colour very far from here,
Poured it down shell-holes till the veins ran dry,
And half his lifetime lapsed in the hot race,
And leap of purple spurted from his thigh. 20

One time he liked a blood-smear down his leg,
After the matches, carried shoulder-high.
It was after football, when he'd drunk a peg,
He thought he'd better join. — He wonders why. 25
Someone had said he'd look a god in kilts,
That's why; and maybe, too, to please his Meg;
Aye, that was it, to please the giddy jilts
He asked to join. He didn't have to beg;

Smiling they wrote his lie; aged nineteen years.
Germans he scarcely thought of; all their guilt, 30
And Austria's, did not move him. And no fears
Of Fear came yet. He thought of jewelled hilts
For daggers in plaid socks; of smart salutes;
And care of arms; and leave; and pay arrears;
*Esprit de corps**; and hints for young recruits. 35
And soon he was drafted out with drums and cheers.

Some cheered him home, but not as crowds cheer Goal.
Only a solemn man who brought him fruits
Thanked him; and then inquired about his soul.



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