Write your name here

Surname	Other names

Pearson Edexcel
International GCSE

Centre Number | | | | | |

Candidate Number | | | | |

English Language A

Paper 1

Tuesday 7 June 2016 – Morning
Time: 2 hours 15 minutes

Paper Reference
4EA0/01R

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 Questions 6 and 7
  – *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 International GCSE and Certificate in English Language and 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.
- Try to answer every question.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ▶

P46109RA

1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1

P 4 6 1 0 9 R A 0 1 2 4

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.

The writer, Ashley, is a young girl living in Iran. Her father is driving Ashley and her brother, Cameron, to pick up their mother at Tehran airport. Their journey begins on a dangerous mountain road.

Why did Daddy always have to be late?

"Get a move on, you donkeys!" my father yelled, leaning on the car's horn.

All over the road lay watermelons that had fallen out of the back of a van. The driver struggled to gather them up as the sound of horns grew louder. Behind us, I could see cars and trucks strung like colourful beads around the mountain. Realising it was futile, the driver stuck his head in the window of each car, urging us to take some of the melons. Cameron and I scampered out and each lugged one back. People stopped to stretch and gossip as they picked up their melons, laughing and joking, glad to take a break from driving.

But my father screamed from the window and waved his fist. "Let's go!"

With a scowl, the driver hurled the remaining melons down the slope where they burst in a ragged explosion of scarlet. Cameron and I were happy because we both had a melon rolling around under our feet, and after weeks of not knowing when or if we would see our mother again, we were on our way to pick her up at the airport.

My father wrestled our old grey Rover car around one hairpin bend after another, trying to make up for lost time. Even without the delay of the melons we were hard pressed. We were on the dangerous Chaloos road, making our way to the airport at Tehran. Cameron and I counted the lorry skeletons and car carcasses that littered the slopes. After a while we rolled up the windows. It had grown chilly once the fiery sun plummeted behind the peaks. Cameron fell asleep and I chattered away, terrified my father would go too fast and get us killed. He hardly braked at each blind corner.

As usual, my father had left too late.

I lay on the seat next to Cameron and wondered what it would be like to see Mummy again. I wondered whether she would be happier, whether she and Daddy would still fight all the time, whether we would finally be able to go back to school and live in our flat with our dog.

****

I awoke to the honks and cries of Tehran. Dawn fought its way through the dust and diesel exhaust, pausing briefly before the attack of the desert sun. Men on bicycles veered in front of our car. A flock of fat-tailed sheep and long-eared goats, bells around their necks clinking and clanking, were shooed through the traffic by a barefoot boy. The jangled lullaby of the city soothed me: we really were on our way to the airport to pick up our mother.

But then suddenly the car slammed to a stop, tipping at a crazy angle. Craning out of the window, I could see the back of the car sunk in a hole in the road. After having successfully negotiated the Chaloos road, my father hadn't seen, in the half-light of dawn, the deep pit in the middle of the road. He rested his head against the steering wheel, his eyes closed, breathing heavily. After some time, he opened the door and peered under the car. Weaving his way through the early-morning traffic to the centre of the roundabout, he waved to the passing cars, his arms flailing[1]. His face looked baggy, his shirt stenciled with dust. Finally he flagged down an army jeep and a group of laughing young soldiers leaped out.

"Ashley," he said, "take Cameron over to the side until we get the car out." We dodged between the rushing cars and watched as they tied the rope to the back of the jeep and front of our car. Then, with one soldier driving the jeep, the others pushed the back of the Rover. My father lay on the road, practically under the car, trying to lever the wheel out of the hole. I felt my back grow warmer and then finally hot as the sun rose behind us. Over and over the soldiers grunted and pushed, and my father threw himself at the job until, after what seemed like hours, I saw the tyre roll towards his face. I squeezed my eyes shut and wiggled my fingers in my ears, humming softly, "Don't run him over, don't run him over."

"It's out!" Cameron shouted.

My father dusted off his trousers and we were off again.

****

Over the next few days, when we were all settled back into our flat, happy to see Mummy and the dog, I tried to explain to my mother how hard we had tried, how fast we had driven, how much time the watermelons had taken, how we had not eaten on that long overnight drive, how brave Daddy had been, lying under the wheel of the car. How it was all down to bad luck.

She just pressed her lips together. "It's always something with your father, isn't it?" she said finally.

That made me think: why hadn't we left a day earlier? Why hadn't we stocked the fridge and bought flowers and then met her at the airport and taken her home? Why did Daddy always have to be late when it came to Mummy?

[1]*flailing*: waving wildly

1 What fell out of the back of the van?

(1)

.....

.....

(Total for Question 1 = 1 mark)

2 Look again at lines 3 to 13.

Give **two** words or phrases that show how the driver of the van reacted to the incident.

(2)

(i) .....

.....

.....

.....

(ii) .....

.....

.....

.....

(Total for Question 2 = 2 marks)

3 **In your own words**, explain what we learn about the writer's father during the journey to the airport.

(5)

(Total for Question 3 = 5 marks)

4 How does the writer try to create interest in this passage?

In your answer you should write about:

- what happens on the journey
- the ways in which the family's relationships are presented
- particular words, phrases and techniques.

You may include **brief** quotations from the passage to support your answer.

(12)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

(Total for Question 4 = 12 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS

SECTION B: Reading and Writing

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

You must answer both questions, 5 and 6.

Remind yourself of the passage *The Explorer's Daughter* from the Edexcel Anthology.

As a small child, Kari Herbert lived, with her family, among the Inughuit people (sometimes called Eskimos) in the harsh environment of the Arctic. In 2002 she revisited the area, staying near Thule, a remote settlement in the snowy wastes of north Greenland. In this passage she writes about her experience of watching a hunt for the narwhal, a toothed whale, and what she thought and felt about it.

Two hours after the last of the hunters had returned and eaten, narwhal were spotted again, this time very close. Within an hour even those of us on shore could with the naked eye see the plumes of spray from the narwhal catching the light in a spectral play of colour. Two large pods* of narwhal circled in the fjord*, often looking as if they were going to merge, but always slowly, methodically passing each other by. Scrambling back up to the lookout I looked across the glittering kingdom in front of me and took a sharp intake of breath. The hunters were dotted all around the fjord. The evening light was turning butter-gold, glinting off man and whale and catching the soft billows of smoke from a lone hunter's pipe. From where we sat at the lookout it looked as though the hunters were close enough to touch the narwhal with their bare hands and yet they never moved. Distances are always deceptive in the Arctic, and I fell to wondering if the narwhal existed at all or were instead mischievous tricks of the shifting light. …

The narwhal rarely stray from High Arctic waters, escaping only to the slightly more temperate waters towards the Arctic Circle in the dead of winter, but never entering the warmer southern seas. In summer the hunters of Thule are fortunate to witness the annual return of the narwhal to the Inglefield Fjord, on the side of which we now sat.

The narwhal … is an essential contributor to the survival of the hunters in the High Arctic. The mattak or blubber* of the whale is rich in necessary minerals and vitamins, and in a place where the climate prohibits the growth of vegetables or fruit, this rich source of vitamin C was the one reason that the Eskimos have never suffered from scurvy*. … For centuries the blubber of the whales was also the only source of light and heat, and the dark rich meat is still a valuable part of the diet for both man and dogs (a single narwhal can feed a team of dogs for an entire month). Its single ivory tusk, which can grow up to six feet in length, was used for harpoon tips and handles for other hunting implements (although the ivory was found to be brittle and not hugely satisfactory as a weapon), for carving protective tupilaks*, and even as a central beam for their small ancient dwellings. Strangely, the tusk seems to have little use for the narwhal itself; they do not use the tusk to break through ice as a breathing hole, nor will they use it to catch or attack prey, but rather the primary use seems to be to disturb the top of the sea bed in order to catch Arctic halibut for which they have a particular predilection*. Often the ends of their tusks are worn down or even broken from such usage.

The women clustered on the knoll of the lookout, binoculars pointing in every direction, each woman focusing on her husband or family member, occasionally spinning round at a small gasp or jump as one of the women saw a hunter near a narwhal. … Each wife knew her husband instinctively and watched their progress intently; it was crucial to her that her husband catch a narwhal — it was part of their staple diet, and some of the mattak and meat could be sold to other hunters who hadn't been so lucky, bringing in some much-needed extra income. Every hunter was on the water. It was like watching a vast, waterborne game with the hunters spread like a net around the sound.

The narwhal … are intelligent creatures, their senses are keen and they talk to one another under the water. Their hearing is particularly developed and they can hear the sound of a paddling kayak from a great distance. That … was why the hunters had to sit so very still in the water.

One hunter was almost on top of a pair of narwhal, and they were huge. He gently picked up his harpoon and aimed — in that split second my heart leapt for both hunter and narwhal. I urged the man on in my head; he was so close, and so brave to attempt what he was about to do — he was miles from land in a flimsy kayak, and could easily be capsized and drowned. The hunter had no rifle, only one harpoon with two heads and one bladder. It was a foolhardy exercise and one that could only inspire respect. And yet at the same time my heart also urged the narwhal to dive, to leave, to survive.

This dilemma stayed with me the whole time that I was in Greenland. I understand the harshness of life in the Arctic and the needs of the hunters and their families to hunt and live on animals and sea mammals that we demand to be protected because of their beauty. And I know that one cannot afford to be sentimental in the Arctic. 'How can you possibly eat seal?' I have been asked over and over again. True, the images that bombarded us several years ago of men battering seals for their fur hasn't helped the issue of polar hunting, but the Inughuit do not kill seals using this method, nor do they kill for sport. They use every part of the animals they kill, and most of the food in Thule is still brought in by the hunter-gatherers and fishermen. Imported goods can only ever account for part of the food supply; there is still only one annual supply ship that makes it through the ice to Qaanaaq, and the small twice-weekly plane from West Greenland can only carry a certain amount of goods. Hunting is still an absolute necessity in Thule.

Kari Herbert

*pods**: small groups of whales
*fjord**: a long, narrow inlet of the sea with steep sides
*mattak or blubber**: the fatty skin of the whale
*scurvy**: a painful, weakening disease caused by lack of vitamin C
*tupilaks**: figures with magical powers, charms
*predilection**: liking

5 How does the writer present her experiences of living with the Inughuit people in Thule?

You should refer closely to the passage to support your answer. You may include **brief** quotations.

(10)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

(Total for Question 5 = 10 marks for reading)

6 A magazine is publishing a series of articles entitled "Memorable Experiences".

Write about a memorable experience you have had, exploring why it was important to you.

(10)

(Total for Question 6 = 10 marks for writing)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 20 MARKS

SECTION C: Writing

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

7 "The internet has improved the lives of everyone."

"The internet is dangerous and should be avoided."

Explain your views on the internet.

You may choose to write about:

- the use of the internet in education and business
- the use of the internet for leisure and enjoyment
- anything else that you would like to add.

(20)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

(Total for Question 7 = 20 marks for writing)

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

BLANK PAGE

BLANK PAGE

BLANK PAGE

Section A image source: http://matadornetwork.com/trips/photo-essay-the-worlds-most-spectacular-roads-vol-2/

Section B source: The Explorer's Daughter by Kari Herbert, reproduced with permission Penguin Classic – Aitken Alexander Associates Ltd from the Edexcel Anthology for International GCSE and Certificate in English Language and Literature.

Every effort has been made to contact copyright holders to obtain their permission for the use of copyright material. Pearson Education Ltd. will, if notified, be happy to rectify any errors or omissions and include any such rectifications in future editions.

Images used within this paper may be from www.clipart.com.