

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname					Other names			
Pearson Edexcel		Centre Number			Candidate Number			
International GCSE		<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>
Tuesday 2 June 2020								
Morning (Time: 3 hours)					Paper Reference 4EB1/01R			
English Language B								
Paper 1								
You must have: Extracts Booklet (enclosed)							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 in Section A, the question in Section B and **one** question in Section C.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
– *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 100.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*
- Dictionaries may **not** be used in this examination.

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.
- You are reminded of the importance of clear English and careful presentation in your answers.

Turn over ►

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SECTION A: Reading**Answer ALL questions in this section.****You should spend 1 hour on this section.****Read Text One in the Extracts Booklet, adapted from an American article called *My Weather Story*.**

- 1** Using the first paragraph, name **one** thing that frightened the writer.

(Total for Question 1 = 1 mark)

- 2** Using lines 26–33, identify **one** experience the writer has of the storm.

(Total for Question 2 = 1 mark)

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3 Explain how the writer presents her experiences of the weather.

You should support your answer with close reference to the passage, including **brief** quotations.

(10)

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(Total for Question 3 = 10 marks)



Read Text Two in the Extracts Booklet, adapted from a book called *Songs at the River's Edge*.

4 Using the second paragraph, state **one** effect of the monsoon.

.....

.....

(Total for Question 4 = 1 mark)

5 In lines 19–35, the writer explains the difficulties she faced during the monsoon.

Identify **two** of the difficulties.

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(Total for Question 5 = 2 marks)

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6 How does the writer describe the monsoon and its effects?

You should support your answer with close reference to the passage, including **brief** quotations.

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(Total for Question 6 = 10 marks)



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(Total for Question 7 = 15 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 40 MARKS



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TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 30 MARKS



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TOTAL FOR SECTION C = 30 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 100 MARKS



Pearson Edexcel International GCSE**Tuesday 2 June 2020**

Morning (Time: 3 hours)

Paper Reference **4EB1/01R****English Language B****Paper 1****Extracts Booklet****Do not return this Extracts Booklet with the Question Paper.***Turn over* ►**P62600A**

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Text One**My Weather Story**

adapted from an American article by Kelsie Knowles

In this passage, the writer explains how she became inspired to study the weather.



Growing up, I was scared of almost anything that could cause damage. This included volcanoes, fire, earthquakes, and last but not least, thunder and lightning. When I was a young kid, I was terrified of thunderstorms, especially in Lake Chelan (in Washington State, USA) where my family and I spent our holidays. I remember hiding inside the house during a storm when I was around seven, trying to stay away from the noise. This fear continued for quite a few years.

5

However, in the second grade, we had a study unit on weather, which culminated in a play called *The Weather Show*. The reason I bring that up is because this was the first time I really started to learn about weather. I believe the weather play and weather study unit sparked my interest in weather, and it made me realize I didn't have to fear it as much as I had previously. Shortly after that, my fear of thunder and lightning decreased, yet my interest in weather started to grow.

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As I grew older, my interest in weather didn't subside. My parents began to notice, and started buying me weather books at book fairs. I was learning more and more, and the more I learned, the more I loved it all. I also started to watch The Weather Channel quite often. I'd watch it for hours on end, which annoyed my sister at times, but I still did it. This all happened for quite a few years before I truly realized how much I loved weather. I was in the eighth grade when I made the decision that I wanted to be a meteorologist (someone who studies the weather) when I grew up. 15

All throughout high school, I kept the end goal in mind. I took classes that I believed would help me get a degree in Meteorology. Then, in August of 2013, I experienced something that further cemented my love for weather and desire to become a meteorologist. I was on vacation with my family in Lake Chelan, which I do a few times each summer. It was fairly warm throughout the daytime, and it was perfect beach weather. 20
25

However, one evening, clouds began to form, and the wind began to pick up a bit. As the daylight fled, I started to see that something was forming. Then the lightning started. And it did not stop. There were visible strikes every few seconds for many, many hours. When my family went to bed, I stayed up. I was mesmerized by the insane lightning; I had never seen it like that before. At around one in the morning, I actually ended up seeing a strike of lightning that started a fire. Thankfully it got put out very fast and didn't cause any structural damage, but it was still a crazy sight to see. I finally fell asleep (reluctantly) at around 4am amazed at the weather that I had just seen. 30

When I woke up the next morning, I was upset that it was over. But that didn't last long. About twelve hours later, the storms were back—this time even stronger than the night before. Unlike the previous night, this storm was accompanied with very strong wind and rain. I remember standing outside on our front porch getting sand blown in my face, even when it was wet. The lightning was just as powerful as the night before, along with the wind and rain, which made for a very intense storm. I had no idea of the impact the storm had had until the next morning. One of the boat docks had been disconnected, and a part of it was missing. There were some boats washed up on the shore, along with some jet-skis. It was astonishing to see what the weather was capable of doing. Witnessing these storms made me realize that I was making the right career choice. I was no longer that scared little kid, trembling at the sound of thunder. I was instead that weather fanatic who couldn't get enough. 35
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Now, every time there is a good storm (which doesn't happen that often where I live), I act the same way as I did during those storms in Chelan, even if they don't even compare in intensity. I'm like a kid in a candy store. The thought of a good storm just makes me want more. I want to see more and I want to know more. This is why I am pursuing a degree in Meteorology. Being a meteorologist will allow me to be surrounded by what I love every day. I will be taking the next step in my studies, as I am enrolled in the Atmospheric Sciences program at the University of Washington, which I am very excited about. I am looking forward to learning new things, and hopefully, there will be lots of awesome storms for me to see in the future. 50

Text Two**Songs at the River's Edge****by Katy Gardner****adapted from a book about life in a Bangladeshi village.***In this passage, the writer describes the effects of the monsoon rains on the village.*

By August the pattern of sudden storms which came from nowhere and ended quickly, had given way to the monsoon proper. I lay on my bed listening to the steady drip of water coming in through the rough plaster ceiling to muddy my floor and dampen my saris; it was 5am, as chilly as winter, and once again it was raining. Abba had already said his prayers, but now he was snoring again, and like him everyone else lay huddled under the covers, shivering and predicting fever. The compound was completely still, and strangely quiet. The little boys who usually filled it with noise had gone out fishing, running, splashing through the yard before dawn with their spears and pots from the kitchen. When they returned them later in the day, they would be filled with fish from the waterlogged fields. Rain, rain, rain. The days of early rising to wash in the cool morning sunlight seemed distant now, and even the birds, which in other seasons greeted the day uproariously, appeared to prefer the silence of sleep.

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The monsoon had continued for at least a month, and once more the village was transformed. The paths had disintegrated into impassable mud, and the river was full again. These days, to get anywhere I had to call one of the village labourers to take me across the water and then, umbrella in hand, clamber aboard the village's rickety old boat, usually accompanied by a gaggle of goats being taken to the other side of the river for grazing.

15

The rains meant that the small activities around which I hung my days had suddenly become difficult and exhausting. The yard, usually sandy earth, had changed into a treacherous pit of the most slippery mud imaginable. Every day I managed to lose a flip-flop in it, and every day I escaped landing on my bottom by the merest fraction. To get to the pond to bathe became quite a challenge, and I usually came back muddier than before my wash. Trips to the latrine¹ were equally nerve-racking. If it was actually raining – and it usually was – I set off with my water pot, my umbrella and, at night, my lantern, to slide through the muddy morass which had once been our compound until, exhausted and victorious, I reached my destination. For the first time I cursed my sari for the way it trailed in the mud, and fantasised about clean, indoor, dry Western lavatories. The word ‘bog’ began to have special meanings for me, and every day I prayed fervently that now would not be the time when dysentery² struck. Infuriatingly, everyone else walked with sure and confident feet through the mud, and never slipped. Even more mystifyingly, if I was wading through deep swampiness I always arrived on the other side having been joined by several plump black leeches hanging on to my feet and ankles, yet whilst my companions screamed ‘Jook! Jook!’ and scurried around me to pick them off, their own limbs were invariably free of the dreaded creatures.

During the worst of the rains, life in the village seemed to slow down until it came almost to a standstill. There was little work for the labourers except cutting back the frantically growing water hyacinth, which was fed to the cattle, and fishing out in the flooded fields, and many men complained bitterly that over these months obtaining money for food was a struggle which often ended in hunger and debt. Social calls, as well as work, also stopped. People could move around only by boat now, for most of the village tracks were covered in water, and the rickshaws and motorbikes that had been a common sight a few months earlier had completely disappeared. But although most people preferred to stay within the confines of their homes, for others trips outside were unavoidable, and the wooden boats which all through the dry season had lain discarded in the water lilies were again put to work. Every morning, too, the ‘engine boat’ would come down the river, piled high with village men in their best lungis³ and umbrellas out on a trip to Sylhet or Nobiganj (the nearest town). These days, instead of recognising figures over the fields, we would spot bamboo boats with painted cabins or great cloth sails slowly moving through the water lilies.

A few hours later, when the rain had subsided a little, Amma came into my room and handed me a cup of hot, sweet tea, and some fried cakes which she had prepared specially for me.

¹*latrine* – a basic toilet, often outside

²*dysentery* – a severe stomach infection

³*lungis* – cloth garments covering the lower part of the body worn by many people, especially men, in Southern India, Sri Lanka, Bangladesh, Burma and Pakistan

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Sources taken/adapted from:

Text One: <https://weloveweather.tv/known-weather-story/>
Photograph: © George Doyle/Getty Images

Text Two: 'Songs at the River's Edge', Katy Gardner, Pluto Press 1997
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