

Write your name here	
Surname	Other names
Edexcel Certificate	Centre Number
Edexcel	Candidate Number
International GCSE	
English Language A Paper 1	
Monday 20 May 2013 – Morning	Paper Reference
Time: 2 hours 15 minutes	KEA0/01
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 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.
- 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.

The writer is about to leave by ship from London. When he arrives in Holland, he intends to walk across Europe.

Setting Out



"A splendid afternoon to set out!" said one of the friends who was seeing me off, peering at the rain and rolling up the window.

The other two agreed. Sheltering under an arch we had found a taxi at last. In Half Moon Street all collars were up. A thousand glistening umbrellas were tilted over a thousand bowler hats in Piccadilly. The shops, distorted by streaming water, had become a submarine arcade. Blown askew, the Trafalgar Square fountains

twirled like mops, and our taxi, delayed by a horde of commuters reeling under a cloudburst, crept into The Strand. We splashed up Ludgate Hill and the tyres slewed away from the drowning cathedral and a minute later the silhouette of The Monument, seen through veils of rain, seemed so convincingly liquefied that the road might have been under the sea. The driver, as he swerved wetly into Upper Thames Street, leaned back and said: "Nice weather for young ducks".

Sheets of water were rising from our front wheels as the taxi floundered on; then straight ahead Tower Bridge was looming. We halted on the bridge and the driver indicated the flight of stone steps. We were down them in a moment; and beyond the cobbles and the bollards was the ship I was to catch, with the Dutch flag beating damply from her roof. The swirling tide had lifted the ship almost level with the flagstones: she was gleaming in the rain and with full steam-up for departure. Haste and the weather cut short our farewells and our embraces and I sped down the gangway clutching my rucksack and my stick while the others dashed back to the steps – four sodden trouser legs and two high heels skipping across the puddles – and up them to the waiting taxi; and half a minute later there they were, high overhead on the bridge, craning and waving. I was signalling frantically back as the ship's ropes were cast loose. Then they were gone. The anchor-chain clattered and the vessel turned into the current with a wail of her siren. How strange it seemed as I took shelter – feeling suddenly sad; but only for a moment – to be setting off from the heart of London!

Miraculously, after the pitiless hours of downpour, the rain stopped. After the drifts of smoke there was a quickly-fading glimpse of a few domes and many church steeples flying rain-washed against a sky of gunmetal and silver and tarnished brass. The sun was setting fast and the western cloudbanks were fading from smoky crimson to violet.

In the gulf between the warehouses, night was assembling. From warehouse walls the giant



white letters of the names, grimed by a century of soot, were growing less visible each second. There was a reek of mud, seaweed, slime, salt, smoke and the half-sunk boats smelled of rotting timber. The ship was drawing away from the shore and gathering speed and the different notes of the sirens boomed up and downstream as though dinosaurs still haunted the Thames.

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I wondered when I would be returning. Excitement ruled out the thought of sleep; it seemed too important a night. But I must have dozed, in spite of these emotions, for when I woke the only glimmer in sight was our own reflection on the waves. A stiff wind was blowing and the mainland of Europe was less than half the night away.

It was still a couple of hours till dawn when we dropped anchor in Holland. Snow covered everything and the flakes blew in a slant across the lamps and the untrodden quay. This solitary entry, under cover of night and hushed by snow, completed the illusion that I was slipping into Europe through a secret door.

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Filled with joy, I wandered about the silent lanes. Seagulls cried and wheeled overhead and dipped into the lamplight, scattering their small footprints on the muffled cobblestones and settling on the ropes of the anchored boats in little explosions of snow. The cafes were all closed apart from one which showed a promising line of light. A shutter went up and a stout man in clogs¹ opened a glass door, deposited a cat on the snow and, turning back, began lighting a stove inside. The cat went in again at once; I followed it and the fried eggs and coffee, ordered by signs, were the best I had ever eaten.

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Dawn broke with the snow still coming down. I put on my coat, my rucksack, grasped my stick and headed for the door. The landlord asked where I was going. I said: "Istanbul". His brows went up and he signalled me to wait: then he set out two small glasses and filled them with transparent liquid from a long stone bottle. We clinked them; he emptied his at one gulp and I did the same. With his wishes for godspeed in my ears and an internal bonfire and a hand smarting from his farewell shake, I set off. It was the formal start of my journey.

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Glossary

1. *Clogs* – wooden shoes traditionally worn in Holland



1 How many friends go with the writer in the taxi to say goodbye?

.....

(Total for Question 1 = 1 mark)

2 Look again at lines 5 to 18. Give **three** comparisons that the writer uses to describe the weather.

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(Total for Question 2 = 3 marks)



3 In your own words explain the writer's feelings on his departure from London.

(Total for Question 3 = 4 marks)



In your answer you should write about:

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

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(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.

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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. ...

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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.

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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.

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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

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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 huntergatherers 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.

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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 show the conflict in her thoughts and feelings about hunting?

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

(10)



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13

Write a letter to the newspaper giving your views.

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(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** “There are times in life when we all make important decisions.”

Describe an important decision that you have made and explain what happened as a result.

You may choose to write about:

- the reasons behind your decision
- the effect upon you and others involved
- any other points that you wish to make.

(20)

[illegible]

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(Total for Question 7 = 20 marks)

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