

Write your name here	
Surname	Other names
Pearson Edexcel Certificate Pearson Edexcel International GCSE	Centre Number Candidate Number
English Language A Paper 1	
Tuesday 2 June 2015 – Morning Time: 2 hours 15 minutes	Paper Reference 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 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 ►

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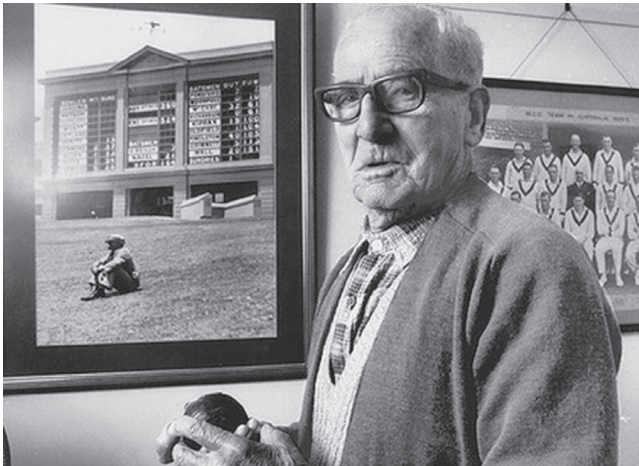
SECTION A: Reading

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

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

The writer sees Harold Larwood, a famous cricket player who was a fast bowler a long time ago. They both grew up in Nottingham, a coal-mining city in England.

The Old Cricketer



The old man laid his hand lightly on the gate of the cricket ground. His closely cropped hair was as white as frost, his caramel-coloured face lined and pinched with age. The lenses in his square, black-framed spectacles were thick. He wore a pale checked shirt, a tightly knotted woollen tie, and a dull brown jacket which looked half a size too big for him – slightly too broad across the shoulders, an inch too long in the tail and sleeves.

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He carried himself with the dignity of a war veteran, his back as straight as he could make it, his chest thrust slightly forward, as if there was a row of ribboned medals fastened across his top pocket. Around him, a knot of stooped, flabby men of much the same era, dressed in shirtsleeves and braces, stared at him as though worshipping a saint at the altar. It was 6.00pm in the evening. The sun was still bright and the dark shadows elongated everything, like a fairground mirror. The cricket ground was almost empty, the stands echoing to the drag of brooms which swept away the litter of a long day of cricket-watching.

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A straggly crocodile line of young boys carrying sports bags and swinging worn cricket bats walked around the edge of the pitch without glancing at the old man or his admirers. One of them tapped a ball on his bat. It caught the edge and rolled away towards the gate. The old man stopped the ball with his foot and then picked it up. He briefly weighed the ball in his hand and rubbed his thumb on the leather before throwing it back carefully. "Here you are, son," he said. The boy reached out with his bat, knocked the ball into the air and grabbed it, like catching a falling apple from a tree. All this happened in an eye-blink; it was just a moment that passed briefly. The boy – a year or two short of his teens, I'd guess – casually tucked his bat under his arm, stuffed the ball into his trouser pocket and sauntered away without a backward glance. The old man carried on talking before shaking hands, saying his polite goodbyes, slowly climbing the steps and vanishing inside the cricket pavilion¹.

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I was sitting a few yards away, too shy to approach the old man at first and then too slow to decide what to do when he walked past me. I missed my chance to speak to Harold Larwood, but I like to claim that I saw the last ball he ever bowled.

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If you grew up in Nottingham, as I did, you knew all about Larwood. He was the local legend. You were told about him as a rite of passage. As children, we played cricket in the street. There was always a voice behind you: "You'll never be as fast as Harold Larwood. He were the quickest there's ever been. Ask your grandad."

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Nottingham was a coal mining city. Mine workings were everywhere. You could smell the coal that lingered everywhere; damp and musty, like one long washing day. Everything seemed to be soot-stained. The air was gritty with dust. Even the leaves on the trees were coated with smuts². Larwood had been a miner. He knew what it was like to rapidly descend from daylight into darkness. He scraped the skin off his back in the mine, his bare flesh grazing the jagged edges of the narrow tunnels which he crept along on his knees. His hands became roughened from tightly gripping a pick or a shovel. His bitten nails were rimmed black. The miners my father worked alongside regarded Larwood as one of their own and would have nothing said against him. He was working class, proud of it and made of the right stuff, which was good enough for them.



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When I saw him it was difficult to connect the thinnish and short old man in front of me – he was nearly 73 by then – with the raw-boned fast bowler whom I'd read about. He stroked his chin, readjusted his spectacles on the bridge of his nose and occasionally ran his fingers across his bristly head. As he spoke he glanced at his hands, as if the palms were a map he could read. I focused intently on his wrinkled fingers and imagined them unblemished a half a century earlier across a new cherry-red cricket ball, polished like a pearl. I wondered how many times Larwood had passed through the gates at the cricket ground, whether or not he saw it as it had been rather than the way it was at that moment, and if any ghosts were there to meet him. However hard it was to reconcile those images with the one I saw in the flesh, I knew I was within touching distance of a "Great Man" and of greatness itself.

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¹ *pavilion* – the main building at a cricket ground

² *smuts* – small flakes of sooty dirt



1 At what time of day does the writer see Larwood at the cricket ground?

.....

.....

(Total for Question 1 = 1 mark)

2 Look again at lines 22 to 31.

Give **two** words or phrases that the writer uses to describe the boys at the cricket ground.

(i)

.....

.....

(ii)

.....

.....

(Total for Question 2 = 2 marks)



3 In your own words, explain what we learn about Larwood's life as a coal miner in Nottingham.

(Total for Question 3 = 5 marks)



4 How does the writer try to present his thoughts and feelings about Larwood?

In your answer you should write about:

- how Larwood is described
- how the writer and other people react to Larwood
- particular words, phrases and techniques.

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

(12)



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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 *Touching the Void* from the Edexcel Anthology.**Joe and Simon are mountain climbing in the Andes, when Joe has a terrible accident. Here are two accounts by Joe and Simon of what happened.****Joe's account**

I hit the slope at the base of the cliff before I saw it coming. I was facing into the slope and both knees locked as I struck it. I felt a shattering blow in my knee, felt bones splitting, and screamed. The impact catapulted me over backwards and down the slope of the East Face. I slid, head-first, on my back. The rushing speed of it confused me. I thought of the drop below but felt nothing. Simon would be ripped off the mountain. He couldn't hold this. I screamed again as I jerked to a sudden violent stop.

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Everything was still, silent. My thoughts raced madly. Then pain flooded down my thigh – a fierce burning fire coming down the inside of my thigh, seeming to ball in my groin, building and building until I cried out at it, and my breathing came in ragged gasps. My leg! ... My leg!

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I hung, head down, on my back, left leg tangled in the rope above me and my right leg hanging slackly to one side. I lifted my head from the snow and stared, up across my chest, at a grotesque distortion in the right knee, twisting the leg into a strange zigzag. I didn't connect it with the pain which burnt my groin. That had nothing to do with my knee. I kicked my left leg free of the rope and swung round until I was hanging against the snow on my chest, feet down. The pain eased. I kicked my left foot into the slope and stood up.

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A wave of nausea surged over me. I pressed my face into the snow, and the sharp cold seemed to calm me. Something terrible, something dark with dread occurred to me, and as I thought about it I felt the dark thought break into panic: 'I've broken my leg, that's it. I'm dead. Everyone said it ... if there's just two of you a broken ankle could turn into a death sentence ... if it's broken ... if ... It doesn't hurt so much, maybe I've just ripped something.'

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I kicked my right leg against the slope, feeling sure it wasn't broken. My knee exploded. Bone grated, and the fireball rushed from groin to knee. I screamed. I looked down at the knee and could see it was broken, yet I tried not to believe what I was seeing. It wasn't just broken, it was ruptured, twisted, crushed, and I could see the kink in the joint and knew what had happened. The impact had driven my lower leg up through the knee joint. ...

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I dug my axes into the snow, and pounded my good leg deeply into the soft slope until I felt sure it wouldn't slip. The effort brought back the nausea and I felt my head spin giddily to the point of fainting. I moved and a searing spasm of pain cleared away the faintness. I could see the summit of Seria Norte away to the west. I was not far below it. The sight drove home how desperately things had changed. We were above 19,000 feet, still on the ridge, and very much alone. I looked south at the small rise I had hoped to scale quickly and it seemed to grow with every second that I stared. I would never get over it. Simon would not be able to get me up it. He would leave me. He had no choice. I

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held my breath, thinking about it. Left here? Alone? ... For an age I felt overwhelmed at the notion of being left; I felt like screaming, and I felt like swearing, but stayed silent. If I said a word, I would panic. I could feel myself teetering on the edge of it.

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Simon's account

Joe had disappeared behind a rise in the ridge and began moving faster than I could go. I was glad we had put the steep section behind us at last. ... I felt tired and was grateful to be able to follow Joe's tracks instead of breaking trail*.

I rested a while when I saw that Joe had stopped moving. Obviously he had found an obstacle and I thought I would wait until he started moving again. When the rope moved again I trudged forward after it, slowly.

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Suddenly there was a sharp tug as the rope lashed out taut across the slope. I was pulled forward several feet as I pushed my axes into the snow and braced myself for another jerk. Nothing happened. I knew that Joe had fallen, but I couldn't see him, so I stayed put. I waited for about ten minutes until the tautened rope went slack on the snow and I felt sure that Joe had got his weight off me. I began to move along his footsteps cautiously, half expecting something else to happen. I kept tensed up and ready to dig my axes in at the first sign of trouble.

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As I crested the rise, I could see down a slope to where the rope disappeared over the edge of a drop. I approached slowly, wondering what had happened. When I reached the top of the drop I saw Joe below me. He had one foot dug in and was leaning against the slope with his face buried in the snow. I asked him what had happened and he looked at me in surprise. I knew he was injured, but the significance didn't hit me at first.

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He told me very calmly that he had broken his leg. He looked pathetic, and my immediate thought came without any emotion. ... You're dead ... no two ways about it! I think he knew it too. I could see it in his face. It was all totally rational. I knew where we were, I took in everything around me instantly, and knew he was dead. It never occurred to me that I might also die. I accepted without question that I could get off the mountain alone. I had no doubt about that.

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... Below him I could see thousands of feet of open face falling into the eastern glacier bay. I watched him quite dispassionately. I couldn't help him, and it occurred to me that in all likelihood he would fall to his death. I wasn't disturbed by the thought. In a way I hoped he would fall. I knew I couldn't leave him while he was still fighting for it, but I had no idea how I might help him. I could get down. If I tried to get him down I might die with him. It didn't frighten me. It just seemed a waste. It would be pointless. I kept staring at him, expecting him to fall ...

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Joe Simpson

**breaking trail*: being in front

5 How does the writer bring out the thoughts and feelings of Simon and Joe?

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

(10)



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(Total for Question 5 = 10 marks for reading)



- 6** Your local newspaper is publishing a series of articles entitled “We All Need Help Sometimes”.

Write an article for the newspaper describing a time when you have helped someone or when someone has helped you.

(10)



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TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 20 MARKS

SECTION C: Writing

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

- 7** A website called 'Respect' is collecting views on the statement "Everyone deserves to be treated properly".

Write explaining what respect means to you.

You may choose to write about:

- your own experiences
- how we should treat parents, teachers and others in authority
- any other points you wish to make.

(20)



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(Total for Question 7 = 20 marks for writing)

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



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Sources taken/adapted from:

Harold Larwood, Duncan Hamilton, Quercus

<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/sport/cricket/article-1343484/ASHES-2011-Five-classic-Ashes-Tests-SCG.html>

<http://www.smh.com.au/sport/cricket/in-his-own-words-peter-roebuck-20111113-1ndye.html>

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