www.dynamicpapers.com

Write your name here

Surname	Other names

Pearson Edexcel Certificate
Pearson Edexcel
International GCSE

Centre Number | | | | | |

Candidate Number | | | | |

English Language A

Paper 1

Monday 18 January 2016 – Morning
Time: 2 hours 15 minutes

Paper Reference
4EA0/01
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 Qualifications 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 ▶

P46905A

©2016 Pearson Education Ltd.

1/1/1/1/1

P 4 6 9 0 5 A 0 1 2 4

PEARSON

www.dynamicpapers.com

SECTION A: Reading

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

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

Waris is a young girl, living with her family in the desert in Somalia, in Africa. She decides to run away because her father arranges a marriage for her with a very old man.

Running Away



A slight sound awoke me, and when I opened my eyes, I was staring into the face of a lion. Riveted awake, my eyes stretched wide – very wide – as if to expand enough to contain the animal in front of me. I tried to stand up, but I hadn't eaten for several days, so my weak legs wobbled and folded beneath me. Collapsing, I slumped back against the tree where I had been resting, sheltered from the African desert sun that becomes so merciless at noon. I quietly leaned my head back, closed my eyes, and felt the rough bark of the tree pressing into my skull. The lion was so near I could smell his musty scent in the hot air. I spoke to God: "It's the end for me, my God. Please take me now."

My long journey across the desert had come to an end. I had no protection, no weapon. Nor the strength to run. I knew I couldn't beat the lion up the tree, because with their strong claws, lions are excellent climbers. By the time I got half way up – BOOM – one swipe and I'd be gone. Without any fear, I opened my eyes again and said to the lion, "Come and get me. I'm ready for you."

He was a beautiful male with a mane of golden hair and a long tail switching back and forth to flick the flies away. He was five or six years old, young and healthy. I knew he could crush me instantly; he was the king. All my life I'd watched those paws take down wildebeest and zebras weighing hundreds of pounds more than me.

The lion stared at me and slowly blinked his honey-coloured eyes. My brown eyes stared back, locked on his. "Go on. Take me now." He looked at me again, then looked away. He licked his lips and sat down on his haunches[1]. Then the lion rose and paced back and forth in front of me elegantly. Finally, he turned …

****

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

www.dynamicpapers.com

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

This nightmare journey began because I was running away from my father. I was about thirteen at the time and living with my family in the Somalian desert, when my father announced he had arranged my marriage to an old man. While my father and the rest of the family were still sleeping, my mother woke me and said, "Go now." Immediately I was jolted awake, then flooded with the sick sensation of what I had to do.

I shivered and walked away from our hut with my mother. In the gloomy light I struggled to see her face, trying to memorise its features, because I wouldn't see that face again for a long time. I had planned to be strong, but instead choked on my tears and hugged her hard. "Go – go before he wakes up," she said softly into my ear. I felt her arms tighten around me. "You just be very careful. Careful!" I ran off into the black desert night.

By midday I'd travelled deep into the red sand, and deep into my own thoughts. Where on earth was I going? The landscape stretched on to eternity, the sand broken only by a thorn tree; I could see for miles and miles. Hungry, thirsty and tired, I slowed down and walked. What was going to happen next?

As I pondered this question, I thought I heard a voice: "W-A-R-I-S … W-A-R-I-S … ."
My father was calling me! I was not hearing things; it was my father, and he was getting closer. He'd tracked me down by following my footprints through the sand. Suddenly I looked back and saw him coming over the hill behind me. He'd spotted me too. Terrified I ran faster. And faster. It was as if we were surfing waves of sand; I flew up one hill and he glided down the one behind me. On and on we continued for hours.

My heart pounding, finally I stopped, hiding behind a bush, and looked around. Nothing. I listened closely. No sound. Papa, I reasoned, had turned around to try to make it back home, because now the sun was setting. He'd have to run back through the darkness, listening for the night-time sounds of our family, tracing his path by the voices of children screaming, laughing, the animal noises of the herds mooing, bleating. The wind carries sounds great distances across the desert, so these noises acted as a lighthouse when we were lost in the night.

I kept running until the sun set, the light was gone, and the night was so black I couldn't see. In the morning, the sun burning my face woke me. I got up and continued to run; for days I managed to keep it up. How many days? I'm not sure. All I know is that for me, there was no time; there was only hunger, thirst, fear, pain. At midday when the sun was at its hottest, I would sit under a tree and rest.

It was during one of these rests that I fell asleep and the lion woke me … By this point I no longer cared about my freedom; I just wanted to go back home to Mama.

Glossary
[1]– *haunches* – the hind parts of an animal

www.dynamicpapers.com

1 How old is the lion in the passage?

.....

(Total for Question 1 = 1 mark)

2 Look again at lines 1 to 21.

Give **three** words or phrases that the writer uses to show how dangerous the lion could be.

1 .....

.....

2 .....

.....

3 .....

.....

(Total for Question 2 = 3 marks)

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

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

3 **In your own words**, explain what we learn about the writer's mother.

(Total for Question 3 = 4 marks)

www.dynamicpapers.com

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

In your answer you should write about:

- the descriptions of the desert
- the writer's own thoughts and feelings
- 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

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

www.dynamicpapers.com

(Total for Question 4 = 12 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS

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

www.dynamicpapers.com

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

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 *A Game of Polo with a Headless Goat* from the Edexcel Anthology.

Emma Levine travelled throughout Asia researching and filming unusual sports. In this passage she writes about a donkey race in Karachi.

We drove off to find the best viewing spot, which turned out to be the crest of the hill so we could see the approaching race. I asked the lads if we could join in the 'Wacky Races' and follow the donkeys, and they loved the idea. 'We'll open the car boot, you climb inside and point your camera towards the race. As the donkeys overtake us, we'll join the cars.' 'But will you try and get to the front?' 'Oh yes, that's no problem.'

The two lads who had never been interested in this Karachi sport were suddenly fired up with enthusiasm. We waited for eternity on the brow of the hill, me perched in the boot with a zoom lens pointing out. Nearly one hour later I was beginning to feel rather silly when the only action was a villager on a wobbly bicycle, who nearly fell off as he cycled past and gazed around at us.

Several vehicles went past, and some donkey-carts carrying spectators. 'Are they coming?' we called out to them. 'Coming, coming,' came the reply. I was beginning to lose faith in its happening, but the lads remained confident.

Just as I was assuming that the race had been cancelled, we spotted two approaching donkey-carts in front of a cloud of fumes and dust created by some fifty vehicles roaring up in their wake. As they drew nearer, Yaqoob revved up the engine and began to inch the car out of the lay-by. The two donkeys were almost dwarfed by their entourage; but there was no denying their speed – the Kibla donkey is said to achieve speeds of up to 40 kph, and this looked close. The two were neck-and-neck, their jockeys perched on top of the tiny carts using their whips energetically, although not cruelly.

The noise of the approaching vehicles grew; horns tooting, bells ringing, and the special rattles used just for this purpose (like maracas, a metal container filled with dried beans). Men standing on top of their cars and vans, hanging out of taxis and perched on lorries, all cheered and shouted, while the vehicles jostled to get to the front of the convoy.

Yaqoob chose exactly the right moment to edge out of the road and swerve in front of the nearest car, finding the perfect place to see the two donkeys and at the front of the vehicles. This was Formula One without rules, or a city-centre rush hour gone anarchic; a complete flouting of every type of traffic rule and common sense.

Our young driver relished this unusual test of driving skills. It was survival of the fittest, and depended upon the ability to cut in front of a vehicle with a sharp flick of the steering wheel (no lane discipline here); quick reflexes to spot a gap in the traffic for a couple of seconds; nerves of steel, and an effective horn. There were two races – the motorized spectators at the back; in front, the two donkeys, still running close and amazingly not put off by the uproar just behind them.

www.dynamicpapers.com

Ahead of the donkeys, oncoming traffic – for it was a main road – had to dive into the ditch and wait there until we had passed. Yaqoob loved it. We stayed near to the front, his hand permanently on the horn and his language growing more colourful with every vehicle that tried to cut in front. …

The road straightened and levelled, and everyone picked up speed as we neared the end of the race. But just as they were reaching the finishing line, the hospital gate, there was a near pile-up as the leading donkey swerved, lost his footing and he and the cart tumbled over. The race was over.

And then the trouble began. I assumed the winner was the one who completed the race but it was not seen that way by everyone. Apart from the two jockeys and 'officials' (who, it turned out, were actually monitoring the race) there were over a hundred punters who had all staked money on the race, and therefore had strong opinions. Some were claiming that the donkey had fallen because the other one had been ridden too close to him. Voices were raised, fists were out and tempers rising. Everyone gathered around one jockey and official, while the bookmakers were trying to insist that the race should be re-run.

Yaqoob and Iqbal were nervous of hanging around a volatile situation. They agreed to find out for me what was happening ordering me to stay inside the car as they were swallowed up by the crowd. They emerged sometime later. 'It's still not resolved,' said Iqbal, 'but it's starting to get nasty. I think we should leave.' As we drove away, Yaqoob reflected on his driving skills. 'I really enjoyed that,' he said as we drove off at a more sedate pace. 'But I don't even have my licence yet because I'm underage!'

They both found this hilarious, but I was glad he hadn't told me before; an inexperienced, underage driver causing a massive pile-up in the middle of the high-stakes donkey race could have caused problems.

Emma Levine

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

www.dynamicpapers.com

5 How does the writer show her thoughts and feelings about the race?

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

www.dynamicpapers.com

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

www.dynamicpapers.com

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)

www.dynamicpapers.com

6 Your local newspaper is collecting ideas on how to improve road safety in your area.

Write a letter to the newspaper giving your ideas.

(10)

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

www.dynamicpapers.com

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

www.dynamicpapers.com

(Total for Question 6 = 10 marks for writing)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 20 MARKS

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

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

SECTION C: Writing

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

7 "We are all so busy that we often forget what should be really important in our lives."

Describe what is important in your life.

You may choose to write about:

- the people in your life
- activities, hobbies and interests
- any other points you wish to make.

(20)

www.dynamicpapers.com

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

www.dynamicpapers.com

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

www.dynamicpapers.com

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

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

www.dynamicpapers.com

(Total for Question 7 = 20 marks)

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

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

www.dynamicpapers.com

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

BLANK PAGE

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

BLANK PAGE

Sources taken/adapted from:
Desert Flower, The Extraordinary Life of a Desert Nomad by Waris Dirie and Cathleen Miller, Virago
A Game of Polo with a Headless Goat by Emma Levine, 2000, Andre Deutsch

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.