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Write your name here

Surname	Other names

Pearson Edexcel
International GCSE

Centre Number | | | | | |

Candidate Number | | | | |

English Language A

Paper 1

Monday 15 January 2018 – Morning
Time: 2 hours 15 minutes

Paper Reference
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 tells the story of two poor fishermen, Alvarenga and his inexperienced young assistant, Córdoba.

Survive the Savage Sea



Alvarenga knew the danger of storms better than most, but he was on a streak – he had just caught half a ton of fish and there were plenty more to be taken. He expected storms this time of year – November was always rowdy. The key, he explained to Córdoba, was to read the wind, waves and clouds. Today's gusts had teeth – he could feel them as the cloud bank built over the mountaintops to the east. But Alvarenga accepted the challenge and refused to change his plans.

Around one a.m. Alvarenga felt a deep warning. The voice of the storm had picked up and Alvarenga took note. The swells[1] gathered strength and the boat began to tilt sideways like a ride at an amusement park.

Córdoba was terrified and losing control. "Get us out of here. Let's go back," he screamed at Alvarenga. "We are going to die."

"Shut up," Alvarenga ordered. But as the winds and waves jacked up, the boat began to fill with water. Alvarenga told Córdoba to start bailing; he began furiously dumping seawater back into the ocean. Despite Córdoba's frantic bailing, the crashing waves filled their boat with water faster than they could empty it.

"We've got to bring the fishing lines in now, this storm is a complicated one," Alvarenga called. Córdoba didn't react. "Move it!" Alvarenga shouted. "Let's crank up the motor. Start pulling in the line."

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Under normal conditions, the captain would watch as the deck hand laboured for hours to haul in the line, but the storm winds were whistling, so Alvarenga donned thick gloves and, wary of the hooks, began to assist Córdoba as they hauled in the line, yard by yard. They were exhausted but jubilant, as they had landed a fantastic catch: ten fish including tuna, mahimahi and sharks. Blood from the recently-killed fish splattered the boat, then washed to the floor in a sloshing crimson pool. The dangers of getting hooked or bitten were constant. Even the shark's skin was dangerous; like a file it could flay an uncovered thigh or arm. "It shaves off your skin, peels it right off in slices. With all that salt water it hurts. Basically it shreds you," said Alvarenga. "It's like a road rash from a motorcycle crash."

Alvarenga guided the motorboat and continued to haul in the fishing line as saltwater spray skewed his vision. Then Alvarenga made a radical decision. They didn't have enough time to haul in the entire line – instead he would cut it off. Alvarenga took out his fishing knife and sliced the blue cord. They were free. But without the stabilising drag provided by the long fishing line, they began to bounce as if being shaken by a giant. Córdoba was crying as Alvarenga shone a light on his compass and in the dark of night aimed for home. If all went well, Alvarenga figured, he would be eating chicken and drinking beer before sunset.

With the wind now roaring at 50 miles per hour, the sea was white with foam and waves smacked the boat, knocking Alvarenga off course. Like a professional athlete readying for a match, Alvarenga sized up his opponent. It would be a five-hour competition, and though he had spent years navigating these waters, Alvarenga knew better than to get overconfident. Every storm had its quirks and his first task was to understand this storm's rhythm and flow. Alvarenga deftly slid the boat among eight- to ten-foot swells. Amid the chaos of cross currents and gale-force winds, Alvarenga searched for clues as to the order of this madness.

While Alvarenga tensely negotiated their slow advance toward the coast, Córdoba continued to unravel. As the weather worsened, his resolve disintegrated. At times he refused to bail and instead held the rail with both hands, vomiting and crying.

With no running lights and no high-powered spotlight, Alvarenga was navigating not just blind, but on pure instinct. The roll of the waves seemed chaotic but the waves had their own sophisticated sequence. They were slapping out a message, like Morse code against the hull of his boat. It was Alvarenga's job to decipher this rapid-fire pattern.

It was around eight a.m. when Alvarenga heard the first cough. It wasn't an outright burst of protest from the motor, but more like a hiccup or the soft growl of someone clearing their throat. The engine had been running smoothly but it was the same motor that had failed earlier in the week. Within ten minutes, the motor's cough began to sound chronic. This cough was deep in the motor and it was starting to steal power from the engine.

Around nine a.m. Alvarenga spotted the rise of mountains on the horizon. They were approximately twenty miles from land. Alvarenga had barely savoured the joy of sighting land when the motor's cough turned into a persistent hacking. Was the fuel line pinched? Had something rattled loose? "I couldn't believe it. I could see the coast. We were fifteen miles off the coast and the motor started to die."

Córdoba and Alvarenga were now alone in their battle against the storm.

[1] *swells* – waves

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1 In which month of the year does this fishing trip take place?

.....

(Total for Question 1 = 1 mark)

2 Look again at lines 1 to 9. Give **three** words or phrases that the writer uses to show how threatening the storm is.

1 .....

.....

2 .....

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3 .....

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(Total for Question 2 = 3 marks)

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3 In your own words, explain what we learn about Córdoba.

(Total for Question 3 = 4 marks)

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

In your answer you should write about:

- the way the development of the storm is presented
- how Alvarenga reacts to the storm
- particular words, phrases and techniques.

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

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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 *Taking on the World* from the Edexcel Anthology.

Ellen MacArthur became famous in 2001 when she competed in the Vendée Globe solo round-the-world yacht race. She was the youngest (24 years old) and probably the shortest (just 5ft 2in!) competitor. She came second, despite appalling weather, exhaustion and, as she describes here, problems with her boat.

I climbed the mast on Christmas Eve, and though I had time to get ready, it was the hardest climb to date. I had worked through the night preparing for it, making sure I had all the tools, mouse lines* and bits I might need, and had agonized for hours over how I should prepare the halyard* so that it would stream out easily below me and not get caught as I climbed.

When it got light I decided that the time was right. I kitted up in my middle-layer clothes as I didn't want to wear so much that I wouldn't be able to move freely up there. The most dangerous thing apart from falling off is to be thrown against the mast, and though I would be wearing a helmet it would not be difficult to break bones up there. …

I laid out the new halyard on deck, flaking it neatly so there were no twists. As I took the mast in my hands and began to climb I felt almost as if I was stepping on to the moon – a world over which I had no control. You can't ease the sheets* or take a reef*, nor can you alter the settings for the autopilot. If something goes wrong you are not there to attend to it. You are a passive observer looking down at your boat some 90 feet below you. After climbing just a couple of metres I realized how hard it was going to be, I couldn't feel my fingers – I'd need gloves, despite the loss in dexterity. I climbed down, getting soaked as we ploughed into a wave – the decks around my feet were awash. I unclipped my jumar* from the halyard and put on a pair of sailing gloves. There would be no second climb on this one – I knew that I would not have the energy.

As I climbed my hands were more comfortable, and initially progress was positive. But it got harder and harder as I was not only pulling my own weight up as I climbed but also the increasingly heavy halyard – nearly 200 feet of rope by the time I made it to the top. The physical drain came far less from the climbing than from the clinging on. The hardest thing is just to hang on as the mast slices erratically through the air. There would be the odd massive wave which I could feel us surf down, knowing we would pile into the wave in front. I would wrap my arms around the mast and press my face against its cold and slippery carbon surface, waiting for the shuddering slowdown. Eyes closed and teeth gritted, I hung on tight, wrists clenched together, and hoped. Occasionally on the smaller waves I would be thrown before I could hold on tight, and my body and the tools I carried were thrown away from the mast; I'd be hanging on by just one arm, trying to stop myself from smacking back into the rig.

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By the third spreader* I was exhausted; the halyard was heavier and the motion more violent. I held on to her spreader base and hung there, holding tight to breathe more deeply and conjure up more energy. But I realized that the halyard was tight and that it had caught on something. … I knew that if I went down to free it I would not have the energy to climb up once again. I tugged and tugged on the rope – the frustration was unreal. It had to come, quite simply the rope had to come free. Luckily with all the pulling I managed to create enough slack to make it to the top, but now I was even more exhausted. I squinted at the grey sky above me and watched the mast-head whip across the clouds. The wind whistled past us, made visible by the snow that had begun to fall. Below the sea stretched out for ever, the size and length of the waves emphasized by this new aerial view. This is what it must look like to the albatross.

I rallied once more and left the safety of the final spreader for my last hike to the top. The motion was worse than ever, and as I climbed I thought to myself, not far now, kiddo, come on, just keep moving … As the mast-head came within reach there was a short moment of relief; at least there was no giving up now I had made it – whatever happened now I had the whole mast to climb down. I fumbled at the top of the rig, feeding in the halyard and connecting the other end to the top of *Kingfisher*'s mast. The job only took half an hour – then I began my descent. This was by far the most dangerous part and I had my heart in my mouth – no time for complacency now, I thought, not till you reach the deck, kiddo, it's far from over…

It was almost four hours before I called Mark back and I shook with exhaustion as we spoke. We had been surfing at well over 20 knots while I was up there. My limbs were bruised and my head was spinning, but I felt like a million dollars as I spoke on the phone. Santa had called on *Kingfisher* early and we had the best present ever – a new halyard.

Ellen MacArthur

*mouse line**: length of wire wrapped across the mouth of a hook, or through a shackle pin and around the shackle, for the sake of security

*halyard**: a rope used for raising and lowering sails

*sheet**: a line to control the sails

*reef**: reduces area of sails

*jumar**: a climbing device that grips the rope so that it can be climbed

*spreader**: a bar attached to a yacht's mast

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5 How does Ellen MacArthur's writing bring out elements of her character in the passage?

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

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(Total for Question 5 = 10 marks for reading)

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6 "The Dangers of Modern Life."

A newspaper is inviting readers to send in their ideas on this subject.

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

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SECTION C: Writing

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

7 "There is too much emphasis on sport which distracts people from taking part in a wider range of leisure activities."

Give your views on this statement.

You may choose to write about:

- the benefits and drawbacks of sport
- the importance of other leisure activities
- any other points you wish to make.

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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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