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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 19 May 2014 – Morning
Time: 2 hours 15 minutes

Paper Reference
4EA0/01R

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 5 and 6
  – *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 ▶

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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 Scouting Movement was originally set up for boys in the early 1900s. This is the introduction from a scouting handbook of the time.

A Message from the Chief Scout



There was once a boy who lived in a region of rough farms. He was wild with the love of the green outdoors – the trees, the herbs and the live things that left their nightly tracks in the mud. He wished so much to know them and learn about them. He would have given almost any price to know the name of this or that wonderful bird, or brilliant flower. He used to tremble with excitement when some new bird was seen, or when some strange birdsong came from the trees to thrill him with its power or puzzle him with its mystery, and he had a sad sense of loss when the bird flew away leaving him dark as ever. But he was alone and helpless. He had neither book nor friend to guide him, and he grew up with a kind of knowledge hunger in his heart that gnawed away at him without ceasing. But it inspired him with the hope that someday he might be able to save others from this sort of torment. He would give them what had been denied to himself.

There were other things in the green and living world that had a binding charm for him. He wanted to learn to camp out, to live again the life of his hunter grandfather who knew all the tricks of winning comfort from the relentless wilderness. He delighted in the tales of courage and heroic deeds and lived it all in imagination. "Some day," he said, "I shall put it all down for other boys to learn."

As years went by he found that there were books about most of the things he wished to know: the stars, the birds, the fish, the insects, the plants; about the camper's life, the language of signs and even some of the secrets of the trail. But the books were very expensive and a whole library would be needed to cover the information he wanted to know. What he wanted – what every boy wants – is a handbook giving the broad facts of the open-air life. He did not want to know the trees as a botanist, but as a forester; nor the stars as an astronomer, but as a traveller.

Young Scouts, I am that boy, writing to you now.

He thought himself peculiar in those days. He knows now he was simply a boy with the interests and desires of all boys – and all the things that he loved and wished to learn have now a part in the big broad work we call Scouting.

"Scout" used to mean the one on watch for the others. We have widened the word a little. We have made it fit the town as well as the wilderness and suited it to peacetime instead of war. We have made the scout an expert in Life-craft as well as Wood-craft, for he is trained in the things of the heart as well as head and hand. Scouting now includes riding, swimming, hiking, photography, first aid, camping, handicrafts, loyalty, obedience, courtesy, courage, and kindness.

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Do these things appeal to you? Do you love the woods?

Do you wish to have all-round, well-developed muscles, not those of a great athlete, but those of a sound body that will not fail you? Would you like to be an expert camper who can always make himself comfortable out of doors, and a swimmer that fears no waters?

Do you believe in loyalty, courage, and kindness? Would you like to form habits that will surely make you a success in life?

Then, whether you be farm boy, newsboy or millionaire's son, your place is in our ranks. It will help you to do better work with your animals, your newspapers, or your money. It will give you new pleasures in life; it will teach you so much of the outdoor world that you wish to know. This Handbook, the work of many men, each a leader in his field, is their best effort to show you the way. This is, indeed, the book that I so longed for, in those far-off days when I wandered, heart hungry in the woods.

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1 Look again at lines 1–16. Name **two** things about nature that make the writer feel happy and **one** that makes him feel sad.

(Total for Question 1 = 3 marks)

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2 According to the text, describe how a Boy Scout will develop both physically and mentally.

(Total for Question 2 = 5 marks)

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3 How does the writer explore his personal experiences and ideas about scouting?

In your answer you should write about:

- what he thinks was missing from his life
- the different experiences that he has had of nature
- particular words, phrases and techniques.

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

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(Total for Question 3 = 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, 4 and 5.

Remind yourself of the passage *A Passage to Africa* from the Edexcel Anthology.

George Alagiah writes about his experiences as a television reporter during the war in Somalia, Africa in the 1990s. He won a special award for his report on the incidents described in this passage.

I saw a thousand hungry, lean, scared and betrayed faces as I criss-crossed Somalia between the end of 1991 and December 1992, but there is one I will never forget.

I was in a little hamlet just outside Gufgaduud, a village in the back of beyond, a place the aid agencies had yet to reach. In my notebook I had jotted down instructions on how to get there. 'Take the Badale Road for a few kilometres till the end of the tarmac, turn right on to a dirt track, stay on it for about forty-five minutes − Gufgaduud. Go another fifteen minutes approx. − like a ghost village.' …

In the ghoulish manner of journalists on the hunt for the most striking pictures, my cameraman … and I tramped from one hut to another. What might have appalled us when we'd started our trip just a few days before no longer impressed us much. The search for the shocking is like the craving for a drug: you require heavier and more frequent doses the longer you're at it. Pictures that stun the editors one day are written off as the same old stuff the next. This sounds callous, but it is just a fact of life. It's how we collect and compile the images that so move people in the comfort of their sitting rooms back home.

There was Amina Abdirahman, who had gone out that morning in search of wild, edible roots, leaving her two young girls lying on the dirt floor of their hut. They had been sick for days, and were reaching the final, enervating stages of terminal hunger. Habiba was ten years old and her sister, Ayaan, was nine. By the time Amina returned, she had only one daughter. Habiba had died. No rage, no whimpering, just a passing away – that simple, frictionless, motionless deliverance from a state of half-life to death itself. It was, as I said at the time in my dispatch, a vision of 'famine away from the headlines, a famine of quiet suffering and lonely death'.

There was the old woman who lay in her hut, abandoned by relations who were too weak to carry her on their journey to find food. It was the smell that drew me to her doorway: the smell of decaying flesh. Where her shinbone should have been there was a festering wound the size of my hand. She'd been shot in the leg as the retreating army of the deposed dictator … took revenge on whoever it found in its way. The shattered leg had fused into the gentle V-shape of a boomerang. It was rotting; she was rotting. You could see it in her sick, yellow eyes and smell it in the putrid air she recycled with every struggling breath she took.

And then there was the face I will never forget.

My reaction to everyone else I met that day was a mixture of pity and revulsion*. Yes, revulsion. The degeneration of the human body, sucked of its natural vitality by the twin evils of hunger and disease, is a disgusting thing. We never say so in our TV reports. It's a taboo that has yet to be breached. To be in a feeding centre is to hear and smell the excretion of fluids by people who are beyond controlling their bodily functions.

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To be in a feeding centre is surreptitiously* to wipe your hands on the back of your trousers after you've held the clammy palm of a mother who has just cleaned vomit from her child's mouth.

There's pity, too, because even in this state of utter despair they aspire to a dignity that is almost impossible to achieve. An old woman will cover her shrivelled body with a soiled cloth as your gaze turns towards her. Or the old and dying man who keeps his hoe next to the mat with which, one day soon, they will shroud his corpse, as if he means to go out and till the soil once all this is over.

I saw that face for only a few seconds, a fleeting meeting of eyes before the face turned away, as its owner retreated into the darkness of another hut. In those brief moments there had been a smile, not from me, but from the face. It was not a smile of greeting, it was not a smile of joy – how could it be? – but it was a smile nonetheless. It touched me in a way I could not explain. It moved me in a way that went beyond pity or revulsion.

What was it about that smile? I had to find out. I urged my translator to ask the man why he had smiled. He came back with an answer. 'It's just that he was embarrassed to be found in this condition,' the translator explained. And then it clicked. That's what the smile had been about. It was the feeble smile that goes with apology, the kind of smile you might give if you felt you had done something wrong.

Normally inured* to stories of suffering, accustomed to the evidence of deprivation, I was unsettled by this one smile in a way I had never been before. There is an unwritten code between the journalist and his subjects in these situations. The journalist observes, the subject is observed. The journalist is active, the subject is passive. But this smile had turned the tables on that tacit agreement. Without uttering a single word, the man had posed a question that cut to the heart of the relationship between me and him, between us and them, between the rich world and the poor world. If he was embarrassed to be found weakened by hunger and ground down by conflict, how should I feel to be standing there so strong and confident?

I resolved there and then that I would write the story of Gufgaduud with all the power and purpose I could muster. It seemed at the time, and still does, the only adequate answer a reporter can give to the man's question.

I have one regret about that brief encounter in Gufgaduud. Having searched through my notes and studied the dispatch that the BBC broadcast, I see that I never found out what the man's name was. Yet meeting him was a seminal moment in the gradual collection of experiences we call context. Facts and figures are the easy part of journalism. Knowing where they sit in the great scheme of things is much harder. So, my nameless friend, if you are still alive I owe you one.

George Alagiah

*_revulsion_: disgust
*_surreptitiously_: secretly
*_inured_: hardened

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4 How does the writer present his thoughts and feelings in this passage?

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

(10)

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(Total for Question 4 = 10 marks for reading)

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5 "It's wonderful to be a young person now!"

An internet site is running a competition to reward the best writing from young people on this subject. Write your entry for this competition.

(10)

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(Total for Question 5 = 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.

6 "Single-sex education allows young people to focus on their learning without the complications of relationships."

"Single-sex education is unnatural and doesn't help to prepare young people for living in the real world."

Explain your views on young people being educated in single-sex groupings.

You may choose to write about:

- the views of parents and others
- your own experiences
- anything else that you would like to add.

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(Total for Question 6 = 20 marks)

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

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