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Write your name here

Surname	Other names

Pearson Edexcel
International GCSE

Centre Number | | | | | |

Candidate Number | | | | |

English Language A

Paper 2

Wednesday 27 January 2016 – Morning
Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

Paper Reference
4EA0/02

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 Question 1 and **ONE** writing task from Question 2.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
  – *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 30.
- 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 your written communication will be assessed in your response to Question 2
  – *you should take particular care on this question 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.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ▶

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Question 1: Reading

You should spend about 45 minutes on this question.

Remind yourself of *Veronica* from the Edexcel Anthology and then answer Question 1.

Veronica

We had grown up together in my native village. Her family had been even poorer than mine, which was saying something in those days. Her father was a brute and her mother was weak, and since she was the eldest child a lot of the responsibility for bringing up the other children had fallen on her. From time to time I helped her out, but there was little I could do. Her father was a morbidly suspicious man. Visitors, apart from his drinking companions, were not encouraged, and I had no desire to be the cause of even more misery. I helped her fetch water from the stream and occasionally chopped firewood, but that was all. Night after night I would lie awake listening to her screams, cursing myself for my own physical inadequacy and my father for his unwillingness to become involved.

When I was twelve I started at the secondary school in the town a few miles away. During term-time I stayed with my uncle, returning to the village only during the vacations. Veronica and I remained friendly, and she was always pleased to see me, and when we could we snatched time together by the stream and she asked me endless questions about my school and the town and what I was going to be when I grew up. But for all the misery of her own life she never seemed to envy me mine.

And then came the day when I was to leave for good. I had won a scholarship to the University and I knew in my heart I would be away a long time. I was eighteen then and I thought I knew my own worth. The day before I left we met by the stream.

As she walked towards me I realized for the first time that she was no longer a girl anymore but a young woman. Her clothes were still shabby and if she was no great beauty she still had a certain attractiveness that I knew would appeal to some men. Not that she was likely to meet any as long as she remained where she was. And although her father had long since stopped beating her in every other respect nothing had really altered.

'You must be happy to be going,' she said. I shrugged and pretended to be unconcerned, but of course it was the break I had hardly dared hope for.

'What about you?' I asked.

'Me!'

'Yes, why don't you get out of this place? It has nothing to offer you.'

'I can't just leave my family.'

'Why not? What have they ever done for you?'

'Don't talk like that. They are my family, that is enough.'

'But think of all the things you can do in the city,' I said.

'No, the city is for you, not me. What will I do once I get there? I have no qualifications, not even Standard Six.'

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Although I knew there was a lot of truth in what she said I resisted her arguments: I suppose I was both appalled and frightened by her fatalism.

'You can go to night school and become a secretary,' I said.

She shook her head. 'I leave that to others, my own place is here.'

I snapped a twig and threw it into the water. It bobbed on the current and then vanished from sight.

'When I have qualified I will send you money to take a correspondence course,' I said. She laughed.

'Don't talk foolishness,' she said and stood up. 'I have to go and cook, my father will be home soon.'

'Here is my address. If you need anything don't hesitate to write me.' I handed her a piece of paper. She took it and tucked it in her bosom. We said goodbye and she hurried away. I thought I saw tears in her eyes as she turned to go, but I may have been mistaken.

Well, I went to the city and made good. I passed my exams and in due course I was ready to set up in a practice of my own. In all that time I did not return to the village: while I had been a student I lacked the time, and afterwards I lacked the inclination. As soon as it was possible for me to do so I sent for my parents to come and live with me and they settled down quickly enough to their new life.

But I never forgot Veronica. She was the only person I had asked about from my mother but she had merely shrugged her shoulders and said that nothing had changed. That was the trouble with village life: nothing ever changed.

It was ten years before I made the return journey. It was in connection with my work. The government had set up a scheme whereby all the doctors in the country were obliged to put in some time in the rural districts. Quite by chance the area I was allocated included my home village, so one morning I set off with a couple of nurses, three male assistants and a suitcase full of medicines.

I was shocked by what I found. Either I had forgotten about the squalor of village life, or it had worsened during my absence. The place was crawling with disease and everybody was living – surviving, rather – in acute poverty.

I found Veronica in the same hut she had grown up in. She was squatting over a smoking fire, fanning the flames with a piece of cardboard. There was a baby tied to her back.

'Veronica,' I said. She turned round, startled. My immediate impression was that the ten years had told on her more than they should have.

'Okeke, is that you?' She peered at me through streaming eyes.

'How are you?' I asked.

'I'm still here, as you left me. What should of happened [sic] to me? Come, sit down, let me make you tea.' She indicated a stool. I watched her as she busied herself. When she finally sat down to feed the baby I asked her about herself. She shrugged.

'What am I to tell you? You heard that my parents died?'

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'No, I didn't hear.'

'It's a long time now.'

'What about your brothers and sisters?'

'They are gone, all of them.'

'Where?'

'All over.' With her hand she made a semi-circle in the air.

'Do you hear from them at all?'

'What do they want with me? They have their own lives to lead.' She spoke without bitterness.

'Who is your husband?' I asked.

'You don't know him, he is not of our people.'

'How did you meet him?'

'He was in the North when the trouble broke out. They took everything he owned, he was lucky to escape alive. One day he showed up there. He had been walking for weeks and he was half-dead. I was alone here at the time. I looked after him, and when he got better he asked me to marry him. We have been together for one year now.'

'Is he good to you?'

'He is a good man. He works hard in the fields, but he has no luck.'

'I'm sorry,' I said.

'No, don't be sorry for me. We are managing, and God has blessed us with a son. Is that not enough?'

'You would be better off in the city.'

'This is my home, Okeke. But what of you? You are a big man now, not so? Where is your wife?'

'I have no wife.'

'But why?'

'All the women I meet are only interested in money and cars.'

'I don't believe you.'

'It's true.'

I was in the village a month. I saw Veronica every day, and sometimes her husband. He was a good man, as she had said, if a bit simple. On the day I left I had to force her to accept a present of some money. It was as much as I could afford, but not as much as I would have liked to have been able to give her.

A few months after I got back to the city the war broke out. As she was in the fighting zone I lost contact with her again.

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Three years passed before I could travel to the village again. This time I went alone. When I got there and saw all the destruction I could have wept. I had never imagined anything like it. I went straight to Veronica's hut. It was dark inside and bare save for a figure huddled on a mat on the ground.

'Veronica,' I called. She opened her eyes. I went over and knelt beside her. My eyes had become accustomed to the darkness. I saw at once that if I did not get her out of there quickly she would die.

'Okeke, welcome,' she said. I reached for her hand and held it. It was cold and limp.

'I'll get you out of here, don't worry,' I said.

'What for?'

'Veronica, if you stay here you'll die.'

She tried to sit up but I restrained her. 'Don't exert yourself, you need all your strength.'

'I was lying here thinking about you. I wanted to see you once more before I go.'

'I'm here now, and you're going to be alright.'

'Okeke, I won't live to see tomorrow. Nor do I want to. My husband is dead, and my child also. There is nothing left for me in this world.'

'You're still a young woman, in time you will forget this.'

'No, Okeke, listen to me. I don't want to live, you hear? Now that I have seen you I am happy. Go, and leave me in peace.'

She closed her eyes and turned her face to the wall. I gathered her up in my arms. She weighed no more than a ten-year-old child. She was dead before I reached my car.

I cried that night for the terrible waste. In the morning, just as the sun was rising, I carried her body down to the stream. And then I dug her a grave and buried her and afterwards I watched the flow of the stream until it was time for me to go away for the last time.

Adewale Maja-Pearce

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1 How does the writer try to create sympathy for Veronica?

In your answer, you should write about:

- the description of Veronica's life in the village
- what Veronica says and feels
- contrasts between Veronica and the narrator
- the use of language.

You should refer closely to the text to support your answer. You may use **brief** quotations.

(15)

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(Total for Question 1 = 15 marks)

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Question 2: Writing

You should spend about 45 minutes on this question.

2 Write on **one** of the following:

EITHER

(a) 'My Ideal Job'

You have been asked to give a speech on this topic to a group of young people.

Write the text of the speech, exploring why this is your ideal job.

(15)

OR

(b) A magazine for teachers is collecting views from students on 'What Makes a Good Teacher'.

Write to the magazine, giving your views on what makes a good teacher.

(15)

OR

(c) Write a story entitled 'The Picture'.

(15)

(Total for Question 2 = 15 marks)

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number: **Question 2(a)** ☒ **Question 2(b)** ☒

Question 2(c) ☒

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(Total for Question 2 = 15 marks)

TOTAL FOR PAPER = 30 MARKS

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