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Write your name here

Surname	Other names

Pearson Edexcel
International GCSE

Centre Number	Candidate Number

English Language A

Paper 2

Thursday 9 June 2016 – Afternoon
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 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.
- 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 *A Hero* from the Edexcel Anthology and then answer Question 1.

A Hero

For Swami events took an unexpected turn. Father looked over the newspaper he was reading under the hall lamp and said, "Swami, listen to this: 'News is to hand of the bravery of a village lad who, while returning home by the jungle path, came face to face with a tiger …'" The paragraph described the fight the boy had with the tiger and his flight up a tree, where he stayed for half a day till some people came that way and killed the tiger.

After reading it through, Father looked at Swami fixedly and asked, "What do you say to that?"

Swami said, "I think he must have been a very strong and grown-up person, not at all a boy. How could a boy fight a tiger?"

"You think you are wiser than the newspaper?" Father sneered. "A man may have the strength of an elephant and yet be a coward: whereas another may have the strength of a straw, but if he has courage he can do anything. Courage is everything, strength and age are not important."

Swami disputed the theory. "How can it be, Father? Suppose I have all the courage, what can I do if a tiger should attack me?"

"Leave alone strength, can you prove you have courage? Let me see if you can sleep alone tonight in my office room."

A frightful proposition, Swami thought. He had always slept beside his granny in the passage, and any change in this arrangement kept him trembling and awake all night. He hoped at first that his father was only joking. He mumbled weakly, "Yes," and tried to change the subject; he said very loudly and with a great deal of enthusiasm, "We are going to admit even elders in our cricket club hereafter. We are buying brand-new bats and balls. Our captain has asked me to tell you …"

"We'll see about it later," Father cut in. "You must sleep alone hereafter." Swami realized that the matter had gone beyond his control: from a challenge it had become a plain command; he knew his father's tenacity at such moments.

"From the first of next month I'll sleep alone, Father."

"No, you must do it now. It is disgraceful sleeping beside granny or mother like a baby. You are in the second form and I don't at all like the way you are being brought up," he said, and looked at his wife, who was rocking the cradle. "Why do you look at me while you say it?" she asked. "I hardly know anything about the boy."

"No, no, I don't mean you," father said.

"If you mean that your mother is spoiling him, tell her so; and don't look at me," she said, and turned away.

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Swami's father sat gloomily gazing at the newspaper on his lap. Swami rose silently and tiptoed away to his bed in the passage. Granny was sitting up in her bed, and remarked, "Boy, are you already feeling sleepy? Don't you want a story?" Swami made wild gesticulations to silence his granny, but that good lady saw nothing. So Swami threw himself on his bed and pulled the blanket over his face.

Granny said, "Don't cover your face. Are you really very sleepy?" Swami leant over and whispered, "Please, please, shut up, granny. Don't talk to me, and don't let anyone call me even if the house is on fire. If I don't sleep at once I shall perhaps die—" He turned over, curled, and snored under the blanket till he found his blanket pulled away.

Presently Father came and stood over him. "Swami, get up," he said. He looked like an apparition in the semi-darkness of the passage, which was lit by a cone of light from the hall. Swami stirred and groaned as if in sleep. Father said, "Get up, Swami." Granny pleaded, "Why do you disturb him?"

"Get up, Swami," he said for the fourth time, and Swami got up. Father rolled up his bed, took it under his arm, and said, "Come with me." Swami looked at his granny, hesitated for a moment, and followed his father into the office room. On the way he threw a look of appeal at his mother and she said, "Why do you take him to the office room? He can sleep in the hall, I think."

"I don't think so," Father said, and Swami slunk behind him with bowed head.

"Let me sleep in the hall, Father," Swami pleaded. "Your office room is very dusty and there may be scorpions behind your law books."

"There are no scorpions, little fellow. Sleep on the bench if you like."

"Can I have a lamp burning in the room?"

"No. You must learn not to be afraid of darkness. It is only a question of habit. You must cultivate good habits."

"Will you at least leave the door open?"

"All right. But promise you will not roll up your bed and go to your granny's side at night. If you do it, mind you, I will make you the laughing-stock of your school."

Swami felt cut off from humanity. He was pained and angry. He didn't like the strain of cruelty he saw in his father's nature. He hated the newspaper for printing the tiger's story. He wished that the tiger hadn't spared the boy, who didn't appear to be a boy after all, but a monster….

As the night advanced and the silence in the house deepened, his heart beat faster. He remembered all the stories of devils and ghosts he had heard in his life. How often had his chum Mani seen the devil in the banyan tree at his street-end. And what about poor Munisami's father, who spat out blood because the devil near the river's edge slapped his cheek when he was returning home late one night. And so on and on his thoughts continued. He was faint with fear. A ray of light from the street lamp strayed in and cast shadows on the wall. Through the stillness all kinds of noises reached his ears — the ticking of the clock, rustle of trees, snoring sounds, and some vague night insects humming. He covered himself so completely that he could hardly

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breathe. Every moment he expected the devils to come up to carry him away; there was the instance of his old friend in the fourth class who suddenly disappeared and was said to have been carried off by a ghost to Siam or Nepal …

Swami hurriedly got up and spread his bed under the bench and crouched there. It seemed to be a much safer place, more compact and reassuring. He shut his eyes tight and encased himself in his blanket once again and unknown to himself fell asleep, and in sleep was racked with nightmares. A tiger was chasing him. His feet stuck to the ground. He desperately tried to escape but his feet would not move; the tiger was at his back, and he could hear its claws scratch the ground…scratch, scratch, and then a light thud….Swami tried to open his eyes, but his eyelids would not open and the nightmare continued. It threatened to continue forever. Swami groaned in despair.

With a desperate effort he opened his eyes. He put his hand out to feel his granny's presence at his side, as was his habit, but he only touched the wooden leg of the bench. And his lonely state came back to him. He sweated with fright. And now what was this rustling? He moved to the edge of the bench and stared into the darkness. Something was moving down. He lay gazing at it in horror. His end had come. He realized that the devil would presently pull him out and tear him, and so why should he wait? As it came nearer he crawled out from under the bench, hugged it with all his might, and used his teeth on it like a mortal weapon …

"Aiyo! Something has bitten me," went forth an agonized, thundering cry and was followed by a heavy tumbling and falling amidst furniture. In a moment Father, cook, and a servant came in, carrying light.

And all three of them fell on the burglar who lay amidst the furniture with a bleeding ankle ….

Congratulations were showered on Swami next day. His classmates looked at him with respect, and his teacher patted his back. The headmaster said that he was a true scout. Swami had bitten into the flesh of one of the most notorious housebreakers of the district and the police were grateful to him for it.

The Inspector said, "Why don't you join the police when you are grown up?"

Swami said for the sake of politeness, "Certainly, yes," though he had quite made up his mind to be an engine driver, a railway guard, or a bus conductor later in life.

When he returned home from the club that night, Father asked, "Where is the boy?"

"He is asleep."

"Already!"

"He didn't have a wink of sleep the whole of last night," said his mother.

"Where is he sleeping?"

"In his usual place," Mother said casually. "He went to bed at seven-thirty."

"Sleeping beside his granny again!" Father said. "No wonder he wanted to be asleep before I could return home — clever boy!"

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Mother lost her temper. "You let him sleep where he likes. You needn't risk his life again. …" Father mumbled as he went in to change: "All right, molly-coddle and spoil him as much as you like. Only don't blame me afterwards. …" 120

Swami, following the whole conversation from under the blanket, felt tremendously relieved to hear that his father was giving him up.

R. K. Narayan

1 How does the writer present the character of Swami?

In your answer, you should write about:

- Swami's thoughts and actions
- his relationships with his father, mother and grandmother
- the reactions to his heroic act
- 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) Your local community is raising funds for a new project and has asked for suggestions on how to do this.

Write a letter to the project leader, advising how you would fundraise, including the type of activity or activities required.

(15)

OR

(b) You have been asked to give a talk to a group of young people on the importance of teamwork.

Write the text of your talk.

(15)

OR

(c) Write a story with the title 'The Promise'.

(15)

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 PAPER = 30 MARKS

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