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Edexcel
International GCSE

Centre Number | | | | | |

Candidate Number | | | | |

English Language B

Paper 1

Wednesday 16 January 2013 – Afternoon
Time: 3 hours

Paper Reference
4EB0/01

You must have:
Extracts Booklet (enclosed)

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 in Section A and B and **one** question in Section C.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
  – *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 100.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
  – *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*
- Dictionaries may **not** be used in this examination.

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Keep an eye on the time.
- Try to answer every question.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.
- You are reminded of the importance of clear English and careful presentation in your answers.

Turn over ▶

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SECTION A

The following questions are based on Text One and Text Two in the Extracts Booklet.

You should spend about 40 minutes answering the questions in this section.

Read Text One in the Extracts Booklet, an extract from The No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency.

1 Give **one** reason why Happy Bapetsi thought her father was dead.

.....

.....

(Total for Question 1 = 1 mark)

2 State **two** things that made Happy good at book-keeping.

(i) .....

.....

(ii) .....

.....

(Total for Question 2 = 2 marks)

3 **In your own words** explain what Happy likes about her job at the bank.

.....

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(Total for Question 3 = 3 marks)

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4 How did Happy feel when her Daddy arrived at her house?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

(Total for Question 4 = 3 marks)

5 State **three** things that Happy does to look after her Daddy.

1 .....

2 .....

3 .....

(Total for Question 5 = 3 marks)

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Now read Text Two, an extract from an autobiography by Barack Obama, the first black president of the United States of America.

6 Name **two** things that Barack told his classmates about his father.

1 .....

2 .....

(Total for Question 6 = 2 marks)

7 Explain **in your own words** what Barack's feelings were when he heard his father was going to talk to the class.

.....

.....

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.....

.....

.....

(Total for Question 7 = 3 marks)

8 State **three** things that Barack's father told his class.

1 .....

2 .....

3 .....

(Total for Question 8 = 3 marks)

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9 In lines 40 – 44 Barack's classmates and teachers react positively to his father's talk.

Identify **two** reactions and support each **one** with one detail.

(i) .....

.....

.....

.....

(ii) .....

.....

.....

.....

(Total for Question 9 = 4 marks)

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Refer to BOTH Text One and Text Two to answer the following question.

10 Which text do you find most helpful in explaining what it is like to meet someone for the first time?

You may choose either text but you must explain your choice carefully.

Give **two** reasons why you chose this text and **one** reason for not choosing the other.

In your response you should make close reference to the texts and the language that the writers use.

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(Total for Question 10 = 6 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 30 MARKS

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SECTION B

Use ideas from BOTH Text One and Text Two in the Extracts Booklet to answer this question.

You should spend one hour on this section.

11 You have just attended a party for family and friends. Some relatives you had never met before attended this party.

Write a letter to a friend about the party explaining your thoughts and feelings about meeting relatives for the first time.

You must focus on:

- your thoughts before you met them
- things that they did when you met them
- how you felt after you had met them.

Think carefully about the purpose of your letter and the audience for whom it is intended.

(35)

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(Total for Question 11 = 35 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 35 MARKS

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SECTION C

You should spend one hour on this section.

Do not retell the events from Text One or Text Two in the Extracts Booklet.

12 Write approximately 400 words on **one** of the following:

EITHER

(a) 'We can choose our friends but we can't choose our family.' Discuss.

(35)

OR

(b) Write a story (true or imaginary) entitled 'The Reunion'.

(35)

OR

(c) Describe a person who has had a big influence on your life.

(35)

(Total for Question 12 = 35 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 12(a)** ☒ **Question 12(b)** ☒

Question 12(c) ☒

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(Total for Question 12 = 35 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION C = 35 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 100 MARKS

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Edexcel International GCSE

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Do not return this Extracts Booklet with the question paper.

Turn over ▶

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Text One

An extract from 'The No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency'

'Let me tell you a little about myself first,' said Happy Bapetsi. 'I come from Maun, you see. My mother had a small shop and I lived with her in the house at the back. We had lots of chickens and we were very happy.

'My mother told me that my Daddy had left a long time ago, when I was still a little baby. He had gone off to work in Bulawayo and he had never come back. Somebody had written to us to say that he thought that my Daddy was dead, but he wasn't sure. He said that he had gone to see somebody at Mpilo Hospital one day and as he was walking along a corridor he saw them wheeling somebody out on a stretcher and that the dead person on the stretcher looked remarkably like my Daddy. But he couldn't be certain.

'So we decided that he was probably dead, but my mother did not mind a great deal because she had never really liked him very much. And of course I couldn't even remember him, so it did not make much difference to me.

'I went to school in Maun at a place run by some Catholic missionaries. One of them discovered that I could do arithmetic rather well.

'I suppose it was very odd. I could see a group of figures and I would just remember it. Then I would find that I had added the figures in my head, even without thinking about it. It just came very easily – I didn't have to work at it at all.

'I did very well in my exams and at the end of the day I went off to Gaborone and learned how to be a book-keeper. Again it was very simple for me; I could look at a whole sheet of figures and understand it immediately. Then, the next day, I could remember every figure exactly and write them all down if I needed to.

'I got a job in the bank and I was given promotion after promotion. Now I am the No. 1 sub-accountant and I don't think I can go any further because all the men are worried that I'll make them look stupid. But I don't mind. I get very good pay and I can finish all my work by three in the afternoon, sometimes earlier. I go shopping after that. I have a nice house with four rooms and I am very happy.'

Mma Ramotswe smiled. 'That is all very interesting. You're right. You've done well.'

'But then this thing happened. My Daddy arrived at the house.'

'He just knocked on the door,' said Happy Bapetsi. 'It was a Saturday afternoon and I was taking a rest on my bed when I heard his knocking. I got up, went to the door, and there was this man, about sixty or so, standing there with his hat in his hands. He told me that he was my Daddy, and that he had been living in Bulawayo for a long time but was now back in Botswana and had come to see me.

'You can understand how shocked I was. I had to sit down, or I think I would have fainted. In the meantime, he spoke. He told me my mother's name, which was correct, and he said that he was sorry that he hadn't been in touch before. Then he asked if he could stay in one of the spare rooms, as he had nowhere else to go.

'I said that of course he could. In a way I was very excited to see my Daddy and I thought that it would be good to be able to make up for all those lost years and to have him staying with me, particularly since my poor mother died. So I made a bed for him in one of the rooms and cooked him a large meal of steak and potatoes, which he ate very

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quickly. Then he asked for more.

'That was about three months ago. Since then, he has been living in that room and I have been doing all the work for him. I make his breakfast, cook him some lunch, which I leave in the kitchen, and then make his supper at night. I buy him one bottle of beer a day and have also bought him some new clothes and a pair of good shoes. All he does is sit in his chair outside the front door and tell me what to do for him next.'

'Many men are like that,' interrupted Mma Ramotswe.

Happy Bapetsi nodded. 'This one is specially like that. He has not washed a single cooking pot since he arrived and I have been getting very tired running after him. He also spends a lot of my money on vitamin pills.

'I would not resent this, you know, but for one thing. I do not think that he is my real Daddy. I have no way of proving this, but I think that this man is an impostor and that he heard about our family from my real Daddy before he died and is now just pretending. I think he is a man who has been looking for a retirement home and who is very pleased because he has found a good one.

'Can you help me?' asked Happy Bapetsi. 'Can you find out whether this man is really my Daddy?'

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Text Two

An extract from Barack Obama's autobiography

Over lunch, I explained to a group of boys that my father was a prince.

"My grandfather, see, he's a chief. It's sort of like the king of the tribe, you know ... like the Indians. So that makes my father a prince. He'll take over when my grandfather dies."

"What about after that?" one of my friends asked as we emptied our trays into the trash bin. "I mean, will you go back and be a prince?"

"Well ... if I want to, I could. It's sort of complicated, see, 'cause the tribe is full of warriors. Like Obama ... that means 'Burning Spear.' The men in our tribe all want to be chief, so my father has to settle these feuds before I can come."

As the words tumbled out of my mouth, and I felt the boys re-adjust to me, more curious and familiar as we bumped into each other in the line back to class, a part of me really began to believe the story. But another part of me knew that what I was telling them was a lie, something I'd constructed from the scraps of information I'd picked up from my mother.

The next day, I had begun cleaning my room when my mother came in and said...

"By the way, I forgot to tell you that your teacher, Miss Hefty, has invited your father to come to school on Thursday. She wants him to speak to the class."

I couldn't imagine worse news. I spent that night and all of the next day trying to suppress thoughts of the inevitable: the faces of my classmates when they heard about mud huts, all my lies exposed, the painful jokes afterward. Each time I remembered, my body squirmed.

I was still trying to figure out how I'd explain myself when my father walked into our class the next day. Miss Hefty welcomed him eagerly, and as I took my seat I heard several children ask each other what was going on. I became more desperate when our math teacher, Mr. Eldredge, came into the room, followed by thirty confused children from his homeroom next door.

"We have a special treat for you today," Miss Hefty began. "Barack Obama's father is here, and he's come all the way from Kenya, in Africa, to tell us about his country."

The other kids looked at me as my father stood up, and I held my head stiffly, trying to focus on a vacant point on the blackboard behind him. He had been speaking for some time before I could finally bring myself back to the moment. He was leaning against Miss Hefty's thick oak desk and describing the deep gash in the earth where mankind had first appeared. He spoke of the wild animals that still roamed the plains, the tribes that still required a young boy to kill a lion to prove his manhood. He spoke of the customs of the Luo, how elders received the utmost respect and made laws for all to follow under great-trunked trees. And he told us of Kenya's struggle to be free, how the British had wanted to stay and unjustly rule the people, just as they had in America; how many had been enslaved only because of the color of their skin, just as they had in America; but that Kenyans, like all of us in the room, longed to be free and develop themselves through hard work and sacrifice.

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When he finished, Miss Hefty was absolutely beaming with pride. All my classmates applauded heartily, and a few struck up the courage to ask questions, each of which my father appeared to consider carefully before answering. The bell rang for lunch, and Mr. Eldredge came up to me. 40

"You've got a pretty impressive father."

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