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Surname	Other names
Pearson Edexcel Certificate Pearson Edexcel International GCSE	Centre Number
	Candidate Number
<h1>English Language A</h1> <h2>Paper 1</h2>	
Monday 13 January 2014 – Morning Time: 2 hours 15 minutes	Paper Reference KEA0/01 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.
- Keep an eye on the time.
- Try to answer every question.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ►

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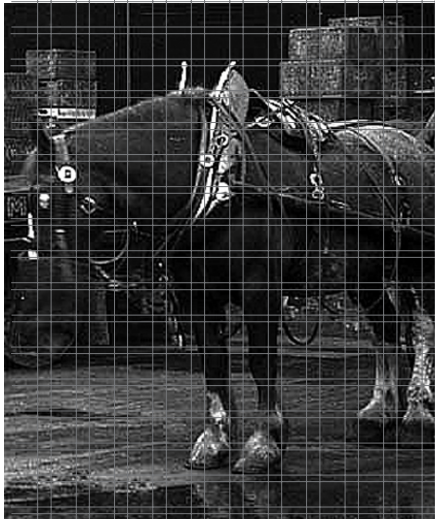
Section A: Reading

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Read the following passage carefully and then answer the questions which follow.

As a small boy, the writer went to the docks with his friend Robert.

A Visit to the Docks



Robert McCartney was a small boy. Robert's height and slight build meant that he had no interest in the boisterous games in school. But Robert was fascinating. After many months of this playground friendship Robert asked me if I would like to go to the docks with him so he could help his dad with the unloading.

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I am not sure what I expected as we reached the dock. I had an idea of a harbour lined with ships, but instead I found myself in a great shed big enough to swallow up half a dozen of the houses from the street I lived in. The place was full of men and only a few kids. There was an air of viciousness about them like dogs waiting to attack. I was dreading having to walk past them, but

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my school chum strode past like he owned the place. Sheepishly I followed. Everyone seemed to be shouting or laughing in a loud way. Boxes were banged about, handcarts collided as their owners cursed and threatened one another. One carter in a hurry to pass us called out, "Are you two frozen or what? Move, come on!" The violence of this command petrified me, but McCartney was having none of it. "Move yourself, you old fool!" I was stunned. I had never heard such brazen bravado in my friend before. At school he was quiet and shy: here he was altogether a different creature. The little boy who sat beside me at school was suddenly ten feet tall, growling and snarling back at anyone who gave us offence.

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Winding our way through the deafening pandemonium¹ was terrifying; whatever insults were slung from one man to another they just filled up the chaotic babble of the place.

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"See that big brown horse there – that was my granda's when it was a foal," Robert said. The brown horse looked nothing like a horse to me. More like a statue of a horse. It was immense. We both walked over to the great beast. "You stay here while I go off and get you a stick," my pal ordered.

The massive beast held me hypnotized. It was everything a horse shouldn't be. It was bulky and still. The big black collar around its neck must have weighed more than I did. Its eye was as big as a cricket ball and its coarse eyelashes looked like the bristles on a yard brush. The size of its head stunned me. I thought it was three times the size of any horse I had ever seen. I could only imagine the weight of it and gasp. The animal's big black eyeball never moved. The whole attitude of the creature suggested that it had long tired of the world and had concluded that mankind was a confused species which spent all its time and energy making as much noise and fuss as was possible for no reason. I approached, full of nervous awe. It shifted its weight from one huge foot to another; amidst all the competing bustle and noise trapped inside the shed the movement appeared elegant and graceful for a creature of such tonnage.

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At first I was too enraptured by the horse to notice its handler. "What's its name, Mr?" I eventually asked. "Hercules," he said. "He's the biggest, strongest workhorse in the whole of Belfast, but blind as a bat. He can't see more than a few feet in front of him. He likes you to talk to him ... and after a while, when he gets to know you, and like you – he's very choosy, you know – he even talks back to you!"

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I was momentarily caught up in a whirlpool of fascination about this gigantic horse and what I was supposed to say to it when Robert suddenly appeared. "Come on," he urged. "They'll be offloading soon."

Already men were lined up along the makeshift clearway that led from the gangplank. Robert's instructions were direct: "make sure nothing gets past you." I was so overwhelmed by how he became a different person in this noisy aggressive world. I felt myself becoming tougher and stronger as if I too was a part of this strange new world.

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At the head of the gangplank I heard an explosion of noise. It was an inarticulate mix of roaring and grunting, and squeaking and swearing. Suddenly the gangplank was alive with dozens of pigs skidding and stumbling over one another. It was as if a giant broom had swept them there. The smell they brought with them confirmed how sickening the sea journey must have been. I gagged, and felt sick and nervous.

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Paralysed with fear, I watched as the squealing, foul mass of pig flesh hurtled towards me. I wanted to run away, but I was trapped in the appalling din of the animals and the fanatical men around me. I heard Robert shouting urgently, "Don't let it out, don't let it out!" I looked in front of me and was confronted by a pig that had all the dimensions of a baby rhinoceros. It tossed its head and bellowed out the most terrifying and unearthly sound I had ever heard. The brute was enraged and determined to break out of the cordon² of men. I was the weakest point in the wall that enclosed it. The deranged rhinoceros had chosen to savage me to escape. I stood motionless, hearing the bedlam about me diminish.

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Brian Keenan

1. *Pandemonium* – chaos
2. *Cordon* – barricade



1 What did the writer think he might see at the docks?

(Total for Question 1 = 1 mark)

2 Look again at lines 8 – 12. Give **two** words or phrases that the writer uses to describe the size of the shed.

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(Total for Question 2 = 2 marks)



3 In your own words, describe in detail the character of Robert.

Handwriting practice grid for question 3, consisting of a large area of graph paper with horizontal dotted lines for writing.

(Total for Question 3 = 5 marks)



4 In what ways does the writer try to engage the reader in the ideas and events in this passage?

In your answer you should write about:

- how he describes the sights, sounds and smells of the docks
- how the writer describes Hercules and the pigs
- the words, phrases and techniques which the writer uses.

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

(12)



Handwriting practice grid with 20 rows of dotted lines and a grid pattern.

Vertical handwriting practice lines on the right margin.



Grid area for writing answers.

(Total for Question 4 = 12 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS



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, *Chinese Cinderella* from the Edexcel Anthology.

Growing up in a wealthy family in 1950s Hong Kong, Adeline Yen Mah should have had an enviable childhood, but she was rejected by her dominating stepmother and despised by her brothers and sisters. She was sent to a boarding school and left there. In this extract from her autobiography she relates one of the few occasions when she went home.

Time went by relentlessly and it was Saturday again. Eight weeks more and it would be the end of term ... in my case perhaps the end of school forever.

Four of us were playing Monopoly. My heart was not in it and I was losing steadily. Outside it was hot and there was a warm wind blowing. The radio warned of a possible typhoon the next day. It was my turn and I threw the dice. As I played, the thought of leaving school throbbed at the back of my mind like a persistent toothache.

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'Adeline!' Ma-mien Valentino was calling.

'You can't go now,' Mary protested. 'For once I'm winning. One, two, three, four. Good! You've landed on my property. Thirty-five dollars, please. Oh, good afternoon, Mother Valentino!'

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We all stood up and greeted her.

'Adeline, didn't you hear me call you? Hurry up downstairs! Your chauffeur is waiting to take you home!'

Full of foreboding, I ran downstairs as in a nightmare, wondering who had died this time. Father's chauffeur assured me everyone was healthy.

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'Then why are you taking me home?' I asked.

'How should I know?' he answered defensively, shrugging his shoulders. 'Your guess is as good as mine. They give the orders and I carry them out!'

During the short drive home, my heart was full of dread and I wondered what I had done wrong. Our car stopped at an elegant villa at mid-level, halfway up the hill between the peak and the harbour.

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'Where are we?' I asked foolishly.

'Don't you know anything?' the chauffeur replied rudely. 'This is your new home. Your parents moved here a few months ago.'

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'I had forgotten,' I said as I got out.

Ah Gum opened the door. Inside, it was quiet and cool.

'Where is everyone?'



'Your mother is out playing bridge. Your two brothers and Little Sister are sunbathing by the swimming-pool. Your father is in his room and wants to see you as soon as you get home.'

'See me in his room?' I was overwhelmed by the thought that I had been summoned by Father to enter the Holy of Holies — a place to which I had never been invited. Why? ...

Timidly, I knocked on the door. Father was alone, looking relaxed in his slippers and bathrobe, reading a newspaper. He smiled as I entered and I saw he was in a happy mood. I breathed a small sigh of relief at first but became uneasy when I wondered why he was being so nice, thinking, Is this a giant ruse on his part to trick me? Dare I let my guard down?

'Sit down! Sit down!' He pointed to a chair. 'Don't look so scared. Here, take a look at this! They're writing about someone we both know, I think.'

He handed me the day's newspaper and there, in one corner, I saw my name ADELINE YEN in capital letters prominently displayed.

'It was announced today that 14-year-old Hong Kong schoolgirl ADELINE JUN-LING YEN of Sacred Heart Canossian School, Caine Road, Hong Kong, has won first prize in the International Play-writing Competition held in London, England, for the 1951—1952 school year. It is the first time that any local Chinese student from Hong Kong has won such a prestigious event. Besides a medal, the prize comes with a cash reward of FIFTY ENGLISH POUNDS. Our sincere congratulations, ADELINE YEN, for bringing honour to Hong Kong. We are proud of you.'

Is it possible? Am I dreaming? Me, the winner?

'I was going up the lift this morning with my friend C.Y. Tung when he showed me this article and asked me, "Is the winner Adeline Jun-ling Yen related to you? The two of you have the same uncommon last name." Now C.Y. himself has a few children about your age but so far none of them has won an international literary prize, as far as I know. So I was quite pleased to tell him you are my daughter. Well done!'

He looked radiant. For once, he was proud of me. In front of his revered colleague, C.Y. Tung, a prominent fellow businessman also from Shanghai, I had given him face. I thought, Is this the big moment I have been waiting for? My whole being vibrated with all the joy in the world. I only had to stretch out my hand to reach the stars.

'Tell me, how did you do it?' he continued. 'How come *you* won?'

'Well, the rules and regulations were so very complicated. One really has to be dedicated just to understand what they want. Perhaps I was the only one determined enough to enter and there were no other competitors!'

He laughed approvingly. 'I doubt it very much but that's a good answer.'

'Please, Father,' I asked boldly, thinking it was now or never. 'May I go to university in England too, just like my brothers?'

'I do believe you have potential. Tell me, what would you study?'



My heart gave a giant lurch as it dawned on me that he was agreeing to let me go. How marvellous it was simply to be alive! Study? I thought. Going to England is like entering heaven. Does it matter what you do after you get to heaven?

But Father was expecting an answer. What about creative writing? After all, I had just won first prize in an international writing competition!

'I plan to study literature. I'll be a writer.'

'Writer!' he scoffed. 'You are going to starve! What language are you going to write in and who is going to read your writing? Though you may think you're an expert in both Chinese and English, your Chinese is actually rather elementary. As for your English, don't you think the native English speakers can write better than you?'

I waited in silence. I did not wish to contradict him.

'You will go to England with Third Brother this summer and you will go to medical school. After you graduate, you will specialise in obstetrics. Women will always be having babies. Women patients prefer women doctors. You will learn to deliver their babies. That's a foolproof profession for you. Don't you agree?'

Agree? Of course I agreed. Apparently, he had it all planned out. As long as he let me go to university in England, I would study anything he wished. How did that line go in Wordsworth's poem? *Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive.*

'Father, I shall go to medical school in England and become a doctor. Thank you very, very much.'

Adeline Yen Mah



5 How does the writer bring out her thoughts and feelings for her father?

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

(10)

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(Total for Question 5 = 10 marks for reading)

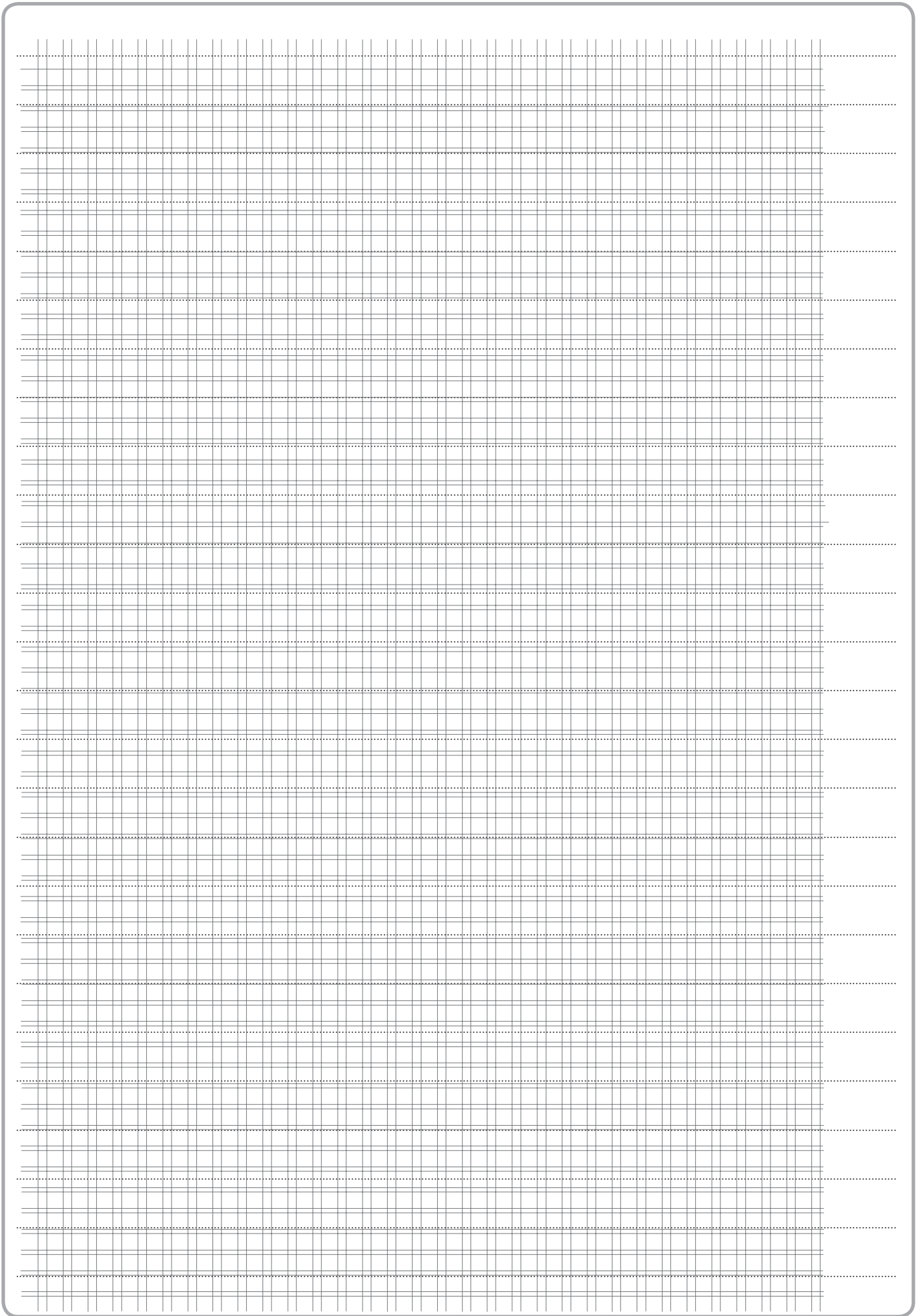


*6 Write a speech to be given to a youth organisation informing them about somebody in your life who has had a strong influence on you.

(10)

Grid area for writing the speech.





Grid area for writing answers.

(Total for Question 6 = 10 marks for writing)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 20 MARKS



Section C: Writing

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

*7 Different times of the year bring with them different experiences, celebrations and activities.

Write a magazine article explaining which time of year you like best and why.

You may choose to write about:

- the sorts of activities that take place
 - your own experience of special occasions during this time of year
 - the different foods, clothes and traditions that are associated with this time of year
- as well as any other ideas you may have.

(20)

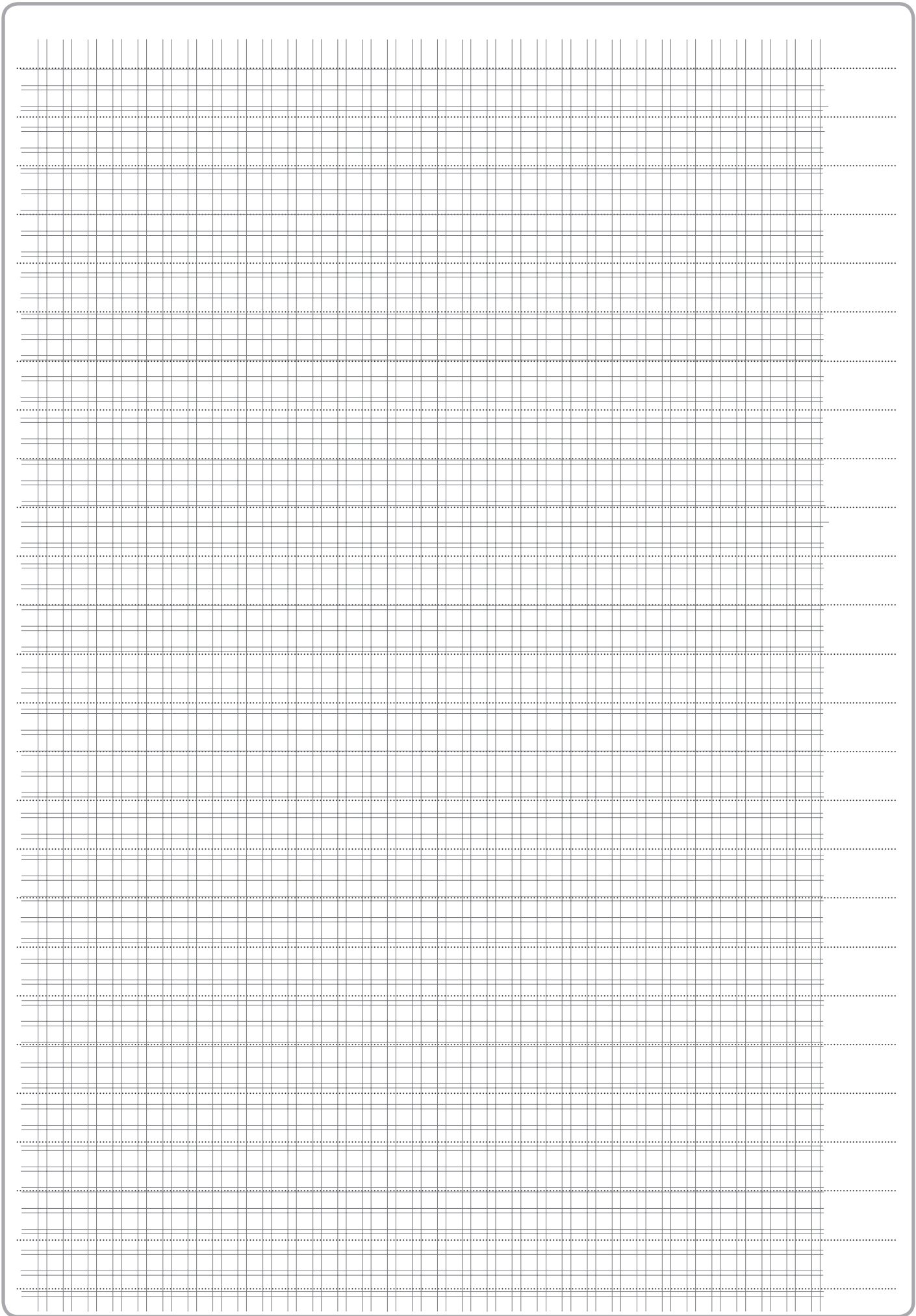
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Grid area for writing answers.

(Total for Question 7 = 20 marks)

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



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