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Surname		Other names	
Pearson Edexcel		Centre Number	Candidate Number
International GCSE			
English Language A Paper 1			
Tuesday 6 June 2017 – Morning		Paper Reference	
Time: 2 hours 15 minutes		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 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 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 writer, with his partner Wanda, is driving across Europe. They have arranged to meet their friend Hugh in order to go on an adventure holiday together.

Istanbul – City of Dreams

I arrived with Wanda in Istanbul. As we drove along the last long stretch of road, the Sea of Marmara appeared before us, green and windswept, deserted except for a solitary boat. Our spirits rose at the thought of seeing Istanbul when the sun was setting, but when we reached the outskirts it was already quite dark. We had planned to enter the city by the Golden Gate, for it sounded romantic and appropriate and we had been looking forward to it all the way across Europe, not knowing that for several hundred years the gate had been sealed up. Instead we found ourselves on an interminable bypass lined with luminous advertisements for banks and razor blades. It was a fitting end to an uncomfortable journey.

5

We left the car in the courtyard of the old Embassy and changed our money with one of the gatekeepers. We asked him where we should stay.

10

'Star Hotel, clean hotel, cheap hotel, good hotel, hotel of my brother.'

'Is it far?'

'Not so far; take taxi, always taxi. Bad place, at night.'

'Order a taxi.'

15

He uttered some strange cries. As if by magic a taxi appeared. It was driven by a huge brute with a shaven head; sitting next to him was another smaller man. They were a sinister pair.

'What's the other one for?'

'He is not for anything. He is brother.'

20

'They don't look like brothers.'



With a roar the taxi shot forward. After fifty yards it stopped and the brother opened the door.

'Star Hotel!'

With sinking hearts we followed him up a nearly vertical flight of stairs to the reception desk. I prayed that the hotel would be full but it wasn't. We set off down a long brilliantly lit passage, the brother of the gatekeeper leading and the brother of the taxi man bringing up the rear to cut off our retreat. Everywhere, like a miasma¹, was the unforgettable grave-smell of plumbing. 25

'Room with bed for two,' said the proprietor, flinging open a door at the extreme end. It was a nightmare room, the room of a drug fiend or a miscreant² or perhaps both. It was illuminated by a forty-watt bulb and looked out on a black wall with something slimy growing on it. The bed was a fearful thing, almost perfectly concave. Underneath it was a pair of old boots. The sheets were almost clean but on them there was the unmistakable imprint of a human form and they were still warm. In the corner there was a washbasin with one long red hair in it and a tap which leaked. Somewhere nearby a fun-fair was testing its apparatus, warming up for a night of revelry. The smell of the room was the same as the corridor outside with some indefinable additions. 30 35

After the discomforts of the road it was too much. In deep gloom we got back into the taxi. 40

'Pera Palace!'

Never had a city affected me with such an overpowering sense of melancholy.

At the Pera Palace we took a large room. Originally it must have had a splendid view, now there was a large building in the way.

There had been no news of Hugh, but before sinking into a coma of fatigue, we both uttered a prayer that he would be delayed. Early on the following morning he was battering on our door. He had just arrived by air and was aggressively fit and clean. Under his arm was a clip board full of maps and lists. His clothes had just the right mixture of the elegant and the dashing. He was the epitome³ of a young explorer. We knew what he would say. It was an expression that we were to hear with ever-increasing revulsion in the weeks to come. 45 50

'We must leave at once.'

'We can't, the car's got to be serviced.'

'I've already arranged that. It'll be ready at noon.'

Like survivors of an artillery bombardment we were still shaking from the spine-shattering road we had taken through Bulgaria. 'It's been rather a long drive.' We enumerated the hardships we had undergone, how we had been stripped by customs officials on the frontier, the hailstones as big as pigeons' eggs in the Balkans, the floods, landslips, mosquitoes, all the tedious mishaps of our journey; but lying in our splendid bed we were not objects for obvious sympathy. 55 60

'I shall drive. You two can rest.'

'You don't seem to realise,' I said, 'there's no rest in that machine, there's so much stuff in it. Besides, we want to see Istanbul.'



He looked at his watch reluctantly.

'How long do you want?'

65

Only Wanda had the courage to answer. 'Three days,' she said.

Three days later we left Istanbul.

¹ *miasma* – fog

² *miscreant* – a wicked person

³ *epitome* – perfect example

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1 Why were the travellers unable to enter Istanbul by the Golden Gate?

.....

.....

(Total for Question 1 = 1 mark)

2 Look again at lines 1 to 7.

Give **two** words or phrases that the writer uses to show his positive attitude towards Istanbul.

1

.....

.....

2

.....

(Total for Question 2 = 2 marks)



3 In your own words, explain what we learn about Hugh.

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(Total for Question 3 = 5 marks)



4 How does the writer try to create interest in this passage?

In your answer you should write about:

- the description of the journey and arrival in Istanbul
- the writer's experiences in Istanbul
- particular words, phrases and techniques.

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

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(Total for Question 4 = 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, 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.

5

'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!'

10

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.

15

'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.

20

'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.'

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

25

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

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by the swimming-pool. Your father is in his room and wants to see you as soon as you get home.' 30

'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? 35

'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. 40

'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.' 45

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!' 50

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. 55

'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!' 60

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?' 65

'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?

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But Father was expecting an answer. What about creative writing? After all, I had just won first prize in an international writing competition! 70

'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?' 75

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?' 80

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.' 85

Adeline Yen Mah

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5 How does the writer show her thoughts and feelings in this passage?

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

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(Total for Question 5 = 10 marks for reading)



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6 'If I could go anywhere...'

A magazine is running a competition to reward the best writing on this subject.

Write your entry for this competition.

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(Total for Question 6 = 10 marks for writing)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 20 MARKS



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You may choose to write about:

- what your special skill or talent involves
- the effect it would have on your life and the lives of others
- any other points you wish to make.

(20)



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(Total for Question 7 = 20 marks for writing)

TOTAL FOR SECTION C = 20 MARKS

TOTAL FOR PAPER = 60 MARKS



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A Short Walk in the Hindu Kush, Eric Newby, Published by Penguin Books in Great Britain, 1968

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