

Pearson Edexcel International GCSE

English Language B

Paper 1

Wednesday 25 January 2017 - Morning

Extracts Booklet

Paper Reference

4EB0/01

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Text One

Through the Tunnel

adapted from a short story by Doris Lessing



Jerry swam out to the big barrier rock, adjusted the goggles, and dived. Under him, six or seven feet down, was a floor of perfectly clean, shining white sand, rippled firm and hard by the tides. A few inches above him the water sparkled as if sequins were dropping through it. Myriads of minute fish, the length of his fingernail, were drifting through the water. It was like swimming in flaked silver. The great rock the big boys had swum through rose sheer out of the white sand, black, tufted lightly with greenish weed. He could see no gap in it. He swam down to its base. 5

Again and again he rose, took a big chestful of air, and went down. Again and again he groped over the surface of the rock, feeling it, almost hugging it in the desperate need to find the entrance. And then, once, while he was clinging to the black wall, his knees came up and shot his feet out forward and they met no obstacle. He had found the hole. It was an irregular, dark gap; but he could not see deep into it. He knew he must find his way through that cave, or hole, or tunnel, and out the other side. 10 15

On the day before they left, he would do it. He would do it if it killed him, he said defiantly to himself. He was frightened. Supposing he turned dizzy in the tunnel? Supposing he died there, trapped? Supposing, his head went around, in the hot sun, and he almost gave up. If he did not do it now, he never would. He was trembling with fear that he would not go; and he was trembling with horror at that long, long tunnel under the rock, under the sea. Even in the open sunlight, the barrier rock seemed very wide and very heavy; tons of rock pressed down on where he would go. 20

He put on his goggles, fitted them tight, tested the vacuum. His hands were shaking. Then he chose the biggest stone he could carry and slipped over the edge of the rock until half of him was in the cool, enclosing water and half in the hot sun. He looked up once at the empty sky, filled his lungs once, twice, and then sank fast to the bottom with the stone. He let it go and began to count. He took the edges of the hole in his hands and drew himself into it, wriggling his shoulders in sidewise as he remembered he must, kicking himself along with his feet. The water was pushing him up against the roof. The roof was sharp and pained his back. 25 30

His head knocked against something; a sharp pain dizzied him. Fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two... He was without light, and the water seemed to press upon him with the weight of the rock. Seventy-one, seventy-two... He thought of octopuses, and wondered if the tunnel might be filled with weed that could tangle him. He gave himself a panicky, convulsive kick forward, ducked his head, and swam.

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He was at the end of what he could do. A hundred and fifteen, a hundred and fifteen pounded through his head, and he feebly clutched at rocks in the dark, pulling himself forward. An immense, swelling pain filled his head, and then darkness cracked with an explosion of green light. His hands, groping forward, met nothing; and his feet, kicking back, propelled him out into the open sea.

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In a short while, Jerry swam to the shore and climbed slowly up the path to the villa. He flung himself on his bed and slept, waking at the sound of feet on the path outside. His mother was coming back.

'Mummy,' he said, 'I can stay under water for two minutes, three minutes, at least...' It came bursting out of him.

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'Can you, darling?' she said. 'Well, I shouldn't overdo it. I don't think you ought to swim any more today.'

She was ready for a battle of wills, but he gave in at once. It was no longer of the least importance to go to the bay.

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Text Two

Patricia Cornwell: How extreme sports changed my life

adapted from a newspaper article



'If you don't confront your fear, it wins...' Patricia Cornwell in the cockpit of her helicopter.

Patricia Cornwell is best known for her novels. When she's not stuck at her desk, the best-selling thriller writer is a scuba diver and helicopter pilot. 'Being scared isn't easy,' she says, 'but it's fun.'

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'I'm always scared when I learn a new sport but my number one rule in life is that I will not be ruled by fear. If I'm afraid of something I'm going to figure out a way to deal with it. Since I was a little kid I've loved fast, powerful machines but the truth is I find all my hobbies – scuba diving, helicopter flying and motorcycling – nerve-racking. I'm terrified.

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During my scuba diving training, the dive master made me sit on the bottom of the bay and take my mask off, then put it back on. I could not do it. The water went rushing up my nose, I thought I was going to drown, I started to bolt up to the surface and he grabbed my ankles to hold me down. It was just an awful experience.

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Even now when I dive, I hope the weather gets bad so I don't have to go. I get into the water and have to settle for a minute because my heart starts racing. But you cannot dive if you get hyped up – you have to calm down. And when you do, you might have the dive trip of your life.

The first time I flew a helicopter solo, my knees were knocking together – literally – I had to start singing to myself. Then all of a sudden it was like, "Oh my God, this is the most fun thing I have ever done. I am flying, I'm alone and it's just me doing this."

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The most frightened I have ever been was flying a helicopter. We were north of Florida, and we got caught in weather we weren't expecting – an unpredictable storm was moving in. We got trapped in fog, flying at 100-something feet in a wooded area, and couldn't see. It was raining like a monsoon and I really thought this was going to be it; any minute we were going to hit a powerline and come down. It was terrifying. Just when we thought it was hopeless, all of a sudden this little grass strip opened up under us and we landed.

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If I hadn't learned to deal with fear, I would have been crippled by it. If you don't confront your fear, it wins. Which is why I'm a totally different person since I took up my extreme hobbies. It's made me more confident, bolder, keener to try other things.

You don't need to do what I do – unfortunately it's expensive to fly a helicopter. 35
But you could do a helicopter tour and enjoy the ride. Scuba diving is more accessible. You can go out on a charter boat with a group of people and down you go.

It's as simple as this: if an opportunity presents itself, don't walk away from it. 40
If someone says it might be cool to learn to snorkel, or ride a motorcycle, and you light up like a Christmas tree when they say it, don't argue yourself out of it. Take the next step. And don't let anyone tell you that you can't do something. Everything I do is stuff I was told I couldn't do.

A lot of people enjoy fear as pleasure. It's delicious that you can get so close to 45
the dragon that you can feel its warm breath, but you're not going to get burned. That's an empowering experience.

All this makes you feel more alive because you are taking power and control over 50
a world that is random and difficult. And the more you do with boldness and confidence, the more you get out of life. That's what we should do while we're here. Don't just exist – do something!

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Sources taken/adapted from:

Text One:

Through the Tunnel by Doris Lessing from stories by Doris Lessing © 1978 Random House

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