

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname		Other names	
Centre Number		Candidate Number	

Pearson Edexcel International GCSE (9–1)

Friday 23 May 2025

Morning (Time: 3 hours)

Paper reference **4EB1/01R**

English Language B

PAPER 1

You must have:
Source 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, the question in Section B and **one** question in Section C.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
– *there may be more space than you need.*
- Plan your answers in the lined spaces provided. Plans will not be marked unless no other response is provided.

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.
- 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

Reading

Answer ALL questions in this section.

You should spend 1 hour on this section.

Read Text One in the Source Booklet, adapted from a novel called *The Kite Runner*.

- 1 In lines 13–20, the narrator describes the nomads' arrival in Kabul.

Identify **one** of the points he makes.

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(Total for Question 1 = 1 mark)

- 2 Using lines 27–32, identify **one** activity that Hassan does.

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(Total for Question 2 = 1 mark)

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(Total for Question 3 = 10 marks)



Read Text Two in the Source Booklet, adapted from an article called *Lonely in Los Angeles, I made a remarkable friendship with my older neighbour*.

- 4 Using lines 8–13, identify **one** of the ways Claudia helped the writer.

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(Total for Question 4 = 1 mark)

- 5 In lines 40–45, the writer describes her thoughts and feelings when she visits Claudia's house.

State **two** of them.

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(Total for Question 5 = 2 marks)

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6 How does the writer present her friendship with Claudia?

You should support your answer with close reference to the passage, including **brief** quotations.

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(Total for Question 6 = 10 marks)



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

- 7 Compare how the writers of Text One and Text Two present their ideas and perspectives on friendship.

Support your answer with examples from **both** texts.

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(Total for Question 7 = 15 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 40 MARKS



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(Total for Question 8 = 30 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 30 MARKS



SECTION C**Writing****Answer ONE question from this section.****You should spend 1 hour on your chosen question.****Do not re-tell events from Text One or Text Two in the Source Booklet.****Write approximately 400 words on one of the following:****EITHER**

- 9** 'People are more interested in celebrities and influencers than in their friends and family.' To what extent do you agree with this statement?

(Total for Question 9 = 30 marks)**OR**

- 10** Write a story (true or imaginary) entitled 'An unexpected find'.

(Total for Question 10 = 30 marks)**OR**

- 11** Describe your best friend.

(Total for Question 11 = 30 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 9** ☐ **Question 10** ☒ **Question 11** ☐

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TOTAL FOR SECTION C = 30 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 100 MARKS



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Morning (Time: 3 hours)

Paper
reference

4EB1/01R

English Language B
PAPER 1

Source Booklet

Do not return this Booklet with the question paper.

Turn over ►

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Text One

The Kite Runner

adapted from a novel by Khaled Hosseini

In this passage, the Afghan-American narrator describes his friendship with a servant boy in his household in Afghanistan.



The curious thing was, I never thought of Hassan and me as friends either. Not in the usual sense, anyhow. Never mind that we taught each other to ride a bicycle with no hands, or to build a fully functional homemade camera out of a cardboard box. Never mind that we spent entire winters flying kites, running kites. Never mind that to me, the face of Afghanistan is that of a boy with a thin-boned frame, a shaved head, and low-set ears, a boy with a Chinese doll face perpetually lit by a crooked smile. Never mind any of those things. Because history isn't easy to overcome. Neither is religion.

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But we were kids who had learned to crawl together, and no history, ethnicity, society, or religion was going to change that either. I spent most of the first twelve years of my life playing with Hassan. Sometimes, my entire childhood seems like one long lazy summer day with Hassan, chasing each other between tangles of trees in my father's yard, playing hide-and-seek, cops and robbers, cowboys and Indians.

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We chased the *Kochi*, the nomads who passed through Kabul on their way to the mountains of the north. We would hear their caravans approaching our neighborhood, the mewling of their sheep, the baaing of their goats, the jingle of bells around their camels' necks. We'd run outside to watch the caravan plod through our street, men with dusty, weather-beaten faces and women dressed in long, colorful shawls, beads, and silver bracelets around their wrists and ankles. We hurled pebbles at their goats. We squirted water on their mules. I'd make Hassan fire pebbles with his slingshot at the camels' rears.

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We took strolls in the musty-smelling bazaars of the Shar-e-Nau section of Kabul, or the new city, west of the Wazir Akbar Khan district. We talked about whatever film we had just seen and walked amid the bustling crowds of bazarris¹. We snaked our way among the merchants and the beggars, wandered through narrow alleys cramped with rows of tiny, tightly packed stalls. My father gave us each a weekly allowance of ten Afghanis and we spent it on warm Coca-Cola and rosewater ice cream topped with crushed pistachios.

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During the school year, we had a daily routine. By the time I dragged myself out of bed and lumbered to the bathroom, Hassan had already washed up, prayed, and prepared my breakfast: hot black tea with three sugar cubes and a slice of toasted naan² topped with my favorite sour cherry marmalade, all neatly placed on the dining table. While I ate and complained about homework, Hassan made my bed, polished my shoes, ironed my outfit for the day, packed my books and pencils.

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Then, my father and I drove off in his black Ford Mustang. Hassan stayed home and helped with the day's chores: hand-washing dirty clothes and hanging them to dry in the yard, sweeping the floors, buying fresh naan from the bazaar, marinating meat for dinner, watering the lawn.

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After school, Hassan and I met up, grabbed a book, and trotted up a bowl-shaped hill just north of my father's property in Wazir Akbar Khan. There was an old, abandoned cemetery atop the hill with rows of unmarked headstones and tangles of brushwood clogging the aisles. Seasons of rain and snow had turned the iron gate rusty and left the cemetery's low white stone walls in decay. There was a pomegranate tree near the entrance to the cemetery. One summer day, I used one of the kitchen knives to carve our names on it: 'Amir and Hassan, the sultans of Kabul.' Those words made it formal: the tree was ours. After school, Hassan and I climbed its branches and snatched its bloodred pomegranates. After we'd eaten the fruit and wiped our hands on the grass, I would read to Hassan.

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Sitting cross-legged, sunlight and shadows of pomegranate leaves dancing on his face, Hassan absently plucked blades of grass from the ground as I read him stories he couldn't read for himself. That Hassan would grow up illiterate had been decided the minute he had been born—after all, what use did a servant have for the written word? But despite his illiteracy, or maybe because of it, Hassan was drawn to the mystery of words, seduced by a secret world forbidden to him. I read him poems and stories, sometimes riddles—though I stopped reading those when I saw he was far better at solving them than I was. So I read him unchallenging things, like the misadventures of the bumbling Mullah Nasruddin and his donkey. We sat for hours under that tree, sat there until the sun faded in the west, and still Hassan insisted we had enough daylight for one more story, one more chapter.

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Glossary

¹*bazarris* – small shopkeepers/stall holders

²*naan* – a type of round flatbread common in South Asia

Text Two

Lonely in Los Angeles, I made a remarkable friendship with my older neighbour

adapted from an article by Martha Hayes

In this passage, the writer describes her friendship with someone who is over 30 years older than her.



If friendships are the real love stories of our lives, I can pinpoint the moment I knew Claudia was the one. It was the Saturday night I stood on her doorstep in my pyjamas. I had locked myself out of my house, while collecting a food delivery from the gate, with my two-year-old daughter, Maggie, alone inside. I was grateful for two things: I had my phone (and on it, an app that allowed me to see my daughter safely asleep in her bedroom), and I had my dog, who would have barked and woken my daughter had I left him alone in the house.

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But mainly I was grateful for Claudia, who lives opposite me, in Los Angeles. Because I was mortified and distraught and she was calm and collected. Because she made the necessary phone calls to help track down a spare set of keys, and offered to drive me halfway across the city to collect them. Because she fed my dog, and comforted me for the two hours it eventually took for a locksmith to arrive. I should add that she was, at this point, also in her dressing gown, ready for an early night after a long day.

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I was possibly the last person she wanted to see that evening. We had already spent the whole day together. Claudia had suggested she drive us to Santa Barbara, about an hour and a half away, for a change of scene. Somehow we ended up spending six hours in her car. Maggie threw up in the back seat, about 90 minutes from home. It was stressful but memorable, and soon the experience morphed into a funny story, something we joked about weeks later over beauty treatments, cocktails, brunch. Despite only knowing each other for six months, Claudia and I have lots in common. We make each other laugh. We text constantly. She's everything I want in a friend. She's also 72. Three decades older than me.

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It's an autumnal afternoon. Maggie and I are walking our dog in my local park when a woman approaches me. 'I just wanted to come and say hi,' she says, 'because I'm your neighbour!' I look at her blankly – I thought I had met everyone in our building. But it turns out she lives in the building across from ours. I am frazzled that day, and not in the mood for a conversation with a stranger. But Claudia is so friendly I warm to her immediately. 25

I don't see her again for a few months, which makes the whole thing feel like a figment of my imagination. Then I bump into her again. The conversation is so easy, it feels like we already know each other. Again, we part ways without exchanging numbers. I kick myself for not asking for her details. Had she been around my age, I probably would have got her number when we first met. Why should this be any different? And so I do something a bit old fashioned. I write her a note, with my number on it, and post it through her gate. She texts me as soon as she finds the note and we arrange a coffee date at my house. I have no idea what to expect. I don't know if we'll have anything in common. When she arrives, armed with thoughtful gifts for Maggie, including a book she loved as a child, she is wearing a cashmere sweater with jeans and her long blonde hair is down. She has a smile that radiates such warmth you feel happier just looking at her. 30 35

The following week we get together at her house. Claudia's house is stylish but cosy, lived-in but immaculate. When I take my shoes off and let my feet sink into her plush carpet, I feel as relaxed and comfortable as I am at home. We don't stop talking, about everything – and I feel completely unselfconscious in conversation, the way you do with a family member, not a new friend. Claudia loves the British sense of humour. I love that I can make her laugh so much. Sometimes it only takes a look for us to erupt into giggles. 40 45

It's hard to describe the impact meeting Claudia has had on me. It's not as straightforward as 'I was lonely and then I made a new friend who made me feel less alone', because what Claudia has brought to my life is something else. It is the unconditional love, protection and emotional support I once received from my mum.

I no longer believe you can search for new friends – I think they simply appear in your life when you most need them. Like Claudia. Who now has a spare set of keys to my house. 50



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Sources taken/adapted from:

Text One: 'The Kite Runner', Khaled Hosseini, Bloomsbury, 2018

Photograph: © ton koene / Alamy Stock Photo

Text Two: <https://www.theguardian.com/lifeandstyle/2023/sep/03/lonely-in-la-i-made-a-remarkable-friendship-with-my-older-neighbour>

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