

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 **4EB1/01**

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 *Salmon Fishing in the Yemen*.

- 1 Using lines 2–10, identify **one** thing the narrator sees.

.....

.....

(Total for Question 1 = 1 mark)

- 2 In lines 36–42, the narrator describes a village in the mountains of Heraz.

State **one** point he makes about the village.

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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 a travel book called *Notes from a Small Island*.

- 4 In lines 7–13, the writer describes the view from the top of Ballard Down.

State **one** of the things he saw.

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(Total for Question 4 = 1 mark)

- 5 Using lines 39–48, identify **two** unpleasant experiences the writer had.

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(Total for Question 5 = 2 marks)

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6 Explain how the writer describes his journey along the south coast.

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

(10)

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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 about visiting new places.

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** 'New opportunities present new challenges.' Discuss.**(Total for Question 9 = 30 marks)****OR****10** Write a story (true or imaginary) entitled 'The First Impression'.**(Total for Question 10 = 30 marks)****OR****11** Describe a beautiful place.**(Total for Question 11 = 30 marks)****Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross ☒. 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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PAPER 1



Source Booklet

Do not return this Booklet with the question paper.

Turn over ►

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Text One

Salmon Fishing in the Yemen

adapted from a novel by Paul Torday

In this passage, the narrator describes his first impressions of the Yemen.



We are here in the Yemen at last.

The landscapes are breathtaking – towering cliffs that are golden in the sunlight and purple in the shade, deep valleys known as wadis slashed as if with a giant knife cutting thousands of feet between sheer rock walls, with an occasional thread of water at the bottom surrounded by date palm, gravel plains that are an endless expanse of dull brown, marked here and there by the white crust of the salt flats where moisture beneath the sand leaches salt to the surface. These are dangerous places where a vehicle might sink if driven across them. On one trip we caught tantalising glimpses of a sea of sand: the beginning of the Empty Quarter, a quarter of a million square miles of uninhabited desert.

5

10

And the towns are as wonderful as the desert. From the desert, driving towards a town through the haze and dust, it is as if one is approaching Manhattan. Many-storeyed tower houses white with plaster that from a distance look like skyscrapers, poke above the walls of ancient fortifications or seem to totter on the edge of brown cliffs. They are beautiful and unlike anything I have ever seen or heard of. Once one is in a town it is a din of shouting voices, a riot of colour, unimaginable smells of drains and spices, and then you turn the corner and there is a garden, hidden away behind the houses.

15

We spent the first few days here touring the country. In the Empty Quarter we saw the beginnings of the dunes, an endless landscape of sculpted sand, dunes like low hills, dunes like long fingers, which shift and change endlessly so that no track through them ever lasts for more than a few minutes before it is obliterated in the restless wind that stings one's skin with grains of sand. 20

We drove into the mountains along crumbling tracks of loose gravel, always with a precipitous slope on one side, lurching up steep winding roads along which it seemed impossible from below that any vehicle could travel. We found tiny villages, perched at the foot of great cliffs and in permanent shadow, where a few herdsmen lived tending their goats. We saw deep pools of water coloured an unearthly blue-green, oases where date palms fringed the water's edge, and where brown-skinned boys in their coloured futahs, a sort of skirt wrapped around like a sarong, jumped in and out of the water. 25

The next day we drove into the mountains of the Heraz. The mountains of Heraz rise in huge ramparts above terraced slopes where farmers eke out a basic existence growing millet and maize. From below it looks impossible for anyone to penetrate the mountains on foot, let alone in a vehicle. But, as we had noticed before, cunning tracks made their way round the side of huge shoulders of hillside, snaking between boulders the size of churches, careering down loose and crumbling slopes and up the other side. 30 35

Suddenly we went from bright sun into thick mist, and drops of water covered the windows and windscreen. We could hardly see twenty yards in front, but then the mist began to clear. In front of us we caught glimpses of a fortified village standing on a prow of rock. We drove up the track to the village. Perhaps a hundred tower houses stood on top of a cliff, with another cliff above the village soaring up into the mist. It made me think of some forgotten, hidden world from a childhood story. We drove through a gate in the walls surrounding the village, and along narrow lanes of sand and gravel. 40

It was as if we had travelled back in time hundreds of years. The streets were empty, but occasionally a child would peer at us from a darkened doorway. A few chickens scattered before the wheels of our Land Cruiser. We turned uphill up another lane and came to a set of beautiful carved wooden gates set in a high wall, which opened inwards as we approached. 45

Inside the whitewashed walls was a garden of paradise, cool and mysterious. Water rippled from a fountain and splashed over the edge of a basin, cascading into marble channels that formed a grid of running water going backwards and forwards across the garden. Palms and almond trees provided shade, and a spiky grass grew everywhere, with bougainvillea climbing the white walls, and oleander and euphorbia and other colourful shrubs, the names of which I do not know, planted here and there alongside the channels of flowing water. 50

It is a magical place. 55

Text Two

Notes from a Small Island

adapted from a travel book by Bill Bryson

In this passage, the American writer describes a journey along part of the south coast of England.



Handfast Point is a grassy cliff that ends in a sudden drop of perhaps 200 feet to seriously frothy seas. It takes a special blend of nerve and foolishness to creep up to the edge and have a look. Just beyond it stand two stranded pinnacles of limestone known as Old Harry and Old Harry's Wife, all that remains of a land bridge that once connected Dorset to the Isle of Wight, 18 miles away across the bay and just visible through a cloak of salty mists.

5

Beyond the headland, the path climbed steeply to Ballard Down, a taxing slog for an old puffed-out unfit person like me, but worth it for the view, which was sensational – like being on top of the world. For miles around, the Dorset hills rolled and billowed, like a shaken-out blanket settling on to a bed. Country lanes wandered among plump hedgerows and the hillsides were prettily dotted with woodlands, farmsteads, and creamy flecks of sheep. In the distance the sea, bright and vast and silvery blue, stretched away to a mountain of tumbling cumulus clouds.

10

At my feet far below, Swanage huddled against a rocky headland on the edge of a horseshoe bay, and behind me lay Studland, the marshy flats of Poole Harbour and Brownsea Island, and beyond that a hazy infinity of meticulously worked farmland. 15

It was beautiful beyond words, one of those rare moments when life seems perfect. As I stood there, spellbound and quite alone, a bank of cloud drifted in front of the sun, and through it there poured magnificent spears of shimmery light, like escalators to heaven. One of them fell at my feet and for one moment I would almost swear I heard celestial music. 20

I went over to a stone bench that had been thoughtfully conveyed to this lofty summit for the benefit of weary chaps like me – it really is extraordinary how often you encounter some little kindly gesture like this in Britain – and took out my Ordnance Survey map. As a rule, I am not terribly comfortable with any map that doesn't have a You-Are-Here arrow on it somewhere, but the Ordnance Survey maps are in a league of their own. This one even included the stone seat on which I sat now. It astounds me to be able to look at a map and know to the square metre where my buttocks are deployed. 25

In my idle perusal, I noticed that a mile or so to the west there stood a historic obelisk¹. Wondering why anyone would erect a monument in such a remote and challenging spot, I struck off along the crest of the hill to have a look. It was the longest mile I can remember walking. I passed through grassy fields, through flocks of skittish sheep, over stiles and through gates, without any sign of my goal drawing nearer, but I doggedly pressed on because – well, because if you are stupid you do. Eventually, I arrived at a modest, wholly unremarkable granite obelisk. Pursing my lips and referring once more to my map, I noticed that just a bit further on was something called the Giant's Grave, and I thought: 'Well, that sounds interesting.' So I plodded off to see it. I never found the Giant's Grave. I think I was close, but I can't be sure. 30 35

Thus it was that I spent a quiet, sweatily perplexed afternoon tramping through a large, forgotten, but very green and pretty corner of Dorset, looking for an inland route to Swanage. The more I plunged on, the less defined did the footpaths become. By mid-afternoon, I found myself increasingly crawling under barbed wire, fording streams with my pack on my head, falling down, and longing to be elsewhere. Occasionally, I would pause to rest and try to identify some small point of similarity between my map and the surrounding landscape. Eventually I would rise, purse my lips and strike off in an entirely new direction. By such means did I find myself, late in the afternoon and somewhat to my surprise, arriving footsore, travel-soiled and decorated about the extremities with interesting rivulets of dried blood, in Corfe Castle. 40 45

Corfe Castle is a popular and pretty place, a cluster of stone cottages dominated by the lofty, jagged walls of its famous and much-photographed castle. 50

Glossary

¹*obelisk* – a column with a pointed top



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Sources taken/adapted from:

Text One: Salmon Fishing in the Yemen by Paul Torday

Photograph: © Santiago Urquijo / Getty Images

Text Two: Notes from a Small Island by Bill Bryson

Photograph: © Thomas Faull / Getty Images

