

Write your name here

Surname	Other names
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**Pearson Edexcel Certificate**  
**Pearson Edexcel**  
**International GCSE**

Centre Number

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Candidate Number

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**English Language A**  
**Paper 1**

Monday 19 May 2014 – Morning <b>Time: 2 hours 15 minutes</b>	Paper Reference <b>4EA0/01</b> <b>KEA0/01</b>
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**You do not need any other materials.**

Total Marks
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### 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 5 and 6  
– *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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PEARSON

**Section A: Reading**

**You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.**

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

*During the Second World War, Anne Frank was a teenager who went into hiding with two other families, her mother, father and her sister Margot. Being locked away together in a secret apartment sometimes caused conflict. She wrote a diary to her imaginary friend Kitty.*

MONDAY, 28 SEPTEMBER 1942



*Dearest Kitty*

I had to stop yesterday, though I was nowhere near finished. I am dying to tell you about another one of our clashes, but before I do, I'd like to say this: I think it's odd that grown-ups quarrel so easily and so often about such petty matters. Up till now I always thought bickering was just something children did and that they outgrew it. Of course,

there's sometimes a reason to have a "real" quarrel, but the verbal exchanges that take place here are just plain bickering. I should be used to the fact that these squabbles are daily occurrences, but I'm not and never will be as long as I'm the subject of nearly every discussion. They criticise everything, and I mean everything, about me: my behaviour, my personality, my manners; every inch of me, from head to toe and back again, is the subject of gossip and debate. Harsh words and shouts are constantly being flung at my head, though I'm absolutely not used to it. According to the powers that be, I'm supposed to grin and bear it. But I can't! I have no intention of taking their insults lying down. I'll show them that Anne Frank wasn't born yesterday. They'll sit up and take notice and keep their big mouths shut when I make them see they ought to attend to their own manners instead of mine. How dare they behave like that! It's simply barbaric. I've been astonished, time and again, at such rudeness and most of all ... at such stupidity from Mrs van Daan. But as soon as I've got used to the idea, and that shouldn't take long, I'll give them a taste of their own medicine, and then they'll change their tune! Am I really as bad-mannered, headstrong, stubborn, pushy, stupid, lazy, ...etc., etc., as the van Daans say I am? No, of course not. I know I have my faults and shortcomings, but they blow them all out of proportion! If you only knew, Kitty, how I seethe when they scold and mock me. It won't take long before I explode with pent-up rage.

But enough of that.

*Yours, Anne*



SATURDAY, 30 JANUARY 1943

*Dearest Kitty*

I am seething with rage, yet I can't show it. I'd like to scream, stamp my foot, give Mother a good shaking, cry and I don't know what else because of the nasty words, mocking looks and accusations that she hurls at me day after day, piercing me like arrows from a tightly strung bow, which are nearly impossible to pull from my body. I'd like to scream at Mother, Margot, the van Daans, Dussel and Father too: "Leave me alone, let me have at least one night when I don't cry myself to sleep with my eyes burning and my head pounding. Let me get away, away from everything, away from this world!" But I can't do that. I can't let them see my doubts, or the wounds they've inflicted on me. I couldn't bear their sympathy or their good-humoured derision. It would only make me want to scream even more. 35

Everyone thinks I am showing off when I talk, ridiculous when I am silent, insolent when I answer, cunning when I have a good idea, lazy when I'm tired, selfish when I eat one more bite than I should, stupid, cowardly, calculating, etc., etc. All day long I hear nothing but what an exasperating child I am, and although I laugh it off and pretend not to mind, I do mind. I wish I could ask God to give me another personality, one that doesn't antagonize everyone. 45

But that's impossible, I'm stuck with the character I was born with, and yet I'm sure I'm not a bad person. I do my best to please everyone, more than they'd ever suspect in a million years. When I'm upstairs, I try to laugh it off because I don't want them to see my troubles. 50

More than once I've snapped at Mother: "I don't care what you say. Why don't you just wash your hands of me – I'm a hopeless case." Of course she'd tell me not to answer back and virtually ignore me for two days. Then suddenly all would be forgotten and she'd treat me like everyone else. 55

It's impossible to be all smiles one day and venomous the next. I'd rather choose the golden mean<sup>1</sup>, which isn't so golden, and keep my thoughts to myself. Perhaps some day I'll treat the others with the same contempt as they treat me. Oh, if only I could. 60

*Yours, Anne* 60

**Glossary**

<sup>1</sup>*golden mean* – the ideal way to behave, avoiding extremes







Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



Lined writing area for the answer to Question 3.

**(Total for Question 3 = 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, 4 and 5.

Remind yourself of the passage *Taking on the World* from the Edexcel Anthology.

**Ellen MacArthur became famous in 2001 when she competed in the Vendée Globe solo round-the-world yacht race. She was the youngest (24 years old) and probably the shortest (just 5ft 2in!) competitor. She came second, despite appalling weather, exhaustion and, as she describes here, problems with her boat.**

I climbed the mast on Christmas Eve, and though I had time to get ready, it was the hardest climb to date. I had worked through the night preparing for it, making sure I had all the tools, mouse lines\* and bits I might need, and had agonized for hours over how I should prepare the halyard\* so that it would stream out easily below me and not get caught as I climbed.

5

When it got light I decided that the time was right. I kitted up in my middle-layer clothes as I didn't want to wear so much that I wouldn't be able to move freely up there. The most dangerous thing apart from falling off is to be thrown against the mast, and though I would be wearing a helmet it would not be difficult to break bones up there. ...

I laid out the new halyard on deck, flaking it neatly so there were no twists. As I took the mast in my hands and began to climb I felt almost as if I was stepping on to the moon – a world over which I had no control. You can't ease the sheets\* or take a reef\*, nor can you alter the settings for the autopilot. If something goes wrong you are not there to attend to it. You are a passive observer looking down at your boat some 90 feet below you. After climbing just a couple of metres I realized how hard it was going to be, I couldn't feel my fingers – I'd need gloves, despite the loss in dexterity. I climbed down, getting soaked as we ploughed into a wave – the decks around my feet were awash. I unclipped my jumar\* from the halyard and put on a pair of sailing gloves. There would be no second climb on this one – I knew that I would not have the energy.

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As I climbed my hands were more comfortable, and initially progress was positive. But it got harder and harder as I was not only pulling my own weight up as I climbed but also the increasingly heavy halyard – nearly 200 feet of rope by the time I made it to the top. The physical drain came far less from the climbing than from the clinging on. The hardest thing is just to hang on as the mast slices erratically through the air. There would be the odd massive wave which I could feel us surf down, knowing we would pile into the wave in front. I would wrap my arms around the mast and press my face against its cold and slippery carbon surface, waiting for the shuddering slowdown. Eyes closed and teeth gritted, I hung on tight, wrists clenched together, and hoped. Occasionally on the smaller waves I would be thrown before I could hold on tight, and my body and the tools I carried were thrown away from the mast; I'd be hanging on by just one arm, trying to stop myself from smacking back into the rig.

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By the third spreader\* I was exhausted; the halyard was heavier and the motion more violent. I held on to her spreader base and hung there, holding tight to breathe more deeply and conjure up more energy. But I realized that the halyard was tight and that it had caught on something. ... I knew that if I went down to free it I would not have the energy to climb up once again. I tugged and tugged on the rope – the frustration was unreal. It had to come, quite simply the rope had to come free. Luckily with all the

35



pulling I managed to create enough slack to make it to the top, but now I was even more exhausted. I squinted at the grey sky above me and watched the mast-head whip across the clouds. The wind whistled past us, made visible by the snow that had begun to fall. Below the sea stretched out for ever, the size and length of the waves emphasized by this new aerial view. This is what it must look like to the albatross. 40

I rallied once more and left the safety of the final spreader for my last hike to the top. The motion was worse than ever, and as I climbed I thought to myself, not far now, kiddo, come on, just keep moving ... As the mast-head came within reach there was a short moment of relief; at least there was no giving up now I had made it – whatever happened now I had the whole mast to climb down. I fumbled at the top of the rig, feeding in the halyard and connecting the other end to the top of *Kingfisher's* mast. The job only took half an hour – then I began my descent. This was by far the most dangerous part and I had my heart in my mouth – no time for complacency now, I thought, not till you reach the deck, kiddo, it's far from over... 45 50

It was almost four hours before I called Mark back and I shook with exhaustion as we spoke. We had been surfing at well over 20 knots while I was up there. My limbs were bruised and my head was spinning, but I felt like a million dollars as I spoke on the phone. Santa had called on *Kingfisher* early and we had the best present ever – a new halyard. 55

Ellen MacArthur

*mouse line*\*: length of wire wrapped across the mouth of a hook, or through a shackle pin and around the shackle, for the sake of security

*halyard*\*: a rope used for raising and lowering sails

*sheet*\*: a line to control the sails

*reef*\*: reduces area of sails

*jumar*\*: a climbing device that grips the rope so that it can be climbed

*spreader*\*: a bar attached to a yacht's mast





Lined writing area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.

**(Total for Question 4 = 10 marks for reading)**





Handwriting practice area with 20 horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.

**(Total for Question 5 = 10 marks for writing)**

**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 20 MARKS**





Lined writing area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice area with 20 horizontal dotted lines.



Lined writing area with 25 horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice area with 20 horizontal dotted lines.

**(Total for Question 6 = 20 marks)**

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

