Surname	Other nai	mes
Pearson Edexcel Certificate Pearson Edexcel International GCSE	Centre Number	Candidate Number
English La	anguage	A
Tuesday 7 June 2016 – Mo Time: 2 hours 15 minute	•	Paper Reference 4EA0/01 KEA0/01

#### 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 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.

P 4 5 8 5 6 A 0 1 2 0

Turn over ▶



#### **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 shares her childhood memories of moving to a remote house beside a river near the town of Laugharne, in Wales, with her mother and father. Her father is Dylan Thomas, a famous poet.

## **Moving to the Boat House**



We were met at the station by Billy Williams. My father, Dylan, my mother, Caitlin, and I piled in to his family taxi with our suitcases and belongings. The taxi took us to the path that led to the Boat House. At the top of the path, by an old iron gate, a clump of daisies radiated their whiteness and, although we were driving past, time seemed to stop. The pathway was too narrow for a car so we carried our bags over the uneven surface while we looked over the low cliff wall at the sand

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and the water beyond. The overhanging bushes and hanging plants clung to the cliff-face like flags waving a greeting. We walked, laden with bags and books, along the last stretch of the path to our new home, called the Boat House.

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It looked heavenly: a place to explore, to run around, where we would be living forever. It had balconies, stepped gardens, a large boat shed and a wall protecting us from the wilds of the friendly estuary¹ beyond. We had fallen upon paradise. As we were settling in, my father wrote to Margaret Taylor, who had arranged for the place, that, "this is it: the place, the house, the workroom, the time," and that he could never thank her enough. "I shall write in this water and tree room on the cliff, every word will be my thanks to you..."

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In my memory it hardly ever rained that season. From the balcony that ran around the cottage like a midriff<sup>2</sup>, on two sides of the house, I looked at the river and beyond the view of Laugharne. There was sun on the water.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

My mother and I often went on walks starting along the cliffwalk, the trees a dark arch overhead with light flickering in long, thin tongues through the branches. Through the trees you could see the sands below whipped into narrow ridges and imagine water serpents wandering across them. The foxgloves and ferns grew down the cliff and I longed to run down headlong to the shore but couldn't because my mother was always striding ahead, with our dog Mably biting at our heels. I could only just keep up with her, an Olympic-level walker who only just avoided being classed as a runner. Emerging from the untidy trees we climbed over walls and barbed wire fences, to fields of green never seen since. In my memory, the fields are full of primroses and a few roque daffodils.

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As we neared the farm, ducks and geese wandered free across the sloping farmyard. But as we approached Mably, to tie a piece of string on his leather collar, he would jump up. "That annoying dog," mother said without passion. She never called him by his name;

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sometimes he was "disgusting" or "vile". He was a dog who never kept still. I loved him and his brown, white and black patches; he looked the way a dog should look.

We passed the factory and walked briskly towards the town. We could see the high walls of the castle coming towards us as we walked besides the grey expanse of mud and sand, towards the humming pubs and shops. Ignoring the sweet shop, Mother headed for the Cross House Inn, a whitewashed building standing on its own. "Just saying a word to Mr Crossmouse, see you in a minute."

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I waited outside, looking around for someone to play with. Mably sat down, turning his head from side to side. I looked towards the bus stop, but only boring people waited there. Mr Crossmouse, the landlord, was more a rat than a mouse, with his sharp, small features and darting eyes. After her call, Mother would report, "Your father's in Brown's, unsurprisingly." I wondered how Crossmouse knew. News went round so fast in Laugharne I sometimes felt it was a danger to think. "Come on," my mother said as we climbed the steps to Brown's Hotel.

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Once Mum and I had collected Dad, we set out along King Street. My mother had to slow down as usual to walk with my father, me trailing at the rear. It was a five-minute walk home. "Come on," urged my parents, half-way along the cliff walk.

As I caught up, my father said that he was busy today and not to make a noise, then disappeared into his study. "What about dad's lunch?" I asked. Meanwhile he stuck his head out to say, "Cat, will you tell her to be quiet today?" I was indignant at his distrust, which was brought about because I sometimes encouraged my friends to press their bicycle bells, sing, and bark with Mably as we passed outside the study. If it was a lucky day, Father would push his battered kitchen chair back from his table and open the door to shout at us, waving a weak finger. His response was all I wanted and we would go yelling away down the hill.

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<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> estuary – where a river flows into the sea

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> midriff – the middle part of the body

1	Why do the family have to carry their suitcases to the Boat House?
	(Total for Question 1 = 1 mark)
	Look again from the start to line 18.
	Give <b>three</b> words or phrases that express the writer's positive feelings on arriving at the Boat House.
_	(Total for Question 2 = 3 marks)

3	In your own words, explain what we learn about the writer's mother.			
	(Total for Question 3 = 4 marks)			



4	How does the writer try to create interest in her childhood experiences?	
	In your answer you should write about:	
	the descriptions of the house and the landscape	
	her relationship with her father	
	particular words, phrases and techniques.	
	You may include <b>brief</b> quotations from the passage to support your answer.	
		(12)
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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 *Greenpeace UK* from the Edexcel Anthology.





How does the writer try to interest the reader in the views expressed on the

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

Greenpeace UK webpage?

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(Total for Questi	ion 5 = 10 marks for reading)



6	Greenpeace wants the UK Government to improve the environment.  Write a letter to your government to explain what you think could be done to	
	improve the environment in your country.	(10)



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(Total for Question 6 = 10 marks for writing)
TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 20 MARKS



(20)

## **SECTION C: Writing**

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

7	'Not all schools prepare young people for living in the real world.'

Explain your views on this statement.

You may choose to write about:

- what subject(s) you think should be taught
- the importance of other school activities
- any other ideas that you may have.

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My Father's Places by Aeronwy Thomas, published by Constable (24 Jun. 2010)

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