

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname

Other names

**Pearson Edexcel
International GCSE**

Centre Number

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Candidate Number

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Monday 14 January 2019

Morning (Time: 2 hour 15 minutes)

Paper Reference **4EA0/01**

English Language A

Paper 1

You do not need any other materials.

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.
- 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 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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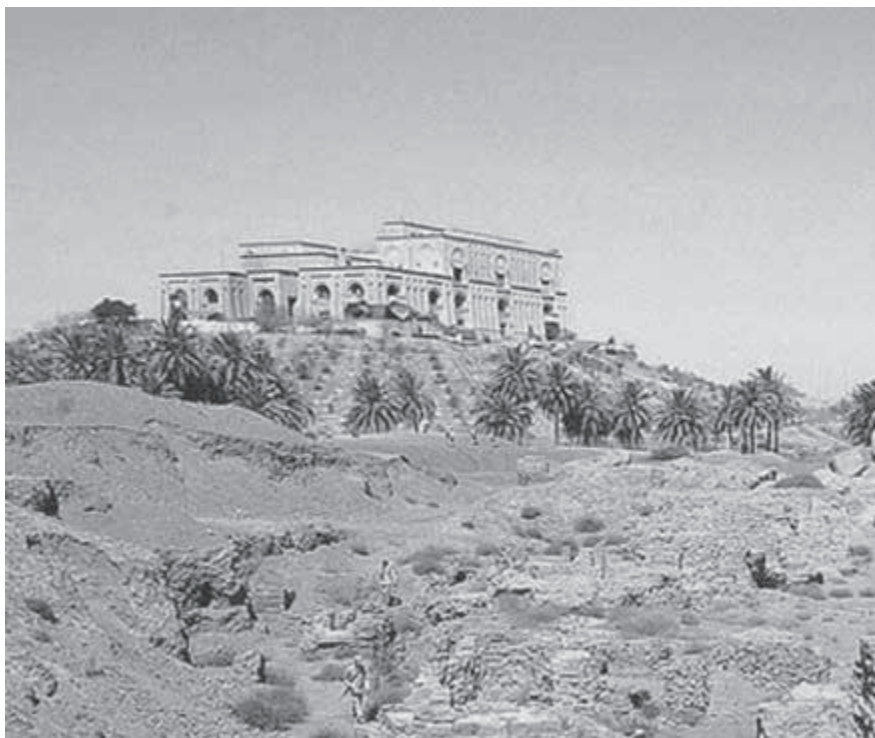
SECTION A: Reading

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

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

Lady Hester Stanhope was an upper-class British lady. She lived most of her life far away from Britain and died in her hilltop house, with only her servants for company.

The Death of Lady Hester Stanhope



It was four o'clock on Sunday, 23 June 1839, the second year of Queen Victoria's reign. Far away from England, on a hill in the shadow of Mount Lebanon, only the hum of cicadas¹ stirred in the suffocating afternoon. The white stone walls and roofs of a house – as high and formidable as a small fortress – seemed to hover in the heat-distorted haze, above a handsome grove of olive trees. In the distance, bells pealed from the tower of a monastery. These hills were renowned as ancient cemeteries for the Greeks and Romans, their warrens of tombs crammed with sarcophagi² and hidden treasures invisible to the eye. Amid clouds of dust, half a dozen household servants scurried along the dirt path leading down to the village, bringing with them a collection of mares, donkeys and goats, the sturdiest saddled with hastily-packed bags and whatever furniture could be lashed into place, such things of value they hoped would compensate for unpaid wages. A boy clutched a red leather-bound book filled with strange symbols he did not understand.

5

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In her bedroom with its stone-cut windows, the woman they called My Lady was dead. A white turban was bound tightly around her skull-cropped grey hair. Incense smouldered in an earthenware saucer and candles had burnt to waxy stubs. She had died in the house which she had first glimpsed more than a quarter of a century earlier, not realising then that it would become the one true object of her ambitions. How the light had glittered and danced about her then! Light, which she craved as a young woman, light that was exhilarating and alive under a cobalt-blue sky.

15

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For the last seven years she had remained within her fortress walls, leaving her private quarters only to walk in her garden whenever it pleased her, at any hour of night or day. She would visit her horses, rest her hand on their warm flanks as they slept, or lie under her bitter orange trees, scrutinising the stars.

Now her body lay on coarse blankets, on a low-slung bed that was nothing but five planks nailed together, tilted slightly to incline her head. Her fingers still gripped a crooked staff with a carving at the top shaped to resemble a ram's head. 25

These last few nights she had dreamed such living dreams. Herself, strong again, with all of her youth and boldness restored. Visions, half-dreams, half-memories from a time long distant, came to her. Footsteps echoed down familiar passageways, but this time she recognised them as the impatient, joyful steps of her younger self. Voices called to her in the old, loving ways. In sing-song French and Arabic and in English. 30

There she was again at Walmer, standing on the drawbridge in the sunlight near the shore, laughing after her straw hat blew away, her long dark chestnut hair like an aureole³, and her blue dress billowing, a vision so unrestrained that the red-coated soldiers turned to stare. What could she not have achieved, had she set her mind to it? Before, when every expectation and anticipation she held of life had not been disappointed. 35

Now Lady Hester Stanhope lay dead, and all that she had been was gone. Her garden would be left to run wild and her splendid house would be left to rot and crumble, the bricks themselves to melt back into the earth. Her hill would become no more than a place you might climb for a better view of the sea, as it was when she came. 40

It was not until ten o'clock the next night that two strangers could be seen making their way up the hillside to the house, their torches bobbing like fireflies, their horses stumbling at the steep incline. A guide from the village walked alongside, fearful in the darkness of snakes, wild boar, jackals, wolves and even panthers. The journey had taken the two men more than ten hours of hard riding. It had fallen to the British Ambassador in Beirut, Niven Moore, to investigate the death of Lady Stanhope. She was, after all, granddaughter of the Prime Minister himself, even if she had placed herself beyond the reach of reasonable society in such curious and remote circumstances. 45 50

Moore was already well acquainted with the financial affairs of 'Her Ladyship'. It was said that not only had Lady Hester Stanhope descended from bankruptcy to poverty – patronising moneylenders all the way up the coast, with escalating debts in half a dozen currencies – but she was now quite mad. Gossip about her was commonplace. Of all the young Victoria's subjects in this part of the world, he mused, she was surely one of the most problematic. Or at the very least, notorious. 55

¹*cicadas* - large insects that live in hot countries and make loud, high-pitched noises

²*sarcophagi* – ancient stone coffins

³*aureole* - a bright circle of light, especially around a person thought of as being holy



1 What was the name of the British queen at the time of Lady Hester Stanhope's death?

.....

(Total for Question 1 = 1 mark)

2 Look again at lines 1-8.

Give **three** words or phrases that describe the hillside where Lady Hester lived.

1

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2

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3

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(Total for Question 2 = 3 marks)

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4 How does the writer try to create interest in this passage?

In your answer you should write about:

- the way the setting is described
- what we learn about Lady Stanhope
- particular words, phrases and techniques.

You may include **brief** quotations from the passage to support your answer.

(12)

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(Total for Question 4 = 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, 5 and 6.

Remind yourself of the passage *Touching the Void* from the Edexcel Anthology.

Joe and Simon are mountain climbing in the Andes, when Joe has a terrible accident. Here are two accounts by Joe and Simon of what happened.

Joe's account

I hit the slope at the base of the cliff before I saw it coming. I was facing into the slope and both knees locked as I struck it. I felt a shattering blow in my knee, felt bones splitting, and screamed. The impact catapulted me over backwards and down the slope of the East Face. I slid, head-first, on my back. The rushing speed of it confused me. I thought of the drop below but felt nothing. Simon would be ripped off the mountain. He couldn't hold this. I screamed again as I jerked to a sudden violent stop. 5

Everything was still, silent. My thoughts raced madly. Then pain flooded down my thigh – a fierce burning fire coming down the inside of my thigh, seeming to ball in my groin, building and building until I cried out at it, and my breathing came in ragged gasps. My leg! ... My leg! 10

I hung, head down, on my back, left leg tangled in the rope above me and my right leg hanging slackly to one side. I lifted my head from the snow and stared, up across my chest, at a grotesque distortion in the right knee, twisting the leg into a strange zigzag. I didn't connect it with the pain which burnt my groin. That had nothing to do with my knee. I kicked my left leg free of the rope and swung round until I was hanging against the snow on my chest, feet down. The pain eased. I kicked my left foot into the slope and stood up. 15

A wave of nausea surged over me. I pressed my face into the snow, and the sharp cold seemed to calm me. Something terrible, something dark with dread occurred to me, and as I thought about it I felt the dark thought break into panic: 'I've broken my leg, that's it. I'm dead. Everyone said it ... if there's just two of you a broken ankle could turn into a death sentence ... if it's broken ... if ... It doesn't hurt so much, maybe I've just ripped something.' 20

I kicked my right leg against the slope, feeling sure it wasn't broken. My knee exploded. Bone grated, and the fireball rushed from groin to knee. I screamed. I looked down at the knee and could see it was broken, yet I tried not to believe what I was seeing. It wasn't just broken, it was ruptured, twisted, crushed, and I could see the kink in the joint and knew what had happened. The impact had driven my lower leg up through the knee joint. ... 25

I dug my axes into the snow, and pounded my good leg deeply into the soft slope until I felt sure it wouldn't slip. The effort brought back the nausea and I felt my head spin giddily to the point of fainting. I moved and a searing spasm of pain cleared away the faintness. I could see the summit of Seria Norte away to the west. I was not far below it. The sight drove home how desperately things had changed. We were above 19,000 feet, 30

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still on the ridge, and very much alone. I looked south at the small rise I had hoped to scale quickly and it seemed to grow with every second that I stared. I would never get over it. Simon would not be able to get me up it. He would leave me. He had no choice. I held my breath, thinking about it. Left here? Alone? ... For an age I felt overwhelmed at the notion of being left; I felt like screaming, and I felt like swearing, but stayed silent. If I said a word, I would panic. I could feel myself teetering on the edge of it.

Simon's account

Joe had disappeared behind a rise in the ridge and began moving faster than I could go. I was glad we had put the steep section behind us at last. ... I felt tired and was grateful to be able to follow Joe's tracks instead of breaking trail*.

I rested a while when I saw that Joe had stopped moving. Obviously he had found an obstacle and I thought I would wait until he started moving again. When the rope moved again I trudged forward after it, slowly.

Suddenly there was a sharp tug as the rope lashed out taut across the slope. I was pulled forward several feet as I pushed my axes into the snow and braced myself for another jerk. Nothing happened. I knew that Joe had fallen, but I couldn't see him, so I stayed put. I waited for about ten minutes until the tautened rope went slack on the snow and I felt sure that Joe had got his weight off me. I began to move along his footsteps cautiously, half expecting something else to happen. I kept tensed up and ready to dig my axes in at the first sign of trouble.

As I crested the rise, I could see down a slope to where the rope disappeared over the edge of a drop. I approached slowly, wondering what had happened. When I reached the top of the drop I saw Joe below me. He had one foot dug in and was leaning against the slope with his face buried in the snow. I asked him what had happened and he looked at me in surprise. I knew he was injured, but the significance didn't hit me at first.

He told me very calmly that he had broken his leg. He looked pathetic, and my immediate thought came without any emotion. ... You're dead ... no two ways about it! I think he knew it too. I could see it in his face. It was all totally rational. I knew where we were, I took in everything around me instantly, and knew he was dead. It never occurred to me that I might also die. I accepted without question that I could get off the mountain alone. I had no doubt about that.

... Below him I could see thousands of feet of open face falling into the eastern glacier bay. I watched him quite dispassionately. I couldn't help him, and it occurred to me that in all likelihood he would fall to his death. I wasn't disturbed by the thought. In a way I hoped he would fall. I knew I couldn't leave him while he was still fighting for it, but I had no idea how I might help him. I could get down. If I tried to get him down I might die with him. It didn't frighten me. It just seemed a waste. It would be pointless. I kept staring at him, expecting him to fall ...

**breaking trail*: being in front



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(Total for Question 5 = 10 marks for reading)



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6 Write about a time in your life when you helped someone to do something that was difficult. Explain what the difficulty was and what happened.

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(Total for Question 6 = 10 marks for writing)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 20 MARKS



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(Total for Question 7 = 20 marks for writing)

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



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Sources taken/adapted from:

Star of the Morning: The Extraordinary Life of Lady Hester (Kindle Edition) by Kirsten Ellis, published by Harper Press (2012)

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