

Paper Reference(s)

4355/1F**London Examinations IGCSE****English Language****Foundation Tier****Paper 1F****Tuesday 1 November 2005 – Morning****Time: 2 hours****Materials required for examination**

Answer book (AB12)

Items included with question papers

Nil

Instructions to Candidates

Answer **ALL** questions.

In the boxes on the answer book, write the name of the examining body (London Examinations), your centre number, candidate number, the subject title (English Language), the paper reference (4355/1F), your surname, other names and signature.

Answer the questions in your answer book. Make sure your answers are clearly numbered. Use additional answer sheets if necessary.

Information for Candidates

The total mark for this paper is 60. The marks for each question are shown in round brackets: e.g. (2).

This paper has nine questions. All blank pages are indicated.

Copies of the London Examinations Anthology may **NOT** be brought into the examination.

Dictionaries may **NOT** be used in this examination.

Advice to Candidates

You are reminded of the importance of clear English and careful presentation in your answers.

You are advised to spend an equal amount of time on each of the three sections of this paper.

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INTERNATIONAL

SECTION A: READING

You should spend about 40 minutes on this section

Read the following passage carefully and then answer the questions which follow on page 3.

A Moment of War

This is the story of Laurie Lee, who walked across the Pyrenees mountain range, between France and Spain, in order to fight in the Spanish Civil War in 1937. As the story begins he comes across a small hut in the snow covered mountains.



It was dark when I reached it and I knocked on the door, which was presently opened by a young man with a rifle. He held up a lantern to my face
5 and studied me closely.

‘I’ve come to join you,’ I said.

I was back in Spain, with a winter of war before me.

The young man slung his rifle over his shoulder and motioned me to enter the hut. A dark passage led to a smoky room. Inside, in a group, stood an old man and woman, another youth with a gun,
10 and a gaunt little girl about eleven years old. They were huddled together like a family photograph fixing me with glassy teeth-set smiles.

There was a motionless silence while they took me in – seeing a young tattered stranger, coatless and soaked to the knees, carrying a bag. Suddenly the old woman beckoned me to the fire, which was piled high with glowing pine cones.

15 I crouched, thawing out by the choking fumes, sensing deeply this moment of arrival. I felt it first when threading through the high rocks of the frontier when a great door seemed to close behind me, shutting off entirely the country I’d left; and then, as the southern Pyrenees fell away at my feet, this new one opened. At my back was the tang of sauces and scented flesh; before me, still ghostly, was all I remembered – the whiff of rags and woodsmoke, the salt of dried fish, sour wine and
20 sickness, stone and thorn, old horses and rotting leather.

‘Will you eat?’ asked the woman.

‘Don’t be mad,’ said her husband. ‘Of course he wants to eat!’

He cleared part of the table, and the old woman gave me a spoon and a plate. At the other end the little girl was cleaning a gun, frowning, tongue out, as though doing her homework. An old black
25 cooking-pot hung over the smouldering pine cones, from which the woman ladled me out some soup. It was hot, though thin, a watery mystery that might have been the tenth boiling of the bones of a rabbit. As I ate, my clothes steaming, shivering and warming up, the boys knelt by the doorway, hugging their rifles and watching me. Everybody watched me except for the gun-cleaning girl who was intent on more urgent matters. But I could not, from my appearance, offer much of a threat,
30 save for the mysterious bundle I carried. Even so, the first suspicious silence ended; a light joky whispering seemed to fill the room.

‘What are you?’

‘I’m English.’

‘Ah, yes – he’s English.’

35 They nodded to each other with grave politeness.

‘And how did you come here perhaps?’

‘I came over the mountain.’

‘Yes, he walked over the mountain . . . on foot.’

They were all round me at the table now as I ate my soup, all pulling at their eyes and winking,
 40 nodding delightedly and repeating everything I said, as though humouring a child just learning to speak.
 ‘He’s come to join us,’ said one of the youths; and that set them off again, and even the girl lifted
 her gaunt head and simpered. But I was pleased too, pleased that I managed to get here so easily
 after two days’ wandering among peaks and blizzards. I was here now with friends. Behind me was
 45 peace-engorged France. The people in the kitchen were a people stripped for war – the men
 smoking beech leaves, the soup reduced to near water; around us hand-grenades hanging on the
 walls like strings of onions, muskets and cartridge-belts piled in the corner, and open orange-boxes
 packed with silver bullets like fish. War was still so local then, it was like stepping into another
 room. And this was what I had come to re-visit. But I was now awash with sleep, hearing the blurred
 50 murmuring of voices and feeling the rocks of Spain under my feet. The men’s eyes grew narrower,
 watching the unexpected stranger, and his lumpy belongings drying by the fire. Then the old woman
 came and took me by the elbow and led me upstairs and one of the boys followed close behind. I
 was shown into a small windowless room of bare white-washed stone containing a large iron bed
 smothered with goatskins. I lay down exhausted, and the old woman put an oil lamp on the floor,
 placed a cold hand on my brow, and left me with a gruff good-night. The room had no door, just an
 55 opening in the wall, and the boy stretched himself across the threshold. He lay on his side, his chin
 resting on the stock of his gun, watching me with large black unblinking eyes. As I slipped into
 sleep I remembered I had left all my baggage downstairs, but it didn’t seem to matter now.

You should refer closely to the passage to support your answers. You may include **brief** quotations.

1. Who was the first person that the writer met when he reached the hut? (1)
2. In what **two** ways do the people in the hut remind the writer of a family photograph? (2)
3. What evidence is there that the people in the story are poor? Give **three** examples. (3)
4. When the old woman asks the writer if he will eat, her husband says “Don’t be mad. Of course he wants to eat!”
 Explain why the husband is so sure of this. (4)
5. The writer appeals to our senses to help us imagine the scene in the farmhouse. How does he do this? (5)
6. How does the writer suggest that the family do not fully trust him? (5)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A: 20 MARKS

SECTION B: Reading and Writing

You should spend about 40 minutes on this section.

Remind yourself of the passage *Touching the Void*, from the London Examinations Anthology, and then answer Questions 7 and 8.

From *Touching the Void*

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. Since we were roped
5 together, Simon would be ripped off the mountain. He couldn't hold me. I screamed again as I jerked to a sudden violent stop.

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 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 zig-zag. I didn't connect it with the pain which burnt in 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
15 the slope and stood up.

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
20 much, maybe I've just ripped something."

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
25 lower leg up through the knee joint.

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
30 were above 19,000 feet, 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
35 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 being in front.

- 40 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
45 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 axe 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
50 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
55 without any emotion. You've had it matey. 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
60 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 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 ...'

You must answer both questions, 7 and 8.

7. Look again at Joe's account.

As well as telling us what actually happened to him, Joe tries to show the reader what he is thinking and feeling. How does Joe's account achieve this?

In your answer you should write about:

- the description of what happens to Joe
- Joe's reactions to the events
- the language that Joe uses.

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

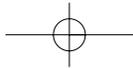
(10 Marks for Reading)

8. Write about a time in your life when friendship was especially important to you.

(10 Marks for Writing)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B: 20 MARKS

TURN OVER FOR SECTION C



SECTION C: Writing

You should spend about 40 minutes on this section.

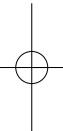
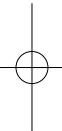
9. Write about an accident, real or imaginary, that you have seen or been involved in.

You may choose to write about:

- what happened
- who was involved
- what you thought and how you felt.

TOTAL FOR SECTION C: 20 MARKS

END

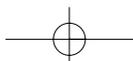


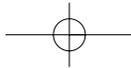
Edexcel Limited gratefully acknowledges the following source used in the preparation of this paper:

Adaptations from *A Moment of War*, Laurie Lee, Penguin, 1992.

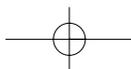
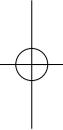
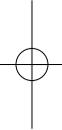
Illustration by Roger Coleman, for *A Moment of War*, Laurie Lee, Penguin, 1992.

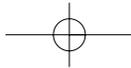
Adaptations from *Touching the Void*, Joe Simpson, Vintage, 1998.





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