www.dynamicpapers.com

# Pearson Edexcel International GCSE

# English Language A

## Paper 1: Non-fiction Texts and Transactional Writing

Tuesday 5 June 2018 – Morning
**Extracts Booklet**

Paper Reference
**4EA1/01**

**Do not return this Extracts Booklet with the Question Paper.**

*Turn over* ▶

P54698A

©2018 Pearson Education Ltd.

1/1/1/1/1

P 5 4 6 9 8 A

Pearson

www.dynamicpapers.com

## SECTION A: READING

**Read the following extracts carefully and then answer Section A in the Question Paper.**

### Text One: *An Unexpected Meeting*

*In this passage, the writer is walking along a beach in Uruguay when he comes across a large number of penguins that have been killed by an oil spill. He finds one that is still alive and decides to rescue it.*



The harbour at Punta del Este was small, sufficient only for a few score fishing boats and pleasure craft, which on that day were rocking gently on their moorings. Although the harbour is well defended against the Atlantic Ocean to the east, there was little protection from the westerly breeze that was blowing that day.

The air was full of the cry of the gulls, the slap of halyards[1] and the smell of fish, and this little haven of security basked serenely in the bright winter sunlight.

My attention was drawn towards the countless thousands of fish in the cold, crystal-clear water. There were a couple of penguins in the harbour, too, enjoying their share. It was captivating to watch them fly so fast through the water in pursuit of the fish, far more skilfully even than the gulls in the air. I was only surprised that there weren't more penguins there to feast on such rich and easy pickings.

I turned and walked on to the next breakwater. I had only been strolling along the seashore for ten, maybe fifteen minutes when I caught sight of the first of them: black, unmoving shapes. Initially I was aware of only a few but, as I walked on, they grew in number, until the whole beach appeared to be covered with black lumps in a black carpet. Dead penguins, covered in thick, suffocating oil and tar. The sight was so dreadful, so sickening and depressing, that I could only wonder what future lay ahead for any 'civilisation' that could tolerate, let alone carry out, such desecration.

www.dynamicpapers.com

I still don't know why I continued to walk along the beach. Possibly I needed to understand just how appalling the event was – the extent of the damage. I had been walking briskly, unwilling to focus too closely on the details of the dead creatures, when, out of the corner of my eye, I thought I saw a movement. I stopped and watched. I hadn't been mistaken. One valiant bird was alive; a single surviving soul struggling amid all that death. It was extraordinary!

I watched for a short time. Could I walk on and abandon it to the poisonous oil and the exhausting, suffocating tar that would slowly extinguish its life? I decided that I could not; I had to end its suffering as quickly as possible. But as that solitary penguin struggled to its feet to face yet another adversary, all thoughts of such violence vanished from my mind. Flapping sticky wings at me, with a darting raptor beak and clear eyes, jet black and sparking with anger, it stood its ground ready to fight for its life once more.

I looked again at this penguin's companions. Was I wrong? Were they alive after all? Perhaps just resting, recovering. I turned a few bodies over with my toe. No spark of life appeared in any bird apart from this one. I suddenly felt a surge of hope kindling for this exception. Could it survive if cleaned? I had to give it a chance surely? But how would I approach this filthy and aggressive bird? We stood there, eyeing each other suspiciously, evaluating our respective opponents.

Quickly I scanned the accumulated rubbish along the beach: bits of wood, plastic bottles, crumbling polystyrene, disintegrating fishing net, all the familiar things found along the high-water mark on almost every beach tainted by our advanced society. I also had a bag containing an apple in my pocket. Hurriedly, I gathered some flotsam and jetsam that I thought might be of assistance. Now, gladiator-like, I approached my quarry which, sensing the renewed threat, immediately reared up to its full height. Swirling a piece of fishing net, I distracted the penguin and, with the swiftness and bravery of Achilles[2], dropped the net over its head and pushed it over with a stick. I pinned it down and, with my hand inside the bag (it was no time to be eating apples), grabbed its feet.

I lifted the furious creature, twisting and turning in its efforts to escape, clear of the beach and away from my body and discovered for the first time how heavy penguins could be.

And so back to the apartment with a flapping ten-pound bird. If my arm were to tire and that vicious beak come within striking distance, it would skewer my leg and smear me with tar. I was apprehensive about hurting it or scaring it to death and I was trying to ensure it didn't suffer at my hands, but I was also concerned about my own well-being during the return journey of a mile or more.

[1] *halyards* – ropes used for raising and lowering sails
[2] *Achilles* – a hero from Greek mythology

www.dynamicpapers.com

**Text Two: From *H is for Hawk***

*In this passage, Helen Macdonald meets for the first time the goshawk she has adopted after the death of her father.*

'We'll check the ring numbers against the Article 10s,' he explained, pulling a sheaf of yellow paper from the rucksack and unfolding two of the official forms that accompany captive-bred rare birds throughout their lives. 'Don't want you going home with the wrong bird.'

We noted the numbers. We stared down at the boxes, at their parcel-tape handles, their doors of thin plywood and hinges of carefully tied string. Then he knelt on the concrete, untied a hinge on the smaller box and squinted into its dark interior. A sudden *thump* of feathered shoulders and the box shook as if someone had punched it, hard, from within. 'She's got her hood off,' he said, and frowned. That light, leather hood was to keep the hawk from fearful sights. Like us.

Another hinge untied. Concentration. Infinite caution. Daylight irrigating the box. Scratching talons, another thump. And another. *Thump*. The air turned syrupy, slow, flecked with dust. The last few seconds before a battle. And with the last bow pulled free, he reached inside, and amidst a whirring, chaotic clatter of wings and feet and talons and a high-pitched twittering and it's all happening at once, the man pulls an enormous, *enormous* hawk out of the box and in a strange coincidence of world and deed a great flood of sunlight drenches us and everything is brilliance and fury. The hawk's wings, barred and beating, the sharp fingers of her dark-tipped primaries cutting the air, her feathers raised like the scattered quills of a fretful porpentine[1]. Two enormous eyes. My heart jumps sideways. She is a conjuring trick. A reptile. A fallen angel. A griffon from the pages of an illuminated bestiary[2]. Something bright and distant, like gold falling through water. A broken marionette[3] of wings, legs and lightsplashed feathers. She is wearing jesses[4], and the man holds them. For one awful, long moment she is hanging head-downward, wings open, like a turkey in a butcher's shop, only her head is turned right-way-up and she is seeing more than she has ever seen before in her whole short life. Her world was an aviary no larger than a living room. Then it was a box. But now it is this; and she can see *everything*: the point-source glitter on the waves, a diving cormorant a hundred yards out; pigment flakes under wax on the lines of parked cars; far hills and the heather on them and miles and miles of sky where the sun spreads on dust and water and illegible things moving in it that are white scraps of gulls. Everything startling and new-stamped on her entirely astonished brain.

Through all this the man was perfectly calm. He gathered up the hawk in one practised movement, folding her wings, anchoring her broad feathered back against his chest, gripping her scaled yellow legs in one hand. 'Let's get that hood back on,' he said tautly. There was concern in his face. It was born of care. This hawk had been hatched in an incubator, had broken from a frail bluish eggshell into a humid perspex box, and for the first few days of her life this man had fed her with scraps of meat held in a pair of tweezers, waiting patiently for the lumpen, fluffy chick to notice the food and eat, her new neck wobbling with the effort of keeping her head in the air. All at once I loved this man, and fiercely. I grabbed the hood from the box and turned to the hawk. Her beak was open, her hackles raised; her wild eyes were the colour of sun on white paper, and they stared because the whole world had fallen into them at once. *One, two, three*. I tucked the hood over her head. There was a brief intimation of a thin, angular skull under her feathers, of an alien brain fizzing and fusing with terror, then I drew the braces closed. We checked the ring numbers against the form.

www.dynamicpapers.com

It was the wrong bird. This was the younger one. The smaller one. This was not my hawk.

*Oh.*

So we put her back and opened the other box, which was meant to hold the larger, older bird. And dear God, it did. Everything about this second hawk was different. She came out like a Victorian melodrama: a sort of madwoman in the attack. She was smokier and darker and much, much bigger, and instead of twittering, she wailed; great, awful gouts of sound like a thing in pain, and the sound was unbearable. *This is my hawk*, I was telling myself and it was all I could do to breathe. She too was bareheaded, and I grabbed the hood from the box as before. But as I brought it up to her face I looked into her eyes and saw something blank and crazy in her stare. Some madness from a distant country. I didn't recognise her. *This isn't my hawk*. The hood was on, the ring numbers checked, the bird back in the box, the yellow form folded, the money exchanged, and all I could think was, *But this isn't my hawk*. Slow panic. I knew what I had to say, and it was a monstrous breach of etiquette. 'This is really awkward,' I began. 'But I really liked the first one. Do you think there's any chance I could take that one instead …?' I tailed off. His eyebrows were raised. I started again, saying stupider things: 'I'm sure the other falconer would like the larger bird? She's more beautiful than the first one, isn't she? I know this is out of order, but I … Could I? Would it be all right, do you think?' And on and on, a desperate, crazy barrage of incoherent appeals.

I'm sure nothing I said persuaded him more than the look on my face as I said it. A tall, white-faced woman with wind-wrecked hair and exhausted eyes was pleading with him on a quayside, hands held out as if she were in a seaside production of *Medea*. Looking at me he must have sensed that my stuttered request wasn't a simple one. That there was something behind it that was very important. There was a moment of total silence.

[1] *porpentine*: a type of porcupine animal
[2] *bestiary*: a (medieval) descriptive passage on various kinds of animals
[3] *marionette*: a puppet worked by strings
[4] *jesses*: short leather straps fastened to the leg

www.dynamicpapers.com

**BLANK PAGE**

www.dynamicpapers.com

**BLANK PAGE**

www.dynamicpapers.com

**BLANK PAGE**

**Source information:**

Text One adapted from *The Penguin Lessons*, Tom Michell.
Text Two adapted from *H is for Hawk*, Helen Macdonald.

Every effort has been made to contact copyright holders to obtain their permission for the use of copyright material. Pearson Education Ltd. will, if notified, be happy to rectify any errors or omissions and include any such rectifications in future editions.

www.dynamicpapers.com

Write your name here

| Surname | Other names |
|---|---|
| | |

**Pearson Edexcel International GCSE**

Centre Number | | | | | |

Candidate Number | | | | |

# English Language A

## Paper 1: Non-fiction Texts and Transactional Writing

Tuesday 5 June 2018 – Morning
**Time: 2 hours 15 minutes**

Paper Reference
**4EA1/01**

**You must have:**
Extracts 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 and **ONE** question from Section B.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided – *there may be more space than you need.*

## Information

- The total mark for this paper is 90.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets – *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*
- Quality of written communication, including vocabulary, spelling, punctuation and grammar, will be taken into account in your response to Section B.
- Copies of the *Pearson Edexcel International GCSE English Anthology* 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.
- 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* ▶

P54698A

©2018 Pearson Education Ltd.

1/1/1/1/1

P 5 4 6 9 8 A 0 1 2 0

Pearson

www.dynamicpapers.com

**SECTION A: Reading**

**Answer ALL questions in this section.**

**You should spend about 1 hour 30 minutes on this section.**

**The following questions are based on Text One and Text Two in the Extracts Booklet.**

**Text One: *An Unexpected Meeting***

**1** From lines 1–4, select **two** words or phrases that describe the harbour.

1 .....

.....

2 .....

.....

**(Total for Question 1 = 2 marks)**

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

**2** Look again at lines 7–18.

**In your own words**, explain what the writer thinks and feels about what he sees.

**(Total for Question 2 = 4 marks)**

www.dynamicpapers.com

**3** From lines 31–45, describe how and why the writer catches the bird.

You may support your points with **brief** quotations.

**(Total for Question 3 = 5 marks)**

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

www.dynamicpapers.com

**Remind yourself of the extract from *H is for Hawk* (Text Two in the Extracts Booklet).**

**4** How does the writer use language and structure to interest and engage the reader?

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

**(12)**

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

**(Total for Question 4 = 12 marks)**

www.dynamicpapers.com

**Question 5 is based on both Text One and Text Two from the Extracts Booklet.**

**5** Compare how the writers present their ideas and perspectives about their experiences.

Support your answer with detailed examples from both texts, including **brief** quotations.

**(22)**

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

**(Total for Question 5 = 22 marks)**

**TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 45 MARKS**

www.dynamicpapers.com

**SECTION B: Transactional Writing**

**Answer ONE question in this section.**

**You should spend about 45 minutes on your chosen question.**

**Begin your answer on page 15.**

**EITHER**

**6** 'In our busy twenty-first century lives, hobbies and interests are more important than ever.'

Write an article for a newspaper expressing your views on this statement.

Your article may include:

- what hobbies and interests you enjoy
- the benefits of hobbies and interests, especially in today's world
- any other points you wish to make.

*Your response will be marked for the accurate and appropriate use of vocabulary, spelling, punctuation and grammar.*

**(Total for Question 6 = 45 marks)**

**OR**

**7** 'We are harming the planet we live on and need to do more to improve the situation.'

You have been asked to deliver a speech to your peers in which you explain your views on this statement.

Your speech may include:

- what harm people might be causing to the planet
- what is being done, or should be done, to improve the situation
- any other points you wish to make.

*Your response will be marked for the accurate and appropriate use of vocabulary, spelling, punctuation and grammar.*

**(Total for Question 7 = 45 marks)**

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

www.dynamicpapers.com

**Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.**

Chosen question number: **Question 6** ☐ **Question 7** ☐

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

www.dynamicpapers.com

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 45 MARKS**
**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 90 MARKS**