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Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname	Other names

Pearson Edexcel International GCSE

Centre Number | Candidate Number

Tuesday 4 June 2019

Morning (Time: 2 hours 15 minutes) | Paper Reference **4EA1/01R**

English Language A

Paper 1: Non-fiction Texts and Transactional Writing

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 ▶

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SECTION A: Reading

Answer ALL questions in this section.

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

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

Text One: *Meeting My Parents*

1 From lines 6 - 8, select **two** words or phrases that describe the woman and what she does.

1 .....

.....

2 .....

.....

(Total for Question 1 = 2 marks)

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2 Look again at lines 36 - 43.

In your own words, describe the walk to the bus station.

(Total for Question 2 = 4 marks)

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3 From lines 52 - 64, explain how the writer feels about leaving her life in Shitang.

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

(Total for Question 3 = 5 marks)

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Text Two: from *Chinese Cinderella*

Remind yourself of the extract from *Chinese Cinderella* (Text Two in the Extracts Booklet).

4 How does the writer use language and structure **in Text Two** to present her relationships with her family and other people?

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

(12)

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(Total for Question 4 = 12 marks)

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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 childhood experiences.

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

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(Total for Question 5 = 22 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 45 MARKS

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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 'Nowadays there should be no differences in the ways that boys and girls are raised and educated.'

You have been asked to deliver a speech to parents/carers and teachers in which you express your views on this statement.

Your speech may include:

- how girls and boys are treated by parents/carers
- the ways in which boys and girls are educated
- 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 A magazine is inviting readers to send in articles with the title 'My hopes and ambitions for the future'. Write the article that you would submit.

Your article may include:

- your personal hopes and ambitions
- your hopes for the wider 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 7 = 45 marks)

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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** ☒

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TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 45 MARKS

TOTAL FOR PAPER = 90 MARKS

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Pearson Edexcel International GCSE

Tuesday 4 June 2019

Morning (Time: 2 hours 15 minutes) | Paper Reference **4EA1/01R**

English Language A

Paper 1: Non-fiction Texts and Transactional Writing

Extracts Booklet

Do not return this Extracts Booklet with the Question Paper.

Turn over ▶

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SECTION A: READING

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

Text One: *Meeting My Parents*

In this extract, the writer, who is Chinese, describes meeting her parents for the first time since she was left with her grandparents when she was a baby.



One afternoon, as I was sitting in the dark auditorium watching a new opera, some kids came and told me to go back home.

'Xiaolu, your grandmother is looking for you!'

I ran back home, thinking my grandmother had probably bought me an ice stick, or some sweets as a treat. But as I stood on the threshold, I saw two strangers sitting in the kitchen. A man and a woman. The man was slender and wore glasses. The woman was much shorter, and bore a stern expression. She came straight up to me and took hold of one of my skinny arms. She looked me up and down.

In a strange accent she said: 'Ah, Xiaolu, you are so big now!'

I was nearly seven years old.

Then I heard my grandmother's voice from behind the woman: 'This is your mother, Xiaolu. Call her Mother!'

I stared at the woman, perplexed. The man then moved closer, while staring at me like I was some curious animal. These strangers made me very uneasy.

'And this is your father. Call him Father!'

The man with the glasses patted my head lightly and smiled. He had big hands and long fingers and an almost gentle look.

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I was mute. I withdrew to the corner of the room, unable to say these strange words, mother, father.

So that was it. I had finally met my parents. Oddly enough, I don't really remember how I felt at that particular moment, perhaps a little anguished. I don't think I had a clear concept of what it meant to have parents. I was very aware that something had been missing in my life, that I didn't have parents like other village kids did. But still, it didn't feel like a significant moment at the time.

My departure from Shitang came very suddenly. I wasn't even aware it was really happening, that I was leaving my poor grandmother behind, all alone in the house. I was given no time to say goodbye to the friends I usually played with out on the street, nor did I realise that I might never see them again. In my confusion, I heard my parents say my things were packed. I didn't have much, just a few shirts, pairs of trousers and my slippers. And we would be going soon. Before the last bus left for the night.

'Where are we going?' I asked in distress.

'We are going home, to Wenling,' my mother answered in her strange accent. She had a rough peasant manner; she was not instantly likeable. Not that day, not later.

'You're going to school,' my father added in a friendly voice. He didn't have an accent, he spoke just like my grandparents.

My grandmother walked all the way to the bus station with us. We had to move very slowly along the cobbled alleyways, because of her bound feet[1]. The other villagers greeted my grandmother, and each time we stopped she would introduce my parents to the other old men and women. 'This is my son, Xiuling,' she pointed to my father. 'He's here to take my granddaughter to school.' My grandmother was visibly proud. I noticed that she didn't introduce my mother to the villagers. I wondered if she felt the same as me, that this woman with the strange accent was a bit scary. Sometimes my father recognised someone in the street and went to pat the man on the shoulder and say a few words.

Eventually, however, we arrived at the bus station. The stationmaster was there, whistle around his neck, cleaning the car park with a broom.

'Xiaolu, didn't I tell you that your mother and father would come to take you to the big city? You have a great life ahead of you. And your father will give you the best education.'

I nodded as my parents smiled to the stationmaster. A great life ahead of me. It sounded promising and I was excited to hear this, although I still didn't understand what my future might hold. As we jumped onto the bus, I saw my grandmother's eyes welling with tears. She was crying.

My heart felt so heavy, my throat became tight.

As the bus began to pull out, my grandmother followed us. I heard her trembling voice: 'Xiaolu, send me letters. The neighbours will read them to me!'

I nodded. Then she yelled, her voice hoarse now: 'Do what your parents say, won't you?'

But my grandmother's last words were carried away by a gust of dusty wind. The sea blew the salty breeze into the bus, and I smelt the familiar fishy odour of Shitang.

Suddenly, I realised what was happening around me, and I was seized by such an indescribable fear and sadness that I burst into tears. My throat hurt from the effort of

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holding back. But I couldn't bear it any longer, and I started to howl. It felt like the end of the world. Even though I had been an unhappy child living with my grandparents in Shitang, I was still scared to be dragged from the only life I had ever known. The bus was moving like a coffin, and with an overwhelming sense of hopelessness, I turned back to watch my grandmother until she became a small dot in the distance.

[1] *bound feet* – an old Chinese tradition to keep women's feet small by tightly wrapping them

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Text Two: From *Chinese Cinderella*

In this extract, Adeline Yen Mah describes a visit home.

Time went by relentlessly and it was Saturday again. Eight weeks more and it would be the end of term … in my case perhaps the end of school forever.

Four of us were playing Monopoly. My heart was not in it and I was losing steadily. Outside it was hot and there was a warm wind blowing. The radio warned of a possible typhoon the next day. It was my turn and I threw the dice. As I played, the thought of leaving school throbbed at the back of my mind like a persistent toothache.

'Adeline!' Ma-mien Valentino was calling.

'You can't go now,' Mary protested. 'For once I'm winning. One, two, three, four. Good! You've landed on my property. Thirty-five dollars, please. Oh, good afternoon, Mother Valentino!'

We all stood up and greeted her.

'Adeline, didn't you hear me call you? Hurry up downstairs! Your chauffeur is waiting to take you home!'

Full of foreboding, I ran downstairs as in a nightmare, wondering who had died this time. Father's chauffeur assured me everyone was healthy.

'Then why are you taking me home?' I asked.

'How should *I* know?' he answered defensively, shrugging his shoulders. 'Your guess is as good as mine. They give the orders and I carry them out.'

During the short drive home, my heart was full of dread and I wondered what I had done wrong. Our car stopped at an elegant villa at mid-level, halfway up the hill between the peak and the harbour.

'Where are we?' I asked foolishly.

'Don't you know anything?' the chauffeur replied rudely. 'This is your new home. Your parents moved here a few months ago.'

'I had forgotten,' I said as I got out.

Ah Gum opened the door. Inside, it was quiet and cool.

'Where is everyone?'

'Your mother is out playing bridge. Your two brothers and Little Sister are sunbathing by the swimming-pool. Your father is in his room and wants to see you as soon as you get home.'

'See me in his room?' I was overwhelmed by the thought that I had been summoned by Father to enter the Holy of Holies — a place to which I had never been invited. Why? …

Timidly, I knocked on the door. Father was alone, looking relaxed in his slippers and bathrobe, reading a newspaper. He smiled as I entered and I saw he was in a happy mood. I breathed a small sigh of relief at first but became uneasy again when I wondered why he was being so nice, thinking, Is this a giant ruse on his part to trick me? Dare I let my guard down?

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'Sit down! Sit down!' He pointed to a chair. 'Don't look so scared. Here, take a look at this! They're writing about someone we both know, I think.'

He handed me the day's newspaper and there, in one corner, I saw my name ADELINE YEN in capital letters prominently displayed.

'It was announced today that 14-year-old Hong Kong schoolgirl ADELINE JUN-LING YEN of Sacred Heart Canossian School, Caine Road, Hong Kong, has won first prize in the International Play-writing Competition held in London, England, for the 1951—1952 school year. It is the first time that any local Chinese student from Hong Kong has won such a prestigious event. Besides a medal, the prize comes with a cash reward of FIFTY ENGLISH POUNDS. Our sincere congratulations, ADELINE YEN, for bringing honour to Hong Kong. We are proud of you'.

Is it possible? Am I dreaming? Me, the winner?

'I was going up the lift this morning with my friend C.Y. Tung when he showed me this article and asked me, "Is the winner Adeline Jun-ling Yen related to you? The two of you have the same uncommon last name." Now C.Y. himself has a few children about your age but so far none of them has won an international literary prize, as far as I know. So I was quite pleased to tell him you are my daughter. Well done!'

He looked radiant. For once, he was proud of me. In front of his revered colleague, C.Y. Tung, a prominent fellow businessman also from Shanghai, I had given him face. I thought, Is this the big moment I have been waiting for? My whole being vibrated with all the joy in the world. I only had to stretch out my hand to reach the stars.

'Tell me, how did you do it?' he continued. 'How come *you* won?'

'Well, the rules and regulations were so very complicated. One really has to be dedicated just to understand what they want. Perhaps I was the only one determined enough to enter and there were no other competitors!'

He laughed approvingly. 'I doubt it very much but that's a good answer.'

'Please, Father,' I asked boldly, thinking it was now or never. 'May I go to university in England too, just like my brothers?'

'I do believe you have potential. Tell me, what would you study?'

My heart gave a giant lurch as it dawned on me that he was agreeing to let me go. How marvellous it was simply to be alive! Study? I thought. Going to England is like entering heaven. Does it matter what you do after you get to heaven?

But Father was expecting an answer. What about creative writing? After all, I had just won first prize in an international writing competition!

'I plan to study literature. I'll be a writer.'

'Writer!' he scoffed. 'You are going to starve! What language are you going to write in and who is going to read your writing? Though you may think you're an expert in both Chinese and English, your Chinese is actually rather elementary. As for your English, don't you think the native English speakers can write better than you?'

I waited in silence. I did not wish to contradict him.

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'You will go to England with Third Brother this summer and you will go to medical school. After you graduate, you will specialise in obstetrics. Women will always be having babies. Women patients prefer women doctors. You will learn to deliver their babies. That's a foolproof profession for you. Don't you agree?'

Agree? Of course I agreed. Apparently, he had it all planned out. As long as he let me go to university in England, I would study anything he wished. How did that line go in Wordsworth's poem? *Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive.*

'Father, I shall go to medical school in England and become a doctor. Thank you very, very much.'

Source information:

Image - © dbimages/Alamy

Text One adapted from Xiaolu Guo, *'Once upon a time in the East: A story of growing up',* Chatto and Windus
Text Two adapted from *Chinese Cinderella: The True Story of an Unwanted Daughter,* Adeline Yen Mah, Penguin, 1999

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