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Candidate surname	Other names

Pearson Edexcel International GCSE

Centre Number | Candidate Number

Time 2 hours 15 minutes

Paper reference **4EA1/01**

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.
- Good luck with your examination.

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: *The Ups and Downs of Bhutan*

1 From lines 3–4, select **two** words or phrases that describe the trucks.

1 .....

.....

2 .....

.....

(Total for Question 1 = 2 marks)

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2 Look again at lines 5–13.

In your own words, describe the writer's ride down the mountainside.

(Total for Question 2 = 4 marks)

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3 From lines 46–54, explain what the writer is feeling and thinking.

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

(Total for Question 3 = 5 marks)

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Text Two: From *Beyond the Sky and the Earth: A Journey into Bhutan*

Remind yourself of the extract from *Beyond the Sky and the Earth: A Journey into Bhutan* (Text Two in the Extracts Booklet).

4 How does the writer, Jamie Zeppa, use language and structure **in Text Two** to interest the reader?

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 experiences.

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

(22)

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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 'Most memorable journeys.'

A website is running a competition to reward the best articles on this subject.

Write an article for the competition about a memorable journey.

Your article may include:

- a description of the journey
- what made the journey so memorable
- 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 'Cycling is one form of exercise that can lead to a healthier lifestyle.'

Write a guide for young people on the benefits of exercise.

Your guide may include:

- information on different types of exercise
- how exercise can improve physical and mental health
- 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

Time 2 hours 15 minutes

Paper reference **4EA1/01**

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: *The Ups and Downs of Bhutan*

In this extract, the writer, Ben Ross, describes his experience of cycling at night-time in Bhutan.

It's very dark now, and there's a ripe tang of diesel and pine cone in the air. I give my bicycle brakes another squeeze then spill forward into the night.

I'm a moth in the headlights of the oncoming trucks. Another of these monsters grinds up towards me. It passes in a clattering roar.

To my left lies only blackness, a sheer drop to the valley floor. Did I mention that I don't have any lights? Or reflective gear? I'm using the beams from the trucks as a guide for where I should be going. When there's a gap in the traffic I can see almost nothing. Somewhere below me is Chris, another – faster – journalist, who'd coaxed me patiently up the mountain in the afternoon.

I should stop. I should wait. Death or injury is a genuine possibility. But for some reason – and I can't explain it – I just speed on downwards. Head on, another HGV rises: bright, white light in the void. That smell of diesel again, the blue smoke of the thunder dragon.

Thunder dragons. They're all over the place around here, but usually of a more mythical, tourist-friendly variety. Bhutan is Druk Yul, Land of the Thunder Dragon, and travel brochures for the country regularly call on a mythology made up of unlikely creatures performing astounding feats.

I'd already climbed breathlessly up to the Taktsang monastery – Bhutan's best known site – an impossible building plonked halfway up a cliff face. It's commonly known as Tiger's Nest, because a Buddhist master is reputed to have flown there on the back of a tigress to subdue evil spirits.

Back in 1972, the then-king pronounced that economic progress had to be managed according to the country's Buddhist principles, and since then nothing has happened in any great rush. Television arrived only in 1999; the mobile phone network is box-fresh. So, a big yes to subsistence farming (crops harvested by hand, cattle pulling the ploughs) and no thank you very much to unsustainable development, billboard advertising and – refreshingly – cigarette-smoking.

The King of Bhutan is apparently a huge fan of mountain biking, particularly the annual Tour of the Dragon race. It's a 268-kilometre ride that – despite ludicrous ups and downs – is completed in a day. Biking is Bhutan's big thing.

My approach to cycling can be summarised thus: flat is best. I choose quiet roads and parks for my commute, part of an almost Bhutanese desire to embrace serenity and avoid the violent maelstrom of London's major roads.

So what am I doing here? These are the Himalayas I'm pedalling up and down, for goodness sake; it's like going from flying a kite to piloting an F15 fighter plane with no training in between. In truth, I hadn't thought I'd make it to the top of any mountains – and certainly hadn't considered pursuing the activity to the point of danger. Instead, I'd come to Bhutan intent on writing a story about a country where many farmers live several hours walk from a road; where prayer flags flutter over wire bridges; where rice

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terraces adorn the slopes and temples stand grey in the morning mist; and where deep valleys cleft a landscape that's folded and pressed and contorted and pushed up into the highest mountains in the world.

A few days before, a man called Yarab, who didn't seem concerned about anything very much, had kitted us out with somewhat underwhelming scuffed, battered bikes.
'The journey is the happiness,' he told me. 'Not the destination.'



And here I am, hurtling down, down, down. I may not be wearing anything reflective, but you may be pleased to know that I am wearing a helmet. Not that I've encountered any traffic police, apart from a man directing matters at a crossroads in central Thimphu.

Now, though, lost in the night, I'm genuinely worried that I've taken a wrong turning.

But you know what? If I'm honest, I am glad that it is dark. I am, in a delirious, irresponsible way, relishing the extraordinary difference between this black-blanketed mountainside and home. It's as if a string has snapped between me and my life in London. In real jeopardy for once, I feel utterly alive. This, I tell myself, breathlessly as I hurtle on, is why I love to travel; this is why I came here. To exist in this moment.

The journey is the happiness, not the destination. I pedal downwards, towards the valley floor.

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Text Two: From *Beyond the Sky and the Earth: A Journey into Bhutan*

In this extract, Jamie Zeppa writes about her early days in Bhutan where she had moved to be a teacher.

Mountains all around, climbing up to peaks, rolling into valleys, again and again. Bhutan is all and only mountains. I know the technical explanation for the landscape, landmass meeting landmass, the Indian subcontinent colliding into Asia thirty or forty million years ago, but I cannot imagine it. It is easier to picture a giant child gathering earth in great armfuls, piling up rock, pinching mud into ridges and sharp peaks, knuckling out little valleys and gorges, poking holes for water to fall through.

It is my first night in Thimphu, the capital, a ninety-minute drive from the airport in Paro. It took five different flights over four days to get here, from Toronto to Montreal to Amsterdam to New Delhi to Calcutta to Paro. I am exhausted, but I cannot sleep. From my simple, pine-paneled room at the Druk Sherig hotel, I watch mountains rise to meet the moon. I used to wonder what was on the other side of mountains, how the landscape resolved itself beyond the immediate wall in front of you. Flying in from the baked-brown plains of India this morning, I found out: on the other side of mountains are mountains, more mountains and mountains again. The entire earth below us was a convulsion of crests and gorges and wind-sharpened pinnacles. Just past Everest, I caught a glimpse of the Tibetan plateau, the edge of a frozen desert 4,500 meters above sea level. Thimphu's altitude is about half of that but even here, the winter air is thin and dry and very cold.

The next morning, I share breakfast of instant coffee, powdered milk, plasticky white bread and flavorless[1] red jam in the hotel with two other Canadians who have signed on to teach in Bhutan for two years. Lorna has golden brown hair, freckles and a no nonsense, home-on-the-farm demeanor[2] that is frequently shattered by her ringing laughter and stories of the wild characters that populate her life in Saskatchewan. Sasha from British Columbia is slight and dark, with an impish smile. After breakfast, we have a brief meeting with Gordon, the field director of the WUSC program in Bhutan, and then walk along the main road of Thimphu. Both Lorna and Sasha have traveled[3] extensively; Lorna trekked all over Europe and northern Africa and Sasha worked for a year in an orphanage in Bombay. They are both ecstatic about Bhutan so far, and I stay close to them, hoping to pick up some of their enthusiasm.

Although Thimphu's official population is 20,000, it seems even smaller. It doesn't even have traffic lights. Blue-suited policemen stationed at two intersections along the main street direct the occasional truck or landcruiser using incomprehensible but graceful hand gestures. The buildings all have the same pitched roof, trefoil windows and heavy beams painted with lotus flowers, jewels and clouds. One-storied shops with wooden-shuttered windows open onto the street. They seem to be selling the same things: onions, rice, tea, milk powder, dried fish, plastic buckets and metal plates, quilts and packages of stale, soft cookies from India–Bourbon Biscuits, Coconut Crunchies and the hideously colored[4] Orange Cream Biscuits. There are more signs of the outside world than I had expected: teenagers in acid washed jeans, Willie Nelson's greatest hits after the news in English on the Bhutan Broadcasting Service, a Rambo poster in a bar. Overall, these signs of cultural infiltration are few, but they are startling against the Bhutanese-ness of everything else.

The town itself looks very old, with cracked sidewalks and faded paintwork, but Gordon told us that it didn't exist thirty-odd years ago. Before the sixties, when the third king decided to make it the capital, it was nothing but rice paddies, a few farmhouses, and a *dzong*–one of

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the fortresses that are scattered throughout the country. Thimphu is actually new. "Thimphu will look like New York to you when you come back after a year in the east," he said.

At the end of the main road is Tashichho Dzong, the seat of the Royal Government of Bhutan, a grand, whitewashed, red-roofed, golden-tipped fortress, built in the traditional way, without blueprints or nails. Beyond, hamlets are connected by footpaths, and terraced fields, barren now, climb steadily from the river and merge into forest. Thimphu will never look like New York to me, I think.

The Bhutanese are a very handsome people, "the best built race of men I ever saw," wrote emissary George Bogle on his way to Tibet in 1774, and I find I agree. Of medium height and sturdily built, they have beautiful aristocratic faces with dark, almond-shaped eyes, high cheekbones and gentle smiles. Both men and women wear their black hair short. The women wear a *kira*, a brightly striped, ankle-length dress and the men a *gho*, a knee-length robe that resembles a kimono, except that the top part is exceptionally voluminous. The Bhutanese of Nepali origin tend to be taller, with sharper features and darker complexions. They too wear the gho and kira. People look at us curiously, but they do not seem surprised at our presence. Although we see few other foreigners in town, we know they are here. Gordon said something this morning about Thimphu's small but friendly "ex-pat" community.

When we stop to ask for directions at a hotel, the young man behind the counter walks with us to the street, pointing out the way, explaining politely in impeccable English. I search for the right word to describe the people, for the quality that impresses me most–dignity, unselfconsciousness, good humor[5], grace–but can find no single word to hold all of my impressions.

In Thimphu, we attend a week-long orientation session with twelve other Irish, British, Australian and New Zealand teachers new to Bhutan. Our first lessons, in Bhutanese history, are the most interesting. Historical records show that waves of Tibetan immigrants settled in Bhutan sometime before the tenth century, but the area is thought to have been inhabited long before that. In the eighth century, the Indian saint Padmasambhava brought Buddhism to the area, where it absorbed many elements of Bon, the indigenous shamanist religion. The new religion took hold but was not a unifying force. The area remained a collection of isolated valleys, each ruled by its own king. When the Tibetan lama Ngawang Namgyel arrived in 1616, he set about unifying the valleys under one central authority and gave the country the name Druk Yul, meaning Land of the Thunder Dragon. Earlier names for Bhutan are just as beautiful–the Tibetans knew the country as the Southern Land of Medicinal Herbs and the South Sandalwood Country. Districts within Bhutan were even more felicitously-named: Rainbow District of Desires, Lotus Grove of the Gods, Blooming Valley of Luxuriant Fruits, the Land of Longing and Silver Pines. Bhutan, the name by which the country became known to the outside world, is thought to be derived from *Bhotanta*, meaning the "end of Tibet" or from the Sanskrit *Bhu-uttan*, meaning "highlands".

While the rest of Asia was being overrun by Europeans of varying hue but similar cry, only a handful of Westerners found their way into Bhutan. Two Portuguese Jesuits came to call in 1627, and six British missions paid brief but cordial visits from the late 1700s until the middle of the next century. Relations with the British took a nasty turn during the disastrous visit of Ashley Eden in 1864. Eden, who had gone to sort out a small problem of Bhutanese raids on the British territory, had his back slapped, his hair pulled, and his face rubbed with wet dough, and was then forced to sign an outrageous treaty that led to a brief war between the British and the Bhutanese. Considering the consolidated British

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empire in the south, and the Great Game being played out in the north between the colonial powers, Bhutan's preservation of its independence was remarkable. I am full of admiration for this small country that has managed to look after itself so well.

[1] *flavorless* — American spelling of flavourless
[2] *demeanor* — American spelling of demeanour
[3] *traveled* — American spelling of travelled
[4] *colored* — American spelling of coloured
[5] *humor* — American spelling of humour

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Text One: Source: 'The Ups and Downs of Bhutan', © Ben Ross, Bradt Travel Guides 2016

Text Two: Source: 'Beyond the Sky and the Earth: A Journey into Bhutan', Jamie Zeppa, Riverhead Books