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Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname	Other names

Centre Number | Candidate Number

Pearson Edexcel International GCSE (9–1)

Time 2 hours 15 minutes

Paper reference **4EA1/01**

English Language A

PAPER 1: Non-fiction Texts and Transactional Writing

You must have:
Source 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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Q:1/1/1/1/1/1/1/

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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 Source Booklet.

Text One: *Motherwell*

1 From lines 8–10, select **two** words or phrases that show what the writer enjoyed about her first day at school.

1 .....

.....

2 .....

.....

(Total for Question 1 = 2 marks)

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2 Look again at lines 17–26.

In your own words, explain the writer's thoughts and feelings.

(Total for Question 2 = 4 marks)

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3 From lines 56–68, describe the argument between the writer (Deborah) and her parents.

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 Source Booklet).

4 How does the writer, Adeline Yen Mah, use language and structure **in Text Two** to interest and engage 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 Source 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 'Raising a teenager is one of the most difficult challenges in life.'

Write a leaflet for parents/carers that gives advice on how to help and guide teenagers.

Your leaflet may include:

- what issues teenagers may face
- how parents/carers can best support teenagers
- 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 'University is not the only option for those leaving school or college.'

You have been asked to deliver a speech to an audience of school or college leavers and their parents/carers in which you express your views on this topic.

Your speech may include:

- the different choices that are available to school/college leavers
- what factors to consider when selecting the best option
- 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 (9–1)

Time 2 hours 15 minutes

Paper reference **4EA1/01**

English Language A

PAPER 1: Non-fiction Texts and Transactional Writing

Source Booklet

Do not return this Booklet with the question paper.

Total Marks

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: *Motherwell*

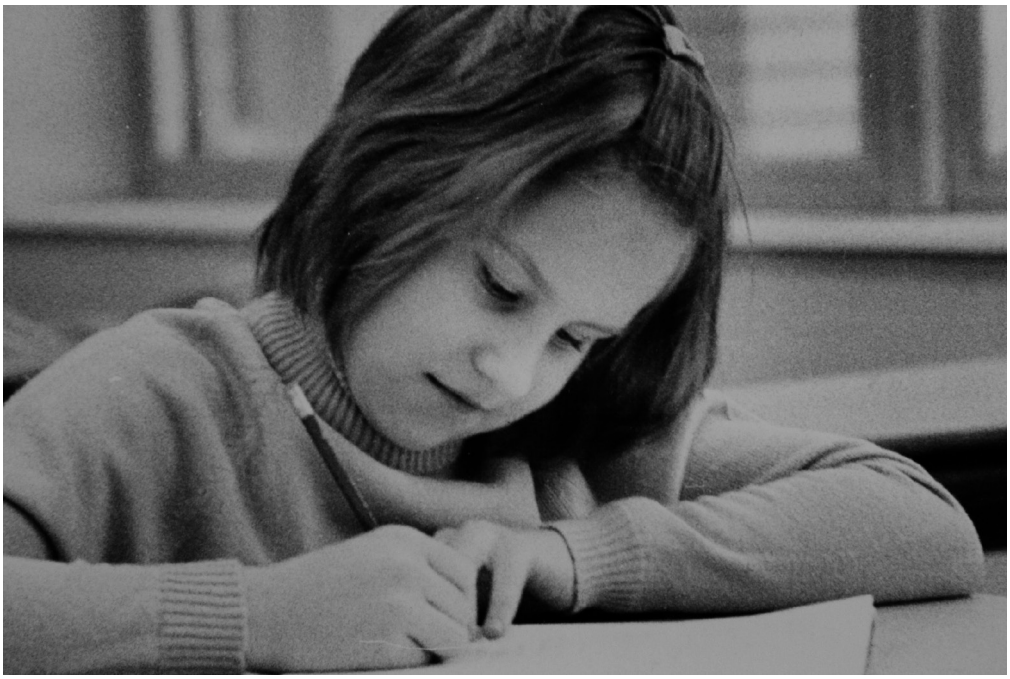
In this extract, the writer, Deborah Orr, recalls her experiences of growing up in Motherwell, Scotland.

Motherwell is the town I was born and bred in, a coal and steel town on the lip of the Clyde Valley, Scotland.

Motherwell is where my mum, Win, lived, because that's where my dad, John, came from. Even at the start of the 1960s women did what their husbands wanted, in matters large and small. But Motherwell is the place where I failed to get to know my mother very well at all. And years later, I started to realise there were respects in which she hadn't mothered well at all.

****

I remember a lot of my first day at school, in 1967. I liked the novelty, the avalanche of information and the busyness of that first day. One of the reasons why I loved school so much was simply that I was good at it.



I remember so well the first time I was praised before the whole class, the delicious surprise of it. And it was a surprise. There were triumphs too. I won a prize for poetry. Our theme was spring, and the competition was staged across Scotland but there was a general feeling among my bitter classmates that I was an unworthy winner. Win seemed puzzled too. She suggested it was the nice drawing of birds in a nest I'd done alongside it, not the poem itself, that had clinched me the prize.

The knowledge that my mother was on the side of the girls I saw sneering and shaking their little heads was deflating. I no longer believe that it was an innocent remark. I think Win did want to knock me off my pedestal[1]. Win's praise was never, ever unqualified. She

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could always see my insecurities and find little ways to prick at them, make them flare. It was almost an instinct for her.

It became obvious that my brother, David, was not as temperamentally suited to school as I was. Win even told me, very solemnly, that it was a great shame I was the one who shone, because doing well at school was so much more important for a boy. I remember the moment so well. I was utterly speechless. The observation seemed so cruelly unfair. To me and to all girls.

From then on I wanted to get away. I got my first job, three evenings a week and a Saturday, stacking shelves at the new Fine Fare in Motherwell. I'd been waiting to be sixteen and able to work part-time. It gave me space to buy my own clothes, be my own person. By my eighteenth birthday I intended to be gone from Clyde Terrace.

I hadn't realised what an excellent hand in life a clutch of good exam results could be. When I went to see a careers officer arranged by the school, she glanced up at my file, looked up at me and said:

'Well. With these results you could do *anything*. Nursing OR Teaching.'

'I was thinking about art college.'

'An art teacher, then!'

It wasn't that both weren't great options. It just felt like there were only two jobs that qualified women could do. It was then that I started having second thoughts about art college. If it could lead only to teaching, it was actually a bit limiting. When Mr Collins said at assembly one day that anyone wanting to apply for university should wait behind for a form, I picked one up.

I got prospectuses in the post and combed through them. I put St Andrews as my first choice for English and History. Win and John insisted that I should put Glasgow and Strathclyde on the list too, but otherwise seemed a bit disengaged.

When the letters came, offering me places at university, that was when it all blew up — for ever. When I told Win and John that I'd been offered a place at St Andrews and wanted to accept, they at first warned me that I'd be out of my depth, mixing with people who had very different lives to me, more money, posh, snobs. I wouldn't be able to keep up with them.

'For years, Deborah, it's been art college, art college, art college. This is just another of your nine-day wonders. College is more suitable.'

'I've changed my mind. I don't want to be a teacher.'

'Why not? That's a very good job. A good job for a woman. For a mother.'

'Aye. So I'm told.'

'Less of your lip.'

The arguing went on and on.

'We just think that your place is at home with us, until you're married. You've got a place at Glasgow and at Strathclyde. You can easily go in every day, on the train.'

'But Mum. I don't want to stay in Motherwell. You've been telling me how much you hate it all my life.'

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Pursed lips. 'This is your home, Deborah. Your place is here, with us. This is where you live, where your family is. We are your family.'

'But you didn't. You didn't stay with your family.'

'That was different. I moved where my husband wanted to go. That's what wives do. Your father and I forbid you from going away to university, and that's that.'

'Forbid me? You can't forbid me. I'm almost eighteen.'

'That's right. You are still a child and you don't know nearly as much as you think you do. You'll go to university in Glasgow, if you have to go to university at all. That's an end to it.'

But that was not an end to it. I'd been shocked by this encounter. I couldn't understand why they couldn't be pleased. But I also knew that I was going anyway, and that for all their talk Win and John couldn't stop me.

[1] *to knock me off my pedestal*: to humble me, to stop me feeling special

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Text Two: From *Chinese Cinderella*

In this extract, Adeline Yen Mah describes a rare 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.

'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.

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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.'

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Source information:

Text One adapted from Source: *Motherwell: A Girlhood*, Deborah Orr
Image One: Algirdas Grigaitis/Alamy Stock
Text Two adapted from *Chinese Cinderella: The True Story of an Unwanted Daughter*, Adeline Yen Mah, Penguin 1999