www.dynamicpapers.com

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 **4EA1/01R**

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 ▶

P69300A

©2022 Pearson Education Ltd.

Q:1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/

P 6 9 3 0 0 A 0 1 2 0

Pearson

www.dynamicpapers.com

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: *Things I Learned from Falling*

1 From lines 6–9, select **two** words or phrases that describe what items the writer chose to take on her hike.

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 19–30.

In your own words, describe what happens.

(Total for Question 2 = 4 marks)

www.dynamicpapers.com

3 From lines 42–57, explain what the writer is thinking and feeling.

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

Text Two: From *127 Hours: Between a Rock and a Hard Place*

Remind yourself of the extract from *127 Hours: Between a Rock and a Hard Place* (Text Two in the Source Booklet).

4 How does the writer, Aron Ralston, use language and structure **in Text Two** to interest the reader in the events that he describes?

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 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)

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 'Overcoming a challenge makes you a stronger person.'

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

Your speech may include:

- what challenges a person might face and how these could be overcome
- the ways in which overcoming a challenge might make a person stronger
- 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 publishing a series of articles with the title 'The pros and cons of modern technology'.

Write your article on this topic.

Your article may include:

- the benefits of modern technology
- the disadvantages of modern technology
- 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

www.dynamicpapers.com

Pearson Edexcel International GCSE (9–1)

Time 2 hours 15 minutes

Paper reference **4EA1/01R**

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 ▶

P69300A

©2022 Pearson Education Ltd.

Q:1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/

P 6 9 3 0 0 A

Pearson

www.dynamicpapers.com

SECTION A

READING

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

Text One: *Things I Learned from Falling*

In this extract, the writer, Claire Nelson, describes what happened to her when she went hiking alone in Joshua Tree National Park in California.

DAY ONE: TUESDAY

Two of my old friends from London — Natalie and Lou, who were now living in Joshua Tree, California — asked if I wanted to house-sit for three weeks. I didn't hesitate to say yes and planned lots of solo hiking. In particular, I wanted to tackle a day-long hike that led to a huge congregation of palms hidden deep in a valley.

I deliberately chose a Tuesday, when I knew the trail would be quiet, got out my calendar and wrote underneath 22 May: Lost Palms Oasis. I gathered anything I thought I might need: sunscreen, an oversized T-shirt, comfortable boots, a camera, painkillers, Lou's wooden hiking stick.

Lunch was a bagel slathered with avocado, a hard-boiled egg and a chocolate-chip bar. And finally — enough water to last the day. I also sent Lou a text: 'Hey, do you have a daypack I could borrow? Gonna do Lost Palms Oasis.'

Once I reached the park, I picked up a map from the visitors' centre and asked for directions to the start of the trail. 'Enjoy the hike,' the ranger called out. There is no way I could have known this man almost became the last person I ever spoke to.

From the top of a boulder stack, 10 feet above the southern Californian desert, the valley fell away, rolling for miles; it was breathtaking. To carry on I had to figure out where the trail continued and pick my way around rocks.



Often, the most dangerous moves are the ones that don't feel like it: there are no red flags, no alarm bells. Everything during those next few seconds happened so fast, yet

www.dynamicpapers.com

each movement left a clear etch in my memory. My right foot slipping. The desperate flutter as the fingers of my left hand scrabbled for something to hold on to, but found only rock, as flat and smooth as an ocean-worn pebble.

It seemed to happen so slowly, almost gracefully, yet in real time it was no more than a few seconds. A slide and a brief scuffle of dust. With that, I slipped off the edge.

I remember the sound my body made as it hit the ground.

A sharp crack. Then the white heat of pain that stabbed my body. I tried to scramble to my feet.

Get up.

But each time I crumpled.

My pelvis was broken. Every time I tried to sit up it felt like someone had replaced my hip bones with a bag of broken dinner plates.

Help.

I yanked my rucksack towards me, scrabbling for my iPhone, my hands shaking as I dialled 911.

I saw words flash up: Call Failed.

No. No no no.

I held the phone high in every direction. My heart banged in my chest. I was miles from a signal. Miles from the road. Miles into the middle of nowhere. I screamed into the sky – HELP ME! PLEASE! I heard the echoes dissolve into the rocks until all that was left was silence.

Using the stick, I was able to drag my things around me. Having them close making me feel safer. Above me a hawk had begun to circle — a dark arrow hovering way up high. Fear ran cold through my blood as I considered where I now fell in the chain of desert life. *Potential prey.*

I would leave a video message, just in case. My phone wouldn't do but I had a digital camera. 'This is the stupidest thing I've ever done,' I said. 'I'm so scared, I need to get out of here. And in case I don't, I just want to say I love you all.' Speaking into the camera gave me something to do, as if sharing what I was going through meant that, for one brief moment, I wasn't alone.

The heat pressed down hard. My spare T-shirt was draped over my thighs and knees and the map over my shins. Lying there, hopeless, it was hard not to dwell on my life. I thought about the amount of time I'd spent – wasted – flicking through the internet. Hours on social media, scrolling through Instagram. Life thrown in the bin.

As the dark set in, so did the cold, settling over my body like a damp shroud. Wearing only my vest and shorts, my limbs were exposed to the plummeting temperature. I was facing what I knew would be the longest night of my life.

Fear does crazy things to a person because I became convinced that I could see snakes. I moved my trembling hands to my phone and switched on the torch but there was nothing there.

www.dynamicpapers.com

DAY TWO: WEDNESDAY

I must have fallen asleep eventually because at some point, I woke up.

So it really happened.

This hadn't been one of those nightmares.

At 8.51 am, my phone screen went black. My little lifelines were falling by the wayside. I had no idea how fruitful it was to scream for help; I just did it anyway to release the driving desperation and fear that pounded through my body.

Crawling on my belly like a devout religious pilgrim, could I find my way to freedom? This was an impossible idea. The pain was unendurable; my body was as good as glued to the ground.

Dehydration is agonising. I had been rationing what water I had. My mind abused me with a vivid fantasy slideshow of refreshments. Chilled water. I thought about a can of Diet Coke — heard the crack and fizz as the can was opened, imagined the bubbles fizzing against my tongue.

The cold and lonely hours loomed large ahead, a gaping yawn of blackness.

No, no, please no…

Not another night.

DAY THREE: THURSDAY

Dawn. Discomfort had reached a vicious peak.

One thread of hope I was holding on to was the fact it was now Thursday. Time was edging tantalisingly close to the weekend, when there were sure to be more people in the park.

But as the heat intensified, my strength slowly ebbed away into nothing.

It was dusk, the sky now shaking away the last embers of sunlight. Another night. My third. I prayed that I would sleep through most of it. Unconsciousness would shorten the time spent feeling frozen with both cold and fear. Dawn could never come quickly enough.

DAY FOUR: FRIDAY

I woke up. Still alive.

By the afternoon I was drifting in and out.

Semi-conscious.

Weakening.

Woozy.

I heard something.

It was very distant.

It was the beating of a helicopter.

www.dynamicpapers.com

Then, as clear as a bell.

'…WE'RE SEARCHING FOR A MISSING HIKER.'

I screamed, 'I'M HERE!' but the helicopter was leaving.

Please come back.

Who knows how much time passed after that. And then the words I will never, ever forget.

'CLAIRE, WE SEE YOU. WE'RE GOING TO GET YOU.'

I sobbed under the weight of the relief that rained down on me, flooding me with a single realisation:

I am going to live.

RECOVERY

A few people had noticed I was quiet on Instagram. They began texting me, then Natalie sent friends to the house to check on me. There they found my calendar note – Lost Palms Oasis. Confirmation of the text I'd sent Lou. Then police found the car.

All this time, I had never really been alone.

www.dynamicpapers.com

Text Two: From *127 Hours: Between a Rock and a Hard Place*

In this extract, the writer, Aron Ralston, describes his experience of a rock-climbing accident in a canyon.

I come to another drop-off. This one is maybe eleven or twelve feet high, a foot higher and of a different geometry than the overhang I descended ten minutes ago. Another refrigerator chockstone[1] is wedged between the walls, ten feet downstream from and at the same height as the ledge. It gives the space below the drop-off the claustrophobic feel of a short tunnel. Instead of the walls widening after the drop-off, or opening into a bowl at the bottom of the canyon, here the slot narrows to a consistent three feet across at the lip of the drop-off and continues at that width for fifty feet down the canyon.

Sometimes in narrow passages like this one, it's possible for me to stem my body across the slot, with my feet and back pushing out in opposite directions against the walls. Controlling this counterpressure by switching my hands and feet on the opposing walls, I can move up or down the shoulder-width crevice fairly easily as long as the friction contact stays solid between the walls and my hands, feet, and back. This technique is known as stemming or chimneying; you can imagine using it to climb up the inside of a chimney.

Just below the ledge where I'm standing is a chockstone the size of a large bus tire[2], stuck fast in the channel between the walls, a few feet out from the lip. If I can step onto it, then I'll have a nine-foot height to descend, less than that of the first overhang. I'll dangle off the chockstone, then take a short fall onto the rounded rocks piled on the canyon floor.

Stemming across the canyon at the lip of the drop-off, with one foot and one hand on each of the walls, I traverse[3] out to the chockstone. I press my back against the south wall and lock my left knee, which pushes my foot tight against the north wall. With my right foot, I kick at the boulder to test how stuck it is. It's jammed tightly enough to hold my weight. I lower myself from the chimneying position and step onto the chockstone. It supports me but teeters slightly. After confirming that I don't want to chimney down from the chockstone's height, I squat and grip the rear of the lodged boulder, turning to face back upcanyon. Sliding my belly over the front edge, I can lower myself and hang from my fully extended arms, akin to climbing down from the roof of a house.

As I dangle, I feel the stone respond to my adjusting grip with a scraping quake as my body's weight applies enough torque[4] to disturb it from its position. Instantly, I know this is trouble, and instinctively, I let go of the rotating boulder to land on the round rocks below. When I look up, the backlit chockstone falling toward my head consumes the sky. Fear shoots my hands over my head. I can't move backward or I'll fall over a small ledge. My only hope is to push off the falling rock and get my head out of its way.

The next three seconds play out at a tenth of their normal speed. Time dilates, as if I'm dreaming, and my reactions decelerate. In slow motion: the rock smashes my left hand against the south wall; my eyes register the collision, and I yank my left arm back as the rock ricochets[5]; the boulder then crushes my right hand and ensnares my right arm at the wrist, palm in, thumb up, fingers extended; the rock slides another foot down the wall with my arm in tow, tearing the skin off the lateral side of my forearm. Then silence.

My disbelief paralyzes me temporarily as I stare at the sight of my arm vanishing into an implausibly small gap between the fallen boulder and the canyon wall. Within moments, my nervous system's pain response overcomes the initial shock. Good God, my hand. The flaring agony throws me into a panic. I grimace and growl … My mind commands my

www.dynamicpapers.com

body, 'Get your hand out of there!' I yank my arm three times in a naive attempt to pull it out. But I'm stuck.

Anxiety has my brain tweaking; searing-hot pain shoots from my wrist up my arm. I'm frantic, and I cry out … My desperate brain conjures up a probably apocryphal[6] story in which an adrenaline-stoked mom lifts an overturned car to free her baby. I'd give it even odds that it's made up, but I do know for certain that *right now*, while my body's chemicals are raging at full flood, is the best chance I'll have to free myself with brute force. I shove against the large boulder, heaving against it, pushing with my left hand, lifting with my knees pressed under the rock. I get good leverage with the aid of a twelve-inch shelf in front of my feet. Standing on that, I brace my thighs under the boulder and thrust upward repeatedly, grunting, 'Come on…move!' Nothing.

[1] *chockstone*: a stone that has become wedged between rocks

[2] *tire*: American spelling of tyre

[3] *traverse*: cross

[4] *torque*: rotating force

[5] *ricochets*: bounces off

[6] *apocryphal*: doubtful, untrue

www.dynamicpapers.com

BLANK PAGE

Source information:

Text One adapted from *Things I Learned from Falling*, Claire Nelson, Aster, an imprint of Octopus Publishing Group Ltd
Image One: Nina B. Shutterstock/PAL
Text Two adapted from *127 hours – Between a Rock and a Hard Place,* Aron Ralston, Simon & Schuster Ltd 2010