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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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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: *Featherhood*

1 From lines 8–11, select **two** words or phrases that tell the reader what animals are in the area.

1 .....

.....

2 .....

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(Total for Question 1 = 2 marks)

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2 Look again at lines 52–62.

In your own words, describe the writer's thoughts and actions.

(Total for Question 2 = 4 marks)

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3 From lines 63–74, explain what we learn about the magpie.

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

(Total for Question 3 = 5 marks)

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Text Two: From *H is for Hawk*

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

4 How does the writer, Helen Macdonald, use language and structure in **Text Two** to present the two birds?

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 A magazine is running a competition to reward the best 'Letter to teenagers of the future'.

Write the letter that you would enter for this competition.

Your letter may include:

- information and opinions about life at the present time
- advice for teenagers of the future
- 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 'Do celebrities make the best role models?'

You have been asked to deliver a speech in which you give your views on this topic.

Your speech may include:

- reasons why celebrities may or may not be good role models
- consideration of who else might be an effective role model
- 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.

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: *Featherhood*

In this extract, the writer, Charlie Gilmour, describes his experience of looking after a baby magpie.

Somewhere in southeast London a flightless young magpie tumbles to the ground.

It is a harsh and very human environment into which this bird has prematurely arrived. Cars with concertinaed bonnets and shattered windscreens wait in line to be scrapped at the nearest junkyard. Fly-tipped fridges and sacks of rubble as immovable as boulders block the pavements. Puddles of spring rain shine purple with petrochemicals and, overhead, clouds of smoke and steam billow from the chimney of a huge waste disposal facility that incinerates rubbish around the clock.

The only animals I've ever noticed there are pitbull dogs and rats, although a little further afield, around the dump, there are flocks of gulls and pigeons along with a fleet of raptors[1] sleek as fighter jets that are employed by the waste disposal company to chase the other birds away.

My partner Yana's workshop is just around the corner on the edge of the junkyard. It's a part of the city that's full of secrets and surprises, but they're rarely cute and fluffy.

The creature scuttles around in the gutter, lurching towards the kerb like a drunk staggering down an alleyway. Magpies leave home far too soon – long before they can really fly or properly fend for themselves. For weeks after they fledge their nests, they're dependent on their parents for sustenance, protection and an education too. But this bird's parents are nowhere to be seen. They're not feeding it, or watching it, or guarding it.

Yana sets the cardboard box, with its precious contents, very gently down on our bedroom floor. Her sister found it this morning, she explains, and picked it up and brought it to their workshop. In between hammering and drilling they've been feeding it live grubs from the angling supplier.

A black and white ball of fluff the size of a child's fist is curled up in a corner. It looks dead. It smells dead. I click my tongue at the creature and one of its eyelids flutters open. Its eye is mineral blue.



I try to call to mind everything I know about magpies. Yana says they're clever birds – very clever, as all members of the crow family are – although I seem to recall that they're widely disliked for reasons I've never quite understood. I have no idea what you're meant to do with one.

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'Isn't there someone else who can deal with this?' I say. 'Like, I don't know, a vet?'

Yana rolls her eyes at me as if I've just suggested hiring an electrician to come and change a light bulb. Which is, to be fair, exactly the sort of thing I might try to do – for the light bulb's sake. If Yana represents order, then I am chaos. Things just seem to fall apart in my hands, and this bird is all too breakable.

'Get more worms,' Yana says. 'I think we'll have to feed it every twenty minutes and we're already running out.'

Over the next couple of days, I try as best I can to ignore the magpie in the box. I attempt to feign disinterest as Yana tends to the creature, although it's hard not to get sucked in. She has her work cut out just keeping its belly full. The magpie's life still seems far from certain – it's barely strong enough to support the miniscule weight of its own head and it shakes horribly – but under Yana's protective wing the frequency of its fits is lessening.

A few days later Yana's agent calls to say that a lucrative job has come up at short notice – in Paris. Yana zips up her boiler suit and is out of the door with her toolbag slung over her shoulder in the blink of a magpie's eye. Back in a week, she says.

I stare down at the bird. The bird stares steadily back at me, angling its head sideways and up so it has me right in the barrel of its black pinprick pupil. I can't quite escape the feeling that there is an intelligence lurking behind those pale gemstone eyes, an intelligence that is scrutinising me just as intensely as I am it. I worry that this is not going to go well. I am clumsy, absent-minded, and a serial shirker of responsibility. The magpie is rapidly becoming as demanding and unreasonable as a toddler in a sweet shop – but still as delicate as spun sugar.

In my own nest, the baby magpie seems to come more and more to life as the week goes on. I dance to the magpie's tune, becoming more and more like a bird as I do. I catch flies from the air and tease grubs from the soil. I get nothing done, can barely leave the house, am somehow utterly exhausted before the week is out.

Long before Yana's week away is over the creature outgrows its box. It scrabbles energetically against the sides, insisting that I pick it up and allow it to explore the world of our bedroom with pattering steps and clumsy leaps. It runs top-heavy on its long, thin legs, seemingly in constant danger of overbalancing as it races to investigate alluring plug sockets and serpentine electricity cables.

In the two weeks it has been with us, the magpie has grown into quite a handsome fellow. There's something princely in the way it struts about the bed in its cape of black silk and snowy ermine fur, its nascent[2] flight feathers flashing like jewels. I seem to be his tree now and he takes any opportunity he can to cling onto my arm, or scurry onto one of my shoulders or up into the nest of my hair. And even though he pecks at my extremities, and screams right in my earhole, I get the sense that he's looking up to me, watching and waiting for me to show him how to be.

[1] *raptors*: birds of prey

[2] *nascent*: emerging

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Text Two: From *H is for Hawk*

In this extract, the writer, 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 light-splashed 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.

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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

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Source Information:

Text One adapted from *Featherhood*, Charlie Gilmour, Weidenfeld & Nicolson.

Image One: Annie Bungeroth / Alamy Stock Photo

Text Two from *H is for Hawk*, Helen Macdonald, Vintage 2015.