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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 **4EA1/01R**

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 ▶

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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: *Himalaya*

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

1 .....

.....

2 .....

.....

(Total for Question 1 = 2 marks)

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2 Look again at lines 24–33.

In your own words, explain what we learn about Prince Malik.

(Total for Question 2 = 4 marks)

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3 From lines 57–69, describe the bull race.

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

(Total for Question 3 = 5 marks)

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Text Two: From *A Game of Polo with a Headless Goat*

Remind yourself of the extract from *A Game of Polo with a Headless Goat* (Text Two in the Source Booklet).

4 How does the writer, Emma Levine, use language and structure in **Text Two** to create a sense of excitement and danger?

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 'Sports involving animals are very popular around the world, but some people may feel that it is not acceptable to use animals in this way.'

Write a speech for your peers in which you give your views on this topic.

Your speech may include:

- different types of sports which involve animals
- the reasons why it is/is not acceptable to use animals in sports
- 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 'City or countryside: where is the better place to live?'

Write an article for a magazine in which you give your views on this topic.

Your article may include:

- the advantages and/or disadvantages of living in a city
- the advantages and/or disadvantages of living in the countryside
- 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 **4EA1/01R**

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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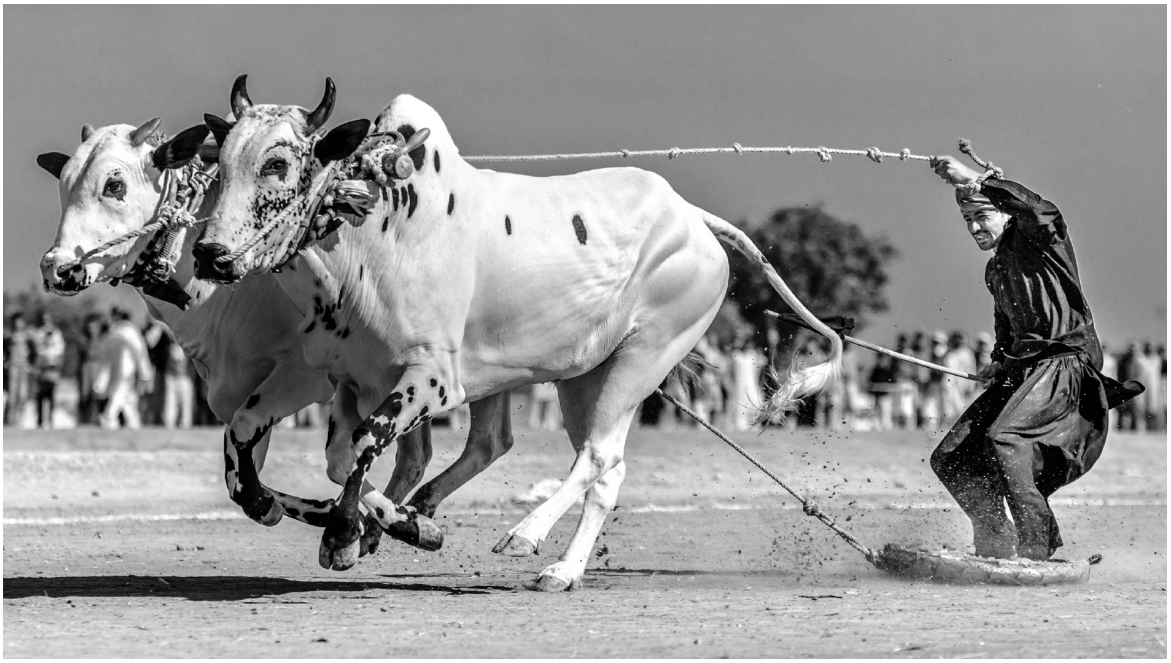
SECTION A

READING

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

Text One: *Himalaya*

In this extract, the writer, Michael Palin, describes how he and his colleagues meet Prince Malik and watch a bull race while filming a television series in Pakistan.



Once through the entrance to Prince Malik's estate, we follow a long track which, after almost half a mile, opens out onto a rather grand avenue of maples.

Here, a small crowd struggles to control a number of stocky, short-legged bulls wearing scarlet pom-pom hats and garlands round their necks.

An open, four-wheeled carriage with a plumed and turbaned rider at the reins stands waiting behind two chestnut palomino horses. Fifteen elderly men in white *shalwars*[1] and black-trimmed gold waistcoats are drawn to attention. All are having orders barked at them by Prince Malik, who is wearing a brilliant white cotton *shalwar* and tight black sleeveless tunic and sitting astride a black stallion.

'You will put Michael in the coach over there!' he decides. 'Then I will tell them to begin the procession.'

There is clearly no point in arguing, and I hurry back down the drive to the waiting carriage.

'Michael!' he bawls after me. 'Walk round the side! Those bulls are dangerous!'

As if to prove his point, one of them breaks free of its restraining rope, snorts, lowers its head and kicks out (maybe in protest at having to wear a scarlet pom-pom hat).

'Right! Start now!'

It doesn't seem to matter that no one really knows what they're doing. It all looks colourful and vibrant, like the opening scene of a musical. The bulls are led forward, the

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veteran guard of honour present whatever arms they can lay their hands on, and my two glorious palominos, who seem to be quietly giggling to each other throughout, set off at a canter that turns into an unstoppable gallop. Cries of 'That's far enough!' fade into the distance as we hurtle through a set of grand gates, and up garden paths.

Eventually we come to a halt at the front of a large white mansion with wide, presidential steps leading up to a towering columned portico.

The Prince has ordered lunch to be prepared for us. As the food is brought round he enlarges on his life and reveals a keenly-felt regret for the passing of the old ways. He is a countryman, not at all happy in the city. He loves country sports and rides at least twice a day for several hours.

'I am the last of the dinosaurs who live like this. Who organise entertainments for the people.'

He insists that, if we are really interested in the rural life, we must come along as his guests to a bull race in nearby Taxila tomorrow. Of course we can't say no. He wouldn't let us.

Taxila is one of the oldest continuously populated cities on earth. A university was thriving here 2500 years ago and remains of Buddhist temples and monasteries indicate its importance long before Islam or Christianity were born.

Following a narrow road through olive groves and fields of peanuts, we pull up a low hill until we reach an encampment where the animals are being unloaded from the back of trucks. Stalls selling food and soft drinks have been erected.

To get to the course means negotiating various ridges and ditches, behind swaying pairs of bulls led out by owners and supporters to a relentless squealing of pipes and thumping of drums, each group trying to make more noise than their rivals.

There's such a squeeze that it's impossible to avoid bull contact. Of a breed called Dhanni, they have short legs and are mostly white with splodgy black markings that look as if someone has thrown a pot of paint at them. Today, each one is turned out in their party best, their ferocity compromised by brightly-coloured medallions and favours, ribbons and rosettes, gaudy horn-dressings and fluffy pom-poms.

Ahead of the melee[2] I can see the course, a wide stretch of open field, 600 yards long, marked by red flags on tall poles. Beside it and about halfway down the course a truck and trailer have been decked out with red chairs protected by a huge and ornate awning. Beneath it sits the unmistakable figure of the Prince.

With the racing about to begin, we ask if we can film up at the start, where a big crowd is milling around.

The bulls race in pairs, yoked together with heavy wooden frames called *joots* from which the reins run back to a rider, who stands, as best he can, on a small board with a metal base, little more than a glorified tin-lid.

While dozens of people grapple to get the *joo*t onto the two sets of shoulders, the bulls are kicking up the dust as they duck and weave and back up in a desperate attempt to avoid being involved in the racing in any way. Once harnessed, the animals are dragged unceremoniously to the starting line. Outriders heave them into position while the jockey, nervously clutching a flag on a stick, readies himself to spring onto the board the moment the bulls are released. This is where the race is won or lost. The bulls' desire to get away must be timed exactly with the attachment of the rider to his board. With luck

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the jockey retains his balance, and the bulls race off with the outriders running alongside to keep them in a straight line, before letting go and leaving the crouched figure to scud across the bumpy, uneven surface like a terrestrial water-skier, hanging on for dear life.

One team loses control at the start and the bulls make a 90-degree turn and plunge headfirst into the crowd. Two more hurtle off towards a flagpole, taking out the flag as they race off the course to the freedom of the fresh-cut wheat fields beyond.

Prince Malik says this only confirms that bulls aren't stupid. They know that their best interest lies in getting rid of their handlers as soon as possible. As he's explaining this a pair that seemed to be going well take an inexplicable left turn and head straight towards us. Nigel and Pete, filming with their backs to the course, are the last to notice. Grabbing the camera and tripod they dive for cover as Prince Malik roars helpfully.

'Under the truck! Always under the truck!'

At the end of the day, as the racing is drawing to a close and the heat haze fades, we're treated to a meal at a nearby village. It's laid out in suitably princely style, with dishes of tikkas and masalas in silver salvers on long tables and local specialities of partridge and quail[3].

'Now, quail racing,' the Prince enthuses, 'that is where the big money goes. You know, small fortunes are won or lost on quail races.'

As ever, I'm not entirely sure where fact and fiction merge in Prince Malik's stories, but before we can question him further, he shakes hands and apologises that he must return to the course for the prize-giving.

[1] *shalwars:* loose trousers

[2] *melee:* a confused scuffle

[3] *partridge and quail*: types of birds

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Text Two: From *A Game of Polo with a Headless Goat*

In this extract, the writer, Emma Levine, writes about a donkey race which she observed in Karachi, Pakistan.

We drove off to find the best viewing spot, which turned out to be the crest of the hill so we could see the approaching race. I asked the lads if we could join in the 'Wacky Races' and follow the donkeys, and they loved the idea. 'We'll open the car boot, you climb inside and point your camera towards the race. As the donkeys overtake us, we'll join the cars.' 'But will you try and get to the front?' 'Oh yes, that's no problem.'

The two lads who had never been interested in this Karachi sport were suddenly fired up with enthusiasm. We waited for eternity on the brow of the hill, me perched in the boot with a zoom lens pointing out. Nearly one hour later I was beginning to feel rather silly when the only action was a villager on a wobbly bicycle, who nearly fell off as he cycled past and gazed around at us.

Several vehicles went past, and some donkey-carts carrying spectators. 'Are they coming?' we called out to them. 'Coming, coming,' came the reply. I was beginning to lose faith in its happening, but the lads remained confident.

Just as I was assuming that the race had been cancelled, we spotted two approaching donkey-carts in front of a cloud of fumes and dust created by some fifty vehicles roaring up in their wake. As they drew nearer, Yaqoob revved up the engine and began to inch the car out of the lay-by. The two donkeys were almost dwarfed by their entourage[1]; but there was no denying their speed — the Kibla donkey is said to achieve speeds of up to 40 kph, and this looked close. The two were neck-and-neck, their jockeys perched on top of the tiny carts using their whips energetically, although not cruelly.

The noise of the approaching vehicles grew; horns tooting, bells ringing, and the special rattles used just for this purpose (like maracas, a metal container filled with dried beans). Men standing on top of their cars and vans, hanging out of taxis and perched on lorries, all cheered and shouted, while the vehicles jostled to get to the front of the convoy.

Yaqoob chose exactly the right moment to edge out of the road and swerve in front of the nearest car, finding the perfect place to see the two donkeys and at the front of the vehicles. This was Formula One without rules, or a city-centre rush hour gone anarchic; a complete flouting of every type of traffic rule and common sense.

Our young driver relished this unusual test of driving skills. It was survival of the fittest, and depended upon the ability to cut in front of a vehicle with a sharp flick of the steering wheel (no lane discipline here); quick reflexes to spot a gap in the traffic for a couple of seconds; nerves of steel, and an effective horn. There were two races — the motorized spectators at the back; in front, the two donkeys, still running close and amazingly not put off by the uproar just behind them. Ahead of the donkeys, oncoming traffic — for it was a main road — had to dive into the ditch and wait there until we had passed. Yaqoob loved it. We stayed near to the front, his hand permanently on the horn and his language growing more colourful with every vehicle that tried to cut in front. …

The road straightened and levelled, and everyone picked up speed as we neared the end of the race. But just as they were reaching the finishing line, the hospital gate, there was a near pile-up as the leading donkey swerved, lost his footing and he and the cart tumbled over. The race was over.

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And then the trouble began. I assumed the winner was the one who completed the race but it was not seen that way by everyone. Apart from the two jockeys and 'officials' (who, it turned out, were actually monitoring the race) there were over a hundred punters who had all staked money on the race, and therefore had strong opinions. Some were claiming that the donkey had fallen because the other one had been ridden too close to him. Voices were raised, fists were out and tempers rising. Everyone gathered around one jockey and official, while the bookmakers were trying to insist that the race should be re-run.

Yaqoob and Iqbal were nervous of hanging around a volatile situation. They agreed to find out for me what was happening, ordering me to stay inside the car as they were swallowed up by the crowd. They emerged some time later. 'It's still not resolved,' said Iqbal, 'but it's starting to get nasty. I think we should leave.' As we drove away, Yaqoob reflected on his driving skills. 'I really enjoyed that,' he said as we drove off at a more sedate pace. 'But I don't even have my licence yet because I'm underage!'

They both found this hilarious, but I was glad he hadn't told me before; an inexperienced, underage driver causing a massive pile-up in the middle of the high-stakes donkey race could have caused problems.

[1] *entourage*: a group of people attending or surrounding a person

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Source Information:

Text One adapted from *Himalaya*, Michael Palin, Orion Books, 2005.

Image One – Asad Malik/Contributor (RM)

Text Two adapted from *A Game of Polo with a Headless Goat*, Emma Levine, 2000.

