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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)

Tuesday 07 November 2023

Morning (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: *Beyond Possible*

1 From lines 7–9, select **two** words or phrases that suggest that Nims is moving quickly.

1 .....

.....

2 .....

.....

(Total for Question 1 = 2 marks)

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2 Look again at lines 48–58.

In your own words, explain what we learn about Nims Purja.

(Total for Question 2 = 4 marks)

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3 From lines 60–71, describe what happened to Nims.

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

(Total for Question 3 = 5 marks)

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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 convey his thoughts and feelings about what happens in the canyon?

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 'Extreme sports may build confidence and discipline but they are dangerous and can encourage a selfish attitude.'

Write an article for a sports website expressing your views on this topic.

Your article may include:

- the positive aspects of extreme sports
- the negative aspects of extreme 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 'There are certain rules of behaviour that we should all try to follow in life.'

Write the text for a speech you will give to your peers expressing your views on this statement.

Your speech may include:

- suggestions as to what such rules might be
- why the rules suggested are important
- 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)

Tuesday 07 November 2023

Morning (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: *Beyond Possible*

In this extract, the writer, Nims Purja, describes an incident that happened when he was climbing the mountain, Nanga Parbat, in Pakistan.



I switched off. Only for a second or two, but it was enough to nearly kill me.

I stepped down carefully, holding onto the line on a pretty steep slope of around sixty or seventy degrees – a gradient that should have caused me to take greater care.

Why I became distracted I don't know. But when a climber from below shouted that I should get off the line, I unclipped my carabiner[1] and stepped back, and then down, without thinking.

It was so nearly a fatal move. I skidded backwards, landing on my back and banging my head before spinning and sliding down the mountain at a rapidly increasing speed. Metre after metre passed by in a blur.

Was I tumbling to my death?

Only seconds earlier I'd felt secure, leaning hard into the steep slope with a fairly steady footing. Then my grip had sheared away and the teeth of my crampons[2] were unable to chew into the white. I plummeted downwards, building speed with every second.

My brain calculated the moments until I'd sail away from the mountain forever, my body scattered across the jagged rocks somewhere below, or smashed into a deep crevasse.

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Brother, you don't have long to sort this.

If I died, there would be no one else to blame for such a bloody end. *I'd* chosen to climb the world's ninth highest mountain in brutal whiteout conditions. *I'd* decided to smash all fourteen 'Death Zone' mountains in only seven months during a wild, record-breaking attempt; every climb peaking at over 8,000 metres, an altitude where the air becomes so thin that the brain and body wither and fail. And *I'd* decided to let go of a fixed rope during my descent, in what was a friendly gesture to allow another climber to pass as he made his way nervously down the mountain. But having taken one, two, three steps forwards, the snow had jolted awkwardly, collapsing in on itself and sucking me down with it.

I was out of control and the two rules I'd set previously for myself on expeditions were being tested under extreme pressure. One: *Hope was God*. Two: *The little things counted most on the big mountains*. By stepping away from the rope, I'd already forgotten Rule Two, which was my mistake, my problem.

So now I had only Rule One to fall back on.

Was I scared of dying in those brief seconds? *No way*. I'd have taken death over cowardice any time, especially if it arrived in an attempt to push myself beyond what was considered humanly achievable. Testing the limits of physical endeavour was exactly my hope in 2018 after announcing a plan to crush the previous best time for climbing the fourteen Death Zone peaks, where the benchmark had been set by a Korean mountaineer, Kim Chang-ho, in 2013 – he'd finished the job in seven years, ten months and six days.

Aiming to shave away so much time seemed bold, even superhuman, but I'd believed in myself enough to quit my position with the British military where I had served as a member of the Special Forces, an elite collective of soldiers. Self-belief had shoved me forwards and I treated the challenge like a military mission. During the planning phase, I'd even named my world-breaking attempt 'Project Possible'. There were plenty of people that wouldn't, or couldn't, believe in my dream. In 2019, the Red Bull website claimed my goal was similar to 'swimming to the moon'. I knew differently. I hadn't been delivered into this world for defeat. Quitting wasn't in my blood, even in a near-death crisis. I wasn't a sheep waiting to be prodded by the shepherd; I was a lion and I refused to walk and talk with the rest.

When judged against the expertise of a lot of high-altitude mountaineers, I probably seemed fairly green. I'd started operating above 8,000 metres only a few years previously, but I'd quickly become a beast at high altitude and much of that, I'd believed, had to do with my freakish physiology[3]. Once I'd started climbing into the Death Zone, I found it relatively easy to move quickly at great heights, taking seventy steps before pausing for breath, whereas other mountaineers were only able to make four or five.

My powers of recovery were also impressive. I often descended from peaks at speed, partying through the night in base camps and moving onto my next expedition the following morning. This was mountaineering, *Nims-style*: the relentless pursuit of excellence under brutal conditions. Nothing could hold me back, no matter the circumstances.

Apart from death or serious injury, that is.

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Another thirty or forty metres had raced by. As I fell, I had to find focus. Focus on my movement and increasing velocity; focus on the people fading into the clouds above me as I slipped further and further away. And focus on the techniques I needed to make an important self-arrest. *Could I use my ice axe, digging it into the mountain to slow my fall?* Yanking my axe underneath me, I held onto the head firmly, jamming the pick into the snow, but the drifts beneath were too soft, so I pushed again. Nothing. *No hold*.

Any confidence I'd briefly felt in my ability to solve the problem was diminishing fast. My descent had increased in pace and I'd lost all control, when … *there*! Through the spray I'd spotted the fixed rope we'd been using to descend moments earlier. If I could reach for it with enough aggression, there was every chance I might be able to hang on. This was my last hope, and so I twisted, sticking out my arm and making a grab for the cord … *Contact*! Gripping hard, my palms burning, I pulled myself to a stop.

Was I OK? By the looks of it, yeah, though my legs were certainly wobbling with the adrenaline. My heart was banging hard, too.

You're good, bro, I thought. *There's no need to stress now*.

Taking a second or two to reset, I rose to my feet and switched into a new rhythm, finding a more cautious stride. 'Move carefully … '

To the guys on the line above, I must have looked unflappable, working as though nothing out of the ordinary was happening, but the fall had rattled me. My confidence had taken a slight dent, so I gripped the rope tightly and double-checked each and every footfall until my self-belief returned. There was now a different mindset in play. As I planted my boots in the shifting snow, I told myself that death was going to come for me at some point – maybe on a mountain during Project Possible, maybe in old age, decades down the line – but not on Nanga Parbat, and not within the next heartbeat.

Not today.

Not today.

[1] *carabiner*: a closed hook used to secure ropes in mountain climbing

[2] *crampons*: attached to boots to help people walk on snow and ice

[3] *physiology*: physical make-up

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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.

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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 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

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Source Information:

Text One adapted from Nims Purja, *Beyond Possible*, Hodder Paperbacks 2021

Image One – Frank Bienewald / Alamy Stock Photo

Text Two adapted from *127 hours – Between a Rock and a Hard Place*, Aron Ralston, Simon & Schuster 2010