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)

Thursday 23 May 2024

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 ▶

P73892A

©2024 Pearson Education Ltd.
F:1/1/1/1/1/

P 7 3 8 9 2 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: *Tin Bath Tournament*

1 From lines 4–6, select **two** words or phrases that describe the weather.

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 41–51.

In your own words, describe what happens.

(Total for Question 2 = 4 marks)

www.dynamicpapers.com

3 From lines 64–74, explain the writer's thoughts and feelings.

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

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

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 interest and engage the reader?

You should support your answer with close reference to the extract, including **brief** quotations.

(12)

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 A magazine is inviting readers to send in a review of a memorable event which they have seen or experienced.

Write the review that you would submit to the magazine.

Your review may include:

- a description of the event
- your opinion of the event and the reasons why it was memorable
- 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 'Too much emphasis is, perhaps, placed on the idea of winning. It can be just as important to take part and try hard.'

Write the text for a speech to be delivered to your peers in which you express your views on this statement.

Your speech may include:

- what winning might mean in different areas of life
- the benefits of taking part
- 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)

Thursday 23 May 2024

Morning (Time: 2 hours 15 minutes)

Paper reference **4EA1/01**

English Language A

PAPER 1Non-fiction Texts and Transactional Writing

Source Booklet

Do not return this Booklet with the question paper.

Turn over ▶

P73892A

©2024 Pearson Education Ltd.
F:1/1/1/1/1/

P 7 3 8 9 2 A

Pearson

www.dynamicpapers.com

SECTION A

READING

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

Text One: *Tin Bath Tournament*

In this extract, the writer, Ben Fogle, describes taking part in the World Tin Bath Championship on the Isle of Man.



The sky was a palette of greys that melted into the gun-metal ocean. Seagulls circled overhead, their cawing drowned out by the cacophony of clinking halyards[1] against yacht masts.

The sun burst through a small gap in the clouds, momentarily illuminating the water. A flag snapped in the brisk breeze. The cobblestones glistened from a recent downpour, sparkling against the grey-and-white world around.

A medieval castle loomed up from the waters, a reminder of more turbulent times, while a flotilla of dinghies and rowing boats, tethered to the harbour wall like loyal dogs, waited to ferry their owners to their boats and ships. A small fleet of fishing boats was unloading its catch.

It was early in the morning, but already the small harbour was a hive of activity, as hundreds of people started to crowd against the harbour wall. Bright yellow rainhats and red waterproof jackets added a splash of colour to the dank scene.

www.dynamicpapers.com

Nervously, I made my way to the water's edge. The tide was low and the waves lapped against the concrete ramp. Gingerly I slid my feet along the slimy surface to avoid slipping on the coating of green algae. I used the super-glued barnacles as footholds as I made my way down, clenching my teeth tightly as my bare toes kissed the frigid waters. Clutching my paddle, I gently lowered myself into the small vessel and wedged myself in with my knees against the gunwales[2]. My legs were shaking with the cold as I edged out into the chilly Irish Sea.

The crowd had grown, as thousands descended on the small harbour for this sporting spectacular. Here I was, just back from rowing the Atlantic Ocean with James Cracknell, the Olympic medallist, and by association I had become the hot favourite to win. I think they had mistaken me for a top oarsman and I distinctly heard chants of 'Ben, Ben, Ben … '. Gingerly I paddled my way to the start line. My heart was pounding. A news helicopter circled above, while film crews and photographers bobbed around in small boats.

Several dozen competitors were lined up, muscles flexed in tight vests, steely determination glinting in eyes. Next to me a tall, lean man practised his stroke.

I was competing against some of the best. Many had spent years training and planning for this unique event. As always, I just seemed to have turned up at the last moment. I stared straight ahead.

The claxon sounded. The start of a race is like the opening salvo[3] of battle. It is the moment friends become foes. All focus is on winning at all costs. The noise of clinking halyards and the roar of the crowd was drowned out by the silence of my focus; it is like being submerged under water: noises are muffled as the adrenalin floods through the body and fills the ears.

I speared my paddle into the grey surf, scooped at the water furiously. Left, right, left, right, left, right … I was mesmerised by the rhythm. The water turned white as dozens of paddles whipped it into a cappuccino froth of bubbles.

I was neck and neck with the leader of the pack and making good headway, but then I seemed to start slowing down. Something was very wrong. With each scoop of the paddle, water rushed over the gunwales and into my vessel. I pulled more carefully at the paddle, but still great waves of water overwhelmed my craft and the bow was dangerously close to the waterline. I leaned back to counterbalance, but now the sea was pouring into the stern. Water lapped around my ankles, then my knees. I scooped it with my hands and tried to bail as fast as I could. It was no good. Before I knew it, I began to tumble backwards, my knees lost their grip against the side and my hands were thrown into the air as my vessel and I flipped upside down. I felt a rush of salty water up my nostrils as I tumbled into the icy Irish Sea. I could hear the crowd and their gales of laughter over the water as I clung desperately to my vessel to stop it sinking.

I was in the middle of Peel Harbour on the Isle of Man in the annual World Tin Bath Championship. I was racing against firemen and farmers, doctors and bankers, all competing in their 'pimped-up' tin baths. My 'pimping' had involved a lick of green paint, which was already starting to chip and peel. My craft, like me, was starting to fall apart and somehow I'd managed to sink, ten seconds into the race.

www.dynamicpapers.com

I hauled the bath to the harbour wall and clung on to the metal rung of a ladder. I emptied out the water and gently lowered myself back into the tiny vessel. I have a mental discipline at times like this which makes me talk to myself. 'Focus, Ben,' I berated myself as I tried to catch up. Left, right, left, right.

'Come on, Ben, you rowed the Atlantic!' hollered a local. But something was wrong. Once again I was scooping too much water into the bath, and before I knew it I was in the water again. There was another roar of laughter.

It is moments like this that plunge me helplessly back to my childhood and my constant failure to achieve anything. I hauled myself back to the harbour wall. I could hear the chanting of the crowd. My cheeks were flushed with embarrassment as once again I clambered aboard the tiny bath. If there's one thing I have learned over the years it is that stubbornness is a very powerful trait. It has served me well.

Once again I dipped my paddle into the water. Far ahead of me, most of the baths had finished. I was a child again, paddling alone. It was only a few hundred metres but it felt like an ocean. I limped home, the last over the line. Humiliated and defeated.

I dragged my tin bath up the slipway to more laughter from the crowd. A wave of nausea overwhelmed me as I staggered forwards. The world began to spin and my vision narrowed to a pinhole before I passed out.

'Ben? Ben?' It seemed as if people were still chanting my name, only this time it was two concerned-looking paramedics. I had come to in an ambulance, confused and disorientated. I was swaddled in a foil blanket and hooked up to a heart-rate monitor. I had collapsed from hypothermia[4]. That could have been a perfect excuse for coming last in the race, except for the fact that it was the middle of summer, children were paddling in the same water and I was very publicly about to head to Antarctica to take part in the first race to the South Pole since Scott and Amundsen a hundred years before …

[1]*halyards*: ropes used for raising and lowering sails

[2]*gunwales*: the top edge of a boat

[3]*salvo*: simultaneous firing of guns

[4]*hypothermia*: where body temperature gets dangerously low

www.dynamicpapers.com

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.

www.dynamicpapers.com

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

www.dynamicpapers.com

BLANK PAGE

www.dynamicpapers.com

BLANK PAGE

Source information:

Text One adapted from *The Accidental Adventurer*, Ben Fogle, Penguin Random House 2012

Image One: Emma Wood / Alamy Stock Photo

Text Two adapted from *A Game of Polo with a Headless Goat* by Emma Levine, published by Andre Deutsch, copyright © Emma Levine. Reproduced by permission of Carlton Publishing Group