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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)

Thursday 23 May 2024

Morning (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: *Crocodylus*

1 From lines 5–7, select **two** words or phrases that describe where the plane landed.

1 .....

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2 .....

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(Total for Question 1 = 2 marks)

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2 Look again at lines 13–22.

In your own words, describe what the writer tells us about Crocodylus.

(Total for Question 2 = 4 marks)

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3 From lines 30–42, explain the writer's thoughts and feelings.

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

(Total for Question 3 = 5 marks)

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Text Two: From *Beyond the Sky and the Earth: A Journey into Bhutan*

Remind yourself of the extract from *Beyond the Sky and the Earth* (Text Two in the Source Booklet).

4 How does the writer, Jamie Zeppa, use language and structure in **Text Two** to describe her experiences in Bhutan?

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

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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.

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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 'Life may be stressful at times, so it is important to focus on all the things that can bring us happiness.'

Write the text for a speech giving your views on this statement.

Your speech may include:

- the ways in which life may be stressful
- the different things that can bring happiness
- 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 'Travel can offer many benefits to young people, but they should ensure that they are properly prepared.'

Write a guide to travelling aimed at young people.

Your guide may include:

- the benefits that travel can bring
- the preparations for travel that young people should make
- 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)

Thursday 23 May 2024

Morning (Time: 2 hours 15 minutes)

Paper reference **4EA1/01R**

English Language A

PAPER 1Non-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: *Crocodylus*

In this extract, the writer, Rosita Boland, describes the time she spent at Crocodylus in Australia when she was 23.

I stumbled upon Crocodylus by chance as I was nearing the end of a year travelling in Australia. I had flown into Daintree, on a tiny Cessna plane, into a field the jovial pilot told me had to be cut back regularly, otherwise the rainforest would reclaim it.

'Where are you off to now?' he enquired, lifting out my rucksack for me.

'I'm not sure,' I said, looking around uncertainly. The plane had literally landed in the middle of a cleared field surrounded by tall, lush vegetation, and I could see no sign of anything. It wasn't an airport, as such; more a bush landing.

'There's someone over there,' the pilot said, waving to a man who had just drawn up in a jeep.

'You want a ride to Crocodylus?' he asked.

'What's Crocodylus?'

'It's a new place. Come have a look.'



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Crocodylus was a brand-new little eco resort, built in the middle of the Daintree rainforest. It consisted of a number of simple huts around a small saltwater pool. They were wooden structures built on stilts, to lift them off the rainforest floor, and were connected by raised wooden walkways. The huts had green canvas walls, with rectangular holes cut out of them and covered with mosquito netting for windows. Lying there at night was like camping, the world beyond only a thin membrane away.

Crocodylus seemed to be the essence of green. Everything in and around it was lush and exotic and growing as I watched.

I was beguiled[1] by Crocodylus on arrival. It had not taken me long to spot a sign saying 'Workers wanted in exchange for free food and board'. Right away, I had signed up.

The work was not difficult. I served breakfast in the morning, and dinner in the evening, cleaning up the kitchen afterwards. After breakfast, I cleaned the private huts, changed the linen, and did the laundry.

One morning, barefoot, I swept out a large scorpion from under the bed I had just stripped. Its tail was flicked back, ready to strike. I swept it through a crack in the floorboards, where it fell into the gullet of green under the huts to join all the other creatures and reptiles and insects I knew were moving there but hardly ever saw.

Every morning before starting work at 7 a.m., I went for a run or walk on the beach. During those early mornings, I thought constantly what I was going to do for a living on my return home to Ireland. I had a vague notion about making writing a career, although in what way I couldn't see.

I felt that in many ways my life had only truly started when I had got off the plane in Sydney, all those months ago. The sensation of freedom and distance from everything and everyone I knew had been thrilling. Here in Australia, I felt I could truly breathe for the first time in my life; could start exploring the person I might become, whoever that was going to be.

As I ran and walked on the beach before starting work for the day, I knew again what I had already known for months: what I really wanted to do next was stay another year in Australia. My job in Crocodylus was open-ended: I had been told it was mine for as long as I wanted, and I wanted very badly to keep it as long as possible.

The greater part of my days at Crocodylus was free. There were two other backpackers around my age working there too: a Scottish man called Kevin and an Australian woman called Jo. Every day we went to a secluded small beach which was not accessible by road.

We were always the only people on this beach. It was ridiculously, wildly, picturesque. The deserted beach was curved; framed on one side by the dense greenery of the rainforest, and on the horizon by an endless-seeming empty blue ocean. The happiness I felt when emerging from the dim, cool rainforest on to the bright sand, the cerulean[2] sea aglitter in the sunlight, was a pang of pure joy I still recall, all these years later.

[1] *beguiled*: charmed

[2] *cerulean*: deep blue

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Text Two: From *Beyond the Sky and the Earth: A Journey into Bhutan*

In this extract, the writer Jamie Zeppa, writes about her early days in Bhutan where she had moved to be a teacher.

Mountains all around, climbing up to peaks, rolling into valleys, again and again. Bhutan is all and only mountains. I know the technical explanation for the landscape, landmass meeting landmass, the Indian subcontinent colliding into Asia thirty or forty million years ago, but I cannot imagine it. It is easier to picture a giant child gathering earth in great armfuls, piling up rock, pinching mud into ridges and sharp peaks, knuckling out little valleys and gorges, poking holes for water to fall through.

It is my first night in Thimphu, the capital, a ninety-minute drive from the airport in Paro. It took five different flights over four days to get here, from Toronto to Montreal to Amsterdam to New Delhi to Calcutta to Paro. I am exhausted, but I cannot sleep. From my simple, pine-paneled room at the Druk Sherig hotel, I watch mountains rise to meet the moon. I used to wonder what was on the other side of mountains, how the landscape resolved itself beyond the immediate wall in front of you. Flying in from the baked-brown plains of India this morning, I found out: on the other side of mountains are mountains, more mountains and mountains again. The entire earth below us was a convulsion of crests and gorges and wind-sharpened pinnacles. Just past Everest, I caught a glimpse of the Tibetan plateau, the edge of a frozen desert 4,500 meters above sea level. Thimphu's altitude is about half of that but even here, the winter air is thin and dry and very cold.

The next morning, I share breakfast of instant coffee, powdered milk, plasticky white bread and flavorless[1] red jam in the hotel with two other Canadians who have signed on to teach in Bhutan for two years. Lorna has golden brown hair, freckles and a no nonsense, home-on-the-farm demeanor[2] that is frequently shattered by her ringing laughter and stories of the wild characters that populate her life in Saskatchewan. Sasha from British Columbia is slight and dark, with an impish smile. After breakfast, we have a brief meeting with Gordon, the field director of the WUSC program in Bhutan, and then walk along the main road of Thimphu. Both Lorna and Sasha have traveled[3] extensively; Lorna trekked all over Europe and northern Africa and Sasha worked for a year in an orphanage in Bombay. They are both ecstatic about Bhutan so far, and I stay close to them, hoping to pick up some of their enthusiasm.

Although Thimphu's official population is 20,000, it seems even smaller. It doesn't even have traffic lights. Blue-suited policemen stationed at two intersections along the main street direct the occasional truck or landcruiser using incomprehensible but graceful hand gestures. The buildings all have the same pitched roof, trefoil windows and heavy beams painted with lotus flowers, jewels and clouds. One-storied shops with wooden-shuttered windows open onto the street. They seem to be selling the same things: onions, rice, tea, milk powder, dried fish, plastic buckets and metal plates, quilts and packages of stale, soft cookies from India–Bourbon Biscuits, Coconut Crunchies and the hideously colored[4] Orange Cream Biscuits. There are more signs of the outside world than I had expected: teenagers in acid washed jeans, Willie Nelson's greatest hits after the news in English on the Bhutan Broadcasting Service, a Rambo poster in a bar. Overall, these signs of cultural infiltration are few, but they are startling against the Bhutanese-ness of everything else.

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The town itself looks very old, with cracked sidewalks and faded paintwork, but Gordon told us that it didn't exist thirty-odd years ago. Before the sixties, when the third king decided to make it the capital, it was nothing but rice paddies, a few farmhouses, and a *dzong* – one of the fortresses that are scattered throughout the country. Thimphu is actually new. "Thimphu will look like New York to you when you come back after a year in the east," he said.

At the end of the main road is Tashichho Dzong, the seat of the Royal Government of Bhutan, a grand, whitewashed, red-roofed, golden-tipped fortress, built in the traditional way, without blueprints or nails. Beyond, hamlets are connected by footpaths, and terraced fields, barren now, climb steadily from the river and merge into forest. Thimphu will never look like New York to me, I think.

The Bhutanese are a very handsome people, "the best built race of men I ever saw," wrote emissary George Bogle on his way to Tibet in 1774, and I find I agree. Of medium height and sturdily built, they have beautiful aristocratic faces with dark, almond-shaped eyes, high cheekbones and gentle smiles. Both men and women wear their black hair short. The women wear a *kira*, a brightly striped, ankle-length dress and the men a *gho*, a knee-length robe that resembles a kimono, except that the top part is exceptionally voluminous. The Bhutanese of Nepali origin tend to be taller, with sharper features and darker complexions. They too wear the gho and kira. People look at us curiously, but they do not seem surprised at our presence. Although we see few other foreigners in town, we know they are here. Gordon said something this morning about Thimphu's small but friendly "ex-pat" community.

When we stop to ask for directions at a hotel, the young man behind the counter walks with us to the street, pointing out the way, explaining politely in impeccable English. I search for the right word to describe the people, for the quality that impresses me most – dignity, unselfconsciousness, good humor[5], grace – but can find no single word to hold all of my impressions.

In Thimphu, we attend a week-long orientation session with twelve other Irish, British, Australian and New Zealand teachers new to Bhutan. Our first lessons, in Bhutanese history, are the most interesting. Historical records show that waves of Tibetan immigrants settled in Bhutan sometime before the tenth century, but the area is thought to have been inhabited long before that. In the eighth century, the Indian saint Padmasambhava brought Buddhism to the area, where it absorbed many elements of Bon, the indigenous shamanist religion. The new religion took hold but was not a unifying force. The area remained a collection of isolated valleys, each ruled by its own king. When the Tibetan lama Ngawang Namgyel arrived in 1616, he set about unifying the valleys under one central authority and gave the country the name Druk Yul, meaning Land of the Thunder Dragon. Earlier names for Bhutan are just as beautiful – the Tibetans knew the country as the Southern Land of Medicinal Herbs and the South Sandalwood Country. Districts within Bhutan were even more felicitously-named: Rainbow District of Desires, Lotus Grove of the Gods, Blooming Valley of Luxuriant Fruits, the Land of Longing and Silver Pines. Bhutan, the name by which the country became known to the outside world, is thought to be derived from *Bhotanta*, meaning the "end of Tibet" or from the Sanskrit *Bhu-uttan*, meaning "highlands".

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While the rest of Asia was being overrun by Europeans of varying hue but similar cry, only a handful of Westerners found their way into Bhutan. Two Portuguese Jesuits came to call in 1627, and six British missions paid brief but cordial visits from the late 1700s until the middle of the next century. Relations with the British took a nasty turn during the disastrous visit of Ashley Eden in 1864. Eden, who had gone to sort out a small problem of Bhutanese raids on the British territory, had his back slapped, his hair pulled, and his face rubbed with wet dough, and was then forced to sign an outrageous treaty that led to a brief war between the British and the Bhutanese. Considering the consolidated British empire in the south, and the Great Game being played out in the north between the colonial powers, Bhutan's preservation of its independence was remarkable. I am full of admiration for this small country that has managed to look after itself so well.

[1] *flavorless*: American spelling of flavourless

[2] *demeanor*: American spelling of demeanour

[3] *traveled*: American spelling of travelled

[4] *colored*: American spelling of coloured

[5] *humor*: American spelling of humour

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Source information:

Text One adapted from *Elsewhere*, Rosita Boland, Black Swan 2020.

Image One: Travelscape Images / Alamy Stock Photos

Text Two adapted from *Beyond the Sky and the Earth: A Journey into Bhutan* by Jamie Zeppa, Riverhead Books, 2000, copyright © Jamie Zeppa 1999.