

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname

Other names

**Pearson Edexcel  
International GCSE**

Centre Number

Candidate Number

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**Tuesday 14 January 2020**

Morning (Time: 2 hours 15 minutes)

Paper Reference **4EA1/01**

**English Language A**

**Paper 1: Non-fiction Texts and Transactional Writing**

**You must have:**

Extracts 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 Extracts Booklet.**

**Text One: *Survival at Sea***

**1** From lines 3–5, select **two** words or phrases that describe the boat journey.

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2 .....

.....

**(Total for Question 1 = 2 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 Extracts Booklet).**

**4** How does the writer, Aron Ralston, use language and structure **in Text Two** to convey the difficulties that he faces?

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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(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** You and your family have just returned from a holiday that did not turn out as you expected.

Write a letter to the travel agent with whom you booked your holiday, explaining what happened.

Your letter may include:

- your expectations of the holiday
- what the holiday was actually like
- 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** A magazine is publishing articles with the title 'Friendship is one of the greatest gifts in life'.

Write your article on this topic.

Your article may include:

- your thoughts on friendship
- what else might be considered to be great gifts in life
- 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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**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 45 MARKS**  
**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 90 MARKS**



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**English Language A**

**Paper 1: Non-fiction Texts and Transactional Writing**

**Extracts Booklet**

**Do not return this Extracts 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: *Survival at Sea*

*In this extract, the writer, Brett Archibald, describes how, after falling overboard into the Indian Ocean, he survived for 29 hours in the sea.*

It was meant to be a wonderful holiday: ten old friends going surfing off the beaches of the Mentawai Islands, which have some of the best waves on the planet.

We had hired a boat to make the ten-hour journey across a perilous stretch of water, more than 100 nautical miles wide. It felt like a real adventure, particularly when we sailed straight into a storm.

5

I awoke abruptly at 1.30am to the pounding of the boat as it crashed into massive swells. And then the retching began, helped along by a dodgy pizza I'd had for dinner. I remember feeling dizzy as I looked down at the white water churning beneath me. The next thing I knew, I was somersaulting, tumbling, as if I were in a washing machine. My head filled with a roaring sound. Walls of water rose from the surrounding darkness to swamp my face, flood my nose and wash down my throat. I was in the ocean. Perhaps 30 metres ahead, our boat, the Naga Laut, was moving slowly away. I could hear the boat's diesel engine grinding against the roar of the wind. "Hey!" I screamed. "Hey! Hey! Hey!" But the sound was stolen away by the waves, wind and rain. No one had seen me fall.

10



2.30am, Wednesday 17 April 2013

15

You should be feeling fear, Brett. Panic. But I don't feel anything. Am I in shock? Suddenly, I'm laughing uncontrollably, hysterically, at the hopeless absurdity of my situation.

4.30am, third hour

Time crawls by. Is drowning painful? Will there be a white light? I don't want to be alone. I picture the guys on the boat. In a worst-case scenario, they'll get to port, discover I'm

20

missing, turn the boat around and sail back. Fourteen hours at a pinch. Hang on, Brett. The boys will be back.

*8.30am, seventh hour*

The wind blows incessantly, roaring like a cheering stadium crowd heard from a distance. Every minute or so, I have to inhale and swim through a wave's booming curl. 25

*2.30pm, 13th hour*

My eyes are swelling up, slowly closing. My legs have gone numb. I'm freezing cold. Through the slit in my eyelids, I watch an enormous black cloud approach. Then I see it. About 300 metres away, through a shroud of rain: my deliverance. It's our boat. It's the Naga Laut. 30

*3.30pm, 14th hour*

The boys have come back! I'm high-fiving and back-slapping the guys in my mind. Emotion is tightening my throat. Abruptly, the boat stops about 200 metres away. I start hollering: "I'm here! Here, guys!" A minute later, the boat turns broadside. "No, God, no. No, no, no!" I swim like a crazed man but I'm trapped in a current. I shout, wave, splash water in the air. Please, God, they must see me. And then they power up. They start to move. Slowly they turn left and start sailing away. 35

*5.30pm, 16th hour*

A sharp pain shoots through the top of my right arm, followed by hundreds of needle-like stings. I look down to see that I'm surrounded by tiny jellyfish. They are transparent with small blue centres, and their tentacles float like liquid cobwebs. They congregate around my neck, stinging my shoulders, upper back and chest. I start thrashing about to disperse them. But just as I think I'm going to be stung to death, they've gone as quickly as they arrived. 40

*7.30pm, 18th hour* 45

My arms feel like grandfather clock weights hanging off my torso. That's when the shark attacks, walloping into my back. I recognise the black edgings of its vertical fin - it's a blacktip reef shark, the type that keeps close to reefs. I must be near land! An idea forms. "You can take this guy," I tell myself. "As he opens his mouth, ram your left arm down his throat. When he slows down, throw your right arm over his tail and hang on. He can take you into shore." I may lose an arm, but at least I'll be towed to land. Out of this watery wasteland. "C'mon buddy," I shout as the shark comes at me. "C'mon!" But the next moment, it cruises past. "Where are you?" I yell furiously. Instead of relief, I feel crushing disappointment. 50

*10.30pm, 21st hour* 55

A canoe. I see the prow clear in the darkness. Two Indonesian boys are sitting in it. Both about six. They're the children who sell trinkets to moored charter boats. Elated, I shout to them. "You've saved me," I shout. "Thank you, boys!" They're smiling at me, but don't say a word. As I go to grab the prow, my hand passes through air. Canoe and boys have vanished. Down, down I sink. Those boys were a trick of the mind. Or perhaps ocean ghosts who've come for a drowning man. I'm in an eerie place. Far from the living and close to the dead. 60

*4.30am, 27th hour*

Drowning will be a release. I take a deep breath and fill my lungs with salt water. I do it three times - it's not painful. Black spots dance before my eyes. I kick up through the water and burst onto the surface like a champagne cork. Then I see, floating above the water, a black cross. "Take that cross and shove it," I scream. "I'm done. Just done." 65

*6.45-7.15am, 29 hours in the water*

It's still there. The black cross. Is it the angel of death? My heart is hammering as the cross gets bigger. It's the mast top and spreader of a yacht - I can see its rigging. After a few minutes, the boat turns away - slightly to starboard. "NO, NO, NO!" I scream. I put my head down and swim. Please be there. Please see me. I emerge 100 metres away and propel myself out of the water as high as I can. Someone throws a life ring and bodies dive over the side. But my last effort has finished me. I start sinking. Then an arm comes beneath my ribs and moves across my chest. And I hear a man say: "We've got you, mate. We've got you." 70  
75



**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<sup>1</sup> 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.

5

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.

10

Just below the ledge where I'm standing is a chockstone the size of a large bus tire<sup>2</sup>, 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.

15

Stemming across the canyon at the lip of the drop-off, with one foot and one hand on each of the walls, I traverse<sup>3</sup> 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.

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As I dangle, I feel the stone respond to my adjusting grip with a scraping quake as my body's weight applies enough torque<sup>4</sup> 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.

25

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<sup>5</sup>; 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.

35

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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.

45

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<sup>6</sup> 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.

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<sup>1</sup> *chockstone*: a stone that has become wedged between rocks

<sup>2</sup> *tire*: American spelling of tyre

<sup>3</sup> *traverse*: cross

<sup>4</sup> *torque*: rotating force

<sup>5</sup> *ricochets*: bounces off

<sup>6</sup> *apocryphal*: doubtful, untrue

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**Source information:**

Text One adapted from *Sharks, jellyfish and spectral visions: how I survived 29 hours lost at sea*, © Brett Archibald

Text One Image - © Ahmed Mohamed / EyeEm

Text Two adapted from *127 Hours: Between a Rock and a Hard Place*, Aron Ralston

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