

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname

Other names

**Pearson Edexcel
International GCSE**

Centre Number

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Candidate Number

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Tuesday 2 June 2020

Morning (Time: 2 hours 15 minutes)

Paper Reference **4EA1/01R**

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: *Getting to know Cuthbert*

1 From lines 1–2, select **two** words or phrases that describe the box.

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.....

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(Total for Question 1 = 2 marks)

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2 Look again at lines 33–44.

In your own words, describe what happens when the writer takes Cuthbert, the bird, out of the box.

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(Total for Question 2 = 4 marks)



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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** A magazine is running a competition to reward the best articles with the title 'Animals are important to our world in many different ways'.

Write the article that you would enter for the competition.

Your article may include:

- the different ways in which animals contribute to the world
- the importance of animals to you personally
- 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 local charity is hoping to gain more publicity for its work.

Write the text of a leaflet that explains the charity's work and why it is important.

Your leaflet may include:

- who or what the charity helps and why
- the different ways in which people could support the charity
- 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



Pearson Edexcel International GCSE

Tuesday 2 June 2020

Morning (Time: 2 hours 15 minutes)

Paper Reference **4EA1/01R**

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: *Getting to know Cuthbert*

In this extract, the writer, Emma Ford, who runs a Bird of Prey centre which accepts injured and unwanted animals, is given a new and unusual bird and describes her experiences of training it.

The box was a sight to behold. Three feet square, it was constructed from heavy ply and bound every six inches by thick bands of steel. What terror could be lurking within it?

With some difficulty, I prised open the lid and a pair of large, brown eyes looked up at me, fringed by extremely long and angelic-looking eyelashes. I inserted my gloved hand carefully. There was a raucous yell from the interior and something slashed at my arm. Hastily I withdrew, but I had an appendage. Hanging from my sleeve by its beak was the most extraordinary bird I had ever seen.

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Its beak was white and its face was bare red skin, giving it the appearance of a clown. It had a glossy black crest, below which lay ivory feathers, finely banded with black. This variegated mantle extended down over the bird's shoulders, blending into black feathering on the lower back and wings. The tail and wing feathers were white, finely barred with black. A pair of long, bright yellow legs swung beneath it. This exotic creature rejoiced in an equally exotic name. It was an Audubon's caracara.

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A friend in Yorkshire had sent it, telling me that in contrast to those of other birds of prey, its large yellow feet were as harmless as a chicken's but, he had warned, its beak was like a chainsaw, hence the reinforced box. Stupidly, I had decided that this was probably an exaggeration. The bird was a female but, her sex notwithstanding, I determined to call her Cuthbert.

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I had read up on our latest acquisition. Audubon's caracaras live on savannahs and pampas from Florida to the Argentine. They have wide-ranging tastes, feeding on live and dead fish, mammals, rotting meat, eggs, young or wounded birds, insect larvae, live shellfish and iguanas. Their tendency also to attack young livestock makes them unpopular. Nowhere, however, did my reference book mention a liking for human flesh.

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As I lowered my appendage gently on to the kitchen floor, she reared back and slashed into my upper arm with a vicious blow, removing a piece of flesh. Pausing briefly, a thoughtful expression on her face, Cuthbert proceeded to swallow the bloody morsel, smacking her beak like a food-lover relishing a particularly fine mouthful of fillet steak.

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I leapt back in shock, clasping my wounded arm, and eyed Cuthbert darkly. Cuthbert eyed me in turn. I got the uncomfortable feeling that she was trying to work out which portion of my anatomy would yield the most tender snacks. Edging my way round her to

the door, I left the room, returning armed with a thick bath towel. As I circled her, towel at the ready, it was hard to determine who was stalking whom. Her crest raised, she padded menacingly round the floor on her stubby yellow feet. The boiler murmured behind her and, momentarily distracted, she glanced over her shoulder. Seizing my opportunity I threw the towel over her head and rugby tackled her. 40

Despite the thickness of the material, several splits appeared in the towel as her razor-sharp beak stabbed away blindly. I lowered the bundle on to the table and passed a few extra turns of the material around it. Temporarily subdued while I attached jesses to her feet, Cuthbert contented herself by issuing a volley of ear-splitting yells. 45

Contrary to my expectations, she proved exceptionally quick to train, but I gained scars at a rate to match the progress. She used her beak indiscriminately, removing her first set of jesses within hours and reducing her thick nylon leash to a pile of threads. Her jesses I replaced with the thickest leather I could find and, after chewing fruitlessly at them for an hour or so, she turned her attention to gardening, hacking up the turf around her perch in search of insects and worms. 50

She could raise or lower her crest at will, leaving me in no doubt whatsoever about her mood at any given time. When she was annoyed, her red face would flush yellow and her strident voice expressed her displeasure in unmistakable terms. In the early days of training, she frequently threw what can only be described as tantrums, throwing herself off the glove and spinning upside down, snapping as she rotated. Despite the warmth of the spring weather, it was not safe to handle her without long sleeves. 55
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Cuthbert's saving grace was that, in common with many extroverted individuals, she could be charming company when the spirit moved her. When at peace with herself and me, she would plant her feet widely on the glove and gaze trustingly into my eyes with an expression of kindly friendliness. I quickly came to realise that she was not really hostile, she just could not resist sampling different tastes and putting her best asset, her fearsome beak, to work whenever possible. 65

Despite her comical appearance, she flew with grace but spoiled it by dropping on to the ground half-way to my fist and covering the remaining distance on foot. Visitors adored watching her – she had quite a turn of speed on the flat, but invariably she would get her long legs in a tangle and trip over. Picking herself up, she would raise her crest and glare at the spectators before trotting over to me and hopping up for her reward. Sometimes she would stop *en route* to snip the head off a daffodil or rummage through the handbag of a tourist, picking out vanity mirrors and handkerchiefs. Discovering to her disappointment that the objects were not edible, she would discard them on the ground and continue on her way, leaving the crowd convulsed with laughter. 70
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Text Two: From *H is for Hawk*

In this extract, the writer, Helen Macdonald, meets for the first time the goshawk she has adopted after the death of her father.

'We'll check the ring numbers against the Article 10s,' he explained, pulling a sheaf of yellow paper from the rucksack and unfolding two of the official forms that accompany captive-bred rare birds throughout their lives. 'Don't want you going home with the wrong bird.'

We noted the numbers. We stared down at the boxes, at their parcel-tape handles, their doors of thin plywood and hinges of carefully tied string. Then he knelt on the concrete, untied a hinge on the smaller box and squinted into its dark interior. A sudden *thump* of feathered shoulders and the box shook as if someone had punched it, hard, from within. 'She's got her hood off,' he said, and frowned. That light, leather hood was to keep the hawk from fearful sights. Like us.

Another hinge untied. Concentration. Infinite caution. Daylight irrigating the box. Scratching talons, another thump. And another. *Thump*. The air turned syrupy, slow, flecked with dust. The last few seconds before a battle. And with the last bow pulled free, he reached inside, and amidst a whirring, chaotic clatter of wings and feet and talons and a high-pitched twittering and it's all happening at once, the man pulls an enormous, enormous hawk out of the box and in a strange coincidence of world and deed a great flood of sunlight drenches us and everything is brilliance and fury. The hawk's wings, barred and beating, the sharp fingers of her dark-tipped primaries cutting the air, her feathers raised like the scattered quills of a fretful porpentine¹. Two enormous eyes. My heart jumps sideways. She is a conjuring trick. A reptile. A fallen angel. A griffon from the pages of an illuminated bestiary². Something bright and distant, like gold falling through water. A broken marionette³ of wings, legs and light-splashed feathers. She is wearing jesses⁴, and the man holds them. For one awful, long moment she is hanging head-downward, wings open, like a turkey in a butcher's shop, only her head is turned right-way-up and she is seeing more than she has ever seen before in her whole short life. Her world was an aviary no larger than a living room. Then it was a box. But now it is this; and she can see *everything*: the point-source glitter on the waves, a diving cormorant a hundred yards out; pigment flakes under wax on the lines of parked cars; far hills and the heather on them and miles and miles of sky where the sun spreads on dust and water and illegible things moving in it that are white scraps of gulls. Everything startling and new-stamped on her entirely astonished brain.

Through all this the man was perfectly calm. He gathered up the hawk in one practised movement, folding her wings, anchoring her broad feathered back against his chest, gripping her scaled yellow legs in one hand. 'Let's get that hood back on,' he said tautly. There was concern in his face. It was born of care. This hawk had been hatched in an incubator, had broken from a frail bluish eggshell into a humid perspex box, and for the first few days of her life this man had fed her with scraps of meat held in a pair of tweezers, waiting patiently for the lumpen, fluffy chick to notice the food and eat, her new neck wobbling with the effort of keeping her head in the air. All at once I loved this man, and fiercely. I grabbed the hood from the box and turned to the hawk. Her beak was open, her hackles raised; her wild eyes were the colour of sun on white paper, and they stared because the whole world had fallen into them at once. *One, two, three*. I tucked the hood over her head. There was a brief intimation of a thin, angular skull under her feathers, of an alien brain fizzing and fusing with terror, then I drew the braces closed. We checked the ring numbers against the form.

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It was the wrong bird. This was the younger one. The smaller one. This was not my hawk.

Oh.

So we put her back and opened the other box, which was meant to hold the larger, older bird. And dear God, it did. Everything about this second hawk was different. She came out like a Victorian melodrama: a sort of madwoman in the attack. She was smokier and darker and much, much bigger, and instead of twittering, she wailed; great, awful gouts of sound like a thing in pain, and the sound was unbearable. *This is my hawk*, I was telling myself and it was all I could do to breathe. She too was bareheaded, and I grabbed the hood from the box as before. But as I brought it up to her face I looked into her eyes and saw something blank and crazy in her stare. Some madness from a distant country. I didn't recognise her. *This isn't my hawk*. The hood was on, the ring numbers checked, the bird back in the box, the yellow form folded, the money exchanged, and all I could think was, *But this isn't my hawk*. Slow panic. I knew what I had to say, and it was a monstrous breach of etiquette. 'This is really awkward,' I began. 'But I really liked the first one. Do you think there's any chance I could take that one instead ...?' I tailed off. His eyebrows were raised. I started again, saying stupider things: 'I'm sure the other falconer would like the larger bird? She's more beautiful than the first one, isn't she? I know this is out of order, but I ... Could I? Would it be all right, do you think?' And on and on, a desperate, crazy barrage of incoherent appeals.

I'm sure nothing I said persuaded him more than the look on my face as I said it. A tall, white-faced woman with wind-wrecked hair and exhausted eyes was pleading with him on a quayside, hands held out as if she were in a seaside production of *Medea*. Looking at me he must have sensed that my stuttered request wasn't a simple one. That there was something behind it that was very important. There was a moment of total silence.

¹*porpentine*: a type of porcupine animal

²*bestiary*: a (medieval) descriptive passage on various kinds of animals

³*marionette*: a puppet worked by strings

⁴*jesses*: short leather straps fastened to the leg

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Source information:

Text One adapted from *Fledgling Days*, Emma Ford.

Image one: <https://www.gettyimages.co.uk/detail/news-photo/brazil-northern-pantanal-southern-crested-caracara-close-up-news-photo/453511370>

Text Two adapted from *H is for Hawk*, Helen Macdonald.

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