Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname

Other names

Pearson Edexcel
International GCSE

Monday 14 January 2019

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)

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.
SECTION A: Reading

Answer ALL questions in this section.

You should spend about 1 hour 30 minutes on this section.

The following questions are based on Text One and Text Two in the Extracts Booklet.

Text One: Reporters help out

1. From lines 1–5, select two phrases that show how reporters helped people in danger.

   1. ..........................................................................................................................

   2. ..........................................................................................................................

   (Total for Question 1 = 2 marks)
2  Look again at lines 7–28.

In your own words, describe how the reporters assisted people.

(Total for Question 2 = 4 marks)
3 From lines 53–70, explain what we learn about the attitudes of Ed Lavandera and Matt Finn.

You may support your points with brief quotations.

(Total for Question 3 = 5 marks)
Remind yourself of the extract From A Passage to Africa (Text Two in the Extracts Booklet).

4 In what ways does the writer use language and structure to show his reactions to the people he encounters in Somalia?

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

(12)
Question 5 is based on both Text One and Text Two from the Extracts 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.
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. Your local newspaper is inviting people to apply for a job as a trainee reporter.

Write a letter of application to the newspaper editor, explaining why you would be suitable for this job.

Your letter may include:

- the skills and any relevant experience that make you a good candidate
- the aspects of the job that you would find interesting
- 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. ‘The person who has had the greatest influence on me’

A website is running a competition to reward the best articles from young people on this subject.

Write your entry for the competition.

Your contribution may include:

- information about the person you have chosen
- the different ways in which this person has influenced you
- 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)
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 ❑
Text One: Reporters help out

In this article, the writer, David Bauder, describes how reporters in Houston, Texas, were not simply observers but stepped in to help rescue victims of the floods caused by Hurricane Harvey in 2017.

In the midst of documenting the flooding in Texas, several news reporters have set aside their roles as observers to help people in danger.

They’ve lifted people into boats, connected families through social media, flagged down rescuers and, in one case, coaxed people out of a flooding apartment house while on television. Most news reporters try to stay out of their stories, but say the dire situations they’ve seen because of Hurricane Harvey and its remnants left them no choice.

“I’m a journalist, but I’m also a human being,” said David Begnaud, a CBS News reporter who guided residents out of a flooded house in western Houston to a rescue boat in which he’d been riding. Cameras recorded the scene live on the CBSN digital stream.

While on a live shot in western Houston on Tuesday, The Weather Channel’s Jim Cantore was approached by a man who was waiting for his daughter’s family to be evacuated from a nearby apartment complex. When rescuers arrived, Cantore helped deliver their message on television that everyone should leave because there may not be another chance. Some five dozen people eventually left, some telling Cantore they had been watching him on TV, he said.

Cantore and rescuers lifted a man in casts from two knee operations into the back of the network’s truck and drove him to higher ground. Similarly, TWC colleague Mike Bettes was seen on air cradling a crying baby in his arms, one of a family of five evacuees he helped transfer from a boat to a flatbed truck Bettes had been using to report from.

“I learned this 12 years ago to the day with Hurricane Katrina’s landfall,” Cantore said on Wednesday. “When people are in trouble, you just do what you can to help. I couldn’t care less about TV at that point.”

There are several reasons for reporters to stay out of stories, said Kelly McBride, vice president at the Poynter Institute, a journalists’ research institute. It can change the relationship they have with sources, making them feel beholden to the reporter, she said. A reporter’s job is to inform, and “any time you spend your energy on helping someone, that is energy and resources not spent on telling the story to the audience,” she said.

That said, McBride understands the feelings of reporters covering crises. “You can’t divorce yourself from your obligation as a human being,” she said.
Where she becomes uncomfortable is when she sees a reporter’s actions getting attention on par with the flood victims. That’s happened with Harvey, she said, declining to give specific examples.

CBS’ Begnaud said he’s been thanked several times by Texas residents grateful that journalists are there to tell their story. That’s not always the case; CNN reporter Rosa Flores was cursed out on live television on Tuesday by one victim not interested in being interviewed about her experience.

CBS News reported on the story of Brandi Smith, from the network’s Khou-TV channel in Houston, who reported live from a highway overpass when her station’s studio flooded and lost power. On the road below, she spotted a truck driver with a rig caught in swirling water, and she urged him to stay put. She ran onto the highway to flag down some passing rescuers, who stopped and were able to pluck the driver to safety.

Afterward, Smith greeted the driver while still on camera.

“This is going to sound weird,” she said. “But can I hug you?”

Veteran CNN reporter Ed Lavandera, his producer and cameraman were riding in the boat of volunteer Austin Seth in Dickinson, Texas, when they heard a woman’s voice call out. They helped rescue the woman, along with her elderly father and mother. Cameras captured Lavandera helping to lift the man into the boat.

“I tend to view myself as an observer,” Lavandera said. “But in that particular situation there’s only one choice, making sure these people get out of there as quickly as possible.”

Recognizing it was only by chance that the woman was rescued by a boat with a CNN crew, Lavandera asked if she wanted to be interviewed on camera, a situation complicated by her mother suffering from Alzheimer’s disease. The woman agreed to talk, and Lavandera said he later heard from grateful relatives of the family who watched the rescue on TV.

Fox News reporter Matt Finn, who was stationed at a busy rescue scene in Port Arthur, Texas, on Wednesday, was interrupted during a live shot by a struggling woman lugging a television set. He motioned the camera away and helped her when his report ended. Similarly, he said he gave a ride to exhausted firefighters but didn’t include that detail in his reporting.

“I’m not making myself the story and I’m not a hero,” he said. “The people I’m looking at right now — the police officers and the firefighters — are the heroes.”

Yet at a time that journalists are held in low esteem, even derided as enemies of the people, instances where reporters are seen helping the public can be valuable public relations tools. Reporter rescues have been repeated on the air more than once, and network websites have highlighted acts of their reporters. Lavandera said he’s not in it to change people’s minds about journalists.

“I get it,” he said. “I understand that’s out there. I’m of the belief that it’s not for me to get into as a journalist. Over time, not just CNN’s work but all journalists’ work will stand the test of time.”

\footnote{Landfall — when a hurricane reaches land}
Text Two: From A Passage to Africa

In this extract, George Alagiah describes his thoughts about what he witnessed as a television reporter in war-torn Somalia.

I saw a thousand hungry, lean, scared and betrayed faces as I criss-crossed Somalia between the end of 1991 and December 1992, but there is one I will never forget.

I was in a little hamlet just outside Gufgaduud, a village in the back of beyond, a place the aid agencies had yet to reach. In my notebook I had jotted down instructions on how to get there. ‘Take the Badale Road for a few kilometres till the end of the tarmac, turn right on to a dirt track, stay on it for about forty-five minutes — Gufgaduud. Go another fifteen minutes approx. — like a ghost village.’ …

In the ghoulish manner of journalists on the hunt for the most striking pictures, my cameraman … and I tramped from one hut to another. What might have appalled us when we’d started our trip just a few days before no longer impressed us much. The search for the shocking is like the craving for a drug: you require heavier and more frequent doses the longer you’re at it. Pictures that stun the editors one day are written off as the same old stuff the next. This sounds callous, but it is just a fact of life. It’s how we collect and compile the images that so move people in the comfort of their sitting rooms back home.

There was Amina Abdirahman, who had gone out that morning in search of wild, edible roots, leaving her two young girls lying on the dirt floor of their hut. They had been sick for days, and were reaching the final, enervating stages of terminal hunger. Habiba was ten years old and her sister, Ayaan, was nine. By the time Amina returned, she had only one daughter. Habiba had died. No rage, no whimpering, just a passing away — that simple, frictionless, motionless deliverance from a state of half-life to death itself. It was, as I said at the time in my dispatch, a vision of ‘famine away from the headlines, a famine of quiet suffering and lonely death’.

There was the old woman who lay in her hut, abandoned by relations who were too weak to carry her on their journey to find food. It was the smell that drew me to her doorway: the smell of decaying flesh. Where her shinbone should have been there was a festering wound the size of my hand. She’d been shot in the leg as the retreating army of the deposed dictator … took revenge on whoever it found in its way. The shattered leg had fused into the gentle V-shape of a boomerang. It was rotted; she was rotted. You could see it in her sick, yellow eyes and smell it in the putrid air she recycled with every struggling breath she took.

And then there was the face I will never forget.

My reaction to everyone else I met that day was a mixture of pity and revulsion. Yes, revulsion. The degeneration of the human body, sucked of its natural vitality by the twin evils of hunger and disease, is a disgusting thing. We never say so in our TV reports. It’s a taboo that has yet to be breached. To be in a feeding centre is to hear and smell the excretion of fluids by people who are beyond controlling their bodily functions. To be in a feeding centre is surreptitiously to wipe your hands on the back of your trousers after you’ve held the clammy palm of a mother who has just cleaned vomit from her child’s mouth.

There’s pity, too, because even in this state of utter despair they aspire to a dignity that is almost impossible to achieve. An old woman will cover her shrunken body with a soiled cloth as your gaze turns towards her. Or the old and dying man who keeps his hoe
next to the mat with which, one day soon, they will shroud his corpse, as if he means to go out and till the soil once all this is over.

I saw that face for only a few seconds, a fleeting meeting of eyes before the face turned away, as its owner retreated into the darkness of another hut. In those brief moments there had been a smile, not from me, but from the face. It was not a smile of greeting, it was not a smile of joy — how could it be? — but it was a smile nonetheless. It touched me in a way I could not explain. It moved me in a way that went beyond pity or revulsion.

What was it about that smile? I had to find out. I urged my translator to ask the man why he had smiled. He came back with an answer. ‘It’s just that he was embarrassed to be found in this condition,’ the translator explained. And then it clicked. That’s what the smile had been about. It was the feeble smile that goes with apology, the kind of smile you might give if you felt you had done something wrong.

Normally inured\(^2\) to stories of suffering, accustomed to the evidence of deprivation, I was unsettled by this one smile in a way I had never been before. There is an unwritten code between the journalist and his subjects in these situations. The journalist observes, the subject is observed. The journalist is active, the subject is passive. But this smile had turned the tables on that tacit agreement. Without uttering a single word, the man had posed a question that cut to the heart of the relationship between me and him, between us and them, between the rich world and the poor world. If he was embarrassed to be found weakened by hunger and ground down by conflict, how should I feel to be standing there so strong and confident?

I resolved there and then that I would write the story of Gufgaduud with all the power and purpose I could muster. It seemed at the time, and still does, the only adequate answer a reporter can give to the man’s question.

I have one regret about that brief encounter in Gufgaduud. Having searched through my notes and studied the dispatch that the BBC broadcast, I see that I never found out what the man’s name was. Yet meeting him was a seminal moment in the gradual collection of experiences we call context. Facts and figures are the easy part of journalism. Knowing where they sit in the great scheme of things is much harder. So, my nameless friend, if you are still alive, I owe you one.

\(^1\) revulsion — disgust
\(^2\) surreptitiously — secretly
\(^3\) inured — hardened