Pearson Edexcel International GCSE

English Language A

Paper 1: Non-fiction Texts and Transactional Writing

Tuesday 5 June 2018 – Morning
Extracts Booklet

Paper Reference
4EA1/01R

Do not return this Extracts Booklet with the Question Paper.

Turn over ▶

P59167A

©2018 Pearson Education Ltd.

1/1/1/1/1

P 5 9 1 6 7 A

Pearson

SECTION A: READING

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

Text One: *A Splendid Stay in Bhutan*

In this extract, Lisa Grainger, a travel writer, describes her first impressions of the country of Bhutan.

This Switzerland-sized Himalayan nation, sandwiched between the great Asian giants of India and China, is in the heart of the Himalayas, standing at 8,000ft. It is a kingdom that really is on top of the world.

Visiting here feels like a privilege, a rare chance to peek into an ancient kingdom where Western "essentials" only recently arrived. Schools, doctors, stamps and currency, were introduced only in the 1960s. The internet and television started in 1999. It's like being whisked back 50 years. "Although we had some Western clothes as children," one young man put it, "it's only recently, with TV, that we've understood what fashion is."

And because independent travel is forbidden, I had nothing to worry about, my nine-day trip was in the hands of my guide, Ugyen Tenzing. And as he rather quaintly put it: "As visitors to this country, you are now family and it is our duty to our king to look after you. So please relax and enjoy the views."

And what views… the country's landscapes are a bit like Switzerland's, but less populated and rather more exotic. Vast vistas of steep mountains rise to almost 24,000ft, cut through by luminous pale green glacial rivers and clothed in broad-leafed forest, which gives way to pine higher up.

Over the next week, I am blessed in many ways. It's early in the year, and the skies couldn't be bluer, or the air more crisp and fragrant with the scent of blue pine and woodsmoke. The weather is at its best in January, says Ugyen: "It is when the clouds go on holiday and you can see right up to heaven. This is when everyone should come to Bhutan."

He's right. From dawn to sunset every day, I relish being outdoors, discarding my sweater as the sun melts the silvery coating of frost from the valleys and casts a rosy glow on to the Himalayas. In most places, I am double-blessed by being the only tourist in evidence.

I wander through towns that have changed little from those described by the first Western Jesuit priests who ventured here in 1627; I hike through golden rice paddies and pine forests to temples with intensely decorated interiors. On other days I enjoy being the only visitor inside the country's imposing white dzongs, or fortresses.

There is always something new to stop at or explore. I stop to watch yaks graze on high mountain pastures and buy worn old prayer beads from a wizened nomad[1], herding horses. I even try archery, the national sport, and applaud boys throwing giant darts in

a field. And, of course, I puff and pant up to the World Heritage-protected Tiger's Nest monastery, 3,000ft above the valley floor, which seems more like a fantastical stage setting than a 17th-century site of worship.

And when I'm not out in the sunshine, I'm being treated like royalty in a string of five tiny boutique hotels. Whilst the buildings' simple designs might have been inspired by local dzongs and wooden-beamed farmhouses, the hotels' standards are as high as any in, say, Tokyo or Venice. Within the spacious wood-clad suites, bukharis, or log-stoves, are lit beside big oval baths. Spa treats include soaks in outdoor hot-tubs warmed with mineral-rich, fire-heated stones and herbs.

Meals range from smoked salmon and tender Australian rib-eye steak to Bhutanese feasts coloured with chillies. Masala chai (or salted yak tea) is delivered with sweet smiles to (kingsized, feathered, hot-water-bottle-warmed) beds. And, best of all, throughout the journey the same guide and driver act as kind hosts and protective minders all the way.

Other than the roads, which by 2018 should have been widened and tarred, the country's biggest drawback is the high cost of visiting; the minimum any visitor, staying in local guesthouses, will get away with paying is $250 a day.

The reasoning behind that, says Kingzang Lhendup, a lecturer at the national College of Education, is to ensure that tourism not only swells the country's coffers, but contributes to its "Gross National Happiness", by luring respectful wealthy tourists and keeping out partying backpackers.

[1]*wizened nomad* – weather-beaten travelling herdsman

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

In this extract, 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 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 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 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 roofs, 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 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.

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, 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".

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 the small problem of Bhutanese raids on 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. 95

BLANK PAGE

BLANK PAGE

Source information:

Text One adapted from *A right royal time in Bhutan* by Lisa Grainger
Text One image: © David Lazar Getty Images
Text Two adapted from *Beyond the Sky and the Earth: A Journey into Bhutan* by Jamie Zeppa

Every effort has been made to contact copyright holders to obtain their permission for the use of copyright material. Pearson Education Ltd. will, if notified, be happy to rectify any errors or omissions and include any such rectifications in future editions.