



Rewarding Learning

General Certificate of Secondary Education
2019

Centre Number

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Candidate Number

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English Language

Unit 4

Personal or Creative Writing
and Reading Literary and
Non-Fiction Texts



[GEN41]

GEN41

TUESDAY 4 JUNE, MORNING

TIME

1 hour 45 minutes.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Write your Centre Number and Candidate Number in the spaces provided at the top of this page.

You must answer the questions in the spaces provided.

Do not write outside the boxed area on each page or on blank pages.

Complete in **black ink only**. Do not write with a gel pen.

Complete **four** tasks: **one** task in **Section A** and the **three** tasks in **Section B**.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The total mark for this paper is 150.

Section A (Writing) One task marked out of 88 marks. Spend 55 minutes on this section.

Section B (Reading) Three tasks marked out of 62 marks. Spend 50 minutes on this section.

This paper contains an insert for use with Task 2.

Pay attention to the suggested timings shown at the beginning of each task; these will enable you to complete all the tasks within the time limit.

Figures in brackets printed at the end of each task indicate the marks available.

Examiners can only credit what they can read. Keep your work legible.

12227



16GEN4101

Section A: Personal or Creative Writing

One Task: 55 minutes. Mark Allocation: 88 marks

Up to **58 marks** are available for an **organised** piece of personal or creative writing that matches **form with purpose to engage the specified audience**.

Up to **30 marks** are available for the use of **a range of sentence structures** and **accuracy in spelling, punctuation and grammar**.

Complete only one task.

Either

- (a) Personal writing: Write a personal essay for the examiner about what you consider to be one of the proudest moments in your life.**

Or

- (b) Creative writing: Write your entry for a creative essay writing competition. The audience is teenagers. The picture below is to be the basis for your competition entry. You may provide your own title.**

Photograph of three children, ages 2 to 5, sitting on a sandy beach looking out to sea.





You are advised to spend:

- **15 minutes** thinking and planning your response
- **30 minutes** writing the response
- **10 minutes** checking your writing

Planning Space:

[Turn over



Complete only one task in this section. Either Task (a) or Task (b)

Task (a)

Personal writing: Write a personal essay for the examiner about what you consider to be one of the proudest moments in your life.

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins or other markings on the paper.

12227



16GEN4104



Handwriting practice lines consisting of 20 horizontal lines across the page.

[Turn over



Handwriting practice lines consisting of 20 horizontal lines.



12227



16GEN4108



Three tasks: 50 minutes. Mark allocation: 62 marks

Task 2 response:

[illegible]



Reading Non-Fiction

Tasks 3 and 4 are based on two extracts from a newspaper article:
“SELFIE GENERATION LEAVES A BAD TASTE IN MY MOUTH”.

Task 3: Spend **12 minutes** on this task. Mark allocation: 15 marks

The text below is the beginning of the article.

Explain how the writer has gained and held the interest of the reader.

SELFIE GENERATION LEAVES A BAD TASTE IN MY MOUTH

I've just realised we have entered a new age, one that has changed behaviour, reshaped social structure and – if it goes much further – could threaten the very future of the human race...Welcome to the Selfie Age.

I was out for dinner last weekend. Sitting in a Glasgow restaurant, properly excited at my first night out in an eternity, the scene at the next table caught my eye. Four women were all taking photos of their newly-served meals, and then they stared at their phones for the next 10 minutes, presumably uploading the images then checking who'd "liked" their macaroni cheese. However, a quick scan of the room revealed the ladies weren't the only ones plugged into technology.

I admit I'm biased. I can't stand the whole selfie craze. I know exactly what I look like, so I've no need to take 3,425 pics of myself every day!

© *Selfie generation leaves a bad taste in my mouth* by Shari Low. Published by Daily Record, 12 November 2016. <https://www.dailyrecord.co.uk/lifestyle/selfie-generation-leaves-bad-taste-9231358>





Task 4: Spend **12 minutes** on this task. Mark allocation: 15 marks

The text below is the final four paragraphs from the same article.

Explain how the writer has created a negative view of the ‘selfie’.

In the corner, a guy was going around his table, crouching down next to each person in turn, phone in the air to capture the moment. He was hypnotised by the screen for the rest of the night, missing the real-life conversations with real-life people happening in the real-life restaurant.

Across the room, a modern-day romance was in full swing. A beautiful girl snapped herself next to her handsome partner, then the two of them spent their starter, main course and dessert on their phones, barely lifting their heads to utter a word to the love of their lives!

But the most shocking ‘selfie’ fact this week? A new report claims people are having cosmetic surgery to look better in their images – for “likes”!

Chums, it has to stop! Leave the cameras in the bags and pockets. Stop with the self-obsessed photography of pouty faces.

© *Selfie generation leaves a bad taste in my mouth* by Shari Low. Published by Daily Record, 12 November 2016. <https://www.dailyrecord.co.uk/lifestyle/selfie-generation-leaves-bad-taste-9231358>





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For Examiner's use only	
Section	Marks
A	
B	

Total Marks	
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Examiner Number

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English Language

**Unit 4: Personal or Creative Writing and
Reading Literary and Non-Fiction Texts**

[GEN41]

TUESDAY 4 JUNE, MORNING

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Text A

After an argument with her boyfriend on a night out, Andrea left him behind and walked off alone.

The pavement glittered in the moonlight as Andrea Douglas hurried up the deserted street, her high heels click-clacking noisily in the quiet. The January air was sharp, and her bare legs stung with the cold. Christmas and New Year had been and gone leaving a cold, dreary emptiness. Shop windows slid past, bathed in darkness, broken only by a grimy newsagent's under a flickering street light.

Andrea was so fuelled by anger that she only questioned where she was going when the shop windows were replaced by large houses set back from the pavement, tucked behind tall hedges and iron gates. A skeleton of elm tree branches stretched above, vanishing into the starless sky. She stopped and leant against a wall to catch her breath; the icy air burned as she pulled it into her lungs.

Looking back, she realised she'd come quite far, and was half-way up the hill. Panic climbed in Andrea's chest as she looked around. The road stretched away behind, like a slick of treacle with the train station at its base. It was shuttered in darkness. The silence and cold pressed down on her but she had no choice. She buttoned up her thin leather jacket and set off up the hill into the shadows ahead.

© The Girl in the Ice by Robert Bryndza. ISBN 9781910751763.
Published by Bookouture, an imprint of Storyfire Ltd.

Text B

A young couple, Daniel and Laura, are backpacking around Eastern Europe. They are about to get on an overnight train from Budapest to Romania.

The station was quiet and unwelcoming; bars and shops shut for the night, figures lurking in the shadows around the edge of the building. Armed police strolled about in pairs, eyeing us suspiciously as they passed by.

So, we were relieved when the train finally pulled into the platform. We hauled our backpacks onto the train and chose a pair of seats at the far end of an empty carriage. I sat by the window. The train shuddered and lurched into motion. An announcement crackled over the speaker system and we were off.

As the train made its way out of the city, another passenger came into the carriage. He was about forty, stocky, with cropped hair and an acne-scarred face. He had no luggage. Even though the rest of the carriage was empty, he sat diagonally opposite Laura and me. He scowled at us as if he didn't like what he saw. Slowly, with a humourless smile on his lips, he closed his eyes and fanned himself with a newspaper.

Laura and I exchanged uneasy glances. I turned to watch Budapest go by, the lights of the city blinking out as the journey progressed. Eventually, the train window became black, the darkness broken only by the occasional glimpse of lights in the distance. I glanced at my reflection, my face stretched like melted plastic by some kink in the glass. It was creepy. I looked away, horrified. The night ahead felt endless.

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